

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1977 • \$1.50

# PLAYBOY

**HENRY MILLER,  
PAUL THEROUX,  
NICK VON HOFFMAN**

**ASPEN WITHOUT  
THE SNOW JOB**

**ON LOCATION  
AT A  
PORN MOVIE**

**CARTER, PLAYBOY  
AND THE MEDIA:  
THE BEHIND-THE-  
SCENES STORY**

**A REVEALING  
INTERVIEW:  
SENATOR PAT  
MOYNIHAN**





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# PLAYBILL

THE REPORTS of fiction's death have been greatly exaggerated. We offer in evidence: **Paul Theroux**. His *Set of Two: Loser Wins and The Tennis Court*—short and subtle vignettes—is part of a collection of Asian stories, *The Consul's File*, to be published by Houghton Mifflin in August. The book also includes Theroux's previous *PLAYBOY* appearance *The Autumn Dog*, winner of our annual fiction award and chosen for inclusion in *Prize Stories 1977: The O. Henry Awards*. Theroux, author of recent best sellers *The Great Railway Bazaar* and *The Family Arsenal*, was introduced to *PLAYBOY* readers in 1970.

One of America's hottest young playwrights, **David Mamet**, warms up our March pages with a hot and hilarious excerpt from his play *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. Mamet is a winner of the prestigious Obie Award for best new playwright and has been awarded a CBS Creative Writing Fellowship at Yale. As we went to press, his *American Buffalo* was scheduled for a February opening on Broadway, with Robert Duvall in the lead. *Perversity* is illustrated by **Philip Castle**, who's just sold 16 of his works to the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. Despite what you might think about the old V & A, there's nothing stuffy about Castle's work.

And for quintessential unstuffiness, we present **Henry Miller**, who offers some pointed advice in *The Firecracker vs. the Bomb* (illustrated by **Vincent Topazio**). Miller tells us how to survive with a bang, not a whimper. His recently published works include *Book of Friends* (Capra Press).

You might say that friends is what **Mike McGrady's** *The Motel Tapes* is all about. This is the third and final installment of our series, and since you've read parts one and two in our January and February issues, we need not remind you how sexy, touching and downright funny these minidialogs are. All of the above descriptions apply to *Getting It Up for a Porn Movie*, in which would-be blue-film mogul **Ronan O'Casey** gives a firsthand account of the ups and downs of the feelthy-flick biz.

What **D. Keith Mano** exposes in *Rocky Mountain Hype* is Colorado's Beautiful People. (We advise Mano to stay away from those usually inviting slopes for a while. He's liable to be harpooned by a ski pole.) In defense of John Denver's domain, **Craig Vetter**, who has lived there, puts forth *A Few Kind Words About Aspen*. Judge for yourself. Profiles of two very different men this month: *Who Is Thomas Pynchon . . . and Why Did He Take Off with My Wife?*, by **Jules Siegel** (part of a book he's just finished), and *Portrait of Dick Clark as an Eternally Young DeeJay*, by **Jon Carroll**, who contributes to the just revived *Rags*, the essence of cheap chic.

**Nicholas von Hoffman's** *Let Them Eat Sodium Stearoyl-2-Lactylate* (illustrated by **Ignacio Gomez**) is a revealing report on how America's agribiz is responsible for the high cost of food and the high risk in our consuming it.

It's been four months since the earth opened as a result of our November interview with the President-to-be, Jimmy Carter. In *Jimmy Carter and Us*, *PLAYBOY* Executive Editor **G. Barry Golson**, who with Robert Scheer recorded Carter's immortal words about women, adultery and lust, recounts those eventful days that made political history.

Another political figure who has garnered more than his share of media space is **Pat Moynihan**, he of the shapeless Irish hat and sharp Irish wit, who may be New York's junior Senator but who's no novice to Government service. Interviewer **Richard Meryman** engages him in highly candid conversation.

As for the rest of our springboard into spring, there's Playmate **Nicki Thomas**; *Comeback for Casanova*, an early essay of the film that stars **Tony Curtis** (as Superlech) and features our own **Lillian Müller**, who looks good in and out of costume; and *Clothes Make the Man*, in which the cryptic saying "Less is more" visually comes true. As for March in toto: More is more.



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CARROLL



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O'CASEY



# PLAYBOY®

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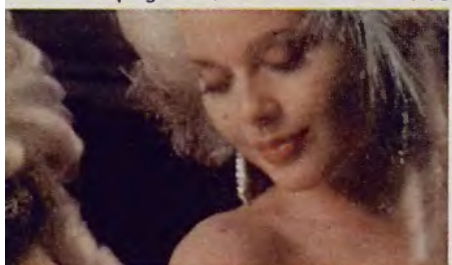
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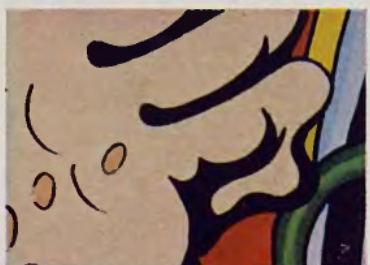
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## COVER STORY

This month's cover, featuring January Playmate Susan Kiger, was shot by photographer Phillip Dixon at a beach in Santa Monica, California. Susan's wet suit was custom-designed by Ron Talsky, Raquel Welch's ex-boyfriend and clothes designer. Ron also designed the clothes for the movie *The Deep*.

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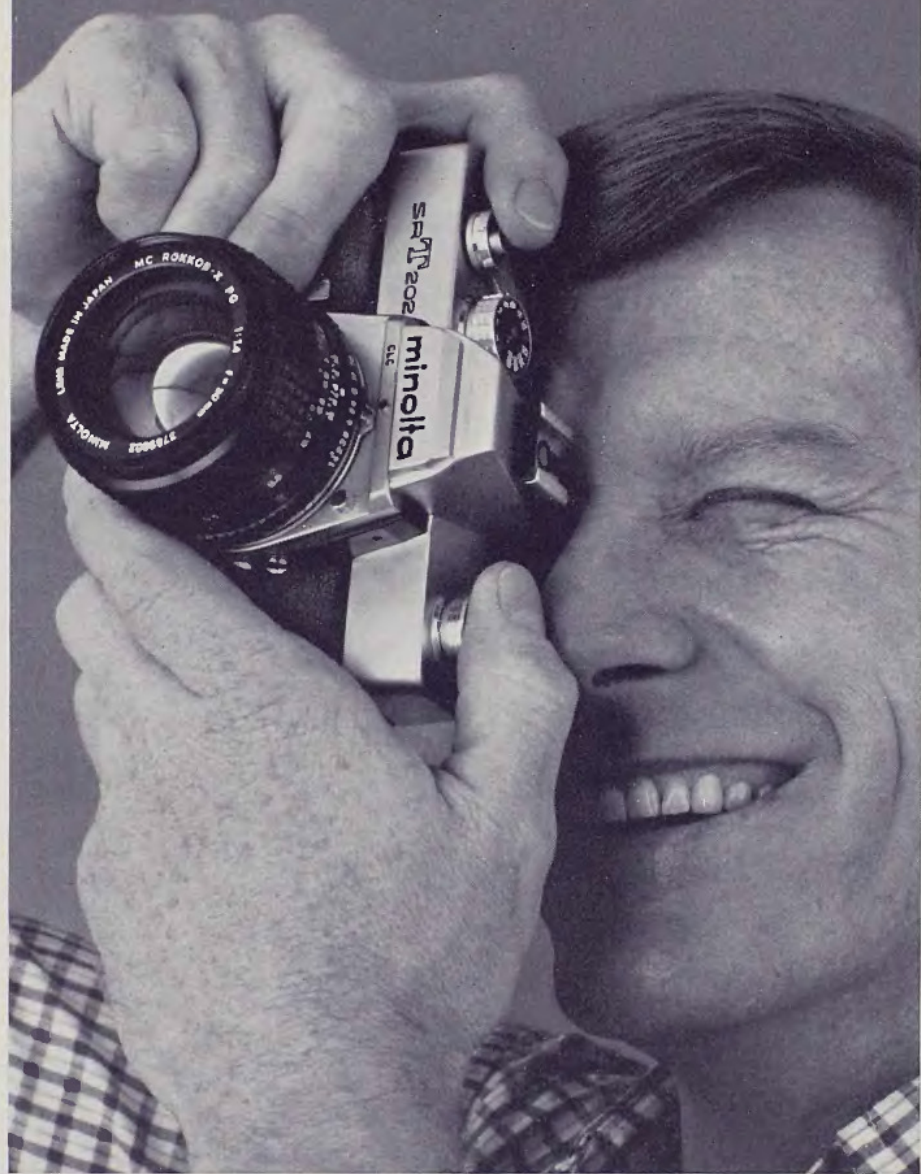
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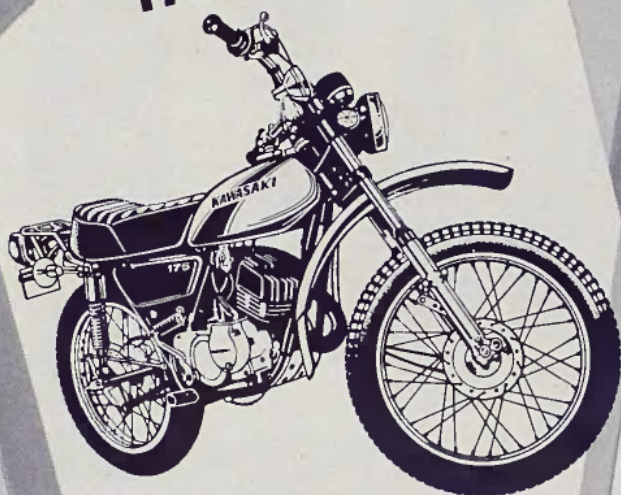
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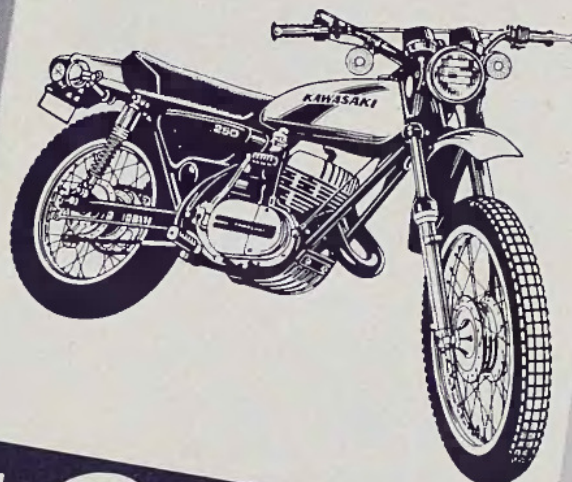
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### INTERCEPTING O. J.

Basically, I think the O. J. Simpson interview (PLAYBOY, December) is a lot of garbage. Speaking as one of the "other players" in pro football, I'm sick and tired of hearing about the hard lives superstars live! If you took a survey of pro-football players, 95 percent could probably tell you about how hard it was growing up (not much money, etc.). As far as O. J. in college is concerned, if you believe that USC didn't take care of him, you're very gullible. I would be willing to wager 17 years of salary (which, by the way, would be equal to one year of O. J.'s) that he was given anything he wanted at USC. Spoiled superstars think they can get anything they want, and they usually can. Nobody ever asks the other guys in pro ball, like myself, what they think of the Rozelle rule, the college draft or the N.F.L.'s bylaws. All those things just mean more money for the name players.

John J. Ebersole  
New York Jets Football Club  
Hempstead, New York

I have had several opportunities to play against O. J. Simpson in my career—twice as a player at Notre Dame and three times as a pro with the Green Bay Packers. You point out that O. J. ran for 150 yards against Notre Dame in his junior year, which is true. But in O. J.'s senior year, we completely "squeezed" the Juice. I believe that he had 55 yards in 34 carries. USC was number one at the time and it was O. J.'s final game in L.A. as a college player. They had to come from behind to tie us, 21-21!

Mike McCoy  
Green Bay Packers  
Green Bay, Wisconsin

One helluva fine interview with the all-time classic jock.

M. J. Eidahl  
Long Beach, California

The best interview with a sports star I've read anywhere.

Ingemar Tuttle  
San Francisco, California

It is outrageous that O. J. Simpson is seriously being considered for the important role of Coalhouse Walker in *Ragtime*. There are so many wonderful black actors, such as John Amos and James Earl Jones,

why do they even tolerate the idea of an athlete with doubtful experience and less training in acting? What nonsense!

Sharon Bunn  
Los Angeles, California

The only flaw I could find in your interview with O. J. Simpson was that it wasn't long enough. It's great to see that a god on the field can be so human off the field. It's obvious to me that O. J. will be a superstar long after his football days are over.

David R. LaRose  
Bristol, Vermont

To paraphrase a fellow champ: "O. J. is the greatest!"

Lonny Tupman  
St. Louis, Missouri

### FIRST-CLASS MAILER

Norman Mailer's *Trial of the Warlock* (PLAYBOY, December) is fascinating as well as chilling. No writer in America has Mailer's imagination and power with the written word.

Noah Edalstein  
New York, New York

If Mailer's *Trial of the Warlock* ever becomes a movie, I'll be first in line to see it.

Stephen Outrak  
Princeton, New Jersey

Mailer's screenplay is a big fat bore.

Steve Simpson  
Miami, Florida

The illustration for *Trial of the Warlock* is shockingly beautiful and symbolically illuminating.

Clifford W. Wilson  
Casper, Wyoming

### CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

Having read Peter Ross Range's *Sexual Congress* (PLAYBOY, December), I would like it to be known that if Liz Ray really feels no one will talk to her once the book and the movie are out, *I will*. I admire her for what she has done and how she went about it. So please pass on the message.

John Stone  
Somers, Connecticut

I found Peter Ross Range's article interesting and well written (more than I



The  
Exciter  
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can say for Liz Ray's book). My only criticism is that I was turned off by the "poor lonely child" image with which the author portrayed Miss Ray. I'm sorry, but I find it difficult to pity an uneducated, backwoods girl who will make "\$100,000 before Christmas" from writing a porno book. I think rather than feel sorry for herself, she should be thankful to have come this far.

D. Lange  
Richmond, Virginia

The best piece of writing on Washington hanky-panky I've ever read.

Emuel Coper  
Richmond, Virginia

Range's article made me feel sorry for Liz Ray for the first time.

Dan Austin  
Reno, Nevada

Am I the only one who has a clear vision of all this so-called Congressional immorality? It's quite obviously a Communist plot to subvert the morality of the United States.

Colin Trent  
Phoenix, Arizona

#### POSAR'S POSES

After viewing Pompeo Posar's *Portfolio* (PLAYBOY, December), I want to give a hearty bravo for Brandi Peters' debut—better late than never. She is definitely the rarest vintage in Posar's cellar. Now that we have had a glass of Brandi, how about a whole bottle sometime in 1977?

Steven King  
Louisville, Kentucky

The lens-and-shutter magic of Posar is, indeed, nostalgic. Of all these and other past lovelies, I think Karen Christy is one of your—and Posar's—best efforts.

D. C. McLean  
El Paso, Texas

#### SHORT SHORTS

Just finished Edgar Smith's article *Good-bye, Joey Ernst* (Selected Shorts, PLAYBOY, December). You forgot the postscript—Smith has been arrested for the sexual assault and attempted murder of a California woman. The girl in New Jersey wasn't that lucky—she died. I hope "poor" Smith has his typewriter with him.

E. Lindsey  
Santa Clara, California

The incident to which you refer occurred sometime after the magazine was printed, too late for us to add a postscript.

#### GYM DANDIES

As a fellow gym enthusiast, I really appreciated Bruce Jay Friedman's *Working Out* (PLAYBOY, December). I, too, am a recent convert to the body-building scene (for many of the same reasons as

Friedman) and it was very comforting to read that I am not alone in my feelings toward the whole smelly thing.

Louis Belvedere  
San Antonio, Texas

I was very much offended by Bruce Jay Friedman's reference to Filipino women and a practice that is neither widespread nor characteristic ("One was then to squat down in the manner of a Filipino woman relieving herself in the field"). My wife and I have enjoyed PLAYBOY for many years and cannot comprehend why its present editorial policy would permit such an insensitive racial statement.

Andres B. Sta. Maria, Jr.  
New York, New York

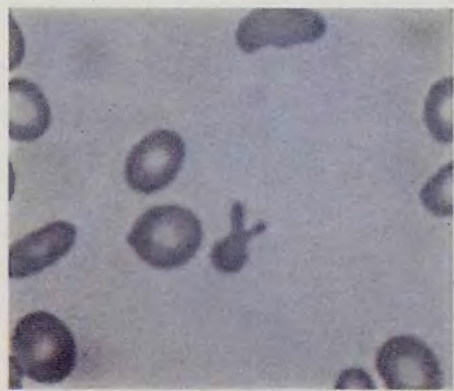
I spent years building my body up in a gym in the hopes that it would make me more appealing to women. But now I read that women don't like muscle-bound men, they like thin men with hardly any muscles at all. What's the answer?

Jim Tompkins  
Santa Barbara, California

What's the question?

#### BLOOD SAMPLE

I'm a senior veterinary student at Texas A&M University and a devoted PLAYBOY fan. A pathologist friend found this very interesting red blood cell in a



smear of human blood. I think it would be appropriate to say that this is one Playboy Rabbit that really touched someone's heart!

Charlie Wiley  
College Station, Texas

#### VIVA VEGAS!

I love Las Vegas. To me, it's the best place in the world to spend a vacation. Mario Puzo's *Standing Up for Las Vegas* (PLAYBOY, December) really expresses my own feelings for that strange but exhilarating oasis.

Barry Gardner  
San Diego, California

Mario Puzo's article makes me long for the bright lights and excitement of Las Vegas. The only complaint I have with his otherwise excellent article is his omission of Canadians from his list of dreamers

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Here's a new way to get authentic goods from the North Country...items that are not readily available in local stores.



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A.M.

**California Brandy Fizz.**

Try this light, frothy cooler at brunch: combine 2 oz. California Brandy, 1½ oz. lime juice, 1 egg white, 1 tsp. sugar, 2 oz. cream, and crushed ice in blender. Pour into chilled glass, add club soda to taste. Terrific!

P.M.

**California Brandy Freeze.**

It's almost a dessert to drink: in a blender, combine 2 oz. California Brandy, 2 scoops coffee ice cream. Mix until smooth, top with flakes of dark chocolate. Ummmmm!

# California Brandy

There are more than 150 brands of brandy grown in California. California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco, CA 94104.

who visit Vegas. While mushing my dog sled back from Nevada after my first visit, I couldn't help but remember all the Canadians I'd met there. Canadians are the biggest spenders, tippers and, sometimes, winners in Vegas.

Gordon D. Rephin  
Vernon, British Columbia

I disagree with Mario Puzo's idea that the house always wins. Life is a gamble and the biggest house in the country, the Government, is 58 billion dollars in the hole.

Gene Dobren  
College Place, Washington

Las Vegas is a disgusting, vile, anti-Christian bastion of immorality and ought to be wiped off the map. Nonetheless, I go back twice a year.

Bruce Summersby  
Salt Lake City, Utah

**COLONEL KERNELS**

Dick Gregory's thoughts on poverty in Mississippi in *Merry Christmas from the Colonel* (PLAYBOY, December) typify generally accepted views of poverty in Mississippi and the South in general. Perhaps if Gregory took the time to cast aside his own prejudice and carefully scrutinize race relations and poverty in New York or Chicago, he would realize that these conditions are not confined to the South, though it appears that Mississippi still serves as a convenient lynching post for the nation's conscience.

Paul R. Ethridge  
Jackson, Mississippi

Dick Gregory's article really brings back a lot of memories about the civil rights movement of the Sixties, in which I participated and in which Gregory was a major force.

Bill Topkin  
Jackson, Mississippi

I've always been a big fan of Dick Gregory's. *Merry Christmas from the Colonel* only helps confirm my admiration for this kind and gentle man.

Laurence Shelby  
Dallas, Texas

**KAREN'S KUDOS**

Karen Hafter, your December Playmate, has to be one of the most exotic-looking women I've ever seen. Bravo!

Pete Sikorsky  
New York, New York

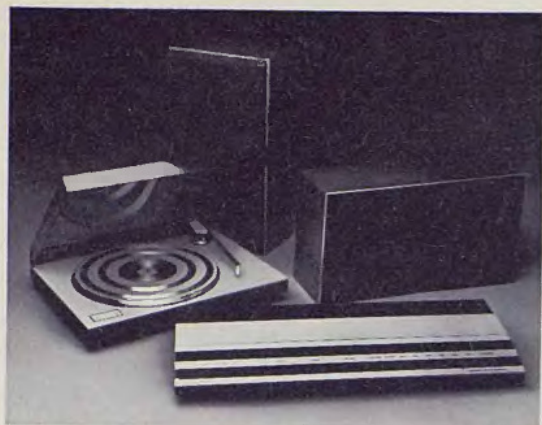
I'm head over heels in love with Karen Hafter.

Sam Newtonson  
Los Angeles, California

**SWEET ON HONEY**

Congratulations on your decision to publish *Honey* (PLAYBOY, December). It is far and away the best book I have





## The Bang & Olufsen Beosystem 1900. It's so simple, most people don't get it.



**An alternative to the airplane cockpit school of audio design.** It's not knobs and dials that make superb sound, it's superb engineering. In the Beosystem 1900, there is almost none of the former, and a great deal of the latter.



A few cases in point:

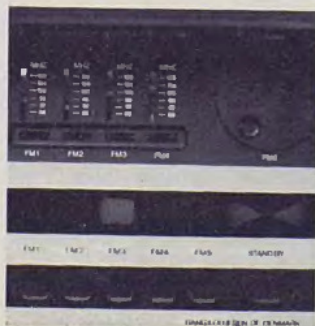
**Your finger, the component.** With the Beomaster® 1900, you become part of the system. All major controls are electronically activated by a light touch of your finger on the front control panel. The instant you touch it, an illuminated indicator appears for each function, you always know the operational status of the 1900, even in the dark.



**For details, look inside.** Secondary controls, for bass, treble, and FM tuning, are out of sight, literally—concealed behind an aluminum door that opens and closes in a manner reminiscent of the Starship "Enterprise."



**Thanks for the memory.** The Beomaster 1900 also allows you one unforgettable convenience. You may pre-set the volume level and pre-tune up to five FM stations. Then, at the instant you want it, you have the station you want, at the level you want. Why clutter your memory when the system has one?



**The turntable, taken to its logical conclusion.** The Beogram® 1900 turntable's very low mass tone arm and MMC 4000 cartridge work magnificently with each other, because they are made to work with each other, by engineers who talk



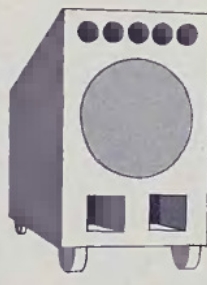
to each other, listen to each other, and design for each other. If that strikes you as overwhelmingly logical, you'd be surprised how other turntables are put together.

**A scratched record is forever. (How to protect your investment.)** No matter how little you've spent on your record collection, chances are some of it is irreplaceable, which makes it priceless. It makes sense to protect it—the way our MMC 4000 cartridge does with an effective tip mass of only 0.4 milligrams. (A tiny square of this page, this big ☐ weighs 1.0 milligram.) This results in a touch so delicate that it's almost impossible to scratch your records while playing them. It also reduces wear considerably enabling your records to continue working well past normal retirement age.

We don't recommend this, but with the MMC 4000 cartridge, it won't hurt.



**It's not size that counts. It's performance.** Can a speaker small enough to fit on an eight-inch shelf (or unobtrusive enough to hang on a wall) impress your audiophile friends? Yes, if they keep their eyes closed ...and their ears open.



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Today that solution is an integral part of our Beovox® Phase-Link® Loudspeakers (Pat. Pend.).

**If a child can operate it, will an adult buy it?** Because *usability* is at the heart of the Beosystem 1900's design, it is true that a child can operate it. But only a very sophisticated adult can truly appreciate it. Welcome. Write to us at: Bang & Olufsen of America, 515 Busse Road, Dept. 22J Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007, we'll be happy to send you our brochure and dealer list.

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He captures it in his own distinct way.

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He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

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



ever read (I had the honor of reading an advance copy) and is must reading for every junkie on the planet! I was mentioned in the book as one of those who helped Honey kick heroin, and the secret of how to kick it is contained within the pages of her book. I called Honey to thank her for writing it and to tell her how much I enjoyed it. I can't wait to see who will play Honey in the movie.

Don McCoy  
San Rafael, California

I'd like to thank PLAYBOY for the expertise in handling the condensation of an excerpt from my book, *Honey—the Life and Loves of Lenny's Shady Lady*. Thanks to the editors of PLAYBOY, my co-author, Dana Benenson, and my book editor, Bob McKendrick, the piece really sparkles. I'd also like to thank Art Director Kerig Pope for the marvelous work he did on the photographs.

Honey Bruce  
San Anselmo, California

*Honey* is a real honey, and that's what the lady is, too.

Helen R. Coronado  
San Francisco, California

## QUIZLING

Oh, oh . . . a sentence rubs the wrong way in Barbara Nellis and James R. Petersen's *Are You Sexually Liberated Enough?* (PLAYBOY, December). I think Nel and Pete slipped up (or out!) in their conclusion: "In fact, the whole notion of scoring is incompatible with the idea of an independent, adventuresome explorer of the sexual scene." Is this a *ménage à trois* or a *single-entendre*? Now I'm confused. C'mon, kids, be serious! I'm still learning!

Fred Tippie  
Houston, Texas

## PRESIDENTIAL HANKY-PANKY

J.F.K.'s women must have worked their little butts off, if we choose to believe Richard Condon's statistics in *All the Presidents' Women* (PLAYBOY, December). With his bad back, he wasn't exactly in the best of shape for so much strenuous activity, unless, of course, his doctor recommended it. Some therapy, eh?

M. Matkowski  
Los Angeles, California

Come on, guys, you made all that up about President McKinley's throwing a handkerchief over his wife's face whenever she had a fit, didn't you?

Perry August  
Newark, New Jersey

*It's true; he did. Scout's honor.*

## MOVIE BUFFS

I enjoyed your December issue very much and particularly *Sex Stars of 1976*. However, I was disappointed about two things: first, to learn that Victoria Principal is retiring. She's the most beautiful actress to grace the screen in the past

20 years! Second, the next most gorgeous actress in the past 20 years is not even mentioned, much less pictured, in your article. I hope your oversight of Lynda Carter, of *Wonder Woman* fame, will be corrected in future issues.

J. T. Posey  
Birmingham, Alabama

Your *Sex Stars of 1976* is great except for one unpardonable oversight. How in the name of heaven could you have left out Raven Delacroix, bounteous star of Russ Meyer's new film, *Up?*

Tom Dougherty  
Great Neck, New York

*In case you didn't notice, we did feature a picture of Raven in our November*



*"Sex in Cinema—1976." But, since we're nice guys, here's another shot of her to tide you over.*

## CARTER REDUX

As a thoroughly satisfied subscriber to your magazine (the number-one magazine in the world), I would like to say that I was very pleased with Robert Scheer's interview with Jimmy Carter (PLAYBOY, November). I was undecided on my choice for President, but the interview helped me see what an excellent choice Jimmy Carter is. Also, I do not feel that he should have to apologize to anyone for his candid and honest opinions. His remarks about the late President Johnson have been said by many others, and lust by man for woman is absolutely no great hazard to our country's morals. Congratulations on a great interview and keep up the good work.

Veto R. Salazar  
Waco, Texas

In response to your interview with Jimmy Carter, I would like to voice my total disappointment, not in the interview itself or anything revealed in it but to your method of advertising the Novem-

ber PLAYBOY. The fact that you just stood by and allowed Carter to take all that flak from the so-called shocked and moralistic saints we unfortunately have in this country just so you could increase your magazine sales for that month is beyond me. I just hope that one day people will begin to see through your pseudo-altruistic and socially concerned front and see you for the capitalistic vultures you really are.

John A. Torrance, Jr.  
Atlanta, Georgia

As an American voter overseas during an election year, I felt the need for in-depth, wide-ranging interviews with the Presidential candidates. Your interview with Jimmy Carter is superb. It's unfortunate you could not have published interviews with the other major candidates before the election.

Peter Christian Alexander  
Stockholm, Sweden

*For the inside story behind the Carter interview and the publicity it received, check out "Jimmy Carter and Us," by G. Barry Golson, in this issue.*

## REVIEW REVIEWED

Thank you for your fine review of *Mad Dog* (PLAYBOY After Hours, December). However, may I set the record straight? I did not photograph Barry Lyndon; I was on the camera crew, yes, but the man who gets the honors is director of photography John Alcott.

Mike Malloy  
London, England

## DIAPHRAGM GRAMS

I read with interest William J. Helmer's article *Diaphragm Redux* in PLAYBOY on the Scene (December). Couldn't help but chuckle when Helmer stated: "If less obtrusive than the rubber, it's still a pain in the ass." My wife once made the same statement and I retorted: "Maybe you're putting it in the wrong place."

Robert V. Romanowicz  
Chicago, Illinois

The diaphragm poses no real problem for most women. It is not the most popular contraceptive, because most women are uneducated about its usage, advantages and efficiency. It really works, and I have tested most methods of birth control. Surely the diaphragm is the form of birth control least harmful to our health.

S. G. Waterbury  
Laguna Beach, California

## CASANOVA LOVER

Tina Aumont, from your pictorial on Fellini's new movie, *Casanova* (PLAYBOY, December), has one of the most sensuous, erotic faces I've ever seen. I would love to see a little more of that beautiful lady.

Kevin O'Brien  
St. Vincent de Paul, Quebec







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\$2,779\* You won't find a car in the country priced lower than the Honda Civic Sedan. But it isn't the price itself that's so amazing. It's that the Honda Civic Sedan gives you so much for so little.

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Now that you've priced the Honda Civic, we hope you'll find out more about it from your Honda dealer. The Honda Civic isn't just a great buy. It's a great car.

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	4-Speed	\$3049	43	28
Hatchback	Hondamatic	\$3199	29	23
Civic CVCC 1488cc				
Sedan	4-Speed	\$2999	50 (46)	39 (35)
	4-Speed	\$3299	50 (46)	39 (35)
Hatchback	Hondamatic	\$3449	37 (34)	32 (28)
	5-Speed	\$3599	54 (51)	41 (34)
Wagon	4-Speed	\$3549	41 (37)	30 (28)
	Hondamatic	\$3699	32 (32)	27 (25)
Accord CVCC 1600cc				
Hatchback	5-Speed	\$4145	48 (47)	38 (33)
	Hondamatic	\$4295	31 (32)	26 (25)

FEBRUARY 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15  
TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES WED THURS FRI SAT SUN MON TUES





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High altitude models \$35 extra.

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**HONDA CIVIC**  
What the world is coming to.

16

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A woman with blonde, wavy hair is sitting cross-legged on a dark surface. She is wearing a black jumpsuit with white stitching and buttons. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. She has several bracelets on her left wrist.

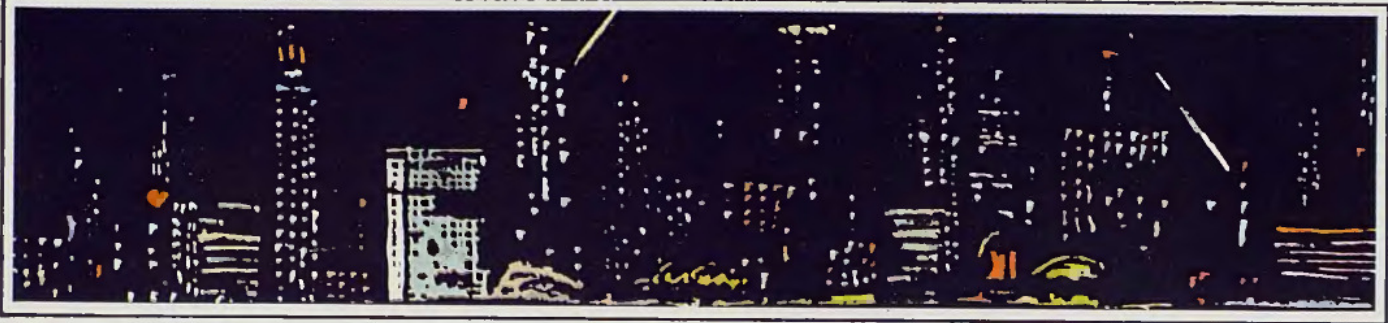
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feels great in  
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In an article about prostitution arrests, Florida's *St. Petersburg Times* quoted a police spokesman as saying, "We don't have crackdowns. We just keep the pressure on. It's no fanfare, no crusade. We just keep banging away."

Change that to the Ku Klutz Klan: The Illinois Legislative Investigation Commission reports that three of its undercover agents infiltrated the state's Ku Klux Klan with such success that one became "the second highest officer" in the organization. The commission also observed that the K.K.K. members are so inept that they have trouble getting their crosses to burn.

That's what we call a rash decision. A San Francisco night-club owner helped his scantily clad dancers get the pasties off their chests by using expert medical testimony. The city Board of Permit Appeals approved the costume change after a dermatologist declared, "There is a very definite concern that the wearing of pasties on the breast may cause allergic reaction in many individuals that could lead to permanent damage."

When the university's security director approached a vendor selling T-shirts emblazoned with dirty words outside the University of Wisconsin's football stadium, the pitchman defended himself as a man of high moral principle, saying he didn't carry the T-shirts in children's sizes.

You think that's funny, you should see the poor sucker who has to catch them. A nationwide sports competition was held not long ago in Tashkent, capital of Uzbek. Included among the events were

swimming, skiing, route marches and—are you ready for this?—a popular new addition: grenade throwing.

Sign in an Oakland, California, store: STATE LAW REQUIRES TAX BE CHARGED ON WARM NUTS.

Michigan State University's student newspaper carried this interesting bulletin not long ago: "The MSU Nose-picking Society will hold its first annual Proboscis Plucking Free-for-All. Bring your boogies."

Minnesota's *Duluth News-Tribune* ran the following boo-boo in its TV schedule: "Dracula . . . Jack Palance, Simon Ward. A legendary vampire has a hunger for hyman blood that brings tragedy to a gracious English country estate."



The *Medical Journal of Australia* has reported the strange case of a 32-year-old nurse who began eating paper as a 12-year-old schoolgirl and has wound up on a diet of ten tissues and a half page of the *Melbourne Sun* every day. "While at school," the article said, "the patient used to consume small quantities of blotting paper and sheets of exercise books. . . . At the age of 17, she worked in an office where she found that blotting paper and the petty-cash vouchers best suited her palate. During her nursing training . . . she mostly refrained from indulging her craving. She was a little ashamed of it and regarded it as unprofessional."

Two years ago, Washington's National Zoological Park bought a Bactrian camel named Humphrey as prospective father of a herd. When, after a year of going through the motions, Humphrey had not produced a single offspring, zoo personnel were puzzled. "We checked his teeth and everything when we bought him," said the zoo's director. Turns out they had overlooked one minor detail—Humphrey has no visible testicles. Said the disgruntled director, "Our hindsight was not so good."

Make that refried: According to the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, a man "was sentenced to be put to death in the electric chair twice and serve 20 years in prison."

A British survey of women reveals that a vast armory of folklore concerning contraception still exists. For example, one woman thought a glass of ice water after intercourse would stop pregnancy by freezing a person's insides. Drinks made with licorice and raspberry leaves or concoctions of herbs and gin were also cited as sure-fire



methods. Others believed that a missed menstrual period could be brought on by downing a pint of gin or beer boiled with a red-hot poker or a brew of soapy water. Not surprisingly, all the women questioned had six or more children.

*Majority Report* published this rather odd ad: "Recipes Sought for Jewish Lesbian Feminist Vegetarian Anarchists for Jesus Cookbook."

A reader reports that during last year's flood disaster in Big Thompson Canyon, Colorado, a local movie theater screened a film titled *In Search of Noah's Ark*.

An Anna, Illinois, man was arrested on a charge of impersonating a police officer and taking kisses as bribes. Police claim the man dressed up as a cop, waved female motorists to the side of the road, accused them of speeding and offered to dispense with the ticket if they agreed to kiss him.

## PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



*Voted in for his contribution to the science of celestial biology: a University of Illinois professor of English who specializes in the study of angels in the works of poet John Milton. The prof believes that the universe is full of angels who eat, exercise free will and enjoy active sex lives. Angelic sex, according to this scholar, is the union of pure desiring and total interpenetration that is of far greater intensity than anything known to man.*

## NAME THAT FILM!



**U**nlike most movie quizzes, this one, by contributor Rob Nolan, requires no knowledge of trivia whatsoever. You've given the plot of a movie and all you have to do is name that movie. To make it even simpler, all the films included are classics, box-office hits. So you can't miss.

1. A man is convicted of a crime he didn't commit and is sentenced to life imprisonment. After serving some of his time, he saves the warden's life, is pardoned and set free. He returns home to find members of his family dying of an incurable disease. Angry, he challenges the man who put him in prison to a fair fight and wins, killing the man in the process. The film ends with the hero's finding a man who can save his family.

2. Dismayed by her parents' callousness, a teenager runs away from home and joins a commune. Because her background is different from those of the others in the commune, she is at first regarded with suspicion. But through hard work and favors, she wins the members' friendship and is soon sleeping with all of them. A jealous drug dealer, however, slips her a dangerous drug and she O.D.s. The girl is close to death when a stranger comes along and offers first aid. She recovers, goes away with the stranger and eventually marries a man in the same profession as her father.

3. Some nomads find a treasure in the desert but don't tell anyone about it. Some time later, another group finds another treasure in a hole and doesn't tell anyone, either. But, being somewhat brighter than those in the first bunch, they outfit a ship and go looking for more treasure. There's a mutiny and everyone on board dies, except for one man who goes on looking, runs into some bad weather, lives in another country for many years and finally returns home.

4. Her first time away from home, a

young girl crushes an old lady to death, murders the old lady's sister, strikes a defenseless animal in the face, insults an old man, then returns home—but her folks don't even ask her where she's been.

5. Three kids are brought up to love their pop. The first kid tries to run pop's business, but he bungles it. The second kid tries to open a branch office but fails also. The third kid cuts short a European trip, takes over the business and, with a few shrewd moves, puts the business back on top again. In the interim, Pop dies, but he goes with the knowledge that the third kid loved his pop best of all.

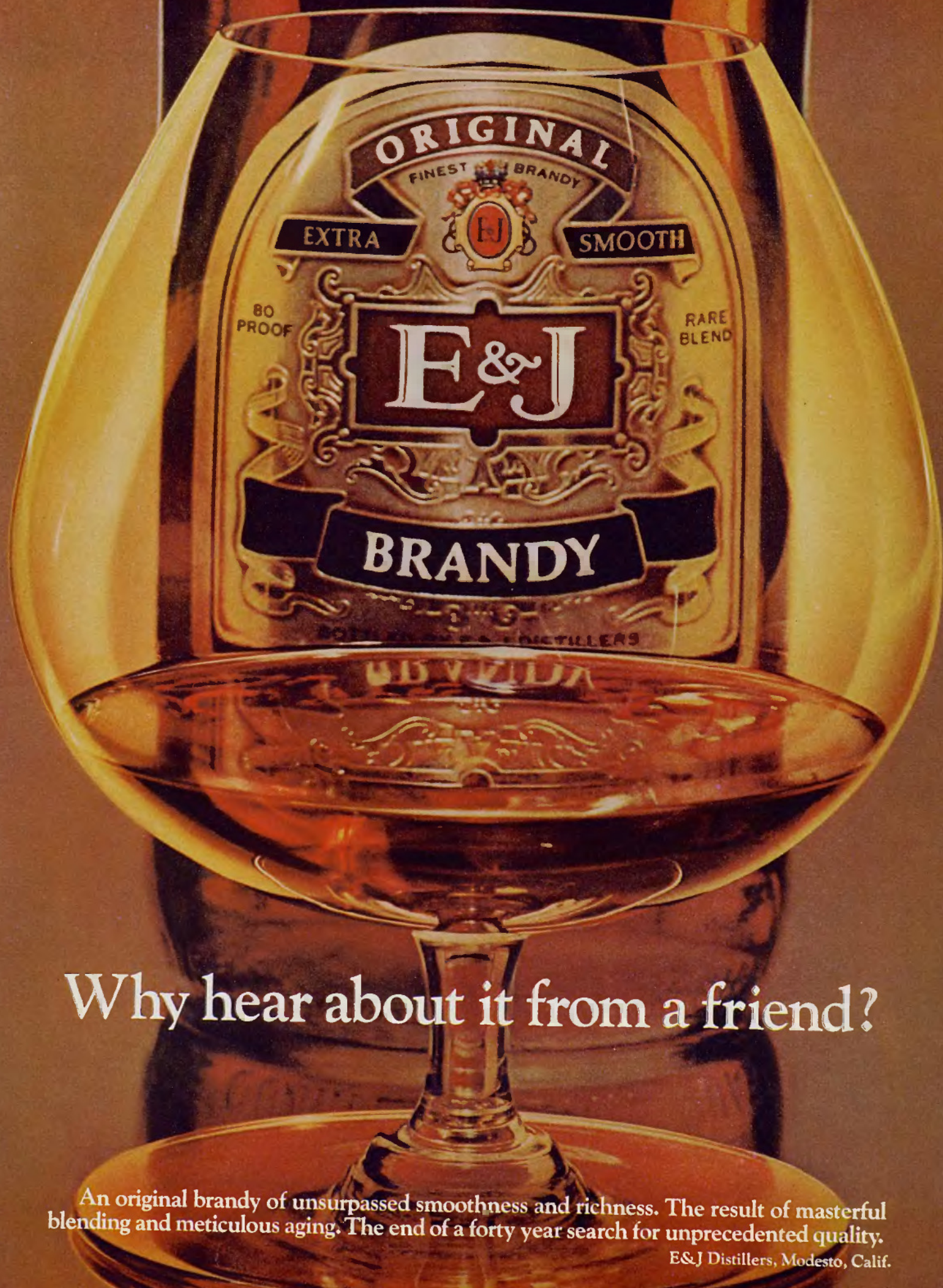
6. A young man, conceived out of wedlock, goes into the same business as his stepfather but finds it unsatisfying. Soon, he rebels and goes off to become a free soul. Along the way, he has a series of disturbing adventures with a loan shark, a prostitute, a tax man, a cripple and a corpse. Frustrated, he vandalizes a public building and is arrested. The authorities try to punish him but are unsuccessful and, in the end, the young man gets to meet his real father.

7. An illiterate ne'er-do-well from the sticks meets an actress from the city, who turns his head. He tries to convince her to stay home with him, but she and her producer friend convince him to go to New York and become a star. In Manhattan, they decide to put on a big show. Opening night is a disaster, but finally the sophisticated urbanites recognize the illiterate's talents and he makes a lasting impression on the city.

Answers:

1. *Ben Hur*
2. *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*
3. *2001: A Space Odyssey*
4. *The Wizard of Oz*
5. *The Godfather*
6. *King of Kings*
7. *King Kong*





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# MUSIC

Riding the surge of *The Boys Are Back in Town*, last summer's single that refused to leave the charts for 17 weeks, Thin Lizzy is getting the old major push from Phonogram to put it right up there with Led Zeppelin, the Stones and the other Big Boys. A second-generation metal band that started out in Ireland, of all places, six years ago, Lizzy's chief claim to a title shot is the voice of bass player Phil Lynott (although if you're a teenaged girl, or of similar persuasion, you'll probably find his flesh fairly appealing as well). Unfortunately, it's pretty much wasted on *Johnny the Fox* (Phonogram), an album that displays the same malaise that most such bands suffer—mediocre material, which they've written themselves. Nothing wrong with it, understand, and some hot-shot cooking in spots, but nothing particularly memorable. A sizzling guitar without an idea behind it gets old fast; we've all heard too many of them. And Lynott's prolonged metal ballads—in certain respects an electric evolution/mutation of the old Irish form, if only in the sense that they try to tell stories instead of being circular poems, like many pop songs—are probably to be admired for their ambition, but they simply aren't in a league with *Stairway to Heaven* or *Sympathy for the Devil* or *Pinball Wizard*. Go big or go home, as we used to say. Lynott and crew would do better at least occasionally to try doing other people's material their way. In spite of the prevailing rock ethic that you have to write the stuff as well as sing it to be a bona fide musical genius, just plain performing's not a sin, much less a failure. Ask Ella Fitzgerald. Or Sinatra. Or Elvis.

Lou Reed, the father of the New York punk-rock scene, recently admitted that it took him years to discover that the Big Apple wasn't Kansas. People in Kansas shouldn't have any trouble telling the difference when they listen to *Live at CBGB's* (Atlantic), a two-record set featuring eight of the bands involved in the New York punk renaissance. In Kansas, most of these bands wouldn't have made it out of their garage, let alone onto a record. But then, isn't the charm of the Apple that everybody will be a star for 15 minutes?

CBGB's, a tiny sliver of a club located in the Bowery, originally attracted attention as Patti Smith's soapbox. Unfortunately, the cream of the resulting scene—Television and Talking Heads—was signed to major labels before the recording of this album, leaving much of the vinyl to be filled with music that at its best is playfully derivative and at its worst is downright amateurish.

In the latter category, we have Manster, whose outrageously frenetic version of the Yardbird's *Over, Under, Sideways, Down*



Thin Lizzy, thinner material.

"Johnny the Fox displays the same malaise most such bands suffer—mediocre material."

is a laughing-gas-induced nightmare. Similarly, the Sun's brand of heavy metal makes Blue Cheer sound profound. The Shirts, Gotham's belated answer to the folk-rock of the early Airplane, should request less starch in their collars.

Mink DeVille consists of more polished punchers whose three tracks reveal an acute case of schizophrenia: They sound alternately like the Stones, Lou Reed and their dreadlocked brothers from the Caribbean. Tuff Darts hurl metal spears thankfully devoid of the blood-spitting excesses of Kiss, while the Miamis slap out a New York Dollslike rocker called *We Deliver* that backs up its promise with kick-ass expertise and a properly flat lead vocal.

*Live at CBGB's* stands as a bittersweet document of a scene produced by those who are likely to be left behind. Consequently, if one is hungry for a solid guitar-slamming punk-rock collection, he'd do better to pick up last year's West Coast thoroughbred *The Beserkley Chartbusters, Volume One*.

When you miss something, you can either ignore the fact and hope that no one will notice or 'fess up and throw

yourself on the mercies of your audience. We'll take our chances with the latter and put in some very belated good words for *Tony Bennett Sings 10 Rodgers & Hart Songs* (Improv). Bennett is to "pop" singers what Georg Solti is to Lawrence Welk and the team of R & H needs no qualification (the ten tunes here are among the best—*Lover*, *The Lady Is a Tramp* and *I Could Write a Book*, for example), but the icing on the cake is Bennett's backing. The Ruby Braff/George Barnes Quartet (Braff, cornet, Barnes, guitar, Wayne Wright, rhythm guitar, John Giuffrida, bass) is marvelous; Braff and Barnes provide accompaniment, fills and solo stints that are more than a match for Bennett's near-flawless vocalizing. Which reminds us, if you haven't picked up on *The Ruby Braff/George Barnes Quartet Salutes Rodgers and Hart* and *The Ruby Braff/George Barnes Quartet Plays Gershwin* (both on the Concord Jazz label), there are two large gaps in your jazz library. They're extraordinary.

Seems that Mrs. Simmons, mother of Kiss bass player Gene Mon, went to a show and watched the boys cavort as tongue-thrusting monsters, macabre pussycats, lost-in-space-men and pouting sex symbols. Backstage, she asked her son, the vampire, "Which one were you?" To date, Kiss's music has been equally distinguished; but on *Rock 'n' Rollover* (Casablanca), producer Eddie Kramer continues predecessor Bob Ezrin's move toward keeping the band members away from feedback warfare. One question: Do we really want to understand their zit-rock lyrics?

Our profound thanks to jazz critic-producer Joachim-Ernst Berendt for the inspired notion of bringing together the master of the sarod, Ali Akbar Khan, and that adventurous altoist John Handy. *Karuna Supreme* (MPS/BASF) is one of the most exciting LPs we've heard in a long time. The session was recorded in Germany and includes Zakir Hussain on tabla and Yogish S. Sahota on tambura. There are three extended pieces and the longest, *The Soul and the Alma*, which takes up all of side two, is a masterpiece—a totally natural fusion of East and West as Handy and Khan scale the musical heights together. One can't find a false note anywhere, even after several run-throughs.

Jackson Browne's latest album, *The Pretender* (Asylum), marks the singer-songwriter's coming of age. The album is a chronicle of one man's attempts to cope with everyday running around. Even mystics and innocents have to balance their checking accounts and pay taxes. *The Fuse*—a magnificent opening song that features the incandescent slide guitar of



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David Lindley—sets the stage: “And the years that I spent lost in the mystery / Fall away leaving only the sound of the drum / Like a part of me.” The singer awakes to find—in the title song—that he is “caught between the longing for love and the struggle for the legal tender.” Credit should go to Jon Landau for his excellent production—the former critic for *Rolling Stone* has taken Browne’s frail voice and ongoing existential crisis and given it a stiff shot of rock ‘n’ roll. Essentially, it is the same treatment Landau provided Bruce Springsteen on *Born to Run*. (The two albums are similar in other ways—Browne’s phrase “Out into the cool of the evening / Strolls the pretender” could have been written on the streets of Asbury Park.) If we were H & R Block, we could give you 17 reasons to buy this album, but we aren’t, so here’s one—it’s damn good.

Coming virtually out of nowhere to front a crack rock-’n’-roll band composed of the meat and potatoes of two of Britain’s best pub bands—Brinsley Schwarz and Ducks Deluxe—Graham Parker was the most exciting rock talent to emerge in 1976. And while *Heat Treatment* (Mercury) doesn’t hit the peaks of his *Howlin’ Wind* debut, its assured production and musical attack make it the more consistent of the two. Parker comes from a long line of white blues-rooted rockers that extends from Van Morrison’s early work with Them to Bruce Springsteen. Deftly using his band’s keyboard and guitar prowess, he moves comfortably from emotionally exercising rockers like *Pourin’ It All Out* to a stunningly vital piece of reggae-rock, *Something You’re Going Through*. While graced with a salty sense of humor—in *Hotel Chambermaid*, the lecherous Parker boasts that “when the world is dead, I’m gonna make the bed with that hotel chambermaid”—he also possesses a lean intelligence that often finds him roaming “these bitter lands, a face without a voice.” In *Back Door Love*, Parker equates the magic of his music with love, and the man tells no lies—you can literally feel the band falling into Parker’s groove; and any rocker with an ear for purebred honest rock ‘n’ roll is advised to do likewise.

#### SHORT CUTS

**Be Bop DeLuxe / Modern Music** (Harvest): Heavy David Cassidy.

**Wah Wah Watson / Elementary** (Columbia): A studio wizard on guitar and electronic devices (also a member of Herbie Hancock’s group) takes center stage—and holds it.

**Kool & the Gang / Open Sesame** (Delite): Success never helped anybody—and these bold gangsters are starting to sound like fat cats.

**Patti Smith Group / Radio Ethiopia** (Arista): Ten years after her time.

## DINING & DRINKING

For the most exciting food in Philadelphia these days, it pays to go window shopping. In the town of historic shrines, the restaurant action is behind the plate glass of an ever-growing roster of strictly Seventies storefront restaurants. Most of them started with a little money and a lot of idealism; almost all are staffed by young former amateurs who run them the way you’d host a dinner for close friends.

**Frog**, an ex-antique shop at 264 S. 16th Street, is so successful that reservations are not only *de rigueur*, they’re damned hard to get. The Frog filled its front window with a bar, a jungle of greenery and a menagerie of ceramic frogs. It pulled church pews and odd chairs up to lily-pad-green tables, put original art on the freshly painted white walls and even more original dishes on the blackboard menu. The combination clicked immediately.

The current chef is Thai, which influences the food somewhat, but mostly, says owner Steve Poses, what you get is “a marriage of cuisines.” You can, for example, start with ginger carrot vichyssoise or a sampler of three Oriental noodles, each with a different sauce. Your entree might be sweetbreads with hazelnut butter (\$6.75), lamb with peanuts and eggplant (\$6.75), or what realist Poses calls obligatory sirloin (\$8.75 with fried onions).

For dessert, try Sacher Torte; it won a local newspaper competition for the best chocolate dessert in town.

The Frog is open every day. Lunch Monday through Friday from noon to 2, Sunday brunch from 11:30 to 2. Dinner Monday through Thursday from 6 to 10, Friday and Saturday until 11, Sunday from 5:30 to 9:30. Major credit cards accepted. Reservations essential (215-735-8882).

**Black Banana**, at 247-249 Race Street,

has scads of frosted glass and art-moderne neon tubing and prices just steep enough to keep the average polyestered tourist from cluttering up the place. An entree

can go for as much as \$12.50, but for that you’ll get something as special as fresh crayfish flambéed in whiskey (in season) or top-quality *filet* of beef with an exceptional Béarnaise sauce. Special touches abound.

The scallops in the coquille, for example, are cooked with pistachios and oysters in a sauce that tastes deliciously of rum and cream.

For dessert, try the Black Banana, a mind-boggling adult sundae with banana,

ice cream, super homemade chocolate sauce and chestnut purée. Lunch Monday through Friday is from 11:30 to 3, Sunday brunch from 11 to 3. Dinner hours are from 6 to 11 weekdays, to 12 on weekends. Major credit cards accepted. For reservations, phone 215-627-9429.

**Friday, Saturday and Sunday** is an unwieldy name for a charming storefront at 261 S. 21st St., near Rittenhouse Square.

The menu here is as varied and colorful as the sewn-together South American hand-blocked prints draped tent fashion overhead. It is chalked—maddeningly, some think—on a giant slate that divides the already small room into incestuously intimate areas.

Among the appetizer standards are creamy, delicate water-cress soup and velvety chicken-liver *pâté*. An occasional entree, such as Porc Italienne (\$6), gets heavy on the garlic; worth trying is the duck curry (\$7.50), half of a crisp-skinned, roast duckling with an intriguing sauce. Shredded, quick-sautéed zucchini is one of the very special vegetables.

FSS has its own dessert chef, whose triumphs include a terrific cheesecake you can order plain or gilded with seasonal fresh fruits.

Dinner Monday through Saturday from 5:30 to 10:30, Sunday from 5 to 9:30. Closed Tuesday. Phone: 215-546-4232.



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## TELEVISION

Get set, America, for Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* on TV. When this six-hour series first blazed into being on Swedish television some four years ago, marriage counselors were besieged with new clients, revision of Sweden's divorce laws was hotly debated, sporting events and concerts had to be canceled while virtually the whole country stayed home to watch Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson square off, week by week, in a compelling marital cliff-hanger. In its U.S. theatrical release in 1974, *Scenes*—cut to half its original length—was approximately half

strength, no cue for a national crisis but still dramatically potent. Now an uncut, uncensored and meticulously dubbed English version will be aired by Public Broadcasting outlets beginning Wednesday, March ninth: same day, same time, same stations for five subsequent weekly episodes. For anyone out there who imagines that TV's adult programming is exemplified by *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, here's a rare chance to see the real thing. Ullmann herself will appear as hostess to introduce each program and, for a finish, there'll be weekly excerpts from a filmed interview with Bergman.

*Scenes* introduces us to a seemingly ideal married pair named Marianne and Johan, who feel their perfect union threatened at a dinner foursome with another couple (Bibi Andersson and Jan Malmsjö) who suddenly start spitting venom at each other like trapped cobras. During the ten-year duet of discord that follows, Marianne and Johan see their own domestic heaven go to hell—from recriminations and infidelity to divorce, to repressed hostility so intense that it has to explode in a drunken, tooth-and-nail orgy of hate. They wind up at the end of the decade remarried to new mates, making a new set of mistakes but beginning to understand each other a little, themselves a little more. That's Bergman's achievement. His method is to study the eternal battle of the sexes in devastating close-ups, forcing us



"Bergman studies the eternal battle of the sexes in devastating close-ups."

to see that its wounds go deep because everyone is ultimately fighting for his—or her—life.

The zingy highlight of public television's consciousness- and fund-raising Festival '77 specials, beginning in March, is sure to be *Rock Follies*—a five-part, five-and-a-half-hour sock-it-to-'em musical soap opera about three smashing birds, long past their teens, who set out to become England's top female rock group. This funky bundle from Britain, produced by Thames Television, was a rollicking hit over there and ought to score pretty high

Stateside as a likable, offbeat showbiz saga—scheduled for telecast on most PBS outlets Monday through Friday, March 7–11 (check local program guides for times).

In the U.S., even so-called adult television seldom matches the graphic language and general gaminess of *Rock Follies*, which is a satirical send-up of contemporary sex, styles in pop entertainment and the volatile social climate of jolly olde England, an economic disaster area where rock often seems to be the surest key to survival. The trio of Little Ladies (Charlotte Cornwell, Julie Covington and Rula Lenska) has become an authentic performing group (with a disc on the charts) since *Rock Follies* brought them together. They'll also be in America, in the flesh, when the show's original-cast album is released here. As Anna, a legit actress who equates her musical career with slumming, Cornwell has the straightest role; as Dee, who commutes to her gigs from a commune, Covington—the bobbed, boyish lead singer—has high-decibel energy to spare; as "Q," the campy sex queen and graduate of soft-core porn movies, Lenska (a Diane Keaton look-alike) contributes reams of wry humor about her experience portraying, for example, "a one-armed Chinese lesbian biochemist." Throughout, *Rock Follies* provides a unique and exhilarating change of tempo for imported British television: less snob appeal, more sex appeal.

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# MOVIES

Director Peter Bogdanovich sent out his valentines early, neatly wrapped up with love and kisses in *Nickelodeon*, a fond tribute to the pioneer days of American cinema. The objects of his affection are a raffish bunch led by Burt Reynolds, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, the perennially underrated Stella Stevens and movie newcomer Jane Hitchcock, who make their way to L.A. via Chicago back in 1913. They do pratfalls, crank out primitive two-reelers, steal scripts from *The Saturday Evening Post* and generally have a wonderful time, until D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* opens like a bombshell to tell the world that movies are about to grow up and become a serious art form. Well, it was fun while it lasted, and *Nickelodeon* celebrates filmdom's age of innocence with unflagging verve and a touch of rueful hindsight toward the good old days. As a former critic and cinemaniac who made good behind the camera, Bogdanovich knows movies and has stuffed *Nickelodeon* with a wealth of anecdote, letting the audience peer over his shoulder, in effect, while he leafs through a yellowed, bulging scrapbook. There among the tintypes and vintage title cards are O'Neal (*père*) as an ineffectual lawyer who stumbles into a future as a writer-director, Reynolds as a dumb cowboy destined for stardom by default, Tatum as a fresh kid who evolves into a kind of script doctor, the delectable Miss Hitchcock as The Girl whose career is launched when she's accidentally carried aloft by a flyaway hot-air balloon. This is *not* primarily an actors' picture, which may be why everyone on the job seems to relax and revel in it. Compared with the way things were done by the masters of yesteryear, some of the sight gags miss a beat, while the hot-shot dialog occasionally produces a clinker after building up for a yok. Bogdanovich is so enamored of his subject, however, that his galloping good will rides to the rescue every time and reminds us that he's the guy who made *The Last Picture Show* and *Paper Moon* a while before the disappointing *Daisy Miller* and *At Long Last Love*. The final five minutes of *Nickelodeon* alone are solid-gold nostalgia, steeped in the pure magic of movies. Come home, Peter. All is forgiven.

To belabor the deficiencies of the stupendous new *King Kong* would be about as useful as applying *haute cuisine* criteria to the Big Mac. Producer Dino De Laurentiis' whopper is likely to be swallowed whole by audiences hungry to see what's been cooked up following one of the great publicity hypes of all time. Well, kiddies, it's a special-effects marvel. The monster is dandy, but so was the original King



*Nickelodeon*: solid-gold nostalgia.

"*Nickelodeon* celebrates filmdom's age of innocence with unflagging verve."



See Dick run. See Jane tinkle.

Kong, created some 44 years ago. Instead of mooning over Fay Wray from a tropic island to the top of the Empire State Building, the 1977 simian fondles movie newcomer Jessica Lange in his natural habitat, then moves on to Shea Stadium and Manhattan's World Trade Center towers. Jessica is a shade more sophisticated than Fay. When Kong first plucks her from the rude altar where savages have strung her up, she calls him a "god-damned chauvinist-pig ape" and demands that he put her down because she "can't stand heights." Later, plainly seduced by his mammoth finger foreplay

and the fact that he thoughtfully blows her dry after rinsing her off in a waterfall, she warms to the situation and asks what his sign is (she's a Libra). As always, Kong is far too big for his bitchess. Moviegoers who already buy the proposition that bigger is better should get a kick out of Kong. Others may nod off and note that De Laurentiis and director John (The Towering Inferno) Guillermin try to have it both ways—they start out selling their story short as campy erotica, played for laughs, then abruptly shift gears and ask us to remember that they intended a serious, poignant, meaningful legend of beauty and the beast. Charles Grodin, as an oil-company executive who starts to monkey around with showbiz, and Jeff Bridges, as a stowaway zoologist who is Kong's rival for Jessica's affections, take turns representing hit-or-miss satire versus romantic idealism in a fuzzy script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr. What's missing from *King Kong* revisited is simple conviction, honesty, innocence—any sign that the people who made the movie had unsailable faith in it, or something fresh and exciting to offer beyond their obvious desire to cash in on a classic.

This is Jane Fonda. Jane is a sassy comedienne. This is George Segal. Whenever there's a role for a bright, bothered young businessman, let George do it. See how they run through *Fun with Dick and Jane*. Nimble. George plays Dick, an aerospace executive who loses his job. Dick and Jane start to feel the pinch. Jane, played by Jane, promises to cut down on luxuries. She gives up ski lessons and the Book-of-the-Month Club. The pinch gets tighter. See how they run. See how they become robbers. They hold up a sex motel, a record shop, a restaurant and (to audience cheers) the telephone company. Gradually, they become more sophisticated. "I'm not cut out for blue-collar crime," declares Dick, as he and Jane escalate to the sort of high-level corporate thievery that's much less likely to land a person in jail. "How about those guys Rockefeller and Du Pont?" the movie asks. How about Lockheed? We've all seen how they run. As a casually amoral fable for our time, *Fun with Dick and Jane* endorses the get-yours ethic without discriminating among victims—whether it's a small neighborhood shopkeeper or a secret corporate slush fund that gets ripped off seems to make little difference to director Ted Kotcheff and a trio of writers (among them, novelist Mordecai Richler, author of Kotcheff's equally roguish *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*). That's the rub that occasionally rubs the wrong way. Ethical values aside, *Dick and Jane* produces a good deal of reckless enjoyment with some



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prickly dialog banded about by Jane, George and TV veteran Ed McMahon (as a company man who appears to prefer the company of other men's wives). One controversial scene, likely to be topic A in all critical post-mortems of the movie, is a graphic but rather gratuitous bathroom sequence in which Jane, home from their first heist, jabbers at Dick

while she lifts up her skirts, squats on the john, urinates, wipes herself dry. Such realistic touches add practically nothing to the fun and games except a needless reminder that beautiful, talented movie stars *do* go to the toilet like everyone else.

*Pumping Iron*, full of massive deltoids and distended pectorals, rises to a climax with the 1975 Mr. Olympia competition in Pretoria, South Africa: hordes of body-builders, posing like Greek statues in briefs the size of slingshots. Adapted and updated from the 1974 best seller by Charles (Stay Hungry) Gaines and George Butler, codirected by Butler and Robert Fiore, the movie masquerades as a droll, informative, tongue-in-cheek documentary. Ken Waller, Louis Ferrigno, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu and some of the world's leading specimens of beefcake strut their stuff, offstage and on, yet *Iron* is primarily a socko screen test for Arnold Schwarzenegger, holder of the professional Mr. Olympia title for six straight seasons until his retirement last year. Arnold's official movie debut in a mediocre film version of *Stay Hungry* stacks up as insignificant compared with his flashy performance here. Schwarzenegger playing Schwarzenegger is a tough act to follow, as he strains and swaggers, cockily psyches his opponents right out of the winner's circle and reveals less about muscle building than about the psychology of the born winner. At one point, Arnold compares the punishing regime that keeps his body beautiful to the gentler joys of sex: "It's as satisfying to me as coming with a woman. . . . I'm coming day and night."

The long, costly, controversial remake of *A Star Is Born* fulfills the bleakest predictions from Hollywood crapehangers that this would turn out to be a vanity production controlled by Barbra Streisand (as executive producer and co-star opposite Kris Kristofferson) and her consort, former hairdresser Jon Peters. As finally written and directed by Frank



Flashy Schwarzenegger.

old showbiz tearjerker about the star-crossed marriage of a destructive, alcoholic male idol on his way to the bottom and a dazzling newcomer on her way to the top. Unfortunately, the latest and least *A Star Is Born* throws away most of the major melodramatic Big Moments that have made the story work. Kristofferson, one of the most potent male sex symbols on the screen today, is wasted in a role so drastically rewritten—or re-edited—that he seems to be just a coke-sniffing, drunken, suicidal bum from first to last; his death thereby loses its sting. As for Streisand, she gives a good imitation of a rock star—and blasts the movie skyward, at midpoint, by going through the roof in a concert sequence that would be fantastic as part of a Streisand TV special. Barbra is a superstar above all, but her costumes are too much, her over-acting is much too much and her abundant talent is misspent this time out because she seems less keen to portray a character than to preserve the Streisand myth. *A Star Is Born's* updated screenplay, full of maudlin sentimentality and a string of lump-in-the-throat clichés that were pronounced dead decades ago, gets worse as it goes along. No one in the supporting cast, which includes director Paul (Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice) Mazursky as the team's manager, ever succeeds in grabbing the spotlight long enough to score. Cinematographer Robert Surtees catches some of the rock scene's chaotic behind-the-bandstand energy, but he cannot do everything the authors have left undone. Without an occasional lift from the music and from Milady's unfailing charisma, *Star* might be brought up on charges for transforming a legend into a lemon.

A G-rated sleeper, *Joe Panther* offers fun for families that like clean, crisply photographed outdoor excitement—lively action with the good guys vs. cotton-mouthed snakes, giant alligators and a ring of vicious smugglers trafficking in Cuban aliens. Brian Keith as captain of

Pierson (author of the Oscar-winning *Dog Day Afternoon*), with a little help from any number of friends and second-guessers, the movie is a wild mélange—markedly inferior both to the original Janet Gaynor-Fredric March version and to the Judy Garland-James Mason musicalization in 1954. Here again, propped up with a kind of sock-rock score, comes the



a Miami-based charter boat and Ricardo Montalban as a Seminole Indian wise man add some dramatic muscle to a lightweight but persuasive cast of young performers led by Raymond Tracey, an Indian student recruited from Brigham Young University for the title role. Florida's Everglades ought to be billed as the picture's star attraction, however, since *Panther* is primarily a movie saturated with the exotic sights and sounds of a tourist mecca where Indians, ruffians, fishermen and sightseers intermingle. Director Paul Krasny manages the mixed company with a good deal of verve, pretty well conquering the upbeat simplistic values of a screenplay obviously rigged to deliver a message about honor and courage and self-realization. But once those big gators start thrashing around, who cares about sermons?

Why would a beautiful blonde jet setter, daughter of a former ambassador to the Court of St. James's, pursue a career as a professional hit woman? And why would *she* be chosen to knock off a handsome Saudi-Arabian diplomat, despised by his peers in the Arab world because he preaches peace with Israel? Many such questions are raised, but none answered, in *The Next Man*, a lethargic political thriller with more frills than thrills—since it provides frequent changes of scenery and of costume for diplomat Sean Connery and assassin Cornelia Sharpe (a former model who played Al Pacino's roommate in *Serpico*). Between clinches and quick trips to Wardrobe, there's a lot of talk about Palestinian terrorists to enliven the conversation along a package-tour itinerary (seven countries in ten days) that leads from New York and London to the Caribbean and Saudi Arabia. Watching *Next Man*, an inveterate moviegoer is apt to feel he's witness to the end of a line of 30 or 40 movies, all called something like *Assignment to Kill*.

Nearly four years in the making, at a reported cost of close to \$5,000,000, writer-director Elaine May's *Mikey & Nicky* looks like penny-ante stuff—a waste of time, money and talent. Paramount Pictures, after a round of legal hassles, will be lucky to earn back even a fraction of its investment in this dreary, humorless mini-epic about two Philadelphia racketeers having a night on the town while Mikey (Peter Falk) sets up his best friend, Nicky (John Cassavetes), for a hit man. As the paid assassin, moonlighting on the job and irritated because his quarry keeps eluding him, Ned Beatty underplays so deftly that he would steal the picture if it had anything worth stealing. Falk and Cassavetes, both proven performers, seem to have improvised their roles off the cuff; all their boozy camaraderie smacks of a self-conscious Actors Studio exercise. Miss May, a former funny lady who achieved a lot of what she wanted in *A New Leaf*

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and *The Heartbreak Kid*, never seems to know where she's going with *Mikey & Nicky*. Ads for the movie flaunt the phrase: "Don't expect to like 'em," and that's a word to the wise.

Though the setting happens to be a convent in Philadelphia, *Nasty Habits* is an unabashed, outspoken parody of Watergate—with a bunch of naughty nuns as the principal mischief-makers. To mince no words about the obvious—sometimes too obvious—intentions of a slightly self-conscious comedy based on Muriel Spark's 1974 novel *The Abbess of Crewe*, Glenda Jackson plays the Nixon character as if some dark angel had whispered in her ear. She's an unscrupulous abbess, up for election to the convent's highest office and so paranoid that she's had the place bugged, planting a master transmitter inside an Infant of Prague religious statue. Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson stand in for Haldeman and Ehrlichman; Melina Mercouri, as a missionary nun who commutes by helicopter and communicates by walkie-talkie, is a reasonable facsimile of Kissinger; Anne Meara plays a sort of jock sister who might well be mistaken for Gerald Ford; and Sandy Dennis, as the scapegoat Sister Winifred, manages an uncanny resemblance to John Dean while fretting a bit about scruples and stealing every second scene from top-notch actresses who seldom let a punch line get away from them. Not every character can be matched with a real-life counterpart, certainly not Britain's Susan Penhaligon, as Felicity, a seductive rival for power who thinks every nun should have a man in her life. "Your Brother Thomas has taken to screwing our Sister Felicity," Glenda reports peevishly in the course of her political arm twisting with some plumbers from a nearby Jesuit order. Jerry Stiller, Rip Torn and Eli Wallach—each married in real life to one of the ladies in the cast—play various churchmen as if for a lark. *Nasty Habits* is laden with cautious hints that these troublesome nuns may not even be bona fide Catholics; it's political satire produced and adapted by Robert Enders, directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg and performed with flippancy and malice toward all.

With words and music by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, 28 Beatlesongs (performed by Helen Reddy, The Bee Gees, Frankie Valli and everyone but the Beatles) supply the musical background for a peculiar documentary hybrid titled *All This and World War II*. While Bryan Ferry's rendition of *She's Leaving Home* as accompaniment for newsreel footage of women joining the WACs may be a valid association to make, it's a rather dull one. It is neither interesting nor valid to link Leo Sayer's *I Am the Walrus* with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and so

## X-RATED

Made in Italy by director Tinto Brass (subsequently hired for the forthcoming *Caligula*), *Madam Kitty* opens with an announcement that though the film's central incidents "will seem incredibly bizarre, they are true and based on documented fact." The facts concern a Nazi brothel in wartime Berlin, where every bed was bugged and every whore's heart belonged to Himmler. Sweden's Ingrid Thulin, who starred in some of Ingmar Bergman's landmark movies, broadly plays the title role opposite Helmut Berger, as an SS son of a bitch, and Teresa Ann Savoy, as a girlish patriot who believes, for a while, that she is prostituting herself in a good cause. *Kitty* is an apocalyptic horror story that makes both *The Night Porter* and the late Luchino Visconti's *The Damned* look relatively restrained. Plenty of lurid red light and Felliniesque decadence are lavished upon Brass's nightmarish Berlin. He overdoes just

about everything, including his pounded-home theme—that the real prostitution is not pleasure for pay but dirty politics. "I want to clean up my house," shrieks Kitty, a scrupulous brothelkeeper who's outraged to learn that her clients are being turned over to the Gestapo by her harlots. *Madam Kitty*, though only a strident soft-core shocker, offers hard new evidence of the growing kinship between so-called straight films and pure sexploitation. The results are often provocative. Brass at his brashest puts actors through kinky scenes that might make a porno star wince a bit—a girl making it with a hunchbacked dwarf or a memorable "group testing" sequence in which a line of naked volunteer *Fräuleins* is introduced to an equal number of naked SS studs for an orgy (with musical accompaniment by a military band and a weirdo piano-playing officer). There's lots more, with a mixed bag of performers such as Bekim Fehmiu, John Ireland and Tina Aumont either stripping along or



Bugged brothel.

"A line of naked volunteer *Fräuleins* is introduced to SS studs for an orgy."

looking wet-lipped on the side lines. Not recommended for your old Aunt Sophie.

Made in France and dubbed with reasonable care, director Frederic Lansac's *Kinky Ladies of Bourbon Street* hasn't got a gimmick to match his earlier *Pussy Talk*. (The kinky coital action also takes place thousands of miles from Bourbon Street, but that inconsistency will probably bother no one.) Lansac does have an angle, however—four lovely but inexplicably suicidal French dames decide they want to be fucked to death. One chooses a dynamite stick as a dildo; another, in the movie's erotic high point, fellates herself into a fatal swoon with the help of four guys from a garbage truck. And so on, screw after screw, until the airline stewardess, the chambermaid and the pop singer are—well—laid away. Only the socialite survives. Some of Lansac's deadly fantasies are horny-hilarious and well photographed,

though *Kinky Ladies* creates the impression that French males generally find sex a bore—since many of them tend to smoke, give dictation, listen to music or just languish in *flagrante delicto*. No wonder *les girls* are sick to death of it.

