

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1975 • \$1.25

# PLAYBOY

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BY BEN BRADLEE**

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**PLAYBILL** IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE, in this post-Nixon era, that Presidents talk dirty—at least as much as other people. So it probably won't surprise you to find out—in Benjamin C. Bradlee's *Conversations with Kennedy*—that John F. Kennedy knew a cuss word or two. But it won't surprise many of you, either, to find out that the backstage Kennedy had different things on his mind from the backstage Nixon. Bradlee, who is now the executive editor of *The Washington Post* and used to be *Newsweek's* D.C. bureau chief, got to know Kennedy quite well between 1959 and 1963. He spent more than a few nonworking hours at the White House—well, supposedly nonworking hours, because Bradlee kept a journal of those visits, with the understanding that he wouldn't make his notes public until at least five years after J.F.K. left office. His memoir—a rare personal look at a historical figure—will be included in a book, *Conversations with Kennedy*, that W. W. Norton will publish in May.

Speaking of salty talk—and historical figures—the all-time master had to be Lenny Bruce, whose autobiography, originally serialized in *PLAYBOY*, was *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*. This month's exclusive interview—conducted by Richard Meryman, who spent 23 years with *Time-Life* before settling down to the unsettled life of a free-lancer—is with Dustin Hoffman, the versatile actor who plays Bruce in the current film *Lenny*. (Coincidentally, and happily, we also have pictorial uncoverage of Valerie Perrine, who plays Lenny's wife in the flick.)

*A Walk in the Country* finds novelist Harry Crews taking just that. He and a pair of friends hiked all the way from Georgia to the Appalachian Trail's conclusion, somewhere in the northern woods, looking for book material. They found it, and while the book remains in Crews's typewriter, we proudly preview its first two chapters—that is, the first two experiences that Crews and his crew got into. (Incidental literary note: Articles Editor Geoffrey Norman thought that the elephant story sounded vaguely familiar. Indeed, there's a similar anecdote in one of James Agee's letters to Father Flye. Norman figures that Crews and Agee must have uncovered the same incident; after all, how many elephants get convicted of murder in Tennessee?)

Speaking of murder, we've got a battery of quizzes—under the title *Arrrgggghhh!*—that will enable you to gauge the degree of violence in your own personality. It's the work of Scot Morris, a former *Psychology Today* editor, who, according to good authority, has trained his dog to accost other dogs only if their leashes lie in the hands of attractive young ladies.

*How I Wiped Up the Courts with Pancho Gonzales* will doubtless surprise the tennis great, whose memory of his

encounter with free-lance writer Peter Nord, as part of a teaching film, is surely different from Nord's. Live and learn, Pancho.

Our irrepressible Staff Writer Reg Potterton is always getting into something. Most recently, he met this guy in Chicago who'd made a big score in commodities, and what with the Arabs' pulling in all the world's money . . . well, the gentleman in question figured he could help them invest it. Seriously. So he journeyed to the Middle East, and Reg went with him. You can read all about it in "*Don't the Arabs Understand I Wanna Make Them Rich?*"

Heading our list of fiction this month is *Lady Spain*, by Herbert Gold, which will form part of his comic novel in progress about the madcap San Francisco underworld. Also of a fictional nature, so the authors insist, are *Bockman*, and *Why His Arm Never Got Broken*, wherein Jordan Crittenden chronicles the misadventures of a laid-off engineer, and *The Model*, a wry tale of a lubricious lady painter and her naïve male subject, by one-of-a-kind cartoonist-philosopher Al Capp.

Proof that our Art Department is always on the case, seeking out and developing new talent, is the fact that the paintings accompanying the above stories are by three artists who are making their first major *PLAYBOY* appearances—respectively, Dennis Magdich, Paul Slick and Vincent Topazio, who, to show you how much ground our Art Directors cover, hail (again, respectively) from Chicago, L.A. and New York.

If you guessed that there's much, much more in this issue, you guessed right. Significantly, there's an eye-popping pictorial on Donyale Luna, a most unusual lady who's come back to the U.S. after a period of expatriation in Europe; the pictures were taken by her traveling companion, Italian photographer Luigi Cazzaniga.

We've also got *Bed & Board*—a pictorial, that is, to which a lot of photographers contributed, linking the themes of food and sex (aren't all the appetites tributaries of the same river?). And there's *Eat Your Heart Out!*, a photographic tribute not to sex or food but to some fantastic cars that you can't buy in America. The camerawork is by Richard Fegley of our staff, who covered four countries and ruined only two dream cars.

Getting back to our favorite subject—the one Tiny Tim always spells out—it gets the funny treatment from two of our nuttier cartoonists: Mal (real name: Malcolm Hancock), who limns the amorous antics of the legless set in *Serpentine Sex*, and Arnold Roth, who offers Part Four of his *History of Sex*.

Not without sexual connotations, of course, is our gatefold girl, Victoria Cunningham. You may involve her in whatever fantasy you wish. Of course, you've probably checked her out by now. Which means you're already off to a good start.



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## CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	21
ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.....	22
RECORDINGS.....	24
BOOKS.....	32
MOVIES.....	39
THEATER.....	45
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	49
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	53
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DUSTIN HOFFMAN—candid conversation.....	63
CONVERSATIONS WITH KENNEDY—memoir..... BENJAMIN C. BRADLEE	80
LADY SPAIN—fiction..... HERBERT GOLD	84
"DON'T THE ARABS UNDERSTAND?"—article..... REG POTTERTON	87
LUNA—pictorial.....	88
HOW I WIPED UP THE COURT WITH PANCHO GONZALES—article..... PETER NORD	96
PERRINE AS IN QUEEN—pictorial.....	99
BOCKMAN—fiction..... JORDAN CRITTENDEN	103
IT'S A NAIVE LITTLE CALIFORNIA BRANDY—drink..... EMANUEL GREENBERG	104
HAIL, VICTORIA!—playboy's playmate of the month.....	106
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	116
A WALK IN THE COUNTRY—article..... HARRY CREWS	118
PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST—attire..... ROBERT L. GREEN	121
ARRRGGHHH!—quiz..... SCOT MORRIS	129
BED & BOARD—pictorial.....	136
NO FEAR OF FLYING—ribald classic.....	145
EAT YOUR HEART OUT!—modern living..... BROCK YATES	147
THE MODEL—fiction..... AL CAPP	153
A PROTUBERANTLY PORTRAYED HISTORY OF SEX—humor..... ARNOLD ROTH	155
SERPENTINE SEX—humor..... MAL	178
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	190
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI.....	200

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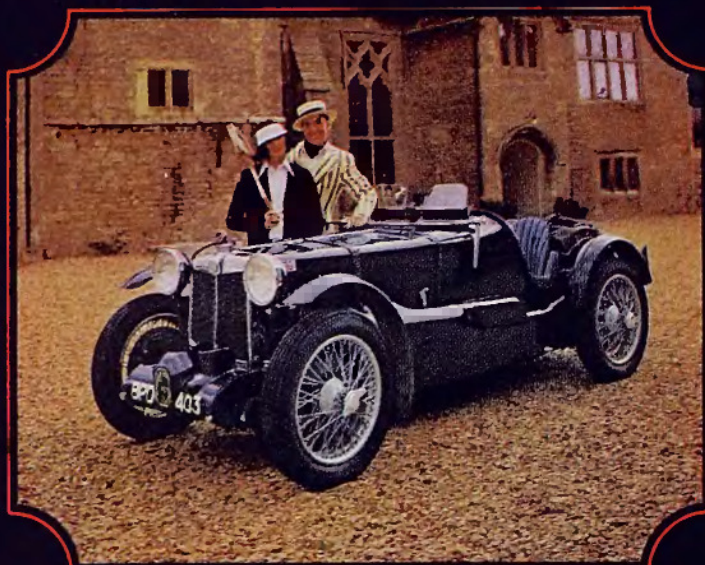


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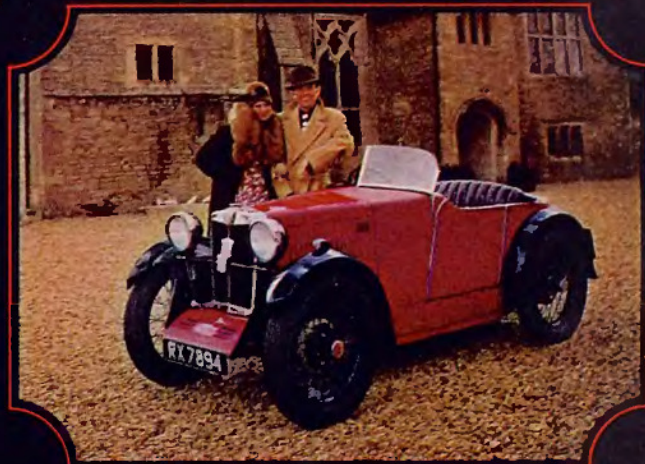
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## DEAR PLAYBOY



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### JUDGING DEAN

Your interview with John Dean (PLAYBOY, January) is one of the best you've ever done. Thank God somebody had the guts to step forward and spill the beans on the whole Watergate mess. Dean is, indeed, a profile in courage.

Dennis King Gibson  
Jackson, Mississippi

Being known as Nixon's top hatchet man—a "seamy character," in the words of your editor—I suppose I can claim some expertise on hatchet jobs. Good work! You sank the blade right into Dean's scalp with your introduction. Through the three years we served together in the White House, I knew John to be hard-working, careful and honest. Though ambitious (as we all were), he was on the whole quite selfless in performing his duties. Recently, in prison, our paths briefly crossed again, and for what it is worth, he was taking his punishment like a man. But the John Dean I have known for five years is not the self-seeking, finagling shark you have depicted. I attacked Dean vigorously—even worse than you have in your introduction—in my heyday as Nixon's Watergate defender, for I thought he was lying. Events proved that I had been misled and he was telling the truth. But obviously it must still sell magazines to carve away at the fallen of Watergate. We are, after all, fair game for those so inclined—as the fallen always are. This seamy character, however, believes that Dean at least deserves a little better from PLAYBOY.

Charles Colson  
Maxwell AFB, Alabama

In PLAYBOY's interview with John Dean, several errors of fact appeared in the introductory material that were brought to our attention after the issue went to press. In checking on Dean's career before and during his years at the White House, the editors verified some of the allegations with reputable published sources. In several instances, however, these published accounts dated back to a time when Dean was under heavy attack from the Nixon White House, and damaging, often inaccurate information was being leaked to the media without being retracted afterward. Where PLAYBOY stated that Dean had left a law firm after a senior partner charged him

with "unethical conduct," we learned that the partner later withdrew the charge, calling it an "overstatement." The introduction noted elsewhere that Dean had worked out a "deal" with prosecutors before testifying, but we later found that he had stated he was willing to testify with or without immunity. And where the introduction stated that Dean had withheld evidence from the Ervin committee that he was later compelled to divulge at the cover-up trial, it was then brought out that Dean had given this information to the prosecutors—despite news reports to the contrary. In these and other instances, incomplete information may have given a negative impression of many of Dean's motives and actions. The editors of PLAYBOY regret this and apologize to Dean.

In view of the fact that a ubiquitous obsession with my critics has been an alleged and assumed inaccuracy of long-distance psychoanalysis, I was comforted by the kind, unsolicited and candid remarks made of me by Dean, in reference to my book *President Nixon's Psychiatric Profile*. Dean, though a layman in the field of psychiatry, is an ex-officio authority on the Nixon psyche and through the medium of your magazine has given a badly needed boost to my sagging credibility as a psychohistorian. Psychohistorical techniques when applied to the Nixon imbroglio were revealing and unintentionally predictive. Dean's early prepared testimony before the Ervin committee served as a *sine qua non* for my initiation of the Nixon "profile." How pleasantly ironic it is that 18 months later Dean should also give me his accolade.

Eli S. Chesen, M.D.  
Lincoln, Nebraska

### HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES

Regarding Sean O'Faolain's *Good Night, Sweet Sherlock* (PLAYBOY, January), the magic of Sherlock Holmes has endured throughout the years precisely because it is magic, and magic never fails to entertain. We all know that the lady is not really cut in two, but we all wish to enjoy the illusion of the impossible's being true. In similar fashion, we may all suspect that Holmes's weapon that "both strangled and crushed" did not have to be the Argentine bola he deduced but might just as well have been—in this day of

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cynical attitudes—a snake with a hammer; but our eternal wish to be deceived will not allow us to question the magician. Nor should it. There is little enough magic in our lives today and I, for one, shall continue to read my Holmes for all it contains, including its marvelous detection, and for all the other magic that enfolds me whenever I open the door of 221B Baker Street.

Robert L. Fish  
Trumbull, Connecticut

Of course, we of The Irregulars cannot be expected to agree with O'Faolain's opinion, since he seems to be running Sherlock down. However, in the last paragraph, he does show that he is aware of the reason that Holmes has such a great attraction for all of us.

Julian Wolff, M.D., Editor  
*The Baker Street Journal*  
New York, New York

#### COCAINE SCRUTINY

Richard Rhodes's excellent article *A Very Expensive High* (PLAYBOY, January) is well researched and rings with unmistakable psychopharmacologic and (frightening) sociologic realism. The fascinating history of cocaine reveals it as the drug of aristocrats, kings, high priests and highly articulate men of many eras. Surely still the champagne of drugs, for social (and often sexual) occasions, cocaine easily retains its superlative position in the panoply of currently available (licit and illicit) mind-altering drugs.

George R. Gay, M.D.  
Director of Clinical Activities  
Haight-Ashbury Free  
Medical Clinics  
San Francisco, California

Well, well, at last a good, informative article on cocaine; too bad it took 115 years. But Rhodes and PLAYBOY are to be commended for producing a straightforward article about a drug that has long been hidden by foolish superstition.

M. Dowden  
Montreal, Quebec

#### BARDOT WATCHERS

I suggest that an investigation of your editorial and pictorial staff is indicated. As evidence of this, I suggest that you review the January pictorial on Brigitte Bardot. I'm sure you will agree, after your review of the pictorial, that the closest thing the lady has to 40 is her bust measurement. At best, she can't possibly be over 23. I realize this will create considerable problems, as it relates to the revelation that the precocious nymph in *And God Created Woman* was only seven years old. I have every confidence you can and will correct the misconception that this article presents and that you can do it prior to Bardot's filing suit for slander.

T. B. Doe, III  
Morehead City, North Carolina

In your January *Playbill*, you ran the name Vergez under a picture of the French singer Antoine.

Hubert Henrotte  
Bureau SYGMA  
Paris, France

*The man in the first picture (below) is, indeed, the singer Antoine. The man in the second picture (bottom) is the real Laurent Vergez, Bardot's current*



*boyfriend and the photographer for our January feature "Bardot—Incredible!"*

#### GROUP DISCUSSION

John Medelman's article "Does Your Husband Know You're Bisexual?" (PLAYBOY, January), describing his experience with the University of Minnesota Medical School's Sexual Attitude Reassessment program, is an outstanding piece of reporting. It captures most perceptively the initial phase of semihostile, watchful sparring, the harsh impact of several aspects of the experience and the sequential impact of the discussion groups. In the three times that I have experienced a SAR, it happened that sex formed a very small part of the discussion that centered on human relationships and experiences in general. Yet the effect was the same, for, as Medelman found out, the primary effect of the SAR is to put you in touch with yourself, which then frees you to be far more easily and openly in touch with others. It seems to be most fruitful when the participants are as mixed as possible as regards age, professional or educational status and sexual preference. Those who have not experienced a SAR should be aware that to read about the experience can be likened to reading about swimming in the ocean by someone who has never done it.

Mary S. Calderone, M.D.  
Executive Director  
Sex Information and Education  
Council of the U. S.  
New York, New York

#### SAY CHEESE

The article *George Plimpton: Playboy Photographer* in the January issue was very much enjoyed by this photographer. You might say it contains "everything I always wanted to know but was afraid to ask" on the subject.

Peter R. Maneen  
Utica, New York

The Plimpton article is one of the funniest articles I've ever read. I've read it again and again, and it's still funny. It was a terrific experiment giving novice Plimpton the assignment and you might want to do the same again with Wilbur Mills as the shutterbug.

Ralph R. Wright  
Nashua, New Hampshire

I enjoyed Plimpton's account of his prolonged and somewhat halfhearted search for his elusive ideal female. I was also relieved to see that he suffered only a few psychical stings during his travels.

Howard Brecher  
Nanuet, New York

#### OPEN HOUSE

I found your pictorial essay *Playboy Mansion West* (PLAYBOY, January) one of the most frivolous and boring things that you have ever published. What makes you think that the people in readerland care two bits about Hugh Hefner and his gaudy Mansion, pompous parties and silly ego trips? Besides, in these relatively hard times, I don't imagine many people are impressed by Hefner's personal fantasies, fulfilled or otherwise.

Bradley R. Magrey  
Vernon, Connecticut

Thank you for your marvelous pictorial essay on *Playboy Mansion West*. I've always dreamed of having a mansion and being surrounded by beautiful women. If you happen to read this, Mr. Hefner, I would like you to know that if you need a gardener, janitor or, better yet, a *window washer*, I'm the best around!

Wayne Centers  
Guntersville, Alabama

Thanks for the guided tour through Hefner's California Mansion. It gives clear insight into Hefner's personal tastes and makes for a most enjoyable reading experience. It certainly is understandable that Hefner prefers his California headquarters, just as the gods loved Mount Olympus.

Craig Lawson  
College Station, Texas

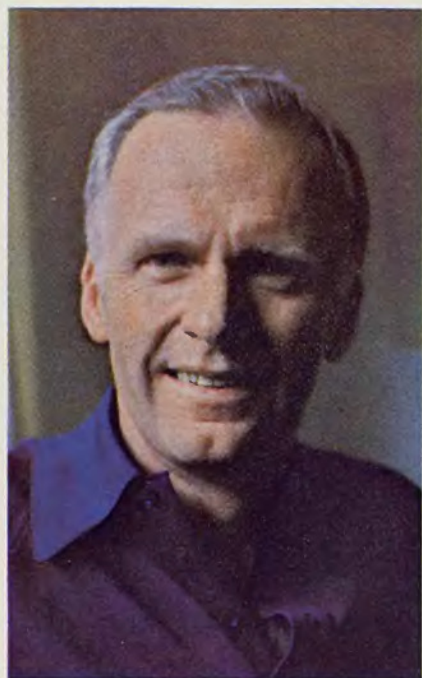
#### BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

As a history buff, I must commend you for your fine portrayal of the lighter side of American history in *Happy 199th, America!* (PLAYBOY, January). I was especially gratified to see that great scoundrel



# "It's safe. It's not really money until I decide to use it."

Jack Gardner, Sales Office Manager



"I'm uneasy about carrying a lot of cash...no matter what. Once...when we were going up north to visit my wife's family...the transmission in our car went out. It was late on a Saturday afternoon...and we had to stay an extra two days to get it repaired. Actually, it turned out to be a nice time. We often use BankAmericard® to take care of unexpected expenses."



## When do you use BankAmericard?

Well, I certainly wouldn't travel without it. I use it largely for big items...tires, batteries...or if we happen to find an antique. When something comes up, it's a good cushion between pay checks."

## What about the cost of the card?

"It didn't cost me anything to get it.\* It works like a store card...or a gasoline card. Only it's more flexible...more convenient."

## What would you do if you lost it?

"I'd contact the bank right away. If nobody's used it, I'm not liable. Even if they've already run up a bill of...say \$1,000...I only have to pay \$50...if that."

## Are you pleased with BankAmericard?

"Very. It's excellent when you're traveling. It gives you a sense of security...control. Of course, I use it responsibly and keep track of my expenditures. But just having it...I know I can always make a purchase when I want to...that I always have something to back me up."

BankAmericard.  
You never have to use it when you don't want to. But sometimes just having it makes all the difference.





# Plain.



California brandy and soda. A simple drink. But what a subtle flavor. Brandy from California has a light, clean taste that comes from California grapes. You can serve it any way you like, any time you like.

# Fancy.



California brandy stinger. It may look complicated, but it's not. Mix 2 parts California brandy with 1 part green or white creme de menthe and serve over crushed ice. The clean, crisp taste makes a refreshing way to end the evening.

## California Brandy

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

Paul Revere get his just deserts. Not only was he a rotten military man and a coward but his so-called historic ride, romanticized in Longfellow's famous poem, was one of the most flagrant fiascoes of all time.

Lyman Smith

New York, New York

*Longfellow was not the only promoter of the Revere myth. As you can see by the picture below, artists preferred to depict the infamous "midnight rider" as a*



*dashing young messenger, galloping heroically through British lines. If, indeed, he galloped at all, it was most likely because he was in a hurry to get to the nearest rest room.*

### MONEY TALKS

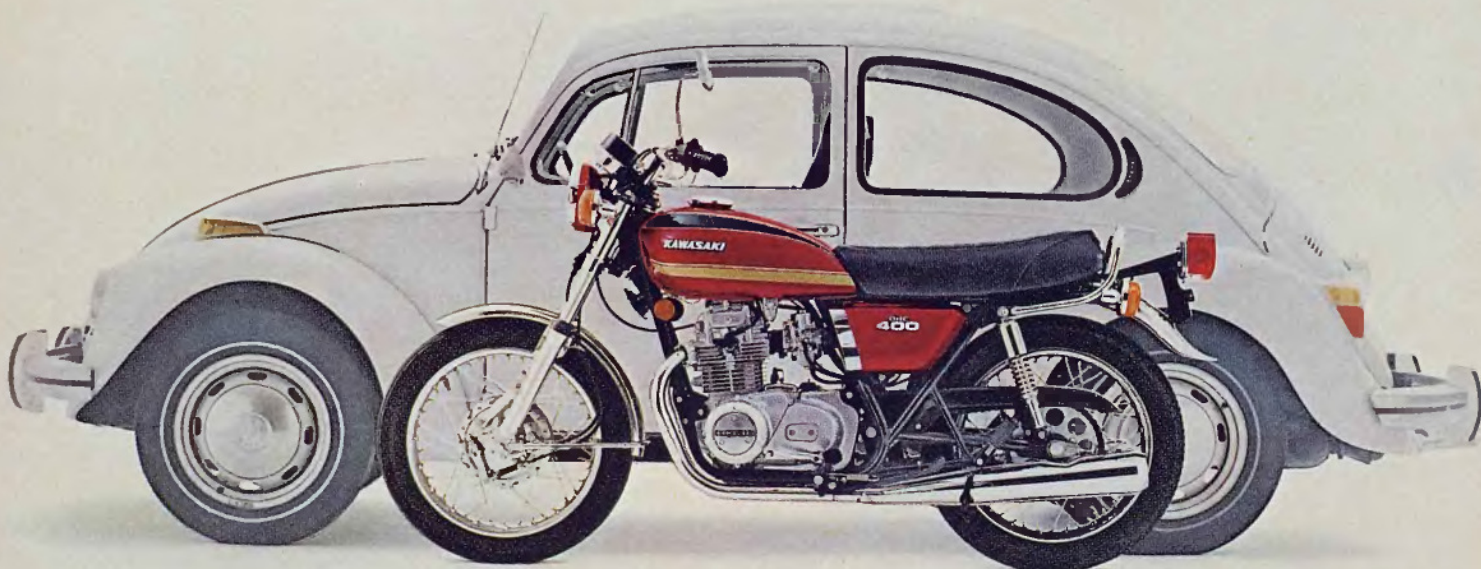
*The Wit and Wisdom of the Rich* (PLAYBOY, January) is a grand collection of lovely nonsense. Author Anthony Haden-Guest demonstrates that the rich are as goofy as anybody else, but in a more grandiose and spectacular way. Haden-Guest's gilded gallery reminds me of my own favorite rich man, Jesse Livermore, a speculator who made and lost four enormous fortunes on Wall Street earlier in this century. He originated an amiable statement that has since (probably unknowingly) been used by and attributed to other rich folk. Somebody asked him whether a poor man couldn't be as happy as a rich one. "I've been up and I've been down," said Jesse, "and I can tell you from experience, up is better." He seemed to mean it. After he lost his fourth bundle, Livermore walked into a New York hotel, had a couple of drinks, went to the men's room and shot himself.

Max Gunther

Ridgefield, Connecticut

The late, great violinist Fritz Kreisler also used to play for the rich at hefty fees. One day he was invited to play by a particularly snobbish and unpleasant society hostess. To discourage her, he asked for the unusually stiff fee of \$5000. The hostess hesitated but then agreed, putting the condition that Kreisler not mingle with the guests. "In that case," he replied, "my fee is \$2000." This anecdote should have been in *The Wit and Wisdom of the*





## Think even smaller.

Some 20 years ago the idea of thinking small to beat the high cost of transportation turned a lot of heads around. And rightfully so. It was an idea whose time had come.

But, today even thinking small can cost you plenty (we don't have to tell you about inflation).

Today it's timely to take 'thinking small' a step further. Now it's smart to think even smaller. About the size of a

Kawasaki motorcycle.

Compared to car costs—price, mileage, and maintenance—a Kawasaki will let you ride through inflation without bending your budget out of shape.

Besides, on a Kawasaki we think you'll have a better time getting where you're going. During rush hour, on a weekend country ride, or a spin around town.

So size-up a Kawasaki. By thinking smaller you'll get yourself low cost transportation and plenty of good times to boot.

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**Kawasaki**  
 lets the good times roll.

Good times include riding safely. We recommend wearing a helmet and eye protection, keeping lights on and checking local laws before you ride. See Yellow Pages for nearest Kawasaki dealer.  
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# THE ANCIENT TEQUILA ARTS OF MONTEZUMA

Montezuma ruled during the Aztecs' golden age, so the Halls of Montezuma probably echoed with the sounds of celebration quite often.

Today, you can rediscover the spirit of the Aztecs, according to Montezuma® Tequila, by looking at the Aztec calendar.

This ancient calendar, called the Sun Stone, has an inner ring of twenty symbols, one for each day of the Aztec week. These symbols also suggest what kind of drink might be appropriate for each day's celebration.

**Tequila Pina.** The giant condor represents the 16th Aztec day, symbolizing rare pleasure.

The drink: Shake 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila with 3 oz. pineapple juice, 1 oz. lime juice, sugar to taste. Serve on rocks in Collins glass.