A trifle titled *The Starlets* advertises throbbing sexsurround with a 4-D gimmick known as QuadraVision—"the fourth and final dimension of total sensual involvement!" It's still just 3-D, requiring the use of special shades to plumb the hard-core depths with some prettier-than-usual California people who portray Hollywood hustlers of every known breed. The settings are lush; so are several of the lovelies cast as starlets. "He's promised me a part . . . a really big part," murmurs one young hopeful. He gives it to her, of course, lustily. Lewd, lucid underwater photography is the best new wriggle in an otherwise routine porno flick that's both sexually and cinematically one-dimensional, no matter how you look at it.



on, ad infinitum. The suspicion inevitably arises that *All This* is patronizing a pop-rock generation of moviegoers, who were not yet born at the time, by assuming that a concise visual history of the late great war will bore them to death unless they can relate it to something as familiar—and poundingly rhythmic—as *Maxwell's Silver Hammer* (wielded by Frankie Laine). The tunes are fine. The clips from movies of, or about, the period are often cornily amusing or nostalgic, and the factual wartime footage varies in impact (with the usual stock shots of Hitler, Churchill, Bob Hope and the Blitz). But the film's Beatles-and-battles premise is pure crap, which is worse than irrelevant. They might as logically reissue *Gone with the Wind*, commemorating the Civil War with some wild new sounds laid down by the Grateful Dead.

#### FILM CLIPS

**Pipe Dreams:** If you dig half-baked Alaska, you may dig an Alaskan boom town populated by whores, roustabouts and pipeline crews as the provocative setting for a simple-minded subarctic love story—the kind of exotic confection they used to whip up for, say, Colbert and Gable. The formula now serves as a movie debut for singer Gladys Knight without the Pips (except to back seven songs on the sound track) but with her



WW Two set to music?

husband, Barry Hankerson, as executive producer and co-star. A pop-primitive snow job.

**Sérail:** This metaphysical French frou-frou brings a young English novelist (Corin Redgrave, of the Redgrave family) to a strange château for sale, where Leslie Caron, Bulle Ogier and Marie-France Pisier beguile him with webs of intrigue very prettily woven and quite useless in the end.

**James Dean—the First American Teenager:** The Dean mythology, dating from his accidental death in 1955 at the age of 24, is unintentionally exploded by a series of film clips and recent interviews with colleagues who knew him when. All this,

plus a kind of eulogy narrated by Stacy Keach, adds up to little more than a tacky collage in homage to a promising young star who probably worried too much about outdoing Marlon Brando.

**Dream City:** Per Oscarsson, a gifted Scandinavian actor, looks pretty disconsolate as an immigrant on the skids in German director Johannes Schaaf's leaden fantasy about one of those never-never lands where hordes of rude, nude, uninhibited misfits expect to find a sublimely happy existence. It's Shangri-La buried under an avalanche of sour schnitzel.

**The Enforcer:** Clint Eastwood is back as "Dirty Harry" Callahan of San Francisco's finest, blowing away vicious revolutionary terrorists with a lady cop (Tyne Daly) as his partner in homicide. Except for the feminist angle, there's no new twist in the tired tough-guy formula that made Clint a box-office champion.

**The Pink Panther Strikes Again:** In his return match as Inspector Clouseau, Peter Sellers eludes a pack of hired killers from everywhere; Clouseau's former boss (Herbert Lom) has gone bananas and commandeered a doomsday machine, which he threatens to use unless the major nations deliver the numskull's scalp. Producer-director Blake Edwards combines some sure-fire Sellers with signs that the series has started to become boring from within. Those Panther titles are still the best of it.

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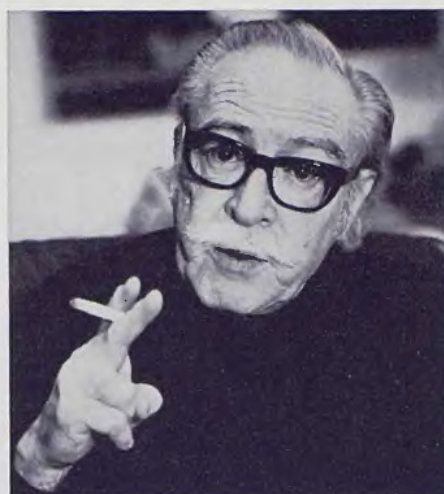


It's Oscar night, 1957. Deborah Kerr announces the winner of the Best Motion Picture Story: Robert Rich, for his work on *The Brave One*. Applause. Jesse Lasky, Jr., vice-president of the Screen Writers Guild, runs up to receive it for Rich, who, he explains, is at his wife's bedside, awaiting the birth of their first child. Dissolve. The next day, Lasky looks up Robert Rich in the Guild files. No such member, past or present. Then the rumors hit: Robert Rich was actually a pseudonym for black-listed Dalton Trumbo.

In this biography of the controversial screenwriter, *Dalton Trumbo* (Scribner's), Bruce Cook recounts this incident and others that pockmarked the dark years of Hollywood, when writers, directors and actors were banned from the industry because of their refusal to answer questions about their political affiliations before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Trumbo was the highest-paid Hollywood screenwriter at the time he, along with the rest of the Hollywood Ten, as they were to be called, went to Federal prisons. He slipped into the black market, but even the underground couldn't bury the no-bullshit, feisty Trumbo; he did quite well. Who doesn't love *Roman Holiday*? It was based on an original Trumbo screenplay, though his name doesn't appear in the credits. It was his script for *Exodus*, which saved the film, that finally broke the spine of the black list in 1960: Director Otto Preminger, who deplored the list, announced to *The New York Times* that Trumbo had written the screenplay.

To examine Trumbo's early days, his family and his courtship of Cleo Fincher, who was to remain his wife until his death in September 1976, Cook interviewed scores of relatives, friends and acquaintances, who present both the Jekyll and the Hyde qualities of the screenwriter. In the last few pages of the biography, Cook tries to come to terms with Trumbo's "dark side": the part that made him strike out suddenly at people, drove him to overwork and urged him to forsake his serious writing for Hollywood's big bucks. Trumbo's good friend painter Charles White said, "There are only two ways to relate to Dalton. You either love him or you hate him." This biography is going to make a lot of readers respect him, as well.

Fancy, if you can, a very square, philosophical and moralistic young black poker champ from an obscure little town in Upstate New York who searches out and teams up with a legendary aging, burned-out but supervirile white poker shark who will spend several years training him to enter the Olympiad of poker games. That's the basic story line of *The Big Bizarro*



Dalton Trumbo limned.

"Even the underground couldn't bury the no-bullshit, feisty Trumbo."



*Bizarro*: No, but we see a movie.

(Doubleday), by Leonard Wise. The author seems to have been trying to write a novel of racial harmony inspired by *The Hustler* and *The Cincinnati Kid*. At this he fails: His characters are improbable, their behavior is implausible and the requisite sex, the dash of violence, even the poker games, seem superficial and unconvincing. He does succeed in spinning a good yarn that soon persuades the reader that our young card-playing hero is never going to make it to the big time without

all the help he can get—including faith and support from the reader. Which means you're hooked and will have to start watching the cards more closely and worrying if Lefty Wilson is going to blow the whole game when he is pitted against a svelte and sophisticated female poker-playing machine. *Bizarro* is not much of a novel, but it has some great possibilities as a movie, preferably starring Jason Robards and Richard Pryor.

David Leon Chandler could not have known what Jimmy Carter was up to when he began writing *The Natural Superiority of Southern Politicians* (Doubleday). In a classic example of accidentally magnificent timing, we are offered a historical explanation for the South's 200-year tradition of coughing up politicians, benign and villainous, who invariably wield extraordinary influence over national events. Jefferson, Jackson and Calhoun were out-sized political figures, as were Sam Ervin, Richard Russell and—still with us—Herman Talmadge. Oddly, Chandler omits treatment of the least superior of Southern politicians, George Wallace. Written with a scattered haste reminiscent of the style of pop artists who merely throw paint at a wall, this short book will explain to still-confused Northerners at least some of the things that gave us Jimmy Carter, such as the exceedingly personal style of Southern campaigners. U. S. Senator John Stennis, for instance, returns home every other weekend to the "dusty streets and drugstores and sheet-iron façades" of DeKalb, Mississippi, where he "holds court at the café of an old hotel and gives the truck drivers and dirt farmers information on what he is doing . . . in Washington." A distinctly Southern style: One does not imagine Ted Kennedy spending his weekends in the Southie bars of Boston.

You begin to worry right away about an autobiography that begins with 70 separate dedications, including one to "three eggs over medium, a toasted buttered English and a large grade A . . ."—which is the opening act of *Backstage Passes: Rock-'n'-Roll Life in the Sixties* (Stein & Day), by Al Kooper with Ben Edmonds. It's a flaw that runs through the whole show—being more than occasionally too self-indulgent and *cute* to bear from anyone older than 19. This can be deadly, but once you get beyond that—if you do—it also makes the book a warm and open, if ingenuous, backstage look at the rock life back when it mattered. Sometimes it was timing, sometimes a hustle and often, by his own admission, dumb luck—but Kooper was around when much of the history was going down. There are lots of Dylan stories. Al faked his way



onto the historic *Highway 61* sessions and was in the band the legendary night Dylan was booted at Newport (and says that Dylan returned for an acoustic encore *not* to mollify the crowd but because his new electric band didn't know any more songs). Kooper was in The Blues Project; he began Blood, Sweat & Tears—arguably the first rock band with a horn section—but was booted out so early that he can't really be blamed for it. He was at Monterey Pop. He's played with Hendrix, The Who, The Rolling Stones, etc., etc.

So if you are into such things, *Backstage Passes* is rich in trivia tidbits, pictures and good old-fashioned gossip. It may be worth \$12.95 (or \$7.95 in paperback) to those of us who never quite got over the Sixties, but how else would we have heard about the first anally inserted microphone? Or that the janitor who emptied ashtrays and cleaned up the coffee cups in the studio during the *Blonde on Blonde* sessions was a nobody named Kris Kristofferson? Hmm?

It was 1950 when an 18-year-old country hick from Commerce, Oklahoma, and a 21-year-old city slicker from Queens arrived in the major leagues and became central figures—both on and off the field—in one of baseball's favorite zany legends: Casey Stengel's New York Yankees. They were always winning the world series, but, as Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford admit in *Whitey and Mickey: A Joint Autobiography of the Yankee Years* (Viking), a baseball game takes up only a few hours a day—and that leaves a lot of time for drinking and raising hell. Their reminiscences, about teammates and practical jokes and night-club incidents, are about as substantial as a baseball game but reading them is an amusing enough way to pass a rainy afternoon. They do tell a few secrets. Mantle hit home runs on days he was so hung over he should have been in protective custody and Ford developed some remarkably sophisticated, hitherto classified, techniques for loading up the ball with everything from spit to turpentine and baby oil.

#### QUICK READ

William Brashler / *The Don: The Life and Death of Sam Giancana* (Harper & Row): Brashler, best known for his novel turned movie *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, has turned his energy to one of the giants of crime, Sam "Momo" Giancana, king of the Chicago Mob for 50 years. Giancana, friend to heavyweight showbiz, business, political and CIA types, met with a mysterious end, and Brashler has a lot of previously unpublished information to trace Giancana's rise and fall.



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# SELECTED SHORTS

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## ALARMISTS ARE ALWAYS RIGHT

By Jim Davidson

IF THE INCOME TAX were to pass, Charles Hughes warned in 1910, "the Federal tax rate might get as high as ten percent."

That was alarmism at the time. Today it is a joke. But it is a joke worth pondering as a fine illustration of an unrecognized political truth: Alarmists are always right.

If anyone had the leisure to read all the footnotes of American history, he would discover that before almost any far-reaching social development—the eruption of a war, the passage of a major law or a change in living habits—it has inevitably been the alarmists who have had the most accurate understanding of what was coming to pass.

At the time of the income-tax debates around the turn of the century, its advocates claimed it would *permanently* reduce tax collection in America. What is more (this will really startle the customers of H&R Block), the income tax was to have greatly *simplified* taxes. Professor Amasa Walker told Congress that the overriding benefit of the income tax would be that "it is 'clear and plain' to the contributor and every other person." Representative David De Armond of Missouri argued that passage of the income tax would "mark the dawn of a brighter day, with more sunshine, more of the songs of birds, more of the sweetest music, the laughter of children, well fed, well clothed, well housed. Can we doubt . . . the bright, happier days to come?"

Some few alarmists did doubt. William Jerome Coombs, for example, had forebodings that the income tax would not prove as "clear and plain" and easy to collect as was generally supposed. He said, "When gentlemen say that the income tax can be enforced without espionage . . . I tell them they say that which is not true." Coombs predicted that the future would bring "an inquisitorial" bureaucracy that would leave people "trembling with fear on account of that tax." When Coombs spoke, everyone laughed.

Another alarmist who never earned any thanks for his pains was H. S. Foote. He trekked up and down the countryside during the last years of President Buchanan's Administration, delivering futile orations about the dangers he saw facing the republic. America, Foote said, was "soon to be shaken and convulsed" by the "dark fiends of civic rebellion." He spoke

of a plot by Jefferson Davis to elect Abraham Lincoln President. As Foote put it, "Lincoln's election would inevitably bring disunion." Naturally, no one paid any attention to him, an alarmist.

Of course, not all alarmists have tried to stir the public about such momentous issues as civil war. Albert Jay Nock, for example, had forebodings that would be of particular interest to Ronald McDonald. Way back in the early Twenties, Nock was alarmed about the impact of the automobile on the quality of restaurant food. Nock said, "When people went on their outings behind horses at 12 miles an hour, they were content to wait long enough for a decent hand-tailored dinner to be got ready before pushing on. Now, traveling thrice as fast, they want their meals ready in one third the time." It was therefore inevitable,

When Henry Ford proposed the 40-hour week, alarmist Henry Abbott predicted that it would mean the irreversible development of the "weekend." "Then the golf courses and the country clubs will become overcrowded," he wrote, "and the roads and highways will become congested and impassable." Abbott was hardly a great democrat, but who could say he was wrong?

Another alarmist worthy of note was Edgar J. Levey. He wrote "New York City's Progress Toward Bankruptcy," a tract that reads like last year's newspapers in detailing the causes of revenue shortfalls in Fun City. Levey concluded that "no community, however rich, can defy forever the operation of financial laws." When Levey wrote that in 1908, Mayor Beame was in diapers.

The all-purpose alarmist of the 19th



according to Nock, that really excellent cooking in public eating places would become obsolete. Nock predicted a new type of restaurant catering "to people who come along from God knows where in motorcars, eager to snatch a bite of anything and push on. For the most part, they would eat raw dog without knowing the difference."

Century. William Graham Sumner, brooded about predictions that the 20th Century would be an era of "peace and brotherly love." Sumner said, "Nothing could be more wrong." He detected the evolution of the welfare-warfare state that would bear "down on the whole population with a frightful weight through all the years of peace." Sumner foresaw



"only one limit possible to the war preparations of a modern . . . state; that is, the last man and the last dollar it can control. What will come of the mixture of sentimental social philosophy and warlike policy? There is only one thing rationally to be expected, and that is a frightful effusion of blood in revolution and war during the century now opening."

Sumner has been joined by other alarmists whose prognostications about foreign policy and war have proved accurate.

Burton Wheeler said that the passage of lend-lease would inevitably draw America into World War Two. It did.

Twenty-five years ago, Robert Taft doubted Dean Acheson's pledge that American troops sent to Europe to join NATO would soon return. Taft said they would still be there 25 years later. And, if so, he warned, it would mean a permanently bloated military for which we would pay by being "weakened by inflation and choked by government controls that inevitably tend to become more arbitrary and unreasonable."

When the Korean War was at its height, John T. Flynn had forebodings that America would eventually become engaged in an even more tragic struggle to save Cambodia and Vietnam from dictatorship. Flynn took to the radio to raise an alarm. In a broadcast aired July 30, 1950, he made the following prediction about a Southeast Asian war: "We will waste every dollar, every pound of steel and every precious life that is snuffed out in that foolish adventure."

Time after time, the alarmists have been right.

Roger W. Babson was alarmed about Social Security. He said, "You have got a reserve fund that is a pure fiction so far as producing money in the future is concerned." That was in 1937. Today, economists warn that Social Security has a future debt of more than three trillion dollars.

Charles H. Martin warned in 1932 that the national debt could eventually get as high as 50 billion dollars. A cautious alarmist.

George W. Robnett said in 1943 that the Federal Government would control education in America through a system of permanent subsidies and a "dominating bureaucracy." He also predicted that deficit spending would eventually drive inflation so high that "the Senators and Congressmen" would subsidize themselves by tying their salaries (as they recently did) to the cost-of-living index.

C. W. Barron said in 1913 that, notwithstanding any pretenses to the contrary, the passage of the Federal Reserve System had one purpose only: "to cheapen

money." (The dollar has since lost 80 percent of its value.)

Of course, inflation has been a favorite topic for alarmists since Andrew Jackson predicted that the printing of paper money would one day drive the price of bacon to four cents per pound. A hundred years later (in 1924), Willis H. Parker said that if the inflationary policies of Government were not reversed, there would soon be a great depression. Like all alarmists, Parker was scoffed at and ignored. And, as so often is the case, not even the arrival of the Depression he had predicted caused his fellow citizens to thank him.

Perhaps they were hypnotized by all "the songs of birds" and "the sweetest music" that had erupted from the passage of the income tax a few years earlier.

*Jim Davidson is a free-lance writer on a variety of alarming subjects.*

## HOW TO PLAY STUART SYMINGTON

By Jon Margolis

BACKGAMMON'S DAYS as the game the smart set plays may be numbered. What is about to replace it is not chess, not Chinese checkers, nor even Botticelli.

No, the new rage is Stuart Symington. Not Stuart Symington the Senator; he's retired. This is Stuart Symington the game, the party game that any number can play, that no one can lose (or win, for that matter) and that requires no equipment at all save a conch. If you don't have a conch, a little pillow will do. If you don't even have a little pillow, well, it really isn't necessary.

Stuart Symington is not new, but then, neither was backgammon when it came into vogue. Stuart Symington was invented in the mid-Sixties by one Bobby Rosenthal and some of his friends in Woodmere, Long Island. There is, to be sure, some feeling in Manhattan that nothing worth while can ever come out of Long Island, especially Woodmere. But then, in Los Angeles, they used to say the same thing about Whittier.

Before inventing Stuart Symington, Rosenthal was known in certain circles for having invented the Harvey Murvis Intelligence Test. Actually, it is quite possible that Harvey Murvis invented the test and that Rosenthal just popularized

it. No matter. It is a foolproof intelligence test and nearly everyone fails it.

The test consists of one question: "What do you do when a major general places his hand in your mouth?" "Bite it" is wrong. The only correct answer is, obviously, "Take it out."

Rosenthal may also have developed the Brock Check, though there is some dispute about this. At any rate, the Brock Check can be worked only in special circumstances, when 20 or more people are gathered in a room. At that point, one can walk through the room, calling, "Brock Check, Brock Check," two or three times before leaving. If someone in the room is named Brock, he has then been checked. If not, there has been no harm done.

Just why Stuart Symington is making a comeback now is not clear. It may be that we are all ready for Sixties nostalgia. It is, after all, the obvious follow-up to the Fifties nostalgia now fading. The Forties, Thirties and Twenties have all been done recently, and it really is too early for the Seventies. There is something clearly mid-Sixtiesish about Stuart Symington.

Though as few as four people have managed to play good games, seven is generally considered the acceptable minimum. Ten is better and 15 is about optimum. When the number of players gets up over 20, chaos may ensue. Since Stuart Symington is itself chaotic, this may not seem to be a problem, but there is a difference between organized and chaotic chaos.

It is best to sit in something of a circle. The conch (or pillow, or nothing) is given to one player, who says someone's name. Usually, it will be a well-known name, though this is not required. The conch (or whatever) is then passed to the next player to the right (or left, who cares?). This second player's only task is to come up with a name that either rhymes with the first one or has an identical syllable but does not merely repeat either the first or the last name. The third player must make the same kind of play on the sound of the name given by the second player, and so on.

Here, for instance, would be an acceptable if not especially inspired sequence of names if the first player led off with Gerald Ford: Geraldine Fitzgerald, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, Elton John, Bill Melton, Wilfred Sheed, Fulton J. Sheen, Milton Berle, the Earl of Sandwich, Sandy Duncan and Duncan Hines.

Notice that though there are some outright repetitions (Fitzgerald, Duncan), they are all reverse repetitions. In other words, if a last name has been repeated, it has been as a first or middle name. To



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do otherwise would be a Wayne Terwilliger.

For example, if, after J.F.K., the next player had said Teddy Kennedy, he would have committed the grossest sort of Wayne Terwilliger, meaning that the name called is too obviously like the one before it. When a Wayne Terwilliger is committed, one or more players say, "Wayne Terwilliger, Wayne Terwilliger," and the guilty player must try again to come up with an acceptable name, such as, in our example, Elton John.

The opposite of a Wayne Terwilliger is, of course, an Ilka Chase, which occurs when someone gives a name that does not bear enough resemblance to the preceding one. If, for instance, Elton John had been followed by James Reston, an Ilka Chase would have been committed. Granted, there is a shared syllable, but simply the "ton" in common hardly suffices. (Elton, Melton, Fulton and Milton all share the L preceded by a vowel just before the "ton.") If an Ilka Chase is committed, one or more players call out, "Ilka Chase, Ilka Chase," and the offender must try again, as with a Wayne Terwilliger.

Since Stuart Symington is usually played by people of varying backgrounds, not all the names will be familiar to all the players. In our example, the names of Messrs. Ford, Kennedy, Berle and John will probably be known to all. But to some (perhaps, though one is not supposed to say it these days, to a woman), the name of Mr. Melton may mean nothing. Mr. Melton is a baseball player, as was, it might now be pointed out, Mr. Terwilliger.

In this case, it is perfectly proper for a confused player to invoke a Mao Tse-tung. He or she does this by simply saying, "Mao Tse-tung, Mao Tse-tung."

Now, there has been some confusion about a Mao Tse-tung and this might be a good place to clear it up. A Mao Tse-tung is not a challenge but a question, a simple request for information. On the call of a Mao Tse-tung, the player who gave the name in question must identify it. Once he or she does so, the game continues.

Unless, that is, the player who called the Mao Tse-tung decides to make a J. Edgar Hoover out of it. This is, indeed, a challenge. If a Mao Tse-tung is simply saying, "Gee, tell me who Bill Melton is," a J. Edgar Hoover is saying, "Oh, you expect me to believe there's someone in baseball named Melton?" J. Edgar Hoovers should be undertaken very selectively. Of course, if the name is really a fake, the player is honor bound to fess up to the Mao Tse-tung and to come up with another, real name. Simply calling a J. Edgar Hoover, then, introduces an edginess to the game.

There has been some discussion and a bit of controversy over whether the inventors of the game chose to make a political point by juxtaposing the names





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Franciscus/Puchinelli	1	0	1.000	Orlando, Florida	Feb. 26
Cosby/Match	1	1	.500	Houston, Texas	Mar. 26
Heston/Shaler	1	2	.333		
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# LAUDER'S SCOTCH



Mao and Hoover. Probably not. After all, nothing else in Stuart Symington makes any point at all. Besides, when the game was invented, we didn't know all we know now.

Needless to say, players are not expected to sit idly by while the names of the great, the near great, the rotten and the ordinary are tossed about. One player or another is likely to react with revulsion at the mere mention of some names. This is a Desi Arnaz. Any player can call a Desi Arnaz any time by simply saying, "Desi Arnaz." Note that this call is made only once. Furthermore, unlike the other calls, a Desi Arnaz does not stop the play, even momentarily. The conch (or pillow) continues to be passed around.

This brings us to the climax of Stuart Symington—Wilting. A Wilt is the opposite of a Desi Arnaz. It occurs when a name is mentioned that fills a player with visceral joy. Wilting should not be lightly undertaken. Not mere admiration or even envy should precipitate a Wilt. One can agree with someone, cheer for someone, vote for someone, even lust after someone, yet still not be called on to Wilt for him or her. The basic rule of thumb in Wilting should be this: If you have to pause to wonder whether or not to Wilt, don't. Wilting should be spontaneous.

Any player may Wilt at any time, as follows: As soon as the wondrous name is called, the Wilter lies on his or her back, arms and legs in the air, and says, "I Wilt, I Wilt, Wilt Chamberlain." The player to the Wilter's left then says, "George Metesky." The next player to the left says, "Arthur Kopit." And the entire company then says in unison, "Now we can go on to a whole new field of endeavor."

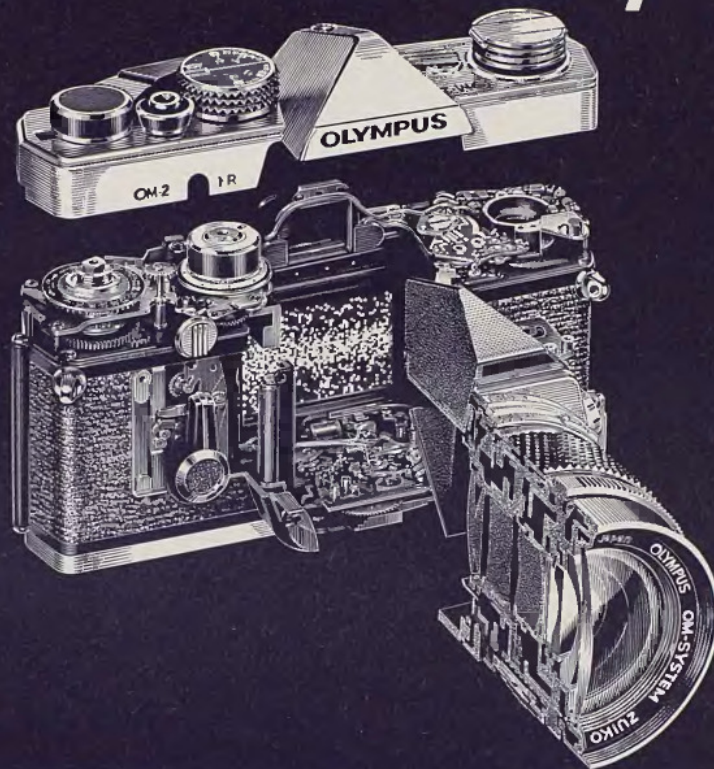
So important is Wilting that, for a time, a heretic within the Stuart Symington movement suggested that the player who Wilted the most during a game, or perhaps during a year, should be declared some kind of winner. Fortunately, he was persuaded to see the folly in this, or rather the two follies. First, such a rule would cheapen the Wilt by encouraging marginal Wilters. Second, by introducing winning, the move would also create losing, something Stuart Symington avoids at all costs.

Theoretically, Stuart Symington can be played by children of all ages. In fact, children under ten and perhaps those over 70 have a hard time keeping up. Aside from that, the only known objection to the game has come from a few unworthy souls who, after having the rules explained to them, have said, "Why bother?" To which the only proper answer is, "Why not?"

*Jon Margolis is a Washington correspondent for the Chicago Tribune and an observer of political games.*



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I recently completed a speed-reading course. The techniques I learned have been a great help on homework and such, but I'm worried about pleasure reading. If a person speed-reads pornographic novels, will he develop a tendency toward premature ejaculation?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

No. If anything, the technique has certain beneficial effects. Now, instead of spending six hours in the bathroom with "Jungle Fever" or "Teenage Stepmother," you breeze through the collected works of the Marquis de Sade in a few minutes, with 80 percent appreciation. Your parents will no longer suspect that you are a depraved child, and thus, freed of this source of guilt and anxiety, you should grow up to be a depraved adult.

Would you please answer a few questions concerning dating etiquette? For starters—at a theater where an usher escorts couples to their seats, who should lead, the man or the woman? Similarly, at a restaurant where the maître de seats you, who should lead? Also, if the table is for four, should you sit opposite your date or next to her?—P. M., Kew Gardens, New York.

If the theater or restaurant is crowded, a man should lead his date, so that he can clear the way for her to pass. In an uncrowded situation, it is customary to let the lady go first. Of course, if your date is built like Alex Karras, let her do the broken-field blocking. Where you sit at the table depends on how much you like your date. It's considered proper for a man to sit next to his companion. Closeness makes intimate conversation possible. Also, it's hard to cop a feel from across the table. If you are really worried about this problem, you can solve your quandary by taking your date to drive-ins. Nothing like a night at the Jack-in-the-Box or El Taco Loco to get a girl in the mood.

My lover and I, both being rather hot-blooded, are in the midst of a long-distance love affair—literally. The situation is this: He calls me two or three times daily. Inevitably, the conversation turns to sex, which makes us horny. Lately, we've begun indulging in verbal masturbation—each of us talking the other to the point of climax. Is such behavior normal? Healthy? Legal?—Miss M. T., Washington, D.C.

Probably not, but we wouldn't worry about it—unless a columnist from The Washington Post is taping your calls.



This form of oral sex has become popular; for one thing, it allows lovers to communicate without resorting to the U. S. mails. (Interstate transport of obscene material is a Federal offense.) But you should be careful. One of our favorite research assistants used to engage in telephone high-jinks with her boyfriend. Late one night, her phone rang and she immediately went into her routine. After about 20 minutes, she suddenly realized that the stunned silence and/or the heavy breathing at the other end was not that of her boyfriend. Apparently, the poor guy had been trying to reach Dial-a-Prayer and just got lucky.

A few years ago, I bought a cassette recorder that was designed for use with the new chromium-dioxide tape. The CrO<sub>2</sub> had several advantages over the old iron-oxide coating—it was more sensitive to higher frequency and, coupled with a Dolby unit, allowed for quieter recording. Recently, though, I have heard iron-oxide tapes at friends' homes that sound better than my efforts. Has ferric oxide improved or is the problem with my machine? If it's the tape, how do I convert my machine to handle the ferric-oxide-coated cassettes?—L. D., New York, New York.

When chromium-dioxide tape was introduced in 1970, it was a major improvement over existing tape; however, in the past few years, ferric-oxide tapes have caught up. Many brands can outperform

the best of the chromium-dioxide tapes. Therefore, you may want to experiment with other tapes: Try one of the brands that were designed as replacements for CrO<sub>2</sub> (such as TDK Super Avilyn). You can still use the CrO<sub>2</sub> bias switch to gain the extended-frequency response. You may have to realign your Dolby unit to compensate for the new tape and to assure proper tracking, but most machines allow for that adjustment. To test a specific brand of tape, record a song and then cue the record to the tape. With the volume control set at the same level, alternate the mode switch on your amplifier between the turntable and the recorder. If the treble sounds too bright on the recording, you can switch to a less sensitive tape. If the tape sounds OK and doesn't practice bondage and discipline on your deck, buy it.

Just about every sex manual I have studied advises that the clitoris is the nerve center of the woman. OK. Whenever I try to caress my girlfriend's nerve center, she complains that direct touch hurts her. Am I doing something wrong? She enjoys intercourse, so it's not psychological.—W. O., Boston, Massachusetts.

It's those rough, red dishpan hands. Perhaps you should switch detergents or let her do the dishes. Seriously, many women find direct stimulation of the clitoris to be abrasive. A nerve center is equally sensitive to pain and to pleasure; the clitoris can be as tender before intercourse as the head of the penis is afterward. The cure is relatively simple: Ask your partner to show you how she touches herself and follow suit. Go slow, be gentle and indirect. A tender massage of the entire area, followed by a tug at the clitoris, can be effective. When the area becomes engorged with blood and lubricated, you should be able to proceed to direct touch. Once your partner learns to relax, she will probably enjoy the experience. Let your fingers do the...uh...walking.

You've counseled would-be novelists and songwriters on how to make it. I'm a creative type, but my output runs more to ideas for gadgets, great and small. Currently, I'm working on a computer program for a new, more comfortable design for john seats and on an electronic alarm that will tell you when someone on a crowded street is looking at your naughty parts. No, but seriously, what do you do with an invention, once you've drawn it



## 10 years ago your hair didn't need the protein it needs today to look its best.

Chances are, your hair looked healthier ten years ago. It was thicker, fuller, and it had more protein. And that's what hair is made of. But as time goes by, your hair loses protein—continuously. Which is why you need Protein 29 Hair Groom. Because Protein 29 actually adds protein to individual hair shafts. It helps your hair look thicker, fuller, healthier. More like it used to look.

Your hair is irreplaceable. Wouldn't it be a good idea to get some Protein 29 now and do something about the next ten years?



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Hair Grooms**  
Liquid, gel and sprays

## Do something about the next 10 years.



or described it or made a model? I've seen ads in magazines for invention brokers; should I go to one of them with my idea? Once I get my invention patented, how long before I realize any royalties on it?—R. B., Wantagh, New York.

Your first logical step is to write to the Commissioner of Patents and Trademarks, Washington, D.C. 20231, for the booklet "General Information Concerning Patents," which answers almost every question you might have. You will want to have your invention patented, giving you the exclusive right to manufacture it for 17 years. This calls for a search to make sure it doesn't duplicate something already registered. You'll probably need the help of a lawyer or an agent licensed to practice before the Patent and Trademark Office, and these practitioners are forbidden by law to advertise. So an invention broker who *does* advertise won't be much help with the Patent Office. And, unadventurous souls, they usually ask to be paid in advance. If you want expert opinion on your invention's chances of success, there are two services available: The Office of Energy-Related Inventions, National Bureau of Standards, Washington, D.C. 20234, gives a free evaluation of ideas for energy-saving devices. For \$25, the Experimental Center for the Advancement of Invention and Innovation, College of Business Administration, University of Oregon, Eugene Oregon 97403, will evaluate any invention in detail. But don't expect to become a millionaire overnight on royalties from your brain storm. Innovations tend to take a long time to get into the market place: Management consultant Stephen Rosen reports that antibiotics were discovered 30 years before they became available; fluorescent lights took 33 years to get to market, photography 56 years and television 63 years. And they still haven't got the bugs out.

The other night, I saw an X-rated movie in which a couple engaged in fist fucking. The man was able to put his entire hand into the woman; the woman seemed to enjoy it. Ever since, I've wanted to try the technique on my girlfriend. She's willing, but I need to know a little bit more about the activity. Is it dangerous? Does the size of the fist matter?—D. S., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Penis size doesn't matter, so fist size shouldn't, either, unless, perhaps, you are a contender for the heavyweight crown. A vagina can accommodate a baby's head, so it should be able to take your hand. Trim your fingernails first. If your girlfriend is shy and dry, you may want to coat your hand with K-Y jelly. Add fingers as you and she see fit—the technique is known in some circles as cluster fucking and may provide a substantial thrill for your girlfriend. The

extra thickness of several fingers stretches the lips of the vagina and tugs directly on the clitoris. Proceed slowly and with great care: Subtle movements are all that's required to floor her. As a variation on the five-finger exercise, you might try this trick while your partner uses a vibrator. The combination can knock her socks off.

My husband and I have a very open and secure sexual relationship. Over the past year, he has really gotten off on the fantasy of two women making love in his presence. I'm all for trying whatever turns him on—but my problem is this: I'm hopelessly heterosexual. I can't recall ever being the tiniest bit attracted to another female—not even when I was in an all-girls' school. I don't think I'd be physically stimulated in a bed situation with a woman. Now, if my husband wanted me to have a *ménage à trois* with another man, I'd have no problem. We've done threesomes with two males on me and I've liked it fine. I've tried to psych myself into getting turned on by another woman, but the idea still leaves me cold. I'd like to find some way to endure the experience and let my husband enjoy his fantasy. Any suggestions?—Mrs. T. W., Austin, Texas.

"Hopelessly heterosexual"? It sounds like a terminal disease. As nearly as we can tell, you sound healthy enough. Your viewpoint does not exclude the possibility of satisfying your husband's fantasy. How about a foursome with two other women? You could watch them in action and, who knows, once you see that there's nothing to fear, you might want to join in. Another alternative: Plan a *ménage* in which two females concentrate on the male, not on each other. It may not be quite what your husband wanted, but we're sure he won't complain.

Ever since I moved to the city, I have been worried about security (I am a young girl of 23). I would also like companionship. What species of mutt would combine the qualities of watchdog and lover?—Miss A. W., Seattle, Washington.

Ahem. According to a friend of a friend, Afghans, German shepherds and great Danes are the most likely candidates for becoming a woman's best friend. Like their masters, foreign dogs have the reputation of being exotic lovers. They also make excellent watchdogs. Don't tell anyone we told you.

I've just returned from a delightful holiday in England. Of course, a mandatory part of any visit to Merry Olde is a tour of the pubs. Well, my chosen poison happens to be that old stand-by, vodka and tonic. I noticed that all the bottles of my favorite mix in Great Britain were labeled Indian tonic water—an adjective



that I have never seen in the U.S. One of the bartenders thought that Indian tonic water contained more quinine than its American counterpart. I thought I noticed a taste difference, but I'm not sure. Can you explain the label?—P. F. H., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Theoretically, there is no difference between Indian tonic water and tonic. The extra adjective is intended to evoke the history of quinine water, which was invented in India during the height of the British Colonial period. Tyrone Power and the other kings of the Khyber rifles ward off malaria with daily doses of quinine in pill form. To avoid the vile taste of the tablets, soldiers in Her Majesty's service took to dropping the tablets into their gin and sodas. It became a taste they hated to use twice a day. When the mix was introduced into the U.S., it was called quinine water—the FDA forbade the use of "tonic" because of the therapeutic implications of the word. Fortunately, the ruling was relaxed in the mid-Sixties (somehow, a vodka and quinine doesn't sound quite right). There may be one explanation for the taste difference you noted: Tonic manufacturers market the essence of the beverage—and send the syrup to each market, where it is mixed with local water. Since the taste of water varies from one place to another, there may be subtle flavor differences, but if you can tell the difference, you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din.

**W**hat can you tell me about the so-called basketball player—the guy who dribbles before he shoots? Long before I ejaculate, drops of semen appear at the tip of my penis. Is there any way to correct this condition?—J. A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

What you describe is completely normal. There is nothing you can do to correct the situation. The penis secretes a small amount of fluid during early stages of excitement—presumably, to ease the way for a full-court press. (Or is it a fast break?) The amount varies from individual to individual and from time to time. By the way, the secretion can contain sperm. If you've been counting on coitus interruptus as a form of birth control, you may fake yourself out—right into fatherhood.

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 SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

The sex show, that good old-fashioned international erotic entertainment, has always captured sybaritic imaginations. You may tell friends that the one thing you miss about pre-Castro Cuba is the Havana cigar, but we know better: You long for the days of the Havana floor-show. The odd combinations of actors, actresses and animals. *Sampson. The Truth About Catherine the Great. John Dillinger Rides Again.* Maybe you can convince your friends that your last trip to Denmark or Amsterdam or Paris or Calcutta was purely business, but those receipts from the Pink Pussycat or the Garden of Eden tell another story. One that none of your friends would believe, anyway.

Of course, no one has seen the ultimate in theatrical sensuality, because the perfect sex show exists only in each person's mind. We decided to give people the opportunity to put their visions into words, to custom-design their own unnatural act. Welcome to the Amateur Hour. Once again, we ventured into the streets and, disguised as members of an obscure Oriental religious sect, asked 100 men and 100 women what they would most like to see in a live sex show. We also asked our subjects what they thought members of the opposite sex might watch. The results? See for yourself. The curtain goes up now.

**Q:**

**WHAT DO YOU THINK A WOMAN WOULD WANT TO WATCH IF SHE PAID TO SEE A LIVE SEX SHOW?**  
(Asked of 100 men)

Twenty-two percent of the men with whom we talked guessed that women would pay to see a sapphic love encounter—i.e., between two lesbians: "It would be a safe way to satisfy their own curiosity—to see if it's true that only women know how to please women."

Nineteen percent of the sample felt that women would enjoy seeing a heterosexual couple make love *with style*; i.e., "a black man and a white woman performing in weird, contorted positions" or "a costume ball where a high priestess is taken by a powerful rebel slave."



Seventeen percent guessed that women would like to see a rape enacted onstage: "Better there than in an alley."

Eleven percent suggested that women would pay to see a man with an incredibly large penis make love to a small, dainty woman.

Ten percent of the men guessed that the women would like to see some form of group sex: "Women would be turned on by seeing two really strong, handsome men being very considerate lovers to a not-so-gorgeous woman with an average-looking body."

Seven percent thought women would like to see men make love to other men.

Six percent thought women would like to see a man being dominated by a woman: "How about a wall full of chained, helpless men being whipped by a stern but sexy woman in leather?"

The remainder of the sample gave miscellaneous scripts—such as odd forms of masturbation, making it with animals, making it with parents, friends or famous people.

**Q:**

**WHAT WOULD YOU WANT TO SEE IF YOU PAID TO SEE A LIVE SEX SHOW?**  
(Asked of 100 women)

Thirty-three percent of the women wanted to see a single heterosexual couple onstage—performing a variety of sex acts in costume, on a fur-lined bed, on top of a grand piano or as part of a melodrama: "I've always wondered what it would look like if a couple performed 69 under water." "Beautiful circus acrobats sucking each other off while hanging from trapezes." "How about a haunted-house situation, where a woman is almost savaged by ghosts and monsters but is rescued in time by a handsome man, who then takes her as his reward?"

Twenty percent of the women would pay to see members of their own sex make it with each other. "Two amazons doing things to each other with dildos and vibrators. That would get my money."

Fourteen percent of the women wanted to see some form of group sex: "I would pay to see something artful—like 25 women with six men."

Nine percent of the women would pay to see a bondage-and-discipline situation: "Handsome guys bound with chains and excited to helplessness by a beautiful, delicate woman."

Seven percent said they would pay to see two guys get it on: "Here's a scene I could get into—a man playing Salome, doing a dance of the seven veils and peeling down before the admiring eyes of another man."

Three percent wanted to see a rape fantasy enacted onstage: "I could enjoy the idea of five men balling one woman all night long in front of an audience."

The rest of the sample had a mixed bag of favorite scenarios, ranging from animal acts to watching parents, friends and famous people fuck onstage. One girl wanted to see a priest and a nun



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disrobe to do some holy rolling. Another wanted to watch another woman make love to plants: "It isn't enough to talk to them." One girl wanted to see a nude basketball game between the Lakers and the Knicks.

## Q:

**WHAT DO YOU THINK A MAN WOULD WANT TO WATCH IF HE PAID TO SEE A LIVE SEX SHOW?**  
(Asked of 100 women)

Forty-one percent of the women with whom we talked guessed that most men would want to see two or more girls make love onstage: "Guys would probably pay to see two women wrestlers masturbate themselves."

Twenty-eight percent thought that men would pay to see one male make love to two or more women: "The women would be fighting for the privilege of pleasing the man; they would all kiss and caress."

Twelve percent thought that men would pay to see variations on a theme of oral sex: "Maybe a chorus line with lots of cocks in lots of mouths, all at the same time."

Five percent thought that men would be turned on by S/M scenes: "A woman chained to a wall, her breasts heaving, being tortured by a medieval executioner in a black mask."

The remainder of the sample had some unusual suggestions for male audiences, ranging from animal acts to rape scenes and Roman orgies. One woman thought that men would pay to see nude little girls doing sexual things with each other. Another thought that men would love to see their girlfriends degraded onstage. Yet another thought that straight men would pay to see a gay ball.

## Q:

**WHAT WOULD YOU WANT TO SEE IF YOU PAID TO SEE A LIVE SEX SHOW?**  
(Asked of 100 men)

Twenty-four percent of the men with whom we talked said that they would pay to see two or more women make lesbian love in a variety of ways: "I'd love to watch Olga Korbut do strange things to Nadia Comaneci."

Fourteen percent of the men we asked



said they would pay to see a *ménage à trois*: "I would enjoy watching several women give blow jobs to one guy."

Nine percent said they would pay to see men, women and animals engage in unnatural acts: "I'd like to see my high school sweetheart bring herself to a climax in front of an audience and then have barnyard animals lick her clean."

Eight percent said they would pay to see an orgy: "One long chain of men and women making love in a circle."

Seven percent said they would like to see some form of S/M: "It would really be worth it to see nude women with long hair in ponytails put into bridles—with leather reins, the metal bits between their teeth—being flogged by riding crops."

Four percent wanted to see rape scenes, while another four percent wanted to see women masturbate in a variety of ways: "With blenders, coffee grinders, the handles of things, fruits and vegetables."

The rest of the sample had some off-beat ideas of their own: watching high school cheerleaders do their cheers in the buff, watching women with tattooed breasts embrace each other, watching football players make it with fat women. Two people wanted to see male and female sumo wrestlers ball each other. One man was wise enough to describe a live sex show with audience participation.

**Summary:** By far the most popular act in our poll was women making love to women. Not only is it what both men and women were willing to pay to see, it is also what they thought the opposite sex would most enjoy.

The women also correctly assumed that men would pay to see a *ménage à trois*. Group activity seemed to interest the men more than the ladies—most of the male scenarios involved a cast of thousands, while only the women were interested in seeing a single couple make love with style. The men overestimated the number of women who would pay to see rape scenes (why pay when you can see one for free from your apartment window?) or to see men with large cocks make love to small partners. Indeed, women seldom, if ever, mentioned a preferred dimension for the prop.

A sizable group of our subjects chose performances with an S/M overtone. Several expressed a feeling of power, an attitude that "if I pay for the show, I own it. I should be able to direct the players to do anything I want."

Judging from the colorful collection of answers, perhaps the reason millions more do not patronize the live erotic entertainments currently available is that people's sexual imaginations are much more exciting and original than what's offered on the stage. In the theater of the mind, all the world's a sex show and all the people in it are its layers.

—HOWARD SMITH AND  
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



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Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

## Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
<b>Carlton Filter</b>	<b>*2</b>	<b>*0.2</b>
<b>Carlton Menthol</b>	<b>*1</b>	<b>*0.1</b>
<b>Carlton 70</b>	<b>*1</b>	<b>*0.1</b>

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

## COKE AND THE CONSTITUTION

On July 28, 1976, Richard Miller, a 36-year-old welfare recipient with no criminal record, was arrested in Boston and charged with possession of \$20 worth of cocaine. In Miller's behalf, and with the assistance of the Playboy Foundation, we have brought a major test-case challenge to cocaine prohibition in Massachusetts. To support our contentions that cocaine is not a narcotic, that it is not addicting, that it is not physically or mentally debilitating, that coke is, in short, an acceptable recreational drug, five of the leading cocaine authorities in the country were called to testify. They include Joel Fort, M.D., a San Francisco-based psychiatrist who recently testified in the trial of Patty Hearst; Ron Siegel, Ph.D., a cocaine research scientist from UCLA; Andrew Weil, M.D., of Tucson, Arizona, a nationally known drug authority with considerable knowledge of the cocaine experience among South American Indian tribes; Norman Zinberg, M.D., professor of psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School and director in chief of the Washington Hospital for Addiction in Boston; and Richard Ashley, of New York, New York, a sociologist, historian and author of the highly acclaimed book *Cocaine*.

Judge Elwood McKenney of the Roxbury district court was so impressed following five days of expert testimony that he startled us all with the suggestion that he himself would try cocaine under controlled conditions to be arranged by the defense. After much political and personal pressure, Judge McKenney determined that he would not snort coke but that he would rule in the near future on the battery of scientific and constitutional issues raised in the case. A favorable ruling from the judge on these issues would be the first such decision in an American court. We are hopeful of such a result.

Joseph S. Oteri  
Martin G. Weinberg  
James W. Lawton  
Attorneys at Law  
Boston, Massachusetts

Judge McKenney has now declared the Massachusetts law banning cocaine unconstitutional. His opinion, one of the most intelligent and courageous judicial statements ever made in the history of drug laws in this country, lists 125 findings of fact about the relative acceptability of cocaine based on expert testimony that was un rebutted by the prosecution. Perhaps the most important finding was this:

*The current drug laws are harmful in that they are not in accord*

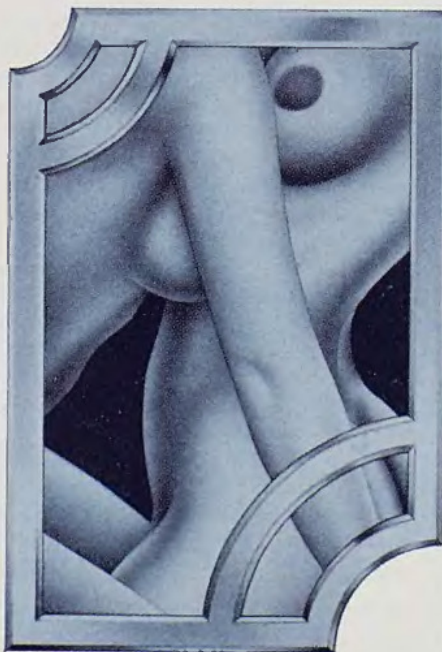
*with medical evidence, in that they are hypocritical and thus breed disrespect for the law, in that they label as criminal otherwise normal, responsible, law-abiding people, in that they inhibit valuable medical research and in that they divert use from rational priorities of money, time and effort in law enforcement.*

*Judge McKenney rejected the prosecution's contention that the law should be*

*"Judge McKenney has now declared the Massachusetts law banning cocaine unconstitutional."*

*left entirely to the legislature: "[A] court shamefully shirks its duty if facts are ignored, constitutional infirmities are left uncorrected and the buck is passed to a legislative committee." He added that legislatures have the power to enact laws only when they "bear a reasonable relationship to the health, safety, welfare and morals of our citizens." The cocaine laws, he found, do not.*

*The prosecution will not appeal the decision, which is now binding primarily in*



*Judge McKenney's district of Massachusetts. There's reason to hope that this meticulously reasoned opinion, built on a rock-solid case, will require a total revision of Massachusetts' drug laws and set an example for other states. (Another defeat for irrational drug laws is described in "Glaucoma and the Killer Weed" on page 58.)*

## BISEXUAL THERAPY

I read with pleasure the occasional letters in *The Playboy Forum* about bisexual activity. My introduction into the lesbian world came in my senior year in high school with a 40-year-old math teacher. I then entered nursing school and fought at first to keep the other students away, but after about a year, I gave in and discovered that many in the class enjoyed a muff burger. We used to joke that they didn't feed us enough in the school cafeteria. I often found myself between the legs of another student nurse instead of doing my studies. I am now married, but my love for my sisters keeps on. I work in a small hospital. A hospital official and I have private therapy sessions in her home. My husband doesn't know.

(Name and address withheld by request)

## EVOLUTION OF THE PENIS

The human species is generally thought to be the only one in which the female has orgasms. Also, I've read that, relative to body size, man has a larger penis than most, if not all, other animals. (The gorilla would supposedly be embarrassed if he knew how he measured up against man.) If women, wanting orgasms, believed that satisfaction depended on the size of the penis that penetrates them, wouldn't they be inclined to select mates that were bigger in that department than their competitors? We now know that penis size isn't all that important to female satisfaction, but maybe prehistoric women thought otherwise and chose mates accordingly. If so, natural selection based on the female desire for orgasm could have spurred the evolution of the larger organ of the male.

(Name withheld by request)

Appleton, Wisconsin

*And maybe the loincloth was invented by a man with a small penis. Actually, the gorilla would not be embarrassed by comparison with man, because he's a together animal and doesn't make a big thing of penis size. Neither do female gorillas. There are a few other animals*



whose penis-to-body-size ratio is comparable to or greater than man's. In one species of snail, the erect penis is many times the snail's length. The erect penis of the flea is one third the insect's body length—and has to make a U-turn in the course of coitus! The erect penises of adult chimpanzees have measured out at six to eight inches. The flaccid penis of a porcupine is relatively quite large, measuring about three inches in length, but the porcupine needs all the advantages he can get: When he mates, it's his one prick against thousands.

#### IS THE LORD A LADY?

Manuel Martinez, in support of his contention that God is male (*The Playboy Forum*, December), is not content to cite the Bible (the ultimate source of verses for all occasions and persuasions) but ventures onto the thin ice of the Tao. For what it's worth, the *I Ching* isn't a Taoist book; it predates Lao-tse, the alleged founder of Taoism, and its authorship is attributed in part to Fu Hsi, the mythical originator of Chinese civilization. It is true that among the hexagrams, based on the Oriental conception of a fundamental, universal polarity, there is a male symbol consisting of unbroken lines called *Ch'ien*, the Creative. But of equal importance is the female symbol, *K'un*, the Receptive, without which the Creative could not be creative. One demands the other and neither is God in the sense of an absolute. In Taoism, the absolute is the Tao, sexless, containing the binary principles of light and dark, male and female, but itself is utterly beyond definition.

Nicholas Kempf  
New Orleans, Louisiana

#### RELIGIOUS PORNOGRAPHY

I am against censorship and have gotten into many discussions with religious types who insist that pornography causes men to run amuck and commit rape or other sexual crimes. A story in my local paper tells of a three-year-old Yakima boy who was beaten with sticks morning and night over a four-month period until he died. The child lived in a religious household and the five adult members had decided he was possessed. They acted in accordance with *Proverbs 23:13-14*: "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." We could not have more direct evidence of a book causing a crime. OK, all you true believers: Should the Bible be banned?

(Name withheld by request)  
Lake Tappan, Washington

#### LIFE AGAINST DEATH

Three letters in the November *Playboy Forum* argue the merits and demerits of Brendan Gill's statement "It seems to me

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

#### BARROOM BREATH TESTER

LOS ANGELES—A Canadian firm called Alcohol Countermeasure Systems, Inc., has marketed a do-it-yourself Breathalyzer that is being tested at some 25 locations in California. The device, Alcohol Alert, looks like an electronic



game and works on the same principles as the machines used by police to test suspected drunk drivers. By depositing a quarter and blowing into the machine through a straw, a person can learn if he would qualify as a D.W.I.

#### SEX AND MARRIAGE

A study reported in the *American Journal of Psychiatry* indicates that many young married couples do not engage in sexual intercourse for long periods of time. The study was conducted in Toronto for Canada's Ministry of State for Urban Affairs. It found that of 365 spouses married an average of 11 years, one in three stopped having sex for periods averaging eight weeks. The primary reason given by the subjects was marital discord.

#### JUGGLING ACT

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—The Florida Supreme Court has ruled that one man fondling another doesn't necessarily constitute "open and gross lewdness and lascivious behavior" in violation of state law. The decision reversed the earlier conviction of a waiter in a gay bar in Pensacola who, arresting officers charged, had "fondled the fully clothed [customer] in the public area for some five seconds with his right hand while holding aloft a tray full of glasses with his left hand." The trial judge had

instructed the jurors that they were to determine if the conduct was "extremely indecent, immoral and offensive," and the jurors determined that it was. But in its decision, the supreme court said, "The term 'indecent' is difficult enough of precise definition, but the term 'extremely indecent' must certainly refer to an act more outrageous than that perpetrated by the appellant. Additionally, who in the dark and crowded recesses of the Yum Yum Tree at two A.M. on July 6, 1974, was 'offended'?"

#### CIVIL RIGHTS VS. CRIMINAL LAW

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY—A U. S. district judge has ruled that a woman who loses her job or fails to get a pay raise because she refuses to have sex with her boss cannot sue him for damages under the Civil Rights Act. Instead of seeking this Federal remedy, the judge said, she should bring charges of extortion, assault or attempted rape.

#### NEW NATIONAL RECORD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Washington's Department of Human Resources has determined that more than half the babies born to D.C. residents are bastards. According to officials at the National Center for Health Statistics, Washington is the first major U. S. city to achieve an illegitimate birth rate exceeding 50 percent.

#### MILITARY SEARCHES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Court of Military Appeals, the civilian tribunal that oversees the U. S. military-justice system, has forbidden shakedown searches of barracks to discover illegal drugs. The ruling by the three-judge court may supersede a 1975 decision by a U. S. Court of Appeals that allowed such warrantless searches. Writing for the court's majority, Judge Matthew J. Perry, Jr., said, "The 'shakedown inspection' . . . in search specifically of criminal goods or evidence is not such a permissible intrusion into a person's reasonable expectation of privacy, even in the military setting. . . . We do not believe that the young American citizen who enters the nation's Armed Forces . . . can truly be said to have impliedly consented to a search of his or her personal living quarters, lockers and belongings for evidence of a crime."

#### MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

Marijuana may prove effective in the treatment of asthma and other



respiratory ailments, according to reports published in Respiratory Therapy. Researchers at the Boston University School of Medicine and at the University of California have found that THC, marijuana's principal active agent, opened bronchial tubes and increased air flow by as much as 44 percent, and that the effects of the drug reached a peak in 15 minutes and were still apparent one hour later. (See "Glaucoma and the Killer Weed," page 58.)

#### FALSE POT REPORT

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—Contrary to earlier reports, the revision of Colombia's drug laws does not include the decriminalization or legalization of marijuana. Proposals to remove criminal penalties for private pot use encountered strong opposition and the new law, while it now distinguishes between users and dealers, continues to punish possession of one ounce or less with a \$30 fine and up to a year in jail.

#### POT AND THE COPS

HOUSTON—The Houston Police Department has decided it can no longer exclude job applicants just because they have tried marijuana—at least not if it wants new policemen. Until recently, applicants who admitted ever having

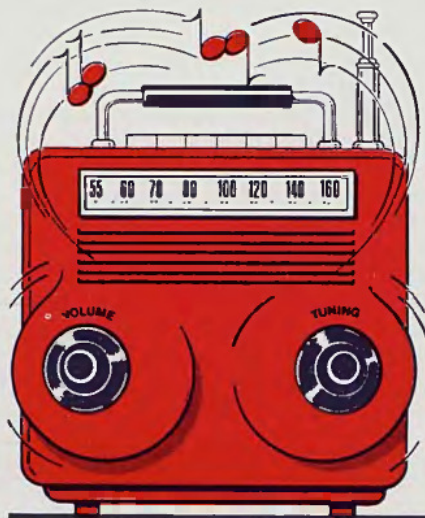


smoked pot were rejected by the Houston police academy, but the department's chief recruiting officer has announced a change in this policy. He said, "Asking a guy who has come back from Vietnam if he smoked marijuana is like asking him if he smoked Salem."

#### "PUSH" COMES TO SHOVE

CHICAGO—The Reverend Jesse L. Jackson, president of Operation PUSH, is planning a campaign against the radio broadcasting of songs that he

believes promote "sex without responsibility." The prominent civil rights leader plans to convene a conference of disc jockeys, radio-station executives, songwriters, community leaders and representatives of the Federal Communications Commission in hopes of persuading radio stations to voluntarily



eliminate sex records from their programming. But he also raised the possibility of a boycott against selected recordings. He cited such songs as "It's All Right to Make Love on the First Night" and "The More You Do It" as examples of music that glorifies irresponsible sex among young people and contributes to a national "crisis in morality." The reverend has also taken public stands against marijuana decriminalization and legal abortion.

#### DIRTY TRICKS

NEW YORK—To drive a massage parlor out of his building, a New York landlord hired private detectives to pose as customers and engage in sexual acts—a tactic against regulations for city police. On the basis of detailed affidavits from the private eyes, city officials were able to go to court and close down the parlor. Police have found it difficult to get evidence in massage-parlor cases, because department rules prevent a cop from taking off his clothes even in the line of duty, and New York prostitutes have learned not to discuss sex or money until a prospective customer is nude.

#### MICHIGAN MADNESS

DETROIT—Unmarried couples who try to check into Detroit hotels and motels as Mr. and Mrs. are being arrested as part of a continuing city-wide campaign against prostitution. Police are using an old and previously unenforced city ordinance that provides fines of up to \$100 for persons who falsify hotel registrations.

obvious that pornography, like all art, is a statement in favor of life and against death." In your editorial comment following the letters, you state, "In order to claim that pornography dehumanizes people, you have to believe that there is something intrinsically demeaning and dehumanizing about sexual activity."

But in the same issue, your movie reviewer praises *The Empire of the Senses* because it explores "the ultimate limits of sexual experience." He tells us just how this "strangely beautiful and impeccably tasteful drama" does so:

The couple's sensual impossible mission ultimately leads them to experiment with masochism and ritual murder, exploring those murky, subconscious psychological impulses that make the act of love indistinguishable from any other act of aggression [italics mine].

Here is the corner into which you have painted yourself: If pornography does not dehumanize, then it must show sexuality as the opposite of a dehumanizing—i.e., violent—force. Yet your reviewer praises this film for plumbing the deep, dark motives in us that equate the sexual drive with violence. Next to this review, the editorial statement in the *Forum* that rape "is not a true sex act but an act of violence using the penis as a weapon" rings hollow, indeed.

The blind drive for one's own sensual pleasure is active, insistent selfishness and, therefore, a form of violence.

Charles B. Beard

Bloomington, Indiana

Since the contents of this magazine aren't checked for ideological purity, we wouldn't be upset if one of our movie reviewers said something contrary to what we argued in the "Forum." But is there really a contradiction in this case? It happens that the review of "The Empire of the Senses" was written by Bruce Williamson, the same Bruce Williamson whose editorial "Snuff and Censorship" (June) kicked off the "Forum's" discussion of whether or not real sex in movies might lead to real murder in movies, so we asked him to comment:

"I stand by my statements in 'Snuff and Censorship' deploring the efforts of bluestocking groups to prove that sex inexorably begets violence. I also stand by my review of Nagisa Oshima's film. It is, indeed, 'strangely beautiful and impeccably tasteful' in treating a subject assuredly not to every man's taste. The sentence Beard quotes from my review is taken out of context and misinterpreted. I merely reported that Oshima portrays two people who confuse the act of love with an act of aggression. This doesn't mean that I myself believe that love is inextricably linked with aggression. It is Oshima's privilege to look at human



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experience from any angle he chooses. Certainly, he's dealing with an extreme case of aberrant behavior. Neither I nor PLAYBOY endorses or corroborates this particular view in observing that Oshima presents it with notable artistry. My review of Marco Ferreri's 'The Last Woman' on the same page discusses a male hero who becomes so disgusted with his phallocratic manipulation of women that he cuts off his own penis with an electric carving knife. Another interesting, even outrageous film, but my saying so doesn't mean I think male chauvinism automatically leads to self-castration.

"Of course, violence can be mixed up with sex and frequently is. But it needn't be, even if rapists do use the penis as a weapon, even if some people obviously get off on pain. A movie like 'The Empire of the Senses' doesn't prove a connection between sex and violence any more than a film like 'Survival' proves a connection between soccer playing and cannibalism."

#### SNUFF BUFF

I've just read that former Texas governor John Connally has proposed that executions of prisoners be televised as "an even more impressive deterrent" to crime. It's just like the censorship people say: If sexy movies are allowed to be shown, more sinister tastes will soon manifest themselves. Now we have one of this country's best-known public servants calling for snuff movies on TV. What's the world coming to?

Robert Johnson  
Los Angeles, California

#### FB EYE

The Justice Department has revealed that J. Edgar Hoover, late director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, spied extensively on the sexual escapades of all sorts of prominent Americans. For years, the antipornography creeps have been quoting Hoover's unsubstantiated claim that sex criminals are created by pornography. How delightful to learn that this champion of censorship was all along the nation's biggest voyeur!

John Kelly  
New York, New York

#### THE SCREWING OF SCREW

We live in Wichita, where the Screw trial took place. The proceedings seemed to us more like a stage play than a serious court proceeding. Perhaps the defendants were already looking to the appeal, but they acted almost indifferent to what was happening, while the prosecution was very excited and enthusiastic. The judge seemed the only person who was fully serious.

We've been told that the trial made Kansans look like uninformed fools. For our part, we heartily support freedom of the press.

Rod Grogan and Vickie Johnson  
Wichita, Kansas

I grew up believing that *The New York Times* was the only newspaper in the U. S. worth reading. Since the prosecution of Screw in Wichita obviously involves an important freedom-of-the-press issue, it can only be a hang-up about dealing with sex-related news that kept the *Times* from reporting this case. How sad to think one of the most influential media of the 20th Century still observes 19th Century taboos.

S. Hoffman  
New York, New York

We are happy to announce two great moments in the history of obscenity prosecutions: First, Judge Frank G. Theis, who presided with scrupulous fairness over the Screw prosecution, set aside the convictions of Goldstein and his former partner, Jim Buckley, on the ground that the jury that found them guilty might have been prejudiced by inflammatory remarks made by Assistant U. S. Attorney Larry Schauf. In his closing remarks, Schauf urged the jurors to keep Kansas from becoming like 42nd Street in New York City, raised the specter of obscene literature's falling into the hands of children and called the trial a battle of "decency versus specialists in degeneracy." The judge had admonished the jury to ignore those statements but remained unconvinced that his warning was effective. It is now up to the Government to decide whether or not it wants to bring the defendants to trial again. Second, The New York Times actually reported this development, even though it had previously published nothing about the trial, and it even referred to Screw by name, which it doesn't always do.

#### POSTAL PRUDERY

I showed up ten minutes late for my job as a Miami Beach mailman and had to fill out a form explaining why. On it was a statement that read, "WARNING: The furnishing of false information on this form may result in a fine of not more than \$10,000 or imprisonment of not more than five years, or both." So, in the appropriate box, I stated the truth: "I was busy fucking."

I was told, "Such language cannot be tolerated," and was suspended. I quit the Postal Service and am suing for seven days' back pay, since I feel I was unjustly treated. I have appealed to the American Civil Liberties Union for help. I want the whole country to know just how inhuman the U. S. Postal Service is.

Bruno Diaz  
Miami Beach, Florida

#### NUDE NEWS

National Nude Beach Day was celebrated around the country on August 8, 1976. On that day, skinny-dippers in San Diego, Lompoc, Madison, Cape Cod and elsewhere went nude, circulated petitions and wielded protest signs to demonstrate their desire to sun-bathe in the buff.



Despite police threats, no arrests were made, press coverage was favorable and there seemed to be little community resistance to the aims of the demonstrators. Only outdated laws and a bevy of prudes keep the clothes-optional movement under wraps, so to speak.

Coordination of last year's National Nude Beach Day was handled by Free Beaches, the national information clearinghouse for the skinny-dipper movement. Those who want to receive or pass on information about local free beaches should write to Free Beaches, Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54901. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. We are trying to bring out an up-to-date guide in time for the coming summer.

Lee Baxandall  
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

#### NO MELTING POT FOR HEADS

When I was one year old, my parents immigrated with me from Germany, but they never became U.S. citizens, so I didn't, either. I'm currently serving a five-year sentence for selling a quarter of a pound of marijuana, and the Bureau of Immigration has informed me that it intends to deport me. For all practical purposes, I am an American. I have no relatives in Germany and don't speak the language. The only family I have—my sister, my mother and my seven-year-old daughter—are all here.

One devoted Government official summed it up this way: "It's a grim situation, but it's the law." So it goes.

Leszek Przysocki  
Moberly, Missouri

#### THE JERRY MITCHELL CASE

There are many people in West Plains, Missouri, who stand behind Jerry Mitchell ("Playboy Forum" Casebook: *The Ozark Connection*, November) and are anxious to see the laws changed that got him an initial sentence of 12 years for selling a third of an ounce of pot to an undercover agent. If it hadn't been for the action taken by NORML and PLAYBOY and publicity in *High Times*, Jerry would not even have gotten those 12 years reduced to seven. He'd be doing that time right now, with no hope of appeal, and no one would know about it. We all realize that there is still a long way to go to obtain Jerry's—and Missouri's—freedom, but now we are on the way.

Cathy and John Hilbrich  
West Plains, Missouri

The righteous town of West Plains is worried about drugs and such in its midst, but it is a community where, 24 years ago, it was possible for a parent to abandon a baby on a doorstep and not be sought by the law. I was that baby. I have been into drugs, have dealt drugs, was caught and paid my debt to society. I

know I was wrong, but to bust people for marijuana and put them in prison with killers and robbers is also wrong. I believe hard drugs should be stopped, but, God, leave the little people alone.

(Name withheld by request)  
Hutchinson, Kansas

#### FIREARMS CRIMES

In the continuing debate over new gun-control laws, the only good sense I perceive on either side is that both, at long last, seem to be agreeing on the need for mandatory penalties for crimes committed with firearms. The progun faction has advocated this for years; the antigun faction, which has always preferred to blame guns instead of people for crimes, is coming round to it. On this point, at least, we have a meeting of minds. Maybe our legislators will find the courage to act, if they think they risk losing only the criminal vote.

Roger Bell  
Los Angeles, California

#### WASTED TIME

Last year, I was arrested for driving while intoxicated. When I was released, I didn't have enough money to redeem my car, so I pawned the C.B. radio and drove home, 200 miles, to my wife and baby. Subsequently, I was arrested for the crime of pawning a radio I was purchasing on installments. By court order, the staff of a diagnostic center examined me and recommended that society would be best served by restoring me to my family, with the provision that I undergo treatment for alcoholism. They rated me an intelligent man (I have a Ph.D. in psychology) with an exceptionally high probability of successful rehabilitation.

However, the judge decided that I should go to prison, and I will stay here for six months at least, until I see a parole board. My wife and baby are hungry and ill clothed. The 30 cents a day I get from the state barely covers the expense of writing to say I love and miss them.

I don't deny my responsibility for my offense. But I do think I understand why it happened and can prevent anything like it from happening again. How much more time must I lose from my life before I can feed and clothe my wife and baby again?

Duane F. Kiser, Ph.D.  
Lansing, Kansas

#### WAR ON DRUGS

We've certainly reached a low point in our history when oppression like that of the Nixon "war on drugs" can be employed to gain political mileage, as stated in the Ehrlichman quote at the beginning of November's *Nixon Legacy* editorial, *How to Win the War on Drugs*. The politicians won't do anything until the majority of people are informed enough to realize the absurdity of the

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## GLAUCOMA AND THE KILLER WEED

*after decades of marijuana mythmaking, the government must now reconsider the medical properties of pot*

Because of one man's medical misfortune and personal courage, the U. S. Government now will find it more difficult than ever to defend its position that marijuana is a national menace. Robert Randall, a 28-year-old Washington, D. C., teacher, not only is the first glaucoma victim to receive Government-grown pot that he can now legally use at home to postpone blindness but also is the first marijuana defendant to be acquitted of criminal drug charges by arguing the common-law defense of medical necessity.

Randall's case has some important ramifications. With the Government's bureaucratic door now pried open to the medical use of marijuana, many of the 2,000,000 American victims of glaucoma, the second leading cause of blindness, can argue that they should not be forced to lose their sight prematurely because of Government obstinacy toward the legitimate use of an effective drug. Likewise, thousands of cancer patients who now suffer the severe side effects of chemotherapy may possibly benefit from the discovery that marijuana either reduces or eliminates their vomiting and nausea. Others who may be helped by THC therapy include certain asthmatics and epileptics, the victims of severe migraine headaches and women who experience painful menstrual cramps and difficult labor in childbirth. It is a serious indictment of our country's laws and its leaders to say that if tetrahydrocannabinol, the principal active ingredient in pot, had recently been discovered by the pharmaceutical industry instead of by private citizens, it would likely be touted as a new miracle drug rather than outlawed as the "killer weed." Of course, it is neither, but the former description is probably closer to the truth than what the Government has claimed for the past 40 years.

Bob Randall discovered the medical benefits of marijuana by himself. Four years ago, when his eyesight was already badly impaired, he smoked a joint one evening and discovered that his vision improved markedly. Only later did he learn that researchers were finding the same thing—that THC was much more effective than other drugs in reducing the eyeball-fluid pressure that eventually causes blindness in virtually all victims of this ailment. Randall had started growing his own marijuana plants to ensure that he always had a supply without having to depend on the usual illegal sources.

Randall's plants were growing on the back porch of his Washington apartment when he was arrested by the District of Columbia police. At his trial, represented by attorney John Karr, he took the stand and admitted growing pot but defended his actions on the ground of necessity. This is an unusual but historic common-law defense that can be used in certain circumstances to justify an otherwise unlawful act. Randall's necessity was to retain his eyesight for as long as possible. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws and the Playboy Foundation helped meet legal expenses and supplied expert medical witnesses to support Randall's claims.

D. C. superior court judge James A. Washington, Jr., tried the case last July and four months later announced his verdict: case dismissed. In a carefully reasoned 20-page decision, he said that "while blindness was shown by

competent medical testimony to be the otherwise inevitable result of the defendant's disease, no adverse effects from the smoking of marijuana have been demonstrated." But meanwhile, Randall, by now totally blind in one eye, was taking another unusual action. He petitioned the Federal Government to supply him with legal marijuana.

From 1850 to 1942, marijuana had been listed in the U. S. *Pharmacopoeia*, the standard physician's drug reference, and was prescribed for a variety of illnesses and for the relief of pain. It was deleted only because the country's first supernarc, Harry Anslinger, launched the "reefer madness" campaign that culminated in the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 and the outlawing of the drug by the legislatures in every state. As late as 1955, Anslinger assured a Senate committee that marijuana caused such evils as violence, insanity and heroin addiction. During Nixon's "war on drugs," U. S. Attorney General John Mitchell succeeded in having marijuana classified in the same category with heroin, as a dangerous drug having no medicinal value, under the Federal Controlled Substances Act of 1970.

In 1972, NORML sued the Government to have marijuana reclassified, but the Drug Enforcement Administration has so far managed to forestall any action through a series of legal maneuvers. Then, in 1975, Randall was arrested and the publicity surrounding his plight—going blind and maybe to jail—has been more than the Government could ignore. With the grudging acceptance of the DEA, the National Institute on Drug Abuse and the Food and Drug Administration found an interesting compromise: Treat Randall's petition as a proposal for a research grant. The agencies arranged with an ophthalmologist at Washington's Howard University to supervise a research project in which Randall, as the subject, could be supplied with Government marijuana. Already, other glaucoma victims are being considered for similar "research" projects. Not

exactly an efficient means of helping large numbers of glaucoma victims but the only maneuver by which the Government can do what public opinion and common sense demand without admitting that it's been wrong all along in its marijuana policy.

Even after Randall's petition was approved, the U. S. Attorney stubbornly insisted on bringing him to trial as a drug criminal. But thanks to an enlightened judge, the Government lost and Randall, with a little help from his friends, won. So did the country.

LARRY SCHOTT



Robert Randall has won his fight to get legal pot from the Government.



Government's present position on heroin. Perhaps *PLAYBOY* has opened intelligent discussion with the solid arguments presented in this editorial in the "Carter issue."

Tom Cravens  
Bologna, Italy

While staked out on a junk dealer in Los Angeles, I opened the November *PLAYBOY* and found *How to Win the War on Drugs*, one of the more stupid editorials I've seen on the subject. Travel with a street cop for a couple of months and see whether the effects of H are "amazingly bland," as Edward M. Brecher, whom you quote, claims. As for the British system of dealing with addiction, England is practically into food rationing. Shows how well they run things.

Michael J. Murphy  
Los Angeles, California

I work as an administrator in a drug clinic and I have witnessed firsthand what hard drugs do to the individual who gets hooked and to his or her family. If one were to investigate the history of addiction, he would find that this epidemic is nothing more than an effort to enslave and oppress the minorities of this country. There has been only one other instance of drug abuse reaching the scale we are witnessing, when the British imported millions of tons of opium into China and finally fought the Opium War of 1840-1842 against the Chinese resisters. Similarly, the proliferation of drugs today is a genocidal assault on people of color the world over.

William Banks  
Cleveland, Ohio

I'm a 28-year-old woman who has been a heroin addict for nearly five years. The only way to handle heroin addiction is to follow Britain's system of heroin clinics. I myself lead a relatively normal life in spite of my addiction and doubt that many persons would guess I'm an addict. My health is good, I'm alert and I work a 50-hour week. I consider withdrawal little worse than a bad case of flu, but, like most addicts, I can't stay away from heroin, in spite of pressures from many sources, myself included. Perhaps someday, with the help of editorials like yours, the U. S. will stop treating addicts like felons and will start treating us as the medical problem we are.

(Name withheld by request)  
Nashville, Tennessee

#### PANTY FREAKS

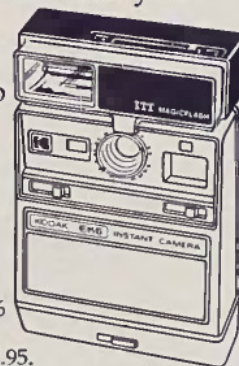
A letter in the January *Playboy Forum* deals with the turn-on a Los Angeles man enjoyed wearing his girl's underwear. Apparently, some men get sexual thrills out of doing this. I don't understand why. Personally, I find the idea of a man's putting

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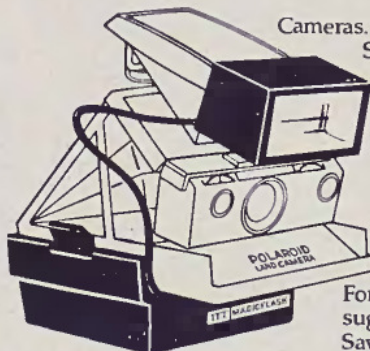
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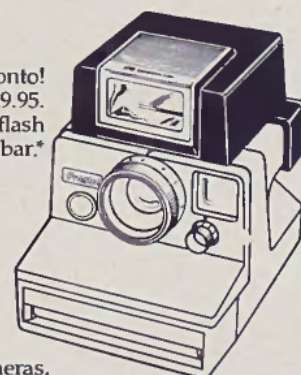
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on women's underwear hilarious, not sexy. However, many heterosexual men do seem to get turned on by donning ladies' underthings before intercourse. Is there any way of accounting for this?

James D. Harris

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

The shrinks have a term for it: They call it a fetish linked to transvestism. A fetish is an object of some sort that turns a person on. Transvestism is the desire to dress in clothing of the opposite sex, without necessarily having homosexual feelings. A male transvestite may dress like a woman, but he still wants to make it with women. A ladies'-underwear fetishist has a pocket version of the same urge.

Psychoanalysts theorize that a fetish can develop early in life when the child is sexually attracted to his mother (Oedipus and all that). Some children are so frightened by these forbidden feelings that they transfer them from Mom herself to an object associated with her, such as feminine underwear. In childhood or early adolescence, these fetishists often use a bra or a pair of panties as an aid to arousal during masturbation. That epic masturbator Portnoy, he of the complaint, used a pair of his sister's panties in this fashion:

*Jumping up from the dinner table, I tragically clutch at my belly—diarrhea! I cry, I have been stricken with diarrhea! . . . and once behind the locked bathroom door, slip over my head a pair of underpants that I have stolen from my sister's dresser and carry rolled in a handkerchief in my pocket. So galvanic is the effect of cotton panties against my mouth—so galvanic is the word "panties"—that the trajectory of my ejaculation reaches startling new heights: leaving my joint like a rocket it makes right for the light bulb overhead, where to my wonderment and horror, it hits and it hangs.*

Moving on to sexual intercourse, some men find that wearing women's undergarments arouses them more than usual, others find that they can't get it up at all without a psychic boost from a pair of bloomers. It's not only that panties are sexy but by putting them on, men identify, in a sense, with women and therefore feel less guilty about intimacy with the opposite sex.

What it all boils down to is the fact that ladies' underwear gets guys horny.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAT MOYNIHAN

*a candid conversation about government service under four presidents with the outspoken and "flamboyant" freshman senator from new york*

A brilliant, retentive intellect, an Irish gift of gab and wit, a 24-carat ego, a quick sense of outrage and a habit of telling the truth don't always lead a person to the U. S. Senate. And the fact is, they didn't lead Daniel Patrick Moynihan there, either—at least not directly. The stops that Moynihan made along the way make him a human touchstone of Government service throughout the Sixties and Seventies: Assistant Secretary of Labor under John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, an urban-affairs Cabinet member and Ambassador to India under Richard Nixon, Ambassador to the United Nations under Gerald Ford. As widely resented as he is liked, Moynihan is expected to be no less colorful and outspoken in the Senate seat he won in November than as a valued counselor to four Presidents.

Moynihan was also a professor of government at Harvard University; and while some of his academic colleagues dismissed him as a papier-mâché scholar, some politicians sneered at him as a double-domed intellectual. His liberal positions infuriate the right wing and his conservative ideas incense the left. One liberal critic asked

during Moynihan's campaign against incumbent Senator James Buckley, "Why would the voters of New York State want an Irish hawk who apes the manners of the English gentry—when they already have one?" Today, no less than in the past, the press continues to find him an inviting target.

Moynihan, who was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1927, considers himself an activist intellectual who, right or wrong, feels obliged to work for his convictions in the real and dangerous world of Government. Admittedly, Moynihan always advanced under the aegis of admiring and ever more powerful patrons—Averell Harriman, Arthur Goldberg, Jack Kennedy, Richard Nixon. But his "Moynihan Report," written in 1965, raised a national furor. It still inflames black leaders with its thesis that Negro problems are rooted in unstable family life, which he described with such nettling phrases as "tangle of pathology." Nevertheless, he stayed on at Labor to help draft Johnson's antipoverty program, and he was appointed by Nixon to direct the Urban Affairs Council. He achieved Cabinet rank and in 1970 another uproar, when somebody leaked his famous "benign

neglect" memo to Nixon on racial tension. But from 1969 to 1970, Moynihan designed and very nearly engineered passage of the Family Assistance Plan, a guaranteed-income program that would have been a first attack on the nation's welfare mess.

After two low-profile years as Ambassador to India, Moynihan exploded into the public consciousness again as a one-man tempest. Appointed Ambassador to the United Nations by Gerald Ford, Moynihan quickly dubbed it the "theater of the absurd" and began following his own dictum—"The U. S. spokesman should be feared for the truths he might tell." With fists pounding and voice angry, he publicly dished up unvarnished truths to Third World nations who denounced America while taking generous U. S. aid. Such unconventionally rip-roaring diplomacy enraged foreign delegates, journalists and the Department of State; everybody, that is, except American taxpayers, who thought it was high time somebody told off suppliant nations who acted like enemies. Moynihan became something of a national hero. In the last seven months before he finally quit,



DOUG BRUCE / CAMERA 5

"Kennedy went to see Nixon in Key Biscayne just after the election and had this great opening line. Kennedy said, 'How the hell did you carry Ohio?' Couple of friends. Win some, lose some."

"You will not understand Henry Kissinger if you do not know that he really felt—and this we share—that the decline of the West was a reality. He felt U. S. behavior in recent years accelerated that."

"I raised a lot of hell as Ambassador to the UN, dealing with people I felt were enemies of ours. But now that I'll be in the Senate, I don't regard anyone in Washington as an enemy. Them's us."



irretrievably undermined by Henry Kissinger, Moynihan received 26,000 letters. Only 190 were hostile.

While Moynihan, back at Harvard, was considering whether or not he should give in to pressure to run for the Senate, *PLAYBOY* asked writer Richard Meryman to explore Ambassador Moynihan's remarkable range of experience. Meryman and Moynihan had known each other well during their Navy and postgraduate years, and they talked with the freedom of two old friends. The opening portions of the interview represent their most recent conversations, which took place after Moynihan's election to the Senate. The rest of the interview was taped at various times and locations throughout 1976. Meryman's report:

"I met Pat Moynihan in 1945 in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps at Tufts College and soon regarded him as one of my best friends. Pat was the ultimate companion, radiating energy and interest and a sense of the ironies of life. There was always a gala air about Pat, as though he were on his way to a circus. I remember a great deal of conversation and laughter at back tables in hazy bars, while Betty Hutton's radio voice screamed, 'Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief,' and we husbanded our beer because nobody had any money.

"Even then, Pat was not one to go quietly when he thought he was being imposed upon. Our group once overflowed onto the summer sidewalk, beer bottles in hand, and a police car stopped. The cops ordered us sailors indoors. Pat asserted his right to drink anywhere he wanted. The police arrested him, threw him into the back of a paddy wagon and beat him with night sticks all the way to the police station. One of his knees was seriously damaged.

"When we were commissioned—two callow ensigns—Pat and I were assigned to sister repair ships near Norfolk, Virginia. On Pat's ship, the captain was a hated man, who forced the repair crew to build him a sailing dinghy. Just as it was finished—and while the ship was in the Norfolk Naval Shipyard—the captain was transferred. The sailboat was immediately given to Pat to get rid of and he drafted me to sail it miles up the Elizabeth River to a yacht club. Becalmed in one of the Coast's busiest harbors, we rowed upriver in the dark, shoulder to shoulder; the greasy bow waves from passing ships raised and dropped us—two thoughtless, optimistic young guys on an adventure in the night. After the Navy, Pat was back on the Tufts campus in the Fletcher School and I was in graduate school at Harvard. Then, as always before in our friendship, we made trips to New York and stayed with Pat's mother, brother and sister over the saloon they owned. I helped him clean the place, dragging the wooden flooring from behind the bar to hose it down on the sidewalk in the sun. And

in the family, there was the unspoken information that by right of class and culture, they were better than their Hell's Kitchen life.

"Hearing rumors of inflated wages in Alaska, four of us, including Pat, decided to work there in the summer of 1949. With the cheerful insensitivity of youth, we bought for our expedition a 1935 Packard hearse, which we outfitted with a bed where the casket usually rested. It seemed like a good joke. The trip was a succession of mechanical disasters; we ran low on money and detoured to Hungry Horse, Montana, where jobs were reportedly available on the dam then under construction. It took three weeks to get work. Pat was to clear brush in the basin behind the dam. I delivered him by hearse to the logging camp back in the rugged mountain valley—and remember his tall, loose-jointed figure trudging toward a long barracks building. The next day, at the work site, the field boss, smacking a switch against his leg, patrolled the long line of men. He kept them working at a pace that only the Indians and Canadian lumberjacks could endure. Pat lasted one day.

"I myself was fired the same week

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*"Being in the Senate  
means you must be  
absolutely fearless and  
try to be intelligent.  
I expect to be a  
good Senator."*

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when I blew a fuse that idled the entire night shift at work building a cement-mixing tower. Pat and I decided to ride the freights back to Chicago. We rattled through dusty towns and caught rides in boxcars filthy with empty coalbags and luxuriated in the air-conditioned comfort of empty refrigerator cars. We half starved. We were kicked off cars by trainmen and chased by yard cops.

"In Chicago, we separated, pretty much for good. Pat went on to higher education and areas of interest we did not share. That year, I went to work as a reporter for Life. The irresponsible part of our youth was finished.

"In 1963, on an impulse, I called Pat at the Labor Department and we had lunch. By accident, I had picked the day he was to be interviewed by the Senate for his confirmation as Assistant Secretary of Labor. And I found that Pat's face was now turned fully to the future. And the past about which I was so nostalgic had become for him, I guessed, just a long scramble out of Hell's Kitchen. I

have always felt that the humiliation of that poverty was deep and definitive. At our lunch, Pat mused that the job at Labor would guarantee him at least a college professorship. 'I'll never have to worry again,' he said, a faraway look in his eyes.

"I accepted the *PLAYBOY* assignment in part because of the extraordinary, full-circle symmetry. When I arrived at Pat's house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, he carried my bag indoors. Our hair was gray. The leanness in our faces was gone. His hearty flow of ironic commentary was still there—but heavier, like our waistlines.

"During our talks, many of them on airplanes as Pat flew to lecture dates, I began to see a special gift, one reason for his value to all those Presidents. He could jab through bewildering complexities to the core and pull out a single insight, surprising in its simplicity, that illuminated an entire problem.

"But, like all men who reach the top of their profession, Moynihan had the quality of obsession. I admire it and wish I could muster some myself. But there is a loss. Our last trip together, curiously, was to a speaking engagement in Norfolk. That night, after our last interview, we stepped together onto the small balcony outside his hotel room. To our surprise, we were looking toward the Norfolk Naval Shipyard. Below us flowed the Elizabeth River, along which we had so lightheartedly rowed that little sailboat a millennium ago. I felt a little sad at the thought of what age and advancement do to us. But I was also glad that this man, my old friend, was a U. S. Senator. At the very least, I knew he was sure to strike some sparks, by the force of his personality, in an old institution."

**PLAYBOY:** Let's start with this burning issue: You are often referred to in the press as flamboyant. Is there any truth to these rumors of flamboyance?

**MOYNIHAN:** None. Oh, I raised a lot of hell when I was Ambassador to the United Nations, dealing with people I felt were adversaries of ours or enemies of ours. But it depends on what you're doing. As Ambassador to India, I kept a very low profile. And now that I'll be in the Senate, I have to say I don't regard anyone in Washington as an enemy of ours. Them's us. Besides, there's no more certain way of failing in your objectives than to come storming in and announce that anything that happens you're going to take credit for. No need for that. No desire for it.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you've used what people see as a certain flair in your personality to become politically prominent. Couldn't that have an effectiveness for you in the Senate?

**MOYNIHAN:** Perhaps, if it puts enough people on notice that there really are things we have to do, claims we have to



make. As a newspaper editorial put it, New York has some due bills it has to present to Washington. No concern about unpleasantness or controversy will deter me from making those claims. The only thing that could make me controversial—aside from a major foreign-policy issue—would be that there were no other way to get attention to New York's economic needs *except* by becoming that.

**PLAYBOY:** After all your years in Government service, how does it feel to be a freshman Senator, a new boy?

**MOYNIHAN:** Well, I've begun thinking of myself as a man who has been around a long time, which is new to me. Being a freshman Senator suggests a certain deference to people who have been around longer—but not where the interests of New York State are concerned. There's no one else in the Senate who knows more about them than you and your colleague, so in that sense, there is no deference. When I first went to talk with retiring Majority Leader Mike Mansfield a few days after the election, I was deferential as hell. But as he walked me down the hall to a meeting, he said, "Just remember, Pat, we're all equal here."

And in that sense, I have the same power any other Senator has—a vote. I've talked to Senators in the past and, without exception, they will tell you that what moves the Senate is the genuine judgment of the individual Senators. It's

not to say that they're beyond helping one another out or trying to make sense of one another's interests, and so forth, but in the end, the system is just what it was meant to be: In the end, Senators stand up and vote as they think.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound almost lyrical about the U.S. Senate. What are your general thoughts about it, as an institution?

**MOYNIHAN:** The Senate is, has always been, the alternative authority in Government to the Presidency. The House is too large and diffuse. The Senate has always been able to produce persons, symbols of the institution, who can embody a necessary alternative to the authority of the President. That's the constitutional role of the Senate, and it has worked extraordinarily. It has never failed to generate the tension it was intended to.

**PLAYBOY:** Tension? What do you mean?

**MOYNIHAN:** The constitutional idea is that concentration of power is a danger in a society. Therefore, you separate it and build tensions into the different branches. Freedom lives in the interstices of these arrangements. On the other hand, when there is too much conflict in the system, you get the imperial Presidency—which tries to avoid the system altogether. Which is what I think happened in that sequence of Presidents who found the Congress so frustrating they

just wished it weren't there. The real art of the Constitution is to use the tensions but make them cooperative enough so that no one branch tries to escape. And the Senate has a special place in this dynamic. It's just—it's the highest honor you can get in this republic other than the Presidency. It has a quality of class of persons about it and it imposes that condition on your behavior. The Presidency is something singular and in no way something people can calculate; nobody can think in terms of what it means to be in that office. But there are 100 Senators, and you can ask and get close to what it means to be a Senator. It means that you must be just absolutely fearless and try to be intelligent. I expect to be a good Senator.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you decide to run for the Senate, especially after vowing when you quit as UN Ambassador not to do so?

**MOYNIHAN:** I got up one spring morning and they had closed the City University of New York. I was seething. There was always one unique thing about New York: It was the first city to establish a free college for the children of working people. Through ups and downs, for a century and a quarter, the college endured. I went to City College myself. It was opened again, but the closing of it was sacrilegious—it meant symbolically, My God, what have we come to? Have we

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handled our affairs so badly?

**PLAYBOY:** Surely, your reasons were more complicated than that.

**MOYNIHAN:** Well, yes. I had said I wouldn't run. I knew quite a bit about politics. Politics gets so personal and harsh. It seemed too much to impose on one's family—or on oneself. And I like to teach. Even now, I feel very bad about leaving Harvard. That's a life now that will not be lived, one I really expected to live . . . a path not taken . . . or a path taken and then abandoned. But, quite simply, I hated to feel, late in life, that I had a chance to be a U.S. Senator and passed it up.

**PLAYBOY:** Late in life? You're 49.

**MOYNIHAN:** Yes, and I suppose, in a way, that's an advantage, a consolation, considering the nature of campaigning. If I had run 15 years ago, it would have been a great shock to the system to find out how much can be alleged about your character. And there's not much I haven't been accused of, either. But what is that line from A. E. Housman—"Mithridates, he died old." You can take poisons in small doses.

**PLAYBOY:** First you sounded lyrical; now you're sounding old and cynical.

**MOYNIHAN:** About the campaign process, not the office. But to the degree that we all go through it, yes. There's a certain insensitivity to untruth that politicians acquire. Even to genuinely villainous distortion. They start saying, "Well, it's part of the game," and it should *never* be part of the game. You shouldn't become, as some do, amiable about it. It's wrong, because your capacity for indignation atrophies. If you become tolerant of distortion when it is done by other people, you become tolerant about doing it yourself. I really do think that happens.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you the object of villainous distortion during your campaign?

**MOYNIHAN:** Oh, it went on, but I don't want to talk about it. But I can say this: My opponent, Jim Buckley, was personally an altogether decent and genuinely conservative person. But he was talked into making some snarling accusations during the campaign. And if you're going to vote for a person, it's not because he makes snarling accusations. I have a very strong feeling that the public becomes quite punishing to politicians who are vicious in campaigns. They vote against them.

But the press *can* get to you. For example, *Women's Wear Daily* reported that I stormed into a meeting with a torn shirt and terrorized secretaries and staff for not catering to my whims—which included, the newspaper reported, bloody marys "early and often." There you are. That's what public life is all about. That particular incident happened while you were interviewing me for **PLAYBOY**. Would you care to give your version?

**PLAYBOY:** Glad to. It was we who ordered the bloody marys; you had a beer. We witnessed no terror tactics. But we do

have to point out, in the interest of journalistic accuracy, that you did, indeed, have a hole in your shirt. Now, about your victory over Buckley—how, briefly, do you account for it?

**MOYNIHAN:** The debates we had opened up quite a gap between our views. I was running, for instance, against a man who had virtually never voted a penny for health, education or welfare. The question was clear: What kind of role did each of us want the national Government to play in the state of New York? His answer was, "As little as possible." Mine was, "As much as we can get that will help."

**PLAYBOY:** What about your earlier primary victory over Congresswoman Bella Abzug? Were the differences in ideology as clear? They didn't seem to be to people who followed the race from outside New York.

**MOYNIHAN:** Of course, we were both liberal Democrats, but there again, on the issues, I was running against someone who had never voted a penny for American defense. She was so secure in her West Side enclave that it never occurred to her it might be an issue. No one had ever faced her with it and I did. I raised the defense issue and, while all four of

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*"If I hadn't made my  
target of a 600,000-vote  
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have gone down. We might  
have had a great  
constitutional crisis."*

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my primary opponents called for cuts in defense—30 billion dollars was the preferred figure—I said, "What is this all about? I mean, the U.S. Navy costs 28 billion dollars; you can't cut defense like that. The Soviet budget keeps going up, our budget can't continue to plateau or go down." Well, that got through to people.

Actually, when I refused to call for cuts, Mrs. Abzug's people first thought, That's it, we've got him. They assumed it would be a disaster for me in New York. But, as it turned out, perhaps there was something I knew about the state that they didn't know. I was also able to point out that as far as Mrs. Abzug's support of Israel was concerned, here was this lady who was against the things without which Israel cannot survive.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from the name-calling, was the campaign an unpleasant, exhausting chore?

**MOYNIHAN:** To the contrary. Campaigning is Antaeuslike. You take strength

from the American citizens. They may absolutely intend to vote against you, but they always say, "Good luck," and smile at you. In eight months of campaigning—beginning with my work for Senator Henry Jackson—I don't think I had three unpleasant words. The only bad moment I can remember was talking with a fellow about Northern Ireland. I couldn't satisfy him about my views. And I said, "What is your name, sir?" And he said, "My name is Dooley." And I said, "I've got a dog named Mr. Dooley." And he said, "You really know how to get to a fellow, don't you?"—and stormed away.

It is the fund raising in a campaign that is agony. There were times when I was sort of let out onto the streets as if, "You've earned it, now that you've raised \$6000 today. For that you can go out and campaign." But there's no way of avoiding the fact that the real campaign takes place on television; you can't talk to 15,000,000 people on the streets.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think your effect was on the national campaign? Some people say if you hadn't carried New York by as large a margin as you did, Carter might have lost the state.

**MOYNIHAN:** Well, there came a time when we definitely needed at least a 600,000-vote lead. And it's probable that if I hadn't made that target, Carter would have gone down. We might have had a great constitutional crisis, a theoretical case. Carter would have lost 41 electoral votes here, lost the election, but would have had a slight plurality of the popular vote.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of the national campaign, there's something interesting about the fact that Carter's *Playboy Interview* became a national issue, and here you are, the first political figure since then to appear in the same format. Do you have any thoughts about that?

**MOYNIHAN:** I think what happened with Jimmy Carter's *Playboy Interview* is that it produced a dissonance between the image he'd projected up to then and the one that came out in all that publicity. He probably failed to observe certain political conventions regarding personal expressions—though, to anticipate your next question, that is the politician's responsibility, not the publication's. But, obviously, a lot of people who voted for him weren't as upset as the press made out in the heat of the campaign. As far as I'm concerned, the interview helped those who read it with open minds see that Carter was a man of more complexity than the one who'd been presented before.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you decide to agree to do the interview?

**MOYNIHAN:** Last spring, I was meeting with some very bright young people around a table at Harvard. I was asking about Presidential preferences, and several of the best-informed people said they were for Jerry Brown. When I asked why, they said, "Because of the *Playboy Interview*." So I've thought of this as a perfectly good



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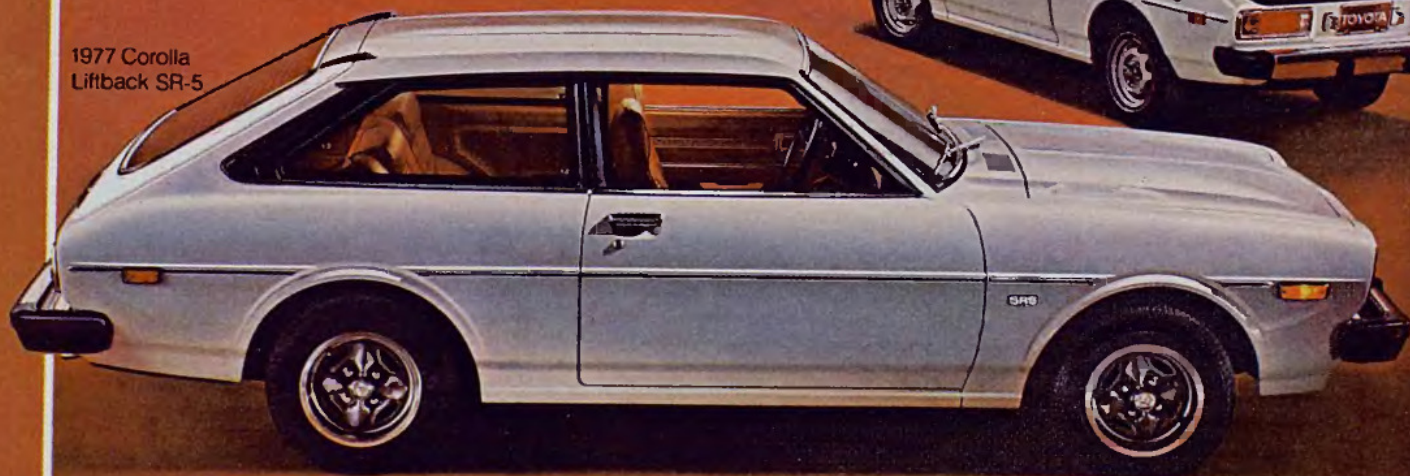
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way to get your ideas across to people. The personalities featured in this format are presented in a complex, often absorbing way.

**PLAYBOY:** You've known a number of complex personalities in your political life, among them five Presidents. You served four of them in very high positions, which is a remarkable, if not unique, record. Would you tell us your opinions of the five men?

**MOYNIHAN:** Well, Eisenhower was a great politician. In a long and successful life, when things went wrong, some one of his subordinates was always to blame. He never exposed the Presidency, never exposed his military leadership to damage it couldn't sustain. This is not a question of being devious; it's a question of knowing how to maintain an effective power position.

He was an immensely intuitive man. I used to try to get the Nixon Administration to follow his lead on things. I wanted to get up a memorial to him—establish an institute for the study of the military-industrial complex . . . that was very shocking. All the vast analysis that McNamara's people put into Vietnam never equaled the import of Eisenhower's two-sentence forecast in his farewell address. Eisenhower also said, "When Lee was down in Virginia, nobody could touch him; the minute he got up into Pennsylvania, he was in trouble." And that's the essence of the Vietnam war.

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, but what made him such a good politician?

**MOYNIHAN:** His devastating capacity to make his enemies underestimate him. The popular view of Eisenhower among educated Eastern people was that he was a boob. He talked in convoluted, involuted sentences that didn't parse when transcribed, unlike the rest of us, who like to think we come out in lapidary prose. It was very agreeable to think, He's not as smart as I am; that's what's the matter with him. It was probably a very agreeable thought to Eisenhower. That's the way people got their balls cut off.

Eisenhower—he was born in Texas—and Kennedy illustrate a South/North distinction between politicians. The Southerner is that kind of good ole boy who will just sit there and scratch his bottom and pick his ears and say, "My golly, you shore must be smart. You say you're from New York City? Well, I hear there are some awful smart people up there and you tell me you're one of them and I guess you must be, because you talk so good."

**PLAYBOY:** Is that a description of Jimmy Carter?

**MOYNIHAN:** No. President Carter is more of a transition Southerner. He was introduced to audiences correctly as a nuclear physicist and a peanut farmer—and obviously more of a nuclear physicist. You

have to have known the Congress that John F. Kennedy dealt with, dominated by Southerners before the advent of a standard accent, before everybody watched the *Today* show, before people got John Chancellor's nice, Midwestern voice. There were committee chairmen in Congress whose manners and accents were absolutely removed from metropolitan America. What's that line from *My Fair Lady*? "There even are places where English completely disappears."

**PLAYBOY:** We were talking about the Southern-style politician who allows you to underestimate him. What about the Northern, the Kennedy style?

**MOYNIHAN:** Kennedy was confident. Eisenhower had left the Presidency intact and, at the start, anybody could look good. Kennedy's style was to tell you how smart he was, how many degrees he had. If you didn't know that the Southerners were, in fact, concealing and that the Northerners maybe weren't as smart as they pretended, you made great miscalculations. Then you thought the village-pacification campaign in the Mekong Delta could be programed to where any Deputy Secretary could simply punch out

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the number of pacified villages each week.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Kennedy fall into Eisenhower's trap?

**MOYNIHAN:** I think maybe. His estimate of Eisenhower perhaps made him and his people feel their abilities were worth more than they were. We forget that the confidence was running out of the Kennedy Administration by the third year. Our program was dead in the water. The Southerners could still block everything. Congress felt no sense of urgency. Dick Donahue, his legislative liaison man with Congress, described Kennedy's relationship with Congress as "a mutuality of contempt." When Kennedy died, the only measure of any consequence that had passed the Congress was a four-year extension of the draft—which was debated for only ten minutes in the Senate.

And maybe your luck is running out when . . . you see, the Cuban Missile Crisis was actually a defeat. It left the Russians permanently installed in a regime 90 miles off the coast of the United States and we agreed to do nothing to interfere

with that regime. That's what they wanted. They agreed to take their missiles out. OK. But when anybody puts missiles into a situation like that, he should expect to have a lot of trouble with the United States, and real trouble—and all that happened was the agreement: "OK, you can have your man down there—permanently."

**PLAYBOY:** What was your impression of Kennedy the first time you met him?

**MOYNIHAN:** Oh, magic. Charisma is the word, but often less than satisfactory in its actual. . . . The first time we met, he was arriving at the 1960 convention. I had been arguing with Averell Harriman to be for Kennedy. Harriman couldn't forgive the old man, the Ambassador. He kept going on about Joe Kennedy. And Kennedy said hello to the governor and then the governor introduced me and said I was at Syracuse University. Kennedy said, "Oh, I have an honorary degree from Syracuse University."

A perfectly sensible thing to say but rather disappointing to me. I wanted him to say something brilliant, never to be forgotten. An exchange of incomparable lucidity and prophetic clairvoyance, instead of "Guy from Syracuse. I'll stick him with this, press the flesh and get on with it." So there was a disparity between the aura of the man and what he could produce at any given moment.

**PLAYBOY:** When you looked into his eyes, what did you see?

**MOYNIHAN:** You saw devilment. And behind it was: "It's a ball." He was watching it all. And enjoying it.

At the first meeting I ever had with Kennedy in the Cabinet room, we came over with a proposed program that I had helped put together under the direction of then-Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg. It was to provide for union recognition in the Federal service. And in the history of labor and industrial relations, it was an important event.

We went in and presented this thing. And obviously the President hadn't been waiting six months, as we had assumed, for us to get this work done. And he really scarcely remembered that he had made this agreement. So before we were quite able to tell him about all the wonderful parts of this perpetual-motion machine we had put together, he said, "Well, great." And out he went.

Suddenly, he reappeared. You go right through the door to the little secretarial room and then the Oval Office, and suddenly he came ripping out and at the end of the Cabinet table, he put down this open paper and it was *The Dallas Morning News*. Ted Dealey had written: "We need a man on horseback to lead this nation and many people in Texas and the Southwest think that you are riding Caroline's tricycle." And there on the editorial page of the first edition was a poem. President Kennedy said, "Listen to this." And he read the poem and we all said,



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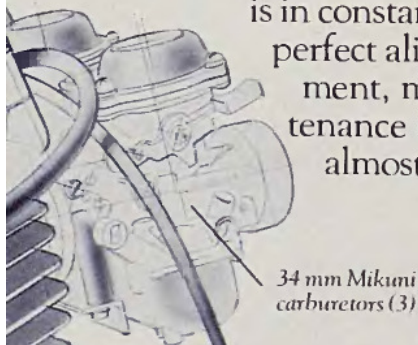
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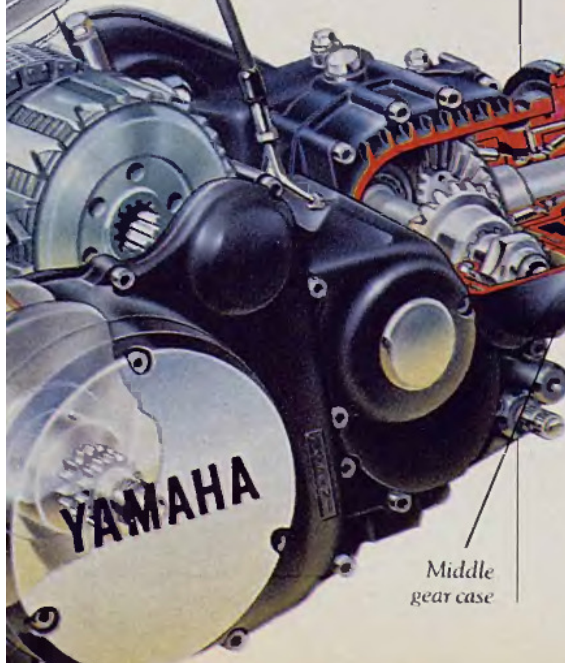
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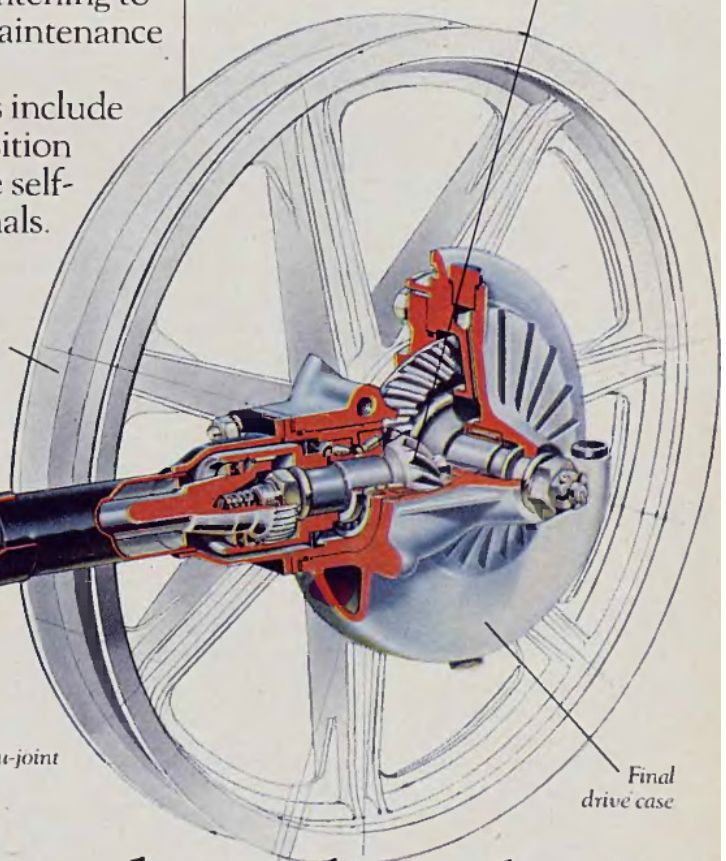


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"Uh-huh." And he said, "Don't you get it? The first letter of every line: S-H-I-T-O-N-T-E-D. Shit on Ted." And he turned to me and he said, "You know, it's a . . ." He wanted the word. And all I could say was, "Yeah, it's a . . ." I still block on the word.

**PLAYBOY:** Acrostic.

**MOYNIHAN:** Yes, if I had only said, "Mr. President, it's an acrostic," he'd have said, "You're right. Henceforth, you're Assistant Secretary of State for Cultural Affairs." On the spot. Field promotion. "Rise, Sir Patrick, you are Assistant Secretary of State for Cultural Affairs." But all I could say was, "Ah. . ."

He was so pleased. "Shit on Ted." That was his idea of a good joke. And, of course, Dealey Plaza in Dallas was where he was murdered several months later.

**PLAYBOY:** Where were you when Kennedy was assassinated?

**MOYNIHAN:** I was in the White House at the moment the word came that he was dead. We were just a small group down in the southwest corner office, which had been Sherman Adams' and became Bob Haldeman's—just three doors from the Oval Office. That day, they were changing the rug in the Oval Office. All the furniture was piled out in the hallway and on top of the furniture was Kennedy's rocking chair—as if the President were leaving.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your reaction to the assassination?

**MOYNIHAN:** Shock, of course. Grief. But there was something else not usually mentioned. People found that, in a particular way, it enlarged their lives. They felt relations with other people they didn't normally feel. It was an event that people do not remember as a terrible event. They remember it as a sad one, a rich, emotional one.

That was a very good moment for me in terms of my wits. I was driving in the afternoon and I remember hearing on the radio that the police had arrested a man and he had been involved in Fair Play for Cuba. And it flashed to me that the Dallas police would kill that man, that we had to get physical custody of that man. And I went out to meet the Cabinet plane, which arrived around midnight at Andrews, and I went up and down the line of people who came off, saying we had to get custody of Oswald. Nobody could hear me. For two days, I went to everybody in Washington. There was almost nobody of importance I did not have access to. Bobby Kennedy was just zonked, some were stunned, some were already maneuvering. None of them had ever been in a police station in unfriendly circumstances. If you were raised in the streets, you have a sense of this.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the murder of Jack Kennedy was the result of a plot?

**MOYNIHAN:** No. I thought it was purely a random act. But after Oswald was killed, I went around Washington saying, "Look,

we have to investigate the murder of Kennedy as if it were, in fact, a plot. Because if we don't, if the Warren Commission doesn't do its job, if it doesn't look into the jaws of hell on this thing, we will be living with a conspiracy plot for the rest of our political lives." There was a book I used to carry around that showed that the Jesuits had assassinated Lincoln. And all I got for my troubles, I'm afraid, was that Lyndon Johnson thought I was saying there was a conspiracy. And Johnson never forgave me.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't the Warren Commission look into "the jaws of hell"?

**MOYNIHAN:** It did not. My friend Ed Epstein was up in Cornell, doing a master's thesis for the government department, and he wanted to do a study on how a Presidential commission works. He went down to study the Warren Commission, and the first thing he saw was how it did *not* work. The commissioners never went to the meetings. They started sending deputies and deputies started sending deputies. And Warren, at that point, had become a man of vast self-importance and rather small competence. So around Harvard today, you see kids with stickers on their notebooks that say, WHO KILLED J.F.K.?

It's what Thorstein Veblen called

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*"After Oswald was killed,  
I went around Washington  
saying, 'Look, we have  
to investigate the murder  
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in fact, a plot.'"*

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trained incapacity. When I was standing with the Cabinet at Andrews Air Force Base, saying we had to get custody of Oswald, I was talking to overeducated people who had learned the word paranoid and who had been taught that people who go around being suspicious are crazy. Because awful things don't happen. As a matter of fact, awful things *do* happen. And ordinary people know that. And right now, in this country, for example, it's perfectly clear that sophisticated people know there's no danger from the Soviet Union. Because the notion of being threatened has acquired an almost class connotation. If you're not very educated, you're easily frightened. And not ever being frightened can be a formula for self-destruction.

**PLAYBOY:** You remained in the Johnson Administration for 20 months. How was it different from Kennedy's reign?

**MOYNIHAN:** The Johnson people were in a kind of tension with Kennedy's people—which was not bad. Everybody was trying

to show, "We are as good as they were." Standards of achievement were being asserted by everybody. And Johnson knew more about the Federal Government than any President in history. He knew it because he had mastered it. The war spoiled all that. Johnson got more and more beleaguered, more and more conscious of the Presidency under siege—that people were trying to hurt, not help, that people betrayed him and nobody could be trusted. Lyndon Johnson ended up giving speeches on the flight decks of aircraft carriers off the coast of Southern California—the only way he could get a safe audience.

**PLAYBOY:** In private, he talked like a human blast furnace, didn't he?

**MOYNIHAN:** Yes, but remember that Lyndon Johnson was a schoolteacher, really the only job he ever had outside Government. But you can't get elected in Texas, or couldn't in those days, by being a schoolteacher. You had to be a cowboy, so, naturally, L.B.J. made a great thing of all that colorful, earthy cowboy talk. But actually, my hunch is that deep down, he was not a cowboy except in language. He wasn't *macho*. He didn't want to go to war; he tried everything he could to keep the war from getting bigger, but once he was locked into it, he accepted McNamara's strategy of slowly increasing the pressure by little increments, which meant that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong never had to expect anything but a little bit more of what they were getting. They sensed that Johnson was not a destructive man; and this was his undoing with them, I think.

This was a very different message than Nixon sent to people. He, I think, communicated the possibility that he could, in fact, go crazy and do something incredible, if he just got mad enough. And that you had to treat him very carefully. And you'd better not risk finding out whether it was so or wasn't so. In a sense, it was Nixon who played the cowboy and Johnson who played the Quaker.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll get to Nixon in a moment, but wasn't L.B.J., whom you describe as a gentle man, pretty ruthless toward a lot of people?

**MOYNIHAN:** He could be absolutely, devastatingly indifferent. Sargent Shriver, Adam Yarmolinsky and I went over to present the poverty program to the Cabinet. And none of us had been to a Cabinet meeting. We were all pretty full of beans about this program. We wanted to pay for a big employment program by raising cigarette taxes. But Johnson was cutting taxes that year and he must have known ahead of time what we were going to say.

Anyway, we got to the Cabinet meeting. This would be spring of '64. And Johnson came in and sat down. Carl Rowan had just become director of the U. S. Information Agency and didn't sit with the rest. Johnson said to Carl,



"Come on up here and sit at the table, Carl. What's the matter with you?" Rowan, of course, was acting correctly. He was not a member of the Cabinet.

Then Johnson got everybody started. "The first thing we're going to do is we're going to hear a report from the Secretary of State on the conditions in the Far East, South Asia and Vietnam." So Rusk starts talking. And I'm thinking, My God, we're really going to see how the Government works. And Rusk had got into his fourth sentence when Johnson reached down, picked up a telephone and said, "Get me So-and-so." And then he turned around and spent the rest of the Cabinet meeting talking on the telephone!

Every so often, he'd realize there was silence and he'd turn around and say, "You, Sarge, you go right ahead and tell us about this poverty program." And people would pretend they were talking to the President. Well, who are you talking to in that setting? You are talking to yourself. And when it was all over and we were walking out, Shriver said, "You know, I wish now I'd never been to a Cabinet meeting. He had every guy in the room in his pocket and he was working on some guy he didn't have."

**PLAYBOY:** When did you first meet Lyndon Johnson?

**MOYNIHAN:** He was Vice-President then. I remember looking into his eyes and thinking, This is a bull castrated very late in life. But he didn't make a great impression on me one way or the other. I shared the Kennedy attitude of who in the hell is this guy, anyway? It just seemed to me that everything for him was all over. We had beaten Lyndon Johnson. Now who were we going to beat next? Well, we found out different, didn't we?

**PLAYBOY:** Getting back to Nixon, whom you mentioned earlier, what were your first impressions of him?

**MOYNIHAN:** There was one thing I had always resented about Lyndon Johnson—that shortly after he took over in the White House, he ordered the floodlights that illuminate it turned off. He said it was an economy measure. And everybody thought this was very clever. Half the fathers in the country go around telling the children, "Will you turn out the goddamn lights in the closet?" I resented it bitterly. I took it as a sort of symbolic action of the lights going out. And I don't like governments where the lights are off. So when Nixon asked me to go to work for him, I'd never met him before and I said, "All right, but there's one condition, a very mild one, but I'd like to ask that you turn the lights on in the White House." "Done," he said. The lights were turned on again. But the next morning, I read that Nixon had announced it was done as an anticrime measure. Damn. Right away, I felt, No class.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever hear Kennedy

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venture an opinion about Nixon?

**MOYNIHAN:** Sure, the expression I just used myself: His great remark made after their first debate was, "No class." But those two guys *did* have a relationship. They had been through so many things together. Kennedy went to see Nixon down in Key Biscayne just after the election and there was a great opening line that Bob Finch told me about. Kennedy walked in and said, "How the hell did you carry Ohio?" Couple of friends. Win some, lose some.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you, a Democrat, go to work for Nixon?

**MOYNIHAN:** Because he asked me. I was director of the Joint Center of Urban Studies of MIT and Harvard and had been running around saying that this country was in an awful, awful fix—that the rioting was threatening the stability of liberal institutions in this country. I felt I knew more about it than most of the people who were then advising Nixon. And I did. I was willing to take the bet that we could turn this around, because we had to.

Since then, I've heard a lot of complaining that I worked for a Republican, but nobody ever says that there never was another riot. By God, if a dozen cities had exploded the next summer, you'd have heard how I screwed up.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any qualms about working for Nixon?

**MOYNIHAN:** No, I felt there was one thing he had done that *did* have class. Whatever the facts are, Nixon thought the 1960 election had been stolen from him. And certainly at the level at which we write history, you can make that case. I'm not saying it's true in the least. But Nixon was urged to contest it and he didn't. Because all he could have done was to diminish the Presidency. He couldn't have *gotten* it. Eisenhower wasn't going to call out the troops and disallow the election.

**PLAYBOY:** When you worked for Nixon, did you admire him?

**MOYNIHAN:** Yes. Yes. But not unreservedly, by any means. I resigned at the time of Cambodia. I thought there was probably a strong military case but no political case of any kind. I went in to the President and said, "Look, I just have to leave." And he was very nice. He said, "I know what you're going through, and I know you have to leave. But would you stick around and get Family Assistance through Congress?" And I agreed to stay a few more months. But I stayed six.

**PLAYBOY:** Shouldn't you have publicly expressed moral outrage against the Cambodia invasion instead of staying on?

**MOYNIHAN:** That is the hardest question a person in Government faces. None of us faces it very well. Remember, when you leave, you lose your influence. And point one: I *had* resigned. And the war was not my area.

Point two: I really did believe the Administration when it said it was going to get in and get out of Cambodia. And within three weeks of my staying on, they had gotten out and there was only the record left.

And I had a certain relationship with Nixon. He had trusted me. Kissinger had told me Nixon expected me to leave early and denounce him, and I kind of didn't want to do that. It would have been easier to denounce somebody from your own party than someone who kind of expected you to.

**PLAYBOY:** But, at that time, Nixon was also bombing the hell out of South Vietnam and, some people think, actually destroying the country we were trying to save.

**MOYNIHAN:** I guess I didn't think that. I was working on domestic things. I was appalled by the war in Vietnam. Everybody knew my views. In the first memorandum I ever sent to Nixon—in January 1969—I said, "The war is lost. Don't identify yourself with it or you will be crushed."

I was national cochairman of Negotiation Now. And I guess my feelings were with Bob Kennedy. The war was over and we were abandoning the Vietnamese. They would be taken over by the Communists. Regardless of who was President in 1969, 1970, we'd made that decision. The disproportion of the American effort had been outrageous. But the effort itself was not. That's my view. And I dare to suggest that had the war been won, it would not be regarded now as having been so evil.

**PLAYBOY:** But the war dragged on for four more years.

**MOYNIHAN:** I guess I think Nixon never could admit that we had lost the war. Anyway, I stayed and worked through the summer on school desegregation in the South, and then in the fall—he had already asked me and I had said no—I finally agreed to become Ambassador to the UN. And one evening in December, I went out to dinner and asked Steve Hess to be my deputy. I went home and between the time I got into the elevator on the first floor and got out on the fifth floor, I decided, I don't want to be around this Administration anymore. And I called up my wife, Liz, who was miserable about the prospect of the UN, and I said, "I'm not going to stay. I'm going."

**PLAYBOY:** Still, you're doing something most politicians—especially Democrats—wouldn't do: You're defending Richard Nixon, to an extent.

**MOYNIHAN:** During those first few years of Nixon, there was some damn good government. But Nixon couldn't get any credit for it. The press and others just kept denying it, denying it, and he gave up. He gave up trying.

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68 percent of black children in the old South were in all-black schools. By 1970, the figure had gone down to 14 percent. The public schools in the South ended up more integrated than the public schools in Michigan. And they still are. But at the time, nobody would say Nixon had done it. And, of course, he wouldn't say he had done it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not? Modesty is not a politician's trait.

**MOYNIHAN:** He didn't want credit for it. He wanted to carry South Carolina. He wanted Strom Thurmond to say this is a good ole boy. And Strom Thurmond had trouble saying he was a good ole boy.

**PLAYBOY:** In *The Final Days*, the authors say Patrick Moynihan was shocked when he read the White House tapes, that this was a Nixon he never knew or heard.

**MOYNIHAN:** Yes, Arthur Burns and George Schultz and I all had this reaction. Nixon obviously had two personae. If you knew one, you didn't know the other. I used to titillate the President, if you will, by my foul language. Early in my two years there, we had a meeting of big-city mayors to talk about urban things. It was a successful meeting and the President, having used up his hour, said, "Now, look, everything's going well and Vice-President Agnew will carry on this discussion with you." But Agnew then began to get into useless arguments and everything was getting heated and the meeting broke up. Later, the President asked me, "How did that go?" And, describing what Agnew had done to the meeting, I used a good old Anglo-Saxon verb. Well, they all laughed and giggled—this terrible word had been used. This fellow uses naughty words. But then you find out that an hour later he's in there. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Why did Nixon make the tapes in the first place?

**MOYNIHAN:** I'd heard in the White House that he bugged the Oval Office because he wanted to have a better Presidential library than Lyndon Johnson. You know: This will really grab them when they come through generations from now and hear President Nixon say to Secretary Kissinger, "Very well, Henry, I want you to go to Peking."

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't he destroy the tapes?

**MOYNIHAN:** You have to start from the fact that the Watergate break-in itself was a small event. A crime, but not a massive one. Nobody was hurt. Unimportant. Nixon was a man who had put up with much more serious things. For example, his assumption that the 1960 election had been stolen. This time, he had been elected—49 states.

I can just imagine him not believing that anybody could take the Presidency away from him now, because three horse's asses he'd never met had broken into Larry O'Brien's files to get a copy of the

letters to the creditors of the Democratic National Committee. "Didn't you receive our check? Well, we're very surprised. We sent that check out last week. If that check doesn't clear, you'll get a check in the next mail. We promise. Don't you worry. As always. Faithfully yours, Larry."

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, but why didn't Nixon destroy the tapes?

**MOYNIHAN:** You can't understand Nixon if you don't understand that he could not destroy the tapes. It was a combination of, one, being—at that level—an honest man. And, two, being a self-destructive one. He did not destroy the tapes and he did not blow up the world. He went peacefully from office. And I thought he left well.

And a case could be made—which I would not make—that Nixon was the victim of a coup. In which he collaborated. At first, all he had had to say was, "Look here, I didn't know anything about it at the time, and later I thought it better not to rock the Presidency; but, in point of fact, there was a break-in at Watergate, and I did use bad judgment,

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*"Absent Liddy and what  
would there have been?  
An enemies list? What the  
hell was that? Who not to ask  
to dinner at the  
White House."*

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and that certainly isn't going to happen again." There would have been a furor, but it would have passed. But he didn't do that. Nixon did not see it develop into a question of character. But it did. And, in the end, it was not the crime of Watergate but the crime of concealment that destroyed him.

Actually, I have the theory that I am responsible for Watergate.

**PLAYBOY:** Please elaborate. You're thickening the plot.

**MOYNIHAN:** I got President Nixon involved in the idea that we *had* to do something about the international heroin traffic. When I left, John Ehrlichman took over the drug program and he passed it on to his assistant, Egil Krogh, who took it up with a passion, and he looked for aides who would really believe in this case.

Now, G. Gordon Liddy had been brought into the Treasury Department for the same sort of thing. But Treasury realized that he was crazy and was getting rid of him. So he was hired at the White House because he was a shoot-'em-up, mow-'em-down, get-those-monsters-who-are-pouring-poison-into-the-veins-of-Amer-

ican-youth type. In the name of fighting the heroin traffic, a vicious criminal activity, a lot of things might be justified. But then they moved those methods over into politics. And it was Liddy who began telling those rather simple Christian Science lawyers, "I'll show 'em. I'll get those *mafiosi*, those sons of bitches. I'll get Larry O'Brien."

He was the loose cannon on the gun deck. Absent Liddy and what would there have been? The enemies list? Well, what the hell was that? A list of who *not* to ask to dinner at the White House. The enemies list was one thing: taping Martin Luther King, Jr., in bed with other women and revealing the details to reporters, which was done under a previous Administration, was surely of a greater order.

Actually, the violations by the Federal Government of civil liberties were much greater in magnitude under Johnson than under Nixon. The Church Committee has chapter after chapter on this. In a sense, Nixon paid for Johnson's transgressions as well as his own. God help the man who has done small things at the end of a long sequence of big things—when the people are finally sick of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you lose all your previous respect for Nixon after Watergate?

**MOYNIHAN:** Not really, if you accept the idea of tragic flaws in people, if you accept the idea of sin, if you accept a tragic view of life. He chose not to tell just one truth, in a dramatic context. It was a struggle of character and morality. Read William Shakespeare. That's what it's all about. The event of Nixon's destruction was, in some ways, no less a tragedy of character than was Lyndon Johnson's.

**PLAYBOY:** What was Johnson's flaw?

**MOYNIHAN:** Johnson had spent his whole life learning to manipulate adversaries. His entire life had been spent making people who didn't like or trust him do so. One dazzling triumph after another. And then, at the pinnacle of his career, he lost this ability. Events led up to a point where he had no option but to resign. In 30 years in Washington, Lyndon Johnson never got himself into that situation; he got *other* people into that situation. But probably he felt he *had* to lose his ability to manipulate at this time. Finally, something ultimately honorable was at stake—the American obligation, as he saw it, to struggle against communism.

**PLAYBOY:** And Nixon's flaw?

**MOYNIHAN:** A conviction that the people who were opposed to him were opposed for dishonorable purposes. And that they had no claim on him in consequence of their own failings. Which was not so. They had every claim in the world on him. They had the claim that everybody had. He was the President; they weren't. And it was required and expected of him that he be truthful. He wasn't.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you see Nixon during



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Watergate? You were in India then.

**MOYNIHAN:** Well, I knew that the settlement of India's rupee debt to the U. S. was going to be the biggest thing I would do in India. And I just had to get to the President to do so. But first I would have to see Kissinger. He was going to go out to see Nixon at San Clemente and said I could see him there. I knew if I hung around there long enough, I would eventually see Nixon. And, as it turned out, I just happened to spot him coming in on a golf cart and I rushed out and ran after him into his office. Nobody shot me. People certainly saw this guy chasing in the door after him. And I said, "I'd like to see you." "Oh, how are you?" "I'd like to talk with you a moment, if I could." "Fine, come in at 11 o'clock."

So I went in at 11 o'clock with Kissinger and there was talk about Brezhnev's visit that week. It was also the week in which young John Dean was testifying.

We did our business and all that and I said to the President, "Will you do me one favor?" "Yes, what is that?" "Will you turn that goddamn flag right side up?" His flag was upside down on his lapel, and that's a naval distress signal. He said, "Oh, goodness, yes, you're a Navy man, too, aren't you?" His cuff links were upside down, too. There were signs of internal disorder.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your perception of Ehrlichman and Haldeman?

**MOYNIHAN:** Pretty good men. Very representative of the men who come to the White House with any President. People who had been working with the man in other situations, acquired his trust before he acquired his power. But they didn't know a great deal. They got caught up in things they could not handle.

**PLAYBOY:** You once wrote that the Nixon men began to think of themselves as better than they were.

**MOYNIHAN:** Well, they found themselves so exoriated for things they knew they hadn't done that they began to think they were doing more, indeed, than they were. I mean, there was such an antinomian atmosphere in Washington.

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning what?

**MOYNIHAN:** It means the celebration of wrongdoing, the discrediting of institutions and people. It is the idea that if you believe the law is bad, then you can do anything. Many people who had been Cold Warriors and had been delivered from all that, then said none of their previous vows, obligations, standards had any claim on them. The more precious the secret, the more important it was to give it out. It's a very powerful recurrent aspect of culture.

**PLAYBOY:** Relate that to Ehrlichman and Haldeman.

**MOYNIHAN:** When they did something that their critics, in fact, thought was the right thing to do, they wouldn't get credit for it—it was claimed that they had done the

opposite. Every time they increased the food-stamp allowance, the press would say they had cut it. I began to get nervous and I talked to friends in the press, saying, "You're disorienting those fellows. They know that what you say is not so. They're going to think nothing you say matters." And that is what happened. They were released from any feeling that any criticism was valid.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't Ehrlichman and Haldeman just reflecting Nixon's hate relationship with the press?

**MOYNIHAN:** When they stopped being new boys from the Coast, yes. For Nixon, the press was just one protracted, non-negotiable stalemate, an enmity of a permanent kind never, never to be misread for signs of change. I remember once sending him a complimentary column that *New York Times* columnist James Reston had written, and I said, "Isn't this very impressive?" And the answer came back from Nixon through Haldeman: "Look, if you ever let yourself take any satisfaction, any pleasure in what Reston writes, on that day you just open

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*"When India ceased to  
be a democracy, our  
actual interest there  
plummeted. I mean, what  
does it export but  
communicable disease?"*

---

yourself to pain about what he writes the next day. So you don't have any reaction except record the information."

**PLAYBOY:** Since you haven't been shy about defending what you saw as Nixon's good points, what does a good Democrat like you have to say about Gerald Ford's Administration?

**MOYNIHAN:** I think Gerald Ford will be remembered as the President who bumped his head, had a wonderful wife and left Americans more at peace with themselves and the rest of the world than at any time since the United States became a world power. He got us out of the Watergate nightmare and got us back some pride and self-reliance.

Ford's Cabinet table talk was perhaps the best I've ever heard in Washington. When you had Ed Levi and John Dunlop and Bill Coleman triangulating a complex constitutional issue—"What does the Federalist Paper number 59 have to say about this?"—and you had Jim Schlesinger participating and Henry Kissinger listening—when he was there, which wasn't often—well, you had pretty high-quality conversation. And

Ford was very good, presiding but not interfering. Not a bad Administration.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's turn to the subject of India, since you spent a term as Ambassador to that country. What is your view of Mrs. Gandhi?

**MOYNIHAN:** The culture of India is so extraordinarily complex that wrong notions can be as plausible as right notions. In the Thirties, at Oxford, Mrs. Gandhi acquired a very, very vague left view of the world in which the United States was seen as an ominous power acting out of capitalist, imperialist, racist motives. A caricature. And she just trundled all that junk home with her and nothing much was added later.

But she combined that with an intense and tactical knowledge of how individuals can be manipulated, frightened, enticed, intimidated. And she has the great sense that she gets from her father of her right to rule India. She is the spokesman of the masses. They are hers and she is theirs. You have to be born with that.

**PLAYBOY:** What was her effect on how the U. S. sees India today?

**MOYNIHAN:** While the second most populous nation in the world was a democracy, the United States had an enormous ideological interest in the prosperity and the success of that country. We want the world to know that democracies do well. So they've given up the one claim they had on us. When India ceased to be a democracy, our actual interest there just plummeted. I mean, what does it export but communicable disease?

**PLAYBOY:** After your two tours of duty as an Ambassador, what is your primary criticism of the U. S. State Department?

**MOYNIHAN:** In the past 30 years, there has been a high politics and a low politics in the Department of State. High politics was security politics. Those were the guys who were on the fast track, who got the important jobs. They were Ambassadors by 50 or moved up to Assistant Secretary rank. You knew they were moving from the minute they got started. Hard-nosed, tough, they dealt with real things—guns, bullets, bombs, tanks, planes.

Then there was low politics—what Averell Harriman would call drip. And drips would be people who deal with drip: all that ideological talk about freedom and liberty and totalitarianism, the free world and other worlds, capitalism, socialism.

Well, we've found out those ideological issues are not drip. They are profoundly serious. And when you get on the losing side of them—when the symbols of progress are captured by the other side—well, you are in trouble. And you're likely to stay that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Kissinger involve himself in ideological issues—in what you call



drip—and did he share your view that the U.S. got on the wrong side of those issues?

**MOYNIHAN:** He did not himself encourage other people to concern themselves with drip, but he himself was very concerned. And you will not understand him at all if you do not know that he really felt—and this we share—that the decline of the West was a reality. And he felt the United States' behavior in recent years was accelerating that.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that both you and Kissinger feel that American democracy is the wave of the past?

**MOYNIHAN:** I have said that democracy is beginning to look like monarchy in the 19th Century. It is the place where the world was, not where it is going. This is the one thing I've been trying to say to this country. There are about three dozen democracies left. Since 1946, there have been 78 new nations formed out of former colonial possessions; 70 of them began as full-blown constitutional democracies. Of the 70, there are only 11 left. And of those 11, seven are small islands—Granada, the Bahamas, Barbados, Mauritius, Fiji. I mean, I'm glad they're democracies, but it wouldn't make much difference if Fiji should become a small despotism. The land masses of Asia wouldn't shake!

So America is not what countries are going to be like. The chaos of Lebanon may be more of a model. Now, for the rest of our natural lives, we will be in a world in which there are very few of us and a great many of them.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that behind your advocacy of Israel?

**MOYNIHAN:** Israel is the democracy under attack just now. We don't know when it will be Canada, the United States or whoever. There aren't too many of us in the world and we've got to hang together.

Schlesinger came out and said what I've been saying privately—that Kissinger, probably without even knowing it, treated the Israelis like the South Vietnamese. The more you weaken their reputation, the more they'll give in and let you run things for them. He let the Israelis be discredited in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you see as the main danger of that?

**MOYNIHAN:** We are not military allies of Israel. We are political allies. But a threat to any constitutional democracy is a threat to our national interests. And I think the chances of something really awful happening in Israel are high, including using an atomic bomb if they have one or develop one.

**PLAYBOY:** Why, in your view, is democracy eroding around the world?

**MOYNIHAN:** It's a hard discipline. It's easy to persuade yourself, as Mrs. Gandhi did, that your political opponents are a conspiracy of your enemies and democracy

(continued on page 138)



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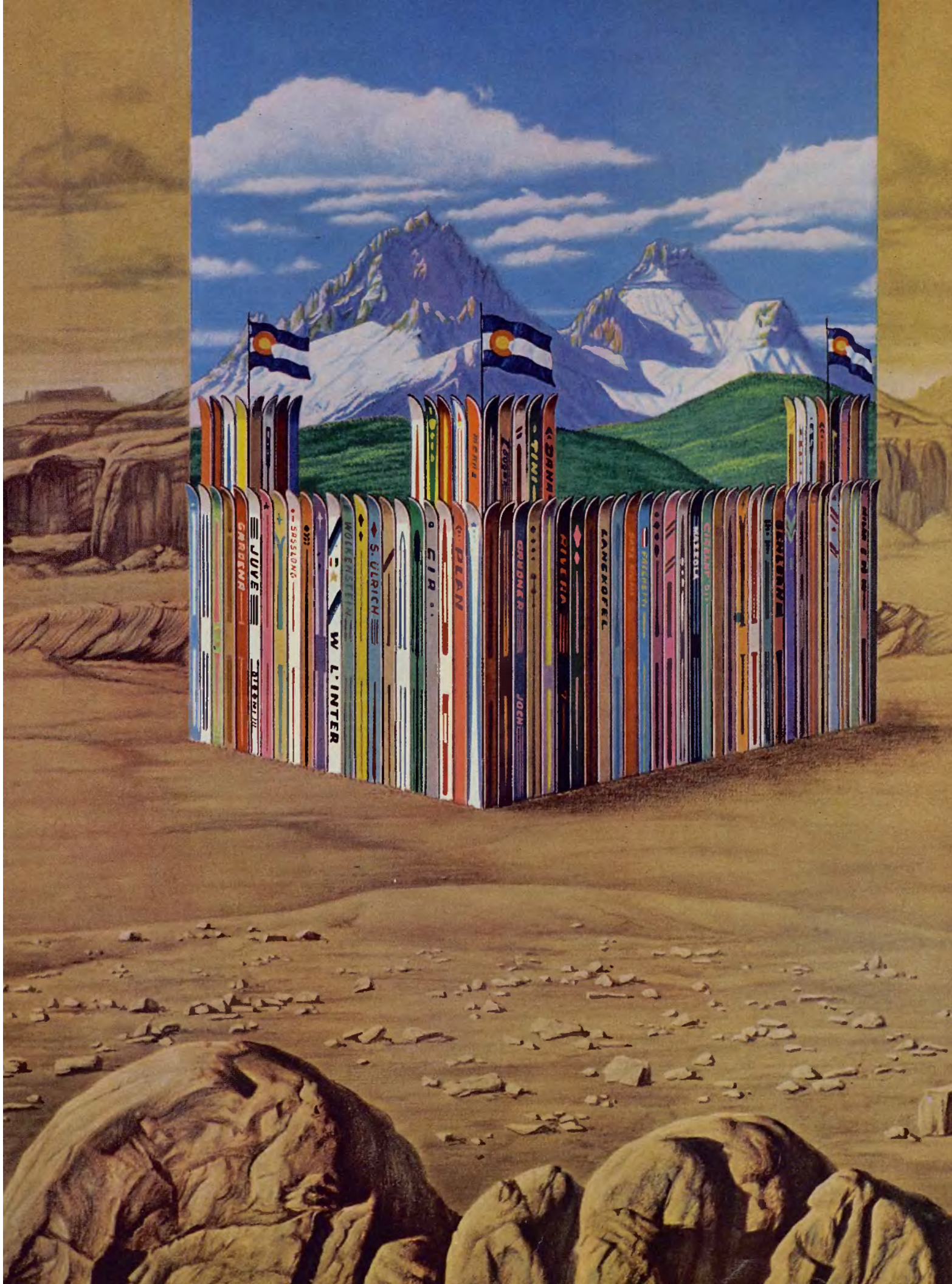
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# ROCKY MOUNTAIN HYPE

OPINION BY D. KEITH MANO

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IS COLORADO THE LATEST NIRVANA OR JUST A HUNDRED THOUSAND SQUARE MILES OF SHUCK?

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**A** SIGN on Colfax Avenue: DENVER'S FINEST ALL-NUDE GIRLS FROM LAS VEGAS. Well, that's how it goes in Colorado. Even the nudity has to be imported.

No one, you see, has ever been *born* in Colorado. Colorado or not Colorado is a choice people make when they come of age, at *bar-mitzvah* time. If America's puberty could be pinpointed by longitude and latitude, it'd be right there, Kansas to the east, Utah to the west. Coloradans have seceded spiritually; they give off an athletic, high-altitude arrogance. Wiser than the rest of us, more passionate and compassionate,

more self-certain. More natural, damn it. As if they were *organic* human beings and we, you and I, were so many Swanson TV dinners. Let some clown say, "I'm from—ah—Denver," and I get this stupid inferiority feeling. I get that same stupid feeling when in the presence of men who do 100 sit-ups every day.

Why? God knows. Being Coloradan is surely the world's least expensive elitism. It has about as much face value as a B.A. from the electoral college. After all, naturalization takes very little effort: Move there, grow a mustache, buy a dog, have a divorce. And put four jiggers of bleach in

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDD CARUGATI





with your blue jeans. The residency requirement is 32 days. Get snowed in long enough up on Red Mountain Pass and you'll be eligible next election, even if you were only en route from L.A. to St. Louis. Then you can start bitching about all the immigrants. About your neighbor's septic tank or the carbon-monoxide output from his Volkswagen. Definition of a Colorado environmentalist: someone who put up his A-frame last year.

They have a name for it in the Army: redeployment depot. That uneasy place where shattered platoons await reassignment to some other front. Following a guerrilla instinct, they have retreated mountainward: vets from the moratorium; from the Chicago convention; from the civil rights experience; from forays and scrimmages in the drug war. Colorado—Denver in particular, Aspen even more particularly—is 104,000 square miles of outpatient ward. Some are civilian casualties. Professional men and women who tend bar or play snow hostess while their native land works off its long probation. Many are single; families cost a lot in Colorado. The job market, bloated with refugees, is inelastic; a blacksmith has more room for advancement. And the cost of living, it would seem, is measured in feet above sea level. Nonetheless, they mean to invent a Switzerland, isolationist and haughty, smack across the nation's Great Divide. Some year they'll come down again and teach us all how to live.

Denver, for my money, couldn't teach us the right time of day. Rather than live there, I'd accept a four-year scholarship to Howard Johnson's. Colorado state treasurer Sam Brown has said, "If Denver was located anywhere else instead of ten miles from the mountains, you couldn't pay people to live here. . . . The mountains created Denver and determined its past and present character." Perhaps. As the Roman poet Horace once remarked, "*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*" ("The mountains did labor and brought forth a ridiculous mouse").

The mouse is Strip City, nothing less. Tool in along Colfax east from I-70; burger joints line up, mile after stop-and-go mile. The sheer cheesiness of it is spectacular; you might be driving inside a pinball machine, lit plastic bumpers to right and left. Figure at least one Coors beer sign per inner-city block. (That's another Colorado letdown. Coors. Coors is to beer as a Shirley Temple is to a boiler-maker.) The Denver horizon does impress; mountain peaks crest without breaking, a great, erratic hacksaw blade. When you can see them; smog, the color of some long-unchanged sheet, is on duty most weekdays. At 5000 feet, an auto-emission device can't function too effectively; Denverites outrank all other Americans for CO<sub>2</sub> in their blood. The atmosphere,

true, tends to be crisp and pleasant. Denver is a mile nearer the sun; 45-degree days seem 70-degree days. But the air is so dry my face after just one week felt like the sole of a nomad's foot. And, Lord, the static electricity; you could get punchy from shocks. Each doorknob is an assassin. Sparks two inches long zap from your motel key. Colorado could solve America's energy crisis and not by strip-mining. Just let the people of Denver scrape their feet, in unison, three times every day.

There's a go-go crime scene. Women are unemphatic, their voices sort of shrug, when they refer to Denver as Rape City. The mountain view isn't very rewarding if you're flat on your back. Capitol Hill, within gunshot range of the gold-leaf dome, has been designated a muggers' preserve. "We had this police chiefs' annual convention spring before last," said one resident. "One police chief, from California, I think, got shot in the ass by a mugger—right outside the state capitol." Street lighting is so sharp, so paranoid in some residential neighborhoods that the foliage around it will grow both night and day. There's an apprentice Times Square downtown. Porn shops charge 50 cents for browsing; some gall. One patron who refused to pay was shot in the arm and the leg. Frontier justice.

Yet the mystique hangs on. "Wherever I go, when I tell people I'm from Denver, they say, 'Oh, wow.' It's just great." Wherefore this national "Oh, wow"? I asked six staffers at the state capitol—all immigrants, as are Colorado's governor, lieutenant governor, treasurer, both Senators—what one might do in Denver that one might not do in any other fair-sized American metropolis. Goose eggs. Horse collars. Big zero. It got embarrassing. After 15 minutes, somebody said, "Jesus, drive out to Stapleton Airport and watch the planes land. I don't know."

And somebody topped that one, "If you want to see the real Denver, go to Boulder." I went. Nothing. It isn't there, either. Just some university buildings thrown up in an architecture best described as late Cisco Kid.

Denver people do eat well. The restaurants are fine, everything from first-class Continental cuisine to Rocky Mountain oysters (bulls' testicles, I've been told). They also put the make on one another a lot. Heck, there isn't much else to do. Men ricochet off women, women off men, as if they were molecules of some overheated gas; it's like a yearlong singles weekend at Grossinger's. Denver has no café society worth mentioning; there isn't any Western analog of New York's Village. People will line up for blocks to see, good grief, *The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox*. You'd think it was the last picture show. Denver, let's be honest,

Denver is Omaha with mountains. To quote Jim Moore, a deputy D.A. in Aspen (and, yes, an immigrant), "I consider it a pestilential city. It's smoggy and it's dirty and it's overcrowded and it's just a place I do not want to be in. But people come to Denver because they think it's a nicer place than where they are. And perhaps it is. I haven't been to Chicago recently, but I dare say Denver's a nicer place than Chicago." Some recommendation, that.

The mountains, then. "Their greatest impact is on the feel of Denver." You're listening to Sam Brown, not only state treasurer but retired Vietnam moratorium maker. "People who live on the rugged coast of Maine are reputed to have qualities of sternness and self-reliance. The mountains have a comparable, almost mystical influence on Denver." Bull. It's one thing to be born on Maine's rugged coast, quite another to establish your 32-day residence in some apartment ten smogged miles from the nearest Rocky. The mountain song and dance is just so culture-chic. Somehow, mountains are more *authentic*, don't ya know, than the Jersey meadowlands or the decent, harvestable wheat fields of Kansas. Because they go up and down? Because they're so pissedly inconvenient? Don't ask me. Mountain love is more or less a modern idea. Until the 19th Century, men were known to avert their eyes, horrified, offended by an alpine view. Such useless land was surely Godforsaken. Wordsworth and Coleridge were among the first folk who ever wanted to climb a mountain. For fun, not because it was in their way. Now we have a new and glitzy romanticism, the Rocky Mountain High. Made practical, of course, by two-lane tunnels and snowplows and plush *après-ski*.

A metaphor or two is expected now. Uh-uh, I'm proof against that sucker's game. They're big, the Rockies. They go on and on, up and down. The whole shtick is overdone; harped on, you might say. I didn't feel stern or self-reliant. What I felt mostly, well, 100 miles west to Aspen, I felt like someone had raped my Eustachian tubes. So much for mountain love.

Aspen. Aspen is 5000 dentists skiing down one hill. Our middle class still has its upward mobility: on a ski tow. Amid the culture-chic Rockies, Aspen is double chic. Take home two lift tickets, laminate them and have your ears pierced; Aspen is "in." From the motel window, I could watch the skiers up on Ajax, small and zigzaggy and as numerous at that distance as no-see-ums in April. Downtown, the awkward ski boots give them a Frankenstein lurch; astronauts, I imagined, practicing for some painful gravity.

(continued on page 86)





John  
Dempsey





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Sexual Perversity in



A HOT NEW AMERICAN  
PLAYWRIGHT SHOWS  
HOW A COFFEE-SHOP  
PICKUP CAN TURN INTO  
A KINKY STRAFING RUN

DANNY SHAPIRO *and* BERNIE LITKO  
*are seated at a singles bar.*

DANNY: So how'd you do  
last night?

BERNIE: Are you kidding me?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: Are you fucking kid-  
ding me?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: Are you pulling my leg?

DANNY: So?

BERNIE: So tits out to here so.

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: Twenty, a couple  
years old.

DANNY: You gotta be fooling.

BERNIE: Nope.

DANNY: You devil.

BERNIE: You think she hadn't  
been around?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: She hadn't gone the  
route?

DANNY: She knew the route,  
huh?

BERNIE: Are you fucking kid-  
ding me?

DANNY: Yeah?

BERNIE: She *wrote* the route.

DANNY: No shit, around 20,  
huh?

BERNIE: Nineteen, 20.

DANNY: You're talking about  
a girl.

BERNIE: Damn right.

DANNY: You're telling me about  
some underage stuff.

BERNIE: She don't gotta be  
but 18.

DANNY: Was she?

BERNIE: Shit, yes.

DANNY: Then OK.