COZCACUAUHTIL

**Tequila Pup.** The loyal dog symbolized the 10th day in the Aztec week, representing faithful companionship. The drink: Mix in shaker with ice, 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 1 teaspoon honey, juice of 1 lime, dash of bitters. Serve in cocktail glass.



ITZCUINTLI

**Tequila Earthquake.** A circle with radiant arms symbolized the 17th Aztec day, representing the power to move mountains and get a party shaking. The drink: In blender, combine ¾ oz. strawberries and 1 teaspoon grenadine.

OLIN



Add 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, dash of orange bitters and ice. Garnish with lime slice and fresh strawberry.

**Mexico Martini.** The elegant



OCELOTL

jaguar represented the 14th day of the Aztec week, symbol of graceful enjoyment. The drink: Stir with ice, 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila, 1 oz. dry Vermouth, 2 drops vanilla extract. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

**Tequila Caramba.**

The brave eagle rules the Aztecs' 15th day, symbol of free-spirited fun. The drink:

CUAUHTLI



Shake with crushed ice 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 3 oz. grapefruit juice, 1 tablespoon sugar. Add club soda, serve in highball glass.

Montezuma Tequila. In White. In Gold. Made in the tradition of the finest ancient tequilas.

For all twenty ancient Tequila Arts recipes write: Montezuma Tequila Arts, Barton Brands, 200 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

And may Tonatiuh, the sun god, smile on your celebrations.



## Montezuma® TEQUILA

the noblest tequila of them all.

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Rich. What neither your author nor your editorial staff should have allowed to pass is the identification of Paderewski as a violinist. This is equal to calling Heifetz a pianist, Casals an oboist.

Herbert Ruhm

New York, New York

Excuse our clinker.

### PRIZE WRITERS

I understand that the editors of your fine magazine have the last word on choices for PLAYBOY's annual writing awards (PLAYBOY, January), but I'm wondering whether there's any way your readers might be able to influence the final decision.

Walter Honeywell  
Toledo, Ohio

Although, as you point out, the editors have the last word, we'll gladly take into consideration your award nominations. Our procedure is simple: We break the competition down into categories, circulate lists, quibble, vote and tally up the scores. Awards this year were distributed at a luncheon held at New York's Plaza



Hotel on December 10. During a short break in the festivities, a number of awardees posed for a group portrait. They are, from left to right: O'Connell Driscoll, Ed McClanahan, Jim Siegelman, Bruce Jay Friedman, Saul Bellow, L. Rust Hills, John Updike, Dick Tuck, Paul Reb and master of ceremonies George Plimpton.

### DIME STORY

Robert Andrew Parker and John Blumenthal's *Case of the Cockamamie Sisters* (PLAYBOY, January) is hilarious. Please try to find another; there must be one in the attic somewhere!

Tony Sano

Parlin, New Jersey

Blumenthal is a comic genius! His January feature, *The Case of the Cockamamie Sisters*, sparkles with a humor that is most certainly divinely inspired.

Nhoj Lahtnemulb  
Chicago, Illinois

We thank Mr. Lahtnemulb for his praise but would like to point out that his name takes on a curious familiarity when spelled backward.







*"I could take this all year long, Miss Abernathy."*

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# How come it's bigger on the inside than on the outside?

The 1975 Honda Civic seats four adults comfortably. It can carry a lot more luggage than you think. Yet its compact size makes it ideal for today's kind of driving.

We did it by mounting the engine sideways to shorten the profile and give more leg room in the passenger compartment. Plus, there's no bulky drive shaft running through the interior taking up valuable space.

Next, we trimmed down the rear deck without giving up the carrying space. Plus in the Hatchback, you can fold down the rear seat for even more room.

And finally, there's the Honda CVCC Advanced Stratified Charge engine. It meets all the 1975 emissions requirements without a catalytic converter. It runs on regular, low-lead or no-lead gasoline. It also got 38 miles per gallon. (That's in EPA lab tests for highway driving with our 4-speed.)

The 1975 Honda Civic CVCC.  
We designed it from the inside out.

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









# If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.

Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.  
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.  
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.  
All Winston will ever give me is taste.  
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,  
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.

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

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



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



An envelope containing a Boston man's tax return and payment reached its destination without a hitch. He had addressed it to "City Haul." . . . More editorializing, from *The New York Times*: According to a TV listing, the guest on *Face the Nation* was Donald C. Alexander, "Infernal Revenue Commissioner."

A man in Marion, Indiana, walked into a massage parlor just after it had been raided. When questioned by a detective, the man quickly explained that he had actually been on his way to a school of martial arts next door and had somehow entered the wrong door. The officer obligingly escorted the customer to his intended destination—and watched as the man grudgingly signed up for 14 weeks of karate lessons.

After years of student protest and demonstrations, officials of Scottsdale Community College in Arizona finally relented and unanimously approved the artichoke as the school mascot. Sanction was not given, however, to the demand that pink-and-white-lace be adopted as the school colors.

Police in Providence, Rhode Island, were notified that a large plate-glass window at a McDonald's restaurant was shattered by a brick. A note was found: "You deserve a brick today."

If it's limp, we're taking the next flight home! A sales manager for a San Francisco electronics firm received this provocative telegram from a couple of customers: "ARRIVING TWA 49 AT 19:44 STOP WOULD APPRECIATE PRICK-UP AT AIRPORT AND HOTEL RESERVATIONS."

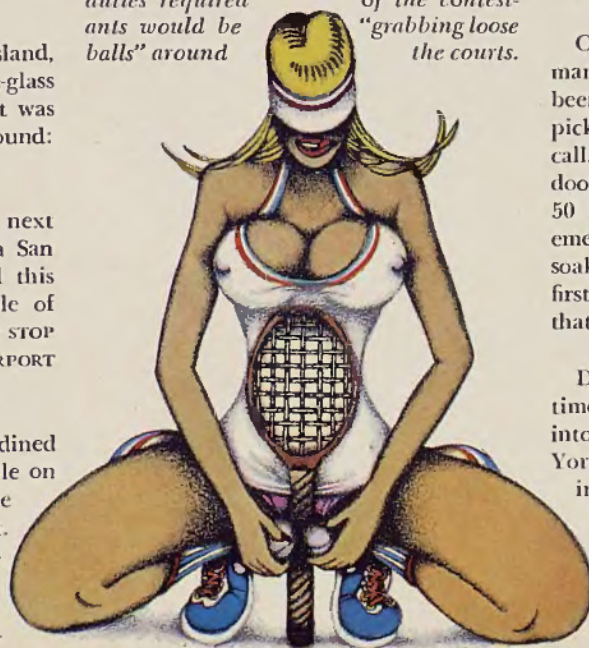
A family in Coburg, Germany, dined on mushrooms they had picked while on an outing in the woods. They fed the leftover table scraps to the family cat. A short time later, the cat began acting strangely. It ran wildly around in circles before collapsing in obvious distress. The alarmed father

rounded up the family and rushed to a nearby hospital, where they all had their stomachs pumped. Following the ordeal, the family returned home, where they were greeted by the cat—and three kittens she had had in their absence.

Classified ad in California's *Hillsborough Boutique*: "Lady alone wants a loan of \$3000 for one year. Interesting interest."

Mickey Mouse was clearly the favorite candidate in a race against an unchallenged judge in Comal County, Texas, but election officials refused to count the write-in mouse vote on a technicality. According to a petition they filed: "Mickey Mouse is not and has not been a resident of Comal County for six months as required by law" and, furthermore, "Mickey Mouse is an idiot, lunatic and minor and very possibly an

*The Florida Flamingos of the World Team Tennis League announced that they would hold a "Ball-Girl" Contest to choose eight girls to work with the area's newest sports franchise. Among the duties required of the contestants would be "grabbing loose balls" around the courts.*



unpardoned felon and is therefore, under the laws of the state of Texas, ineligible to hold office."

A young bride in Istanbul finally succumbed to her mother's constant entreaties that she leave her husband. She packed her bags and returned to her family. The jilted husband sought revenge: He had 1000 handbills printed advertising the opening of a brothel—at his mother-in-law's address—and distributed throughout the city.

You're too late, Ed: *The Tuscaloosa News*, reviewing Edwin Newman's *Plain Speaking*, a book that decries the misuse of the English language, concluded: "Hesays we are headed toward either a sloppiness and illiteracy or obfuscation and pretention."

Censors in Japan have long cut out sexy scenes in adult films, but now they're concerned about the sound tracks in certain movies. From now on, says the Code of Ethics Commission, the sounds of "indecent groans" will be snipped out, too.

One small step for a schmuck: A young man from Fargo, North Dakota, who had been sleeping soundly in the back of a pickup van, awoke to answer nature's call. Accordingly, he stepped out the side door of the van, which was traveling at 50 miles an hour at the time. At the emergency ward where the Fargoan was soaking his feet, he told police that the first step "was a little rough, but after that it wasn't bad."

Definite contenders on the list of all-time botched crimes: When a man walked into a lounge in New Hyde Park, New York, and announced a holdup, he ran into some great teamwork. The topless-bottomless dancer caught his attention, the manager grabbed his gun and passed it to a barmaid, who dropped it behind the bar. Outmaneuvered, the thief ran out the



## HOORAY FOR BALLET!



Thanks to a new organization called Hooray for Ballet, our nation's high kickers and prancers may become as well known as our athletic heroes.

In order to bring ballet center stage and into the public eye, H.F.B. announced bubble-gum cards for ballet dancers and the construction of a rest home for Unwed Kickers and has named five performers to Ballet's All-Time All-Stars. You'll see the following greats inducted into Ballet's Hall of Fame on network television when the dance season begins next Thursday:

**LEFT INSTEP**—Knocky Bagatelle, 27. This crowd-pleasing master of the *entrechat dix* is back in action after narrowly escaping serious injury in the East-West All-Star dance. Performing his specialty, Knocky leaped high, crossed his feet 230 times in ten seconds, came down spinning and twisted himself into the ground, bruising his hip, twisting an ankle and breaking his glasses. A creative performer, he is famous for his *Dance of the Snowflake*, known popularly as the *Queens Boulevard Shuffle*, which he conceived accidentally after some joker poured a bucket of mayonnaise in his tutu.

**RIGHT INSTEP**—Peg-Leg Perdoo, 31. Formerly a high hurdler who kept finishing out of the money, Peg-Leg turned to ballet, where he achieved instant fame in the lead role of the erotic production *Hips That Thrash in the Night*. Balletomanes know all about that performance. During the seduction scene, Peg-Leg whirled madly in simulated heat. His steel-tipped, Long John Silver wooden leg came undone, flew into the audience and shish-kabobbed three ushers.

**CENTER JUMP**—Bronko Vijinsky, 39. Past his prime, maybe, but who can

deny his greatness? He was the first man to go up over ten feet without a net. And there was that fantastic leap in 1962 that ballet buffs still chatter about. Bronko leaped so high, when he came down his slippers were out of style. Because he deplores violence, Bronko recently turned down a black belt in karate; however, he did accept a cerise sash in slapping.

**LEFT THIGH RISER**—Norma "Boom-Boom" Glissade, 25. The lone female on the squad, shapely Boom-Boom rose to overnight fame when her leotards split while performing *Swan Lake* on *The Ted Mack Amateur Hour*. Measuring 46-28-16, Boom-Boom was the prototype of a new-model Howard Johnson ice-cream cone before turning to ballet. Writhing, sensuous Boom-Boom is the only girl in show business who has an earthquake named after her. She is listed in the Yellow Pages under "Excitement."

**RIGHT THIGH RISER**—Amos "Chicken Legs" Arabesque, 35. This cool step-maker is finally receiving the plaudits long due him. A cautious performer, Chicken Legs rotates the elastics in his tights every 10,000 leaps so they'll wear evenly. He was the first dancer to wear snow slippers during bad weather. Chicken Legs has the confident outlook on life that most men have who work with their feet. A triple-threat talent, he dances, wrote the incidental music to an autopsy and has a fine contralto voice, doing voice-overs for arguments at deaf-mute conventions.

Highlighting the telecast, which will make America familiar with long-limbed, leotard-clad ballet luminaries, will be the appearance of President Ford, who will get the ceremonies under way by throwing out the first slipper.

—Bill Majeski

door, slipped on the ice and was picked up by a policeman who was checking the robber's car, which had been stolen and parked on the wrong side of the street with the motor running. . . . And in Santa Ana, California, a woman asked a cabdriver to wait while she went into a grocery store. Inside, she pulled a toy pistol out of her purse and demanded money. The manager, who spoke almost no English, said, "May I help you?" The woman explained, "This is a robbery," which apparently he understood. He first handed her \$25, then reached behind the counter and pulled out a toy replica of a Revolutionary War muzzle-loading pistol and chased her out the door. The manager spotted the taxicab driver at the curb and, pleading for help, shouted, "This is a holdup!"—so the driver threw up his hands. Meanwhile, the woman bandit hitched a ride with two men who turned out to be undercover cops. They took her to the police station.

Sign seen in the window of a fish market in New York City: HI, I'M FLOUNDER. FRY ME.

## ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

That recent minitrend in pop music—the inclusion of a porn tune here and there, tucked away safely behind the PG stuff on an otherwise innocuous album—may soon be overrun by a whole new genre: porn rock. That is if the record companies don't run and hide when they get a taste of *Country Porn*, a West Coast quintet that has emerged to stake a claim as the world's first and only, 100-percent X-rated, feelthy rock-'n'-roll band.