BERNIE: She made 18 easy.

DANNY: Well, then.

BERNIE: Had to punch in at 20,  
25 easy.

DANNY: Then you got no prob-  
lem. (*continued on page 166*)

Chicago

From the play by  
DAVID MAMET



## ROCKY MOUNTAIN HYPE

(continued from page 82)

The faces are raw, red; a kitchen match would light on any cheek. Red except for goggle prints, which make them appear shocked, dazed, survivors of a mass catastrophe. *Avant d'après-ski*, they will run, nipples hardening, from motel room to outdoor heated pool. On the mountain, I am assured, they feel free. Yeah, but you should see them at the airport. Sherpa, that's what. Never have so many people been so encumbered for so few seconds of freedom on a ski run. And after all that, they probably fall down.

I hit Aspen in April, just as the ski season turned to slush. These are weeks of heightened tension; the whole town should take a Midol. After four months, ski patrolmen and waitresses and bartenders would rather not see another turkey (tourist) until Thanksgiving Day. Aspen turkeys, however, expect more than just the usual fast basting. When you've worked in other people's mouths all year for two very expensive weeks on Ajax, you demand a first-rate lube job. Demand. And skiing isn't enough. They demand to get laid, the one thing TWA doesn't provide in its standard tour package. At bars, at grungy discos like Little Nell's, they attack one another. I don't know how real turkeys procreate, but I have a general idea and, believe me, it can hardly be more for the birds. Everyone is hyper. "Friday, good God, and I haven't had my rig lifted yet." Men look at their watches, as though sex were a dinner missed. Tick, tick, tick, tick. It's worse than it is in Denver. And I can't think of a more damning indictment.

The locals are crabby. Dave Jones, owner of the Molly Gibson Lodge, told me, "I could hire slave labor, if I wanted to—kids here beg you for work. I know a lot of people who don't pay the minimum wage." One Aspen newspaper supposedly employed seven part-time reporters for two full-time jobs. Housing is not only expensive, it's downright unavailable. A foxy 18-year-old waitress complained, "Living is tough, but it's tougher when you're around people with money all the time. I'm trying to make my rent, right? And this lady comes down from Starwood crying; her chauffeur quit. I mean, I really get wiped out. You can't save, you end up trapped here. And there's so much flash from the turkeys. I get a hard come-on eight hours a day. It's getting so I don't believe anyone anymore. People fly out here so they can tell lies for a week. They're a million miles away from home; who's going to blow the whistle? Jesus, why am I talking to you? I don't believe you're from PLAYBOY."

There's a drug problem in Aspen. It's

called money. If you have money, there's no problem. What does it take to get busted for pot in Aspen? George Sells, a local paraphernalia maven, will explain. "These two girls had an apartment. One smokes, the other one doesn't; got it? The one who doesn't is just deathly against pot. She calls the police: 'My roommate smokes marijuana.' So the cops come down. 'Here it is,' she says, 'take it away.' The other girl comes home, goes to roll a joint. 'Where's my dope?' 'I called the police; they have it.' Irately, she goes down to the police station and demands her dope back. 'I want my marijuana, goddamn it.' So they had to bust her. I think they let her out next morning."

As you might have guessed by now, Federal drug agents don't have much respect for the Aspen police. Jim Moore, who is himself active in the Colorado office of NORML, seconds that perception: "I think they trust local law enforcement about as far as they could throw Aspen Mountain. And the feeling is perhaps mutual. They have a hard-on for Aspen. And I think Operation Snowflake [an undercover bust organized without local assistance] was nothing more or less than an expression of their hard-on for Aspen. They were throwing money around like it was water. A lot of stupid people got involved. Although it doesn't amount to entrapment, it comes pretty close. What they accomplished up here was minuscule in terms of the time and money and manpower they spent. I think the number-one drug of abuse in Aspen is alcohol. I don't think the per-capita drug use is higher in Aspen than it is in any major U.S. city."

"Right," agreed one young man with an off-center grin, "Aspen isn't the drug capital of America, but we sure get the best quality drugs."

It would seem so. Plastic bags of fine marijuana and hash and Tai sticks lie open on the table. Am I in some squalid back room? No, I'm in one of the more pretentious Aspen restaurants. A different smoke for each course. Waiters, in black tie, serve beef Wellington between the Château Haut-Brion and a roach holder. The waiters are not distressed. They accept, bus boys and maître de accept, tokens from a neat, self-enclosed pipe. Thoughtful, that; no telltale whiff to offend your neighbor. My companions and I are in a private room, yes, but people come and go. The penalty for possession of up to an ounce of pot in Colorado is \$100, about half of what this meal will cost, and you don't have to tip. Public use runs \$100 and a possible 15 days, but nobody in Aspen will lie awake tonight worrying.

One diner is cranky. Mr. X left the coke at home. "Damn, I really like a snort with my Courvoisier."

His friend has heard it before. "Coke—he uses that to prove he's got the money. For seventy-five or a hundred dollars an ounce, I can get off better on Schlitz."

Friend tells me of this bar in town where organic mescaline might be available. "I prefer *organic*, don't you? I'm a health-food freak."

You can buy Jim Beam, too. I turn up at the liquor store in time to help a middle-aged man celebrate his second divorce. George Sells: "A lot of people come here to get their marriages together. Aggh—they drop like flies. They come out here—'Oh, it's beautiful, look at all the happy people. Let's move in, maybe we can get it together.' " (Bronx cheer) "Dive, dive. Everyone's on the make. It's a bizarre town. This is not reality. This is fantasyland."

And the liquor-store owner nods: yes, yes. "If you come out here with a weak marriage—just any shadows in the background—it's gone. With this much split tail walking around the street—man, you're gone. There are women who come in here and present themselves right on the counter. Especially from Texas." With *organic* mescaline and Texas split tail, do you wonder that kids will work for less than the minimum wage?

It's different in Vail. Vail is Co-op City at 8000 feet. Even Peter W. Siebert, board chairman of Vail Associates, will admit that Vail, the Lions Head section, anyway, looks "too sterile." I should say: The New York Hospital complex has more charm and a private room costs about as much. And Blue Cross doesn't cover Vail. In contrast, Aspen, with its low-slung profile (no building, by law, taller than three stories), has a certain visual manageability. Aspen means to recall the 1880s mining town it once was. Vail means to recall the 1960s ski development it always has been. In fact, Aspen is Frontierland. Aside from a few wonderfully decrepit places (the Jerome Bar is one), Aspen, like layouts in *Model Railroader*, shouldn't be examined at close range. There is restoration and there is restoration. As a sententious chap once said, "My brother replaced the handle and I replaced the head, but it's still our father's ax."

Colorado's generation gap is 50 miles across, as the crow that doesn't mind a nosebleed might fly. Gerald Ford skis Vail; at least one of his children, I am informed, skis or does something in Aspen. Vail's clientele is older, more staid; they ski wearing the equivalent of a Brooks Brothers suit. There are few

(continued on page 178)



film makers suddenly can't get enough of that legendary lech. now tony curtis plays you-know-who, with a cast of international beauties, including our own lillian müller

# COMEBACK FOR CASANOVA



GIACOMO CASANOVA is the man of the year, as far as sex in cinema goes. With the possible exception of Howard Hughes, no other figure has so captured the imagination of current film makers. No fewer than two full-length feature films detail the life and times of Europe's most famous cocksman. The first—*Fellini's Casanova*—was presented in our December issue. The second—*Casanova and Company*—is presented on these pages. As you can see, it offers a slightly different bent to the

*Casanova and Company* shows more beautiful women—and more of them—than any production this side of *Charlie's Angels*. The film is a showcase for Marisa Berenson (top), Katja Cristine, Britt Ekland, Carla Romanelli (middle) and Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller (right).







story. It seems that Casanova (played by Tony Curtis) escapes from prison, only to find that his most famous talent has—well, er—atrophied from disuse. Fortunately for the ladies of Venice, there comes on the scene a look-alike for Casanova, the pickpocket and petty thief Giacomino, also played by Curtis. (The actor steadfastly refused to allow stunt men to stand in for either role. We can see why.) The two work out a trade—Casanova teaches

Before an oil contract with the caliph of Shiraz can be signed, Cosanova (or his double) must service the calipha (Miss Berenson), shown below receiving a 10,000-mile back rub from a lovely attendant (Jean Bell). Curtis rises to the occasion (bottom left).





Giacomino the secrets of the art of lovemaking—including his trademark, the “kiss on the navel.” Giacomino subsequently develops the talent (for one thing, he aims a bit lower) and manages to keep Casanova’s reputation alive among the ladies of high Venetian society. The crowning achievement of his career involves subtle negotiations with the calipha of Shiraz (those Arabs drive hard bargains). As a result, Casanova is pardoned for his crimes, passionate and otherwise.

Casanova was never known to come up short of friends. Olivia Pascal (far left) plays one of the convent girls who give the famous lover shelter for the night. Miss Eklund (right) plays the cunning Contessa Trivulzi. Marisa Mell (below) is Casanova’s mistress, Francesca.



We can see it now. Brass plaques all over Italy: CASANOVA SLEPT HERE. And here. And here. At left, the great impostor and pick-pocket Giacomino makes it with the contessa. At right, the real thing beds down with his true love, Francesca. Double your fun.







Lillian Müller has had little leisure time since she last appeared in *PLAYBOY*. For the past few months, she has been working in Europe, actively pursuing her ambition to be as well received as Brigitte Bardot and Ursula Andress—her two favorite actresses. At long last, readers who seconded our choice of Lillian as Playmate of the Year now have a chance to see *their* favorite lady in action. *Casanova and Company* is Lillian's first comedy and the first of her films to be released in America. Early reports indicate that she was more than a match for the world's greatest lover. We hardly expected less. So check the show times and give your eyes a break.



Upon his escape from prison, Casanova seeks refuge in a convent inhabited by Lillian, Jenny Arasse and Miss Pascal (left). Rendered impotent by years of confinement, the famed lover is unable to live up to his legend. Maybe it was the saltpeter. Undaunted, the girls carry on.









Lillian reports that part of the thrill of being in a film about Casanova was the chance to dress in elegant 17th Century costumes. Photographer Phillip Dixon discovered an even greater joy—watching Lillian take off her elegant 17th Century costumes.



The lovely Lillian, as Angela, is taken in by Casanova's sleep-in double—the pickpocket Giacomino (left). In self-defense, she removes all of her clothes, leaving na pockets to be picked. Not to be outwitted, the petty thief finds another use for his magic fingers.







THE MOTEL is situated somewhere in the United States. The rooms are identical, with an oversized bed, a television set and a bathroom off to the side. In each room, there is a printed notice establishing the price—\$19 for a double, \$14 for a single.

#### THE LAST SWALLOW OF SPRING

HAROLD: I'm sorry.  
God, I'm sorry.

SPRING: Don't be ridiculous. It's all right. It's perfectly all right.

HAROLD: No, it isn't. It really isn't. I couldn't stop. I mean it, there was no way to stop. There comes a time—

SPRING: It's all right. You warned me. I could have pulled away. There was plenty of time—but the thing was, I didn't want to pull away. I love you. I love every part of you. It made me feel like I'm really a part of you.

HAROLD: So long's you know I didn't plan it out.

SPRING: I do know. And it's all right. We used to do that a lot and I know you liked it. You must have wondered why I stopped. You must wonder—

HAROLD: C'mon, I don't wonder anything.

SPRING: You must wonder something. You used to like that a lot.

HAROLD: Nah. Hey, let's not talk about this.

SPRING: OK. I just want you to know that I'm glad it did happen. I still like the way you taste. Do you know how good you taste?

HAROLD: Let's talk about something else, if it's OK with you.

SPRING: Sure; I just want to tell you one thing. What happened when I stopped, that had nothing to do with you. What happened was I read this article and it said that every time I swallowed you,

## The Motel Tapes

I was taking in 100 calories, more or less.

HAROLD: Where'd you read that?

SPRING: I was standing at the check-out. There was this woman in England someplace and she was on this practically starvation diet, you know, but she was gaining weight every week. The way it turned out, her doctor found out she was a prostitute and she was taking between 15 and 20 men a day that way. Swallowing it.

HAROLD: You're kidding!

SPRING: No, the minute she stopped that, she was able to lose weight. In fact, she was losing weight at a terrific rate. You know what else they found out? She was losing so much weight because every time you ball, you know, ball the regular way, that eats up about 120 calories.

HAROLD: I'll bet she lost some customers.

SPRING: The story didn't say. But I wouldn't be surprised. Anyway, that's the reason I don't swallow it anymore—I mean, you save the 100 calories and then you burn up 120 more. So every time we make love the regular way, I'm ahead by 220 calories. I figure I earn a chocolate sundae.

HAROLD: What we ought to do, then, is ball the regular way. That way, you'd be ahead of the game by, oh—

SPRING: Eighty calories. One medium-sized baked potato—

HAROLD: A guy going out with you, he's got to bring along an adding machine.

#### A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

HOLLY: I'd love to know what you're thinking.

EARL: Is that why you're staring at me?

HOLLY: Am I staring at you?

EARL: You've been staring at me ever since we got here. Whenever I look over at you, I see you studying me like a cat watching a mouse.

HOLLY: I'm just trying to figure out what you're thinking. It's not easy.

EARL: Sure it is. You want to know what I'm thinking, you just have to ask me. OK. I'll tell you every single thought, just as it comes to me. Right now, I'm thinking how silly this is. And I'm thinking . . . how much I love kissing your neck. And I'm thinking . . . how beautiful you are just lying there, not moving a muscle. And I'm thinking . . . how I love it every time you touch me. Oh, yeah, especially there. And I'm thinking . . . oh, I'm thinking how good that feels. And how good it will be, how good it is when you're all wet . . . and ready for me, and how all I have to

still more  
carryings-on  
behind those  
closed doors

*Part three of a  
revelatory new book*  
By Mike McGrady

do is lean up and . . . be inside of you and how good *that* feels. Oh. And how I love to rock back and forth, inside and outside and inside and outside. No, don't stop. And I'm thinking . . . how I never knew a feeling anything like this before and never will again. And I'm wondering . . . what's going on in your mind. And I'm wondering if I could kiss both of your breasts at the same time I'm making love.

And I'm thinking how much I'd love to lick you. And I'm thinking . . . how good you taste.

•  
HOLLY: Sometime I'd like to know what you're *really* thinking.

#### STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

BRENDA: This is astounding to me. It's like we've







been together all our lives.

JAMES: You like?

BRENDA: Just don't stop. Carry me along with you.

JAMES: Oh. Oh, *yeah!*

BRENDA: You fit so good.

JAMES: Aaahhhhh—oh.

BRENDA: I can't get over the way you fit. Hard. Oh, harder. *Hard!* Oh, come, baby, come now. Come with me. *Come!*

•

BRENDA: Are you asleep?

JAMES: Just resting. Just building up my strength.

BRENDA: Good. You do that. Because I'm going to take some more of your strength away. When you're ready. God, I never would have guessed it would work out this well. Do you mind my talking? I didn't know what to expect, whether you'd be as super as you look or just another, you know. I don't think I've ever had feelings like this before, Jim.

JAMES: Me, either.

BRENDA: The way you fit me. I mean that. I never had the feeling that someone could fill me up the way you fill me up.

JAMES: One size fits all.

BRENDA: Hoo, you're such a funny-bunny.

JAMES: You're a surprise to me, too. You're the first person I ever met at a bar who was worth a second look. Most times I can't even manufacture a fast hello. It's never worked out like this before. Not once. I've never ever been able to hit it off with a girl like you.

BRENDA: Oh? What's a girl like me like?

JAMES: You know, a girl who looks like you. You're very beautiful. I mean that, very beautiful.

BRENDA: What kind of girls do you usually hit it off with? Ugly ones?

JAMES: That's not the point. Actually. Most of the girls I meet, they still think you ought to get married before doing this.

BRENDA: Jim, can I ask you something? Do you happen to be rich?

JAMES: Not really. Not rich. More like upper-middle class.

BRENDA: All that talk about George Wallace, that was your sense of humor, right?

JAMES: I didn't know I said anything funny.

BRENDA: Well, even calling George Wallace a great American. . . .

JAMES: That seems funny to you?

BRENDA: Well, yes and no. The thing is, I guess I've never really heard anyone speak of George Wallace in flattering terms before.

JAMES: I guess we know different people.

BRENDA: You mean you weren't kidding about him?

JAMES: No.

BRENDA: You really think this country'd be better off if he had been elected President?

JAMES: I don't think we're going to agree on politics. My feeling is that this country may not deserve a Wallace. In point of fact, I'd prefer a Reagan—but I know the futility of *that*.

BRENDA: I can't figure out how much of what you're saying is a put-on. I get the feeling you're trying to bait me.

JAMES: What's this?

BRENDA: An operation. I had a torn cartilage. Skiing. I just can't believe you're serious. If you're telling me the truth, you're a real right-winger. I can't believe that.

JAMES: What can't you believe?

BRENDA: Among other things, I can't believe a right-winger'd ball so beautifully.

JAMES: Are you under the impression that political conservatives reproduce by some other method?

BRENDA: I always wondered.

JAMES: Well, you just have to ask.

BRENDA: Whoa—not so fast.

JAMES: What's the matter?

BRENDA: I know this is weird, but it's just that I never balled with a conservative before. I can't help it, but it makes me uneasy.

#### THE FAN

KENNETH: Yeah, right, and look, do me a favor, when you make out the bill, just make it for a single. Right. Just for "Mr. Kenneth Jackson." No "Mrs." You've got it. The company only covers a single. Yeah, any way you like. Thank you.

•

IRMA: You know, Kenny, sometimes I wish there was no such thing as an expense account. We'd never have a roof over our heads.

KENNETH: What kind of talk is that? That doesn't sound like you.

IRMA: Who does it sound like, then?

KENNETH: I thought we had a good time tonight. I'm *sure* we had a good time. My head is killing me.

IRMA: Yeah, we had a good time, all right. You must have collected a dozen different receipts.

KENNETH: I don't think that's called for. At all. If the company insists on paying my expenses, well, so what? And if the income-tax people want receipts, hell's bells, I'll give 'em receipts.

IRMA: I s'pose. What time does the game start?

KENNETH: Why're you starting in on that now?

IRMA: I was just asking is all—can't a girl even ask a question around here?

KENNETH: You've got me all wrong.

IRMA: Whatever you say, Kenny.

KENNETH: You've really got one hell of an image of me. You think the only

reason we eat dinner is because the company pays for it and the only reason we're here is to watch a basketball game.

IRMA: I'm not saying that's the only reason we're here. I'm saying that what you're maybe doing is killing two birds with one stone. Me and a basketball game, both in color.

KENNETH: That's a crock. That's a real crock.

IRMA: Very nice, Kenny.

KENNETH: You think I'm faking? I don't know what the hell you want—

IRMA: I don't know what else, either, Kenny. The only thing I know for sure is that in a while we're going to be watching a play-off game.

KENNETH: If you say so.

IRMA: If I say so? I hate basketball. But maybe I shouldn't hate basketball. If it weren't for basketball, I'd never see you. Basketball and tax deductions and expense accounts. . . .

KENNETH: So I'm a fan. I don't know why that should bother you. I could have a lot worse habits.

IRMA: Kenny, I wouldn't mind at all. I'm telling you, if you just made love to me, plain and simple, then turned on the game, we'd have no trouble at all. But it's all the other stuff—"Let me see, are the Robins playing tonight?"—that drives me insane. All the pretending. The way it is now, I get the feeling that you can't wait for the game to start. You make love to me like they're going to give a trophy to the first one across the finish line.

KENNETH: You're kidding me. The game happens to have begun a long time ago.

IRMA: That explains why you keep looking over at the set. Turn it on. You're dying to.

KENNETH: You know something, I wasn't even thinking about the game until you brought it up.

IRMA: Turn it on.

KENNETH: OK. So long's the game's on anyway, why not? I'll keep the sound down low.

IRMA: Please, Kenny, just turn it on. Spare me all this play-by-play.

KENNETH: OK. But I'm just turning it on because you reminded me of it. The only reason I'm turning on the game is because of you.

IRMA: Yeah. I'll tell you something; I really shouldn't mind. Back there when it looked like the Robins weren't going to get into the play-offs, I was really scared. I thought I might never see you again. The way I look at it, when the Robins have a good year, I have a good year.

TELEVISION VOICE: Francis takes the ball from Dawkins—it's his second steal  
(continued on page 184)



*Who is Thomas Pynchon...  
and why did he take off with my wife?*



*shedding a little light on the most famous author-recluse since j. d. salinger*

*memoir*

By JULES SIEGEL

THOMAS RUGGLES PYNCHON, JR., is the most famous invisible writer since J. D. Salinger, the most admired since B. Traven, the most difficult since James Joyce. When his first novel, *V.*, was greeted with thundering critical applause in 1963, *Time* sent a photographer to find him in Mexico City. Pynchon fled to Guanajuato, then an eight-hour bus

ride into the mountains, and has eluded all subsequent attempts to get his picture. In 1974, *New York* magazine scored a mini-coup by publishing a photo taken of him while he was in college.

Pynchon did not show up at the 1974 National Book Awards luncheon to receive his (continued on page 122)



# LET THEM EAT SODIUM STEAROYL-2-LACTYLATE

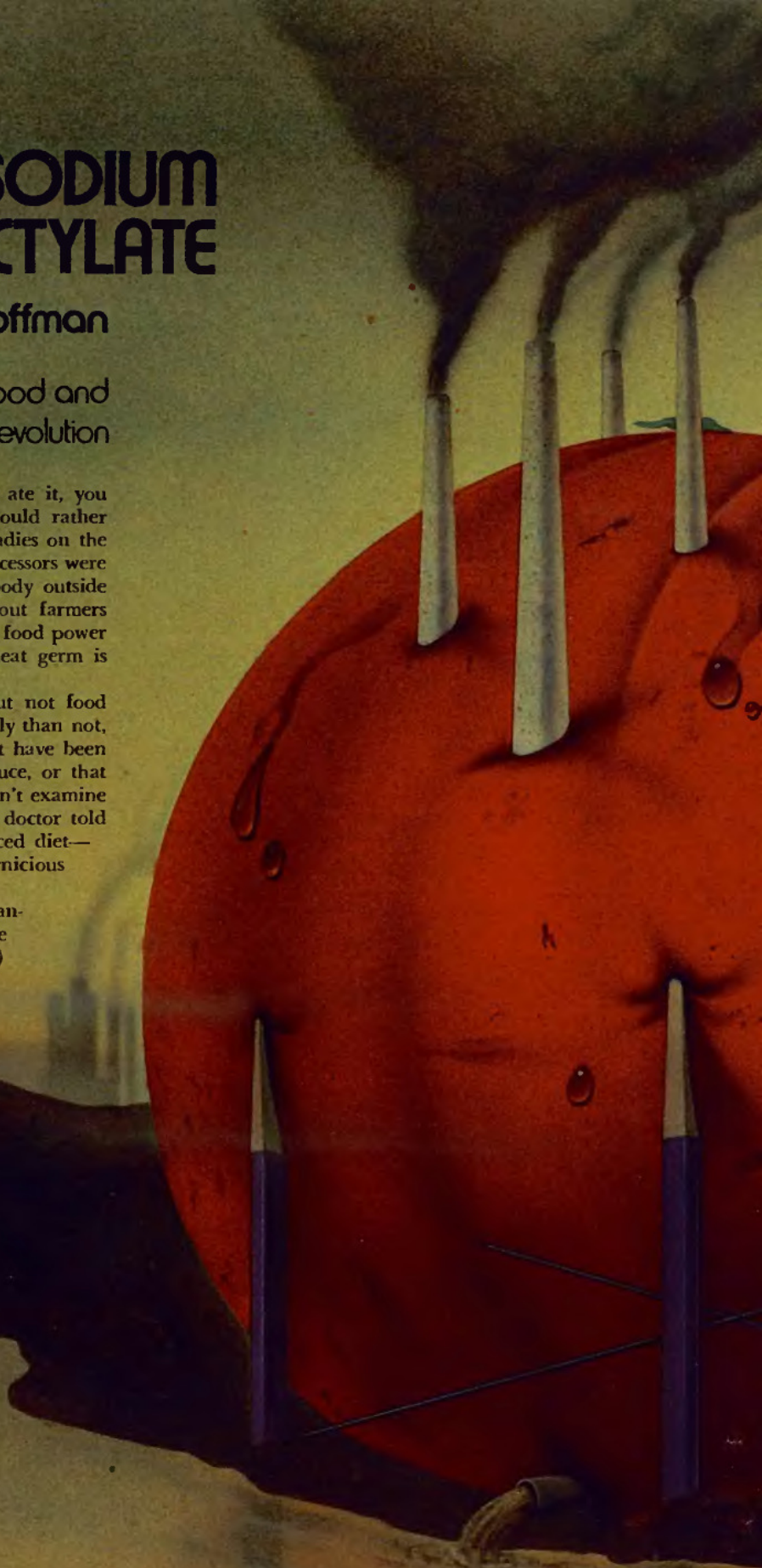
article by Nicholas von Hoffman

how america's agribiz destroyed food and made it cost more—all in one easy revolution

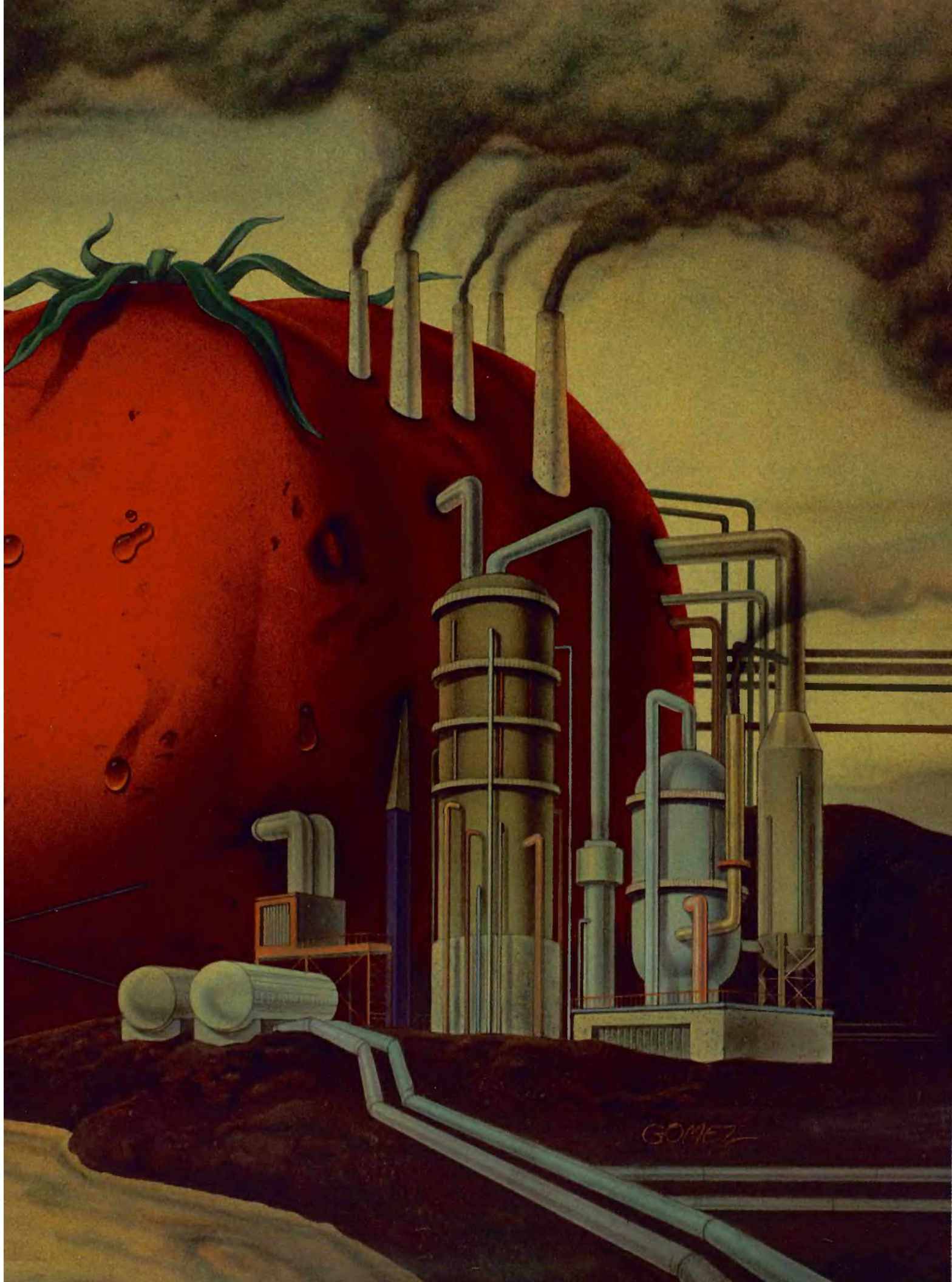
FOOD NEVER USED TO BE food for thought. You ate it, you didn't think about it. Now a lot of people would rather think about it than eat it. Until the consumer ladies on the local TV news began telling us that the food processors were putting cancer into the canned sauerkraut, nobody outside the Department of Agriculture had thought about farmers since John Steinbeck. Now they tell us American food power can cancel out Arab oil power. The tiniest wheat germ is mightier than the littlest atom.

Food consciousness has come to everyone, but not food understanding. Food consciousness, or, more likely than not, food fury, blossomed in dozens of ways. It might have been exasperation at finding the 80-cent head of lettuce, or that two of the six prepackaged apples that you couldn't examine in the supermarket were rotten, or the day your doctor told you that your reward for trying to eat a balanced diet—whatever that may be—was a case of howling pernicious anemia.

In the past five years, the fastest growing organization in the country has been a club called Taste Buds of America. Its *(continued on page 162)*













# TOP SHAPE

*playmate nicki thomas  
works hard at keeping fit.  
nice work, nicki*

By all accounts, 1976 was the year of the body. Working out became as popular as making out. Across the country, citizens of both sexes embarked on the quest to get in shape or, if they were there already, to keep in shape. *Pumping Iron*, a book about weight lifters, became a best seller. The movie *Stay Hungry* made Arnold Schwarzenegger's name a household word (well, almost). Our gatefold girl for March wonders why it took so long. Nicki Thomas has been taking care of her body for years. (You can see that for yourself.) Three days a week, and sometimes on weekends, too, you'll find her working out at a Chicago-area health club. On her free days, she trucks on down to the local Y to work out on the gymnastics equipment—rings, uneven bars, etc. The exercises keep her in shape for the gymnastics and the gymnastics keep her in shape for the exercises. Or something like that. How did Nicki get interested in exercise? She was never a 90-pound weakling. "I just have this thing about fat people. Your body is a gift and it's criminal to let it go to waste, to treat it with indifference. Every pound of extra weight is a buffer between you and the world. It cuts down your feeling and makes you harder to find. Like driving a car that's out of tune, living in a body that's out of shape wastes energy." The only break in



PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
POMPEO POSAR

*"Sex is more an emotion than a physical event. You start off feeling good and you end up feeling better. It really doesn't matter what happens, as long as you're with the right person."*







*"Fitness is important to sex. If lovers aren't in good shape, they tend to settle for what's comfortable, instead of what's possible. They get lazy. They lose their sense of adventure. They get trapped in a rut."*



*"I like to put my body into impossible positions, to stretch and flex my muscles. Each position is like a letter of the alphabet. When my boyfriend and I make love, we write words with our bodies. We make sculptures."*







*"Some people base their notions of right and wrong on what works—on what gives the woman pleasure. I don't think in those terms. At the end of the evening, it's enough to know that I've tried something worth trying."*





Nicki's training schedule came last summer, during the Montreal Olympics. Like everyone else, she was in front of her television set, absorbing every second of the gymnastics events. "Nadia was perfect. Precision is breath-taking, no matter what the sport. Anything that is done well becomes erotic and very sexy. But it's for her own benefit. Nadia could do her routine in a room all by herself and God would give her a ten." Nicki keeps busy: She plays guitar and violin with the same enthusiasm with which she pursues more physical activities. "I like to get lost in playing. The rhythm is almost hypnotic. You become what you're doing. I try to do things that teach me about myself. I like to make progress. People should have at least one thing in life that lets them measure their progress." Nicki is willing to undertake anything on the spur of the moment: She recently began to draw—out of curiosity to see if she knew enough about a friend to get a portrait right.









*"My goals are fairly simple: a good man, a good life, no hassles. I want to keep growing, to keep meeting challenges. One man's ceiling is another man's floor, right? If you keep the right attitude, you can do anything."*

"I had never drawn before, but I could see what I was doing that was accurate and what I was doing that wasn't. I kept at it until I got it right, and now I'm hooked." Her latest activity actually began on a dare. "One of my friends happens to be a police officer. He's always kidding me about how much I notice about people. Somewhere along the line, it occurred to me, do I know enough about my friends to be able to go down to a precinct station and describe one of them to a police artist well enough for him to be arrested?" An interesting idea. What was the crime her friend committed for which he should get arrested? "How about cheating at pool? My boyfriend and I gamble on everything. We'll go bowling and then play to see who pays for the shoes, who pays for the games. But I have to watch him every second. When we play pool, he'll say, 'Take this shot, take this shot.' Of course, it will be an impossible shot and, if I miss, it will leave him in a position where he can clean the table. Sometimes, though, I'll start laughing and then make the shot, just to see what he'll do." That's what friends are for, right?

It's obvious that Miss Thomas is in her prime. Everything she does, she does extremely well. We would give her a ten for just standing in a room alone. And so, no doubt, would you.








MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Nicki Thomas



A black and white photograph of a nude woman with curly hair, lying on a bed with a decorative headboard. She is holding a small object in her hands and looking down at it. The lighting is soft, highlighting her skin. A quote is overlaid on the left side of the image.

*"I liked posing for  
these pictures. For  
the first time in my  
life, I know what it  
looks like to be me."*



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A woman didn't want to embarrass her husband by discussing his impotence, so she went secretly to their old family doctor, who gave her a prescription for drops to be slipped into her husband's bedtime glass of milk. The pharmacist who filled the prescription goofed, however, and listed the dosage on the label as 30 drops instead of the correct three. The woman was waiting for the doctor when he arrived at his office the following day. "Well, Mrs. Brown," he said, "what brings you here again so soon? Didn't the drops work?"

"That's not the trouble," she replied. "What I need now is an antidote so they can close the coffin."

Perhaps a plainclothes cop who entraps street-walkers into solicitation should be referred to as an *agent profuckateur*.



When Mr. Goldfarb returned home from an extended business trip abroad, his wife greeted him with the news that their only son was engaged. "That's nice," beamed Goldfarb, "and to a college girl, I'm hoping."

"Max," said his wife, raising her apron to her eyes, "our Seymour is engaged to . . . to . . . to another man."

"Oy, vay!" exclaimed Goldfarb.

"But there's at least something to be thankful for," said Mrs. Goldfarb, lowering her apron and forcing a smile.

"What could that be, already?"

"Seymour's fiancé is a doctor."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *porno Western* as a movie in which all the good guys are hung.

Though excited, her brother protested, "If we're caught, we can both be arrested!"

But she yanked down his shorts,

Say judicial reports,

And exclaimed, "I insist!"—and incested.

No sooner had the minister's climax subsided than the Sunday-school teacher slid out from under him, jumped to her feet and started dancing naked around the room. "I know you're happy," panted the clergyman, "but somebody might see you through the window. You know, if this were to leak out, I'd be ruined."

"But I may be ruined," the girl panted back, "if it doesn't leak out!"

It was one of those Olympic Village romances—a male distance runner wooed and won a female sprinter. "Darling," he whispered on their wedding night, "your pace or mine?"

Since the accommodations in the small farmhouse were cramped, there was no place for the visiting 15-year-old to sleep except in the same bed with his grandfather. At one point during the night, the old man suddenly sat bolt upright in bed and shouted, "I wish I had a woman!"

This naturally woke the youth, who remained quiet for a few moments before he said, "Grandpa, I don't know exactly what you have in mind—but what you have in your hand there happens to be *mine*!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *highway quickie* as braking and entering.

For her *Hamlet* in drag, actress Clubb Learned her lines while immersed in the tub.

Using Method a bit,

She would finger her clit

As she memorized, "Ah, there's the rub!"

A socialite from an old established family sued her husband for divorce, charging infidelity. The man admitted in court that he had been unfaithful over an extended period with a teen-aged typist who worked for him. "But how could you," asked the judge, "betray a woman of your wife's breeding and position with a cheap little office slut?"

"Let me put it this way," replied the defendant. "Does your Honor fully appreciate the difference between dignified acquiescence and enthusiastic cooperation?"

Orthopedists have reported the appearance of a new occupational disease endemic to massage parlors. It's called penis elbow.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vaginal jelly* as the hole schmear.

As soon as his secretary had left his office, the president of the firm called in the sales manager, shut the door and chuckled, "Here's one for the book, Fred. When Miss Bauman and I were discussing the quality of the detergent we put out, she up and told me that she douches with the stuff!"

"Thank God, boss!" gulped Fred. "With those flecks of foam on your chin, I thought maybe you had rabies!"

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.





*"Oh, yes, my wife is enjoying sex even more now—at home, across the street, down the block, all over town. . . ."*



## loser wins

*the author of "the great railway bazaar" returns to malaysia and discovers an island of wild monkeys and mislaid people*

THE INSECTS warbled at the windows, and on the wall a pale gecko chattered and flicked its tail. It was one of those intimate late-night pauses—we had been drinking alone for two hours and had passed the point of drunken chitchat. Then I said to Strang, to break the silence, "I've lost my spare pair of glasses."

"I hadn't noticed," he said. He picked up his drink. "You won't find them."

"It's an excuse to go down to Singapore."

Strang looked thoughtful. I expected him to say something about Singapore. We were alone. Stanley Chee had slammed the door and left a tray of drinks on the bar that we could take and sign for on the chit pad he'd tucked under the gin bottle.

Still Strang didn't reply. The ensuing silence made my sentence about Singapore a frivolous echo. I regretted it. He walked over and poured himself a large gin, emptied a bottle of tonic into the tall glass and pinched a new slice of lemon into it.

"I ever tell you about the Parrishes?"

A rhetorical question; he was still talking.

"Married couple I met up in Kota Bharu. Jungle bashers. Milly and I lived there our first year—looked like paradise to us, if you could stand the sand flies. Didn't see much of the Parrishes. They quarreled an awful lot, so we stayed as far away as possible from their arguments. Seemed unlucky. We'd only been married a couple of months." He smiled. "Old Parrish took quite a shine to Milly."

"What did the Parrishes argue about?" I said tiredly. I hoped he wasn't expecting me to drag the story out of him. I wanted him to keep talking and let it flow over me. But even at the best of times, Strang was no spellbinder, and tonight he seemed agitated.

"See, that shows you've never been spliced," he said. "Married people argue about everything—anything. A tone of

114 voice saying (continued on page 196)

## SET OF TWO





fiction By PAUL THEROUX

## the tennis court

*when it comes to revenge,  
there's nothing quite like  
the oriental variety*

EVERYONE HATED SHIMURA; but no one really knew him: Shimura was Japanese. He was not a member of the club. About every two weeks, he would stop one night in Ayer Hitam on his way to Singapore. He spent the day in Singapore and stopped again on the way back. Using us—which was how Evans put it—he was avoiding two nights at an expensive hotel. I say he wasn't in our club, yet he had full use of the facilities, because he was a member of the Selangor Club in Kuala Lumpur and we had reciprocal privileges. Seeing his blue Toyota appear in the driveway, Evans always said, "Here comes the freeloader."

Squibb said, "I say, there's a nip in the air."

And Alec said, "Shoot him down."

I didn't join them in their bigoted litany. I liked Shimura. I was ashamed of myself for not actively defending him, but I was sure he didn't need my help.

That year there were hundreds of Japanese businessmen in Kuala Lumpur selling transistor radios to the Malays. It seemed a harmless enough activity, but the English resented them and saw them as poaching on what they considered an exclusively British preserve. Evans said, "I didn't fight the war so that those people could tell us how to run our club."

Shimura was a tennis player. On his fifth or sixth visit, he had suggested, in a way his stuttering English had blunted into a tactless complaint, that the ball boys moved around too much.

"They must stand quiet."

It was the only thing he had ever said, and it damned him. Typical Japanese attitude, people said, treating our ball boys like prisoners of war. Tony Evans, chairman of the tennis committee, found it unforgivable. He said to Shimura, "There are courts in Singapore," but Shimura only laughed.

He seemed not to notice that he was hated. His composure was perfect. He was a small, dark man, fairly young, with ropes of muscle knotted on his arms and legs, and his crouch on the court made

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him seem four-legged. He played a hard, darting game with a towel wound around his neck like a scarf and he barked loudly when he hit the ball.

He always arrived late in the afternoon and before dinner played several sets with anyone who happened to be around. Alec had played him, so had Elliot and Strang; he had won every match. Evans, the best player in the club, refused to meet him on the tennis court. If there was no one to play, Shimura hit balls against the wooden backboard, barking at the hard ones, and he practiced with such determination you could hear his grunts as far as the reading room. He ate alone and went to bed early. He spoke to no one; he didn't drink. I sometimes used to think that if he had spent some time in the bar, like the other temporary members who passed through Ayer Hitani, Shimura would have had no difficulty.

Alec said, "Not very clubbable."

"Ten to one he's fiddling his expenses," said Squibb.

Evans criticized his lob.

He could not have been hated more. His nationality, his size, his stinginess, his laugh, his choice of tennis partners (once he had played Elliot's sexually browsing wife)—everything told against him. He was aloof, one of the worst social crimes in Malaysia; he was identified as a parasite and, worst of all, he seemed to hold everyone in contempt. Offenses were invented: He bullied the ball boys, he parked his car the wrong way, he made noises when he ate.

It may be hard to be an American—I sometimes thought so when I remembered our beleaguered Peace Corps teachers—but I believe it was even harder to be a Japanese in that place. They had lost the war and gained the world; they were unreadable, impossible to know; more courtly than the Chinese, they used this courtliness to conceal. The Chinese were secretive bumbler and their silences could be hysterical; the Japanese gave nothing away; they never betrayed their frenzy. This contempt they were supposed to have: It wasn't contempt, it was a total absence of trust in anyone who was not Japanese. And what was perhaps more to the point, they were the opposite of the English in every way I could name.

The war did not destroy the English—it fixed them in fatal attitudes. The Japanese were destroyed and out of that destruction came different men; only the loyalties were old—the rest was new. Shimura, who could not have been much more than 30, was one of these new men, a postwar instrument, the perfectly calibrated Japanese. In spite of what everyone said, Shimura was an excellent tennis player.

So was Evans, and it was he who

organized the club game: How to get rid of Shimura?

Squibb had a sentimental tolerance for Malays and a grudging respect for the Chinese, but, like the rest of the club members, he had an absolute loathing for the Japanese. When Alec said, "I suppose we could always debag him," Squibb replied fiercely, "I'd like to stick a kukri in his guts."

"We could get him for an infraction," said Strang.

"That's the trouble with the obnoxious little sod," said Squibb. "He doesn't break the rules. We're lumbered with him for life."

The hatred was old. The word *Changi* was associated with Shimura. *Changi* was the jail in Singapore where the British were imprisoned during the war, after the fall of the city, and Shimura was held personally responsible for what had gone on there: the water torture, the rattan floggings, the bamboo rack, the starvation and casual violence the Japanese inflicted on people they despised because they had surrendered.

"I know what we ought to do," said Alec. "He wants his tennis. We won't give him his tennis. If we kept him off the courts, we'd never see his face here again."

"That's a rather low trick," said Evans.

"Have you got a better one?" said Squibb.

"Yes," said Evans. "Play him."

"I wouldn't play him for anything," said Squibb.

"He'd beat you, in any case," said Alec.

Squibb said, "But he wouldn't beat Tony."

"Not me—I'm not playing him. I suggest we get someone else to beat him," said Evans. "These Japs can't stand humiliation. If he was really beaten badly, we'd be well rid of him."

I said, "This is despicable. You don't know Shimura—you have no reason to dislike that man. I want no part of this."

"Then bugger off!" shouted Squibb, turning his red face on me. "We don't need a bloody Yank to tell us—"

"Calm yourself," said Alec. "There's ladies in the bar."

"Listen," I said to Squibb, "I'm a member of this club. I'm staying right here."

"What about Shimura?" said Alec.

"It's just as I say; if he was beaten badly, he'd be humiliated," said Evans.

Squibb was looking at me as he said, "There are some little fuckers you can't humiliate."

But Evans was smiling.

The following week, Shimura showed up late one afternoon, full of beans. He changed, had tea alone and then appeared on the court with the towel around his neck and holding his racket like a sword.

He chopped the air with it and looked around for a partner.

The court was still except for Shimura's busy shadow, and at the far end, two ball boys crouched with their sarongs folded between their knees. Shimura hit a few practice shots on the backboard.

We watched him from the rear veranda, sitting well back from the railing: Evans, Strang, Alec, Squibb and myself. Shimura glanced up and bounced the racket against his palm. A ball boy stood and yawned and drew out a battered racket. He walked toward Shimura, and though Shimura could not possibly have heard it, there were four grunts of approval from the veranda.

Raziah, the ball boy, was slender; his flapping blue sport shirt and faded wax-print sarong made him look careless and almost comic. He was taller than Shimura and, as Shimura turned and walked to the net to meet him, the contrast was marked—the loose-limbed gait of the Malay in his rubber flip-flops, the compact movements of the Japanese, who made his prow forward into a swift bow of salutation.

Raziah said, "You can play me."

Shimura hesitated and before he replied, he looked around in disappointment and resignation, as if he suspected he might be accused of something shameful. Then he said, "OK, let's go."

"Now watch him run," said Evans, raising his glass of beer.

Raziah went to the base line and dropped his sarong. He was wearing a pair of tennis shorts. He kicked off his flip-flops and put on white sneakers—new ones that looked large and dazzling in the sunlight. Raziah laughed out loud; he knew he had been transformed.

Squibb said, "Tony, you're a bloody genius."

Raziah won the toss and served. Raziah was 17; for seven of those years he had been a ball boy, and he had learned the game by watching members play. Later, with a castoff racket, he began playing in the early morning, before anyone was up. Evans had seen him in one of these six-o'clock matches and, impressed by Raziah's speed and backhand, taught him to serve and showed him the fine points of the game. He inspired in him the psychic alertness and confidence that makes tennis champions. Evans, unmarried, had used his bachelor's idleness as a charitable pledge and gave this energy and optimism to Raziah, who became his pet and student and finally his partner. And Evans promised that he would, one of these years, put Raziah up for membership if he proved himself; he had so far withheld club membership from the Malay, although the boy had beaten him a number of times.

(concluded on page 176)





Above: Would you buy a used car from this man? Sure, if he were a salesman at L.A.'s J.P.D. Company. His cotton pullover, \$34.50, and gabardine slacks, \$35, both by Yves St. Laurent, and sunglasses, by The Eye Center, about \$45, don't hurt his image, either. (Her duds are by Ma Chemise.)

## GOING attire By DAVID PLATT HOLLYWOOD!

look to the california look for what you'll wear when things warm up









Left: In California's sun belt, anything can happen—including being charmed by a snake, the three-wheel Cobra motorcycle he's leaning on. She's charmed, too. Could it be his multicolor nylon windbreaker with elasticized waist and cuffs, \$37.50, short-sleeved knit pullover, \$20, and polished-polyester/cotton painter's jeans with multiple side leg pockets and reinforced leg patches, \$30, all by Pierre Cardin Relax, plus a pair of sunglasses, by The Eye Center, \$60, that did the trick? Above: Hollywood's Melting Pot Restaurant is definitely *the* place to be seen. And who wouldn't be people-watched when wearing a cotton muslin embroidered pullover, by Mr. Huevos, about \$20, and a pair of polyester/rayon slacks with matching belt, by Levi's Panatela, about \$20? (The dark-haired lady's outfit is by Monte Ventura for Scarlet Speedwell.)



Right: No wonder the Hollywood Freeway is usually bumper to bumper. Of course, they're all digging his variable-striped shirt, \$19, and double-pleated shorts, \$21, both by Wayne Rogers Menswear, and sunglasses, by Pierre Cardin Eyewear, \$33. (The ladies' swimsuits are by Marc Vigneron for Cole.) Below: At L.A.'s Tail o' the Pup, it's man bites dog. He's wearing a boat-neck pull-over, by Collageman, \$15, denim jeans, by On Time By Prime Time, \$23, and sunglasses, by The Eye Center, \$37. (The two sun goddesses have done their shopping at Ma Chemise and The Eye Center.) Opposite page: The pool at Hollywood's Sunset Marquis is the perfect place to crash—especially when wearing a zip-front nylon bomber jacket, about \$39, a short-sleeved pullover, about \$16, and cotton canvas jeans, about \$21.50, all by A. Smile, plus shades, by The Eye Center, \$40.







PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI / PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE



# Thomas Pynchon (continued from page 97)

prize for his third novel, *Gravity's Rainbow*, co-winner in the fiction category with Isaac Bashevis Singer's *A Crown of Feathers*. His publisher sent, in his stead, double-talking comedian Irwin Corey, who bills himself as "the world's greatest expert on everything" and who accepted the prize with what *New York Times* reporter Steven R. Weisman described as "a series of bad jokes and mangled syntax that left some people roaring with laughter and others perplexed."

Weisman speculated that this was "evidently intended to make fun of the fact that the Pynchon novel, while hailed as a work of genius, also left many of its readers confused and baffled by its encyclopedic references and intricate, fantastic style."

Confused though the literary world may be by the mysterious Pynchon and his labyrinthine allegories, he has received unprecedented acclaim. *V.* won the William Faulkner Prize. His second novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*, took the Rosenthal Award in 1967. *Gravity's Rainbow* was the unanimous nomination of the Pulitzer fiction jury in 1974, but the advisory board of eminent journalists disagreed, calling the book "obscene," "unreadable" and "overwritten." The trustees skipped the prize entirely that year.

In 1975, Pynchon declined the William Dean Howells Medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, given every five years for a distinguished work of fiction, breaking silence with a brief note saying he knew he ought to accept the gold medal as a hedge against inflation, but no, thanks, anyway. The academy said it would hold it for him in case he changed his mind.

Although he has never had a best seller, Pynchon's books have been commercially successful. There are more than half a million copies of *V.* in print. Somewhere back of that pile of paper and ink there is a question mark named Thomas Pynchon, location unknown, of no fixed address, his biography a mere few sentences, physical description unavailable. Who is Thomas Pynchon, really? Why is he hiding? Does he exist at all, or is he no more than an elaborate hoax of the Age of Paranoia, like the hallucinatory inventions of Argentina's blind fabulist, Jorge Luis Borges? Who is Thomas Pynchon and what does he mean?

•

Everyone has his own fantasy of success. I once had no greater hope than to publish a learned paper on 17th Century English songs in *The Proceedings of the Modern Language Association*. Somewhere in the blank fog of time there is a scholar writing a learned paper on

Thomas Pynchon. To him I offer this footnote: In *Mortality and Mercy in Vienna*, Pynchon's first published short story, the protagonist is one Cleanth Siegel. My second wife, the former Virginia Christine Jolly of San Marino, California, tells me that the character represents me. I have noticed the coincidence of name but do not recognize myself. Possibly it is a me I have never been able to examine very well, the back of my neck, or the dream of Gabriel García Márquez, whose essential quality is that it cannot be remembered.

Be that as it may, I did attend Cornell in 1954. The boy in the next room was Thomas Ruggles Pynchon, Jr. If there are any correspondences to be found in that or anything else that follows, I leave them to Chrissie and the scholars.

Tom Pynchon was quiet and neat and did his homework faithfully. He went to Mass and confessed, though to what would be a mystery. He got \$25 a week spending money and managed it perfectly, did not cut class and always got grades in the high 90s. He was disappointed not to have been pledged to a fraternity, but he lacked the crude sociability required for that. Besides, he had his own room at Cascadilla, one of the more pleasant dormitories, not tight College Tudor tile but pre-Civil War Victorian, high-ceilinged and muted. Fraternity houses offered neither the charm nor the privacy, and he was, if anything, a very private person.

Pynchon was then already writing short stories and poems, but he did not hand them about very much. I remember one story that had something to do with a broken pitcher of beer. I once saw some French quatrains in what looked like his hand—small, regular, precise engineer's manuscript. He later denied ever having done anything like that. Maybe they were a girl's, but I never met her, as far as I know.

I have seen photographs of William Faulkner that made me think of Tom. He was very tall—at least 6'2"—and thin but not skinny, with a pale face, fair eyes and a long, chiseled Anglo nose. He was ashamed of his teeth and did not smile much. Many years later, writing to me from Mexico City, where he was having extensive and painful dental restoration done, he described them as "misshapen choppers" and said they had determined his life in some unspecified way that seemed very important to him.

His wit was terrifically bold for such an otherwise cautious personality. He could carry a tune well and made up ribald parodies of popular songs, which

I seem to remember—surely I am imagining this—were accompanied on a ukulele. From the musical notations in the back of T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, he puzzled out for me the tune of *One-Eyed Reilly*, which we sang together one beer-soaked night in joyous disharmony and stole an old wooden rocking chair off someone's porch and tossed it into the interior court of Cascadilla Hall. It landed upright on the roof of a covered crosswalk and rocked itself quiet. Possibly it is still there.

When his parents came to visit, he introduced his mother this way: "Jules, this is my mother. She's an anti-Semite. Mother, this is Jules. He's Jewish." When that incident was recalled to her a long time afterward, she is reported to have protested, "I wasn't an anti-Semite. I just didn't want my children to surround themselves with Jews." I remember her as an exceptionally beautiful woman, all cut glass, ivory and sable. I believe she had been a nurse, had a lot of Irish in her and was a Catholic. Though Mr. Pynchon was a Protestant, she raised their children in her own faith. Tom was the oldest. Then came Judith, about five years younger. The youngest was John.

I had more contact over the years with Mr. Pynchon than with Tom's mother, but he is less clear: curly, lightish hair, red nose, very friendly and tolerant. He was commissioner of roads for the town of Oyster Bay, Long Island, and Tom worked with the road crews in the summer. Mr. Pynchon later became supervisor of the town of Oyster Bay and is now an industrial surveyor. The Pynchons lived in a very plain New England frame house on Walnut in East Norwich, its most notable furnishings some excellent Colonial portraits of ancient Pynchons.

It is an old American family, dating back to William Pynchon, one of the founders and principal citizens of Springfield, Massachusetts, who left England March 29, 1630, with John Winthrop's fleet, accompanied by his wife and three daughters. His son, John, seems to have come over later on a different ship. The Pynchons are prominent in New England historical literature. William and John were magistrates and military officers. Their court record has survived and has been published in a carefully annotated edition by Harvard University Press, with a frontispiece portrait of William Pynchon. There are Tom's eyes and a lot of his nose and shape of face.

William Pynchon is remembered for his role in the witch trials, in which he appears to have been a relatively moderate force, and for his highly controversial

(continued on page 168)



article **By RONAN O'CASEY**

IT WAS DECEMBER 1974 and the British film business was in dire straits. Bob Gill, one of the top graphic artists, and I were contemplating the prospects of 1975 with horror when he popped the porn question: "Do you know anybody who could write a dirty movie?"

"Yeah," I said, "I can."

We instantly turned on to the thought of making some fast money in, we assumed, an easy and sexy way. Though virgins at the business ourselves, we would have the help and advice of Bernie Stone, an excellent film editor and seasoned porn fancier. Bernie has a place in porno history, in fact, as the editor of one of the first soft-core movies ever made, *Orgy at Lil's Place*. I would write, Bob would direct, Bernie would edit. We couldn't lose.

Having accepted their gamy proposal, I sat down at my typewriter and tried to sort out my hairy-palmed fantasies. I masticated on them for a beat or two before the juices began to flow and the ideas came thick and fast. Even my muse, an old pro, was breathing heavily as the steamy panting was hammered the naked pages by the hot thudding keys. As porn movies are aimed primarily at voyeurs, this story would follow an endless chain, a daisy chain of voyeurs watching voyeurs watching, which would also let us contrast different

kinds of sexual loving. It was packed with double doubles and called *The Double Exposure of Holly*.

Soon I had knocked off a 12-page treatment and broken down one of the scenes into action and dialog; so armed, I arrived in New York. Bernie had a friend who had promised to back the project. We had the treatment copied and sent it to all the various angels, then waited for the money to pour in. It was a long wait before we discovered a simple truth: Angels have no balls.

So I decided to raise the money and produce the picture myself. Although I kept hearing about all the easy money to be had in the porn business, little of it fell into my crotch. A producer's lot is to persuade investors who want (continued on page 128)



## GETTING IT UP FOR A PORN MOVIE

raising money is only one of the problems  
when you're trying to make a lower-  
than-low-budget sex film

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSE



*we pledge allegiance to*

# THE UNITED STE



**food By EMANUEL GREENBERG** Ever since a sated English monarch laid his blade on a tender side of beef and dubbed it Sir Loin, steak has been the trencherman's cut. Beefsteak clubs flourished in 18th Century London—the most famous being the Sublime Society of Steaks, founded in 1735 by eminent theatrical personality

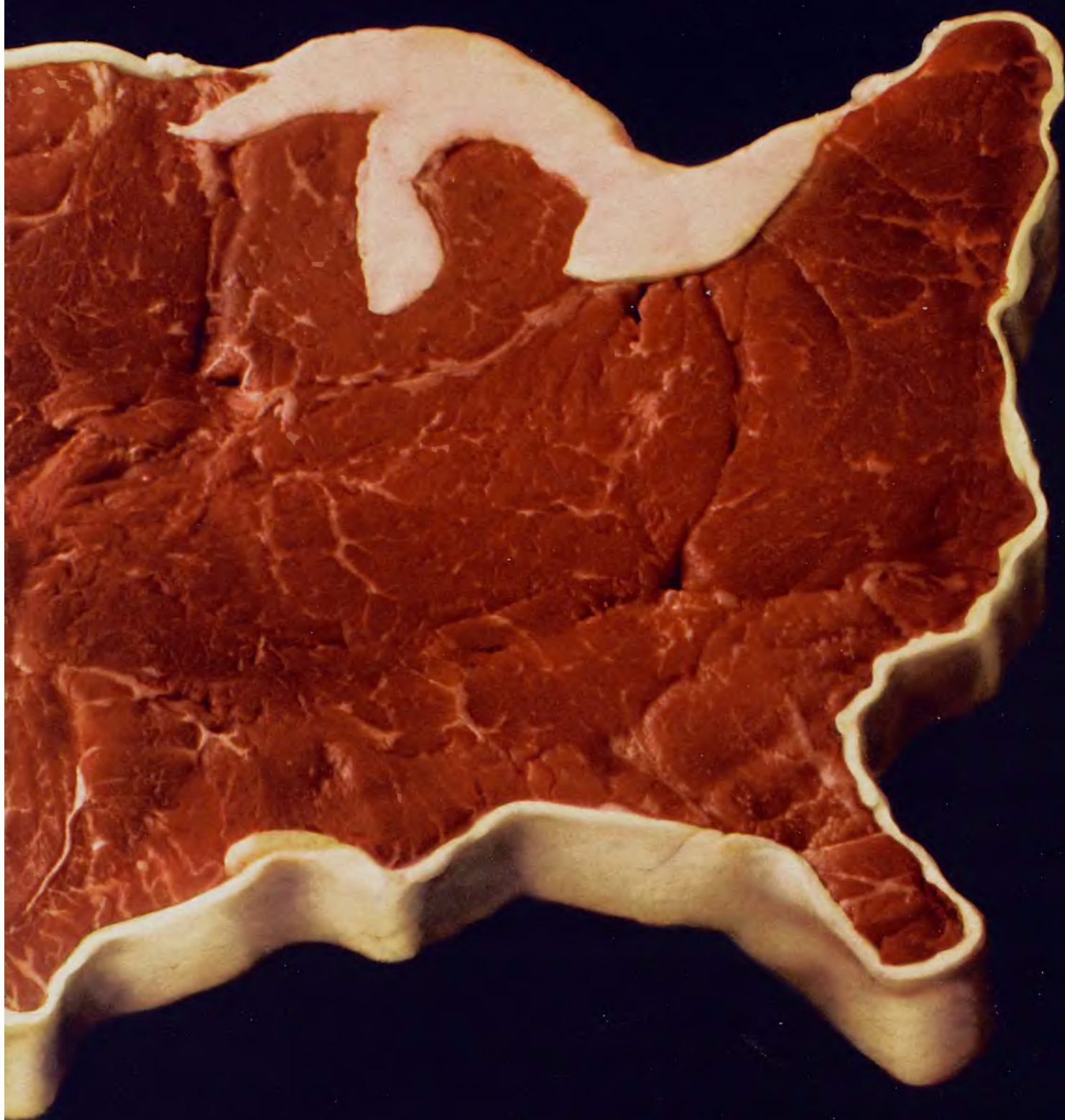
John Rich. Hogarth, Garrick and other luminaries of the arts, politics and business studded its roster, attracted, perhaps, by the club's stirring maxim, "Beef and liberty."

The beefsteak tradition carried over to the New World, where similar groups would begin with ground beef, gorge on steaks and nibble lamb chops for dessert at their



# AKS OF AMERICA

*and to the repasts for which they stand*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA



gluttonous get-togethers. The beefsteak, as a form of entertainment, continued into the 20th Century, often sponsored by political clubs.

European gourmets say, perhaps enviously, that polishing off huge quantities of rare steak is our nation's second most popular indoor sport. Indeed, they have reason for envy. Our passion for steak is matched only by the abundance and excellence of the native beef—the best in the world. That includes the hand-massaged Japanese Kobe beef, the Argentine Pampas product and the vaunted French Charolais.

Favored though we are, there's no guarantee of getting great steak every time—as we've all discovered. Supermarkets present a bewildering range of cuts and grades of steak in the meat display case, fancy butchers are dubious allies and even top restaurants miss occasionally. For the steakophile who wants the "best cut of the critter" consistently, a bit of steak savvy is essential. And the subject isn't all that complicated.

By steak we mean cuts that can be cooked quickly, by dry heat, broiling or grilling—and only three or four parts of the beast are deemed suitable for such treatment. The short loin, which lies between the rib and the hip, is generally rated highest for flavor and tenderness. It yields three well-known cuts. Starting at the rib and traveling rearward along the spine are the club steak, with little or no fillet, the T-bone—named for the shape of its major bone—with a nugget of fillet attached, and, finally, the porterhouse, which carries a generous segment of fillet meat. Porterhouse often has a fairly long piece of flank meat, or "tail," attached. Since the flank meat can be tough, a competent butcher will sever it and grind it for you.

There's another cut in the short loin—the shell, or strip. A strip is the short loin with the whole fillet, or tenderloin, stripped out. This is the cut favored by restaurants, because it's dependable and because it divides into uniform, controllable portions. On menus, it is listed variously as strip, shell, New York or Kansas City steak, *contre filet* and—imprecisely—sirloin steak. True sirloin steaks come off the hip, which lies between the short loin and the round.

The individual cuts take their names from the respective bone structures. First is the pinbone, with a tiny bone and a beautiful fillet on one side and—watch out for this—a wide, flat bone underneath. Next in order are the flat bone—with two long, fused bones—wedge and round. These are well-flavored steaks, particularly suitable for large groups or back-yard barbecues. The flat bone is the most tender, but the round bone is a better value, with a greater proportion of edible meat.

Fillet, the boneless muscle below the loin, is the most overrated and overpriced cut of the animal, offering tenderness and little else. Even the texture leaves something to be desired. People in the meat and restaurant trades shun fillet, though French chefs do an elaborate number—with all kinds of sauces, garnitures and bases to perk up the bland taste and extend the section.

Although usually lumped under the term *filet mignon*, there are several different steaks on the whole tenderloin. Smallest, at the narrow end, is the veritable *filet mignon*, followed in order and size by *tournedos*, fillet steaks and the *chateaubriand*—generally served for two. Occasionally, an eye round is cut to resemble a fillet, but it's entirely different and can't be substituted for fillet. The whole tenderloin is used in making beef Wellington—another triumph of fashion over taste. An interesting way to handle tenderloin for a dinner party is to roast it whole, carve it at the table, in quarter-inch slices, and serve it with a rich sauce.

While the rib is most often seen as a roast, it can yield magnificent steaks. Along with the top butt—the large muscle of the sirloin—an aged boneless rib eye is a favorite among meat-industry people. Other insiders' cuts are the petite, or chicken, steak (a small, sheltered oval that sits on the bladebone in the chuck), the hanger (a robust, darkish, boneless cut popular with cattlemen) and the flank steak—sold as London broil in restaurants.

The purple U.S.D.A. grade rolled across a side of beef is a good general guide to quality. Top grade, as everyone surely knows, is prime—followed by choice, good, standard, commercial and utility. The last three are seldom seen in retail outlets. Beef-grading standards were "restructured" in 1976, effectively shifting some formerly choice grade into prime and some good grade into choice. The U.S.D.A. contends the changes were minimal—basically, a small decrease in the marbling requirement. But savvy restaurateurs such as Gallagher's Jerry Brody are concerned, because marbling—the flecks of intercellular fat scattered through the lean—is the key to flavor and succulence. If you yearn for a bona fide, orgasmic steak-eating experience consistently, go prime every time. As you've probably gathered, there are variations within grades as well as between them. The more marbling in the meat, the more tender and tasty your steak is apt to be.

Most steaks done at home lack the snap and sizzle of top steakhouse steak. Restaurateur John Bruno attributes the difference as much to preparation as to quality of beef, and most food-service

professionals concur. Bruno's Pen and Pencil restaurant has a ceramic-lined, open-range broiler that goes up to 1000 degrees Fahrenheit, broiling a steak in about half the time required at home. Other steak places have comparable rigs for building up the heat. Unless you have sophisticated equipment not found in the average kitchen, you're better off pan-broiling steak at home. The only gear you need is a heavy, shallow cast-iron or cast-aluminum pan. If you must broil, preheat at the highest temperature and leave the oven door ajar; also, brush both the steak and the rack lightly with oil.

This is a good time to dispel some cherished steak myths. While intense heat is desirable in steak cookery, searing does not seal juices in. What the heat does is vaporize the escaping fluid immediately, so the pan remains dry and the steak doesn't stew in its own juices. It also crusts the surface quickly, before the meat cooks through, leaving a greater proportion of rare or pink interior. The biggest advantage to grilling over charcoal is not the flavor—though many people like it—but that charcoal provides more intense heat than a home broiler. Nor is it necessary, or even desirable, to bring steaks to room temperature before broiling, as practically all cookbooks say. Certainly not if the steak is less than two inches thick. Following are precise instructions on the art of pan-broiling steak and some tantalizing variations on the theme.

#### PAN-BROILED STEAK (Serves two)

2 boneless strip steaks, 14 ozs. each, or a sirloin steak, about 2½ lbs.

1 clove garlic

Black pepper

Set pan over high heat until almost smoking. It must be antiseptically clean, with no bits of trapped fat or unrinsed detergent, or steak may develop off-flavors. Sprinkle pan lightly with salt or cut piece of cover fat and rub quickly across bottom, just before adding steak.

Boneless steaks are best for pan-broiling. If the butcher hasn't done it, you can remove major bone with small, sharp knife. Trim excess fat. Slash outer fat at 1½-in. intervals, just nicking membrane, to keep steak from curling. Dry thoroughly with paper toweling. Rub both sides with cut clove of garlic and grind black pepper over it—or season to taste, but use no salt. Place steaks in heated pan; don't crowd them. Grill over very high heat for 2 minutes, then reduce heat to medium high and grill another 3 minutes. Times are approximate, depending on thickness of steak, marbling, heat and other variables. Beads of blood

(concluded on page 177)





# THE FIRECRACKER **vs.** THE BOMB

essay **By HENRY MILLER** *yes, the world is one big cosmic mistake—*

*here are some useful suggestions for turning it to your advantage*

MY DESIRE is to set forth my thoughts, reflections, ruminations and recriminations in disjointed fashion. I don't want to set the world on fire, as a popular ditty once ran. I don't believe there is any one man or any one group of men who can set things straight. From a very high point of view, nothing needs to be set straight. The tantric man can say, as did Céline, "I piss on it all from a considerable height." The saddik and the guru remain undisturbed. The *ecstatic ones* (the Hasidim) will continue to sing and dance even while the world sinks into nothingness. The holy ones will still enjoy a good fuck, a holy fuck, because they are immune, incorruptible and beyond melancholy and despair. (Why did the Church make

melancholia a grave sin? Along with acedia [spiritual sloth]? Think on it!)

Why the firecracker? Because it represents the pleasure principle. Perhaps the firecracker was also used (by the Chinese) to drive away demons but never to kill other human beings or even animals. There is a book by Eric Gutkind (a forgotten prophet) called *Choose Life*—the title taken from the Old Testament. We have the choice, apparently, between life and death. And we have chosen death—or, better yet, total annihilation. We can do it now from beneath the sea or from outer space. We are the "death eaters."

Nearly all the well-known writers of the 19th Century, from William Blake to Rimbaud, Blavatsky and Nietzsche, as

well as many of the 20th Century writers such as Gurdjieff, spelled out doom for civilized man. The very term civilized came into question. To be civilized was to kill, to poison oneself with alcohol and drugs, to foster prostitution, to create enormous divisions of wealth. Ironically, America, the land of plenty, has an enormous population of poverty-stricken individuals, many of whom are obliged to live on dog and cat food.

What I am saying is nothing new, I realize. I repeat these well-known facts in the vain hope that it is still not too late, that we—and by we I mean the entire civilized world—may open our eyes and halt our self-destructive course. For centuries now, (continued on page 190)



## PORN MOVIE

(continued from page 123)

to make money, and those who are prepared to risk it, that both should contribute. To meet with lawyers and accountants. To be available at all times, day and night. To waltz rich young zaftig widows around the disco floor. To keep from screaming at backers who back out and to soothe and coddle those who stay in. To do pleasure with people like that is a real business.

## FOREPLAY

My first prospective investor was a publisher, John Cliff, a charming and urbane man in a velvet suit with a beard to match. He was friendly and helpful and gave me another connection, David Cairo.

Cairo's apartment was styled in bargain-basement baroque. "How much do you need?" he asked, his eyes firmly fastened on my left ear.

"Ninety thousand dollars."

"Chicken feed," he said with a smile, but I noticed his smile didn't quite reach his teeth. "I'll give you the whole ninety thousand and you can start shooting in three months."

"You mean it, Mr. Cairo?"

"You have my word, Mr. O'Casey."

I finished the script by early June. We sent it to Cairo and waited for the money. And waited. He never took a call and never called us back. But another friend of Cliff's, tax-shelter specialist Kurt Tallboy, said, "I'll invest ten grand if I like the script, but I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning." He took the screenplay, wrapped in a plain brown wrapper, to read on the plane. He called to say he approved and was in for \$10,000.

Cliff said, "Yeah, I think it's erotic; put me down for five thousand." It was a start.

The next couple of weeks were spent chasing verbal promises but with the uneasy feeling that they weren't worth the paper they weren't written on. A further fortnight of daytime meetings with lawyers, parties and night clubs with a doctor and his group. The doctor promised \$40,000—\$20,000 from him and \$20,000 from one of his friends, "if you can structure the deal as a tax shelter."

"Would a one-to-one ratio be enough?"

"Sure, perfect." We were in! Fifty-five thousand was enough to start shooting, so we swung into action.

## CASTING

We got an office and a production secretary, Glenda, who put an ad in the trade papers: "Casting call for *The Double Exposure of Holly*. X-rated film. Male and female leading roles—involving sex. Also straight parts—bit parts—extras. Phone Double Exposure Company." We hired two ex-porn stars—Dolly, to handle wardrobe and advise

on sex, and Chuck, as production assistant and sexpert. Dolly is a compulsive talker and note taker, tiny and gaunt, almost anorexia nervosa, which might be caused by her never closing her mouth long enough to put anything in it, even a cock. We ran a couple of her old movies; she had a beautiful face and a lush and sensuous body, but her voice was scratchy and shrill and if pitched one half decibel higher, would have caused actual pain. Chuck is an ex-pro footballer with a face like a gridiron, muscles in his stools and a reputed 11½-inch schlong. He had once performed a prodigious feat in a porn movie and, as a result, was known respectfully as "Five-cum." We took on a cameraman, Hermann Huxley (a pseudonym after his favorites, Hesse and Aldous), a big deep Southerner, perceptive and witty, and a first-rate photographer. We were soon flooded with calls and we set the first day of casting.

The first three days were disappointing, nothing but men and none of them for the sexy parts. Then we got our first foxy lady, with a mouth as loose as an old condom. "Will you read some lines for me?"

"Shit, no, I can't read lines, but I sure suck great cock."

"Really?"

"Would you like me to demonstrate?"

"Oh, well, ah, you see, we haven't hired any actors yet."

She grinned, "You'll do fine."

"No, thanks."

"I've done some pretty fair loops, too; would you like to see them?" (Loops are short bits of film, just plotless photographed fucks and generally rather sleazy.)

"Maybe later." She was unperturbed and breezed out of the office.

Another applicant, a striking redhead, came in apologizing, "Sorry if I seemed a bit confused when we were talking on the phone this morning, but someone was eating my cunt and I found it distracting." It took a while for us to get used to this kind of frankness and the actors were far more comfortable about the whole business. Some of them were more at ease naked than clothed, sitting around the office drinking coffee and chatting while flashing their tits, cocks and pudenda.

We got our share of oddballs. One poor wreck of a girl who was very nervous said, "I like fucking oncamera, but it will all have to be in huge close-up."

"But why?"

"You see, I'm covered in heroin tracks."

Two Finnish lesbians who were ready for anything but would fuck a man only if they were both involved. A decidedly pudgy young man who swished in with a complete set of stills of himself in full drag, promising, "Honestly, nobody will ever know." And a creepy character who

announced himself as Dr. Infinity. "Why Infinity?"

He snickered, "I blow my own horn."

"I don't get it."

He looked hurt. "I blow myself." He distributed large color photographs of himself with his own cock in his mouth. He was both well hung and agile, almost double-jointed. Beating your meat is one thing, but *eating* your meat! Vegetarianism beckoned.

Annie Sprinkles waltzed into the office, just 21, open-faced, funny and direct. "Can you act?"