The leader of the group is Nick "Prig" Chavin, 30, a onetime Juárez, Mexico, bawdyhouse bartender and ex-Haight-Ashbury poet, who finds the use of porn lyrics on albums by such established pop stars as Bill Wyman and Commander Cody vaguely amusing, if not downright laughable. "They're all drawing the line someplace," he says. "Why draw the line? It's no big deal that fuckin' rhymes with truckin'. What they're doing is just like dry humping."

Country Porn, which is currently appearing at clubs in the San Francisco Bay Area, was assembled by Chavin about a year ago. He is its least experienced musician, having taken up guitar less than four years ago—after abandoning his poetry writing (two volumes published) and coffeehouse readings (ten dollars a gig). "All my poems started sounding like songs," he says. "But I've always been a pornophile."

We trailed Country Porn to a Friday-night gig in Petaluma, California, a town surrounded by chicken ranches, dairy farms and three-bedroom developments, about 35 miles north of San Francisco. The place is a barnlike Gay Nineties-motif





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Ice-cream parlor flavors  
for grown-ups.





watering hole catering to the country-suburban equivalent of big-city hard-hats and their women, and it's a first-time venture for the band. It will be a test of Country Porn's appeal to virgin ears.

Chavin and his cohorts ("And these are the Four Skins . . .") lead off with what he calls "a West Texas prairie ballad that



I heard ole Porter Wagoner was gonna do. It's called *Cum Stains on the Pillow* (Where Your Sweet Head Used to Be)."

What the . . . ? At the bar, several jaws tighten. The pleasantly plump blonde barmaid stops pouring drinks and fixes her gaze on the singing cowboy in white ten-gallon hat and wrap-around black sunglasses who is leering into the microphone. The tinkle of drinks in half a hundred hands subsides as Chavin laments, in graphic detail, the loss of a lover and the discovery of loneliness. At song's end, the sound of ice against glasses explodes in relief and the place buzzes with chatter. Who are these guys?

"I wanna dedicate this next one to my mother, who's in the hospital in Sherman Oaks," Chavin draws in measured, country-and-western tones.

"What's wrong with her?" a band member inquires.

"She's got a dose."

For the first time, someone gets the message that this might be fun and laughs heartily. That breaks the ice, and as the evening wears on, Chavin wins them over. The song that does it is *Four A.M. Jump*, which begins: "We're gonna jump, suck, lick, fuck and hump all night. . . ." For Mom.

Country Porn's tunes range in style from primitive Fifties rock ("songs of sexualgia") to Stones and soul stuff. Somewhere in between lies the influence of the Texas-Mexico border heritage that Chavin brings to the fore. He was nurtured on rock, but he grew up on c&w, with its polite ways, in El Paso. Unlike some stony-faced rock stars who mumble half-phrases when introducing a song, Chavin

sets up his tunes with fast quips in the best c&w, just-folks tradition.

"Here's a song about the time ole Prig lost his maidenhead at the tender age of 14," he says, leading into *Talking Matamoros First Piece of Ass Blues*. "Here's a truckers' favorite called *Tit Stop Rock* . . . a women's lib number, *Muff Divin' Man* . . . our salute to science's fight against V.D., *Love That Burns*."

Other songs in the Chavin repertoire include *Head Boogie*, *Dry Humping in the Back of a '55 Ford*, *Asshole from El Paso*, *Sado Masochistic Transvestite Queen* and *Feelin' You Feelin' Me*. But the evening's high moment comes with the singing of the "inspirational number," dedicated to "the big picker in the sky," *Cum Unto Jesus*, for which Chavin hushes the audience into respectful silence:

*Remember, the Good Book says love  
and let love, cast no stones at sin.  
Take that young lady back to your  
bed and when you finally get it in;  
You've got to  
Cum for Peter, cum for Paul  
Cum for Mary, too;  
If you cum twice, then Jesus Christ  
will bless you. . . .*

It is late in the evening now and the place is alive with that last flurry of activity before closing. The plump blonde behind the bar is cleaning up, but she laughs to herself as Chavin introduces the last song, saying, "It's a simple tune called *Sit Sit Sit* (*Sit on My Face*)."

*When you sat on my face and said  
that you love me  
I knew that romance would soon be  
above me;  
But before I could try  
A bite of your fur pie  
You ran away, you said goodbye. . . .*

Four couples sway cheek to cheek to this Fifties, doo-wah ballad. One man slides his hand down his partner's spine. She fingers his neck and he rubs her buttocks. Over by the cigarette machine, a tall young girl wearing a halter top, boots and taut blue jeans boogies solo, her long, blonde waterfall of hair splashed by shafts of spotlight.

As the band wraps up the song, Chavin surveys the scene. It doesn't compare with the night in Napa when a dancing couple shed their clothes and the club owner stepped out from behind the bar to moon the band; or the evening a tequila-swigging lady in a LEGALIZE MARIJUANA T-shirt reached past the microphone stand to give Chavin's crotch a friendly fondle. But it beats reading poetry for a sawbuck.

## RECORDINGS

Remember Ray Manzarek? He used to be the keyboard man with the Doors, and now he's a big boy making records

on his own. This one's called *The Whole Thing Started with Rock & Roll Now It's Out of Control* (Mercury). And it's an apt title. Ray seems to have this uncontrollable desire to become Jim Morrison—you know, an erotic Rock Poet with a monotonal voice. He's captured the monotone but is light-years away from the charisma that made Morrison's star rise. It's a tedious chore to listen to Manzarek droning his pitiful lyrics over the California-cheap music. One cut, *The Gambler*, sounds like Vaughn Monroe singing *March of the Elephants*. His keyboard work is still at the junior high level—OK for 1967, when bands were like gangs of juvenile delinquents; but solo albums mean grownup time. The only decent solo work on the album is by saxophonist John Klemmer. None but a die-hard Doors devotee could stand this stuff—unless maybe for old-times' sake.

Country-music fans will flambé their biscuits on the supertasteful instrumental album *Superpickers* (RCA), featuring guitarist Chet Atkins and Nashville's finest backup men. Atkins plays with such finesse that you are sure he could drive a grader across an Andrew Wyeth wheat field without disturbing Christina. *Beef and Biscuits* is acid rock alkalined in brown gravy, while the Chuck Berryesque *Sweet Dreams* sighs gently like a possum dozing in a chandelier. Which all goes to prove you can take a good ole boy out of the country, but you can't take the country gentleman out of a superpicker.

It's not giving away any state secrets to say that Joe Pass is one of the finest jazz guitarists around, and Pablo records seems to have cornered the Pass market, as witness a trio of recently issued LPs. The first, *Joe Pass: Virtuoso*, is a breathtaking solo tour de force. The lack of rhythm accompaniment has fazed Pass not one whit. Without resorting to pyrotechnics, he manages to hold the listener in thrall by the seemingly irrefutable logic of each crystalline sound. There are a slew of standards declaimed by Pass, including *Night and Day*, *My Old Flame* and *All the Things You Are*. It's an album that ends much too soon. Then we have Pass joining fellow guitarist Herb Ellis on *Two for the Road*. Ellis is if anything even more straightforward than Pass in his musical approach, but the duo has no trouble finding an uncommon common ground. They weave in and out, from melody to harmony to rhythm, with uncanny extrasensory anticipation. We haven't heard anything so good since George Barnes got together with Bucky Pizzarelli. As a case in point, listen close to the back-to-back *Seven Come Eleven* and *Guitar Blues*. That, friends, is what




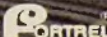
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it's all about. Last, but far from least, is an album that finds Pass providing the instrumental backgrounds and solo fills for the magical Ella Fitzgerald. *Take Love Easy* is loaded with lovely sounds, despite some recording problems with the pickup of Pass's guitar, but they prove only mildly disconcerting—the over-all effect is smashing. Miss Fitz and Pass do things with *Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You* that are sensational enough to be declared illegal. And if that doesn't wrap it up for you, linger over the beauties *Lush Life*, *You Go to My Head* and *You're Blasé*. Heady stuff.

You really have to see Stanley Clarke play the electric bass to appreciate his mastery. He handles the thing as easily as Walt Frazier handles a basketball, and makes music on it that a pair of pianists couldn't make together. He also looks delighted to be Stanley Clarke and doing what he's doing—a most appealing quality in a musician. Clarke is most often seen as one fourth of Chick Corea's Return to Forever, but from the sound of *Stanley Clarke* (Nemperor), we'd guess that the 23-year-old virtuoso is destined to be a star in his own right. Side one finds him playing electric bass and churning out double-funky jazz rock with the assistance of keyboard star Jan Hammer, nonpareil drummer Tony Williams and a most sure-fingered guitarist, Bill Connors. On the flip side, Clarke—who composed most of the music on the LP—picks up the acoustic instrument and builds some fantastic sound castles against a tastefully shifting orchestral backdrop. You won't find too many records in the same class as this one.

We wish we had nicer things to say about Lou Rawls and *She's Gone* (Bell). Rawls, who has one of the better voices around, was one of the first to get the Gospel sound before a wider audience; but much of the material on this album is a waste of time for both Lou and the listener—semipop pap that disappears from memory within minutes while leaving you hungry for something solid. Obviously, Rawls can still get it all together, but in trying for mass appeal he has too often crossed over the dividers between mass and miss and mess. Aretha Franklin skirts pretty close to the same edge on *With Everything I Feel in Me* (Atlantic). Sometimes the arrangements seem to call for everything but the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but whether it's Franklin's ability to totally project herself into the material or the material itself, which fits her like the proverbial glove, the LP is all of a piece and a welcome addition to anyone's pop-rock-Gospel library. However, special kudos should go to the opening

track, the Ivy Joe Hunter-Carolyn Franklin item, *Without Love*, and the latter's *Sing It Again—Say It Again*. Terrific.

"Hey, whatsa dat bigga noise comma from da Coliseum?" "Atsa no noise, stupido, atsa P.F.M.!" Yes, roll over, Puccini, it's P.F.M.—Italy's first rock-'n'-roll export on the big market. The album, *P.F.M. "Cook"* (Manticore), consists of highlights of two live concerts, which will strike you as very E.L.P.ish. The lyrics are mostly in Italian and those words that are sung in English get muddled by the heavy accent. Beyond that, you'd swear this was one of those upper-middle-class British bands that waver from moment to moment between brilliance and banality. The banality's maddening, but there are some truly fine moments on this record, too, especially the guitar solos, which are dazzling. Odds are that P.F.M. will soon be raking in the lire.

Maybe it's a faulty memory; more likely our tastes have changed over the years, but, Christ, it's a bummer to have some of one's fondest recollections smashed to smithereens. Columbia has just put out a trio of LPs re-producing some of the immortal W. C. Fields's



radio shows, but—Godfrey Daniel Mother of Pearl—they're not such a much. One, the *Lux Radio Theater's* presentation of the old theatrical warhorse *Poppy*, is a semidisaster. Maudlin, simple-minded and turgid, it affords Fields little opportunity for the ripostes and nuggety *non sequiturs* that made him famous. The two others are pickups of *The Chase* and *Sanborn Hour*—some of them pitting Fields against his nemesis Charlie McCarthy, with Edgar Bergen and Don Ameche as referees. (Ameche has to be the only man with a

smile permanently imprinted in his voice.) Fields also does a couple of routines as Larson E. Whipsnade ("That's Larson E. Whipsnade"), a bumbler of epic proportions. There are laughs—it was impossible for Fields to open his mouth without striking your funny bone, however lightly—but they're far too infrequent. Collector's items, maybe; classic routines, no way.

Four years ago, Patti LaBelle and the Bluebelles metamorphosed into Labelle, a high-gloss, high-powered trio, and thereby saved themselves forever from the fate of eternally playing rock-'n'-roll revivals. The old everything—sound, look, material—has been replaced by space-age soul music that can make the scalp tingle and lift you right out of the chair. With this latest album, *Nightbirds* (Epic), and a move to a new label, Labelle has also acquired a new producer, Allen Toussaint, who proves to be an ideal match, providing the ladies with maneuvering room for their voices and a couple of dandy songs, especially *All Girl Band*, with the hideously appropriate line, "It's just an all-girl band/Dealing with the facts, and the pain." The album also demonstrates that group member Nona Hendryx has become a fine songwriter who is, to a great extent, shaping the direction of Labelle. With the title song and *Space Children*, she emphasizes the group's basic quality—warmth surrounded by steel knife edges. Let's hope this one does it for Labelle & Co. They're ready.

If you don't believe that Thad Jones and Mel Lewis have the big-band business locked up, dig *Potpourri* (Philadelphia International) and we'll accept your apology. Half of the compositions and all of the arrangements except for *Ambiance* (charted by Jerry Dodgion) are by the awesomely talented co-leader—horn man Jones, and the band is loaded for bear—it can play lush, funky, deliver complex orchestrations with crisp precision and has gifted soloists sitting in almost every chair. And, wonder of wonders, even Buddy Lucas' harmonica seems exactly right in the middle of all those big, bad sounds—*For the Love of Money* and *Living for the City* demonstrate that admirably.