"Sure. You see, I used to work in a massage parlor, and that's great experience, because, like, you have to be all kinds of women. Like, one guy wants you to be his teacher or his sister, another guy wants you to be a maid or a governess or his mother. One guy even wanted me to be a nun. They're much closer to you than an audience is, so you've gotta be good. Yeah, I really get into that kinda thing." We hired her on the spot and even used her little speech in the movie. Both of our sexperts advised us to use Annie on the set as "fluff" or "best girl," whose job it is to see that the male stars don't start at half cock. Should there be any flagging during the actual performance, the fluff comes in and raises the jolly roger.

In an effort to vary the usual pairing, we had one scene with a Japanese bridal couple on their first night. We wanted a ritual Eastern affair with full kimonos, pillow book, sake, flower arrangement, the whole kit and *Rashomon* caboodle. There was one tiny problem. We simply could not find an Oriental couple. So Five-cum suggested, "Hey, man, I know just the place, the massage parlors on Broadway and Eighth, and the best time to go is late Saturday night."

We went to one tawdry sex haven after another, but all were fresh out of Orientals. We got lucky in the tenth and found a lovely Japanese go-go dancer. Five-cum blurted out, "How'd ya like to fuck on film?"

"Not particularly."

Chuck's right hand, which was always hovering in the vicinity of his crotch, either patting it or adjusting it or simply reassuring himself that the monster was still there, suddenly darted to the top of his zip. "Would ya believe eleven and a half inches?" Her eyes slanted in frank disbelief. The author, chickenshit, split.

So the Japanese were out. Our scene became instead the seduction of a young gay male by a girl who was in love with him, and we got a perfect duo: a beautiful young married couple—Bree Anthony and her husband, Tony Blue. They work as a team. Their marriage is literally a showpiece.

Now we had to decide between two  
(continued on page 156)



photography by  
RICHARD FEGLEY

# CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

that is, if they're the  
right clothes on  
the right woman

Sometimes a wisp of clothing  
serves to dramatize a girl's  
natural assets. This lady is  
up for grabs in a pair of  
panty hose that not only accen-  
tuates the positive—it makes  
it delightfully available.



INTERIORS COURTESY OF DONROSE GALLERY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Right: There are two outstanding reasons why that old black magic of milady's plunging neckline has us in its spell. Perhaps she'd be willing to lift our spirits even higher by showing us a third? Below: It's unlikely that there'll be a split decision as to the effect of a garter belt and stockings on the male libido—especially when backed up by a fur coat, high heels and satin sheets. Opposite page: Now you see it, now you don't—or do you?—through the peekabaob (sorry, we couldn't resist) mesh of her antique ball gown.

FUR COAT FROM N. J. ROSENTHAL FURS  
WATCH AND EARRINGS FROM SIDNEY GARBER













Left: Ah, just a mere slip of a girl.

And she has nothing on her

mind but thou. Can you

dig it? We definitely can.

Right: The lady provides an intriguing

study in contrasts—gossamer-thin

chiffon dress, shiny leather boots.

She's all dressed up with no place to

go. At least not yet. But given the

givens, that's bound to change.

Below: The pause that refreshes—

especially when one is lounging in a

pair of evening pajamas near an

electric breeze. Will someone please

switch that blasted machine to high?

MIRA DEMOSS EVENING PAJAMAS FROM HENRI BENDEL







Above: What's a nice girl like her doing all hot and bothered in a foxy bathing suit like this? Anything she wants to, anything she wants ta. Right: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all? You can bet your bottom dollar you are, but you're getting short shrift from that knockabout safari jacket and jazzy leg warmers. Leg warmers? We thought those were ear muffs. Opposite page: Talk about a brief encounter! No, the elastic in those dropped drawers didn't give out—but our will power has.



BATHING SUIT BY NORMA KAMALI  
LEG WARMERS FROM HOT SOX, INC.









*"You, too, Brutus."*



## the flea who became a king a Thai folk tale, written in the reign of Rama I Ribald Classic

THE COURT of the ancient kingdom of Bhanaras was graced with 15,000 concubines. But none of these was as beautiful as the young queen, Khaki, whose scent was so fine that any man who lay with her carried it with him for seven days.

Aside from his love for Khaki, King Bhramathat's only passion was for the game called *s'kar*, which was played with counters on a pattern of elongated triangles like the towering *chedis* of the temples. One day, a fair young man appeared at the court just as the king had tired of his familiar opponents. Old King Bhramathat and the young man played away the afternoon, winning and losing equally and enjoying their wit—and no one in all of Bhanaras knew that the young man was the king of all the Garudas, the mighty ones, the bird demons. It was his pleasure to assume human form and come down to the place of mortals to sport with their fairest women.

As evening drew itself around Bhanaras, Khaki wondered what was keeping her husband from his bed. Creeping to the room where he played, she parted the curtain only the width of two fingers—but the king of all the Garudas caught the motion. When the handsome young man and the most beautiful woman in Bhanaras looked at each other, it was as if Makala, the goddess of lightning, had flashed rays from her crystal ball into each of their hearts.

The king of all the Garudas won the last game. At his host's insistence, he promised to return in seven days to play again. But now the Garuda was eager to get away. As soon as he had left the palace, he cast a spell over the kingdom, darkening the skies to blackness and summoning up a great storm. Then he flew to Khaki's room and changed back into human form.

"You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," he said. "You must come with me to Chimplee, my paradise, where fairies and angels will dance for you and the sand of the beach is diamond dust."

Khaki's body warmed and stirred in anticipation of delights more carnal than any the stranger had mentioned. But she resisted. "Even though you can beat my husband at *s'kar*," she said, "that doesn't entitle you to steal his wife."

The king of all the Garudas was not used to moral discourse. He took on his rightful form, clutched Khaki gently in his claws, spread his great wings and flew off with her to Chimplee. There, on his bed, the Garuda once more became the young mortal, and Khaki finally yielded to her captor. She yielded so totally that for the first few days the memory of the kingdom of Bhanaras never clouded her pleasure. When first they tired of their



love, the Garuda took Khaki on a tour of Chimplee. It was as wondrous a place as he had claimed, but even more wondrous were the marvels they performed in the cool inner chambers of the palace.

In Bhanaras, King Bhramathat was numb with grief. "How could a storm carry away my beautiful Khaki?" he cried. He longed for her, and every woman he saw looked at first glance like Khaki, deepening his pain.

On the seventh day, the Garuda told Khaki that he had to return to Bhanaras. Khaki pleaded with him not to leave her even for an afternoon, so accustomed had she become to his caress. But the Garuda said that if he failed to appear, the king would surely become suspicious.

As he was already. Among his courtiers, King Bhramathat's favorite was his musician, Khonthan, who accompanied the king wherever he went. He had seen the glances between Khaki and the young man and had planted in the king's mind the thought that it was the stranger who had stolen his queen.

Now, Khonthan had two secrets; one he shared only with the king, the other with no one. The first was that when he was a child, a demon had given him the power to transform himself into whatever creature he desired and then back again to human form, a powerful magic that he could use only through one waning of the moon in this incarnation. The second was that he was insanely in love with Khaki.

The second *s'kar* session had none of the delight of the first. Both men thought of the same woman, the suspicion of one and the guilt of the other ruining the contest. The Garuda made haste to leave. As the musician and his king had planned, Khonthan followed the young man to the grove out of sight of the palace,

where he worked his terrible change.

Khonthan watched in fear, observed the moon and then acted. Changing himself into a flea, he burrowed into the Garuda's feathers and so was borne off. He perched inside the canopy of the Garuda's bed and watched his queen abandon herself to her demon lover.

In the morning, when the Garuda went out, the flea became Khonthan again, tumbling onto the bed.

A very startled Khaki cried, "What are you doing here?"

"Why don't you ask yourself that first?" Khonthan said.

Khaki protested that she was a prisoner in Chimplee—which, in fact, was true, though Khonthan had the evidence of his own flea eyes that seldom had a prisoner made such lusty use of a cell. Now he told her that he would have to return to Bhanaras and tell the king. Khaki pleaded with him to keep silent, to which Khonthan finally agreed—provided she would present him with the same gifts she so willingly gave to the Garuda.

"But you are only a musician in my husband's court," Khaki began. "I cannot betray him again. . . ." But already the musician's fingers were playing his new instrument. And once more Khaki's lust defeated her scruples.

The seventh day arrived again and the Garuda flew back down to Bhanaras, unsuspecting pilot and chariot for the tiniest musician in the universe. In their separate places, each of the two beasts resumed his human aspect and entered the palace—the one to continue the grim contest, the other to sing and play.

Khonthan sang of love. He sang of a far-off place where the sand at the edge of the sea was the dust of diamonds. He sang of a woman there who loved a Garuda all through the nights and in the days betrayed him with a lowly singer.

The Garuda rose in rage. "How do you know of such a place?" he shouted. "No mortal can go there."

"Yes," Khonthan said—and the Garuda knew then from a light in the singer's eye that he, too, had at least a bit of the demons' gifts—"but a flea can fly on the wings of a Garuda."

Before their eyes, trembling with fury, the handsome young man became a towering bird and spread his fearful wings.

Before the sun slept in the sea that day, Khaki was back in the palace of Bhanaras, abused by the Garuda, abandoned by her husband, who loved her still but could not forgive her sins. He ordered that a raft be built for her. After a bitter night alone, she was set adrift.

The king had acted as his lordly mind told him he must.

—Retold by Khun Sumalee





## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 79)

is not in the country's best interests. Mrs. Gandhi was told she had to leave office and she didn't. President Nixon was told the same thing and he did. How would you like to sit out in San Clemente and read all the books about yourself and hear about the movies?

The American Revolution didn't happen in 1776. It happened in 1801, when John Adams got the returns from South Carolina and said, "Well, that's it; the Republicans have won." And he turned over the Army and the Treasury and the Great Seal to Thomas Jefferson, went back to Quincy and felt a failure the rest of his life. But he had ensured that America would be a democracy. He did not shoot Jefferson; he did not arrest him. That's the event.

And if you corrupt and suborn a democracy, it is usually done in the name of totalitarian virtue. When you say we are going to have a higher, purer, more demanding discipline, in a funny way, that will be excused. That will earn you more credit in this country than admitting you don't want to deal with your opposition or saying you want to put more money in your Swiss bank account. So the language of totalitarianism appears very quickly in all these countries. And the world is turning against us pretty rapidly.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the Communist nations make America the scapegoat?

**MOYNIHAN:** Yes, propagating the idea that America is what is wrong with the world. But, of course, the underdeveloped nations are more and more a source of their own sorrows. And nobody dares say this. The government leaders have assumed all the entrepreneurship and profits—and ride around in Mercedes, while the people in the bush walk around in bare feet. They call their government socialism, but it's not. It's not at all distributive. It's state capitalism, and the least efficient kind of capitalism.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't there a great deal of generalized animosity against you in the hallways of the UN?

**MOYNIHAN:** You're damn right there was—from those people who had been having a free ride. They'd vote against the United States 100 percent and nobody ever said a word to them, and suddenly I was saying, "You're sitting here, asking us for bread; you're sitting here, asking us for food; you're sitting here, asking us to help you against your traditional and mortal enemies, the mugwumps on the other side of the border; and there's your guy back there voting against us. How can we help you if you're not going to help us out?"

And suddenly, these ambassadors were getting cables from home, saying, "What in the hell are you doing? We need help against those mugwumps." Damn right

they were standing around the bar in the diplomatic lounge, asking, "What the hell is this guy doing?" That is exactly what I intended them to be asking.

New York City has a tremendous sort of industry that is a social world built around the ambience of the UN. And they give you dinners and you give them dinners, and then they give you dinners and you go to receptions. And for anybody involved in that ambience to face up to those countries—

**PLAYBOY:** What is the State Department's attitude toward Third World countries?

**MOYNIHAN:** It has a fall-back position that goes: "They're not really quite grown up and you have to deal with them the way you deal with adolescent children." You know, like juvenile delinquents whose names must not be released to the public. I felt that was a shocking condescension. I was holding them accountable as mature, independent countries. They'd say they'd

---

*"Nobody dares say this.  
The leaders of under-  
developed nations ride  
around in Mercedes, while  
the people in the bush walk  
around in bare feet."*

---

voted against us without really wishing to. I said no, you vote the way you desire to vote. That wonderful English line, "You may have the right to dissemble your love, but why did you kick me downstairs?"

**PLAYBOY:** Did you and Kissinger fight as much while you were at the UN as has been reported?

**MOYNIHAN:** As a matter of fact, though we had fierce arguments while I was in India, we had none in the UN. Not one. The fact is that Moynihan, Kissinger and Schlesinger all shared the same view—that the balance of forces in the world is shifting against us and we are in mortal peril. My judgment of Henry Kissinger's view of the world was one of profound respect. Our disagreement was over what to do. Kissinger believed that America no longer had any fight left. Schlesinger and I thought we did. Our disagreements could be very bitter, but, you might say, they partook of that quality that Sigmund Freud described as the narcissism of small differences.

**PLAYBOY:** Your resignation from the UN, however, involved some pretty rough infighting with Kissinger, didn't it?

**MOYNIHAN:** Here's what happened: When my leave of absence was up at Harvard, I

told President Ford I was willing to give up my tenure at Harvard and stay on at least through the end of the primaries. Then there would be no way that Reagan could assault him for my departure. I had told Kissinger this earlier. And the President said, "Fine. Good of you."

Two days later, Reston comes out with this column saying that the President and the Secretary of State deplore my conduct in private but have to support it in public. Someone had gone *right* at my belly the minute it was clear I would give up Harvard.

If you are the UN Ambassador, people have to be pretty sure that when you say such and such, that's what the Secretary of State and the President think, or that the President will back you up. So when dealing with me, one is dealing with the President of the United States. I'm his policy. Take on me, take on the President. Now, once the senior political correspondent of the U.S. has said, "You don't, in fact, speak for his private views, and he's stuck with you," you're naked. I read Reston in the midnight edition. I carried it into the bedroom and told my wife, "Back to Harvard." Because, as it happened, my tenure did not expire for five more days.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Kissinger ever speak to you about it?

**MOYNIHAN:** No, we never talked. But he put out nice statements, wrote me a nice letter, and was a little nervous, a little scared. About two months earlier, I went through a strange week. On Monday morning, I met Kissinger at the airport, as one does, and drove into town with him. A news magazine had an item that he had taken me to the woodshed the previous week over something. There had been a meeting, but, in point of fact, no woodshed. And he was saying to me, "Did you see that magazine piece? Goddamn those people. How dare they say things like that?" Kissinger was wondering who had leaked the story. Well, I hadn't and there were only two of us in the room.

So, the next day, there's another attack on me, and this one from the mouth of Britain's UN ambassador, Ivor Richard, who compared me to a trigger-happy Wyatt Earp, a vengeful Savonarola and a demented King Lear "raging amidst the storm on the blasted heath." Never in history has a British ambassador denounced an American Ambassador. I'm asked about it by the press and I say, "Look, I know these are the views of Ambassador Richard and I feel he has every right to express them. We're the best of friends." That's Wednesday. On Thursday, at lunchtime, at the Russian Embassy, Ivor comes up to me and says, "Say, you know, people are interpreting your statement to mean you think these are my personal views and not the views

(continued on page 150)



# JIMMY CARTER AND US

*anatomy of a media event: our editor's behind-the-scenes report on what happened when carter's famous "playboy interview" last year overwhelmed the campaign, the press, the candidates—and us*

**article By G. BARRY GOLSON** IT WAS several days after Bob Scheer and I had interviewed Jimmy Carter during the final session on July 21, 1976, at his home in Plains. Scheer, who had spent three months following Carter around, questioning him in half-hour bursts that would eventually total about five hours of taped conversations, had gone back to Berkeley to write the article that would accompany the November *Playboy Interview*. I was sitting with PLAYBOY Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer in our Chicago offices, listening to the tape of that final session. We had listened to an hour of serious questions—and candid answers—on such topics as abortion, health care, tax reform, Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, the Mayaguez incident, amnesty, morality in foreign policy and President Ford's intelligence. I commented aloud to Kretchmer on how quiet it had become in Carter's living room when I had asked him how he dealt with the possibility of assassination. We heard the voice of press aide Rex Granum, who had sat in on the session, telling us that time was up.

"This is another interesting part coming up," I said to Kretchmer as we heard voices saying goodbye.

On tape, Scheer could be heard asking Carter if he'd seen the movie *Lenny* and how he'd liked it. Then me, saying that the interview would be published shortly before the election, "so credit us or blame us," and there was the sound of laughter. There were loud bumps and other noises as we gathered up our taping equipment and moved toward Carter's doorway. Then there was my voice:

"You know, Governor, what I think will be interesting in this interview is the, ah, religious stuff. For what it's worth, the one question most of my friends ask about is that—the rigidity, how to get past that." (The remark was later changed into a more formal question for publication, incorporating PLAYBOY's editorial we.)

We heard Carter's soft-spoken reply:

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"I don't know if you've been to Sunday school here yet; some of the press has attended——"

"No, haven't had a chance," said Scheer.

"We had a good class last Sunday," Carter continued. "It's a good way to learn what I believe and what the Baptists believe. One thing the Baptists believe in is complete autonomy. I don't accept any domination of my life by the Baptist Church, none——"

Here my voice broke in:

"I'm taking mental notes, Governor, if you don't mind."

"Nah," said Carter.

"It's OK," said Scheer. "I'm taking *real* notes." (Scheer, who had been holding his microphone a couple of feet from Carter as we stood in the doorway, pointed to his tape recorder as he said this.)

"Good," said Carter, and he laughed. He continued without pausing: "Every Baptist church is individual and autonomous. . . . When my sons were small, we went to church and they went, too. But when they got old enough to make their own decisions, they decided when to go——"

Scheer interjected, "You never forced them to go, right?"

"No, and they varied in their devoutness. . . ." Carter continued.

"I never knew anything except going to church. My wife and I were born and raised in innocent times. The normal thing to do was to go to church.

"What Christ taught about most was pride, that one person should never think he was better than anybody else. . . . The thing that's drummed into us all the time is not to be proud, not to be better than anyone else, not to look down on people. . . .

"I try not to commit a deliberate sin. I recognize that I'm going to do it, anyhow, because I'm human and I'm tempted. And Christ set some almost impossible standards for us. Christ said, 'I tell you that anyone who looks on a woman with lust has in his heart already committed adultery.'"

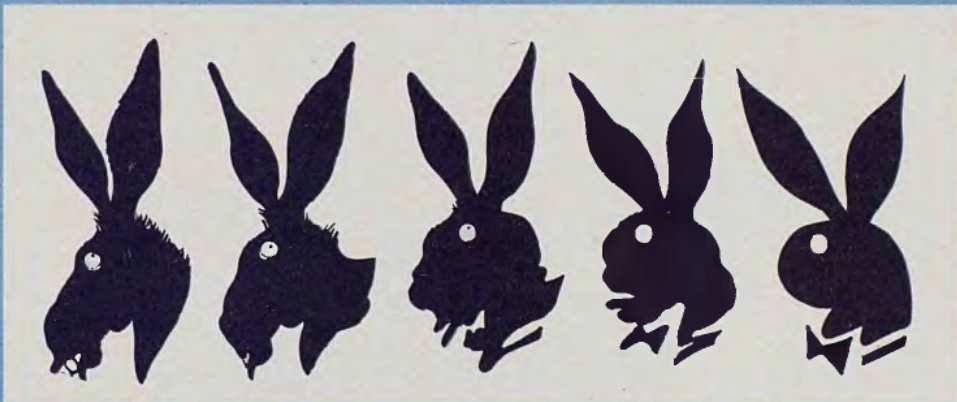
Kretchmer and I listened to the rest of the tape, which included Carter's use of the vernacular words screw and shack up, and ended with this strong statement:

"I don't inject these beliefs in my answers to your secular questions. But I don't think I would



"I'M JIMMY CARTER. — I'M RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT.."

JACOB BURCK, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

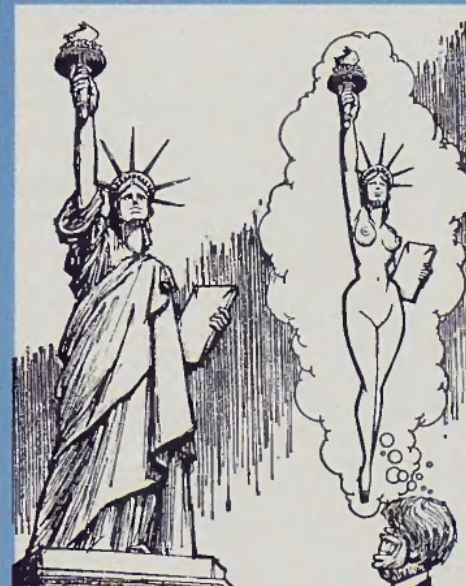


DOON WRIGHT, MIAMI NEWS



Home Stretch

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To the country's cartoonists, Jimmy Carter's "Playboy Interview" was a gift from heaven—or at least from Plains, Georgia. The conversation with the candidate ranged over many things, but when the subject of lust was touched upon, it all became too good to pass up. Rabbits and Bunnies proliferated on editorial pages, the Democratic donkey was transformed into an equally familiar symbol, the Statue of Liberty never looked better and Carter's wandering thoughts became a campaign issue. At first, Carter defended the interview as a good one, but as pressure—mostly from the media—mounted, he began to step back from it.





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"WHY, I KNOW BROTHER JIMMY'S GOT A SERMON IN HERE SOMEWHERE!"

DON WRIGHT, MIAMI NEWS



HUGH HAYNIE  
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HERC FICKLEN, THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS



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ever take on the same frame of mind that Nixon or Johnson did—lying, cheating and distorting the truth. Not taking into consideration my hope for my strength of character, I think that my religious beliefs alone would prevent that from happening to me. I have that confidence. I hope it's justified."

After a few seconds of silence, Kretchmer said, "That's some interview. And quite an honest man."

"Yes, I think so," I said.

"Some strong language there," he said.

"Yeah," I said. "But it's odd. When we were standing there, what struck me the most, where I think he was being the most honest, was where he said, 'My wife and I were born and raised in innocent times.'"

Then I related an incident that had occurred the same day of the interview. Scheer and I were eating in a restaurant near Plains that was filled with press people. We overheard a couple of reporters discussing how a wire-service man had badgered Granum about what "those two guys from PLAYBOY" had asked Carter. "Tell me this much," the newsman had said. "Did they ask him about his sex life?"

And Granum had apparently replied, "Yeah, sort of." Scheer and I looked at each other, puzzled. We had never raised the topic.

The final session had taken place during Carter's summer hiatus, as he relaxed after the nomination. During the next three weeks, as we raced toward our magazine deadline, the campaign went back into full swing and Carter and his press secretary, Jody Powell, were traveling constantly. It made communication with them difficult, if not impossible. Scheer had agreed with Powell that they would go over the transcripts together, checking for factual accuracy and giving the Carter camp a chance to assure itself nothing was being distorted in the editing process. No exception was ever made to PLAYBOY's policy—which is that of most other magazines—of retaining final editorial control over what was published.

In that period, Scheer placed ten calls to Powell through Atlanta headquarters and I placed several myself. In the frenzy of



the campaign, Powell didn't manage to return the calls. Perhaps, in retrospect, if we had left urgent messages for Powell, he might have gotten back to us. But we weren't worried—the tapes were clear and we weren't deleting much—and the Carter camp was presumably no more worried. Granum had been present for the entire final session, and if there had been anything to get upset about, he obviously would have reported it to Powell.

But as presstime approached, we became concerned about context. In early September, the campaign was relatively uneventful and we began to wonder what would happen if one or two phrases from the interview were to leak without the background in which they were spoken. It takes three weeks to print and distribute 6,500,000 copies of the magazine. By mid-September, advance copies of the November issue were available. We weren't particularly well prepared to clamp down a security curtain on the text.

What we didn't want was to have a columnist pick up a few words or sentences from the interview and publish them, and then find ourselves hamstrung by our printing schedule until we could provide the public with the entire text. Certainly, Carter's earthy remarks and his Biblical illustration of lust were on our mind, but we were also thinking of his scathing attack on the press ("The national news media have absolutely no interest in issues at all"), his admission of fallibility on civil rights and the Vietnam war, his strong views on European communism and his jab at Lyndon Johnson. Without knowing the full context, any of those statements might be jumped on. So we began improvising.

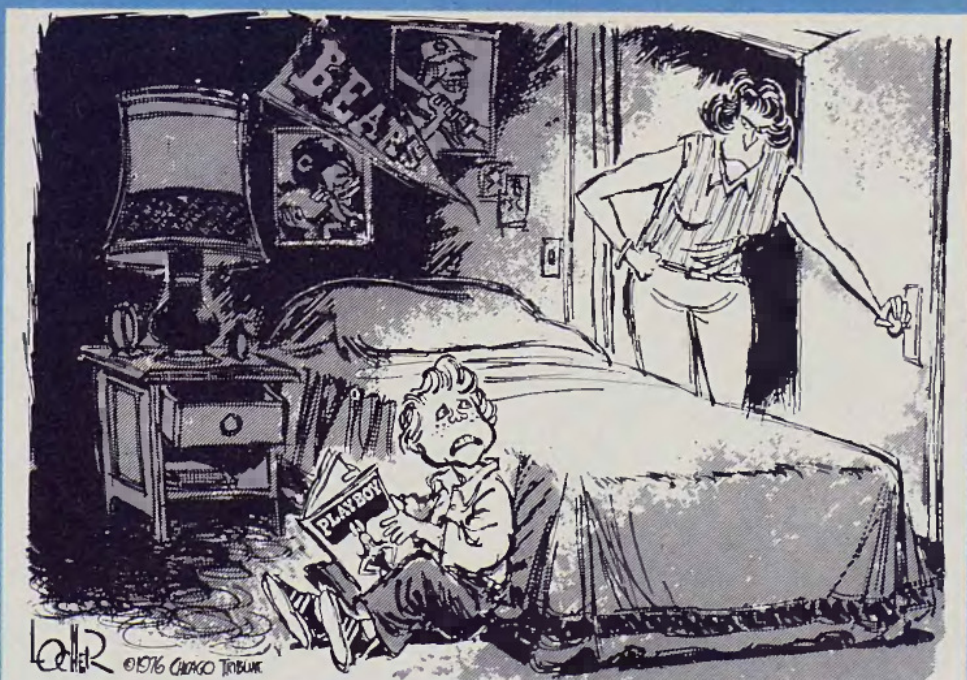
We decided to try something unprecedented: preprint enough copies of the interview, and the interview alone, to reach every media outlet with an audience or readership of over 50,000. Furthermore, we would approach the most "respectable" print and television outlets with an offer: If *The New York Times* and NBC's *Today* show would agree to treat the interview unsensationally, if they would report its full range and context, we would let them have the text exclusively for a period of time. Our thinking was that while we still had some con-



"SURE THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW HURTS CARTER! RIGHT, JERRY? I LIKE THE PART WHERE HE ADMITS LOOKING AT WOMEN! HOO BOY! THAT SHOULD COST HIM SOME POINTS IN THE POLLS, HUH, JERRY?"  
DOUGLAS N. MARLETTE, THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER



TOM OARBY, NEWSDAY



"Honest, Mom.... I was just brushing up on my political philosophy!"

DICK LOCHER, CHICAGO TRIBUNE



Republican lust to retain the White House became stronger as Carter's opponents sensed a vulnerable issue: It was, they charged, "un-Presidential" to appear in PLAYBOY. A few commentators (and cartoonists) suggested that Republicans lived in glass houses, especially since PLAYBOY had interviewed many prominent Republicans through the years. Things took a serious turn when the Ford Committee produced newspaper ads (right) contrasting Newsweek and PLAYBOY. Both magazines protested the partisan use of their covers and the ads were withdrawn, but not before PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner denounced the Ford Committee for trying to make it seem as if granting the interview were equivalent to "posing nude in the centerfold." Then, in response to Ford's repeated statements that he had turned down an offer to do such an interview, PLAYBOY editors announced that no such offer had been made. The entire affair made one cartoonist suggest, just a few days before the election, that voters in 1976 were flocking to a new kind of polling place—a Playboy Club.



## One good way to decide this election.

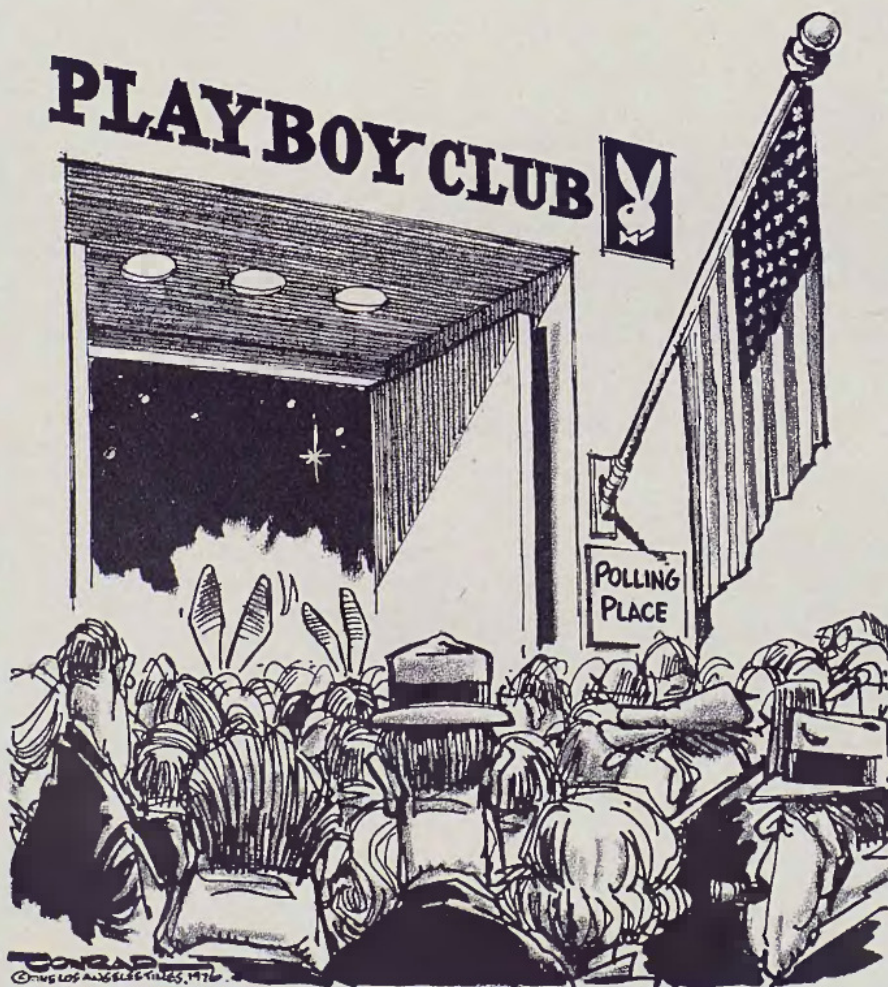
Read last week's Newsweek.  
Read this month's Playboy.

trol over it, the *Times* and NBC would set a tone for the rest of the media as to what was emphasized in the interview.

Far from thinking we were being crafty in the commercial sense, we went against the advice of many executives at PLAYBOY, who argued that publicizing something three weeks in advance—to say nothing of releasing the entire text—would ensure a loss of interest by the time the magazine was available. The executives were wrong. But as to any notions we editors may have had about fair play and journalism, well, we were just as wrong.

Throughout the period last year during which Jimmy Carter was linked to PLAYBOY, there was much less cunning, control or manipulation of events than anyone imagined. Just as we improvised the early release of the interview, almost everything else that happened was the result of people—both at PLAYBOY and in the Carter camp—dealing with something they'd never encountered before. We were all winging it.

For instance, the press and the Republicans would later make much of Carter's "poor political judgment" in granting the interview in the first place. Truth is, there never was a first place. PLAYBOY had merely assigned Scheer to write *something* about Carter and his campaign during the early primaries. Scheer was fresh from the *Playboy Interview* with Governor Jerry Brown (on which we'd collaborated in much the same way, Scheer doing the real journalistic work for months at a time, I joining him in the questioning at the last few sessions) and the idea was to get as much personal contact with Carter as possible. The fact that Brown announced for the Presidency the week his interview hit the stands—and began beating Carter in the late primaries—undoubtedly had an effect on Carter's staff. But equally important was the more personal factor that Carter's young aides were familiar with Scheer's work, and it was he who inveigled more and more interview appointments out of Carter's staff and family. It's Scheer's story to tell, but I'm not sure there was ever a moment when the Carter people formally decided to go for the





*Playboy Interview.* Our interviewer—out of Scheer persistence, as I began to call it—simply amassed so much dialog that it seemed natural to continue to the end result. Scheer kept asking for one long session under more relaxed circumstances and Powell eventually promised it to him. Later, when Carter had won the nomination, Powell could have reneged. Instead, he honored his commitment.

There were other, equally random factors at play. Pat Anderson, Carter's chief speechwriter, supported the idea of the interview once it was under way. By coincidence, one of his last assignments as a free-lance writer before being hired by Carter was to conduct a *Playboy Interview* himself. It was with Keith Stroup, the marijuana activist, and we got around to publishing it only last month. Another coincidence: At a press party in New York during the week of the Democratic Convention, I ran into Carter's campaign manager, Hamilton Jordan. I thanked him for the time Carter had given us so far, reminded him that we were expecting a final session and watched for signs of reluctance. To the contrary, he was enthusiastic and caught up in the spirit of the project: "It's your readers who may be predisposed toward Jimmy," he said, "but they may not vote at all if they still feel uneasy about him."

Then there was the night before the last interview, when Scheer and I had dinner with Powell in Atlanta. I hadn't met Powell before and introduced myself by extending him best regards from Peter Ross Range, a former *Time* correspondent and now one of *PLAYBOY'S* Articles Editors. Powell mentioned that the last time he'd seen Range was late one night in a tavern, when Range had persuaded a young lady to sneak up behind Powell and place her tongue inside his ear.

Over dinner, Scheer began talking about what had emerged from the transcripts thus far and said there were areas Carter hadn't opened up on. It was a theme I knew they'd discussed before, and I chimed in that the one thing Carter hadn't dealt with effectively was his image as a packaged, holier-than-thou politician who wore his religion on his sleeve. Powell agreed, saying there were a lot of misconceptions about Carter's Baptist faith. By the end of the evening, we were in agreement that it was a topic that should be explored fully with Carter the following day. One of the last things Powell said over dinner was, "Ask him about individual autonomy in the Baptist Church, you guys. It's an interesting topic for an extended interview like yours."

Powell gave me a lift in his battered old Volkswagen and I had one odd moment. As we drove down an Atlanta boulevard, it occurred to me that the guy next to me, grunting as he wrestled with

a stubborn gearshift, would very likely be one of the most powerful men in the country in a few months. At that moment, so help me, we drove past a movie marquee with *ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN* lettered across it. Powell saw where I was looking, grinned at me and said, "Wrong President, different men."

The irony was that the one subject we'd planned on discussing was the one that, as with so much else, emerged most accidentally during the interview the next day in Plains. It is true that Scheer had hammered away for months at the subject of Carter's pious image; and that both Powell and Carter were primed, ready to deal with it, frustrated that they hadn't dispelled it. But the fact is that Scheer and I discussed so many other issues with Carter that day that the allotted time was up before anyone had mentioned religion. And so, casually, a parting remark was made that provided an opening. As Carter began to respond, we realized he was saying what he'd tried to say before about small-town religion, about people's frailties, about human temptation. Only much later did any of us realize he was using vernacular that would shock and examples that would titillate.

In the months that followed, I would see a Presidential nominee waffle about remarks I knew he had made, then apologize for having spoken to us at all; an incumbent President take a moral position against the magazine and base it on a false premise; an incumbent press secretary shout curses at me over the telephone and then dissemble about his relations with the magazine in public; an election take place in the wake of charges and countercharges about that same magazine. It was a story we couldn't tell in that atmosphere, but one that no journalist would keep to himself in calmer times. Because it's *about* journalism.

I called *The New York Times*, NBC and Powell on the same day—September 15. I explained to the editors of the *Times* why we wanted to release the entire text of the interview and, after reading the copy I sent them by messenger, the editors decided not to run an exclusive story on it. This decision would be questioned later, when it was announced that the *Times* had an upcoming interview of its own—a conversation Carter had had with Norman Mailer that had taken place several weeks after ours, wherein Carter uttered *The Great Four-Letter Word*. There are those who saw a conspiracy in all of this, but my guess is that the *Times* was improvising no less than *PLAYBOY*. What's a newspaper to do when it ends up with *two* interviews containing "vulgarity" in the middle of a campaign?

(Since I've listed other random factors,

I ought to mention one other coincidence during the week of the Democratic Convention. Scheer and I were lined up to receive our press credentials and the person in front of us happened to be Norman Mailer. I asked him what he was doing about covering politics this year. "I don't know yet," he said. "This campaign is so dull. How about you?" I replied that we were awaiting a final interview session with Carter. "You're interviewing him?" Mailer asked. "That sounds interesting.")

Tom Brokaw of the *Today* show did want to go with the story and we discussed the ground rules. I requested that he supply the full context of any exchanges he reported on and that Scheer and I be given time on the air to sketch in the background of the conversations. Brokaw had the same scenario in mind and agreed.

Powell had not returned my call, so I tried again and this time left an urgent message that the interview would probably become public in a few days and that I wanted to find a way to get the text to him. He finally called back a day later and we made arrangements for him to receive the full interview by messenger.

Instead of the *Times* (which ran a front-page story later, in any case), I contacted the Chicago bureau of the Associated Press and again asked for a guarantee of unsensational reporting. Their report would break simultaneously with the NBC report, and when an A.P. editor described the tenor their story would take, it seemed fair and responsible. Although it led with Carter on morality and temptation, it described other parts of the interview as well.

Scheer and I met in New York on Monday, September 20, and appeared on *Today*. As promised, Brokaw began by describing the major points of the interview, summarized the thrust of Carter's religious statements, and only then did he say that he had used some unusual language. The producers of the show had prepared extensive printed quotes to run on the screen, which seemed to us fairer than having Brokaw pluck out a few words and pronounce them.

And that's when the press went berserk.

Some days later, Scheer was back on the campaign trail and Powell spotted him in a crowd of reporters. Powell smiled ruefully and said, "You sure know how to break a story." I suppose if we'd calculated the effect it was going to have, there would have been some measure of pride in our promotional ability. But we'd simply winged it. It wasn't that we were startled innocents. Certainly, we knew that some of the words Carter used would be controversial. We thought that for a few days there would be a prudish outburst over the salty language but that the press would

(continued on page 200)



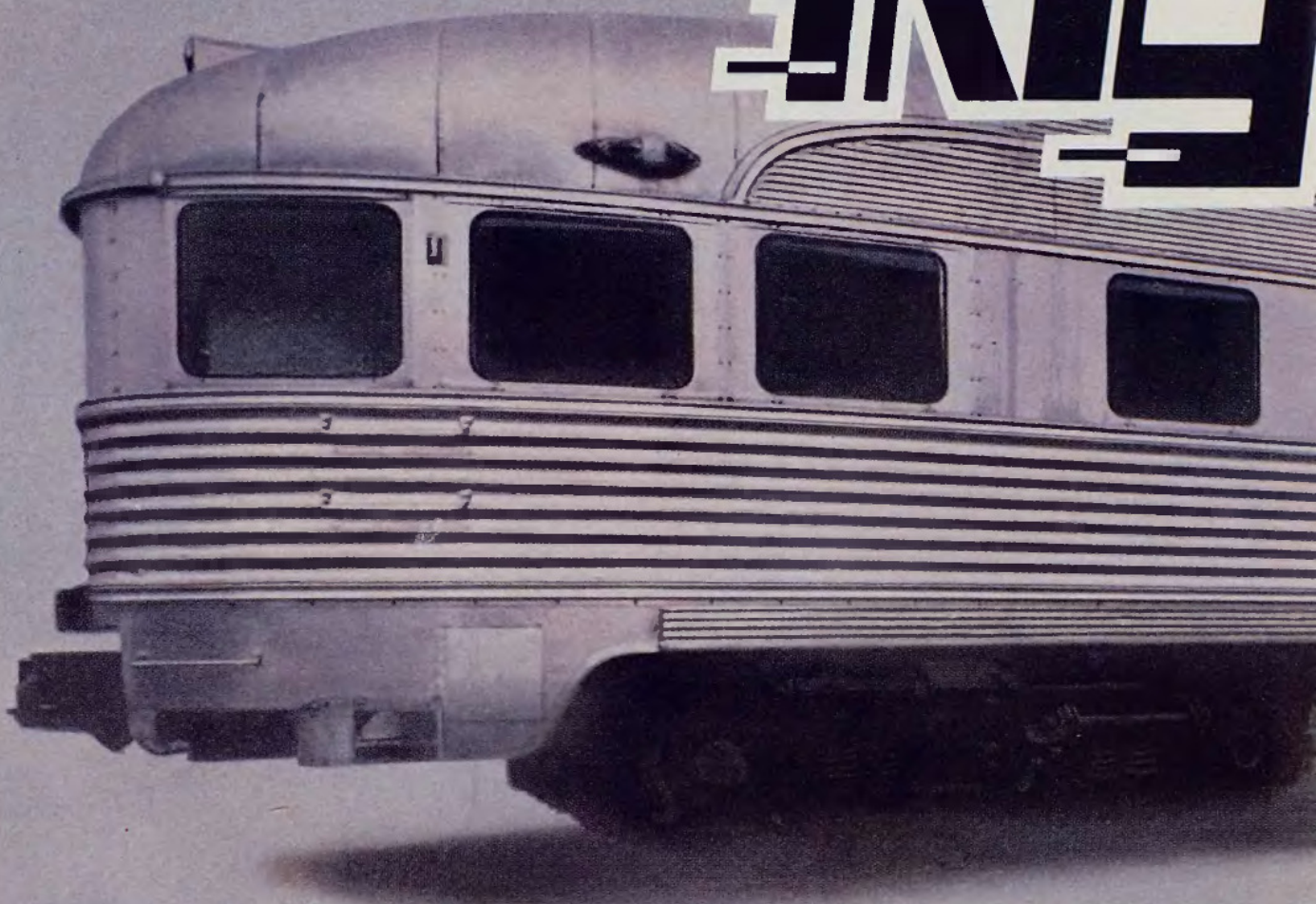


*Buck Brown*

*"Ah, this is your captain again. You can loosen your seat belts now, as we anticipate no further turbulence."*



# Rich



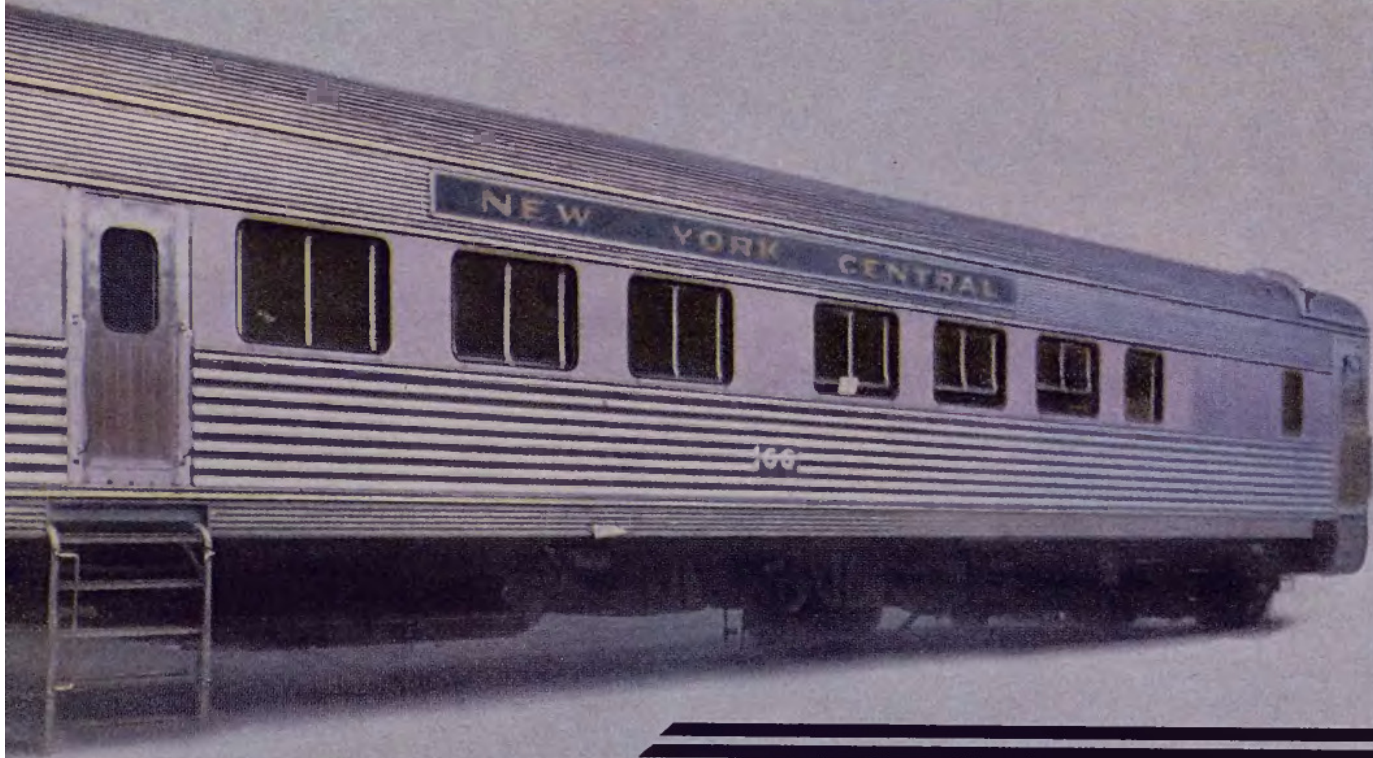
**PARKED ON  
A LOS ANGELES  
SIDING, NUMBER  
66 ISN'T GOING  
ANYWHERE, BUT  
INSIDE— THINGS  
REALLY MOVE**

MOST OLD railroad cars never die, they just rust away in some forgotten corner of a switchyard. Fortunately, the man who eventually became the owner of New York Central Observation Car Number 66 knew a good thing when he saw it come up for sale a few years ago. He purchased the car, housed it on a Los Angeles siding and turned the job of refurbishing its interior over to designers Gary Bond and Barbara Lockhart, with the word that they

Above: The rear of Number 66 serves as a conference room; behind the walnut table/desk is a phone hookup that links the owner with his downtown office. Both walls and ceiling are upholstered in a flameproof wool fabric. The stainless-steel base conceals electrical equipment.

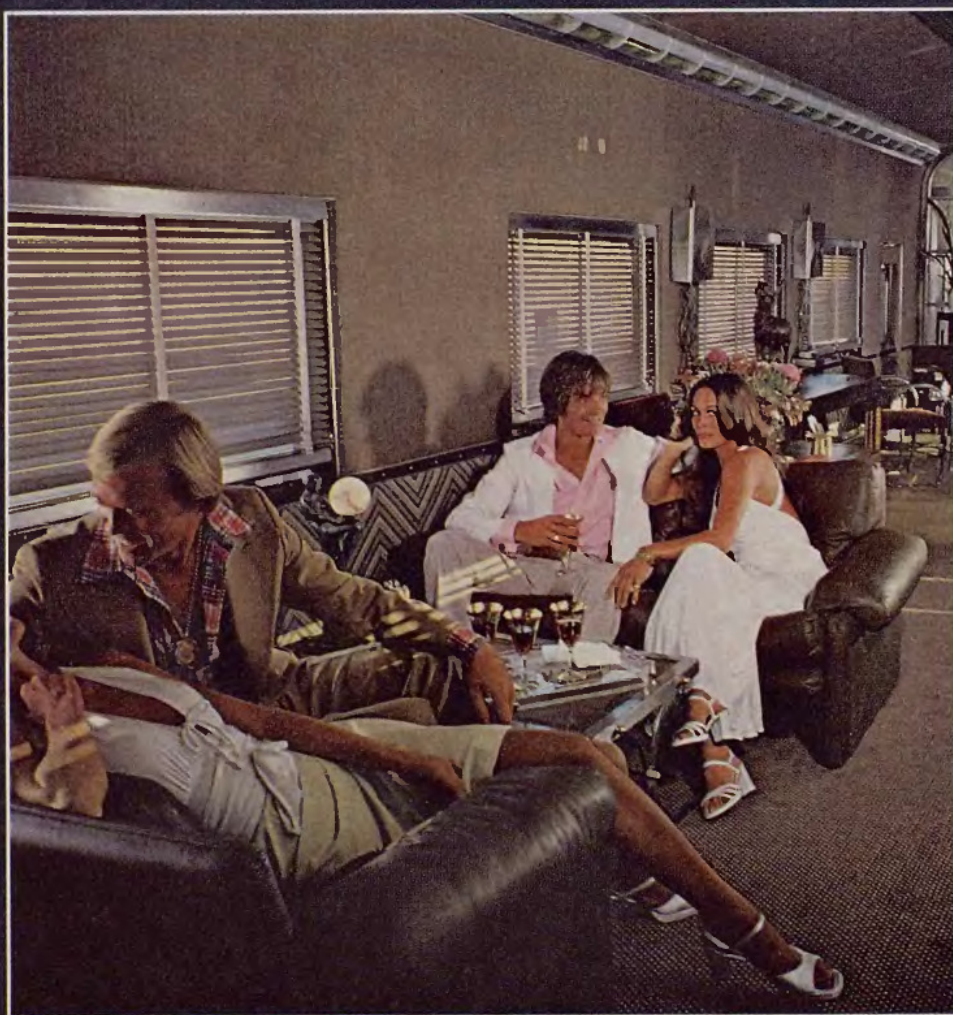


# Hit Track



Left: It's all aboard Number 66—an 85-foot observation car formerly the property of the New York Central Railroad and now owned by an L.A. entrepreneur. Above: The car's dining area, with its expandable walnut table.



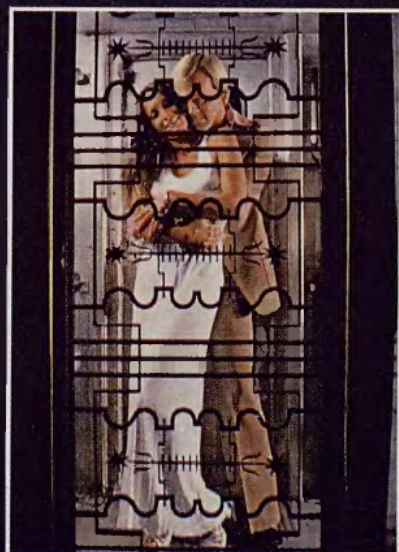
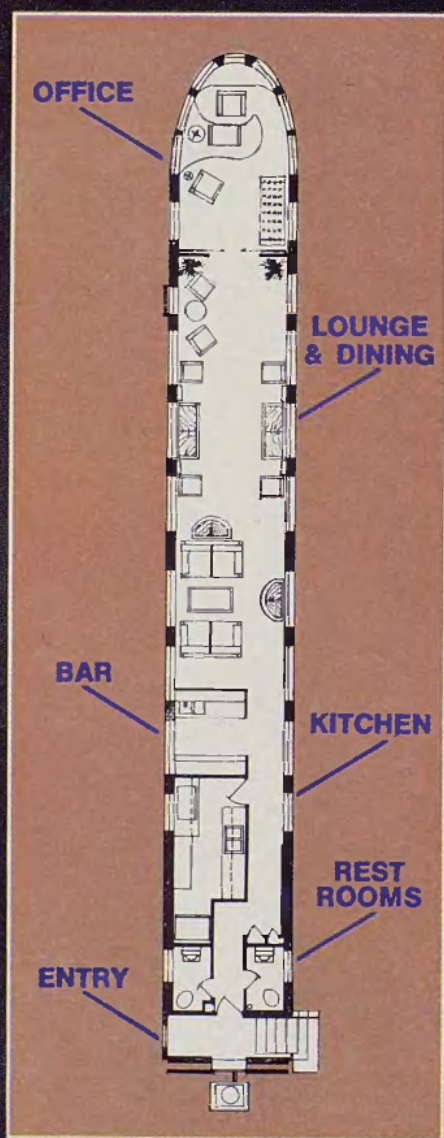


Above: The car's main lounge area is furnished with a matching pair of Italian-leather sofas. The Venetian blinds you see covering the windows are original—retained by the owner as a tribute to Number 66's exciting past. Just behind the romantically inclined couples is the dining area; the stainless-steel wall lighting fixtures mounted there were custom-made in Paris.

had an unlimited budget to turn old Number 66 into a masculine show place on wheels that would be fit for entertaining business associates and their friends in a Grand Central style that even the late Lucius Beebe would have envied. About a year later, Lockhart and Bond's gilt-edged project was complete.

Inside the air-conditioned car, one passes twin bathrooms, a luxe kitchen equipped with every modern convenience, including four microwave ovens (the owner is an avid chef) and capacious freezing facilities, to enter the well-stocked custom-wet-bar area. Here, one can order a drink, then meander into the main lounge, where twin Italian-leather sofas are placed for convenient lounging. On opposite sides of the car are matching walnut tables that can be expanded to form one large dining table. The rounded tail end of Number 66 has been reserved for conferences; a walnut table/desk stands adjacent to a special phone hooked up to the owner's downtown office—and there's a tufted-leather antique chaise nearby for relaxing. All aboard!





Above: This floor plan shows how furniture placement turns Number 66's narrow space into a plus. A 26" entrance necessitated the assembly of furnishings inside the car.

Above top: Number 66's dining area in full swing: The walnut table collapses to the compact size shown on the previous page. Above left: An inviting guest relaxes on the conference area's antique tufted-leather chaise. Above right: This twosome catches a midnight zephyr out back on the car's front entryway.



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 138)

of the British government." I said, "Ho, ho, people will think anything, huh, Ivor?" And then I walked off. And about two minutes later, being the brilliant man I am, I say, "What the hell did he say? You mean they aren't his personal . . . ?" That night, I asked him point-blank if they were the official views of the British government. And he said, "Quite right."

**PLAYBOY:** You're saying that Kissinger was out to get you and arranged this with the British foreign secretary?

**MOYNIHAN:** Well, unless you choose to think that the British government for reasons of its own decided for the first time in history to publicly demolish a United States Ambassador.

**PLAYBOY:** You were just saying that you and Kissinger had no real disagreement. So why was he trying to torpedo you?

**MOYNIHAN:** Well, that will remain forever a mystery. Kissinger couldn't help himself. He couldn't help himself. It's a kind of nervousness in his character that will do this one day and say "My God, that was absurd" the next day. You don't let it bother you until it gets into a situation where you can't recoup. It could just as easily not have happened. There were all sorts of personal problems.

**PLAYBOY:** What were they?

**MOYNIHAN:** No. No. That's not fair.

**PLAYBOY:** What impression does Kissinger give personally?

**MOYNIHAN:** Oh, a man of enormous energy and power—and a larger command of the facts than you have.

**PLAYBOY:** What's his wit like?

**MOYNIHAN:** Aggressive. It diminishes somebody, usually you.

**PLAYBOY:** When you mentioned the Reston column about you and the UN, you were talking about the use of leaks to influence government. Would you discuss that?

**MOYNIHAN:** I think it's one of the big problems the press has today. The great fundamental principle of the press is to report what's going on. There was a big story last spring about the purported intent of Attorney General Levi to put before the Supreme Court an *amicus curiae* brief against busing. That was clearly a leak to kill it by revealing it. And if one side of the Justice Department is in a fierce fight with the other side of the Justice Department, that's one of the things that's going on. But if you can't say that because you are, in fact, printing something given to you by one side, well, then, the primal purpose of the press is being faulted. But I see progress. During this past campaign, Leslie Gelb in a news story about the Carter camp noted, "This document was given to *The New York Times* by a person in the State Department who is interested in advancing the cause of Governor Carter." That's what I've been asking for—let the press identify whose ox

is being gored and for what purpose.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there another such example from your own experience?

**MOYNIHAN:** Oh, sure. That "benign neglect" memorandum of mine. Here I am, in the middle of a Republican Administration, the advisor on urban affairs; we have got through one summer without the resumption of the riots of the Sixties, which had reached epidemic proportions by '69; we'd had one summer without any at all and I'm worried about the next summer. Wallace was getting stronger and stronger. You had the Black Panthers and people like that getting more strident. And you had people at the Justice Department goading the FBI to get involved and to get the Panthers to start fighting one another and fighting the FBI. We were polarizing.

I sent a long memorandum to the President that was basically about an argument I was having with Attorney General John Mitchell: "Stay away from that business of getting into confrontations with the Panthers." The United States Army, at one point, had surrounded

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*"The biggest problem  
in the period ahead is that  
nobody is confidently—  
much less passionately—  
bringing new ideas  
to Government."*

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New Haven. And the whole war room at the Pentagon was covered with maps of New Haven streets. All these initiatives came out of the FBI. I was trying to say "Cool it," and I wrote this memorandum. I said the time had come for a period when Negro progress continued and racial rhetoric faded—a time when the issue of race could do with the theory of benign neglect. That's a phrase from Canadian constitutional history. And about three months after I wrote that thing, out the memorandum came, and it was presented as a proposal to neglect blacks.

**PLAYBOY:** Who leaked it?

**MOYNIHAN:** Who knows?

**PLAYBOY:** Somebody trying to do you in?

**MOYNIHAN:** Probably, but not necessarily. But there you find yourself represented as saying the very opposite of what you said. And the desire to think the worst is usually very powerful in public things. So there you are.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that affect you and your career?

**MOYNIHAN:** It vastly affected the credence with which I could talk about those issues. But in a very subtle but pervasive way, it warned people away from this whole area. Because everybody in Washington knew that I was someone who absolutely believed in racial equality and was desperately trying to figure out how to get a guaranteed income. Maybe it was not a good idea, but certainly it was problack. They saw what happened to me and, boy, I think in Washington you could just feel them saying, "I see, just stay away from that subject. Nothing but loss."

**PLAYBOY:** Your election to the Senate must have measured, once and for all, your relationship with blacks.

**MOYNIHAN:** I carried the black vote by a five-to-one margin.

**PLAYBOY:** Getting back to the political game of selective leaking, don't you think President Carter will face the same sort of problem within his Administration—especially when he tries to reorganize Government bureaucracy?

**MOYNIHAN:** Absolutely. The bureaucracy will reveal the President's iniquitous intentions to the press constantly, constantly, constantly. . . . Actually, it's inevitable. The Civil Service has a vested interest in someone who wants to make the Civil Service more powerful. What happens to an Administration that wants to make it smaller, less powerful? Can it be done? I am telling you there is a lot of evidence that the answer is no.

**PLAYBOY:** So you think President Carter will be frustrated?

**MOYNIHAN:** President Carter is absolutely right that there is confusion in the bureaucracy, but it's confusion rising out of confused public policy. Congressional directives are often conflicting; national concerns are often ambivalent. The President will soon direct himself to where the problem is.

To my mind, the biggest of our problems in the period ahead is that nobody is confidently—much less passionately—bringing new ideas to Government. President Carter has undertaken to do a lot of very reasonable things. But no one should suppose there is any doctrine on how to go about it.

**PLAYBOY:** How about you? Will you, as Senator, be passionately advocating new ideas?

**MOYNIHAN:** I think so. I'm part of a movement in American history to assert the needs of the Northeast with respect to the national economy, which is a new idea. The needs have been there for a quarter of a century, but we haven't seen them. What has always been the richest part of the country, with obligations to the rest of the country, is no longer that; but because of what it still provides to the general health of the country, a decline in this region becomes a decline for

*(continued on page 152)*



personality By JON CARROLL

"THIS IS AMAZING." Dick Clark shakes his head ruefully with boyish rueful head-shake charm. "Isn't that Gregg Allman over there? Isn't it? He's lost his"—Dick Clark strokes the area just under his lower lip with his thumb and forefinger—"his, you know, but I think that's him." Gregg Allman, seated with four other people, none of them Cher, has his back to us.

"And over there. This is amazing. You know what that is. That's a sales meeting." Dick Clark points to a group of impeccably laid-back, blown-dry, bechained males, loaded with feet-on-the-ground, belt-tightening cool, listening to another equally so, charting and graphing and passing out 45s, all as fish-coated waiters pass *coquilles* (continued on page 192)

**PORTRAIT OF  
DICK CLARK  
AS AN  
ETERNALLY  
YOUNG  
DEEJAY**

*"i never thought  
much of the sixties.  
i never understood  
the drug part  
and i never  
liked the  
english"*

SKIP  
WILLIAMSON



## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 150)

everyone. Imagine this country without New York City—or imagine New York City becoming just a large Philadelphia.

I have an idea that this subject is related to the separation of power; it has a nice kind of constitutional quality to it. It originates with the struggle between Hamilton and Jefferson. Remember that when the Constitution was drafted, the capital was New York City, which is where Washington was inaugurated. This troubled Jefferson enormously. He'd lived in Europe and had this great dread of nations that had one capital for everything—government, finance, industry, the intellectual and cultural life. That was Paris, that was London, that was Europe. So it was important to him that the capital be moved out of New York City.

Hamilton felt differently and wanted the capital to be an important, central city. But there was something he needed from Jefferson: his support in getting the Federal Government to assume the Revolutionary War debt. So he and Jefferson struck this bargain in a tavern in Broad Street, whereby Jefferson agreed to support Hamilton's position on the war debt in return for getting the capital moved to a malarial, miasmal swamp by the Potomac—that's where the term Foggy Bottom, for the State Department, later came from.

That produced a separation of power that was visible, only no one noticed it: The political capital went to Washington,

while the capital in every other respect stayed in New York. So you never had that tremendous focusing of total power in one city that so many other countries have had.

**PLAYBOY:** But why should New York City feel it has the right to be the only alternative to power concentration in Washington?

**MOYNIHAN:** It doesn't. As time went on, you had the railroads meeting in Chicago, the river trade in St. Louis, the auto industry in Detroit. But the point is to think of it as a basic constitutional idea—to prevent all the power from gravitating to Washington. If we lose New York as the main capital of all those other things it represents, you'll be surprised at how much we lose. You won't recognize this country a half century hence, when the most important newspaper is *The Washington Post* and all the broadcasting is done out of buildings along Connecticut Avenue, and *Time* and *Newsweek* are published in Washington. There will be so much power at the center.

And this is what's beginning to happen. Time-Life Books has moved down there. The major financial houses have their computers down there. The Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts will have all the money it needs, forever, while the Metropolitan Opera will have to fight its deficit every year. Same goes for the museums. And someday a President might sit down and figure it was his right to consider what kinds of paintings were

good, politically, for the country. I'm telling you, it's a serious thing.

**PLAYBOY:** It's pretty well known that New York City owes at least part of its present financial crisis to the staggering costs of welfare. You want Federal help, of course, but what are your thoughts beyond that?

**MOYNIHAN:** That the present system is madness. And it's not just the cities anymore; the suburbs are hurting, too. Probably most counties in New York State pay over half their budgets for welfare. The more you learn about the subject, the more you realize how deeply embedded it is in our system.

In the fall of 1965, newly elected mayor John Lindsay asked me to join a task force on poverty. I told the task force that welfare, specifically, and not poverty, generally, was the problem. I told them the numbers of welfare clients were going to zoom astronomically. They rejected my assertions unanimously. The fundamental belief was—they said it over and over again in various guises—"No, that's all over. That was due to the Tammany Hall types who put all these people on welfare to get votes. But now we've got good men, Yale men. It won't happen anymore." Well, the number of people on welfare in New York City went from 345,000 to 1,165,000 under Lindsay.

**PLAYBOY:** You expect help from Carter. Can he solve the welfare problem?

**MOYNIHAN:** Sure he can. . . . There are two ways of solving it. Either you admit welfare is a national problem and get the Federal Government to pay for it or you try to change the existing system somehow. President Carter is committed to the latter. Obviously, there's a question as to whether Congress will go halfway or all the way. That's part of the politics of the next two years.

**PLAYBOY:** Considering your crack about Yale men, you're something of a Harvard elitist who doesn't believe in the moral certitude of solutions worked out by elitists.

**MOYNIHAN:** Right. The president of Yale, Kingman Brewster, a notably fatuous man, once asked a faculty group, "What has happened to American morality?" Alexander Bickel, the law professor, replied, "We are drowning in it." Our capacity for moral judgments is being overloaded by a certain kind of moralist who makes too many activities into issues of right and wrong.

Hell, I'm a good example. I'm sitting aboard a plane as I talk to you. I've just had a drink of the cheapest orange juice I've ever had—and been badly served. And I'm investing it with moral significance. There is a degree of dereliction of duty that attains to moral infraction. . . . My God, there's an epigram!

**PLAYBOY:** We're following you, Senator, but just barely. Didn't you once write that



"I'll consult with my lawyer any way I want!"



it is hard for Government to appear to have succeeded?

**MOYNIHAN:** It is in the nature of democracy to promise that things will keep changing for the better. These promises translate into the realization that what exists is not satisfactory. It's what economist Joseph Schumpeter called the creative destruction of capitalism. After 10,000 years of plowing in the sun, using your back, using your wife, using your ox, along comes a Model T and farmers are out of the mud. But within 20 short years, the Model T isn't enough and has become an adjective for something out of date. When, with great difficulty, Government pulls off something pretty good, the sensation doesn't last.

**PLAYBOY:** You mean people saying, "If we can land a man on the moon, why can't we cure the common cold?"

**MOYNIHAN:** You've got it. In India, that is the first and primal condition and fact of life: All water is poison. Well! If you live in a world where a man like me develops an atavistic attachment for Coca-Cola, well. . . . Why is Coca-Cola the most indomitable, irresistible . . . ? Because you don't get dysentery from it.

But try to tell people who live in Manhattan, "You're successful. You've got pure water." They'll ask, "What else have we got? Can you cure the common cold?" Creative destruction is part of our discontent.

**PLAYBOY:** Is built-in obsolescence of success related to our loss of national morale?

**MOYNIHAN:** We have been on a great S curve of progress. Once we could only shout across the street. Now we have the dial telephone. The miracle has happened; you can talk to anybody in the world. I mean, phonovision isn't really much to add. And that is what is happening in urban programs and things like that. We are on the flat curve at the top of the S. We can't budge. There's no place to go. And conditions of life are not going to improve so very much.

**PLAYBOY:** The social scientists aren't going to be happy to hear that news.

**MOYNIHAN:** Oh, they can do a lot of things. The most useful, maybe, is to tell us what we can't do. There is just one social program of which its sponsors have said, "That works." And that is castration, as a treatment of sexual offenders. And you know where they practice that? Denmark.

Greeley and Rossi in 1964 did a great study on how well the Catholic parochial schools did what they purposed to do—influence the religious practices of the children who went there. And this was the rather depressing conclusion: They don't.

The first results came in on Head Start and, "My God, it's marvelous! These



*"How would you like to come up to my place and see my silver memorial coins of famous women in history by Norman Rockwell?"*

four-year-olds from Head Start know twice as much as these four-year-olds who haven't been." But by the time they were all six, everybody knew about the same amount. Our assumption about how much you can influence behavior through manipulating this institution or that institution—more money here, less there or whatever—turns out to be *wrong*. The Safe Streets Act was a disaster. You spend four billion dollars and you don't get anything. Because you don't know anything about that. You've got to face up to what you haven't been able to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Where does that leave us?

**MOYNIHAN:** No happier, but with fewer illusions—and illusions produce expectations. And when illusions are not delivered on, that is easily interpreted as bad faith. You said you could do such and such, but you didn't. Therefore, it meant you didn't intend to. That's not good for anybody. You set out to win the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese and you don't know how to do that. And the next thing you know, you're calling one another names in the most awful way.

**PLAYBOY:** Earlier, you sounded optimistic, even excited about the possibilities of shaping Government in the Senate. Now you're sounding a bit more realistic about

what can be changed. What *do* you think you'll affect in the Senate?

**MOYNIHAN:** Let me give you an example. I had a family-assistance plan before the Senate for three years. It was essentially a negative-income-tax plan, but at the end of the three years, I doubt there were a dozen Senators who really understood the principle of a negative income tax any more than I understand nuclear fission. The question I have come to be preoccupied with is that of collective intelligence. There isn't a lot of it in Government, compounding the troubles we already have. The intelligence of a democracy is easily strained.

**PLAYBOY:** One last question on a topic we discussed earlier: Do you expect criticism for appearing in *PLAYBOY*?

**MOYNIHAN:** No, not at all. I expect that people will read this to see what I have to say, to agree or disagree. It should serve to get people to think a bit more seriously about our form of Government. Doing something like this in depth has gotten me to reflect a bit on the past few years and on the future. I look forward myself to seeing it in print—and to the photography as well.





# Bigfoot's feeding ground: We hid a case of Canadian Club here, then ran like crazy.

## Here's how you can find the C.C.



*This scene taken from a priceless 16mm movie film (1967) shows a female Bigfoot on the banks of Bluff Creek in California.*

ible 17½ inch footprints so common in the area. Each man had studied firsthand accounts of the creature's behavior, including most of the confirmed Bigfoot sightings. And yes, at times each man struggled with a special kind of fear.

For more than 165 years tales of Bigfoot, a massive 8-foot-tall, 500-pound humanoid, have haunted the natives and visitors in the rugged Pacific Northwest. Considerable evidence indicates that Bigfoot is in fact now stalking the dark forests and lurking in the dank ravines along the Cascade Mountain Range.

### **Keep your ears open! Watch your back!**

Our burial party moved with caution once we learned that thousands of respected people from around the world believed in Bigfoot's existence. So with a 48-pound case of Canadian Club strapped firmly to one man's back, we deployed five other men to cover his front, rear and flank.

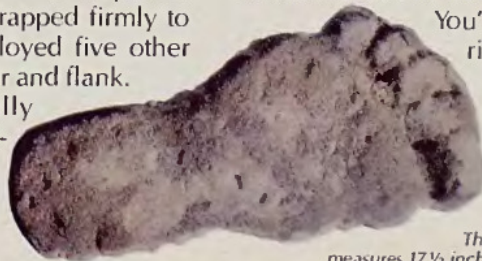
Each man was carefully trained to spot the incred-

On November 5, 1976, after hours spent threading our way through this primeval forest, we found Bigfoot's feeding ground, buried the case of C.C. and quickly returned to civilization. But for the rest of our lives we will never know what some of us suspected all along...that Bigfoot himself was watching our every move.

### **Directions for a few brave souls.**

The buried C.C. is located almost the same number of miles south of Canada's Good Hope Mountain (elev. 10,617) as it is north of Bluff Creek in northwestern California.

You'll know you're on the right track when you stumble on a temporarily dormant volcano. Now proceed somewhere between 6 and 9



*This plaster cast of a Bigfoot print measures 17½ inches in length, 7 inches in width.*





6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1977



A fallen Douglas fir makes a mighty handy bridge across a treacherous mountain stream.

miles (as the eagle flies) from this mountain's frigid peak to an eerie pile of broken green rocks.

Standing high on this unnatural rock pile, walk 65 paces due east to a stream. Turn and walk 70 paces due south. Then freeze in your tracks. Because exactly 11 inches below the soft, virgin forest floor 12 bottles of C.C. are resting peacefully.

Most people will choose to enjoy the smooth taste of Canadian Club in the security of their own homes and never venture into Bigfoot's feeding ground. And for that, nobody can blame them. But, if you are the brave one who searches for and finds our delicious treasure, we strongly advise you not to linger in the forest.

*Canadian Club*  
 "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.





## PORN MOVIE

(continued from page 128)

strong possibilities for the male lead, Mark. Dolly shrieked, "They look all right, but can they get it up?"

"How do we find out?"

"Test them."

"Test them?"

"Sure, get Annie, go to Bernie's apartment and have a fuck test."

So the two sexperts, Bob, Bernie and I waited for Annie, who came from a modeling session for *National Lampoon*. She giggled, "They were using our naked bodies as furniture."

"How, Annie?"

"Well, like, my right tit was used as a paperweight."

The first of the two candidates, Don Peterson, arrived and Annie whisked him off to the bedroom. We gave them ten minutes before we filtered in. They were stripped and Annie was giving him the full deep-throat treatment, which was surprisingly loud—much lip smacking and sucking noises and her cheeks fluttered as she blew in and out. Her hands caressed his body and her eyes locked his in deep intimacy. We made it as difficult as possible by moving around, smoking, chatting, cracking gags, but Don and Annie were somewhere else and his cock was straight and stiff. Dolly leaned over the bed for a better look and a cool appraisal. "Good, that's a nice hard-on." She turned to us: "Now how about a nice cum shot?"

"Ah. Well, ah. No, we don't think that's, ah, necessary." Don, much relieved, split.

Candidate number two arrived, far from happy, and when he went into the bedroom, started pulling down the blinds. "Shit, some of the neighbors could see in." Under the circumstances, an odd concern. Number two was a nice-looking fellow with a well-developed body and an average-sized cock that was standing up quite well under the pressure. Dolly took a long, hard look at him, noting the beads of sweat on his forehead and the tension in his body, and gave us the thumbs down. Chuck took a scornful look at the size of his prick and gave us the uplifted pinkie.

After number two left, we protested Five-cum's awful behavior. He was unimpressed. His right hand flew to his fly: "Wanna see a real cock?"

The casting was progressing nicely. Don Peterson, a big, easygoing Swede who looks uncannily like John Lindsay, landed the part of Mark. Terri Hall, star of *The Story of Joanna*, was to be our Kim. When she walked into the office, she looked at Chuck and smiled, "Hi, Five-cum, how's your nice big cock?"

He was delighted. "What'd I tell ya?" His right hand patted the bulge approv-

ingly. Terri is slightly spaced out but professional, and with a touching, vulnerable quality.

The part of Archie was difficult to cast; he had to be both a good actor and a proficient stud. Terri and Annie both recommended Jamie Gillis and, for once, we listened. Jamie on himself: "I'm an actor who likes to fuck and where else do you get paid to do both?" On movies: "Just because a film has fucking in it doesn't mean it's a bad film." On actresses: "They are delicious. They are only too conscious of the fact that the men have to prove themselves and they're so supportive. Watch the girls when a sex scene is about to be shot. They focus on the man and build his confidence and are as seductive as hell."

The part of Holly went to a voluptuous blonde who murmured, "I just can't wait to lay Don Peterson."

The gangster Ni Castro went to Robert Maroff and I agreed to play Lee, the double-dealing lawyer. We settled on all the bit parts and walk-ons. The picture was cast.

I was still running in circles—like a thin version of Zero Mostel in *The Producers*—chasing my ass trying to raise the necessary money, entertaining and being entertained by prospective investors. We had guarantees of \$55,000 and needed a further \$35,000. As there was just over a week to go, I called in the money. Kool Kurt and John coughed up at once. The doctor, however, announced he could invest only \$10,000. In the next week, I secured three more \$5,000 investments and Bernie said that \$40,000 was enough to start shooting. We'd have to cut every conceivable corner, but it could be done; nine days at \$4,000 a day. We would start on a Saturday and work straight through, which would give us the use of the equipment—which is rented on a five-day basis—for two free weekends.

We fixed the locations and started rehearsing the cast. Bernie phoned two days before filming was due to start: "Ronan, *tsoris*, the leading lady just walked out."

I called her and reminded her of her contractual obligations and the fact that she was letting everyone down. She was ice cold. "So sue me."

I put an Irish curse on her—"May her shadow disappear and her nipples invert."

We had to postpone for a week and used the crisis to do some streamlining. We fired the two ex-porn stars; though Dolly had given us good advice, her incessant chatter and compulsion to buy the wrong props were driving us crazy. And we thought it best to let Chuck's cock remain sheathed. In their place we hired two ruthlessly efficient young production men.

Now to find another Holly. The perfect one appeared, Catherine Earnshaw (Heathcliff refused to test). She read well, had the perfect pretty, spoiled face and a lovely body. She was reluctant to work in hard-core but wanted to act and, after reading the script, agreed to join us. She was much better than the first girl, so I removed half of my curse. If you see a porn star with an anemic shadow and curious nipples, you'll know how she came by them. We also used our extra week to plan and rehearse, and I went on chasing bread. One prospect in California assured me he was interested and that a check was on its way. Bernie was unimpressed. "The two most repeated lies in the United States," he commented, "are 'It's in the mail' and 'I won't come in your mouth.'"

## SHOOTING: DAY ONE

We rolled camera at seven o'clock on a Saturday morning. We worked at a snail's pace, as the crew members were not used to working together and we kept running into snags. There was one interesting vignette, which we shot in a gloomy stairwell outside a friend's office. A pusher, played by Bobby Astyr (yes, it is an anagram), is peddling heroin to a pimp and his whore. The pimp was played by a five-foot black, Darryl Speer, and the whore by Cecilia Gardner, a statuesque six-footer. The pusher starts to count his huge wad of bills, finds that his fingers are dry and moistens them in the whore's pussy. Cecilia was turned on by Bobby and her snatch, the hairiest ever seen, was as liquid as a banker's sponge. Bobby has a rich fund of street argot—"Salty bitch, got my nose open" and "Hold your mud, baby, hold your mud"—and is a natural performer. As a result, the scene has a creepy-comic realism. The crew enjoyed it, too, and everybody relaxed a little. John lent us his elegant office and we shot the lawyer's scene there. We finished shooting at two A. M.

## DAY TWO

Sunday we shot an action sequence, in which the gangster kills the pusher, then runs over him in a white Cadillac. Our location was under the 59th Street bridge, and suddenly most of New York joined us in that little niche. Three drivers caught sight of us, were fascinated and promptly plowed into the cars in front of them. A young girl speeding along on her bicycle spotted us, missed the curb and went ass over promises onto the pavement. A porter from a nearby apartment building threw an epileptic fit and hit the pavement with a sickening crunch. All the blood and disaster were on the wrong side of the camera and the New York cops who were on duty with us were getting pissed at all the crises. It's all very well





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to hold a mirror up to nature, but what if it all happens behind the bloody mirror?

## DAY THREE

Monday was our first real sex and the interest was high. Bob wanted to take out insurance against future lack of interest in matters sexual. Bernie was worried that he would be too turned on to work (knowing Bernie, I was worried that he would be too turned on to work). We were all curious about our own reactions, wondering what the sight of women actually fucking would do to us. The moment a sex scene was set up, the atmosphere changed profoundly. All the carefree banter, which went from badinage to worsinage, dried up. All nonessential bodies were sent away and quiet reigned. Actors are normally tense in front of the camera, but when they have to fuck as well, the tension becomes tangible. All attention is on the naked bodies. The camera crew wants to cover all the angles and make the couple look good while they are fucking. The sound crew wants to record all the chat and gasps and deep breathing. The make-up girl looks for pimples, blotches or too much sweat. The continuity girl makes sure that everything is in its proper place at the proper time. The set is so quiet that you can actually hear the cocks sliding in and out of the cunts, and you certainly can't miss the pungent odor of pussy. The set turns into a surreal world in which, as our cameraman observed to our discomfort, the soiled bed becomes our reality.

Don and Catherine, who play Mark

and Holly, had the first sex in the picture. They are lovers meeting in a hotel room, unaware that they are under surveillance from the adjoining room. This device gave us something to cut away to, and to jump from 35mm full color to a TV monitor in black and white is quite startling. This blonde and clean-cut couple fall into each other's arms, then end up on the bed, but just as Mark is about to enter, the phone rings and he exits instead. This scene went according to plan. So we cleared the decks for their second meeting, later in the story, when they actually get down to some serious fucking. The actors were naked and getting horny, the atmosphere was getting steamy.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, something was not up. Mark was sweating, white-faced and limp. He went on trying, hour after agonizing hour, but no joy. We had ignored Dolly's advice and had no fluff for this emergency. Annie would have taken the bit between her lips, but Holly was inexperienced. I had a word with the cameraman, then buttonholed the director. "Bob, let everybody go, except you, the cameraman and the gaffer [head electrician]."

Bob said, "Good idea. A joint might help." It was midnight as the six of us relaxed with coffee, joints and chat. Holly got as high as a berry, but Mark was ashen, which we put down to nerves.

At 1:30 in the morning, Mark said, "I'm ready to try again." So we all trooped back into the bedroom, the gaffer switched on the lights and we all stood blinking in the glare. It could have been

a scene from *Phallus in Wonderland*, so dreamlike and unsexual was that room. Yet there we stood, our hopes rising and falling on one man's cock. After a lot more sweating, Mark managed to get it up and in. We finished at 3:33 A.M.

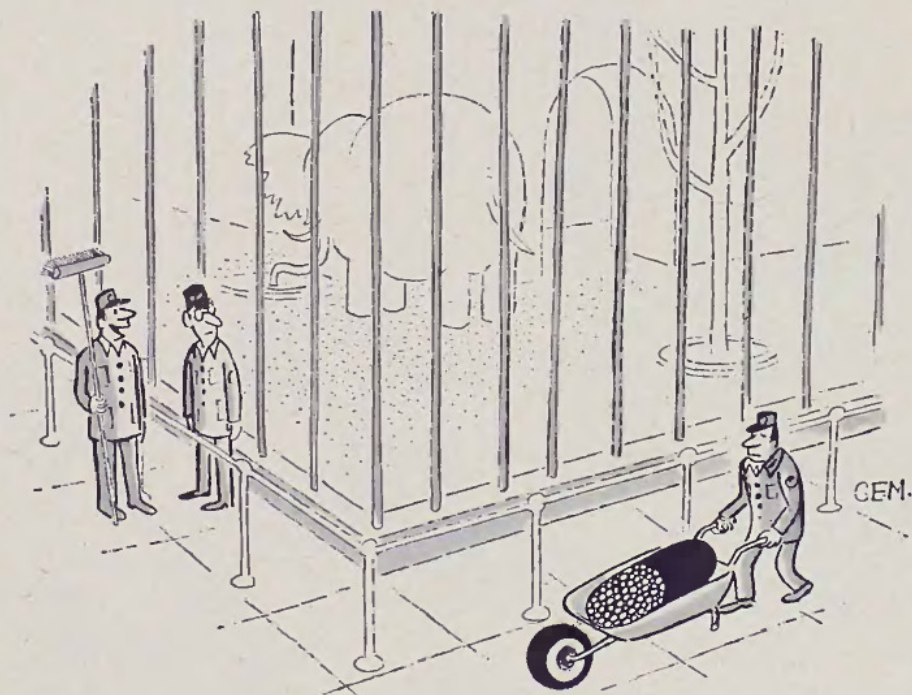
## DAY FOUR

This was our married couple's, Bree and Tony's, day. We were in the hands of experts, so we lay back and enjoyed it. Apart from their sheer physical beauty, they were masters in their field. They could appear totally lost in passion yet be aware of the camera and Bob's direction at all times. Tony was portraying a young gay and Bree was the girl in love with him and convinced that he is capable of heterosexual sex. The foreplay was slow and gentle; Bree undressed him, then stripped herself; she placed his hands on her breasts, then guided them down between her legs. Tony had a problem different from Mark's: He had to work at keeping his cock limp. He did beautifully until Bree's hands went to work on him, and then up it came, like the splendid staff it is. They went through all the known positions in the book, including the mandatory fellatio and cunnilingus, before we came to the cum shot, one of the stranger conventions in porn. The male must always display his orgasm and, like justice, it must not only be done but be seen to be done. The audience must actually see the jism spurt or, apparently, it will suspect the actor is simulating, heaven forbid. Tony said, "I've been thinking about the cum shot. Put the camera there, while Bree is lying on her back on top of me." He considered for a moment, then nodded his head. "Yeah, that'll work fine. Just give us a ten-second warning and leave the rest to us." They went back into action and when Bree was lying in the agreed position, Bob gave Tony his cue. On the exact count of ten, his cock, as if by accident, slipped out of her cunt, Bree reached down, grasped it firmly and, lo and behold, we had our first cum shot. It was a beauty and would have done justice to Moby's dick.

We saw our first rushes that night; no disasters, all was in good order. At 2:30 A.M., the phone shrilled. It was Bernie. "Ronan, *tsoris*, Don Peterson is sick." So that ashen face had not come from hard-on jitters; he'd been felled by a virus. This was real trouble, for the schedule the next day called for an orgy with Don and two girls.

## DAY FIVE

The first thing was to find someone to replace Don in the orgy. Jamie, being the trouper he is, agreed to slide into the vacant slot, or slots. The next item was to find a solution to the story problem, as up to then, we had had a wry, downbeat



"And in a very few minutes . . . talk about a tranquil hippopotamus!"



# Benson & Hedges 100's

I was trying to  
be sophisticated  
and then  
it happened.

*that's the breaks.*



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

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;  
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"Can I get back to you, Marge? I'm evaluating a portfolio."



ending. But with Don unable to screw the two maids, that twist was now screwed. So while Jamie and the two girls prepared for their triad, I paced the corridors in search of an unusual climax. As necessity is the motherfucker of invention, she gave me a hard time before she finally delivered. Meanwhile, Jamie, Annie and Nancy Dare—a dancer with a lissome body—were humping away like Hobbits. Jamie was incredible. That session lasted for well over three hours and he never stopped fucking, even when the camera had to be reloaded. There was just one moment when he seemed almost human. He'd been screwing Annie for about ten minutes when Bob suggested that he was ready to film her orgasm. There followed five more minutes of deep thrusting, with Annie really enjoying herself, before Jamie, with a touch of asperity, said, "Annie, it doesn't have to be a real orgasm; you could fake it just this once."

Annie was utterly dismayed: "But, Jamie, I'm very close." So Jamie plunged on and Annie delivered.

All three consulted about the cum shot, but Annie topped them. "I think it'd be nice if Nancy and I were soul-kissing and Jamie knelt over us, cock in hand, and came all over our faces and mouths." She clapped her hands delightedly when we agreed. The seven men and two women of the crew watched this performance with rapt attention. The women were impressed by Jamie, but the men suffered a genuine case of penis envy. Naturally, Jamie delivered a perfect ten-second cum shot. A virtuoso on his instrument, truly a classical penist.

#### DAY SIX

No sex, just straight plot; shooting went smoothly, rushes excellent. Bumped into Marty Feldman, an old friend, and took him up to the set. He was fascinated by the continuity girl's job. "Do you have to remember how far in it was? And the exact angle of penetration?"

She deadpanned, "If we run into trouble, we just use the universal cutaway."

"What's that, a belly button?"

"No, the American flag."

#### DAY SEVEN

No rest for porn creators. The video equipment broke down and while we were trying to solve that problem, Bernie came rushing in. "Tsooris. Terri Hall's got appendicitis." Sheeet! She was rushed off to a doctor and we had to sweat out the rest of the day. We spent the time trying to find a replacement but without much hope. Finally, the doctor called. "It's not appendicitis. She's picked up a virus of some kind. I've pumped her full of antibiotics and she should be all right tomorrow." Tremendous relief all

round, but we had lost a day and now we would definitely be over budget.

#### DAY EIGHT

Terri turned up feeling a lot better, but we put off her sex scenes until she was 100 percent. Annie was on the set doing a straight scene with Nancy and she had a question for Bob. "Is there any chance of trying two cocks in one cunt? I tried it last night and it's terrific." We all expressed incredulity. But Annie was adamant. "I mean it; look, it works like this: One guy lies on his back, then I lie on top of him, on my back, then he puts it in, right? The other guy lies on top of me and the two cocks fit in; all that rubbing is great." I wonder if the Earl of Sandwich ever tried it. We finished at 9:30 P.M. Then we set off for our location house in Connecticut, where we would be filming the next day. By the time we got there and unloaded the equipment, it was 3:30 A.M. The bad news was that because the house was unfurnished, we had to sleep on the floor. The good news, it was for only three hours.

#### DAY NINE

The Connecticut countryside was aflame with fall colors, which made an impressive background for our exterior shots. We finished those and a long scene by the indoor swimming pool with Holly and by late afternoon were ready for Kim's erotic fantasy of getting laid by all and sundry. This was shot against a solid-black background, which gave a dreamlike effect, and included Don, Terri (both recuperated), Annie and Jamie. Bob decided all the sex in this sequence would be vertical. Terri asked why. "Why not? Anybody can do it lying down." Jamie even managed to suspend Terri in mid-air and slide her up and down on his ever-ready and upstanding pego. They rang all the positional changes, a sort of happy sexual carillon, ending with Terri's being serviced by everyone: men's hands all over her, Jamie up to his hilt inside her, Annie's magic mouth on her breasts and Don's cock in her mouth.

#### THE LAST FUCKING DAY

The tenth day called for the most sex. Terri had a masturbation scene and later a long, hard grind with Jamie. Masturbation is, by definition, a solitary occupation; it requires remarkable single-mindedness to play with yourself in front of an entire film crew and the omnipresent camera. She didn't fake anything and was beaded in sweat and moaning ecstatically as she gave us a full throbbing orgasm. For the final championship bout, our two pros got together in royal style. Terri's magnificent tits were outstanding; she was fighting fit and went at Jamie's cock like a *Frau* at a frankfurter. It was nuzzled, nibbled, lapped and lipped, and

she relished every round inch of him. She then mounted him and rode his rod like a Valkyrie. The champion took his time and, in turn, Terri was topped and tailed, tongued and tugged. Finally, the stallion climbed aboard for a rearing, bucking, thrusting finale. Terri rose flushed from the bed and, with a scraphic smile and a tremulous voice, announced, "That was the best fuck I ever had on-camera."

#### AFTERMATH

The shooting was finished, but there was still money to find. I turned up two more investors with five grand each, so the crew was paid off. So far, we had spent \$50,000, but we needed another \$40,000 to finish the film, to pay for editing, dubbing, mixing and music. Bernie put together a rough cut, a long way from the finished print but good enough to screen. As months dragged by, we showed the rough cut to most of the porn brokers. They were interested but greedy, and the deals offered were punitive. We continued working, editing, polishing, trying out new ideas and screening the film endlessly. Bernie went to England on another job, but we kept his assistant. Bob designed the titles and a knockout logo for the posters and we had more screenings. Then two impeccably dressed young men showed up, charming and soft-spoken. The fact that they each had a dorsal fin and six rows of teeth made us uneasy, but the cutthroat terms they offered frightened us. Our position was tenuous; the production had gone too long and we were up to our Moviola in debt, but we dug in our toes and held on. A month later, a film producer with an impressive list of credits and a healthy source of finance liked what he saw and came up with the \$40,000. He thought the picture would benefit by reshaping and reshooting and, as he was right and willing to pay for everything, we agreed. We shot for two more days, hired a new editor and got Stan Free to compose an original jazz score. The dubbing was done, the negative cut, the mix finished and, at last, we had an answer print.

It is now early July 1976. We have a finished film, a U.S. distributor and a foreign distributor, but, as yet, not a glimmer of gold. The little porn film that was going to be quick and easy has taken 20 months of blood, sweat, tears and ulcers. And it's not over yet. The other day, the phone rang. "Ronan. Tsooris. The red-necks have landed. They're prosecuting Harry Reems and everybody connected with *Deep Throat*. What do we do now?"

(Editor's Note: What they did was release the picture. "The Double Exposure of Holly" has been playing in New York and Chicago—and was reviewed in *PLAYBOY's* January issue, with praise only for Catherine Earnshaw in the title role.)





## SODIUM STEAROYL-2-LACTYLATE

members are dedicated to finding out what it is like to taste a real tomato. Thus far, all they've come up with is agrosience horror stories such as the infamous MH-1 tomato, the fruit developed at the University of Florida that is said to have the taste and consistency of a shot-put. The advantage of MH-1 is that it can be picked by the indelicate fingers of a mechanical harvester, jounced, bounced, bumped and thumped for thousands of miles along the deteriorated roadbeds of a modern railroad and stored for indefinite periods in what is called a mature-green condition. Comes time to sell it to you so that you can slice it up for your salad with your new Amana laser-beam knife (specially designed for the new food), the man at the warehouse ripens it red by bathing it in ethylene gas. Readers of *Coated Tongue*, the Taste Buds newsletter, already know that the food chemists are perfecting a tomato taste essence that can be injected into these green rocks as they're being gassed.

The food fury is on us all. We may eat our Big Macs at the Golden Arches, but we worry about it. Even bachelors, penitentiary residents and others dependent on charity and institutional cooking are sensitive to the creation of the Pringle, that biochemical potato derivative of uniform shape that is sold in tennis-ball cans and has become the nationally advertised metaphor for near food. Wouldn't you think that food would be the one product in the world there'd be no need to advertise?

The TV consumer ladies and the taut Naderesque experts who call press conferences to announce that the dye in mascara and the color additives in pretzels have caused brain tumors in six out of 19 rhesus monkeys leave us with the impression that it's all caused by greed. They seem to be saying it was greed that pushed Procter & Gamble to spend more than ten years and some \$70,000,000 to come forth with the Pringle from a secret laboratory near Cincinnati. But actually, neither P & G nor anybody connected with this strained, overextended and unbalanced industry is any more or less greedy and immoral than anybody in any other business.

It's Pringles or perish, "Adapt or die," as Earl Butz used to say. Nobody wants to kill you when additives are put into the marmalade, it's just that you can't make big money any other way. Least of all in the food business. There just ain't no way you can make money selling a plain potato. Ask the poor farmers of Aroostook County, Maine, where they fail to make a living trying. It's this simple: Potatoes that cost ten cents a pound raw, in the bag, cost 31 cents a pound cooked, in the can, 51 cents a pound in the form of frozen French fries, \$1.39 a pound as potato

(continued from page 98)

chips and \$2.32 a pound as a snack with the revolutive name Chipsters.

Pringles or perish, process or perish. The more you can trick up the food, the more you can get people to spend. In his book *Eat Your Heart Out*, Jim Hightower remarks, "One of the primary thrusts in the advertising of Hamburger Helper is that its ingredients will help hamburger go further, allowing you to use less meat. That's a fine idea, except that Hamburger Helper sells for \$1.50 a pound. You can buy lean hamburger [or you could when Hightower wrote this] for one dollar a pound or you can buy the ingredients for Hamburger Helper for about 40 cents a pound."

The more the food chain can be elongated—the longer the distance between the cow's teat and your mouth—the more money there is to be made, which may explain why the package the TV dinner comes in costs more than the food it contains or how the hamburger at McDonald's figures out to three bucks a pound or better. Under pressure from Wall Street analysts, bankers and stockholders to make every year better than the last, these corporations have no choice with a system, the public-health questions aside, that is costly, inefficient and every day in danger of breaking down.

Back to Pringles to explain why. People have been so bothered by what many consider an ersatz, additive-loaded, plasticized, facsimile chip, they've failed to see how it shows the way a huge six-billion-dollar corporation can break into a little industry and threaten to drive 100 concerns out of business with a more expensive, inferior product. Admittedly, there's a strong element of subjectivity in the use of the word inferior here, but this is still a case study of how the rules of a free-market economy are abrogated.

First, the Federal Government has to permit the big-business Borgias to ship tricked-up, chemical-fed food across state lines. That happened back around the turn of the century with the passage of what is mislabelingly called the Pure Food and Drug Act. We've been taught that without chemical preservatives we wouldn't have food; but we would. What we wouldn't have is funny food—Sugar Squiggles, Almond Yappos and Figgy Ziggies—because national distribution would be impossible, thus robbing outfits like P & G of the incentive to spend research and development money to invent things like Pringles.

Instead, we would have thousands of local bakers, butchers and brewers supplying us with fresh and tasty food. It might be jarring to find out real bacon isn't red and that all food doesn't have to taste as though it were cooked 60 days earlier in a cave under Kansas City, Missouri, by contractual agreement with

Industrial Canteen of America, and drinking would be a lot more fun, too. Thirty-five years ago, 1100 brands of beer were brewed in the United States. Today, there are 246, with a commensurate shrinking of tastes.

Small companies can't stand up to the advertising and marketing power of the biggies. The entire potato-chip industry, every company together, grossed only about 20 percent of what P & G did by itself in 1975. Using its other products for tie-in promotions and leverage to get more and better supermarket display space, P & G ought to crush its little competitors like so many potato chips. It already has about ten percent of the national potato-chip gross, but, as with tooth paste, soap and other things P & G makes, when you merchandise this way, you create an unstable, volatile market in which your product can be kept afloat only by massive, expensive and constant promotion.

With a few exceptions such as Campbell Soup and H. J. Heinz, which have become national institutions, brand names in this business are inherently unstable. They must be perpetually sustained by advertising of extraordinary violence and persistence to achieve some degree of certainty. Large corporations abhor instability. Too much capital is involved for the corporate managers and their bankers to entertain any bullshit about the zestful experience of risk taking in the free market. Yet the industrialization of food has added consumer uncertainty to the inescapable ups and downs of any business based on the luck of the harvest. Before Pringlization or the creation of brands and processed foods, the local businessmen who dominated the market could with ease predict the demand for potatoes, something that is impossible with spuds being sold in 100 different processed forms.

Having gone to enormous expense to destabilize the distribution and marketing of food, the agrogiants then had to restabilize both at yet higher levels of cost, economic, social and nutritional. New tactics have to be used to overcome the permanent running deficits resulting from wrecking an orderly supply-and-demand market by introducing so many extraneous costs.

One approach to that problem is the General Motors method, many seemingly independent divisions backed by a centralized headquarters that can supply the staff and money power for a knockout blow wherever it's needed. Beatrice Foods, a low-profile corporate behemoth that did 4.6 billion dollars' worth of business last year, exemplifies this tactic. Although Beatrice sells 8000 products, mostly in supermarkets, few people are aware of the company's name. They like it that way. What they want you to fix on is La Choy brand Chinese food, Clark bars, Sexton canned foods, Louis Sherry ice



cream, Eckrich meats, Meadow Gold dairy products, Dannon yoghurt, and on and on.

The other way to go is monopoly. In ready-to-eat cereals, one of the first segments of the food business to be industrialized, four companies, Kellogg, General Mills, General Foods and Quaker Oats, have over 90 percent of the market.

If the food processors live dangerously by a system of incurring costs that add

no functional value to their products, the life of a supermarket chain is even more precarious. They're intrinsically so inefficient that any laxity in management and profits evaporate, which is what has happened to A & P, the pitiful, weak giant that has been dethroned as America's number-one food retailer.

The corporatists and the anticorporatists have spent the past five years fighting over whether or not the chains are

profitable. It depends on how you read their books. If you figure return on investment, a number of them make good money. If you figure return on sales, they're making only two or three pennies on the dollar, which may explain why some of them are always being accused of short-weighting and other non-nice practices.

Lost sight of in the controversy is the larger question of whether or not the big chains are obsolete. It's an American article of faith that large firms are more efficient than small ones. Everybody from John Kenneth Galbraith to the guy next to you in the saloon knows that, but the Federal Trade Commission estimates that the optimum size for a supermarket chain is five stores. The numbers also indicate that in a fair fight, the chains can't compete with the independents.

In 1975, the chains closed 2000 stores, while the indies opened almost 1000 new ones. Here's another number: Although there were about 6000 fewer indy than chain stores in 1975, their sales increased by four billion dollars.

If the chains can't win in a fair fight, other means have to be resorted to. National monopolies are out. Even the chains don't begin to have the kind of money needed to pull that off. But local monopolies, or oligopolies, to use the technically correct word, are feasible. Economists say that prices rise to non-competitive, rigged levels when four or fewer companies can control half the sales in a given market area. That situation exists in over 50 percent of America's major retail areas. In the Washington, D.C., area, right where the Justice Department's antitrust division can't possibly miss seeing it, 70 percent of the groceries are sold by four chains.

In case the Justice Department lacks the curiosity or the investigators to find out how the game of keeping the competition out is played, they should send for a transcript of the Senate committee hearing on the subject. Charles E. Mueller, for 15 years a lawyer for the Federal Trade Commission, explained the whole thing in simple layman's language:

"It all started back in 1967. . . . A relatively small food chain up in New Jersey called Foodarama, one with some 25 king-sized supermarkets that specialized in discounting, got the idea that it would like to invade the Washington area. . . . Marketing experts were sent down to do a bit of what is called comparison shopping and they reported back to the Foodarama management in New Jersey that the price level in Washington supermarkets was some three to five percent higher than in their own New Jersey market area.

"Even in a relatively modest-sized market like the Washington metropolitan area, with its yearly food sales of about

## EVERY MAN'S POISON

Since the entire system of nationally advertised and distributed processed foods depends on chemical additives, the trick is to convince the public these substances are safe. The easiest way to do that is to get the Government to certify them, which is why the industry needs the Food and Drug Administration. Eat your cancer flakes, Johnnie, the Government says they're OK.

All that was needed was to turn the FDA into an industry front, so that the prestige of the American eagle could be used as a merchandising gimmick. Thus, the passage of the pure-food laws actually conferred legal immunity to poison the population. The industry take-over began immediately, forcing the first head of the FDA, Dr. H. W. Wiley, to quit in protest. His 1912 letter of resignation could have been written last year: "I saw the fundamental principles of the Food and Drug Act . . . one by one paralyzed or discredited. Interest after interest engaged in . . . the manufacture of misbranded or adulterated foods and drugs made an appeal to escape. . . . One by one, I found [my] activities were restricted. . . . A few of the instances of this kind are well known. Among these may be mentioned the manufacture of so-called whiskey from alcohol, colors and flavors, the addition to food of benzoic acid . . . of saccharin . . . the selling of moldy, fermented, decomposed and misbranded grains." Sixty-four years later, President Ford said he was going to put a stop to misbranding grains and they were still putting benzoic acid in the food.

Since Wiley's day, the battle for control of the FDA has gone back and forth; but even when the Ralph Nader types have been in charge, the industry has always come out on top, because it has gotten everyone to accept the idea that additives may be used once they are tested and found to be safe. The unhealthy secret is that there is no way to test them.

The practical difficulties in adequate testing are formidable and the

theoretical ones are insoluble. Nearly 3000 additives are now in use and by juggling a molecule here and there, the commercial chemists can crank out new additives so fast they could overwhelm any testing facilities. Not that the Government has such facilities. Most of these tests are performed in private labs and are paid for by the people who have a financial interest in seeing that they exonerate the chemicals.

Those are some of the practical difficulties. The theoretical ones are worse. The chemicals have to be tested on animals unless you want to volunteer, and animals don't have the same reactions as humans. A guinea pig will die if you give it penicillin; most Homo sapiens won't. On the other hand, people are 30 to 200 times more sensitive to Thalidomide (the drug that caused so many birth defects in the late Fifties) than laboratory animals.

This variance in reactions is why no research physician would dream of suggesting that a drug had proved itself out simply on the basis of experiments with laboratory animals. But there's another problem. We don't consume additives one at a time. We're ingesting a variety of them all the time.

The nitrites commonly used in preserving bacon and hams for national-brand distribution are suspect in and of themselves. But they are considered particularly dangerous when they mix with additives often found in cigarettes, certain canned foods, tooth paste and some classes of artificial flavorings. Cigarette smokers, attention: Don't eat pork products, especially ham, sausage and bacon. No way is known to test for the effects of the thousands upon thousands of possible combinations.

To be safe, additives don't need to be tested but banished from the food chain. And don't believe the scare talk that it would make food either more expensive or harder to get. The only difference is that industrially processed near food—such as Hoffle-finger's Banana Yellow Yum-Yums—would vanish and maraschino cherries would no longer glow in the dark.



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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.  
SHULTON

one billion dollars, a one percent price difference means a gain or loss to the industry of about \$10,000,000. To the New Jersey firm, the opportunity to sell in a high-priced market like this one meant that, at its regular New Jersey prices, it would be offering such bargains to the Washington consumer that any new stores it might open there would quickly reach the volume needed to become highly profitable. The plan, then, was to transplant its low New Jersey prices . . . [but] by the time they got three stores in operation, the boom had been lowered on them. Giant and Safeway, having no desire to see the Washington price structure competed down to the New Jersey discount level, zeroed in on the three Foodarama stores with price cuts so severe that those three stores had lost several hundred thousand dollars in a couple of months. Eventually, this invader gave up and pulled back to New Jersey, licking its financial wounds and reflecting on the folly of trying to fight tanks with bows and arrows."

The top-heavy, cost-heavy structure of the supermarket chains looks even shakier than what the food-processing middlemen have done to themselves and to us. It looks like their era's over unless the universal price-code system that computerizes their inventory and speeds up the productivity of the check-out counter can bring in some dramatic cuts in their labor costs, but that's doubtful, for the ironic fact is that the only grocery-chain operations that have been doing bullishly well are the ones moving in the opposite direction toward small, convenience stores such as 7-Eleven. But if a chain can be made out of a string of mom-and-pop food shops, why did they tell us for years that little places like that couldn't compete with the ten-trillion-square-foot supermarket because they weren't efficient?

The Government may yet rush in and find a way to save the grocery chains from the logic of free-market competition. That's the only thing keeping the agrocrops in the industrial farm business. It's the Government, not big-business efficiency, that's taken the eee-eee-i-o out of Old McDonald and his family farm, as these words from J. Patrick Madden of the Department of Agriculture Economic Research Service attest: "We are so conditioned to equate bigness with efficiency that nearly everyone assumes that large-scale undertakings are inherently more efficient than smaller ones. . . . But when we examine the realities, we find that most of the economics associated with size in farming are achieved by the one-man fully mechanized farm." In fact, as the returns come in from around the world, from places like Russia, where trillions of rubles have been spent making factories of the fields, it's beginning to look like small-scale agriculture can be made to outperform large every time.

Federal interventions are too multifarious even to enumerate—milk subsidies, Department of Agriculture marketing orders to restrict product competition, free, illegal irrigation and a crocheted security blanket of tax loopholes that makes losing money in farming profitable. The Department of Agriculture estimates that between 10 and 20 billion dollars vanishes through special provisions of tax laws relating to agriculture.

A few states such as North Dakota have fought back by not letting corporate farming within their borders, but the agrobeggies are home free in states such as California and Texas. The tax regulations encourage them to speculate in land at little cost to themselves while driving up the price for owner-operated farmers. While oil companies, movie stars and dentists have learned the IRS lets you make money while losing it in farming, these arrangements put a premium on wasteful, profligate methods of agriculture.

Forgetting how it may be depleting the soil, a system that expends 200,000 barrels of oil a day just for nitrogen fertilizer is heading for trouble. The tractors by themselves burn up as much energy as there is in the food that is grown. It's costing 6.4 units of primal energy (coal, oil, natural gas, whatever) to produce one energy unit of food by one calculation. For processed foods, that ratio can jump to 15 to 1. Again, the whole shebang is out of kilter, running a deficit that the tax regulations allow agribusiness to hide from itself and pass on to others.

Nevertheless, the bulk of our food is still grown by 1,800,000 farmers left in the fields. Their diversity makes it impossible to talk about them in a clump. A wheat farmer gets only seven cents out of a 36-cent loaf of bread; a dairy farmer gets 41 cents out of a half gallon of milk selling for 78 cents, but it's the dairy farmers who are having the worst problems just now. In general, they have all the problems their grandfathers had.

Their grandfathers depended on horses and windmills, and not on a commodity like oil that can triple in price in four years when what the farmer has to sell can't. Eighty years ago, William Jennings Bryan fought for low interest rates and access to credit; it's still a problem, and the lack of it was one of the main reasons the big feed companies could force the nation's poultry farmers into ruinous contracts that turn a man into an indentured factory hand on his own land.

Marketing the harvest is still murder. Where retail customers at the supermarket have to face oligopoly, few stores for many customers, the farmers have to face oligopsony, few buyers for many sellers. The processors can administer prices just as effectively that way, also.

The farmers' answer has been to join



together in cooperatives, but the co-op movement seems to be getting into serious trouble. Helped along by significant exemptions from the antitrust laws and other Government favors, some of them have become fabulously successful. Land O'Lakes is so big, it's listed in the *Fortune* 500. Ocean Spray markets 85 percent of the country's cranberries; Sunkist has the same percentage of the lemon market, but more and more reports are coming in alleging that farmers are being pushed out of control of their own co-ops. Agricultural researcher Linda Kravitz says, for example, that Coca-Cola's food division (makers of such things as Minute Maid) organized a co-op and persuaded the orange-growing suppliers to join it. Names like Goodyear Tire and Kaiser Aluminum have been found on lists of agricultural-co-op members. Yet more tax advantages to be scooped up there.

All kinds of charges are floating around that the big co-ops, over which farmers have lost any democratic control, are doing some very dubious things to make both individuals and the smaller co-ops sign up. Associated Milk Producers, Inc., better known in the Watergate illegal-contribution headlines as AMPI, seems to have run so wild that Big John Connally, who can hardly be called a pantywaist, is quoted as saying some of the things the organization is doing smack "a little [of] strong-arm tactics."

Some farmers' organizations have tried to end-run co-ops, processors and chains and sell directly to the eaters. But the infrastructure for this kind of distribution hasn't really existed for a couple of generations. Some cities are setting up farmers' markets and since 1970, there's been a rejuvenated interest in consumer co-ops that would buy directly from the farm. Hundreds of them have been started, mostly by young college-educated people, but their growth is stymied after a certain point by worse difficulty in borrowing than the farmers have.

But besides feeding us, farmers are supposed to make money for us. Agricultural exports paid for over one half of our oil-import bill last year. The economic foundations of our foreign policy would dissolve without our grain and corn sales abroad.

It may, anyway, with the beating these farmers took the past few years as Nixon-Ford Kissinger machinated our agriculture from blunder to disaster back to blunder. First subsidies and acreage controls were removed to force maximum production, and then, when they got it, they messed up the Russian wheat deal so that it was the grain dealers, not the grain growers, who got the profits. The result of the Russian deals was such screaming back home about the high cost of bread and pizza that a partial export embargo was grafted on, causing the

prices to drop and whipping the farmers twice in a row.

No other American industry has come close to the productivity increases that our farmers have been bringing in for the past 30 or 40 years, but no other group of producers has had to put up with quite so much crap. Here is the farmer, getting it on like the brooms carrying the pails of water in *Fantasia*, overcoming monopoly, oligopoly, oligopsony and regulation by sheer production, and then he has to face the food-power preachers who think we can rule the world by the judicious giving and withholding of what he grows. Beat the Commies with wheat. It is an ancient piece of megalomania that dates back to Herbert Hoover, our World War One "food czar," who said that he saved Austria from the Reds by telling "the authorities to post the city walls with a proclamation signed by me that 'Any disturbance of public order will render food shipments impossible and bring Vienna face to face with absolute famine.' Things passed off quietly. Again, a Communist crisis arose when Hungary went Bolshevik. But fear of starvation held the Austrian people from revolution."

American farmers have worked long and hard to build up their foreign markets. Their erratic disruption by politicians on power trips hasn't saved the world from communism, but it has given our farmers' customers incentive to find reliable and sane people to buy food from. We're not the only people in the world who know how to grow it. The French, the Australians and the Canadians are happy to sell foodstuffs. We're not even the only people in the world who know how to bring in high yields. Taiwanese and Egyptian farmers get a higher average yield per acre than we do. The Japanese average 50 percent higher per acre. Much of the Arab world will probably soon be able to feed itself, thanks to the Saudi Arabian investment in developing agriculture in the Sudan, a nation that is already exporting food. So much for starving them if they won't sell us oil.

American consumers still pay only a small portion of their incomes for food compared with people abroad, but the suspicion grows that it's more chemistry than nutrition. The farmers are whipped and hornswoggled. The food prices have become so volatile even Wall Street is wondering if there isn't a better way. Our stockpiled food reserves are so low that one bad harvest wouldn't produce hunger, but it would produce misery and a catastrophic run-up of prices. So the system teeters on providing poison for the tummy and dark thoughts for the brain. On the bright side, though, is the fact that food, unlike *détente*, represents a set of problems we can fix when we have a mind to.



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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.  
SHULTON



# Sexual Perversity (continued from page 85)

BERNIE: I know I got no problem.  
 DANNY: So tell me.  
 BERNIE: So OK, so where am I?  
 DANNY: When?  
 BERNIE: Last night, 2:30.  
 DANNY: So 2:30 you're probably over at Yak-Zies.  
 BERNIE: Left Yak-Zies at one.  
 DANNY: So you're probably over at Grunts.  
 BERNIE: They only got a two-o'clock license.  
 DANNY: So you're probably over at the Commonwealth.  
 BERNIE: So OK, so I'm over at the Commonwealth, in the pancake house off the lobby, and I'm working on a stack of those raisin-and-nut jobs——  
 DANNY: They're good.  
 BERNIE: And I'm reading the paper, and I'm reading, and I'm casing the pancake house, and the usual shot, am I right?  
 DANNY: Right.  
 BERNIE: So who walks in over to the cash register but this chick.  
 DANNY: Right.  
 BERNIE: Nineteen-, 20-year-old chick——  
 DANNY: Who we're talking about.  
 BERNIE: And she wants a pack of Viceroys.  
 DANNY: I can believe that.  
 BERNIE: Gets the smokes and she does this number about how she forgot her purse up in her room.  
 DANNY: Up in her room?  
 BERNIE: Yeah.  
 DANNY: Was she a pro?  
 BERNIE: At that age?  
 DANNY: Yeah.  
 BERNIE: Well, at this point, we don't know. So, anyway, I go over and ask her can I front her for the smokes, and she says she couldn't, and then she says, Well, all right, and would I like to join her in a cup of coffee.  
 DANNY: She asked you——  
 BERNIE: Yeah.

DANNY: For a cup of coffee?  
 BERNIE: Right.  
 DANNY: And all this time she was 19?  
 BERNIE: Nineteen, 20. So down we sit and get to talking. This, that, blah, blah, blah, and, "Come up to my room and I'll pay you back for the cigarettes."  
 DANNY: No.  
 BERNIE: Yeah.  
 DANNY: You're shitting me.  
 BERNIE: I'm telling you.  
 DANNY: And was she a pro?  
 BERNIE: So at this point, we don't know. Pro, semipro, Betty Coed from college, regular young broad, it's anybody's ball game. So, anyway, up we go. Fifth floor on the alley and it's "Sit down, you wanna drink?" "What you got?" "Bourbon." "Fine." And goddamn if she doesn't lay half a rock on me for the cigarettes.  
 DANNY: No.  
 BERNIE: Yeah.  
 DANNY: So this changes the complexity of things.  
 BERNIE: For a bit, yes. But *then* what shot does she up and pull?  
 DANNY: You remind her of her ex.  
 BERNIE: No.  
 DANNY: She's never done anything like this before in her life?  
 BERNIE: No.  
 DANNY: She just got into town, and do you know where a girl like her could make a little money?  
 BERNIE: No.  
 DANNY: So I'm not going to lie to you, what shot does she pull?  
 BERNIE: The shot she is pulling is the following two things: A, she says, "I think I want to take a shower."  
 DANNY: No.  
 BERNIE: Yes. And, B, she says, "And then let's fuck."  
 DANNY: Yeah?  
 BERNIE: What did I just tell you?  
 DANNY: She said that?  
 BERNIE: I hope to tell you.

DANNY: Nineteen years old?  
 BERNIE: Nineteen, 20.  
 DANNY: And was she a pro?  
 BERNIE: So at this point, I don't know. But I do say I'll join her in the shower, if she has no objections.  
 DANNY: Of course.  
 BERNIE: So into the old shower. And does this broad have a *body*?  
 DANNY: Yeah?  
 BERNIE: Are you kidding me?  
 DANNY: So tell me.  
 BERNIE: The *tits*——  
 DANNY: Yeah?  
 BERNIE: The *legs*——  
 DANNY: The ass?  
 BERNIE: Are you fucking fooling me? The *ass* on this broad——  
 DANNY: Young ass, huh?  
 BERNIE: Well, yeah, young broad, young ass.  
 DANNY: Right.  
 BERNIE: And lathering her——  
 DANNY: Mmmmm.  
 BERNIE: And drop the *soap*. . . This, that, and we get out. Toweling off, each of us in his or her full glory. So while we're toweling off, I flick the towel at her, very playfully, and by accident it catches her a good one on the ass and, *thwack*, a big red mark.  
 DANNY: No.  
 BERNIE: So I'm all sorry, and so forth. But what does this broad do but let out a squeal of pleasure and relief that would fucking kill a horse.  
 DANNY: Huh?  
 BERNIE: So what the hell, I'm liberal.  
 DANNY: If that's her act, that's her act.  
 BERNIE: Goes without saying. So I look around, figuring to follow in my footsteps, and what is handy but this little G.E. clock-radio. So I pick the mother up and heave it at her. Catches her across the shoulder blades and we've got this long welt.  
 DANNY: Draw blood?  
 BERNIE: At this point, no. So what does she do? She says, "Wait a minute," and she crawls under the bed. From under the bed she pulls this suitcase, and from out of the suitcase comes this World War Two flak suit.  
 DANNY: They're hard to find.  
 BERNIE: Zip, zip, zip, and she gets into the flak suit and we get down on the bed.  
 DANNY: What are you doing?  
 BERNIE: Fucking.  
 DANNY: She's in the flak suit?  
 BERNIE: Right.  
 DANNY: How do you get in?  
 BERNIE: How do you think I get in? She leaves the zipper open.  
 DANNY: That's what I thought.  
 BERNIE: But the shot is, while we're fucking, she wants me, every 30 seconds or so, to go *Boom* at the top of my lungs.  
 DANNY: At her?  
 BERNIE: No, just in general. So we're humping and bumping and greasing the old flak suit and every once in a while



*"Knock it off for a while, girls. It's time for 'Hollywood Squares.'"*



I go *Boom*, and she starts in on me. "Turn me over," she says, so I do. She's on her stomach. I'm on top—

DANNY: They got a flap in the back of the flak suit?

BERNIE: Yes. So she's on her stomach, etc. In the middle of everything, she slithers over to the side of the bed, picks up the house phone and says, "Give me room 511."

DANNY: Right.

BERNIE: "Who are you calling?" I say. "A friend," she says. So OK. They answer the phone. "Patrice," she says, "it's me. I'm up here with a friend and I could use a little help. Could you help me out?"

DANNY: Ah-ha!

BERNIE: So wait. So I don't know what the shot is. So all of a sudden, I hear coming out of the phone: "Rat-tat-tat-tat. Ka-pow! Ak-ak-ak-ak-ak. Ka-pow!" So fine. I'm pumping away, the chick on the other end is making airplane noises, every once in a while I go *Boom* and the broad on the bed starts going crazy. She's moaning and groaning and about to go the whole long route. Humping and bumping, and she's screaming, "Red Dog One to Red Dog Squadron" . . . all of a sudden, she screams, "Wait!" She wriggles out, leans under the bed and she pulls out this five-gallon jerky can.

DANNY: Right.

BERNIE: Opens it up. . . It's full of gasoline. So she splashes the mother all over the walls, whips a fuckin' Zippo out of the flak suit and, *Whoosh*, the whole room is in flames. So the whole fuckin' joint is going up in smoke, the telephone is going "Rat-tat-tat," the broad jumps back on the bed and yells, "Now, give it to me *now*, for the love of Christ!" (Pause) So I look at the broad . . . and I figure . . . fuck this nonsense. I grab my clothes, I peel a sawbuck off my wad, as I make the door, I fling it at her. "For cab fare," I yell. She doesn't hear nothing. One, two, six, I'm in the hall. Struggling into my shorts and hustling for the elevator. Whole fucking hall is full of smoke; above the flames I just make out my broad—she's singing, "Off we go into the wild blue yonder"—and the elevator arrives, and the whole fucking hall is full of *firemen*. (Pause) Those fucking firemen make out like bandits. (Pause)

DANNY: Nobody does it normally anymore.

BERNIE: It's these young broads. They don't know what the fuck they want.

DANNY: You think she was a pro?

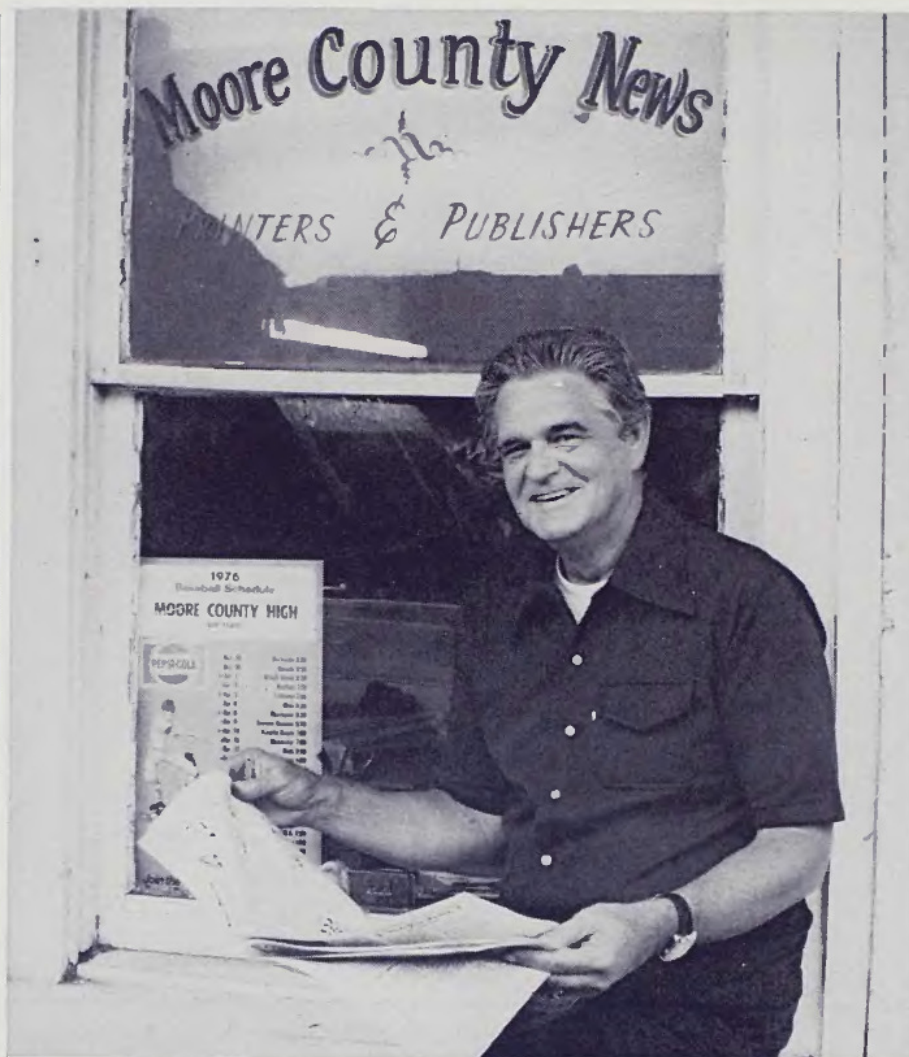
BERNIE: A pro, Dan—

DANNY: Yes.

BERNIE: Is how you think about yourself. You see my point?

DANNY: Yeah.

BERNIE: Well, all right, then. I'll tell you one thing . . . she knew all the pro moves.



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Thomas Pynchon

(continued from page 122)

book *The Meritorious Price of Our Redemption*, a protest against the rigid Calvinistic theology of his time, evidently the first by an American author. It was officially censured by the General Court, which ordered a rebuttal written, summoned Pynchon to explain himself and directed the book burned by the executioner in the Boston market place. Soon afterward, William Pynchon returned to England, leaving John to supervise the family's substantial holdings in the New World. He died October 29, 1662, and was buried in the churchyard at Wraybury.

Although John Pynchon was an important man in his own time, an increasing obscurity gathered about the name. The Pynchons were Tories during the Revolution but loyal citizens of the republic afterward. By the time Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote *The House of the Seven Gables*, in which a Pynchon appears in a not very attractive characterization, it seems that the family was virtually unknown. To Hawthorne's surprise, however, surviving Pynchons vigorously protested. In a letter dated May 3, 1851, Hawthorne apologized and wrote that he thought no great damage had been done, "but, since it appears otherwise to you, no better course occurs to me than to put this letter at your disposal, to be used in such manner as a proper regard for your family honor may be thought to demand."

Of the fate of the Pynchon family fortune, not much is to be found. They were gentry in England and gentry here. In the first half of the present century, the Wall Street firm of Pynchon & Co. went under with scant attention, except for the comment of a Morgan partner that "these ripe apples must fall." When I knew them, the Pynchons appeared to be in relatively modest circumstances but hardly in want.

Though there are some well-known and evidently quite prosperous Pynchons—notably, the original Thomas Ruggles Pynchon—to be found in the standard biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias, the two most illustrious are separated by more than 300 years, covering the entire history of the nation. Indeed, it is not pure hyperbole to suggest that, in some measure, William Pynchon of Springfield and Thomas Pynchon of modern literary fame define the spectrum of our intellectual history. The records of the Pynchon family are easily accessible to any competent researcher. Curiously enough, no commentator on the younger Pynchon's work seems to have made the connection with his ancestor.

How close were Tom and I at Cornell? It is hard to say, really. We were friends,



maybe at some points best friends, very much alike in some important ways. We were both writers, both science students—he in electrical engineering, I in premed—both quite solitary and shy. Like him, I had no luck with fraternity row. Unlike him, I was not diligent, was careless with money, attended class rarely, hardly got grades at all, much less high ones. One weekend between sessions, we hitchhiked from Ithaca to Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I wanted to see a girlfriend named Esther Schreier at the University of Michigan. If you think that name is dissonant, try Esther Chachkis, which is what she became when she married. It was blinding cold. We crossed Canada at night. Ann Arbor was sodden with stale snow. Esther had the flu and was not in a very romantic mood, though pleased to see me. Tom refused a date for himself and spent the evening at the observatory. On the way back, we got stranded on the bridge between Detroit and Ontario for about eight hours waiting for a ride, freezing outside between brief shelters in the relative warmth of the men's room until the guards took pity on us and invited us into their hut and got us a ride.

This time, we blasted across the barren winter reaches with a wild pair of couples in a sedan and a pickup truck who played tag with the two vehicles in the darkness before dawn at speeds upwards of 80 mph, sometimes turning their headlights off to ensure surprise. One of us—I forget which—left his bag in the car when they let us off in Buffalo. Tom remembered the first name of one of the men and that he worked for a cab company. We had to wait a couple of hours or more in a White Tower hamburger stand until the cab companies' telephones were answered. Then we tracked them down and got the bag back. It took us most of the rest of the day to get back to Ithaca. Tom began talking with a Southern colonel's accent, not only to me but also to everyone we met. Before long, I was pleading with him to stop.

Not long after that, I dropped out of school and went into the Army, winding up in the Military Intelligence service in Korea, where I received a letter from Pynchon informing me that he, too, had left school and now was—I laughed out loud at the piquant turn of speech—"a jolly jack-tar." He returned to Cornell, an English major this time, where Vera Nabokov thinks she remembers grading his papers for her husband's class. Of Vladimir Nabokov, Pynchon told me only that his Russian accent was so thick he could hardly understand what he was saying. I did not return to Cornell but went, instead, to Hunter College.

I saw Pynchon occasionally in New York. Once he took me down to Greenwich Village to the Café Bohemia, where

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Max Roach was playing. It was the only band I ever heard in which the drums carried the melody. The Modern Jazz Quartet and the Kent Micronite Filter commercial were about as much modern music as I could handle. Pynchon, however, was deeply into the mysteries of Thelonious Monk. On religious grounds, I excused myself from attending chapel with him at the Five Spot to hear "God" play. I was an atheist.

Tom came down to the Bronx to my engagement party, helped do the massive load of dishes and stayed overnight with us. In June 1958, Mr. Pynchon arranged for the marriage ceremony to be performed by a Federal district court judge in Massapequa, Long Island, and I went out to East Norwich to take care of the final details. Judith was there, 16 and more than fair. I blushed with lust and wondered why I was getting married. When the appointed day came, we arrived at the judge's mansion to find his worship in a tuxedo. It seemed that a few days earlier, another young couple named Siegel had come to him and asked to be married. Thinking it was us, he had done so and crossed our name off his appointment calendar. Fortunately—is that the right word?—Tom arrived early and intercepted the judge, who was getting ready to go off to a dinner. The marriage proceeded as planned. Phyllis DeBus became Mrs. Jules Siegel. Pictures were taken. In one of them, there was Tom, bearded, wearing a charcoal-gray suit. Perhaps Phyllis still has that picture. We were divorced less than four years later, our marriage a victim of deep family tragedies. I think of her occasionally with great affection and a certain longing. She was so wonderful a lover, generous and easily aroused, but I was too callow then to appreciate her.

Tom visited us when we were living in Queens, once helping us move from one apartment to another, playing a wastepaper basket as a conga drum in the back of the rented step van. Another time, he came down from Ithaca with his girlfriend, Ellen Landgraben, a coed at Cornell. It was a forbidden love. She was Jewish and her parents objected to Tom. It was my job to drive her out to Hewlett and pretend that I had brought her from school. At the last minute, I forgot to remove my shiny wedding band. I don't know if they noticed, though.

I remember another visit shortly after I was graduated from Hunter and was working for a public-relations agency. The firm was soliciting an account in the field of atomic research that manufactured plastic mannequins called radiation dummies, made of materials designed to absorb radiation in exactly the same way as the human body. One model had a human skeleton. The other was all plastic. Both had clear skins of something

like Lucite and were eerily beautiful. I had the literature at home. Tom took some of it with him when he left. I was not to see him again for more than five years.

There were letters. Eventually, the total was something like 30. They began from Seattle, where he worked on the Boeing company magazine. I remember one from Florida. He was then living with a girl and they had gone to visit her family. A cute preteen attracted Tom's notice enough for him to mention her lasciviously. Soon the letters had a Mexico City postmark. The Mexicans laughed at his mustache and called him Pancho Villa. In the rainy season, he awoke one morning to find a drowned rat on his balcony. Guanajuato was a town of stone corridors twisting back on one another. I had complained about the complexity of *V.* "Why should things be easy to understand?" he retorted and followed with a brief dissertation on the origins of the simple English movement in the studies of comprehensibility of newspaper copy commissioned by the Associated Press. The death of Marilyn Monroe grieved him heavily. The girl was no longer with him. This letter was written with a brand-new Mexican ribbon. He was gnashing his misshapen choppers in envy of my corrosively elegant first drafts of short stories and letters complaining of my inability to write. The return addresses changed, but the form of the letters was always the same: neatly typed on engineer's *quadriple* paper, the signature in faint pencil, "Tom."

By 1965, he was living in Manhattan Beach, California. I had given up the public-relations business and was freelancing for magazines. *The Saturday Evening Post* sent me to California to do a story on Bob Dylan. I found Tom in a one-room apartment with a view of the sea. There were some shabby furnishings, a large gas heater, a narrow cot, a few books—one, *Totem Pole*, by Sanford Friedman—little else; a monk's cell decorated by the Salvation Army. I told him about the Dylan assignment. "You ought to do one on The Beach Boys," he said. I pretended to ignore that. A year or so later, I was in Los Angeles again, doing a story for the *Post* on The Beach Boys. He had forgotten his earlier remark and was no longer especially interested in them. I took him to my apartment in Laurel Canyon, got him royally loaded and made him lie down on the floor with a speaker at each ear while I played *Pet Sounds*, their most interesting and least popular record. It was not then fashionable to take The Beach Boys seriously.

"Ohhhhh," he sighed softly with stunned pleasure after the record was done. "Now I understand why you are writing a story about them."

Another time, Chrissie was there. I had met her at a Beach Boys record session. She was then a few months older than 18, still wearing a thin wire brace on her big white teeth. Of Chrissie, it is necessary to post certain warnings. It is easy to underestimate her intelligence, but it is a mistake. She is obviously too pretty to be serious, conventional wisdom would have you believe. In New York, she was offered a screen test by Carlo Ponti the first week we arrived. She turned him down, likewise a modeling contract with the Ford agency, beginning with a recruiting commercial for the Coast Guard. The lady is full of surprises that do not go with a Pepsodent smile, shy and expert in the arts of invisibility, detesting stereotyped response. Her beauty is a device used to deflect inquiry, like the bullfighter's cape. There is the kiss of the rose on the point of a sword. When Tom left, I took him down to his old green Corvair parked at the bottom of the hillside. "Don't worry about her," he said.

"What is that supposed to mean?" I asked.

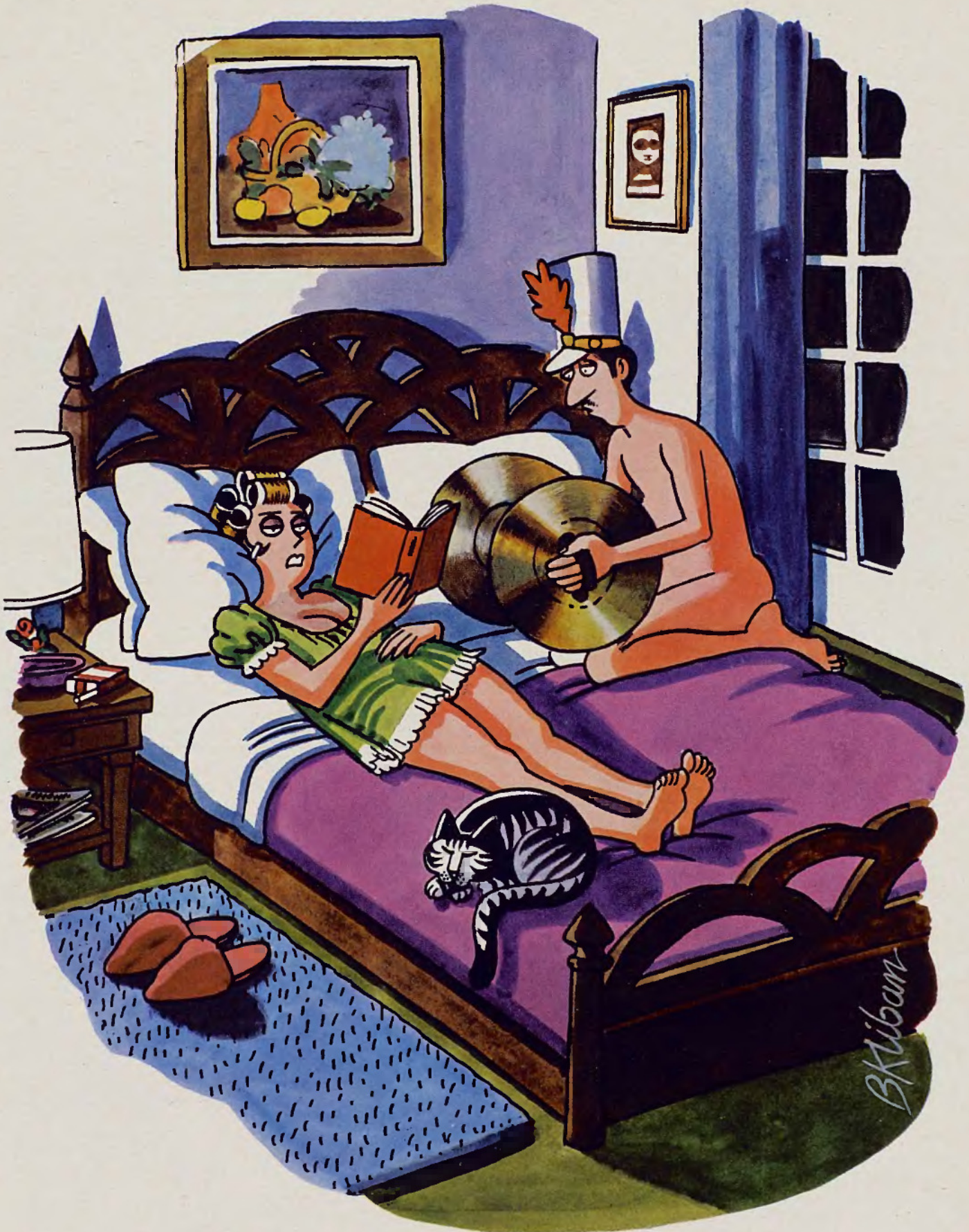
"I think you worry about her. Don't. She can take care of herself."

We spent several days together, the three of us. One night we all went up to Brian Wilson's Babylonian house in Bel-Air. Brian then had in his study an Arabian tent made of crimson and purple Persian brocade. It was like being inside the pillow of a shah. There was one light, fashioned from a parking meter. You had to put pennies in it to make it stay on. Brian brought in an oil lamp and tried to light it. The parking-meter light kept going out and Brian kept dropping the oil lamp and stumbling over it. Neither he nor Pynchon said anything to each other. Another night, we went to Studio A at Columbia Records, only to find our way barred by one of Brian's assistants, Michael Vosse, who explained that we couldn't come in anymore, because Chrissie was a witch and fucking with Brian's head so heavy by ESP that he couldn't work.

One afternoon, Chrissie and I drove out to Manhattan Beach to see Tom, taking along with us some grass we had scored at a be-in (remember be-ins?) in Griffith Park. Tom was then living in a two-room studio with kitchen that had evidently been converted from a garage. It was on a side street a couple of blocks up from the beach. The decoration was pretty much the same. A built-in bookcase had rows of piggy banks on each shelf and there was a collection of books and magazines about pigs. The kitchen cabinets contained not groceries but many empty Hills Brothers coffee cans in orderly array, as if displayed on supermarket shelves.

His desk sat next to a window in the





*"Not tonight, dear . . . I have a headache."*





"I tell you, Mr. Arthur, this survey has no way of registering a nonverbal response!"

small living room. It had a clutter of miscellaneous papers, letters from obscure publications pleading for articles, an Olivetti portable typewriter, a thick stack of that graph paper covered with his fine script—the draft of *Gravity's Rainbow*, which he was in the process of typing and rewriting. He felt that he had rushed through *The Crying of Lot 49* in order to get the money. He was taking no such chance with the new book, apparently having begun it soon after the publication of *V.*, interrupting it to write *The Crying of Lot 49*. Much of the draft was done in Mexico. "I was so fucked up while I was writing it," he

said, "that now I go back over some of those sequences and I can't figure out what I could have meant."

On the desk, there was a rudimentary rocket made from one of those pencillike erasers with coiled paper wrappers that you unzip to expose the rubber. It stood on a base twisted out of a paper clip. The wrapper had been pulled up into a cone from which a needle protruded. I touched the needle with the tip of my finger and it fell into the cone. Tom frowned, cursed and spent at least a half hour tickling the needle back out again. As soon as he got it right and leaned back, I pushed it back in again. He put

his face in his hands and almost wept.

The grass was said to be Acapulco gold. It was strong and beautiful. The day was misty soft—cloudy water-color weather. We drove down the coast past a couple of towns to see an abandoned baroque hotel, something out of Bergman, but with a grand tattered Colonial flavor. As twilight thickened and condensed into liquid darkness, we returned to Manhattan Beach in relentlessly gathering fog. At night, we went down to the beach. The fog was so dense that the streetlights on The Strand disappeared a few yards' walk toward the sea. Enveloped in opal-gray night we floated in and out of one another's view, dancing down to the water. Only the foaming edge of the waves was visible, and even that was perceived mostly as a blurred lapping sound. We were alone on the empty margin of existence, walking the scant line between nowhere and nothing.

Too stoned to risk driving back to Laurel Canyon in the grainy fog, Chrissie and I slept the night in Tom's dank bedroom while he made do on his studio couch in the living room. The head of the bed sat in a low notch of damp painted concrete formed by the floor of the room above. The room was a cave.

In the morning, there was sunshine. As we sat in the kitchen, Tom said, "Do you believe in ESP? Strange things keep happening to me. One day I was sitting in here and the side of my head came off, opening into Candida's office, which I have never seen. She was talking on the telephone. Later, I spoke to her about it and told her what her office looked like. I had it all exactly right.

"You know the W.A.S.T.E. horn in *The Crying of Lot 49*? The symbol of the secret message service? Every weirdo in the world is on my wave length. You cannot understand the kind of letters I get. Someone wrote to tell me that the very same horn was the symbol of a private mail system in medieval times. I checked it out at the library. It's true. But I made it up myself before the book was ever published, before I ever got that letter."

When Chrissie and I got back home, there was a message for me to call a number in New York. It was the publisher of a new magazine for young people. He wanted me to go East and be editor. We left soon afterward without seeing Tom again. Less than a year later, depressed and whipped, I went back again to Los Angeles. We stayed in the Ramada Inn on Sunset Strip. Pynchon came bouncing into our room with a pound of excellent grass, the kind they called ice pack, and a chunk of violent hash. He was wearing a black-velvet cape. There was a mysterious undertone to his enthusiasm.

"What are you always so afraid of?" I asked him. "Don't you understand that

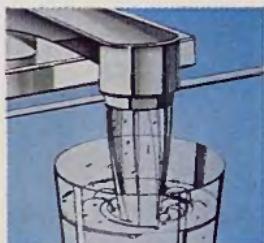


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what you have written will get you out of almost anything you might get yourself into?"

There was no answer, but looking into his face, I could see his thought as plainly as if he had spoken out loud.

"You think that it is what you have written that they will want to get you for," I said.

A few days later, on February 4, 1968, just before I was to leave for my brother's birthday party, which was to be held on a big boat moored off San Pedro (James Gould Cozzens fans, note well), I slipped and fell and broke my hip. Tom had been invited to the party and, in fact, did show up, striking an acquaintance with Susan, a friend of Chrissie's from San Marino. Susan has red hair and is breath-takingly beautiful, with the voluptuous body of a showgirl. Like Chrissie, she is much brighter than she looks, but if Chrissie plays the Dragon Lady, Susan plays Gracie Allen. The children of San Marino, one of the headquarters of The John Birch Society, are careful to avoid open displays of subversive intellect. Susan once came to the shattering realization while strolling on a concrete sidewalk that none of the squares was true, that, indeed, there were no true perfect squares to be found anywhere in reality. She was overcome by tears, then by nameless dread. A psychiatrist in San Marino diagnosed her a paranoid schizophrenic and prescribed shock treatment and apparently was going to administer it on the spot. Now really in hysterics, she called her father, who very sensibly countermanded the doctor's orders and calmed his child himself. Since then, Susan has been very careful in guarding her emotions, to the point where she sometimes seems stupid and cold. It is a pose.

Evidently, Tom saw through her mask, for the two went off and lived together for a long time. They came to visit me in the hospital and later at home, too. The last evening they were there, Michael Vosse showed up. He had some tarry black ganja, which he said had been grown high in the mountains by natives who beat the plants with whips woven of silver thorns to make them produce more resin. We smoked the grass. It was indescribably intense. The pain of my broken hip expanded to fill the room. I found myself unable to stand Michael's presence in the room and, after much reflective delay, finally asked him to leave. Alone with Chrissie and Susan and Tom, I felt some relief, but now the smell of the kitchen garbage bothered me. Tom volunteered to take it out. Chrissie went off to show him the way. Susan and I lay back, unable to move. The mood turned overwhelmingly sexual. I wanted to make love to Susan, but I couldn't speak, overcome by the feeling and the karmic implications, my thoughts racing toward certain inevitable

conclusions. The door opened. It was Tom and Chrissie. A little while later, he and Susan left. I knew then that it would be a very long time, if ever, before I saw him again.

Do you believe in ESP? I believe in everything and nothing. There are certain moments when it is all clear. The future lies spread out against your skull in blazing agony. There is the meaning of paranoia: not insanity but truth, the end of all our precious privacies, not the dignity of confession but the crazed gibber of the drooling beast.

Chrissie and I went back to New York. My career went from modest turn to modest turn and, before long, PLAYBOY sent me to do a story on hippie communes in California. She went on ahead of me while I stayed and finished a story on Herman Kahn that was purchased but never published. It was more than a month before I was to see her again. I felt the drift of her voice as she wandered off the telephone one day. It was nearly her birthday. I went down to B. Altman and sent her an ounce of Le De Givenchy. The day before I left to join her, it came back in the mail.

When I finally did reach Chrissie in Berkeley, where I had an assignment from *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* to do a story on the Black Panther Convention of 1969, the drift was subtle but very real. She was on her way to somewhere else and there seemed to be nothing that I could do to moor her interest. It was the week of the first landing on the moon. How appropriate that it was July, month of Cancer, of her birthday. After the convention, we visited a commune out in the redwoods and lived there for something like a month. Then I went off to Taos with a photographer and had various experiences, prophetic dreams and insidious anxieties I will possibly detail in some other work. I saw very far and well and truly, made certain decisions and returned to my wife not afraid.

One day we went for a walk in the redwoods and I said, "Chrissie, I love you more than any woman I have ever known, as much as I love my own mother. Something is troubling you. I think that it will make you feel better if you tell me what it is."

"I had an affair with Tom," she answered.

There it was. I felt all the things you feel in those circumstances, but mostly a sense of karma. Karma is what you get for what you do. It is also a certain perspective of reality. The words are flimsy, but the fact is about as graceful as a faceful of shit. Once, a long time ago, I had an affair with another man's wife. The correspondence between the two events is not quite as algebraic as you might think. The private affair of married persons is merely a fact of life. We are all one

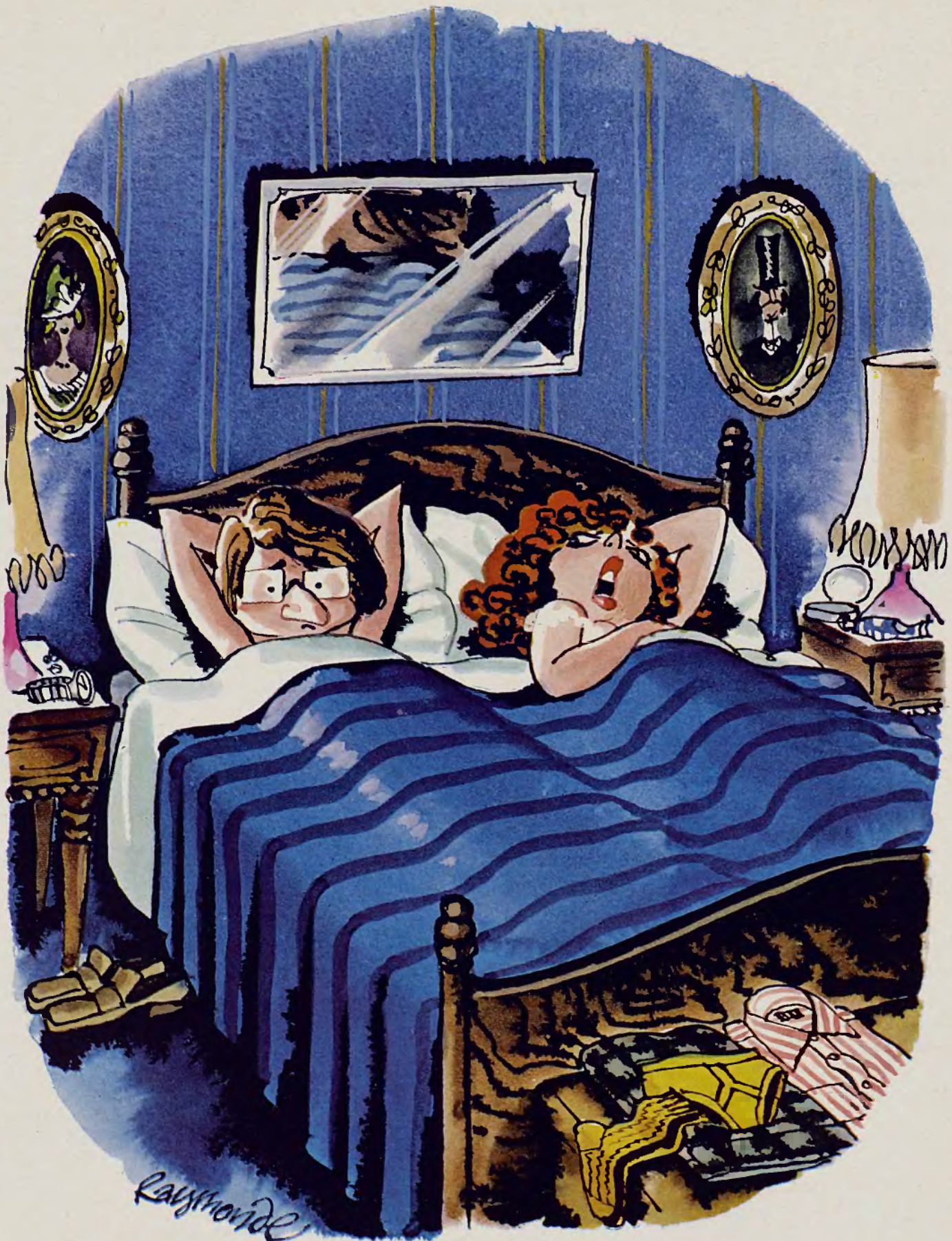
person, really, and what one of us experiences the other must necessarily experience, too. I should like to say that I was calm and noble when my turn in the barrel came. Unfortunately, that would be a lie. I do not like to lie. I define honesty, though, as the ability to admit that you lie. I will spare you my hysterics. They lasted long enough.