Miles Davis' musical personality grows more elusive by the year; on *Get Up with It* (Columbia), there are moments when he seems to disappear entirely. The famous laconic trumpet style is stripped to the bone, and even on his new instrument, the electric organ, Miles demonstrates his belief in the axiom that less is more. The music—a varied and often intense mixed bag of space funk, calypso and even a straight blues, complete with raunchy



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harmonica—at times confirms this impression, and the band, augmented by spot performances from John McLaughlin, Herbie Hancock, Dave Liebman and some exciting African and Indian percussion, is a powerful unit in its own right. Yet Miles is in total command: His presence is diffused throughout, much in the same way that Duke Ellington, to whom this double LP is dedicated, controlled his band with a brief phrase on the piano or a wave of the hand. This is apparent on the mournful *He Loved Him Madly*, a stately tribute that evokes the Duke's elegance through musical understatement and almost elegiac use of silent intervals. Miles himself doesn't come in until halfway through the sidelong tune, and then only with a few well-chosen, echoing phrases that speak, as they say, volumes.

*On the subject of speaking volumes, geniuses are generally difficult to approach for interviews, and Davis is no exception—even though he was the subject of the very first "Playboy Interview" in September 1962. But Jimmy Saunders, a writer/musician who first met Miles back in 1964, thought he had a pretty good chance of getting him to talk when the Davis group recently played a concert at Northern Illinois University in De Kalb. So when the godfather of jazz rock arrived, in maxi-length fur coat and three-piece satin suit, Saunders accosted him and asked for a short interview. Miles agreed and right after the concert, they got to talking about colleagues in the jazz field, white folks vs. black folks and religion:*

**SAUNDERS:** How do you get up for this kind of thing—for gigs, interviews, and so on?

**DAVIS:** I don't make interviews.

**SAUNDERS:** Well, the gigs, then.

**DAVIS:** Black folks.

**SAUNDERS:** That's what gets you up?

**DAVIS:** Drummers. My musicians. What they might play, and what they might play after that (*laughs*).

**SAUNDERS:** Well, you've always surrounded yourself with great musicians, like Trane.

**DAVIS:** When I first went into the studio with Coltrane, they asked me, "What are you doing with a sad-ass saxophone player like him?" So I said, "Just shut up and get behind the controls—before we leave (*laughs*)."

When I first got Sonny Rollins, they said the same thing. Fuck them folks. They don't know shit. You know them blankets they used to put in front of the drums in recording studios? I made them take that shit from

in front of Art Blakey's drums, man. They don't use that shit no more. Drums are supposed to be heard—everywhere!

**SAUNDERS:** Speaking of drums, what do you think of the music Billy Cobham is playing now?

**DAVIS:** Aw, man, I don't want to get into talking about other people's music and shit. That's what them goddamn critics do.

**SAUNDERS:** He and McLaughlin were both with you—

**DAVIS:** Well, John played different when he was with me.

**SAUNDERS:** He seemed to lay back more.

**DAVIS:** Naw, naw. He didn't lay back with me. See, you can't lay back when you play, because you don't help the rhythm section. You got to keep goosing them. I don't worry about playing the trumpet, man, because I know how to

play the trumpet. But a horn ain't shit without the rhythm section.

**SAUNDERS:** Having to lead such gifted musicians must put you through a lot of changes. Like Herbie Hancock—

**DAVIS:** Herbie wanted to quit, man.

**SAUNDERS:** Why?

**DAVIS:** Because once in Chicago he said, "Miles, sometimes I feel like it just ain't nothing to play." And I said, "Then just don't play nothing." He's a great musician, man, and he knows what's happening. But you can't be a nice guy. He's a nice guy. But me, I ain't nice. I don't care if you don't like me—as long as you can play.

**SAUNDERS:** What about Wayne Shorter?

**DAVIS:** He fell in love, man. He started playing pretty, syrupy music. Ain't no fire there no more.

**SAUNDERS:** Weather Report doesn't move you, then?

**DAVIS:** Foggy. It's foggy.

**SAUNDERS:** The things that Weather Report has done are more structured than what you're doing now. Your band is a really free, extended-improvisation group.

**DAVIS:** But there's control. We might write a melody around the drums. We might write a melody around one chord. Whatever we do, it's controlled.

**SAUNDERS:** But you're constantly creating—

**DAVIS:** That's the name of the game. I'm 48, but so what? Am I supposed to stop growing? If I live to be 70 years old—

**SAUNDERS:** You still going to be playing?

**DAVIS:** I don't know. We might get up there and just hold hands. We have rehearsals like a five-hour rehearsal of nonreaction. . . . Like, if I say, "Ba-bop-ba-ba-ba," you don't say, "Bop." You don't do that. You don't say nothing.

**SAUNDERS:** You wrote on Joe Zawinul's first solo album that he was extending thoughts you'd both had for years—

**DAVIS:** Listen. Zawinul is like Sly and Mingus. They write things and they fall in love with them. You know what I mean? I don't write things for myself. I write for my band. When you write things for yourself, your ego takes over. I ain't never going to ever damn-fool myself into believing that everything, or any one piece I write, is that good—and I ain't going to let my musicians tell me that shit, either. I don't have no yes men around me.

**SAUNDERS:** Do you ever read reviews of your music or concerts?

**DAVIS:** Never.

**SAUNDERS:** Why?

**DAVIS:** Because white folks can't review black music. I don't review their music. Could I review *Fiddler on the Roof*? Or would I?

**SAUNDERS:** I'd like to go back to your comments about Shorter. Do you really think the fire has gone out of his playing?

**DAVIS:** You can't come, then fight or play. You can't do it. I don't. When I get ready to come, I come (*laughs*). But I do not come and play.

**SAUNDERS:** Explain that in layman's terms.

**DAVIS:** Ask Muhammad Ali. If he comes, he can't fight two minutes. Shit, he couldn't even whup me.

**SAUNDERS:** Would you fight Muhammad Ali, under those conditions, to prove your point?

**DAVIS:** You goddamn right I'd fight him. But he's got to promise to fuck first. If





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he ain't going to fuck, I ain't going to fight (*laughs*). You give up all your energy when you come. I mean, you give up *all* of it. So if you're going to fuck before a gig, how are you going to give something when it's time to hit?

**SAUNDERS:** This might be somewhat far-fetched, but are you a religious cat, Miles? Are you into God and Jesus?

**DAVIS:** Ain't no fucking Jesus, man. Get out of here. Shit. Do you believe in God and Jesus? I believe in myself. I believe every man is Jesus and God. If there was a Jesus, and he came down here, he'd get put in jail—drinking wine, beer, smoking shit. White folks fill you up with all that shit about Jesus, and then you get out there believing that holding hands we shall overcome. If there *was* a God, he would be in the cancer wards, in the hospitals—or over in Korea and Vietnam.

**SAUNDERS:** One more question. You've got a concert tomorrow night in Boston; are you going to make it?

**DAVIS:** Man, shit. I'll be up all night thinking about what we did tonight and trying to think of something else for the band to do.

## BOOKS

Frederick Exley, like most of us these days, is a specialist. He specializes in self-destruction. That doesn't exactly place him in select circles—even though he has the stamina and the will to write about his own torments. There are legions of writers all too willing to share every dreary defeat and humiliation. Confessional literature is a growth industry and there are young writers who think that their success depends more on having a breakdown than in learning the fundamentals of English prose.

In *A Fan's Notes*, his first book, Exley told his readers that he was writing about "that long malaise, my life." He called the book a "fictional memoir" and it won the William Faulkner Prize as the best first novel of the year. But just so nobody would miss the point and think that it was not autobiographical, he called his narrator Exley. Now, after six years, there is a second Exley book, *Pages from a Cold Island* (Random House). It is a remarkable book, every bit the equal of *A Fan's Notes* and perhaps superior to it. (Incidentally, the publisher is re-releasing *A Fan's Notes*. It will appear simultaneously with *Pages*. Go to a bookstore and buy both of them.)

The Exley of *A Fan's Notes* is a student at USC during Frank Gifford's glory days there. He is just another student who watches Gifford's heroics from the stands. He is, in short, a fan. He graduates, moves to New York City, where Gifford goes on to legend as a halfback with the Giants while Exley, still the fan, crashes and burns. He drinks, loses jobs, is committed three times and forced into shock





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treatments—emerging, finally, a beaten man reduced to a ludicrous and almost craven obsession with the fortunes of Gifford and the Giants. The Sunday game is the only reason he survives the week.

From this bleak material, Exley fashioned a book that is—and bless him for this—a comic masterpiece. He is pitiless without being self-pitying. If he never comes to terms, he survives.

The book didn't change Exley or his way of life. He continued to pursue his own elaborate vision of doom—working on *Pages from a Cold Island* as he went. The narrator of this book is again a man called Frederick Exley, careening from one misfortune to another on his way to hell. It's the same old Exley, drinking so much that Dylan Thomas would have been pressed to keep the pace, chasing women half his age and loving it, feeling all the hurts of the world and once nearly blowing his brains out, but never—even in that bleak sequence—losing his extraordinary sense of humor.

*Pages* is like *Notes* in another way. It, too, has a character against whose achievements Exley measures his own failures. In this book Edmund Wilson, 20th Century America's grandest literary man, takes Gifford's place in the lineup. And in his appreciation of Wilson's achievements, Exley is every bit as much a man of letters as he is a student of professional football.

To Exley, the essence of Wilson's greatness is the fact that for over 50 years he worked and survived, producing dozens of books, some of them classics, while the other literary men of his generation fell to alcohol, madness and suicide. More: Wilson disdained the kind of politicking and showboating that characterizes this era of talk shows and literary superstars. So Exley is hard on Norman Mailer and Gloria Steinem (PLAYBOY published this portion of *Pages* as *Saint Gloria and the Troll* in its July 1974 issue). But he is hard enough on himself to be entitled to some shots.

*Pages* jumps crazily through time and across settings. In fact, if there is a flaw, it is that Exley sometimes loses control of his own difficult structure. However, there are constant reference points for the reader, the most notable being Wilson's death in Talcottville, a few miles from Exley's own home in Upstate New York.

The shock of Wilson's death—though he was in his 70s and in bad health—and the world's perfunctory summing up of the great man push Exley to feats of excess that are extraordinary even for him. He flees. He drinks. And he broods. But in the end he writes about all of it, and of Wilson's last few days particularly. Though Exley never even met the man and knew the details of his death only through newspaper stories and sketchy interviews with friends and family, he

writes of Wilson's end with such unashamed and uncomplicated love that to read it is to be moved nearly to tears even if you have never heard of Edmund Wilson or read his books.

Frederick Exley has survived himself and all of his misfortunes if not in good health, then at least with good cheer. He is writing another book now, the third of a trilogy, to be called *Last Notes from Home*. His fans wish him well and eagerly await the book. There is a contradiction there, since Exley seems to need his suffering in order to write. And there is a kind of tragic grandeur in this odyssey that his hero Wilson, even at his most demanding, would have admired deeply.

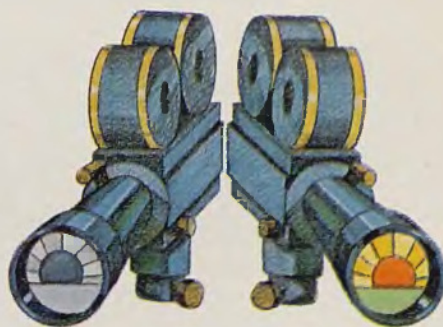
After reading Rosalyn Drexler's new book, *Cosmopolitan Girl* (Evans), we were confused, to say the least. How could a book that had received kudos from Norman Mailer, Gloria Steinem and Donald Barthelme have left us so blah? Maybe to enjoy this book one needs to be a literary resident of the Big Grapefruit in the East—New York. For the rest of us, who dwell in suburbs of New York such as Chicago or Pittsburgh, the book's message may be lost. *Cosmo Girl* is about an unmarried New York princess, Helen Jones—one of the walking wounded, a casualty of the crusades waged between partisans of the *Cosmo* credo and the feminist goon squads. Helen bought the *Cosmo* program whole but ran into one small hitch: The only male heart she captured with all the magazine's prescribed womanly wiles was that of Pablo, her



talking dog. Pablo ranks right up there with other such anthropomorphic celebs as Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Mr. Ed and Francis the Talking Mule. Actually, the pooch is the *straightest* inhabitant of Helen's world, which encompasses a couple of spaced-out parents, a resident pyromaniac and Joe Fafka, a late-night radio-talk-show host who eventually fills the *trois* spot in Helen and Pablo's menagerie. The three of them adopt a formal contract with each partner getting

his or her quota of chores and sex, so that their liberated lifestyle eventually comes off every bit as mundane as its traditional counterpart. Finally, we're left with one burning question: If one follows the precepts of *Cosmo's* high priestess, Helen Gurley Brown, are we to assume that the only salvation remaining for the modern woman is the love of a good dog?

Books about the film industry—biographies, so-called inside fictional treatments of superstars and moguls and a number of how-to-make-a-movie volumes—seem to have been popping out of the woodwork the past couple of years.