The ethics are rather clear. People are not property. The hysterics over, Chrissie and I went on to attempt to reconstruct our marriage. In the course of that work, there were many conversations about what went on between the two of them that I suppose ought to be considered privileged. For the sake of the historical record, however, I do want to share a few of them with you. He was a wonderful lover, sensitive and quick, with the ability to project a mood that turned the most ordinary surroundings into a scene out of a masterful film—the reeking industrial slum of Manhattan Beach would become as seen through the eye of Antonioni, for example. Still, she found him somewhat unworldly and bookish, easily astonished by her boldness. Once, out on the freeway, she told him that we had all gone naked at the commune. He professed to find that incredible and dared her to take off her blouse right there. She did. A passing truck hooted its horn in lewd applause. He loved her Shirley Temple impersonations—*On the Good Ship Lollipop* sung and danced like a kid at a birthday party. They talked about running away together. He promised to get a job. Well, at least to move out of the cave. On their way to do the right thing, to tell me the truth, he insisted on stopping to get a pizza to calm his stomach. Then they changed their minds, fearful of one of my outrageous tantrums.

There is more and maybe I will tell it another time. I have received no letters from Tom in a long time. What did I do wrong? And those other letters—whatever did become of them? Ask the Dahill Mayflower Moving and Storage Company of Brooklyn. They are the victims of my inability to hold on to anything, sold at auction during my last long voyage through the hospitals to replace my crippled hip with one of plastic said to be almost as good as the real thing. Most probably, the auctioneer never even knew the value of those sheets of faint-blue *quadrillé*. I miss having them, but I miss some other things more—the hipbone I was born with, an antique brass oil lamp with milk-glass shade in like-new condition purchased one sunburned summer afternoon in Elkhorn Junction, Nebraska, a gilded-wood schoolhouse pendulum clock that stopped working when my first marriage ended, a signed first edition of *The Godfather* with this inscription: "Dear Chrissie and Jules. You too can be rich and famous. See how easy it is. Mario."







*"That's what I mean about you, Carlton—  
you don't even disturb the bedclothes!"*



# tennis court (continued from page 116)

Raziah played a deceptively awkward game—the length of his arms made him appear to swing wildly; he was fast, but he often stumbled trying to stop. After the first set, it was clear that everyone had underestimated Shimura. Raziah smashed serves at him, Shimura returned them forcefully, without apparent effort, and Shimura won the first two sets six-love. Changing ends, Raziah shrugged at the veranda, as if to say, “I’m doing the best I can.”

Evans said, “Raziah’s a slow starter. He needs to win a few games to get his confidence up.”

But he lost the first three games of the third set. Then Shimura, eager to finish him off, rushed the net and saw two of Raziah’s drop shots land out of reach. When Raziah won that game and the next—breaking Shimura’s serve—there was a triumphant howl from the veranda. Raziah waved and Shimura, who had been smiling, turned to see four men at the

rail, the Chinese waiters on the steps and, crouching just under the veranda, two Tamil gardeners—everyone gazing with the intensity of jurors.

Shimura must have guessed that something was up. He reacted by playing angrily, slicing vicious shots at Raziah or else lifting slow balls just over the net to drop with hardly a bounce at Raziah’s feet. The pretense of the casual match was abandoned; the kitchen staff gathered along the side lines and others—mostly Malay—stood at the hedge, cheering. There was laughter when Shimura slipped, applause when the towel fell from his neck.

What a good story a victory would have made! But nothing in Ayer Hitam was ever so neat. It would have been perfect revenge, a kind of romantic battle—the lanky local boy with his old racket, making a stand against the intruder; the drama of vindicating not only his own reputation as a potentially great tennis

player but, indeed, the dignity of the entire club. The match had its charms: Raziah had a way of chewing and swallowing and working his Adam’s apple at Shimura when the Japanese lost a point; Raziah talked as he played, a muttering narration that was meant to unnerve his opponent; and he took his time serving, shrugging his shoulders and bouncing the ball. But it was a very short contest, for as Evans and the others watched with hopeful and judging solemnity, Raziah lost.

The astonishing thing was that none of the club staff, and none of Raziah’s friends, seemed to realize that he had lost. They were still laughing and cheering and congratulating themselves long after Shimura had aced his last serve past Raziah’s knees; and not for the longest time did the festive mood change.

Evans jumped to the court. Shimura was clamping his press to his racket, mopping his face. Seeing Evans, he started to walk away.

“I’d like a word with you,” said Evans.

Shimura looked downcast; sweat and effort had plastered his hair close to his head, and his fatigue was curiously like sadness, as if he had been beaten. He had missed the hatred before, hadn’t noticed us; but the laughter, the sudden crowd, the charade of the challenge match had showed him how much he was hated and how much trouble we had gone to in order to prove it. He said, “So.”

Evans was purple. “You come to the club quite a bit, I see.”

“Yes.”

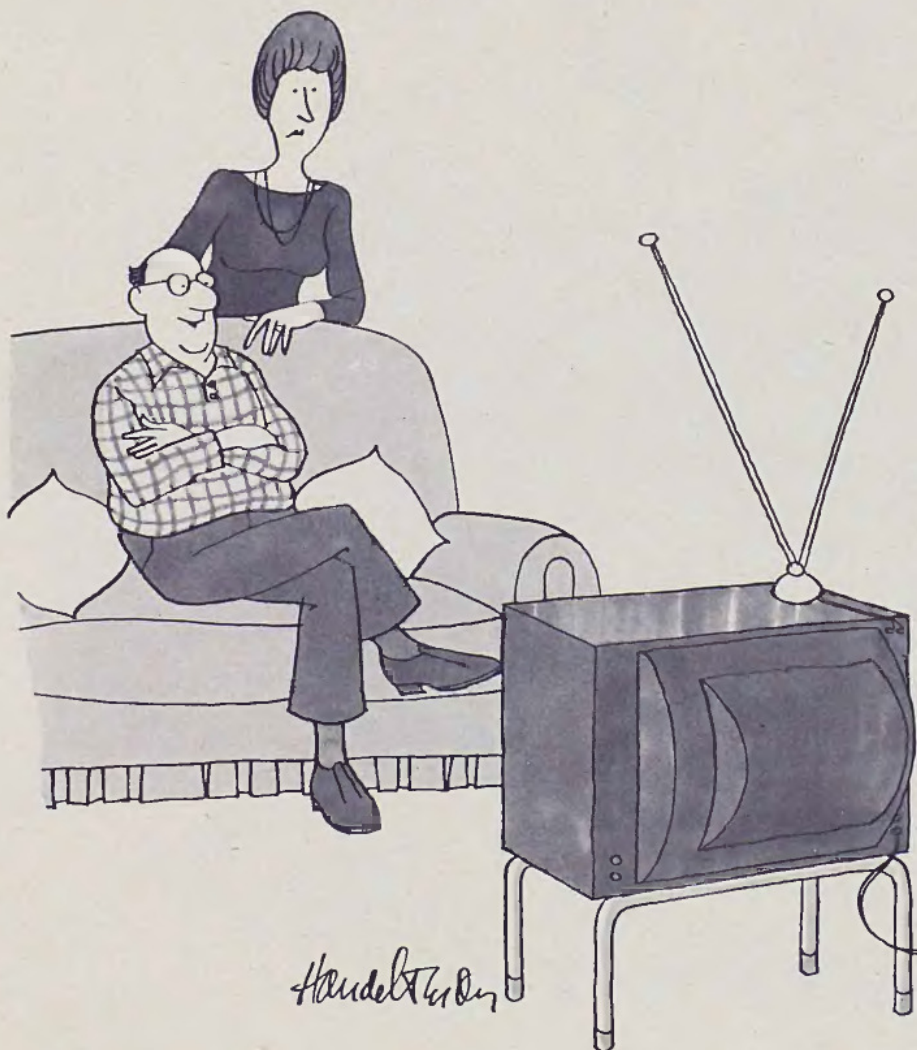
“I think you ought to be acquainted with the rules.”

“I have not broken any rules.”

Evans said curtly, “You didn’t sign in your guest.”

Shimura bowed and walked to the clubhouse. Evans glared at Raziah; Raziah shook his head, then went for his sarong and, putting it on, he became again a Malay of the town, one of numerous idlers who’d never be members of the Ayer Hitam Club.

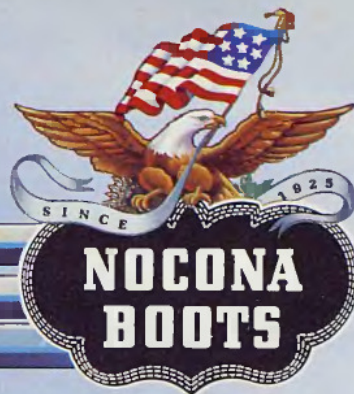
The following day, Shimura left. We never saw him again. For a month, Evans claimed it as a personal victory. But that was short-lived, for the next news was of Raziah’s defection. Shimura had invited him to Kuala Lumpur and entered him in the federation championship, and the jersey Raziah wore when he won a respectable third prize had the name of Shimura’s company on it, an electronics firm. And there was to be more. Shimura put him up for membership in the Selangor Club, and so we knew that it was only a matter of time before Raziah returned to Ayer Hitam to claim reciprocal privileges as a guest member. And even those who hated Shimura and criticized his lob were forced to admire the cleverness of his Oriental revenge.



*“The plot? I’m not bothering to follow the plot.  
I’m just enjoying the carnage.”*



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# UNITED STEAKS

(continued from page 126)

on the surface indicate steak is ready to turn. Raise heat to high and blot top lightly before turning. Repeat as for first side and remove steak to warmed platter. Cut small slit in thickest part to test if steak is at proper point. If too rare, return to pan and grill a bit longer. Steakhouse chefs test the stage of cooking by pinching the meat quickly. Raw meat offers little resistance. As the meat cooks, actually a process of coagulation, it becomes progressively tighter and more resistant.

Strip steaks are simply served individually on a plate. A sirloin may be carved in fairly narrow slices, across the width, so that each person gets some of each part. A smear of butter, if you like, a handful of watercress and a puff of finely shredded fresh horseradish add interest to the plate.

## STEAK SMOTHERED IN ONIONS (Serves two)

Pan-broiled steak  
3 medium onions  
2 tablespoons oil  
1 tablespoon butter  
Salt, cayenne pepper

Peel and slice onions. Heat oil and butter in large skillet. Add onions and cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until soft and light gold. Season with salt and cayenne pepper. Prepare steak; transfer to hot platter when done. Spoon onions over steak.

The Chinese have their own special way with steak. Lotus Eaters Fifth, a Manhattan restaurant, offers two distinctly different steak dishes—Mandarin style and the Cantonese version, given below.

## LOTUS EATERS FIFTH STEAK KEW (Serves four)

4 dried Chinese mushrooms  
1½ lbs. boneless sirloin steak, 1 in. thick  
2 tablespoons oil  
1 clove garlic, cut through part way  
2 slices peeled fresh gingerroot, 1/8 in. thick  
¼ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced  
½ cup snow peas (thawed, if frozen)  
¼ cup water chestnuts, sliced  
¼ cup bamboo shoots, sliced  
1 tablespoon soy sauce  
1 tablespoon medium-dry sherry  
1 teaspoon hoisin sauce  
½ teaspoon sugar

Soak dried mushrooms in warm water 30 minutes. Drain and slice; trim off tough stems. Heat ½ tablespoon oil in large skillet. Brown steak over high heat, 2 minutes each side. Remove from skillet and cut into 1-in. cubes, being careful to retain all meat juices. Put remaining oil

in skillet. Add dried mushrooms, garlic, ginger and other vegetables. Cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Add soy, sherry, hoisin and sugar. Cook, stirring, 1 minute more. Add cubed beef and juices and cook, stirring, 2 minutes. Remove garlic and ginger slices before serving. Serve on bed of rice.

Some recipes call for meat glaze in the sauce. But with fine prime beef, it isn't necessary.

## STEAK MARCHAND DE VIN (Serves two)

Porterhouse steak, 1 in. thick  
1 tablespoon oil  
2½ tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots  
or white of scallions  
½ cup dry red wine  
Salt, freshly ground pepper  
Finely chopped parsley  
Trim excess fat from steak and slash

outer fat. Heat oil and ½ tablespoon butter in large, heavy skillet. Sauté steak about 5 minutes each side for rare. Transfer steak to hot platter and keep warm. Add shallots to skillet, sauté 1 minute. Add wine; stir to deglaze skillet. Simmer until wine is reduced by half. Salt and pepper to taste. Remove from heat and swirl in 2 tablespoons butter. Pour over steak and sprinkle with parsley.

If you can pull it off, present the tender (but blandish) fillet to your lady and take the outer segment for yourself. You'll get points for gallantry—and the best cut, too. Virtue has its rewards.

A savory steak calls for a full-bodied red wine—and it needn't be expensive. Choose a Côtes-du-Rhône, Dão from Portugal, a Spanish red from the Alta Rioja, a Chianti Classico or any of the robust California zinfandels or Petite Syrahs. Memories are made of these.



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## ROCKY MOUNTAIN HYPE

(continued from page 86)

Buffalo Bill coiffures. I talked with the Vail paraphernalia man. "In Aspen you have to smoke; you won't be accepted otherwise. In Vail you do what you want—no peer pressure. There's tons of pot here but very little hard stuff." A poster suggested I RIDE THE GONDOLA, LUNCH ON THE MOUNTAIN. This was one day after the Lions Head gondola had harvested two of its cars like windfall fruit: four dead, eight injured. I could still see two other cars in a nervous embrace, inches or seconds from that first step, the one that's a lulu. Locals admitted it had been terrible, and "Thank God it happened just as our season came to an end." Trouble at Vail is bad news for Aspen environmentalists. On Main Street, a bumper sticker said, SAVE ASPEN, SKI VAIL.

And environmentalists run Aspen. Flush the john, they'll make you file an impact statement. "Drugs?" I asked the young lady hitchhiker.

"Drugs?" she said. "Politics. Politics. There's more politics per capita in this town than in, God, Washington." That's a fair assessment. Marvelously sophisticated politics, too. Aspen, remember, is where the late Sixties holed up. People get off a bus and run for office: strife-tempered pros from the moratorium, the convention, from those anti-Vietnam trials where your defendants were numbered, for convenience' sake, like baseball players, the five, the six, the seven and up. In Aspen, it's theater. You don't need signatures to qualify, just flash a SAG card. Hunter Thompson ran for sheriff there on the Freak Power ticket. He announced that Sheriff Thompson would eat mescaline on slow nights—and won the town of Aspen (though he lost Pitkin County). With a 32-day residency requirement, some bizarre votes were mobilized.

Jim Moore: "A lot of kids took Hunter seriously. A lot more seriously than Hunter took himself. They ran out and registered—some of them for the first time in their lives. Hunter was obviously having so much damned fun. I mean, he'd make statements like, 'We should plow up the streets and plant grass'—he didn't mean Bermuda—and they'd take him seriously. To me, that's the tragedy of American youth and their apolitical attitudes—you have to come up with something that squirrely before these people will vote."

Pitkin County is managed, stage-managed, by three commissioners; last year they were very liberal. That's not all they were. One journalist told me, "The county commissioners are est graduates. Early last year, the commissioners proposed that the county pay half the cost for any of its

employees who would take the training. There were cries of 'church and state' in Aspen, where est has almost divided a small town into warring factions." Joe Edwards and Dwight Shellman were elected on an environmentalist, slow-growth platform. Sure enough, I've grown more in the past two years than Aspen has. Commissioner number three, Mike Kinley, was appointed by Governor Dick Lamm when the more conservative electee suffered a massive heart attack (occupational hazard, that—for conservatives in Aspen). Edwards was described by Thompson as "a bike rider, a head and a freak." Right. And Shellman was the controversial one.

Shellman has been called arrogant. He wouldn't be surprised if that were true. "There are two ways to do this," he told me. "One is just to lay back and hang on to the job and make little increments to improvement as you can. That works for professional politicians. The other way is to go crashing into the china shop and start changing things. That's more my style. I get into terrible jams sometimes." Shellman has taken out a contract on the internal-combustion engine. "It's a god-damn drug habit we've got, called automobiles. You had to live in this town in '73, when the Arabs cut off the oil—we had to put together a mass-transportation system in two or three months. And you ought to go look at the high-volume sampler—it literally looks like someone took a trowel full of plaster and put it on a gauze plate. If I run again, it'll be on the platform that on such and such a date, for all practical purposes, there will be no private vehicles in town. If running against the automobile is a suicide mission politically, then it's time I died as a politician. You don't want to give a job like that to Hubert Humphrey or Ronald Reagan—those guys make too many concessions—you want to give it to some crazy s.o.b. like me and I'll get it done."

By now you've got a feel for the sweet nuances of Aspen political life. Slow growth, said Shellman and Edwards; they ate the short side of the mushroom and slow growth it was. Developable agricultural land has been down-zoned to 160 acres per unit under most circumstances. Suppose you owned, say, 640 acres of ranch land in Aspen Valley. Say you hoped someday to build a house on every five acres (few Aspen Valley homes cost less than \$100,000). Overnight, instead of 128 units, you've got four. It's like getting kicked in the Rocky Mountain oysters. Particularly if your father and grandfather have paid taxes on that land for almost eight decades. Particularly if, due to low beef prices, you're maybe breaking even now. One rancher who owns several hundred acres—and who, last April, signed a



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petition asking for the commissioners' recall just six months before Election Day—laid some sweet libelous nuances about Shellman on me.

Shellman might shrug; he likes to have a strong effect on people. It's charisma in reverse. "There are cultural differences. Those who support Joe and me, they're folk who have lived in urban areas and have experienced the severe restraint upon their liberty. Coming here, they experience a sense of freedom. On the other hand, in the rural areas, there are people who literally homesteaded this country—or their father did or their grandfather. And they did it at a time when there was no government at all. They see the growing participation of government in everything to a level that seems intolerable. Yet, to us, it's acceptable because we've experienced intolerable levels of government before." That's the quintessential pollution, government. It's irreversible. You might clean up the air, but no one has yet managed to reduce emissions from Washington or Denver.

I drove a dozen miles down-valley one moon-forgotten night. Then up, up into the mountains for maybe another five, maybe six. Just before Pitkin County ran short on asphalt, I saw a solitary gate. Beyond that gate they stored darkness for resale to the rest of Colorado. After ten feet, I was two inches taller: Mud had re-soled my boots. Up around Capitol Creek, there's a subway stop between your front gate and your house. And, abruptly, dogs were near. Two. Enough. I knew it was two dogs because their snarling had a terrible stereophony. I'm resourceful; I pushed my tape-recorder button: *Brandenburg Concerto Number Six*. The dogs were not impressed. There I was, alone with barks and Bach and my avalanching heart. I didn't need a laxative that night. For five minutes I walked, one hand out, the way I do in an unlit bedroom. I expected either to be bitten or to run into my bureau. Then lights bullwhipped on in the low, long ranch house. And, I swear it, there he was, young Abe Lincoln getting on to middle age. "Come ahead. The dogs won't bother you. Except maybe the black one, he might nip you a little." Yep, he did. Nipped me a little. Unpegged my right pants cuff, in fact.

Walt Wieben is the name. Large landowner; down Aspen way, that's what they'd call him. Large landowner. You can guess, can't you, how those words might come, past the uvula, off the soft palate, out of some environmentalist and liberal mouth. Wieben has 450 acres; the Wieben family has had them since 1910. Four hundred and fifty acres will support about 150 beef cattle and 150 head will support—just about—Wieben, his

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wife and the two sons still living at home. I judge that Wieben may take home half of what a Teamster takes home and no pension, no benefits. His speech is circumspect, measured, even bashful. Temperate, I'd say. You are aware of his wrists and ears and ankles; they're in the Sergeant York tradition. Clean-shaven, unlike all those urban, for-show cowboys down at the Jerome Bar on Main. We sat, drinking tea, near a coal stove. His kitchen is companionable but used: Wood around the drawers has been scored by a generation, perhaps two, of earnest pulling. I felt, well, reassurance; as once Americans knew assurance. It was a good place to be.

"My eldest son, he's been in construction since he got out of school two years ago. Works for the Ski Corp. in winter. I can't pay him what they do. If I did, he'd just about have the proceeds and I'd probably have to work for the Ski Corp. I don't think one of the boys will stay, maybe the littlest one, if the others are all gone. But we're going to need a change in our beef-pricing structure before I could honestly ask him to. There aren't that many people my age who've stayed in ranching. This is the tail end. It's true all the way up and down this whole valley. You see older and older men trying to run an operation. You get to be 65 or 70 years old and you keep trying to run one of those irrigation shovels all summer long—well, you just don't have the zip.

"Down in Aspen, they say they want to preserve agriculture, same time they're raising taxes on us so we can't exist. Last year, they spent approximately \$200,000 just on bicycle paths and cross-country ski trails. That doesn't improve the environment a whole lot and we have to help pay for it. Mass transport, if it comes to Aspen—we'll pay for that, too. And prices. Baler twine jumped from eight dollars a bale three years ago to as much as \$36 now. Heck, you can't make a living comparable to that of the man who's working on a ski tow—but the equity of your land did increase. From that standpoint, a number of people stayed in the business. But now they've zoned us to 160 acres. Our land value has dropped tremendously. I'm not for door-to-door housing up and down the road, but yet I think a man has the right to his property, as long as he's not infringing on his neighbor's right."

Starwood. In a better time, that's what his property might have become. The sign is discreet: a wooden scaffold, a metal star, a threat. STARWOOD ROADS ARE PRIVATE—\$100 FINE. Regardless, I proceed; it'll make an interesting entry on my expense account. Three hundred thousand dollars; that's budget price for a home up in Starwood. You can glimpse five or six from Aspen Valley; they jut like so much shelving bracketed into the

steep mountainside. Each seems a large and very defensible pillbox; it'd cost three platoons to silence any one of them. STOP. The security guard has waved me down. "I like to keep it at a low key. You don't want to offend people." He's business-suited. The tie clip is a low-key pair of tiny, tiny handcuffs. "When tourists come up, I say, 'I can't let you go through, but I can give you an autographed picture of John Denver.' I must average 16 to 18 cars a day that come up here just to see where John Denver lives." Colorado doesn't much care for John Denver (in Denver, they call him John Aspen). That 100-proof Rocky Mountain High, it'll just attract more apprentice elitists to the state. John Denver, you see, has Colorado's tone down pat. They begrudge him that.

*I'm sorry for the way things are in China,*

*I'm sorry things ain't what they used to be,*

*But more than anything else I'm sorry for myself.*

Screw China. What about number one? Me. Me. That's it, that's Colorado. Isolationism and a fine, dramatic sense of self.

•

Remember that quote about est and the county commissioners? I filched it, plus five or six other items, from Mike Moore, the former editor of the *Mountain Gazette*. The *Mountain Gazette* is one of the good things about Colorado, a suave and splendid magazine. Moore on Aspen: "Aspen's like a transplanted Greenwich Village. All the good people out there—the 'in' group—they want to be someplace else, but they can't leave one another. If they all got into a plane and went to Cleveland, they'd be happier, the 50 or 60 of them. Their concerns, their social issues, they just aren't that important. It doesn't compare with the problems of real poverty. I'm on their side in the fight, but I don't think it's a very important fight. The urban liberal immigrants have been an asset to Colorado. They came here and wanted to do it right. But Colorado's not Utah or Montana. The future is Strip City, from here to Cheyenne. Growth is inevitable. They came too late. It's beyond saving."

Shellman did not run again. If he had run, it would have been on the Kamikaze ticket. Thompson has said of his own baroque campaign, "For a while, I thought I was going to win, and it scared me." Left-liberals have that problem: They run against an office, not for it; they're too good, too special—it's part of the image—for government. Campaigns are acceptable; the campaign is hardly more than so many street demonstrations back to back to back. Theater. But elitism has tough ground rules. When you get elected—and

by a democratic majority—Christ, that's not very elite at all. Power and style don't speak when they meet; only the unpowerful can be free. In 1974, some very special people were elected to Colorado state office—on Nixon's coattails, you might say: Governor Lamm, Lieutenant Governor George Brown, Treasurer Sam Brown. Sam Brown won't run again. I think he's sick of apologizing to his radical friends for all those conservative, unspecial three-piece suits he has to wear these days. George Brown might get benched. And, according to my Deep Throat on Capitol Hill, Governor Lamm, who came in like a lion, would rather be kicked upstairs—Secretary of the Interior, now, that sounds just right. Elitists either lose or leave; it's a point of honor.

Lamm campaigned as the environmentalists' environmentalist. He was quotable. He said things like, "I want to help prevent Colorado from becoming a colony of the U.S., an energy colony." In time, you thought, Lamm's Colorado would sign up with OPEC. He also said, "I don't want to suggest that Colorado ought to secede from the Union, but . . ." Secede from the Union? That's nothing; Colorado had already seceded from the world. In 1972, Lamm was field marshal for Colorado's successful anti-Olympic campaign. First time, I'd guess, that a landlocked state had ever put the screws on U.S. foreign policy. "I still love to ski and mountain climb—in fact, I'm probably the most athletic governor in a hell of a lot of years." That's Lamm: boastful, impetuous. Elite. Athletic but not a team-sport man. Sure of himself; maybe not quite so sure of you and me. He's attractive, even pretty. That wonderful pelt of silver-white hair, it must be on the endangered-species list. I like Lamm. I get a kick out of him. Yet somehow I think: He's a nice guy to visit, but you wouldn't want to live with him.

Lamm made a foolish tactical mistake: He got elected. Is he happy now? Doesn't sound like it. "I've got a senate upstairs," he told me, "that I can't even get the Lord's Prayer through—because the bankers don't like that bit about 'forgive us our debts.' It's just an incredible time to be governor. I'm out in political no man's land—where the environmentalists say, 'Jesus Christ, you stopped the Olympics, why can't you go out and stop oil shale?' We're really trying to walk a line here. And that's the trouble—anyone who tries to walk a line gets fired on by both sides." The isolationist isolated. It's somewhat apt.

And George Brown hasn't been what you'd call an asset—unless that's a diminutive. "He's not heavy," Lamm might sing, "he's my lieutenant governor." Brown is black. At the Lieutenant Governors' Conference in Alabama in August 1975, he





*"Well, how's that for starters? No bloody aardvarks!!"*



recalled a moving slice of personal history. It goes like this: 1943; Brown is an Army Air Corps trainee in Alabama. His plane crash-lands. Blackout. (Brownout?) Where am I? In a farmer's hut. Severely injured. Also in chains. Also—what's this?—a letter K has been branded on my chest. Grown lieutenant governors wept to hear him tell the tale. One oversight: it wasn't true. Brown had never crashed. And apparently branding was popular at some fraternity initiations at the time. K for Kappa Alpha Psi, not K, as had been implied, for K.K.K.? Brown wears a profile villainously low since then. And he doesn't take his shirt off at the beach. "My body," Brown has said, "is the only privacy I have left."

Lamm has had his moments. At a famous press conference, he stage-whispered, "I want them to stand, goddamn it." Kind of an elitist sentiment, wouldn't you say? Not the first time, either. I quote from a *Denver Post* article:

At an A.B.A. All-Star luncheon, Larry Varnell "referred to the fact Lamm walked across the state during his 1974 campaign for governor and said he 'cannot be completely unfamiliar with the jockstrap.' . . . Lamm was visibly annoyed. As the governor was leaving, Varnell rushed up to apologize. Lamm complained about the introduction and told Varnell, 'Nobody stood up when you introduced me.'"

Lamm does tend to be brash. Or rash. Depending on his degree of success. This interchange occurred between us:

Lamm: "We have the Federal Government now spying on our citizens through the FBI, we have them assassinating foreign heads of state—"

Me: "Which heads of state?"

Lamm: "I don't know. Diem? I—I. Ah. Trujillo, Diem—how far do we go? Lumumba? I don't know many of them. But, anyway, I think that the precedent is there. You know. There was. Whether. I can't. You know. You know the testimony as well as I do. I happen to think. Without. You know. It's. . . . The best evidence seems to point to J.F.K. on Diem and some of the other people were very actively involved in removing heads of state. The point. The point is. Whether it's that or that—for instance. . . ."

Hum. Rash.

Showbiz: the simile crops up again and again. "Politics—I always describe it as a stage in some ways. A few people sit in the front row of that theater." And a few technicians sit backstage. They can pull the curtain on you.

Richard Plock, Republican senate majority leader—and a good technician—assessed Lamm in this way: "Dick has turned out to be quite an elitist. He doesn't really feel comfortable with people. Dick had the conception that the governorship would be a continuation of espousing grand causes.

## A FEW KIND WORDS ABOUT ASPEN

OPINION BY CRAIG VETTER

IT'S EASY to write snide about Aspen, and tempting. It's a strange little town, so full of pretty people doing pretty things that you can't help but feel a hopeless outsider when you arrive. About two weeks after I got there, I wrote in my notebook: "Aspen is crawling with tough guys and a lot of them are women. They carry wooden matches and light them with their fingernails, they have frown lines they didn't get skiing, they're meaty, they spit, they have big dogs and they beat them often. Tough women, just like tough men, are a pain in the ass."

Two weeks after I wrote that, I felt very differently, of course. I'd found a place to live, and friends, a bar to meet them in and some places to hide out. But I didn't write any of *that* in my notebook, because it's much harder to rhapsodize with style than it is to curse. And *selling* a rhapsody is even harder than writing it in your notebook. These are sour times and the chronicles of them are sour, and easy.

Aspen is a tourist town, a tide pool, and for ten months a year, the 15,000 or so locals live like hermit crabs and anemones under a flood tide of strangers that recedes for a few weeks in the fall and a few weeks in the spring. A hundred years ago, it was a mining camp, and until the rich silver lodes petered out, people went there, mostly men, because the mountain paid them. Now everybody pays the mountain and it isn't cheap. I left in October 1975, after two years there, and I still owe on what it cost. But the Aspen chits are all debts of honor for good times rendered. And paying the piper for music you still carry around in your head is a good deal.

In summer, it's a paradise. The sidewalks jam up, the restaurants and the one supermarket are beyond frantic, but in summer, you can get out of the moil and into the mountains, where you can be alone with nothing but trout and the bugs they eat and the sunlight on your back through the trees. Up there it smells like there's nobody else in the world and it sounds like it, too: the wind in the trees, the rattle of the creek.

Every summer morning, I used to walk out an old country road to a graveyard full of trees and wildflowers set on six or seven hillocks. The head-

stones belong to people who died around the turn of the century or before. In fact, there are 20 or so markers that say the bones under them were Union soldiers who fought with units from as far away as New York and Connecticut but somehow got back here to be buried. The birds love it. There are a hundred kinds of them and many are stopovers from the North-South traffic of the great Rocky Mountain flyway. And I thought, more than once, if you could hear the birds and see the sky, it wouldn't be bad to be dead there.

Weekend evenings you can listen to Beethoven or Mozart or Vivaldi played by an orchestra of scholarship teenagers who come to work with big-time composers and conductors. And all over town, in the mornings or in the evenings, you can hear the students practicing. The music drifts out of the dorms and motels, a hundred separate oboe and clarinet and violin parts, as if all the classical music in the world had been torn into pretty scraps and thrown out those windows. I remember listening for weeks to the same trombone on the same exercises that were nice at first, then boring, and one evening when I thought I couldn't stand any more, the last note of that horn part slid into the opening bars of Glenn Miller's theme song. Then whoever it was played the whole thing twice through as well as Miller himself.

Just about every day around sunset, I'd walk down to a clean, well-lighted place of familiar faces, and I'd sit on a stool with a good footrest, over beer, with friends or alone, look out the window at the last of the sun on the tip of Bell Mountain and consider the possibilities: for that night, for that season, for the rest of my life. Sometimes those evenings got into tequila or worse, or both; but even when I closed the bar and staggered home a sick drunk, Aspen was a fine damn place to be in summer.

Ah, but the winter. When I left, it was under the strong premonition that if I stayed one more December, I'd be going home in a bucket. That's not why I left. I don't fear the bucket anymore, not the way I used to. My bones remember winter up there on the high western edge of the continental divide. It's hard. It comes early and it stays late. When you live there,



you get so you can read your horoscope off the weather page: cold and claustrophobia, ice and dark humors, more snow than you ever saw. Stay inside . . . if you go out, you will meet a short, fat stranger who came here from Texas on a bus. Protect yourself . . . the roads are murder and the clap is king.

They close Independence Pass with the first big snow, and then there's only one way in and out of the valley. Then 200,000 skiers pour in from everywhere, bringing money and six kinds of flu. Cars start to go into the ditches out along 82; everybody's driven indoors with everybody else. Someone you know leaves the bar at midnight; next noon, the sheriff is in with a clipboard, asking questions, calling him the deceased. Collarbones shatter on the sidewalk ice and people who didn't think you could O.D. snorting cocaine share the emergency room with busted skiers from Arizona and Illinois. Romances begin to fray and cheat; but most of the affairs that are going to collapse don't do it till about the time they open the pass.

The skiing is everything, of course, and it's first-class. There are four ski mountains, and Aspen, the heavy-shouldered monster that broods over the town itself, is the oldest, the steepest, the most difficult and the most beautiful. I could see the run called Corkscrew out a skylight in my place. When I wasn't falling down on it myself, I could sit at my typewriter and watch it beat two out of three people who tried. Getting onto that run was like stepping into an elevator shaft, and by the time you found the true fall line, you weren't skiing anymore. It would take a long time to get it right on that run. More time than I had, because skiing *can't* be everything. There are a lot of people in town who can do Corkscrew like dancers, but skiing can't be everything to them, either. The winter comes for you in Aspen, no matter what.

I didn't see the Beautiful People much when I lived there. There's a lot of money lurking on the side of Red Mountain and up in Starwood and tucked down among the beaver ponds along Maroon Creek. I never paid much attention. I've always figured that being one of the Beautiful People is its own best excuse. Their money can't buy them the secrets of the universe or immunity from winter moods or death, but they have their fun and they pretty much keep to themselves. None of their business meant as much to me as the doings of my own circle of miscreants, peddlers, jugglers and thieves. Our party went

on *under* the celebrated table and it was a good one, because there is enough money and what it buys in Aspen is enough for a man to live well on what drops through the cracks. And there were fat old women in Kansas and Iowa who knew more Aspen gossip than I ever did because they read the *National Enquirer*. In two years there, I never laid eyes on Claudine Longet.

I saw Spider Sabich a couple of times at ski-race-promotion events. He'd hurt his back and wasn't skiing then, but he was still the one who'd shown them all how to ski for money. I never met him, but years before, I'd had one of life's small indelible moments with him in it. It was in the mountains at the south end of Lake Tahoe and I was just learning to ski. Spider lived in Kyburz, a town of about ten people in those years, just down the road from the hill I skied called Sierra Ski Ranch. I was about 13 years old and Spider was probably 11. I'd been skiing for about a year and was cocky. One afternoon, I saw a pack of about five kids coming down from the top. They all had local passes hanging from their necks and they were doing crazy-ass things at high speed: in and out of the trees, across one another's tracks with an inch to spare, popping 15 feet into the air off makeshift jumps, looking for trouble, though no part of that little hill was trouble for any of them. One of them was grabbing more air, going faster, making impossible turns, and when he dropped behind the group, it was so he could go *over* their heads off a sidewall or something. I didn't have much fear then, but he had none. Even the one time I saw him lose it, he was like a thrown cat. I watched him off and on the rest of that day and decided he was a little prick. I remember asking someone on the hill who he was and he told me right away. "That's Spider." It was a strange name on an 11-year-old, especially one who could ski like he could. Not something you'd forget.

I was surprised when he didn't do well in the Olympics, then pleased when he became the number-one pro; and the times I saw him in Aspen, he looked good, the way ski racers usually do. One of the reporters who went to his funeral wrote that he looked that way in his coffin, too. That was about the nicest thing any of the news people said.

Later, friends told me it was a worse winter than usual, filled with many of the small kinds of death that don't make the papers anywhere. It was almost summer when I talked with them and I could hear it in their voices.

And what he didn't realize was that it's the day-to-day running of a 1.6-billion-dollar corporation that's the primary function of a governor." Day-to-day. One-point-six. Corporation. Enough to make any elitist bring up his lunch. Why, that sounds almost as bad as "large landowner."

Lamm must wish he were out in Pitkin County. "I look to Aspen with great interest as the picket—just as armies used to have pickets going on before—to find out what's right and wrong." It's more fun being up front with the skirmishers; more fun than being at G.H.Q. in what Lamm terms "this terrible hot seat." When you get elected as an environmentalist, no one knows who really elected you. Gosh, Barry Goldwater is an environmentalist. And George McGovern. And Shellman. And Wieben. Governor Lamm woke up on November 6, 1974, to find that he had no consensus. A secret: Despite Aspen, despite all the activist show-and-tell, Colorado—like any American state—is pretty damned conservative. It has mortgage payments to make, doesn't it? Payrolls to meet? And it has an intractable Republican senate, just as much elected, that has kept every significant clause of Lamm legislation from sifting through.

I think Lamm has lost some stomach for the game. Government, that day-to-day part—particularly when people don't even stand up for you—is for uncharismatic, stolid men like Plock. Lamm has had to compromise. Compromise: Mother Mary, that's the sort of thing Richard Nixon used to do. And compromise on the energy issue. Colorado, you see, may turn into our resource colony, after all. "If I could come close to an issue where there is a difference between what I ran on and what are the kind of realities that confront me in office, it would be oil shale. I have to persuade the environmental movement. I really feel Colorado no longer has an option as to *if* it is developed. The Federal Government can—will—come in and say, 'To hell with Colorado.' There're too many people in Congress who've heard that there are a trillion barrels of oil in Colorado oil shale. By God, it's much better to make sure that Colorado controls the conditions." And so—rabid environmentalists won't easily excuse him—Lamm gave "qualified support" to Federal legislation that would guarantee a couple of billion dollars for oil-shale development.

Lamm has caught on. Shellman and Edwards haven't, but they will. Colorado just can't make it as an intramural Switzerland. They may be elite up there, but we've got them outnumbered 100 to 1. Three or four divisions. Maybe some napalm to soften Denver up. Don't worry; Colorado can be taken.



# Motel Tapes

(continued from page 96)

of the night—Francis is in the far corner, a 20-foot jumper. Yes! That brings the Robins within three points of. . .

## THE LAST FORMERLY FAITHFUL WIFE LEFT ON EARTH

WENDY: It's a long story.

TERRY: You're telling me it's a long story. Believe me, I *know* it's a long story.

WENDY: I know.

TERRY: I was around at the beginning.

WENDY: I know you were.

TERRY: I gave up on you long ago. I wrote you off. I figured you for the last completely faithful wife left on earth.

WENDY: The last formerly faithful wife left on earth.

TERRY: The last whatever. The last of a kind. From the beginning, I had only eyes for you. Even when I was living with someone else, I'd be thinking about you—but I'd written you off completely. I'm kind of glad I was wrong, you know? You're so quiet. Is something wrong?

WENDY: Nothing's wrong. I feel good for the first time in, I don't know,

months. It's been months since anyone's touched me.

TERRY: Something's the matter with Peter, isn't it?

WENDY: I don't even want to talk about it. It's going to sound crazy, but I think he's seriously going crazy. If it's not actually crazy, it's a pretty good imitation. He even went to a shrink there for a while, but it didn't last. I don't know what happened. He just stopped going. He doesn't tell me anything.

TERRY: He seems kind of quiet.

WENDY: Yeah, you could say that. He's so quiet that it gets spooky. He's got this crazy idea about me and it's eating him alive. It's what's making him spooky.

TERRY: What idea?

WENDY: It'll make you laugh. He thinks I'm the greatest lover who ever lived. He thinks my life is a round of wild parties. He thinks the office is just a cleverly disguised bordello and I'm the featured attraction. He thinks there are whole platoons of sex-crazed men waiting to ambush me. If he calls the office and he hears I'm out for a cup of coffee, he

thinks I'm off with one of the executives and we've just taken the bridal suite somewhere. I knew you'd laugh.

TERRY: I'm sorry. Give me a minute. You're really the straightest person I've ever known.

WENDY: That's the funny side to all this. In our entire married life, there was only one incident. I came home from an office Christmas party a little late. Maybe two hours late. Nothing happened. Nothing at all happened, but Peter was never the same after that.

TERRY: That was the start?

WENDY: That was the first I knew about it, anyway. Things were never the same. Once he even had me followed. I didn't know about it until after, until he told me. He said, "You must've known I was having you followed—because you went a whole week without sex." I'm always finding him looking through my purse. I don't even know what he expects to find there. Pictures of all my lovers, maybe. I don't know. What would a philandering wife keep in her purse?

TERRY: A diaphragm, maybe. I don't know.

WENDY: I guess so. Anyway, he expected to find something incriminating. But he never has. Because there hasn't been anything. You know me, Mrs. Clean. But that doesn't help. Peter has never let the truth interfere with his fantasies about me. Like—I could tell you stories you'd never believe.

TERRY: Like what?

WENDY: Like last year, when we were having that two-day meeting over in Carleton. All the executives getting together for that encounter session. I was there, keeping the minutes.

TERRY: I wondered what that was all about.

WENDY: The way it turned out, it was just a chance for some of the boys to get some gripes off their chest. The second night, everyone was sitting at dinner, all the executives, a dozen of them and me and our beloved leader, and over on the other side of the dining room, I suddenly see Peter. Staring at me.

TERRY: What'd he say?

WENDY: The minute I saw him, he got up and ran out of the room. You'd figure him to be embarrassed that I would catch him spying on me. Far from it. Later, he showed up outside my room and started hollering that he knew I had someone in there. I opened the door and let him in—I didn't know what I could possibly say to him, and then he said, "What'd you do with your lover?"

TERRY: He's a pretty sad case.

WENDY: Very sad. There were dozens of times like that. I never did anything and he figured I was carrying on like some rabbit. Finally, there came a time when we had to stop going to the neighborhood parties. If we were at a party





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STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_



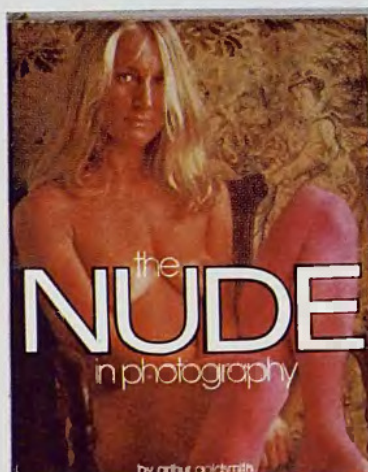
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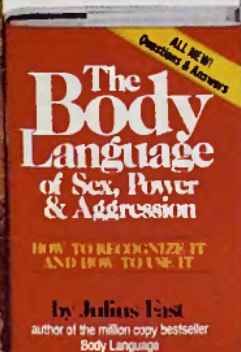
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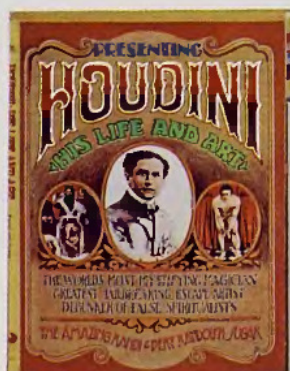
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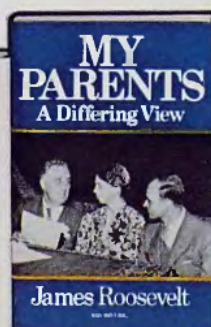
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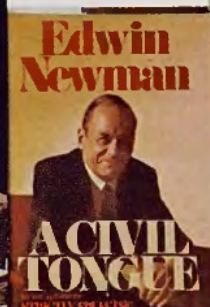
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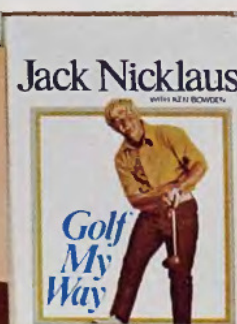
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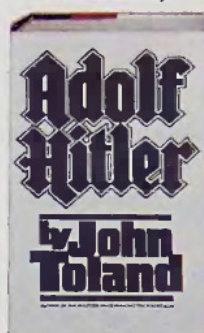
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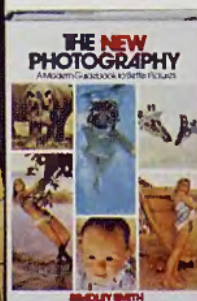
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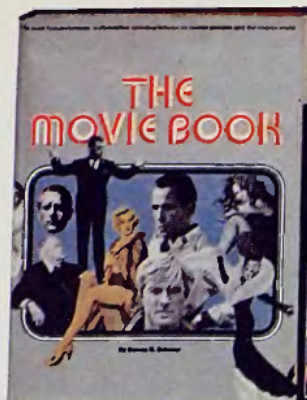
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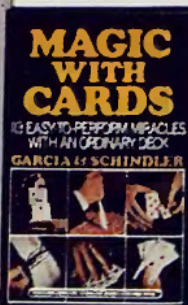
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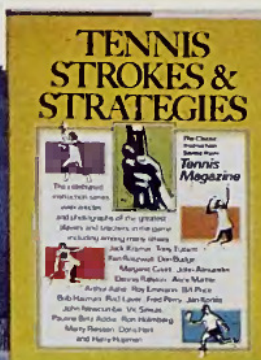
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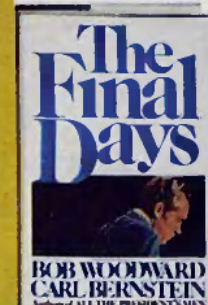
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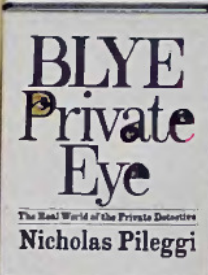
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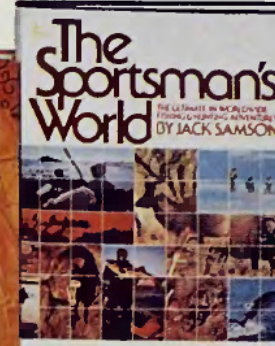
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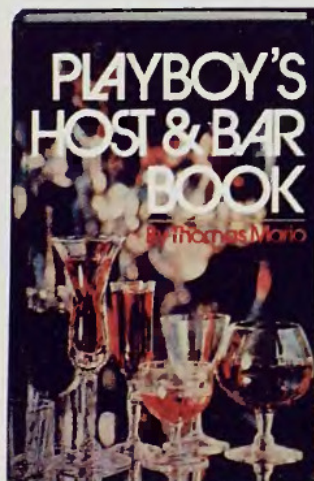
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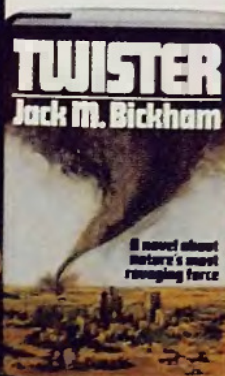
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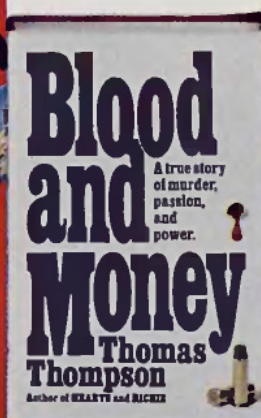
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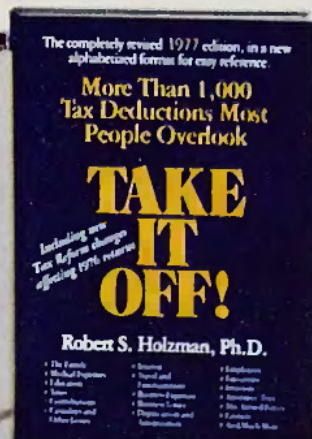
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and he saw me talking to another man, an old friend, even, then he'd come over and get very abusive.

TERRY: You're talking about a real sickness. It seems to me, you're taking an awful chance just being here today.

WENDY: Oh, I expect him to find out about this.

TERRY: How?

WENDY: Who knows? For all I know, he's out in the parking lot right this moment. It wouldn't surprise me in the least.

TERRY: You don't seem particularly worried.

WENDY: I'm really not. I'm looking forward to it. At first, I figured as long as I was being blamed for it, anyway, you know . . . and then I got to thinking about it and what is wrong with Peter is that he's fighting ghosts, his own fantasies. I think he'll be better off handling reality than fantasy. At least that's what I'm counting on.

TERRY: It's crazy. It's really crazy, but it makes sense.

#### THE WHOLE BALL OF STRING

NAOMI: Hal, are you sure you know what you're doing?

HAL: What's to know? There's nothing so complicated about any of this. That's not too tight, is it?

NAOMI: Hal, where'd you get this stuff?

HAL: Most of it at Franklin's.

NAOMI: No, this *stuff*. This stuff of tying me up.

HAL: It's all in the book. Does it really bother you? Look, if it bothers you, you don't have to go along with any of it. Move your arm this way. Is it really bothering you?

NAOMI: I want to do whatever turns you on.

HAL: This'll work both ways.

NAOMI: If my father could see us now, he'd kill us both.

HAL: Yeah, your old man's been into this kind of stuff for years. You just have to look at him.

NAOMI: Sure he has. Sure Mom would let him tie her up; sure she'd really go along with something like this. Have you got it right yet?

HAL: Try to get out. You're in my power. Open your mouth.

NAOMI: What's that? Don't you dare. Hal, you're really turning into some kind of—what kind of rag is that?

HAL: It's not a rag. It's a brand-new handkerchief. Come on, we've gone this far, let's not chicken out now. The gag's not going to hurt you. No one's going to get hurt around here. And there's a signal if something goes wrong.

NAOMI: What's going wrong? What do you mean by that?

HAL: Nothing's going to go wrong. Nothing. It's just in case. The book says

you need a signal. It says you're supposed to grunt.

NAOMI: Hal, you've got some book there. So far, this is not my idea of a good time. I don't really see what the point of any of this is.

HAL: You will, you will. You're going to like this. Now, listen, this is important. If anything goes wrong, you're supposed to grunt out a tune. *Shave and a Haircut, Two Bits*. Do you know that one? Like this: Mmmmmmm-and-a-mmmmmmm-mmmmmmmmm, mmm-mmm.

NAOMI: Hal, do me one favor. The first time, let's do it without the gag. I'm in your power. Look at me. You can do anything you want to me.

HAL: The gag is part of the whole thing. Don't worry about it. Just ignore it. All you've got to do is go, Mmmmmmm-and-a-mmmmmmm-mmmmmmmmm, mmm-mmm. Whenever you do that, that very minute I'll take the gag off immediately.

NAOMI: Hal, I really want you to be happy.

HAL: Yeah?

NAOMI: But this is a little weird, you know?

HAL: I'm sure it seems a lot weirder than it really is. According to the book, a lot of people are into this stuff. In some circles, it's not even considered kinky anymore. The book says that anything two people decide to do of their own free will should not be considered kinky.

NAOMI: I wonder what kind of a pervert wrote that book.

NAOMI: Hal, I've got to tell you. This is silly. I feel ridiculous. This is supposed to be sexy? I feel about as sexy as a big ball of string.

HAL: That's what you look like, a big ball of string.

NAOMI: That tickles. Hal, really, that's just tickling me.

HAL: Of course it tickles. Tickey-tickey-tick.

NAOMI: This whole thing is crazy. You're crazy. I can't even move.

HAL: That's the whole idea.

NAOMI: Whose whole idea? I thought you liked it when I moved.

HAL: I'm going to put the gag on now. We're just going to try it that way. For a little while. Is that too tight? Ha, this is not bad. You want to know something? This is a decided improvement. Now, do you want to know what I'm going to do to you? I'm going to fuck you the way—

NAOMI: Mmmmmmmmm.

HAL: Oh, sure, I'll bet you'd like me to take it off. Well, forget it. Yeah, sure, fight it. Fight me! Right; try to put up a fight, you big ball of string!

NAOMI: Mmmmmmmmm.

HAL: Oh, yeah, you love it, don't you? You love having a stranger come in and play with your titties. You love it, don't

you? Speak up; I can't hear a word you're saying. Oh, you love this, don't you?

NAOMI: Mmmmmmm-mmm-mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm, mmm-mmm.

HAL: What's the matter?

NAOMI: Nothing.

HAL: Why'd you do that? You were liking it.

NAOMI: I think the rope cut off my circulation. My wrists are killing me. I want you to untie the rope right now.

HAL: Let me loosen it.

NAOMI: Hal, take it off. Untie me. I've been thinking it over and I've decided I like it just fine the old-fashioned way. This business of tickling me and cutting my wrists does nothing for me and never will.

HAL: Can't we just give it some time?

NAOMI: Untie me. Now.

NAOMI: Every time you pick up that book, I get a bad feeling. What're you reading now?

HAL: I know it won't interest you, but the next chapter is really something. It's about beating.

NAOMI: Oh, that sounds like fun. I haven't had a really satisfying beating in ever so long.

HAL: It's not a real beating beating. It says you start hitting your partner lightly, once every few seconds, and then you gradually increase the force.

NAOMI: Mmmmmmm-and-a-mmmmmmm-mmmmmmmmm, mmm-mmm.

#### SWEET TALKER

GEORGIA: Give me your cock. Give me your big cock.

ERWIN: Fuck me.

GEORGIA: I want to suck your cock. I want to suck your cock until your brains come out.

ERWIN: Not today, you bitch. Just fuck me.

GEORGIA: I want to lick that big cock of yours.

ERWIN: Just cut the shit and fuck me—put that cock in your cunt and fuck my brains out.

GEORGIA: Let me ride your cock. Oh, that's such a big cock.

ERWIN: Fuck me, you cunt. You cock-sucking cunt. Fuck me, cunt. Fuck my brains out.

GEORGIA: That's right, big boy, stick it up me, stick your cock up me.

ERWIN: Turn over, you bitch. Turn over, whore.

GEORGIA: Beg me.

ERWIN: Fuck me, fuck me. Oh, you cunt! Bitch! Whore!

GEORGIA: Fuck me! Fuck me . . . cock . . . your big cock. Oh, shit, oh, God.

GEORGIA: Oh, my dearest, I love you so.

ERWIN: I love you, too.







*"The Almighty works in mysterious ways  
His miracles to perform, Miss Higginbotham."*



## FIRECRACKER

(continued from page 127)

man has been swimming in his own shit and vomit, with some sour horse piss thrown in. Today, even that one spiritual people, the Hindus, have elected for the nuclear bomb. They say for peaceful projects, but who can believe them? The two superpowers, on the other hand, Russia and the United States, make no bones about their accumulation of weaponry or the sale of it to other nations. One waits breathlessly to see what the Chinese will do, now that they, too, have the bomb.

The simplest definition I can think of for this so-called civilized behavior is—insanity. Not long ago, through the recommendation of my friend Lawrence Durrell, I read an extraordinary book by Jacques Lacarrière called *Les Gnostiques*. In it, I discovered that long before the advent of Christ, and persisting to this day in certain obscure parts of the world, there was and is a group or sect whose primary belief is that this planet Earth is a cosmic error. I am amazed, in view of all the monstrosities and atrocities that occur daily, that there has been no revival of this sect. No matter from which angle I view man's activities, I am obliged to confess that they smack of sheer insanity. It would be refreshing and stimulating for the youth of today, who know not where to turn, to read this book. To be sure, it is an utterly subversive work that advocates all manner of unsocial, amoral, obscene, irreligious practices. (*Ish Kabibble!*)

Coming back to the grave disproportion of wealth, the fear of famine and overpopulation, one wonders why someone has not proposed to make better use of the human fetuses that are now burned.

In Jonathan Swift's day, he recommended eating babies. (One didn't dare mention fetuses in a literary work.) But how much more tender and palatable, we imagine, would fetuses be! As for the immoral aspect of it, which the Church would be sure to raise, is eating them (in order to survive) worse than burning them because one doesn't know how to get rid of the blasted things? Perhaps if a kindhearted priest or rabbi or whatever were to bless the food first (or sprinkle it with holy water) the idea might become more acceptable.

Something drastic of this nature is demanded or we shall soon be eating one another. And if cannibals survive on such fare, why not we also? Is it not amazing, by the way, that primitive peoples (deprived of all that our science provides) can perform better than we and survive quite as well? I think particularly of those brown men in the Kalahari Desert (possibly the oldest inhabitants of Africa) about whom Laurens Van Der Post has written so eloquently. Here is a people herded into a reservation that offers a bare minimum of subsistence. To live, they must hunt. Often they merely wound the animal instead of killing it. Whereupon they begin a chase that may last for 25 miles. After killing their prey, they build a fire and roast it. Then they eat till their bellies are full; and after that, they sing and dance for the rest of the night. They know nothing of vitamins, calories, cholesterol, cancer and such things. They possess nothing. They are perpetually on the move. And they are usually happy! Think on it, you vaunted civilized ones. Show me your happy, carefree faces! Their big ene-

my is starvation, not germs. The enemies we fear and that kill us off are invisible, intangible sometimes and nameless, too. Civilized man has immunized himself against everything but his own destructive, murderous impulses.

When we sent the astronauts to the moon to bring back a few invaluable rocks, we never thought (as Ponce de León did in his search for the Fountain of Youth) of bringing back some touchstone that would ensure us peace, joy, health and vitality. (We are forever trying to make progress but oblivious of the cost.) Was it high poetry or imbecilic behavior when one of our astronauts whacked a golf ball across the surface of the moon?

If one has read of the marvelous adventures of Cabeza de Vaca, one would be at a loss to find in our archives a "Letter to His Majesty" such as Cabeza de Vaca wrote to the king of Spain. (This book by Haniel Long I cannot refrain from recommending with all my heart. Certainly, the adventures, as they are called, have no counterpart in anything I have ever read. Even in this woeful era of madness and corruption, they can gladden the heart and inspire even the most unfortunate among us.)

Between the roasting of edible fetuses for India, Appalachia and parts unknown and the miraculous adventures of Cabeza de Vaca, I am reminded of that revolting and extraordinary scene in *Fellini Satyricon* where the wealthy man leaves his fortune to his friends on condition that they devour his corpse, which they proceed to do with gusto and alacrity as soon as they are informed of the terms of the will.

I am sure they would have responded with equal alacrity had they been required to down a few buckets of swill or eat their own shit. Poverty and corruption did not begin with the Watergate drama. If one reads *The Lives of the Popes*, one will stumble on every manner of vice, corruption, torture and immorality—practiced by the Holy Fathers themselves.

Which reminds me that when first seized with a desire to air my thoughts, I said to myself—how nice if *The New York Times* would publish my piece! But *The New York Times* would not only balk at any scurrilous reference to the Popes, *The New York Times* will not even print such words as cunt, fuck and horny. Why? Because it is a family newspaper (*sic*). Confronted with a few unsavory words, the world's greatest newspaper suddenly shrinks to a "family newspaper"!

At that, it is no worse than the respectable British literary magazines and papers that would not dare to print cunt or its equivalents—twat, quim, crack, hole. Recently, in reviewing a popular book (here) by Erica Jong, called *Fear of Flying*, a book I have taken it upon myself to promote in any and every possible way, the reviewer accused her of possessing "mammoth pudenda." The pudenda (a



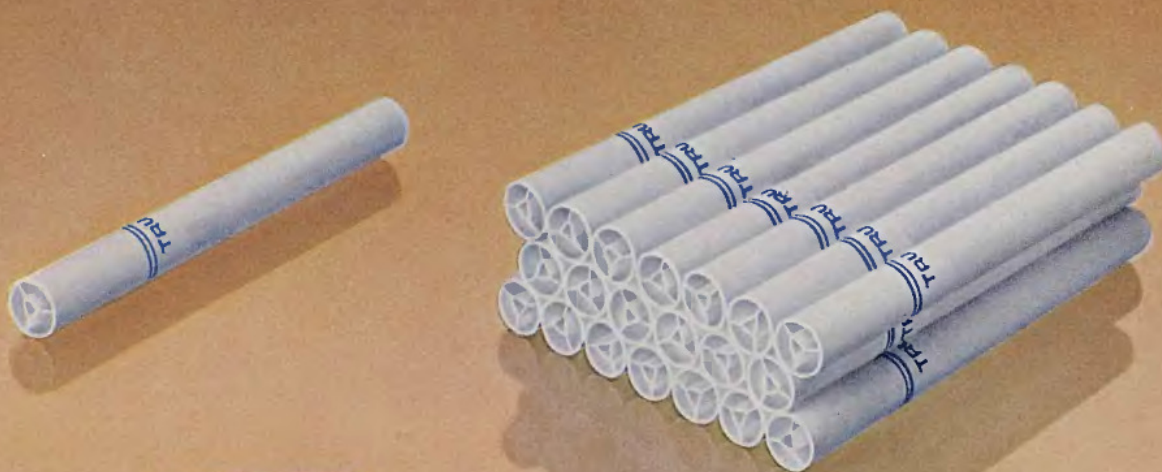
"That reminds me. On the way home, let's get a couple of hot dogs."



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choice Latin word for private shameful parts) is so typically British. I know this book well, and its author. Only in Great Britain can I imagine such things being said about the author. Myself, I doubt that I ever had a favorable review from a British critic, whether the book in question was about cunt, liberation or astrology. I have come to think of the typical British critic as a "transvestite from outer space."

And now, by way of relief, let me quote a line from Knut Hamsun's *Mysteries*—"Good morning, Miss Kielland! . . . Would you like me to pinch your puff?"

Or let me suggest that we reread the passage wherein Rabelais speaks of plastering the walls of Paris with cunts—cheesy, smelly cunts that draw flies and stink to high heaven! Or spend a few minutes pondering why today's reader prefers Harold Robbins to Dostoevsky and Doris Lessing to Lady Murasaki (*The Tale of Genji*). Or consider the difference in sports—the football hero a cripple at 30 versus the gladiator who fought (man or beast) to kill or be killed. Or why kids (from eight years of age up) enjoy killing old people and cripples for a few cents—or just for kicks.

Or another query: How did it come about that the most passionate novel in the English language (*Wuthering Heights*) had to be written by one of the Brontë virgins?

Or how did censorship come about? A

strange story. Only about 100 years or so ago, a drunken British lord was caught peeing into the street below from his balcony. He was not only subjected to a good fine but also a law was passed making such behavior a misdemeanor and making the printing of obscene language punishable by fine and imprisonment!

(Time out for commercials.)

When I saw *Fellini Satyricon*, I thought I had seen the ultimate in films. But then I saw *Steppenwolf*. *Steppenwolf*, based on Hermann Hesse's novel, goes beyond the *Satyricon*, in my opinion. At the end, *Steppenwolf* is condemned to eternal life—presumably here on this crazy planet. What a punishment! During this period, he is supposed to learn to laugh, not to take himself or anything so seriously. "For all your ills I give you laughter!" (Rabelais). *Steppenwolf* will even be encouraged to enjoy a few lusty tantric practices. There is no pornography or obscenity in the film. It is pure cinema.

There is a soul—intangible, invisible and imperishable—but we no longer refer to it. Yet it dominates our lives. Thank God it is still acknowledged by blacks, *chicanos* and primitive peoples everywhere. The clergy talk of it but know not whereof they speak. "*Fais ce que voudras!*" These were the words that Rabelais put over his Abbaye Thélème. "Do what you like!" He should have added—"Admission free!"



## DICK CLARK

(continued from page 151)

*Saint-Jacques* at nose level and the Christian Brothers Chablis flows like wine. "All those guys are *disco* jockeys. They reach maybe 200 people a night, but they can *make* a record. They're *hot*."

Dick Clark taps me on the arm, not offensively—we've been like Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis in *The Defiant Ones*, the bearded journalist and the clean-cut entrepreneur chained together by a common appointment book, a murderous round of conferences, sessions, questions, hurried phone calls, missed meals, and a certain giddy sense of shared fatigue is permeating the conversation. "This is very good. You could start your story with this. We have three generations of the music business right here in this room. Those *disco* guys are what's going on right now, and I guess Gregg Allman is the Sixties, and then, of course, there's"—he does not like the word to fall this nakedly from his lips—"me."

I need another drink just then, and Dick Clark is running low on vodka and tonic tall, which is OK, because he frankly confesses that he's a man who likes a drink after work, maybe two, though he has never smoked marijuana—"I guess I came too late. I developed too many other habits"—but he *has* passed a joint from person A to person B and smiled, because he doesn't believe in telling other people how to live their lives, unless you're talking about something like *heroin*. Dick Clark is nice. I've been with him for what seems like forever, and he's nice. His girlfriend, who is also his assistant, says so. His business associates say so. His radio producer makes a special point of taking me into the control room and telling me the two things that I will hear and observe over and over again, until their veracity becomes as certain as sunrise: Dick Clark is nice. Dick Clark is a professional. Dick Clark is a nice professional. Dick Clark is a professional nice.

See him earlier this same day, posing for 8 x 10 glossies to promote his two-hour 25th-anniversary *American Bandstand* TV special, surrounded by three young women dressed to symbolize the three epochs of Clark's reign (wide jitterbug skirt and rolled sox, miniskirt and high white boots, denim pants suit). "Smile with your eyes but not with your mouth," the photographer tells the prom queens, and Dick Clark buries his head in his palm. It's like he keeps his face there, in some vestigial marsupial thumb pouch, and he slides it over his skeleton, pops his lips twice, claps his hands rapidly several times, then whirls around, grinning like a carnival, shifting his hands like a mechanical barker, selling the sizzle, selling the steak. Later, I watch him change shirts between takes and he reveals his chest so confidently, so



"I had the most amusing dream last night, Miss Grant—I dreamed you performed an unnatural sex act upon me."



pridefully, not even watching for the reaction his flat 47-year-old body might evoke, *must* evoke, and I say, "I get the feeling that somewhere in an attic in Philadelphia, there's a picture getting very, very old." Dick Clark smiles with his mouth but not with his eyes.

So he's a pro. He knows the package, he knows the product. He has written a book about *American Bandstand* and Dick Clark, and it's selling like hot plates, and it's not a bad book for one of those self-serving showbiz-career bios—as Chubby Checker is alleged to say on the back cover, "Dick Clark takes us all back to the time when the whole world was twisting, rockin' and rollin'." *Rock, Roll & Remember* is fascinating, fun and factual." Chubby has a way with words, though why he chose to spell out twisting while leaving the other participles in their colloquial form is uncertain. But it's also a very sly book, crafty, ambiguous at crucial moments, and in reading it, I kept thinking that Dick Clark knew a lot more than he was telling. Dick Clark is a secret something. Swinger? Drinker? Thinker?

"How come you didn't put the real business part into the book, all the tricks that you learned that made you more or less a success?"

He doesn't like the more or less. "Let me first of all say, Jon, that I am *truly* a success. By the standards of the world, I have success. I have money; I have respect; I have happiness; and I'm doing what I want."

"But you didn't get it listening to Donovan's crystal images tell you 'bout a brighter day. You've lasted 25 years in a nasty little business; you've negotiated a million contracts; you've seen careers made and lives destroyed. How did you get through?"

"I don't understand the question."

"Listen, you've been swimming with sharks for so long and you've still got all your fingers and toes, so you're either a shark or a man who knows how to survive among sharks, and either way, it's a story; it's a book."

Well, we're still not there, because he thinks it's the Organized Crime Question. Earlier, I had asked him something that he had interpreted as the Payola Question, and he gave me the Payola Answer, nearly verbatim from the book and, sadly, quite boring unless you're deeply involved in assigning minor historical blame, the misdemeanors of the 13th Century, Elizabethan petty thieves. Who cares how many wrist watches Dick Clark got in 1959? Will Dickie Do and the Don'ts demand reparations? So, finally, I asked him why he, out of all the people accused before Congressional committees—Alan Freed, for instance, who invented the phrase rock 'n' roll and played black rhythm-and-blues music for

sweet Midwestern white kids—was able to resume his career and his life more or less undestroyed. *American Bandstand* never went off the air. Dick Clark said that he hated to say it, but those other guys, and they were the pioneers, those other guys didn't really have the brains, they just didn't plan carefully enough. Dick Clark kept records, Dick Clark paid taxes on everything; hell, he overpaid some years, just to avoid the merest hint of hanky or panky, since Government suspicion is as fatal to a defender of pubescent sexuality as actual crime, advertent or otherwise.

Dick Clark says that, though he's heard the stories just like anyone, he met no one in all his years in show business who had identified himself as being a member of the, you know, though, of course, he didn't want to sound naïve, certain people might be, but it was impossible to prove anything. I drink. He drinks. The need for more drinks is perceived.

Let us consider what it is Dick Clark does; let us consider how smart Dick Clark has to be. Dick Clark produces and stars in *American Bandstand* (Saturday, 11:30 A.M., ABC), now in its 25th year of bringing the best, the worst and the in-betweens of American popular music to America's young whippersnappers and snapperettes; Dick Clark produces a yearly New Year's Eve show for ABC; Dick Clark produces the *American Music Awards*, now in its fourth year; Dick Clark hosts a three-hour-weekly radio show heard on more than 100 stations; Dick Clark has a rock-'n'-roll revival show he books into Las Vegas casinos by convincing skeptical casino owners to let him four-wall their showrooms, a technique he invented; Dick Clark has several shows in the developmental stage; Dick Clark has his book, now in its fourth printing; Dick Clark puts out record albums of olden goldies with his face on the outside; Dick Clark also owns real estate and the hand-tooled Bibles are moving nicely, too, as they say.

Consider Dick Clark, earlier this same day, biz-chatting with Dick Ebersoll, latest immaculate guru of the National Broadcasting Corporation, since he promoted *Saturday Night* onto the air and now *Saturday Night* is all that NBC has to boast about in front of surly affiliates. Dick Clark is selling his own late-night package, which involves different locations and musical variety acts and somebody to tie it all together, and the question is, who is that somebody? So we're all sitting around this office, which looks like a living room, God forbid it should look like an office, viewing today's candidate on video tape, one Kip Addotta, a young comedian of profound obscurity who, because he is John Davidson's opening act and because Dick Clark *Teleshows* prodded John Davidson's



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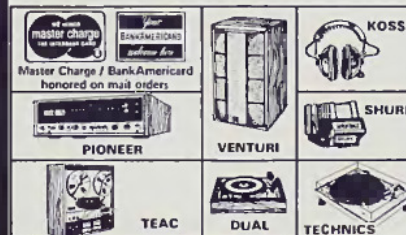
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summer TV show, Dick thinks is pretty good, maybe, but he wants a second opinion. The attitude Dick Clark takes at this meeting is that he is not selling Kip Addotta, but he and Ebersoll and I are sitting around as cocritics, because it wouldn't be too good to get closely identified with Kip at this point, because if Ebersoll nixes Addotta, it mustn't seem as though the whole project is tinged with error. But it turns out that Ebersoll likes Addotta quite a bit—"Why haven't I heard of him?" he keeps asking the air—and he wants to know if Kip can ad-lib and if Kip chokes when talking to the biggies, and Dick Clark doesn't know, but Dick Clark will find out and another meeting is set up for later in the week. And so we notice that Dick Clark has not sold anything, but Dick Ebersoll has bought something.

"I remember watching *Bandstand* in the Fifties," I say while Clark pushes shrimp cocktail around, "and seeing you make an odd movement with your head just as you introduced a song"—I try to demonstrate this mannerism—"a sort of, you know, gooseneck wobble, and I always thought that was your version of the pelvis shake, a secret dance, a social code in code."

Dick Clark looks absolutely blank.

"Well, I mean"—I have not thought this question out carefully enough—"there was something, there was such a difference between you and the music, nice you and nasty music, wasn't there?"

"Oh, I had to be clean. I had to be cleaner than clean. Remember that I was promoting this lascivious music to America's young people. Remember that the guy who had the show before me was arrested for statutory rape. I get a lot of knocks for playing white-bread music, but I grew up listening to black music. I'm the guy who put Chuck Berry on television for the first time, and Fats Domino and Jimmy Reed."

"And what the readers of *PLAYBOY* want to know, Mr. Clark"—my cuff seems to have dipped into my martini glass—"is whether or not, in all that time, you did not screw even one of those nubile 14-year-olds behind the *Bandstand* top-ten board under the very eyes and more specifically the noses of Platterpuss and Autograph Hound?"

"Never. Not once. That wasn't my fantasy. I was never turned on by young girls. I was never tempted. And it's a good thing, because it's the quickest way for a disc jockey to destroy his career."

"And you never cheated on your first wife?"

"Never. I never cheated on either of my wives, unless you count the last year of my second marriage . . . well, that's complicated. I just, I guess it was the way I was brought up."

"Is it not true that in your home you have a mirror above the bed hidden behind a sliding panel that is controlled by a button near your bedside and that one evening you pushed the button at a tactical moment only to see, instead of a mirror, a blown-up photograph of your closest friends looking down at you and waving?"

"Well, that's not precisely true, but, I don't think it would be good for, I mean, that happened, but. I think you could say that Dick Clark is very sex-oriented. That should be enough." He takes a very long drink. All day long, he has been disconcerted by my not asking questions, to the point where he started building little stories for me—"Here's a nice angle, you'll want to write that down"—and now he is suddenly facing the prospect that I have come to pillory him sexually, and it is not a pleasant moment for a man whose ultimate dream is to be, well, Johnny Carson. But me, I'm playing *What's Your Secret?* and robust heterosexuality blossoming in one's middle years does not seem to be where it's at. I think that I'm worrying about values and I realize that the alcohol has settled in my melancholy gland.

"What do you believe in?" I ask, somewhat inaudibly. To my surprise, his face lights up.

"Now, there's something I flat-out hate. I'm a private citizen. I don't have the right to use my talent, whatever I got for entertaining you, to try to persuade you of my political beliefs. I mean, entertainers can contribute hundreds of thousands of dollars to a politician by holding benefit concerts, but if you're not famous, you don't have that option. I flat-out hate that."

"Right," I say. "I can remember interviewing Stevie Winwood for *Rolling Stone* and knowing I had to do a 7000-word piece and realizing that Stevie Winwood knew only about 100 words, which left me 6900 words short."

Dick Clark laughs. "Oh, the English. *There's* something I flat-out hate."

"You flat-out hate the English?"

"Well, I hate the way they all come over here and give interviews about what's wrong with this country while they're using our music and taking our money. I guess that's why I never thought much of the Sixties. I never understood the drug part and I never liked the English."

I mean, who can be offended? Who is not concerned about the same thing? Bloody little toy English people, the mantel ornaments of Western civilization, vestiges of genetic decay, clammily unhealthy, ripping off Chuck Berry and complaining about gun-control policies. Dick Clark is not convincing, but his sincerity is overwhelming, and in an

industry where genuine means friendly, he's the fucking king of the mountain. He may not believe in anything except nice, but nice is better than cruel or greedy or loathsome or hopelessly psychotic, and that is the arena we are currently playing in.