Now come two more, one good, one bad. *The Men Who Made the Movies* (Atheneum), edited by Richard Schickel, is one of the best of its kind, a book certain to delight and intrigue both movie buffs and general readers. Schickel's collection of interviews with eight of the greatest directorial talents is literate, witty, candid and, above all, informative. The interviews, heavily edited for time considerations, were the basis for the highly acclaimed television series of the same name, but here they are presented uncut. And they are, as the reviewer's cliché goes, well worth any reader's time and money. Here, in a single volume, are Raoul Walsh, Frank Capra, Howard Hawks, King Vidor, George Cukor, William A. Wellman, Vincente Minnelli and Alfred Hitchcock. It's an engrossing book about the remarkable self-made men whose innovative genius and dedication to their craft have raised them far above the pack. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for another interviews-with-the-directors effort. *Kings of the Bs* (Dutton), edited by Todd McCarthy and Charles Flynn, seems longer than a UN speech by the ambassador from Chad and is set in a near-microscopic type face that would test the eyesight of a hungry hawk. And if the book has a point, that point is as difficult to find as a taxi in a blizzard. Worse still, all the interviews, in question-and-answer form, are prefaced with the initials of the speakers. Thus, when P.K. asks L.Z. a question and finds R.M. interrupting to clarify something J.D. said three pages earlier, the reader's reaction



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is to put down the book and go watch an *I Love Lucy* rerun. Give this one to someone you don't like.

We should probably be grateful for S. J. Perelman's first collection of comic pieces in five years, *Vinegar Puss* (Simon & Schuster). To those of us with a special craving for written humor, the fact that he's 71 and still in there, pitching curves at the English language, is a comfort. Of course, the ball park is fairly small these days: P. G. Wodehouse graces us annually with one of his dotty, demented novels; Art Buchwald's collections are fun while they're fresh; and occasionally Woody Allen will crank up the old formula and alight here and there with a magazine piece. But humorists in the tradition of Twain, Benchley and Thurber aren't causing any traffic jams anywhere.

Perelman, of course, is the gentleman who fed the Marx Brothers some of their funniest lines; who stated in an early short story, "Women loved this impetuous Irish adventurer who would rather fight than eat and vice versa"; who whipped up this classic bit of lunacy: "'I'm sorry,' he added Quigley. 'Why did you add Quigley?' I begged him. He apologized and subtracted Quigley, then divided Hogan." In this collection, Perelman's punning way with a story title still sparkles: *Hail, Hail, the Ganglia's All Here*, *Dip in Hot Water and Fry Till Acerbic*, *Nostasia in Asia*. But there's always an acid test for humor, and that's whether the wind bellows up from your lungs to produce laughter (or, in the case of *The New Yorker*, for which most of these pieces were written, whether your nostrils flare thinly in amusement). Perelman's latest stuff just isn't very funny. He wrote it largely during his British period (he left the States forever in a huff, only to return from London a year or two later) and perhaps he inhaled too much men's-club stuffiness. The "comic situations" his characters find themselves in are stock, his curmudgeon-goes-abroad travel pieces somewhat tedious, the wordplay often clever but no longer dazzling. The book makes for a pleasant rifle, but in this Perelman collection there are more oysters than pearls.

Thomas Berger is one of those novelists who are able to turn a bad idea into a book that is almost good. That, in fact, is a pretty fair description of his career since the estimable *Little Big Man*. Last time out, Berger took a look into the future with *Regiments of Women*. It was all about some society where male and female roles had been reversed and it was a lot of laughs for 40 pages or so. Well, Berger must have decided that he'd taken a look at the future and that didn't work, so why not try the past? In *Sneaky People* (Simon & Schuster), he goes back to the small-town America of the late Thirties. But Berger isn't having any nostalgic



nonsense about the times or the people: There isn't a single Norman Rockwell verity in the book. Compared with Berger, Sinclair Lewis absolutely loved the common, bucolic folk. But unlike Lewis, Berger doesn't feel obliged to beat anybody senseless with plowshares. He's too good a writer, having too good a time, for that. The hustling, horny used-car salesman out to kill his dumpy, unassuming wife—who writes a little pornography on the side and on the sly—is too good a character for didacticism. So Berger just wails along with the used-car man, his wife, his vacant mistress, his masturbating teenaged son, a black punch-drunk ex-fighter and, as they say, a whole host of others. It is a very deft piece of work. But you read it wondering why Berger bothered. No single character in this book is redeemed. None moves you to anything but the kind of laughter Milton Berle is good for. Nothing much is said about that time in America except that it wasn't as good as the people who write nostalgia would like us to believe it was. That's probably a necessary message, but it's one that Berger could have transmitted in . . . 40 pages or so. Let us hope that this novelist, with his acute gifts, will decide next time to write about his own times and about people for whom he feels something more than snickering contempt.

Unlike most screen stars whose endless, pseudosophisticated talk-show babble is just so much sewage under the bridge, Shirley MacLaine, who rarely even appears on talk shows, is an actress with something to say. And she says it articulately in her second book, *You Can Get There from Here* (Norton). The book is a witty chronicle of her odyssey through the artificial foliage of the television world, on the disastrous campaign trail with George McGovern and finally, climactically, to the People's Republic of China, where she finds herself looking skeptically at those values Americans cherish with such nationalistic and unquestioning fervor. Disillusioned at first by the glaring contrast between the neurotic, sellout world of American television and politics and what she sees as the cheerful, selfless ambience of China, MacLaine ends up with a profound feeling of rebirth and hope. Like a female version of Mr. Deeds, she confronts her experiences with a wide-eyed, idealistic innocence that is, initially, difficult to swallow, coming as it does from an actress who's been involved in the motion-picture industry for almost 20 years. But, like Mr. Deeds's, the honesty behind her idealism is there, and in the end, Shirley MacLaine's obvious sincerity is impossible for even the most hard-boiled reader to reject.

Open letter to the author of *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol* (Harcourt Brace

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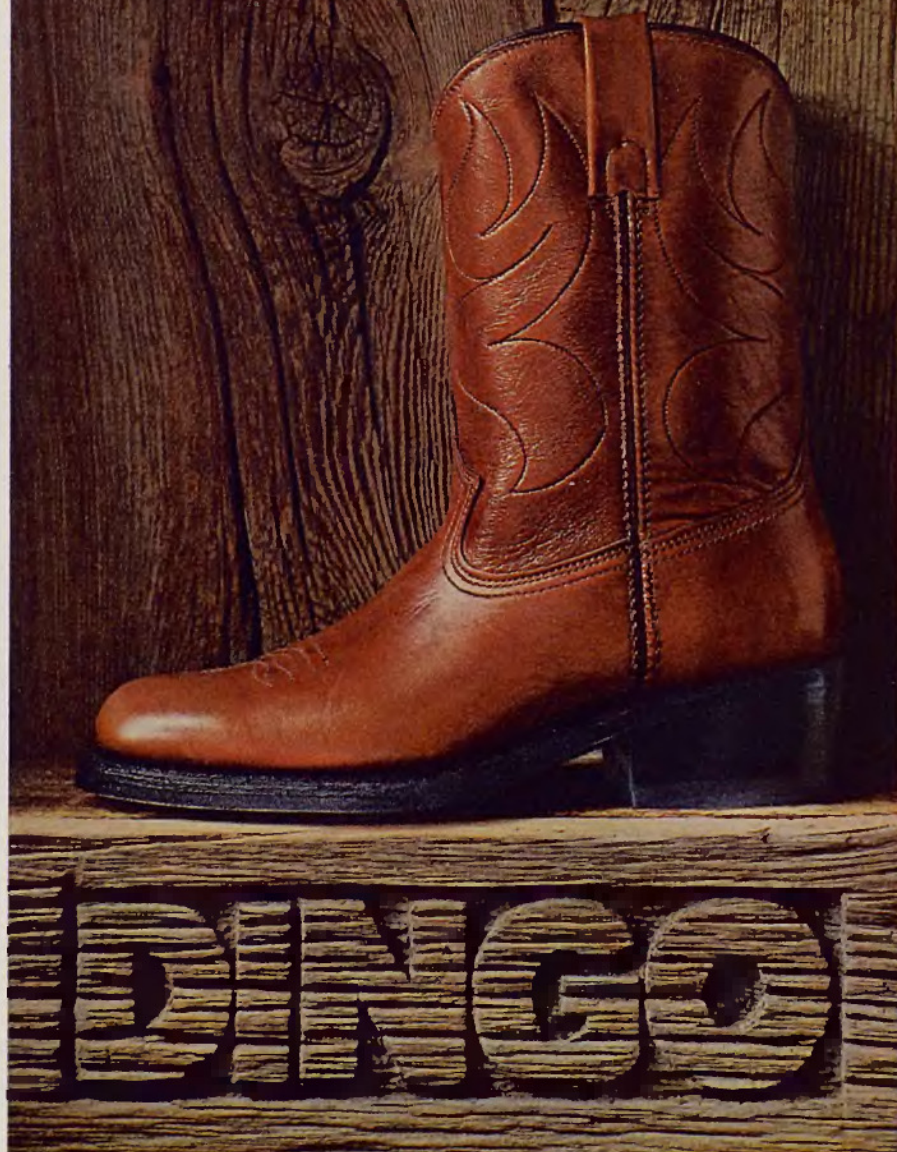
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Jovanovich): Please don't write any more books, Andy, it's a terrible waste of trees. Stick to painting and grunting. Watch the tube. Play with your tape recorder or yourself; it comes to the same thing. Give your money away. Make a movie about cobbles. Maybe you could plant some new trees, open a restaurant, build a subway. And don't forget your knitting, you naughty boy, you.

## MOVIES

Ellen Burstyn's explosive performance in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More* is nearly enough to blow up the theory that contemporary movies offer no strong roles for women. On the other hand, Burstyn puts such a potent charge into every part she gets that even a mediocre one is apt to look reasonably good. *Alice* is several cuts above mediocre, though the script (by Robert Getchell) has a lot in common with those overripe magazine romances that tired housewives used to lap up between breakfast dishes and the mid-morning soap opera. It tells of a newly widowed young mother, who decides right after her husband's death to revive a girlhood ambition to sing better than Alice Faye. So she sets off by station wagon from New Mexico en route to Monterey, California, with her smartass kid, pausing for odd jobs as cocktail pianist or hash slinger until, of course, she and her son form a touch-and-go relationship with a lonely young rancher (Kris Kristofferson) who makes his own ice cream and likes cornball music. You'll be glad to know that *Alice* plays a helluva lot better than it summarizes. Director Martin (Mean Streets) Scorsese explores the tacky gin mills,



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Land of Oz. Kristofferson's easy down-home charm also adds zest to what might have been a mere tearjerker, and there's equally spirited support from Diane Ladd—in a definitive bit as a foul-mouthed, warmhearted waitress named Flo—and from Alfred Lutter as the impudent, fatherless Tommy, a brat who keeps reminding his harried mom that "Life is short." (To which Alice snaps, "So are you . . . what do you want from me, card tricks?") While Alice is no Stella Dallas, women's libbers are apt to deplore her as an old-shoes kind of gal who finally has to admit, "I don't know how to live without a man." That preface to a rather conventional happy ending weighs lightly against the movie's sensitive depiction of women's frustrations, women's friendships and the myriad subtle ways in which a woman alone must struggle to preserve her pride, often at the cost of her independence.

Suddenly, the alleged famine in roles for women is turning into a feast. *Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins* recounts the comic misadventures of two weirdo female drifters who kidnap a Marine veteran in Hollywood's Griffith Park and force him, at gunpoint, to set off for New Orleans in an old jalopy that looks as though it might not survive a trip to Malibu. Well, the car finally makes it, and so does this offbeat "road movie," by former photographer Dick Richards, whose first feature film was the equally original, sorely neglected *The Culpepper Cattle Co.* Hanging loose with a script by John Kaye, Richards shows an obvious knack for giving good actors a little breathing space in which their hidden strengths and idiosyncrasies can flower. Here, his trio of misfits is headed by Alan Arkin as Rafferty, the bored ex-Marine who sums up 20 years of service with, "I spent most of my time just gettin' drunk." As his captors, who become close chums long before they hit the slot machines of Vegas, Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips (grown a bit since her memorable debut as a teeny-bopper in *American Graffiti*) are a team of droll, totally incompetent con artists. In a movie filled with small, unexpected pleasures, the biggest surprise is young Phillips, who obviously intends to make scene stealing a full-time career. *Rafferty* meanders, and its unstructured form may madden moviegoers who like a story that tells you where you're going and announces you've arrived once you get there. Richards apparently prefers side trips, or a kind of cinematic serendipity, but has started to fulfill his promise as a director who's not about to get lost.

The heroine of *Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York* is scarcely recognizable in the film version of Gail Parent's best-selling novel. Freely adapted by Parent herself (with co-scenarist Kenny



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Solms) and played by Jeannie Berlin (*The Heartbreak Kid*'s desolate bride), Sheila onscreen is no longer the Manhattan-bred reject who's planning a gorgeous suicide. She's now a nice klutzy Jewish girl from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, who moves to New York to find a husband but first has to find herself. In other words, she's the ugly duckling evolving into a passable swan—with Michel Legrand's mellifluous background music to preen by, as well as to tell the world that the broad ethnic humor of the book has been sloughed off in favor of

True Romance.