"So I guess you could say that you believe in situation ethics?" Only a drunk would ask Dick Clark a question like that.

"What are they?"

"What are what?"

"What you said."

"Oh, well, that you decide what's right or wrong on a case-by-case basis, that dogma isn't helpful because dogma doesn't know."

"Yes, well, that's exactly right. I didn't know it had a name. That's what I believe in. Keep busy, and try to be a good guy, and you'll get what you want. The real bastards burn themselves out. I'm 25 years in and I'm doing more now than I ever have."

And of course. Silly me. Here we have a man who's proud of his association with black music and proud to call Pat Boone a friend, proud of his rapport with the Hell's Angels and proud of the 200 keys to the cities he's been given, proud of his real continued affection for hot dogs and stock-car races and proud that he produced the first show that displayed the birth of a baby live on television, proud of his fame and proud of his ability to accept life and keep going—yes, yes, that's all familiar, symptomatic, perfect.

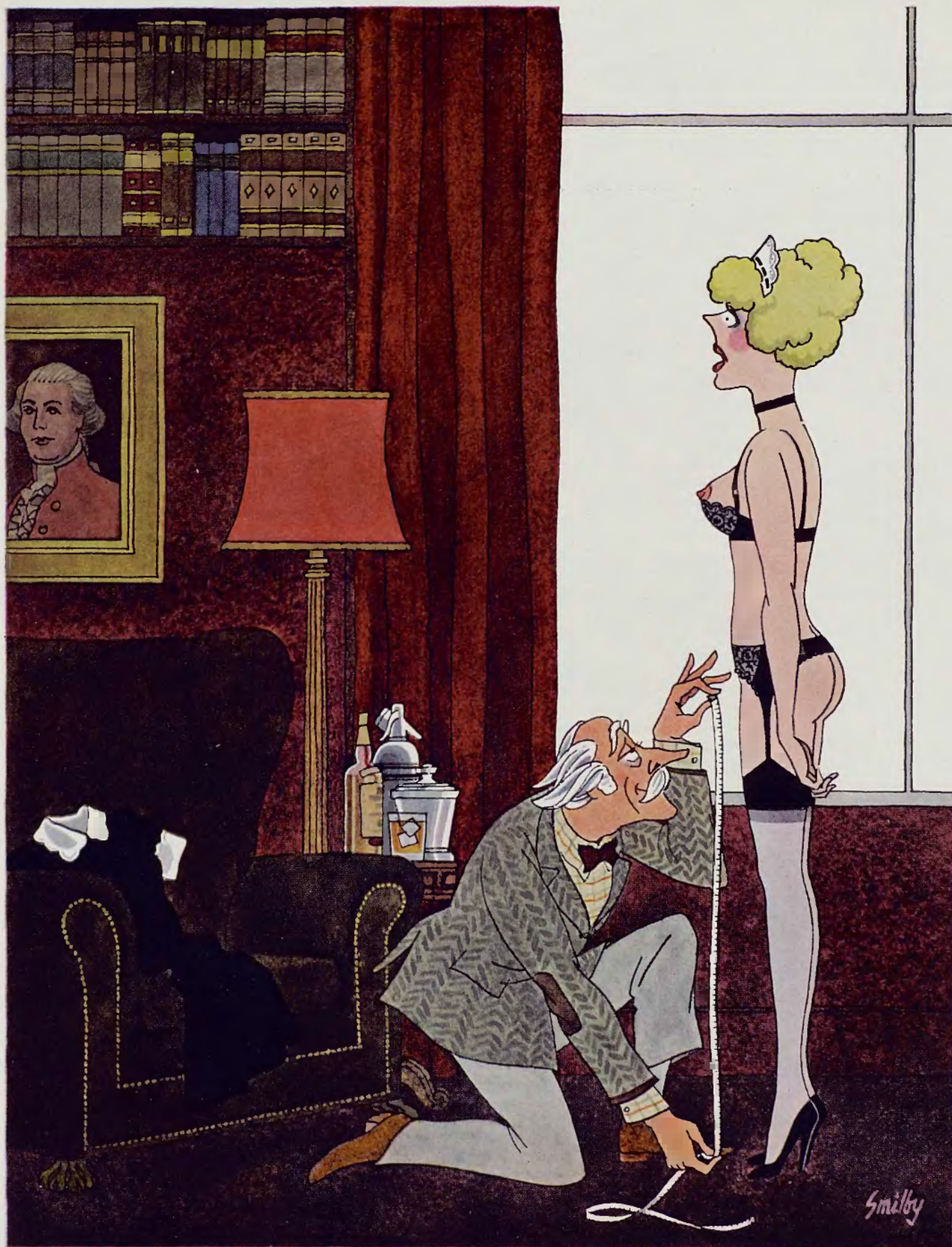
A liberal.

Dick Clark is the liberal still hiding in America's closet, the honest unbought money-making liberal, an enemy of art but a promoter of artists, a man without perceivable musical tastes who shaped and supported some of the best musicians of his generation, a man who has never been seen dancing, judging and winnowing America's popular dances, a cultural pipeline as unobstructed by taste and passion on the inside as it is smoothly and attractively packaged on the outside. Dick Clark exudes personality, but it's almost impossible to remember his face—you recognize it, of course, but you can't recall it between times.

Gregg Allman is leaving the restaurant just as we're ordering one more for the road. He stops at our table and extends his hand. "Mr. Clark, I'm Gregg Allman and I just want to say that I've been watching you all my life and I want to say I really respect you."

Dick Clark leans forward, sparkling with Protestant suave. "Gee, thanks, Gregg. I really appreciate that. Thank you."





*"It's very kind of you, sir, but I really do think  
my old uniform fits me well enough."*



# loser wins

(continued from page 114)

please, the color of the wallpaper, something you forgot, the speed of the fan, food, friends, the weather. That tie of yours—if you had a wife, she'd hate you for it. A bone of contention," said Strang slowly, "is just a bone."

"Perhaps I have that in store for me." I filled my own drink and signed for that and Strang's.

"Take my advice," he said. "No—it was something you said a minute ago. Oh, you lost your specs. That's what I was going to say. The Parrishes argued about everything, but most of all they argued about things they lost. I mean, things *she* lost. She was incredible. At first he barely noticed it. She lost small things, lipstick, her cigarettes, her comb. She didn't bother to look for them. She was very county—her parents had money and she had a kind of contempt for it. Usually, she didn't even try to replace the things she lost. The funny thing is, she seemed to do it on purpose—to lose things she hated.

"He was the local magistrate. An Outward Bound type. After a week in court, he was dead keen to go camping. Old Parrish—he looked like a goat, little pointed beard and those sort of hairy ears. They went on these camping trips and invariably she lost something en route—the house keys, her watch, the matches, you name it. But she was a terrific map reader and he was appalling, so he really depended on her. I think he had some love for her. He was a lot older than she was—he'd married her on a long leave.

"Once, he showed how much he loved her. She lost fifty dollars. Not a hard thing to do—it was a fifty-dollar note, the one with the king on it. I would have

cried, myself, but she just shrugged, and knowing how she was continually losing things, he was sympathetic. 'Poor thing,' he says, 'you must feel a right Charley.' But not a bit of it. She had always had money. She didn't take a blind bit of notice and she was annoyed that he pitied her for losing the fifty sheets. Hated him for noticing it.

"They went off on their camping trips—expeditions was more like it—and always to the same general area. Old Parrish had told me one or two things about it. There was one of these upcountry lakes, with a strange island in the middle of it. They couldn't find it on the map, but they knew roughly where it was supposed to be—there's never been a detailed survey done of the Malaysian interior. But that's where the Parrishes were headed every weekend during that dry season. The attraction was the monkeys. Apparently, the local Sakais—they might have been Laruts—had deported some wild monkeys there. The monkeys got too stropky around the village, so, being peace-loving buggers, the Sakais just caught them and tied them up and took them to the island, where they wouldn't bother anyone. There were about a dozen of these beasts, surrounded by water. An island of wild monkeys—imagine landing there on a dark night!

"In the meantime, we saw the Parrishes occasionally in the compound during the week and that's where I kept up to date with the story. As I say, his first reaction when she lost things was to be sympathetic. But afterward, it irritated him. She lost her handbag and he shouted at her. She lost her watch—it was one he had given her—and he wouldn't speak to

her for days. She mislaid the bath plug, lost some jewelry, his passport disappeared. And that's the way it went—bloody annoying. I don't know what effect this had on her. I suppose she thought she deserved his anger. People who lose things get all knotted up about it and the fear of losing things makes them do it all the more. That's what I thought then.

"And the things she lost were never found. It was uncanny, as if she just wished them away. He said she didn't miss them.

"Then, on one of these expeditions, she lost the paraffin. Doesn't seem like much, but the place was full of leeches and a splash of paraffin was the only thing that'd shake them loose from your arms or legs. They both suffered that weekend and didn't find the island, either. Then, the next weekend, she lost the compass, and that's when the real trouble started. Instead of pitying her, or getting angry, or ignoring it, old Parrish laughed. He saw how losing the compass inconvenienced her in her map reading, and she was so shaken by that horrible laugh of his she was all the more determined to do without it. She succeeded, too. She used a topographical map and somehow found the right landmarks and led them back the way they'd come.

"But Parrish still laughed. I remember the day she lost the car keys—his car keys, mind you, because she'd lost practically everything she owned and now it was his stuff up the spout. You could hear old Parrish halfway to Malacca. Then it was the malaria tablets. Parrish laughed even harder—he said he'd been in the federation so long he was immune to it, but being young and new to the place, she'd get a fever, and he found that screamingly funny. This was too much for her, and when his wedding ring went missing—God only knows how *that* happened—and Parrish just laughed, that was the last straw. I suppose it didn't help matters when Parrish set off for the courthouse in the morning saying, 'What are you going to lose today, my darling?'

"Oh, there was much more. He talked about it at parties, laughing his head off, while she sulked in a corner, and we expected to find him dead the next morning with a knitting needle jammed through his wig.

"But, to make a long story short, they went off on one of their usual expeditions. No compass, no Paludrine, no torch—she'd lost practically everything. By this time, they knew their way, and they spent all that Saturday bushwhacking through the *ulu*. They were still headed in that deliberate way of theirs for the monkey island, and now I remember that a lot of people called him Monkey Parrish. She claimed it was mythical, didn't exist, except in the crazy fantasies of a lot of Sakais; but Monkey said, 'I know what you've done with it, my darling—



George Dole

"And another thing: What's this dollar, fifteen for earplugs?"



you've lost that island!" And, naturally, he laughed.

"They were making camp that night in a grove of bamboos when it happened. It was dusk and, looking up, they saw one of those enormous clouds of flying foxes in the sky. Ever see them? They're really fruit bats, four feet from tip to tip, and they beat the air slowly. You get them in the *ulu* near the coast. Eerie, they are—scare the wits out of you the way they fly, and they're ugly as old boots. You can tell the old ones by the way they move, sort of dropping behind and losing altitude while the younger ones push their noses on ahead. It's one of the weirdest sights in this country, those flying foxes setting off in the twilight, looking so fat and fearsome in the sky. Like a bad dream, a kind of monster film—they come out of nowhere.

"She said, 'Look, they're heading for that island.'

"He said, 'Don't be silly—they're flying east, to the coast.'

"There's the light," she said, 'that's west.' She claimed the bats preferred islands and would be homing in on one where there was fruit—monkey food. The wild monkeys slept at night, so they wouldn't bother the bats. She said, 'I'm going to have a look.'

"There's no torch," he says, and he laughs like hell.

"There's a moon," she says. And without another word, she's crashing through the bamboos in the direction the foxes are flying. Parrish—Monkey Parrish—just laughed and sat down by the fire to have a pipe before bed. Can you see him there, chuckling to himself about this wife of his who loses everything, how he suddenly realizes that she's lost herself and he has a fit of laughter? Great hoots echoing through the jungle as old Parrish sees he's rid of her at last!

"Maybe. But look at it another way. The next morning, he wakes up and sees she's not there. She never came back. At first he slaps his thigh and laughs and shouts, 'She's lost!' Then he looks around. No map, no compass, no torch—only that low, dense jungle that stretches for hundreds of miles across the top of the country, dropping leeches on anyone who's silly enough to walk through it. And the more he thinks about it, the more it becomes plain that *he's* the one who's lost—she's wished him away, like the wedding ring, the torch and the fifty-dollar note. Suddenly, he's not laughing.

"I'm only guessing. I don't really know what he was thinking. I had the story from her, just before she left the country. She said there were only two monkeys on the island, a male and a female, bickering the whole time, like her and her late husband. Yes, *late* husband. No one ever found him—certainly not she, but she wouldn't, would she?"



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*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



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Once upon a time, Eva Perón had one of the last horse cavalries in the world. And to ensure that her boys were turned out smartly wherever they rode, she commissioned for them a stylish jacket that could be carried over the shoulder and donned at the twinkling of a saber. What she got is shown at left (not the girl, you dummy): a waist-length jacket of buttery leather that—get this—features two large front pockets that can be zipped together, thus turning the jacket into a functional shoulder bag. If you'd like to make like one of madam's horsemen, the jackets are now available in both men's and women's sizes (even 32-46 and 32-40) for \$150, postpaid, from a store called Limited Edition at 415 West Lovell Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007. What's that? You say you can't *ride* like a member of madam's horse cavalry? Limited Edition will never tell.



## PLENTY OF RELISH

Looking for something a bit different to show at your next stag party? Sweet Relish Films, P. O. Box 239, Crookston, Minnesota 56716, has just the thing—a \$19.95 super-8 animated flick called *Deep Donut*, which, according to the creator, is the "tender love story of a donut in search of happiness and her friend Mr. Pickle, who has only one thing on his mind." The ending, obviously, is a dilly.

## KING OF THE ELECTRONIC MOUNTAIN

Ski buffs, take note! Northeast Industries, at 52 Tyler Row, Marblehead, Massachusetts 01945, is marketing for \$250 a device called Ski-V that puts you into a pair of remote-control skis hooked up to the tube. Then it's all downhill as you compete in a slalom or giant-slalom race, watching yourself (in the form of two parallel lines) as you tackle the video mountain, hitting or missing gates, depending on how well you coordinate your skis, poles and body. At least the falls don't hurt much.



## SNUFF AND NONSENSE

No, a *Snuff Aparat* isn't a Nazi assassination device. It's a crazy German-made wooden contraption that's designed to shoot two dollops of dry snuff up your nose, just as fast as you can load and cock it. Eldorado Products, 3301 Eastern Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21224, is the importer and will send you the model shown here for \$29, postpaid. Or, for \$35, you can arm yourself with a smaller snuff shooter that's equipped with a handy positioning mirror. *Gesundheit!*



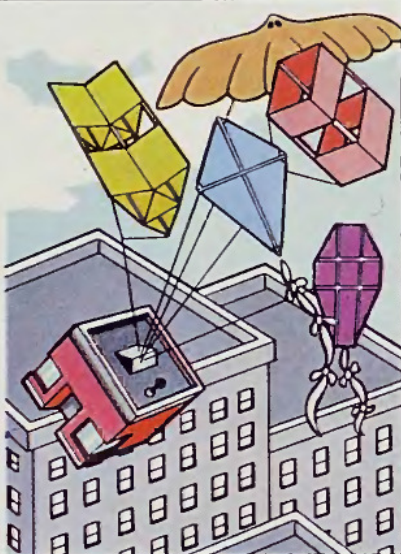


### WILD, MAN

We like this. Hanns Ebensten Travel at 55 West 42nd Street, New York City 10036, is inviting adventurous travelers to sign up for a three-week river safari in Borneo that departs next September. The cost of the tour—which includes a week aboard native boats exploring the remote Mahakam River under armed civil guard—is \$2875 per person, not including air fare. Ebensten informs us, by the way, that the armed guard is just a token precaution, as the area, until the end of World War Two, was the stomping ground of head-hunters. As they say in Borneo: Look, Ma, no Hanns!

### UP, UP AND AWAY!

The next time someone tells you to go fly a kite, take him literally and check with a store at 1434 Third Avenue in Manhattan called, naturally, Go Fly A Kite. There you'll find everything your high-flying little heart could desire: monstrous hand-painted cobras measuring 18' x 25' for \$10; giant paper or silk insects from the People's Republic of China for \$5 to \$18; a sporty Sopwith Camel for \$7.50; and, the real showstopper, a 45' Mylar dragon for \$11, all post-paid. Let 'er rip!



### DRUM SHTICK

Centuries ago, the Mayans invented a wooden slit-drum called the teponaztli, which produced a hollow, haunting sound when pounded on with a pair of mallets. Those Mayans are gone, but you can still buy their drum (its name now shortened to Zali) from Crescent Moon Natural Sound, P. O. Box 41069, Chicago 60641, for \$29.95, postpaid. Best of all, you don't have to be an accomplished musician to play an honest-to-goodness tune on one. Just grab your sticks and pound. Result: real Tin Pan Zali.

### THE HIGH COST OF BEDDING

You can still do a lot with \$12,000. Buy yourself a Mercedes 230, a suite on the QE 2 or some great-vintage wines for future sipping. Or you can put your \$12,000 where you lay your head each night by picking up the one-of-a-kind 7'3"-high hand-carved Hondurasmahogany bed shown below that William Fifield of Route 1, Box 127, Conifer, Colorado 80433, has created. The canopy, incidentally, incorporates Tiffany glass and the inlays are of vermillion and rosewood. It's a great place to make love, but would you want to smoke in it?



### BACK TO THE GOLD STANDARD

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but gold certainly isn't far behind. So if you'd like to wow the lady in your life out of her socks—or possibly something more delicate—we suggest you consider a set of 14 solid-gold fingernails that a charming ex-dancer turned custom-jewelry designer named Shell Reyes at P. O. Box 224, Berwyn, Illinois 60402, is selling for \$375, postpaid. Sizes available are the same as false-fingernail sizes. Fourteen nails! Who has Shell Reyes been hanging around with lately—a Hindu goddess?





# JIMMY CARTER AND US

(continued from page 144)

quickly enough find other matters of substance in the interview to dwell upon.

But by midafternoon of September 20, the A.P. story had found headlines: "SEX, SIN, TEMPTATION!" "I'VE COMMITTED ADULTERY IN MY HEART!" "AT LAST, THE TRUTH IS OUT!" The words *PLAYBOY*, lust, screw, shack up and adultery saturated the airwaves. It was banner headlines in virtually every evening paper in the country. By that night, Johnny Carson could step onstage and do ten minutes of lust jokes without explaining the source. At our New York hotel, extra lines were needed to handle the calls from reporters wanting to interview the interviewers. Carter's whistle-stop train ride, which had begun that morning, nearly ground to a halt. People in the press compartment were lined up, sharing hastily Xeroxed copies of the interview.

Between giving statements to the rest of the press ("Yes, it was a sincere statement of his religious beliefs." "No, we were not discussing his sex life."), I managed to get through to our offices in Chicago, where the switchboard was also jammed.

"What the hell is going on?" I yelled at Kretschmer.

"Damned if I know. The country's going crazy."

It seemed to be. A day or two later, there was still no letup. "IS CARTER SCREWING UP CAMPAIGN?" screamed the headlines. Columnists couldn't churn out copy quickly enough, ministers couldn't find words to express their shock (Carter *should* have condemned people who "shack down," stuttered one man of the cloth) and Republicans could hardly reach enough reporters to file their denunciations. Every cartoonist in America uttered shrieks of delight and leaped to the drawing board. It had made the front pages of newspapers in Europe, Japan and South America. Any part, any chunk of the story would do: on an inside page, a roundup of psychiatrists' opinions reporting the stunning news that male lust was "normal." Mike Royko announced that he had had "dirty thoughts" and that confessing to them made him feel better already. Art Buchwald claimed it was chicken cacciatore that made *his* breathing heavy. Rosalynn Carter, ambushed at every campaign stop, choked out that she "trusted Jimmy completely" and fought her way through reporters. Walter Mondale's wife announced that he had admitted to lust and that, come to think of it, she'd felt a twinge or two herself. Both of Carter's older sons told the press they'd lusted, too. Woody Allen declared he'd done it often, only he'd been caught at it.

Watching and hearing and reading about it from our offices in Chicago was

something else. *PLAYBOY* has always been good copy, no matter what the story, but this was another order of publicity. As we staggered into one another's offices, bringing news of the latest development, an awareness slowly dawned on us: The American press, by God, was considerably more obsessed by sex than was *PLAYBOY*.

At least it seemed that way. We weren't running around shouting about lust and screwing and adultery, either in person or in the magazine. (Not to take *PLAYBOY* completely off the hook, our cover lines on that issue seem to me pretty strident in retrospect and our advertising—whose budget was actually slashed at the last moment—made the magazine appear to some as exploitative.) Still, we hadn't even considered the quotes important enough to place them under the three pictures on the lead page, the traditional slots for the most newsworthy remarks of the *Playboy Interview*. It was more than mere irony: Every time Scheer and I made a statement about the context of Carter's remarks, the fellows from *PLAYBOY* were doing the talking about religion and morality, while the TV correspondents and reporters for family newspapers were doing the nudging and leering.

And Carter himself? At first, he held firm. Asked about the interview, he said he hadn't had a chance to read it all, that he usually looked at other parts of the magazine first. Asked about it again, he called it a good, thorough interview about which he had no regrets. Asked by a woman reporter what his wife would think, he smiled, touched the woman's cheek and said, "She knows." Asked again, he said he didn't believe it would hurt him. And again, No, no, if it was read in context, it was fine. And again and again.

By the day after the first debate, we figured the storm had passed. At least Carter, who had looked shaken on television for reasons beyond the debate itself, would be able to deal with more pressing issues in the campaign. But on Friday morning, I got a call from Scheer, who was still on the campaign trail. He was calling from a telephone booth at the Houston airport and, in the background, I could hear Carter's voice giving a speech over a loud-speaker.

"Hey, Barry, it's just hit the fan again," Scheer said. "It's the L.B.J. quote and he's tried to wriggle out of it and he's doing a bad job of it."

Carter's schedule had him in Texas at the very moment when the press had apparently become sexually sated and turned its attention to his jab at Johnson, whom he had linked to Richard Nixon in the closing moments of the interview as a politician who "lied, cheated and

distorted the truth." A couple of Texas Democrats, loyal to the memory of L.B.J., had denounced Carter. The press, perhaps forgetting that Johnson had been a pariah at the Democratic Conventions of 1968 and 1972, was calling it a major political blunder and the columnists declared Ford a winner in Texas.

Over the telephone, Scheer described a remarkable scene that had just taken place. Since Carter was still being pelted at every stop with questions about the *Playboy Interview*, even now, after the first debate, he had agreed to an extensive discussion of it. He had first said he didn't remember using the word screw in our presence, but he didn't deny it. Then, pressed on the L.B.J. quote, he said:

"The unfortunate thing about the magazine interview was the postinterview statement about President Johnson, which completely distorts my feeling about him. . . . After the interview was over, there was a summary made, and unfortunately it equated" what had been said about Nixon and about Johnson.

This was news. It was apparently a summary made by *PLAYBOY*, Carter was saying. A reporter asked him if he had said what the interview quoted him as saying.

"I realize that," Carter said, lapsing into *non sequitur*, "it was an analysis that was made at the completion of the interview. . . . The unfortunate juxtaposition of these two names in the *PLAYBOY* article grossly misrepresents the way I feel about Johnson."

Carter then began to walk away. A number of reporters rushed off to file stories to the effect that *PLAYBOY* had made the summary, not Carter. And as Scheer related it to me, the reporters who were still there turned to Scheer, who was standing nearby, and asked him for a response. Nope, he said quietly, the summary was Carter's exact words and, as the tapes would show, it was all very clearly on the record. The remaining reporters rushed up to Carter as he was walking away and pressed him again.

Yes, Carter finally admitted, they were his words, he had made a mistake and he apologized for it. "But," he added, "I thought the interview was over. The *PLAYBOY* folks were leaving the house."

Hearing about the episode made me uneasy for the first time. It was no longer a matter of being fascinated at the media's titillation. The pressure had become so intense for Carter that, for a few moments, at least, he'd had to deal with the problem by—distorting the truth.

Throughout the next couple of weeks, the focus on the *Playboy Interview* hardly wavered. Newsweeklies and columnists vied with one another for new adjectives: There was the "celebrated" and "historic" interview, followed by "ill-advised," "infamous" and "notorious." Curiously, it





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continued to be the press, and not necessarily the public, that gave it such sweeping importance. Although *Newsweek* loaded its questions in a poll showing that 18 percent of the voting public was distressed by the interview, a *New York Times*/CBS poll asked it straight: Has Carter lost your vote because of the interview? Two percent of the public said it would be less apt to vote for Carter. Less scientific soundings, such as man-in-the-street interviews, failed to turn up widespread concern—and among those who had read fuller accounts or read the interview itself, even approval.

Having done all that was possible with Carter's language, lust and the Johnson remark, the focus narrowed to Carter's judgment in granting the interview at all. Carter's Republican opponents took particular pleasure in that, as everyone from Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller on down asked whether a man who had let himself be interviewed by such a raunchy mag were deserving of the high office. And for a while, no one contradicted them. One Carter aide protested that *PLAYBOY* hadn't been picked because of the centerfold but because of another equally well-known feature not available in other publications or media—the extended interview. To no avail. Even a good political reporter like Jack Germond of *The Washington Star* wrote, "Dole and almost all politicians of national standing . . . have repeatedly rejected offers to be interviewed in *PLAYBOY*." That's what a journalism professor would call not checking your facts. Eventually, some members of the media challenged the assumption that Carter had joined a roster of perverts by listing such former interview subjects as Martin Luther King, Jr., Princess Grace, Albert Schweitzer, Charles Percy, George McGovern, Walter Cronkite, and so forth. The fact that Rockefeller had been interviewed by Scheer for a *PLAYBOY* article slipped out and Rocky wasn't heard from again on the subject. I was itching to release a letter from Gerald Ford's Treasury Secretary, William Simon, after his interview, thanking the magazine for the opportunity to reach the public. Or the letter from the press secretary of Ford's successor as Minority Leader, John Rhodes, asking that we consider Rhodes as an interview subject so he could lambaste the "lackluster Democratic Congress." I didn't.

•

The second debate took place in San Francisco. In the course of it, Max Frankel of *The New York Times* asked Ford a question that allowed Ford to start by attacking Carter for being "sympathetic" toward Communists in western Europe, then inveighing against any person who dared think Eastern Europe was dominated by the Soviet Union. Frankel, in effect, said, Whaa? So Ford compounded it by giving examples of

independent nations in Eastern Europe; among them, Poland.

It was Garry Wills who pointed out in a column ten days later that while Ford's supporters had made the most of denouncing Carter's very appearance in *PLAYBOY*, one of Ford's main sources of preparation for the theme of the second debate—foreign policy—had been the interview itself. Ford studied the interview and apparently thought he saw a vulnerability in the section of the interview where Carter told us he would offer trade and friendship to western European governments even if there were Communist participation, but that he would take a relatively hard line against Eastern European nations "dominated by the Soviet Union." In our interview, Carter had offered Poland as an example of a "satellite state" of the Soviets. In no other news medium had Carter been so specific—perhaps because he hadn't been asked.

The media made a great deal of Ford's mistake in the following weeks, declaring that it had cost him the ethnic vote. That was before the media changed their minds and pronounced it trivial. In any case, a Gallup Poll after the election dated Ford's loss of momentum in the opinion polls to this incident.

Triviality was, indeed, the next shift of the wind. The *PLAYBOY* connection was too good to drop altogether, but now writers and editorialists were branding the entire flap "trivial," castigating the candidates for distracting the public from more serious issues. Since we hadn't seen much evidence up to then that it was the candidates who kept bringing the subject up, it struck us as a little like the kettle calling the kettle black.

Under yet more pressure, Carter told a TV interviewer that *PLAYBOY* hadn't sent him transcripts, as promised—implying that the whole flap would have been avoided had we done so. We sympathized with his attempt to try out yet one more explanation, but it was wishful thinking on his part: We've asked interview subjects to look over their transcripts in the past, but not for purposes of retraction. Carter also charged that it was *PLAYBOY* that had taken an excerpt out of context and "pulled a publicity stunt" with it—which may not have been accurate but, under the circumstances, was understandable: *PLAYBOY* magazine was certainly a better political target than the entire press corps. We decided not to respond to the charges.

Things got downright schizophrenic. Columnist Pat Buchanan would bluster about Carter's deplorable judgment in associating with a worthless magazine, then finish his column by discussing other, more serious aspects of Carter's views—for which Buchanan's source had been the *Playboy Interview*. David Susskind would host a show about press coverage of the campaign, leading journalists would

solemnly agree how trivial a topic the *Playboy Interview* was, then move on to discuss at great length Carter's charges that the press wasn't interested in issues—a remark they had read in *PLAYBOY*. There were dozens of other examples, but if I tell you that conservative columnist James Kilpatrick, who fretted over Carter's interview on *60 Minutes*, is the same James Kilpatrick who wrote a witty piece for *PLAYBOY* several years ago on the dangers of falling toilet seats, I'm sure you'll get my general drift.

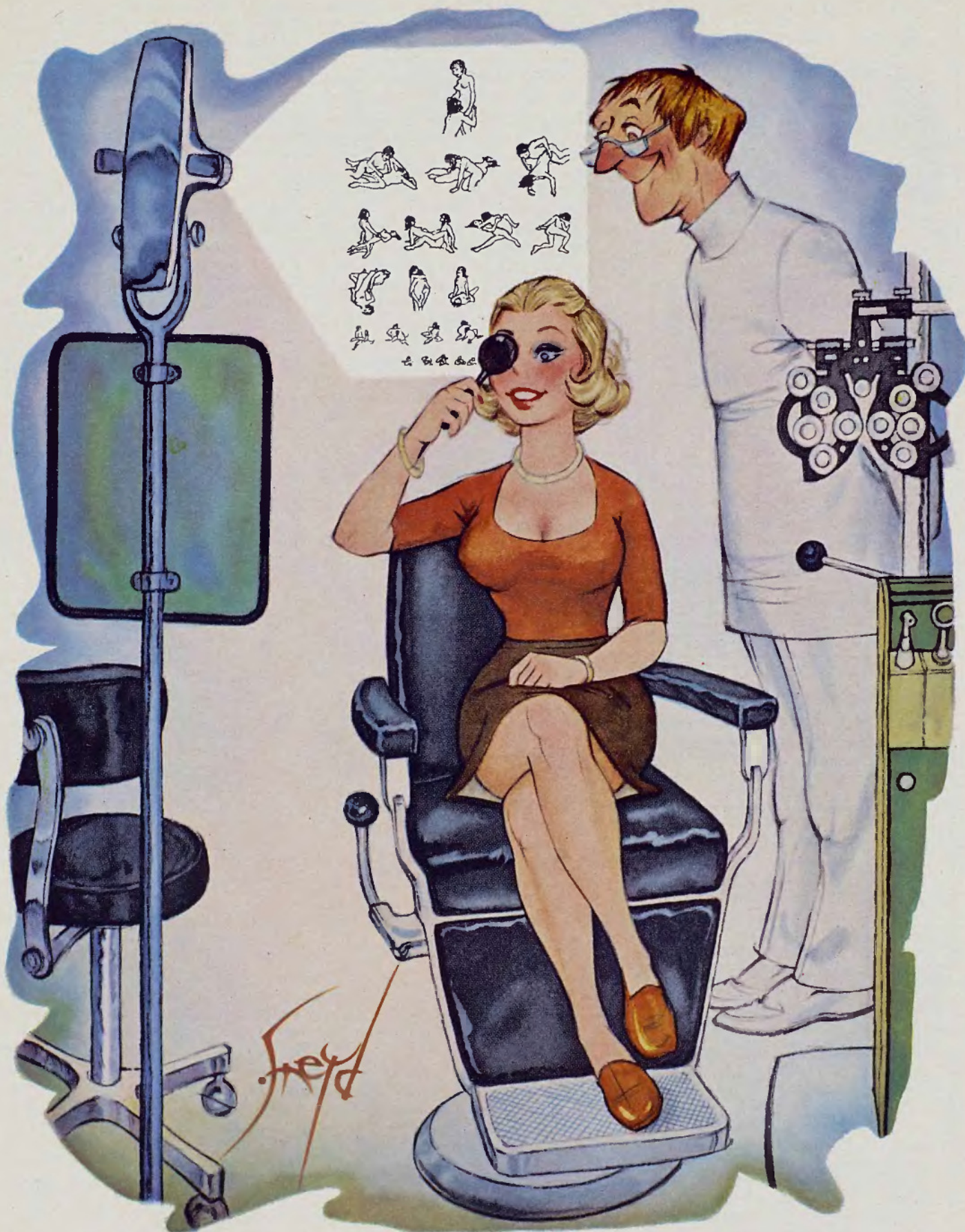
It all turned a little weird, too. The magazine's cover girl and Playmate in that issue was Patti McGuire, who happened to be a volunteer worker for Christopher Bond, the Republican governor running for re-election in Patti's home state of Missouri. False rumors spread through the state that the magazine's cover line, "OUR C.B. PLAYMATE," which clearly referred to Patti's interest in citizen's-band radios, was really a hidden message that she was having an affair with the governor whose initials were on the cover. As it happened, Bond lost his re-election bid. Let historians make of it what they will.

But then it turned ugly. One of our editors was told that, immediately after the news of Carter's interview broke, some well-heeled Republicans had paid to track down rumors that Jimmy and Rosalynn had been involved in wife swapping. We were told that some \$500,000 had been spent pursuing this lead—in vain, of course. We would have assumed that the report of expenditures was as false as the rumor itself, but then Jack Anderson provided some corroboration when he announced that he and other journalists had been tipped to the same story by Republican sources.

Then came a flap over a series of Republican ads, which were placed in over 350 Southern newspapers, showing a *Newsweek* cover of Ford and the *PLAYBOY* cover, suggesting voters make a choice based on the respectability of the two publications. While we at *PLAYBOY* considered what legal steps to take to halt the ads, *PLAYBOY* Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner received a call in Los Angeles from Ford's legal counsel, Benton Becker. It wasn't about the ads, as we might have expected, but to get support for what Becker said was "a solid rumor" that *PLAYBOY* had paid Carter for the interview. Hefner denied it curtly.

In early October, Ford volunteered that he, too, had been asked to do the *Playboy Interview* but had turned it down. A week later, he again brought up the subject, saying at a news conference that he was invited to do an interview "such as Carter did" but had refused "emphatically" on the grounds that it was un-Presidential to associate with a magazine with "that format." All well and good. Even at *PLAYBOY*, the statement seemed to ring true, since it was Congressman Gerald Ford who had





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tried to have Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas impeached for, among other crimes, having written articles for such publications as *Evergreen Review* and *PLAYBOY*.

But it wasn't true. We had never asked Ford to do the *Playboy Interview*. Ironically, last spring, when it became apparent that the Carter staff was co-operating in Scheer's interviews with their candidate, we at *PLAYBOY* discussed asking Ford for the same kind of interview. We didn't think it would be out of the question, considering Carter's participation and the prospect of running them side by side. But we decided not to go after it, because we felt Ford was largely a more effective job in bringing out Carter, an unknown quantity.

After Ford's second statement, we began getting queries about it. As Hefner and Kretchmer and I discussed it, all we knew was that we felt damned nervous about getting *PLAYBOY* any more involved in the campaign than it already was. We did decide, however, that if we were pressed, we would tell the truth.

After Robert Dole in the Vice-Presidential TV debate leeringly referred to "the Bunny vote" and after a fanatic minister, W. A. Criswell, publicly endorsed Ford in the name of all Southern Baptists for *not* having granted *PLAYBOY* an interview, we began to wonder if we shouldn't speak out. It wasn't until the third Presidential debate, however, when Carter was asked about the "low level" of his campaign and he finally gave up the ghost by apologizing for the *Playboy Interview*, that some of us felt we'd become a political football. (Curiously, in his apology during the debate, Carter listed some prominent people who'd been interviewed in *PLAYBOY*, and then he said, "But they weren't running for President." For the record, George Wallace, George McGovern and Jerry Brown *did* run for the office—and other politicians who co-operated with *PLAYBOY*, such as Nelson Rockefeller and Barry Goldwater, weren't exactly shy about the Presidency, either. What they didn't do is *win*.)

Right after the third debate, Barbara Walters interviewed Rosalynn Carter and asked her about the *Playboy Interview* her husband presumably had just disposed of once and for all. "What about the language, Mrs. Carter?" Walters asked. Mrs. Carter then launched into a long answer, repeating the charge that *PLAYBOY* had never sent her husband transcripts and ending with a remarkable personal swipe at us. She said that her husband never used that sort of language in his home and that the reason he'd done it in the *Playboy Interview* was that "they"—Scheer and I—were using that kind of language around him. In other words, we made Jimmy do it.

The truth is that on that day in Plains, the atmosphere was subdued and serious,

and the only person to use colloquial language was Jimmy Carter, in his own home—and only to illustrate an important point. But between Ford and an obviously tired, beleaguered Mrs. Carter, it was all becoming a bit too strange. The election was now a week away.

Since some journalist acquaintances were pressing me for a statement on the so-called Ford refusal, we decided it was time to act. I called Ron Nessen, Ford's press secretary, at the White House, introduced myself and told him that there was a problem: We were being asked to comment on the President's refusal of our request for the interview and we had no recollection of making the request. I asked him what they were basing their statement on. Nessen brusquely told me he had a letter to prove it and that he'd get back to me the next day. I told him that we were being pressed hard on the subject and could he possibly tell me before the next day what letter he was referring to?

"Listen, goddamn you," Nessen shouted. "I've told you I can prove it, and if you want to challenge me, it's your own fucking funeral!"

I was winging it again. I hadn't known Presidential press secretaries were so free with their language, and I urged him to calm down and not be hostile. If the letter were available, I'd appreciate hearing from him, because I was going to have to say *something*. Nessen hung up.

Fifteen minutes later, there was a call from the White House and Nessen was on the phone, telling me without preamble that a letter dated July 15, 1975, to a *PLAYBOY* editor constituted a definite refusal by Ford of the *Playboy Interview*. I thanked him.

I had a copy of the letter he was referring to and I also knew Nessen and Ford were splitting the finest of hairs. Briefly, what had occurred was that our editor had written to Nessen more than a year earlier about an article that Richard Rhodes, a novelist and writer on political subjects, was preparing on Gerald Ford. Our editor had written that Rhodes would be in Washington during August 1975 and requested Nessen's help in providing him with access to the White House staff for a profile of Ford. He also asked if a "20-minute meeting" with the President could be arranged, so that Rhodes could describe Ford's "physical presence" to our readers.

Nessen replied in writing that he was interested in helping in any way to prepare the article, which would include (his words) a "Presidential interview," but that the President would be vacationing for most of August. He urged *PLAYBOY* to contact him again. This letter, Nessen said, constituted a refusal by Ford to do a *Playboy Interview*.

On October 27, 1976, Hefner released a statement to the wire services condemning Ford's election committee for making





At home, he's merely Stan Lee, publisher and guiding force behind Marvel Comics. But at the office, he's Comicbookman, creator of The Hulk, Spiderman, The Fantastic Four and The Silver Surfer. Meet the man who gave comics a good name in a special interview in the current issue of OUI magazine. In the same issue, Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, researcher of the hereafter, gives reasons why *Yes, There Is Life After Death*. Then, OUI explores the latest sexual behavior trend, no sex at all, in *There's No Sex Like No Sex*. Plus a personal account of the war in Lebanon, the long-awaited list of the *Top-40 Recorded Phone Messages* and a look at the new, improved KKK. It's all in the March issue of OUI magazine. On sale now!





political use of Carter's interview. I was quoted to the effect that not only had we never asked Ford for the interview but the White House had cooperated in two earlier efforts by PLAYBOY to do stories about Ford.

The effort before the Rhodes incident had to do with a satirical piece PLAYBOY published in September 1974, just a month after Ford took office. Titled *I Am Jerry's Brain*, it described the workings of a befuddled Presidential cerebrum. A week after the magazine went on sale, we got a call from the White House. One of the President's speechwriters at the time, Paul Theis, was on the phone. He asked to speak with the author of the piece, Reg Potterton, and told Potterton he'd just been with Ford, that Ford had read and enjoyed the piece and that the President would like to invite him to the White House for a few days to observe "how the real Jerry Ford's brain works."

In fact, we sent Potterton to Washington for a few days—and have records of it filed under PRESIDENT FORD FEATURE—but Potterton himself suddenly had to depart for England on another assignment before taking the White House up on its invitation.

At any rate, we were in the headlines again with our statement. The press got to Nessen, who was traveling with Ford through Chicago that day, and Nessen released the letter to our editor and said it constituted a "polite but firm refusal" of a request for the *Playboy Interview*. He denied my account of the earlier example of cooperation and said that the letter was the last correspondence he had had with PLAYBOY, thus proving his statement that it was a refusal, not a mere postponement.

The papers and networks ran our statement, as well as Nessen's denial, with most reports calling it a standoff. That's when things became tense. That day, in Chicago, a TV reporter asked Ford for his version of the so-called PLAYBOY refusal. Suddenly, Nessen stepped in and said, "No, no, that's not fair."

The reporter was surprised and said, "What's not fair? I can't ask him?" Nessen said he would not permit it and ended the interview abruptly.

Offcamera, several of the reporters pursued Nessen after Ford had left, asking him why he had cut them off, and didn't that constitute a kind of censorship? "Fuck you!" Nessen yelled.

The local Chicago stations reported the altercation on their news programs that evening with some puzzlement, wondering aloud why Nessen was so nervous after he had publicly denied our statement and released the letter. The press did not check back with PLAYBOY after Nessen's denial, but the fact is that Nessen was dissembling, with or without Ford's knowledge.

The question of whether or not to expose Nessen was tricky. We were seen

as having been responsible for the great controversy surrounding Carter; here we were, four days away from the election, in a pissing match with the Ford White House. We decided there was no way we could make another public statement without its being interpreted as interfering in the election. So we kept quiet. We felt most people who cared one way or another—not as to whether Ford might have been in PLAYBOY but as to whether the President were telling the truth—had at least seen that there was some doubt on the matter.

What we kept quiet about was that we not only had documentation of Potterton's visit to Washington in 1974 but, more significantly, had copies of further correspondence on the Rhodes affair up to six weeks after Nessen claimed all correspondence had ceased—copies of which he chose *not* to release. What happened was that our Articles Editor contacted Nessen after the vacation period of August 1975 was over. Nessen replied in a letter dated August 31, 1975, that everyone at the White House was back from vacation, that Rhodes should come to Washington and that he, Nessen, would arrange interviews with members of the White House staff.

Rhodes went to Washington, had his interviews and talked with Nessen. They discussed the possibility of Rhodes's meeting with the President; again, merely to write about his physical presence. Nessen agreed and suggested that the best way for Rhodes to talk with Ford was to accompany him on an upcoming trip. Nessen then arranged for Rhodes to fly on the White House press plane, which he did on September 12 and 13. But we at PLAYBOY got in touch with Rhodes as the Presidential party set down in St. Louis and insisted he write the article without meeting Ford in order to meet our deadline. There is a White House bill in our files for Rhodes's air fare on the Presidential press jet.

The final effect of PLAYBOY's interview with Jimmy Carter on the 1976 Presidential campaign is hard to measure. If it was just a distraction, as many now claim, all I can say is that it didn't *feel* that way to those of us who participated in it. It *did* get petty, but I think it's fair to ask why. Certainly Carter's impulse to be a little too loose and hip with us had something to do with it. And certainly the touch of Tartuffe that came through in Ford and some of his supporters played a part. And, in retrospect, the way we released the interview added to the confusion. But the true obsession that evolved wasn't Carter's or Ford's or PLAYBOY's.

Two snippets on the subject, the first a reader's letter to *The Washington Star*:

Recent history proves Mr. Carter right and the national press wrong on most matters of substance. Just

because he has a unique and personal way of presenting his candidacy, the press gets all hot and bothered. Mr. Carter has shown us, again and again, that a good "press image" is only the concern of the press, not of the people.

This from a distance; an editorial in the *London Guardian*:

The Carter that emerges from PLAYBOY is a simpler, more tangible man than any previous portrayal has contrived. He worries. He admits errors. He feels angry enough about racialism to wonder if he is in the right business. His shoulder is chipped. Under pressure, he prays rather than drinks bourbon. A short skirt can throw him. . . . His soul is a little barer now, and maybe it will do him harm. But before the easy sneers proliferate, the easy sneerers might ponder what we want of our politicians.

Finally, every time I've mentioned the word media, I've been guilty of generalizations, too. Many writers and journalists—among them, Richard Cohen of *The Washington Post*—were quick to say, Come on, you guys, knock it off. And many newspapers—among them, the *Chicago Sun-Times*—asked, Why all the fuss? And it was good to see the press regain a nonnasty sense of humor about it all as the campaign drew to a close: Awarding Carter a plaque for "horniest" member of the 1976 campaign was nice, as was the button given to Rosalynn (which reportedly broke her up): I LUST FOR JIMMY. It took a while, but maybe we were all beginning to see the joke—and the self-mockery—at the end.

Speaking of the end, public-opinion polls on Election Day showed that 61 percent of voters were not politically affected by Carter's interview; 20 percent said they were negatively affected; 11 percent said they were positively affected. Our own readership survey showed an overwhelmingly positive response toward Carter as he came across in the interview; a 20 percent higher proportion of people who said they had actually voted than the national average; and, for those of you curious about such things, we sold about 1,300,000 more copies than normal in November—which is nearly the margin by which Carter beat Ford in the popular vote.

Now, nobody around these parts claims these figures *mean* anything. Unless they're useful as cocktail-party retorts to whatever the conventional wisdom is about the election by the time this is published. I don't know if there are any lessons about the nature of politics to be drawn from all this. But I can think of a few lessons it teaches about the media in our society. Lesson number one: If you're going to wing it, fasten your seat belt.







BUCK BROWN

*"The rent? Oh, that's determined by  
whether or not you'll want pussy privileges!"*



A man with light brown hair and a serious expression is wearing a blue button-down shirt. He is holding a pack of Winston Lights cigarettes in his left hand and a single cigarette in his right hand. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

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13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.



# PLAYBOY

## ON THE SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HABITAT

## TURNING WORK INTO PLAY



TOM ZUK

Above left: Form definitely follows function when you combine natural flooring with a hefty six-foot metal-based locker bench that has a hardwood top, from Spiral Steel, about \$60. Above center: This 36" convex mirror with black edging, from Bell Detection Mirrors, \$102, creates a very pleasing optical illusion

when mounted high on a wall. Above right: All work and no play may make this Jill a very dull girl, but at least she's keeping busy in an atmosphere that's conducive to productivity; the steel rack is by AAA Restaurant, \$125; and the metalwork stool with wood seat and adjustable telescoping legs is from Charrette, \$27.50.

When it comes to interior decor, the word for the wise in the Seventies is versatility. Sure, you can stick to tried-and-true furnishings that have a specific, well-defined purpose. Or you can expand your horizon by exploring the showrooms and stores of manufacturers who specialize in industrial products—steel worktables, for example, or heavy-duty wire racks or stop-thief convex mirrors that can dramatically capture an entire studio apartment within their 36-inch diameter.

Aside from the fact that these products are exceptionally sturdy (remember, they've been designed for much more abuse than you'll probably ever give them), there are several other reasons why industrial-designed objects meld so well with today's lifestyles and furnishings.

For one, they're unexpected. A six-foot locker bench goes virtually unnoticed amid the clutter and clamor of the

local Y.M.C.A. But take that same bench, with its good-looking hardwood top and sturdy steel legs, and transport it to a simple, uncluttered living room, perhaps accented with a colorful Oriental rug (as we've shown above), and you have something to talk about.

Also remember that industrial designers create objects that are designed to work, not just sit there looking good. To accomplish this, they eliminate the superfluous. The success or failure of their creation directly corresponds to how well the product performs the function for which it was intended. If one of your hobbies calls for a stool, why invest in an expensive reproduction of the kind Galileo planted his posterior on when you can seat yourself on a rugged metal model that has not only neatly concealed telescoping legs that allow for various height adjustments but also a nifty low price? So let's hear it for industrial relations!

—ROBERT L. GREEN



# MAKING IT GETTING OUT WHILE THE GETTING'S GOOD

According to a recent survey by the Administrative Management Society, 14 percent of all office employees left their jobs last year. The turnover rate was highest (18 percent) for hourly employees and only slightly lower (nine percent) for management-level employees. The Great American Game of Musical Jobs has slowed down in the past few years (down from 21 percent in 1973 to 14 percent in 1976), but the chances are still about one out of ten that you will leave your place of employment this year. Or next.

The trick is knowing when and how to leave. The statistics give a rough idea of how the turnover occurs. Only 30 percent of all employees leave their jobs to take a better one. Twenty-five percent leave because they have to—as the result of staff reductions or outright dismissals. Ten percent simply leave town. Eight percent retire. The last group consists of those who never figured out how or when to leave their jobs until it was too late. Never do tomorrow what you can put off until retirement.

The first stirrings of wanderlust can occur after a few months on a job. Richard K. Irish, the author of *If Things Don't Improve Soon, I May Ask You to Fire Me* and *Go Hire Yourself an Employer*, claims that "After nine months on any job, most people have mastered its essentials, met the key players, recognized that their job is not fulfilling their personal agendas." The scenario for change can be quite simple. An aspiring young man picks up the classified ads and looks through the job column. Surely, he thinks, what I've learned must be worth something. The ads are all the same: two to three years' experience required. Well, he's had two or three years' experience. It was back in 1968. What the ads ask for is not experience but potential. What Irish calls

who you are and what you want and acting on that information." What you've learned about yourself in two or three years on the job may be worth something to someone else, but it's worth a lot more to you. Now is the time for a little career planning.

The last time most people ran into a guidance counselor was when they were in high school. Our society approaches career planning the way Middle Eastern potentates approach marriage. Our employment is arranged for us by our parents and teachers—if not at birth, then soon afterward. "I was betrothed to IBM at the tender age of 21. So now I make the best of an OK situation. It wouldn't be different anywhere else, right?" Wrong.

Paul Simon's advice for leaving a lover applies to job changes: "Make a new plan, Stan. You don't need to be coy, Roy." Review, evaluate and examine your life goals. In *Training and Development Journal*—a magazine for personnel managers—Gordon L. Lippitt suggests a simple exercise for getting in touch with your career goals. Write a résumé that no one else will ever read. Make a life inventory. A Who's Who of yourself. List your peak experiences—the moments that made you feel you were on the right track and ahead of the rest of the pack. If your job has not supplied you with many of these, it may be time to look elsewhere. Also, a catalog of peaks tells you what gets you off. Knowing that, you can place yourself where the action is.

Next, list the things you do well (even if doing them well is boring) and the things you do poorly (but would like to do better, or have to do, no matter how well). It is our guess that, in the long run, doing things well is better for the ego than doing things poorly. Would you rather be a good middle manager or a bad company president?

List the things you would like to be able to do well (but haven't gotten around to trying). Maybe you have always wanted to be a good public speaker. If so, what are you doing manning a fire tower in Outer Mongolia? The things you would like to try are as important as the things you've already done well. Interest and desire can get you through the worst job.

OK? Now sit back and truly analyze your present situation: What's lacking? Is the company negligent in giving strokes, in rewarding performance? Just what kind of recognition are you looking for? Money? Respect? A cuter secretary?

Spend as much time on this review as you would planning your next vacation. Until you know where you stand and what, if anything, you are looking for, any job change you make will be just another paragraph of wasted space on your real résumé, another line on your dance card. You may decide that you don't want to change. Some companies are noted for their turnover. For example, according to one source, at Procter & Gamble: "There is a great exodus at the level of assistant brand manager. Those who leave are usually prized by other companies; those who stay are headed for success and security at P&G." The lesson: When you come to a fork in the road, both forks can lead to satisfaction. It may be that after completing a personal inventory, you will discover just what you have to offer your own company. Approach your boss and sell yourself accordingly. Or leave and find a niche elsewhere.

If Jimmy Carter had stayed in the Navy, he might have made admiral—if he were patient. Instead, he abandoned ship, changed careers once or twice and finally seems to have found a job he can live with.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

DAN CLYNE





# AUDIO KEEP IT CLEAN



BILL FRANTZ

Following the numbers: 1. Sound Guard, a dry lubricant, by Ball, \$7. 2. Clean Sound cleaning kit, by Recoton, \$15. 3. Discwasher works on capillary absorbency, \$15, and 4. Zerostat removes static, \$24.95, both by Discwasher. 5. Black Magic cleaning kit, \$7.50, and 6. Black Magic maintenance kit includes arm and bottles of solution, \$16,

both by Recoton. 7. Autocleanica arm, by Audio-Technica, \$9.95. 8. Watts Dust Bug, a lint sweeper that attaches to turntable, by Elpa, \$8. 9. Record-care kit, by Memorex, \$5.50. 10. Rotary Disc Cleaner, by Audio-Technica, \$9.95. 11. Watts Parostatik Disc Preener, by Elpa, \$6. 12. Hydro cleaner, from Musicraft, \$9.95.

**H**ere's a musical Catch-22: Friction on a record surface builds up a static charge that attracts specks of garbage from the air. You create friction, of course, every time you slide a record in and out of its liner or jacket, and the very tracking of the record groove by the stylus creates another source of friction.

Seems hopeless? Don't give up. Remember water? Mixed with tiny amounts of detergent and sometimes a minute splat of some proprietary chemical solution, it forms the bulk of all the record-cleaning fluids on the market. The beauty of these solutions is that not only do they clean (somewhat) but they also leave a very thin film on the record that helps neutralize the friction-induced static charge, thereby making the record less attractive to dust. And there's one item—the Discwasher System—that is also credited with actually exterminating those microorganisms that colonize along the record groove. Another new gadget is Sound Guard, which puts a coating (three millionths of an inch thick) on a record that keeps out foreign invaders both mineral and vegetable.

Less exotic, but found to be effective in many instances, is simply wiping the record with a pad made of sheared-acetate-velvet fibers (this describes most of the record-cleaning "pads" sold). There are any number of products capable of doing a reasonable job of cleaning and destaticizing. One of the best is the Watts line, which also includes

the Dust Bug. This device, which has many imitators, is an extra "arm" that extends over the record and allows a tiny brush to sweep the groove; the dust dislodged is attracted to a small pad behind the brush that also applies a tiny amount of moisture to the record.

In one way or another, several firms have climbed onto the wet-wagon approach, including Bib, with its Groov-Kleen (very similar to the Dust Bug), Audio-Technica, with its also imitative Autocleanica or its Rotary Disc Cleaner (the same idea as the old record-cleaning pad, this time with a handle that makes it easier to hold over the record), and Memorex, the tape manufacturer, which has just announced its version of another time-honored device—a hand-held cylindrical brush that you encourage with a thin stream of fluid.

Many of these kits also contain a tiny brush for whisking away any crud around the stylus. The way to use such a brush is to sweep the underside of the cartridge from rear to front—ever so gently. It also is an excellent idea to keep a turntable covered as much as possible.

Important: Keep your hands off the record surface. Handle a record only by its outer edge, since no matter how clean your hands are, they can leave a deposit of body oil that will attract dirt. And, for the same reason, never nudge a stylus with your finger, however helpful that little gesture has proved in other areas.

—NORMAN EISENBERG



# TRAVEL

## TRAVELIN' HEAVY

Anyone who flies a lot knows the arguments for paring down to what you can take into the cabin. You eliminate the psychological certainty that someday a baggage handler is going to look at the tag on one of your suitcases and read Yoro, Honduras (ORO), for Chicago's O'Hare (ORD) or Cajamarca, Peru (CJA), for Rome's Ciampino (CIA). You don't have to wrestle with the bags in all those interstices between the claim area and the hotel room where there's no one around willing to handle them for the dollar a bag porters and bellboys now seem to expect. Most of all, there's the freedom to walk out of the plane, through the airport and into a cab without the last ministrations of the essence of airline travel: waiting around for something to happen.

No matter how long you're going to be away, you can survive with carry-on. But it isn't worth it. Unless you never dress up—even if that means beaded leather jackets—you can't do it without a garment bag. And garment bags are mothers. You have something over a shoulder, or something over both shoulders. You almost certainly carry something in one hand (these days, almost certainly a tennis racket). Add a garment bag to that and you suffer when you walk, you suffer whenever you have to get into a pocket, you suffer as you inch down the airplane aisle, bumping the heads of your fellow passengers with the bare essentials of your life.

But the main thing wrong with traveling light is that the bare essentials are never enough. After the pleasure of making straight for the cab comes the penalty of standing in your hotel room amid—almost nothing: no files (say), no pictures, no books (or not enough books), no music; without that extra pair of jeans or boots or the typewriter you really wanted to take but didn't have enough arms for.

Of course, the goodies you take along once you commit yourself to the 66-pound (first class) or 44-pound (coach) international limit depend on what you need to get your work done and to feel as if you have your life with you. On

even a short trip to Bangkok from his base in Hong Kong, NBC's Jack Reynolds routinely flies overweight, because the job demands it. A story might break upcountry, so he carries a first-aid kit and a portable stove. He has to have a short-wave radio. Once, he unexpectedly had a chance to film the king of Thailand at one of his remote palaces. Because Reynolds travels the way he does, he and his cameraman and his sound man all had conservative suits

and ties packed away among the piles of gear in the back of their van.

Since he's flying overweight, anyway, Reynolds allows himself the luxury of framed family pictures, a rack of pipes, a jar of Sanka and an immersion coil, ten or twelve books and the four-bottle stock for a basic bar. His hotel room looks more lived in than many bachelor apartments.

On a trip of any length out of New York, William F. Buckley, Jr., carries battered old elegant briefcases stuffed with files and manuscripts in progress and grist for his voluminous correspondence. When he and his wife fly to Switzerland each winter for a couple of months at their villa there, they take almost as much luggage as their parents did on shipboard crossings in the Twenties. Buckley has written about the overweight problem, which he told *PLAYBOY* is especially bad in Europe. He takes great

pleasure in switching airlines if a clerk tries to stick him for the full excess-baggage charge.

A well-made and intelligently packed suitcase will protect your \$500 custom-made suit better than a garment bag will. Watch the guy put the tags on the bags and somehow make yourself believe what is, in fact, the truth: If the destination is right, the odds on the bags' showing up are overwhelmingly with you. I've been traveling around the world for close to ten years and have never lost a piece of luggage. Once you get over that fear, you're free to cut your carry-on to a paperback book and your wallet. With eight ounces of baggage in hand, the business of flying almost becomes fun again.

—DAVID BUTLER



Clockwise from 12: A collection of Ultrasuede luggage, by Hartmann, from \$155 to \$265 each. Three leather-and-nylon pieces, by Harrison, \$125, \$62.50 and \$50. Model ST-8000 stereo cassette recorder and receiver, by Aimor, \$219. Leather attaché tool case, by Mark Cross, \$150. An LTD micro cassette recorder, by Panasonic, \$200. The Royal Solar I, a solar-powered calculator, by Royal Typewriter, \$99.95. Minox 35EL camera, \$183. Portable library box, by Mark Cross, \$120. Vinyl travel bar with accessories, by Deutsch Luggage, \$37.



## THOSE LOOSE-LIVING EUROPEANS

**B**lame it on the weather. Just when you think you have it knocked, after you've sweated, strained and stuffed your body into the shaped silhouette so much the rage these past few seasons, European designers have done an about-face.

Actually, the shift has been coming for some time with the prophetic, though not-taken-quite-seriously collections of Kenzo and others in Paris. But it took a heat wave of epic proportions last summer to really loosen things up. And loosen is the operative word. From the dressiest to the most casual apparel, the trend of the future is easy and relaxed. Virtually disappeared is the tight T-shirt; it's been replaced by an assortment of big tops, most frequently in variations on the *blouson* theme.

A whole new sense of fabrics has developed to achieve what could be called the look of sloppy chic, or unpressed elegance. From tissue-weight cotton gauze to the thickest (and most absorbent) cotton toweling, natural-fiber fabrics are called on everywhere to maximize their inherent characteristics. Freshest of all are the open weaves and meshes, often called dishrag fabrics.

And the color themes follow from these natural fibers: Emphasis is on beige, ecru, off-white and the like, generally used in subtle juxtaposition with one another.

Trousers are becoming baggier, emphasized by a slight tapering of the legs, and often with a pleated front. A lot of casual pants feature drawstring waists and tie or gathered cuffs. But most newsworthy is the heat-inspired return of shorts in all shapes and sizes. Favored are the long, pleated, cuffed shorts from another era when the sun never set. Which is not to say the look is exclusively British: Top houses in France (Georges Rech, Aujard, et al.) and Italy (Giorgio Armani, Jean-Baptiste Caumont) share a penchant for baring knees.

But the trend is not limited to casual clothes. It is increasingly becoming the case in European higher fashion-design circles that the distinctions in clothing are ones of style and chic, not of levels of formality. A successful designer wearing his own beige cotton *ciré blouson* over a cream slub-knit silk shirt with scarf and pleated cotton/wool/silk blend tweed trousers to a cocktail party would consider himself as well dressed as—indeed, even better dressed than—a man in a three-piece suit, shirt and tie.

This attitude toward traditional categorization is

nowhere more evident than in the spring/summer collection of Nino Cerruti in Paris. Determined to make us rethink the suit, Cerruti presents them in barely constructed lightweight cotton seersucker, in double-breasted models; he shoves or rolls up the sleeves and puts them with nothing but a Wallace Beery undershirt.

Even suits in their more traditional role are changing with the hot winds of fashion. Again, look for lighter fabrics, less construction and a looser silhouette. The aforementioned Giorgio Armani of Milan has even gone so far as to suggest that the stylish man will wear his suits a size too large, using his belt to gather the trousers for that desired baggy effect.

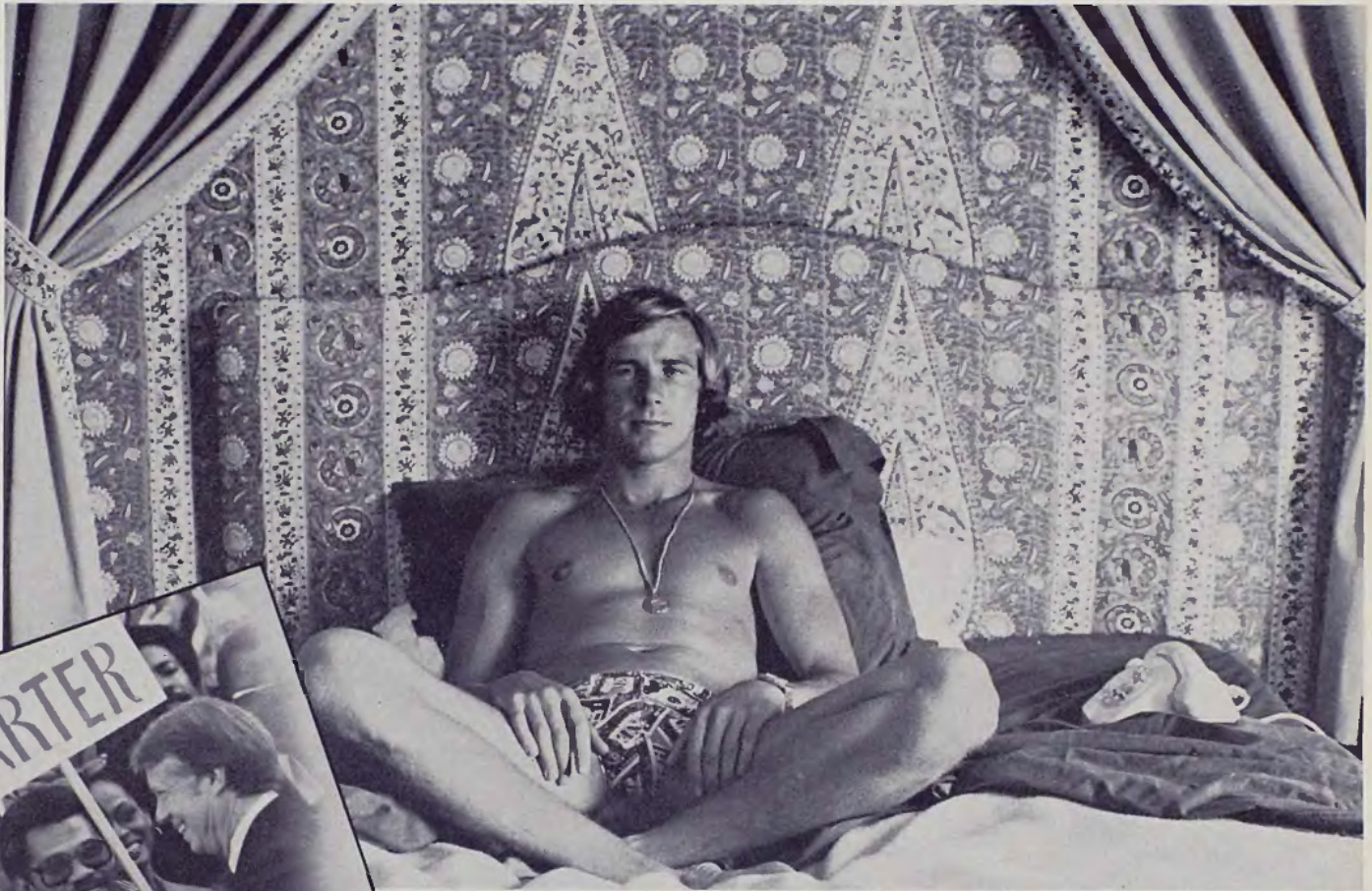
Which brings us back to you who have struggled to get in shape for the slim silhouette. Be glad you did, since it's a paradoxical truth that the new full look is successful only when the figure is slim enough to carry it off. —DAVID PLATT

The designer's inevitable role is one of heralding change; but right now, as a result of last year's freak heat wave, we're seeing a spring/summer 1977 European fashion picture that affords the most radical departures in years. Light, loose and cool sums up the scene. Watch especially for the wash of shorts to wallow in, suits to play in and terrycloth (it's like wearing a towel) for everything.





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## Lose Some, Win Some

British racing driver **James Hunt** has gone through a couple of years that one might label manic. It started off with his original backer having withdrawn its support and his wife, Suzy, having left him for Richard Burton. It ended on a rain-swept

Japanese race course, when Hunt became England's first world champion in eight years. Hunt shrugs off the broken marriage: "It was no great personal tragedy. Now I'm enjoying myself." At the top of his sport at 29, Hunt expects to race three more years before retiring. Says he, "I have a not altogether unreasonable ambition to stay alive."

## The Jimmy & Cher Show

Ever wonder what words are actually passed between a high-ranking politician and a beautiful woman when they suddenly meet at a political rally while the politician's wife, a crowd of 15,000 people and a television-evening-news audience of many millions more look on? Wonder no more.

**Cher Allman** told us what happened when she met Jimmy Carter at an L.A. rally the day before the election. Carter had shaken hands with the celebrities in attendance but had hugged Cher with apparent feeling and whispered in her ear. She whispered back. Says Cher, "When he got on the platform, he was a little bit late and we were having a problem with the crowd because it was so goddamn hot. And when he got there, I thought that he'd be glazed—it's a look you can always tell if you know what's going on; it's like keep your calm and smile while you're thinking about something totally different. When he got to me, I looked in his eyes and they weren't glazed. I respected him so much for that. He was thinking. It wasn't like what he was going to say was pounded into his head. He said, 'How are you? It's so nice to see you.' I said, 'It's nice to see you, too.' He said, 'How is the baby?' And I said, 'He's fine.' He said, 'How is Gregory?' And I said, 'He's doing really well.' And he said, 'Well, I want you to know that we're really proud of you.' And he hugged me and said, 'You haven't met Rosalynn?' And I said, 'No, I haven't.' And I went over to her and said, 'God, it's so hectic today.' And she said, 'It's really nice to see you.'"

And how does Cher analyze these brief exchanges with Mr. and Mrs. Carter? "She was much more aware of the crowd than he was," says Cher, showing, perhaps, a tinge of bias. "He was aware of them, but he had his shit together. I thought it was terrific. I may be idealistic, but I think that's what America is really all about."



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## Rag to Riches

Cathy Chamberlain sounds like what she looks like: a pretty young lady in pretty old clothes. While she scrounges secondhand stores for thrift-shop elegance, she hunts for her musical ideas in the archives of ragtime, old jazz and rock 'n' roll. "It's a brand-new sound with an old-time beat," she explains. Her first album, just out from Warners, has Joel Dorn (of Leon Redbone and Bette Midler fame) producing. And the success of her infectiously upbeat Rag 'n' Roll Revue at New York's Bottom Line Theater Cabaret proves she's touched a previously hidden musical nerve. But does the name Rag 'n' Roll ever give rise to misunderstandings? "Yeah, sometimes. One guy said, 'What's this? Rag rock?'" But Cathy isn't bothered. "'Naw,' I told him. 'I don't do torch songs.'"



IAN PATRICK



CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMANN

VERNON L. SMITH



## Million-Dollar Look

During a taping session for an upcoming *Playboy Interview* with the *Saturday Night* gang, a magnanimous **Chevy Chase** revealed why he was such a smash as the Weekend Update anchorman

on the hit NBC comedy program. "It was the fact that I used my name and said 'I'm Chevy Chase' that got me the visibility right away, but here's the secret—the secret is the way you play the camera. You must play the fuckin' camera. You've got to look into that lens and do a job on it."

## Two by Two

"We're calling the study The Management of Conjugal and Quasi-Conjugal Diads," explains Assistant Professor **Pepper Schwartz**, "but we don't expect anyone except other academic types to understand that. Actually, we're going to study relationships and what makes them work." Schwartz and her colleague Associate Professor **Philip Blumstein** both teach sociology at the University of Washington in Seattle. They are sending out 2000 questionnaires to 1000 couples—homosexual and heterosexual—and will interview 600 people directly, as couples and as individuals, in San Francisco, Seattle and New York. "Then we'll compare the results. We're looking for the things that make couples stay together, how they work out problems, what the coping mechanisms are and, most important, what, if any, are the differences between heterosexual and homosexual couples of long standing. It's the first study of its kind and will take three years to complete," says Blumstein. Schwartz quickly adds to reassure potential volunteers, "It will be confidential and anonymous." Anyone for quasi-conjugal diads?



## NAVEL ENGAGEMENT

Omphalos. Umbilicus. Navel. Inney. Outey. Whatever it's called, the belly button is everybody's favorite lint catcher—and (would you believe?) a bisexual genital as well, says Dr. Stanley Friedman of New York's Mt. Sinai School of Medicine.

"Because it's located just above the genital area in both men and women, and because it stands out—or pokes in—in a manner suggestive of either a penis or a vagina, men and women who are uncertain of their sexual identities will find belly buttons erotic," Dr. Friedman told us. He also said that we first discover our sexuality through our belly buttons when we're tiny tots. Since genitals are taboo in our culture, the next-best spot to get excited about is the navel. "When we become adults, those long-suppressed feelings of penis and vagina envy can be worked out by getting turned on sexually to our partner's umbilicus. Many men and women feel an enhanced sexuality if they finger it as part of foreplay." Friedman feels that "because the belly button is the one place where all people are created—and nurtured—equal, it's a logical arousal-fixation point."

## SOP STORY

When it comes to contraceptives, the debates are endless. One method is better than another, one is messier, one is healthier; on and on, until the birth-control controversy is coming out of every place but our ears. Obviously, it's time to throw in the sponge. The Collagen Sponge Contraceptive, that is. It's a genuinely absorbing new antipregnancy discovery.

The University of Arizona Health Services Center is in charge of developing it and told us that the sponge looks something like a mushy white hockey puck, fits right up against a woman's cervix and will hold up to 40 times its weight in fluid. A woman inserts it herself, like a diaphragm, but the Collagen Sponge is potentially much more practical. Many women are put off by diaphragms because they need constant removal and cleaning. But a woman can leave this device in for up to 28 days, taking it out only when she wants to wash it out. The developers hope to include a bactericide within the sponge itself, as well as a spermicide. This would practically eliminate gonorrhea for the women wearing it and safeguard its efficiency. Men will benefit sexually, along with their lovers who wear Collagen Sponge Contraceptives. In contrast to diaphragm users, sponge-wearing women will be able to enjoy spontaneous fucking whenever and wherever they want, with all the freedom but

none of the fears of pill poppers about possible side effects.

So why aren't all our female friends dashing off to get these splendid sperm-sopper-uppers? Because there will be at least two more years' testing needed before the FDA will release the sponge on the market—but its chances for success look pretty good.



## HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL

The Live Sex Show—what weird and wondrous visions it calls to mind. Lusciously flexible female flesh, writhing and stretching in almost impossibly provocative, erotic positions. You can almost smell the sweet mustiness as the voluptuous lass onstage flashes her pussy at the audience. But only one man, her co-star, actually gets to screw her. And screw her he does, again and yet again, 37 times a week, with six shows on Friday and Saturday. And that's only onstage.

"All the men who audition for parts in my shows have one thing in common—they think they're the world's biggest stud and can get it up any time, anywhere," said Rod Swenson, New

York City's best-known promoter of hard-core live-sex entertainment.

We spoke with one of his current stars, a young man named Tony Zaidan, who'd been touring with Swenson's sex revues for several months. "I used to do odd jobs here and there before I got into fucking onstage," he told us. "I'm now at the point where I dig making it in front of an audience so much that it's hard to enjoy screwing anymore without the applause." According to Swenson, Zaidan's exhibitionism is typical of these men. So let's not sit on our hands, folks.

## WHETTING YOUR APPETITE

If you want to speed up your erotic appetite, why don't you and your lover go fast together? Of course, you'll get hungry—but mostly for each other, said Dr. Allan Cott, author of *Fasting—the Ultimate Diet*, who told us that "physiologically, your sexual desire will increase a lot more if you fast. Feeling good about yourself sexually has everything to do with how you feel about your body. Going without food is a kind of terrific trip—all your senses feel heightened, your body chemistry improves, you'll lose excess weight, which will improve your looks and self-image, and you'll find yourself functioning better."

Dr. Cott's talking about a specific kind of Spartan diet. If you want to try it, you must drink one and a half to two quarts of water each day of the regimen and do a minimum of three hours of exercise daily. But you're allowed to make those three hours of activity erotic.

—HOWARD SMITH AND  
BRIAN VAN DER HORST







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enthusiast, do pace your drinks. Try to remember that where there's smoke, there's fire.

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