The changes are not often helpful, and Sidney J. Furie's oddly out-of-sync direction puts a heavy burden on his cast. Though perfectly



right for the title role, Jeannie overplays it here and there and suffers needless indignity when Furie lets the camera probe her plain, sympathetic face as if he were examining pores for a skin-cream commercial. As the scatterbrained roommate who captivates the guy Sheila intends to marry, movie newcomer Rebecca Dianna Smith is a treat. But the real revelation of *Sheila Levine* is Roy Scheider, whose performance as Dr. Sam Stoneman—the ballsy, prototypical New York bachelor on the prowl—almost saves the show and ought to fix him in the public eye so he'll no longer have to be identified as that actor who played Gene Hackman's side-kick in *The French Connection*. Cast against type, but still seeing plenty of action, Scheider changes his image and simultaneously brings some cool, convincing sexual tension to a rather mundane Jewish Cinderella story.

"If I'd been born a hundred years ago, I'da been a gun fighter," says Keir Dullea, as a perennially juvenile small-town stud and spare-time hockey player whose dangerous self-delusions are the subject of *Paperback Hero*. Filmed in the bleak backwoods of Saskatchewan in a style that begs to be called Canadian Gothic, this ambitious first feature by director Peter Pearson looks a little too studied—a clutter of meaningful pauses and sky-wide silhouette shots clearly intended to establish it as an Art Film. Arty is not art, unfortunately, so *Paperback Hero* wastes a



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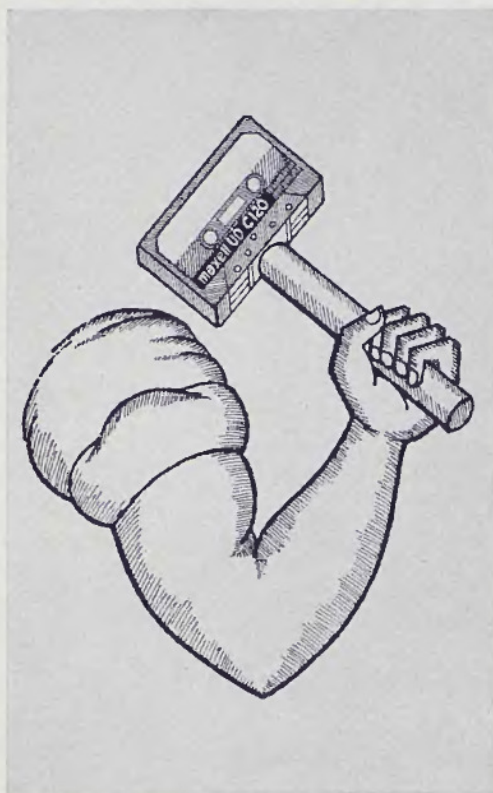
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lot of talent through self-indulgent striving for effects. Opposite Dullea, Elizabeth Ashley delivers a vibrant performance but looks much too fabulous to be off in the sticks, dividing her time between an invalid father and wild-assed yokel Dullea, who wants to ball every woman for miles around (though he concentrates on a rich man's daughter, crisply played by Dayle Haddon). Pearson flaunts promise but might have delivered more if he had left out a few flourishes. Everything his *Hero* expresses about a nobody whose dreams of glory set him on a fatal collision course with society was said far better in Terrence Malick's eloquent *Badlands*, one of the finest "lost" films of 1974.

A mild-mannered bank teller (Jean-Louis Trintignant) enters into a kind of Faustian relationship with an unsuccessful writer friend (Jean-Pierre Cassel) who becomes, in effect, the author of the bank clerk's life. To launch chapter one, Trintignant quits his job, cryptically explaining that he has other plans: "I'll become rich and sleep with many women." Director Michel Deville's featherweight *Love at the Top* subsequently throws its hero into the arms of Romy Schneider, Jane Birkin and Florinda Bolkan, where he proves his potency to everyone's satisfaction—and ends up the owner of a trashy, influential newspaper, making and breaking political careers. This bright, stylish, thoroughly entertaining comedy is such unabashed trivia that it won't weigh on your mind much longer than a brief dizzy spell. Trintignant and Schneider nevertheless turn on all their star power to make the fun last and blithely prove that their standing as box-office champions in France is well earned.

Though his work since *Women in Love* has been erratic, to say the least, British writer-director Ken Russell makes things snap, crackle and pop on a movie screen. He is never guilty of dullness—for some of the same reasons that stampeding cattle or shock troops cannot properly be called dull. Latest in his outrageous Great Composer series of film biographies, following 1970's *Music Lovers* (Richard Chamberlain as Tchaikovsky), is *Mahler*—ostensibly about the life and times of Austrian-born composer-conductor Gustav Mahler (1860–1911). *Mahler* is a very messy movie in which the composer and his unhappy wife (played to the hilt by Robert Powell and Georgina Hale) travel across Austria by train while picking up threads of the past in flashbacks. The Mahlers, in this version, appear to have been subjected to more than the usual quota of madness, infidelity, jealousy, neurotic self-destructiveness and flamboyant artistic temperament, much of it expressed in nightmarish symbolism—for example, a topless Madame Mahler straddling a gigantic Victrola horn in a dream prior to her husband's funeral; or Mahler



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himself renouncing Judaism in an incredible low-comedy fantasy on a mountaintop, where he ceremonially surrenders the



Star of David to a swastika brandished by Richard Wagner's widow, Cosima, the celebrated anti-Semite. Confused? Well, none of this gaudy mosaic is easy to grasp at a single sitting, yet only bits and pieces of it would justify being dragged back (in chains?) for a second look. *Mahler* clinches Russell's nomination for a 1975 Snafu Award as the director most likely to fall on his ass with flair. Meanwhile, may he regain some lost ground with his next effort—a soon-to-be-released film version of *Tommy*, the rock opera by The Who.

**Short takes:** In case you were under a rock when we ran an excerpt from Mel Brooks's *Young Frankenstein* script (November) or the *Playboy Interview* (February), you really *should* catch Gene Wilder and Peter Boyle as a socko doctor-monster duo donning top hat and tails to sing *Puttin' on the Ritz*. Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman and Gene Hackman also score in Brooks's dandy spoof of every Hollywoodized cliché from Mary Shelley's what-chamacallit to *Rose Marie*.

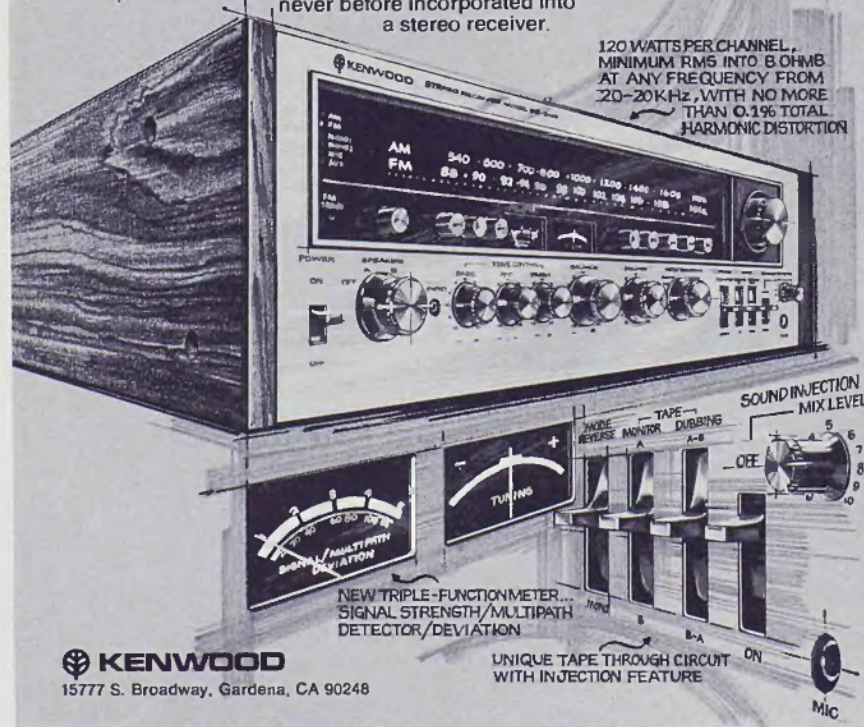
**Confessions of a Window Cleaner**, directed by Val Guest and based on the first in a series of racy British sex novels by Timothy Lea, has a handsome cast demonstrating the way of erotica in latter-day England: good for a quiet giggle, and about as prurient as plum pudding.

In *Defiance*, a troubled teenager (blonde Jean Jennings, this year's challenger to porn star Marilyn Chambers) learns

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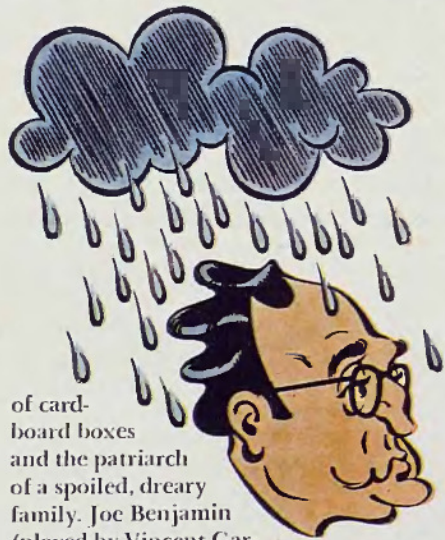


elementary sex in a lunatic asylum, then majors in bondage at a sort of finishing school. Basically, it's *Gidget Behind the Green Door* with *Story of O* overtones.

Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf*, a magical-mystical modern classic, had millions of young readers tripping out in the Sixties. The trip ends with a thud in the soporific movie version by adapter-director Fred Haines (who used the same heavy tools on his scenario for James Joyce's *Ulysses*). While Max Von Sydow manages to look alive as Hesse's suicidal writer-hero, Haines transforms bewitching Dominique Sanda into a waxwork.

## THEATER

Itching, neuralgia, bursitis, tennis elbow and, for a first-act curtain—hemorrhoids! Here come psoriasis, gonorrhea and blindness. This is a comedy? A plague on your house, Neil Simon (he owns the theater in which his *God's Favorite* is tenanted). Simon's latest is a modern version of *Job*, shifting that Biblical fall guy into a suburban New York mansion and making him an ostentatiously rich manufacturer



of cardboard boxes and the patriarch of a spoiled, dreary family. Joe Benjamin (played by Vincent Gardenia, intensely communicating his terrible plight and itch) is God's favorite. God's messenger is a flying, leaping butterfly of a delivery boy (messages, no packages) from Queens—with Charles Nelson Reilly milking all his ridiculous lines for laughs. Who can blame him? The plot is as old as the Testament and some of the jokes seem to go back that far, too. Of course, any Simon comedy has its quota of laughs (for example, the notion of the Devil's looking like Robert Redford), and if one checks one's brains in the cloakroom, this may seem like a risible soufflé. But given an ounce of thought, it all begins to fall as flat as a crepe. You can take *Job* straight, seriously or black-comically, but this anything-for-a-laugh attitude, with predictable punch lines and running gags that



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run out of steam at the starting gate, is no way to write your annual hit comedy. Call this one a Simon misstep—a forced side show of *Job* jibes. At the Eugene O'Neill, 230 West 49th Street.

The key to door-slammng farce is to keep those characters tripping over one another—emotionally as well as physically. The comedy is in the collision. In *All Over Town*, Murray Schisgal has concocted a fast-moving yarn about welfare cheats, urban anxieties and rampant infidelity. This month's *Playboy Interview* subject, Dustin Hoffman (who directs but does not act in this production), has staged it at a breakneck pace. *All Over Town* is as fleeting as wet snow; it lacks the obsessiveness and comic intensity of the author's *Luv*. But in performance it offers a course in easy laughter—for which much of the credit must go to the director. Actually, the comedy splits in two. There is a nutty New York psychiatrist, with family and fringe (which includes a Jewish guru) and, even funnier, two "sane" visitors from the outside world. Smart, sassy Cleavon Little, mistaken for a gross impregnator of unmarried women, decides he'll go along with the mistake and play the part. The real love bandit is a zany twerp (played by the twerpish Zane Lasky). Some of the characters are less original than others, but Little's devilish put-ons and Lasky's delightfully impassioned seductions ("I love you," he confesses to a nearsighted lady in a wheelchair as he wheels her into his bedroom) are themselves worth the price of admission. At the Booth, 222 West 45th Street.

In a paltry season for musicals, *Shenandoah* at least has the virtue of virtuousness. The sentiments are noble. The show is both pacifist and patriotic (a good combination for the bicentennial). *Shenandoah* is the kind of folksy musical you'd hang on the wall if it were a sampler; but do you want to see it in a theater? John Cullum, a stalwart Virginia farm widower with a brood of six sons and one daughter (hard telling them apart), has embarked on a program of "settin' out the war." The war, decidedly uncivil, is breaking out around him, and finally he takes action. *Shenandoah*, adapted from the James Stewart movie, has a fine moral point of view, but, like its hero, it takes a long time settin'. Then it peaks and drifts to a teary finish. The production is modest by Broadway standards. The score by Gary Geld and Peter Udell is straightforward, with song titles such as *Freedom* and *Meditation* (one could wish for a more authentic evocation of period and place) and Cullum, who has a powerful voice, is as sturdy as a ramrod. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street.





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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a single young man. Recently, bachelors have been getting a lot of bad press. Apparently, we are a menace to society. We commit 90 percent of all major, violent crimes, we are 22 times more likely to be committed to asylums than married men, we earn about half of what family breadwinners do and we have double the mortality rate of husbands. And, according to George Gilder's *Naked Nomads*, we have more than a fair share of "mild neurosis, depression, addiction, venereal disease, chronic disability, psychiatric treatment, loneliness, insomnia, poverty, discrimination, unemployment and nightmares." With publicity like that, it may be hard to find anyone who will go out with me. I assume you're in the same boat. What do you say about the bad image?—W. B., Ithaca, New York.

*The bill of particulars doesn't bother us; in fact, it's part of our charm. Next time you meet a young lady, just recite those statistics. Throw yourself on her mercy (or whatever else presents itself). If she doesn't call the police or a doctor, you're home free.*

Recently, I spent a weekend in New York, wining, dining and seeing shows. At one restaurant, my dinner check was presented on a tray, beside a plain white envelope. I had never seen anything like it, here or abroad. I thought it might contain a note from the lady I had been staring at during dinner, but alas, it was empty. Do you know the purpose of the envelope? I used it to mail this letter.—C. R., Jacksonville, Florida.

*Don't expect to run into this practice at your local Burger Castle. Certain restaurants and private clubs provide the plain white envelope so that you can slip your tip into it.*

My girlfriend and I have sexual relations frequently. Every time we start to make love, she insists that I tear off her clothes, tie her to the bed in a spread-eagle position, and then rub Ben-Gay all over her body. She says this makes her hot with desire. She then demands that I flay her with a feather boa and tease her with my tongue until she is breathing heavily. Finally, she encourages me to enter her and make love as violently as possible. When we try to make love in the usual way (without any extravagances), she cannot climax and finds no enjoyment. I am afraid that if I continue to satisfy her whims and fetishes, our sex life will become ritualistic, boring and less pleasing. What can I do to rid her of this weirdness?—V. G., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

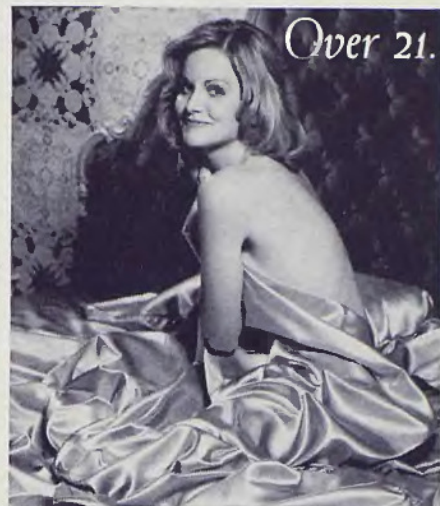
*What weirdness? You've probably heard that special-interest lovers (flagellants,*

*leather freaks, et al.) are somehow limited, that their pursuit of pleasure doesn't possess as much variety as normal love-making. Nonsense. Do you know how many knots there are in the "Boy Scout Handbook"? Do you know what it's like for a shoe fetishist to walk into a Thom McAn's? Some persons seek and enjoy a high level of activity (your girlfriend, for example); others consider sex more of a spectator sport. Everything else being equal, we think you should continue to satisfy her. Imagine the state of your head if nothing turned her on. If you're afraid the Ben-Gay will rub off, wear a wet suit to bed.*

How does a person become a daredevil or a professional stunt man? I'm seriously interested in the career possibilities. I've got the nerve. For \$6,000,000, I'd even jump the Snake River Canyon on a rocket-powered Pogo stick.—M. J., Latimer, Iowa.

We know people who would try that stunt for a six-pack, let alone \$6,000,000. Delivered up front, of course. Stunting takes more than nerve; it is one profession in which it pays to pay your dues. It doesn't hurt to keep up your Blue Cross, either. Most stunt men start as extras in an action picture (see "The Atmosphere People," in the August 1974 PLAYBOY). As an extra, you would come into contact with professionals who could give you pointers on the specialties you wish to perfect (falls, fights, fires, etc). The work is strenuous and it is imperative that you be in top physical condition. Once you begin a career, train to perfect your skills. For example, many chase-scene drivers have studied high-performance driving; the guys who make up posses have taken riding lessons. Another approach: Studios tend to favor specialists and often hire the men they want from a related professional sport. Rodeo riders, football players, karate masters, roller-derby queens, ping-pong champions and the like have all found work in Hollywood. For additional information, consult "Stunting in the Cinema," by Arthur Wise and Derek Ware. Break a leg.

About a year ago, my wife and I began to discuss books such as *Open Marriage* and the possibility of having sex with other persons. (We were both virgins when we married ten years ago.) Shortly after these talks, she got a job as a secretary—mainly to get away from the house and the kids. The winter passed and then, one day, she told me that she'd had a brief affair with a man at work. I was shocked. I asked her to tell me every detail of the affair, since I felt this would



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help me understand. Our marriage went through a radical change. We spent hours talking as we had never before. We made love constantly. In spite of these changes for the good, I brood about the inequality—my wife has had an extramarital affair and I have not. I feel left out. I would like the experience of getting to know a married woman well enough to become intimate. My wife says that now that she has found out what sex is like with another person, she won't repeat the incident. She also says that since our marriage has improved, there is no reason that I should ever want another woman. Even if some gorgeous creature throws herself at me, I should refuse. I feel that she has lost her right to ask for a pledge of faithfulness. I don't want to change my lifestyle and go to bars looking for available women; but I also feel that if I just go to work and do my daily errands, I will never have an affair like hers. That is a bitter pill to swallow. Is there anything I can do to balance accounts?—M. F., Los Angeles, California.

*The reprisal theory of open marriage (don't get angry, get even) seldom works, and it may lead to open warfare. For one thing, the third person in a revenge relationship often winds up a bitter victim. An affair of your own would probably threaten the delicate balance of your marriage, but not for the reasons your wife cites. She wants you to learn from her mistake (which seems not to have been a mistake); what you both fail to realize is that any affair you undertake is likely to be different from hers. She said yes to an opportunity that presented itself; it appears that you would have to create the opportunity. If you want to get to know a married woman, try your wife.*

**F**rench wines are a new passion with me. I'm just learning to read labels and one thing has me puzzled. On several bottles I have seen a note that says, *STILL RED WINE*. Still red? Are they thinking of changing the color?—J. M. R., Chicago, Illinois.

*Would you believe mauve? Puce? Still is the opposite of sparkling. The label is necessary for tax purposes. The Government levies a higher import duty on foreign champagnes and carbonated wines to protect domestic varieties.*

**I** just purchased a reel-to-reel tape recorder that has three taping speeds (7.5 inches per second, 3.75 ips and 1.875 ips). A friend owns a similar deck and I plan to copy several of the tapes in his collection, most of which were recorded at the middle speed of 3.75 ips. Will I lose any good vibes if, to save time, I set both decks at 7.5 ips (twice as fast), then play the duplicate back at 3.75 ips?—D. M., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

*Duplicating tapes at a faster speed can be done by the professional who knows*

*how to align tape heads and readjust recording equalizations between the two decks. In addition, both units must be absolutely synchronized, with the same speed error. Similar machines make this easier, but you still may end up with the Norman Ramshackle choir doing imitations of Donald Duck.*

**E**very now and then, I see ads in underground papers for B & D freaks. I assume that the initials stand for bondage and discipline. Recently, I saw an ad soliciting D & B freaks. Was this a typographical error or something else entirely?—N. W., Shaker Heights, Ohio.

*D & B refers to Dun & Bradstreet, a firm that establishes credit ratings. As F. Scott Fitzgerald once noted, the rich are different from the rest of us.*

**S**ince I got out of high school, I have practiced—both in private and with cooperative ladies—an erotic technique I thought up myself. First I slip a tight rubber band around the base of my penis, then I proceed to stimulate myself. The resulting pleasure/pain is ecstatic. For variety, I sometimes twist the rounded band at the end of a condom in the manner of a tourniquet. An article I read mentioned that Eastern cultures had developed clamps and rings made of silver and ivory that served the same function. Even more important, the rings prolong an erection by preventing the blood from escaping during detumescence. I can't find any silver rings, so I've taken to using number-16 aluminum hose clamps. Seeing that Eastern lovers have been doing this for centuries, I assume the practice is safe. True?—D. K., Baltimore, Maryland.

*Our medical expert doesn't recommend the procedure: An amateur tourniquet could damage the blood vessels in the penis or the elastic tissues that swell during an erection (putting a permanent crimp in your style). If pressure is applied too long (not necessarily for centuries, either), gangrene might result. Then a doctor would have to cut it off at the joint and substitute a wooden stub, which may or may not be what you wanted in the first place.*

**D**river's-license manuals are an ironic joke if you ride a motorcycle. There's all that information about what to do when a four-wheel vehicle goes out of control (blowouts, skids) but only a disturbing silence when it comes to two-wheel wipeouts. I just bought a Vincent Black Shadow (why start with a small bike if you're gonna outgrow it?) and I wonder if there is a recommended procedure for handling a bike in a crisis situation.—J. P., Del Mar, California.

*Roger Lovin's "Complete Motorcycle Nomad" suggests the following technique for dropping a bike at speed (after a*



blowout or to avoid hay wagons): "Pull both knees up until your feet clear the engine casings, put your hand on the saddle or frame on the side of your mount opposite the direction of fall and push yourself away sideways as the bike goes down. . . . Hit the pavement with your feet, butt and your palms simultaneously and stretch out backward immediately. . . . with your feet aimed in the direction of your slide. . . . Try to keep as much of your body surface in contact with the ground as possible, to distribute the per-inch pressure and to slow your slide at the maximum rate. You will lose more skin this way but less deeply." Oh, that smarts; but less if you're wearing gloves and leathers. The technique for slow falls is somewhat different: You stand sidesaddle on the topside of your beast as it goes down. If you survive, go immediately to the nearest hospital and donate a pint of your blood. It will be pure adrenaline and perhaps some old geezer will get it on for the first time in years.

**Y**ou won't believe this, but my girlfriend and I get incredibly turned on watching animals mate. We've exhausted the neighborhood cats and dogs. The attendants at the zoo are getting suspicious. Can you tell us what other animals are exciting to watch—in terms of size, penetration, etc.?—S. W., Hartford, Connecticut.

We don't noah for sure, but we think you must be kidding. Have you tried the common but ever-popular flea? It has the largest penis in relation to body size of any creature alive. Pick up one of those stereo microscopes, put it in your collective lap and try not to jiggle the bed. Whales are also a favorite. Their foreplay is fantastic: A male and a female whale will swim toward each other, leap out of the water and collide in mid-air. Their accuracy is astonishing (which is where "having a whale of a time" comes from), although they sometimes miss (therefore the black-and-blue whale). And for added kink: Whales engage in group sex. Two males will sandwich a female (the extra male acts as a backstop so the other can penetrate). Of course, you'll have to move fast to catch the act—whales are an endangered species. For information on saving the sexy cetaceans, write: The National Audubon Society, 950 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022. (Isn't it amazing how we worked that in?)

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, 119 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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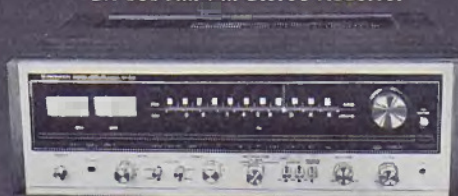
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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## THE NEW INQUISITION

I had just finished reading the letters in the December 1974 *Playboy Forum* about Hugh Hefner's fund-raising party for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws when I heard on the radio that the narcs are now investigating Hef for possible drug-law violations. "Funny coincidence," I thought—just like the time in 1963 when *The Playboy Philosophy* attacked censorship laws and an issue of *PLAYBOY* was charged with obscenity by the Chicago cops. I was happy that Hefner was acquitted that time and I hope he's vindicated again in the present case.

Meanwhile, the "funny coincidence" of people who attack certain laws being immediately accused of violating those laws reminds one of the witch-hunts of the grimly remembered past. Those who criticized that particular hysteria were frequently accused of being witches themselves—which is why many who saw through the folly were afraid to speak out against it. We seem to be living through the same sort of mass madness again, with drug users the new "witches." Those who speak out now are the real heroes of our time.

John Fitzgerald  
Los Angeles, California

## JUSTICE UNTEMPERED

Inflexible laws that have harsh, mandatory sentences are bound to produce cases of injustice. New York State's drug statute is such a law and the following is such a case.

In October 1974, 19-year-old David Balian was convicted of a felony drug offense and given a mandatory life sentence, of which he must serve at least 15 years. We do not deny that David was involved with drugs. However, he realized that he had problems and needed help, and so he voluntarily entered the residential treatment program here at Reachout while he was free on bail. During the ten months he spent with us prior to sentencing, he remained free from drugs; he matured tremendously and was, we think, rehabilitated in every sense of the word. Given a chance, he could have become a productive member of society. But the drug law didn't allow the judge to give him that chance.

Presumably, this law was intended to discourage drug abuse and lock up the big heroin distributors; however, statistics show that it has accomplished neither

goal. Instead, the law has put away for at least 15 years a young man whose chance of surviving that long in prison is slim. According to his doctor, David suffers from chronic serum hepatitis and, without daily medication and a high protein diet—which he's not likely to get in prison—there's a strong possibility that his liver will fail and he will die.

Obviously, David's circumstances are unique, but that's just our point: Every criminal case is an individual matter that deserves individual consideration. New York's drug law makes that impossible by precluding judicial leniency even when it is justified. The law needs to be changed.

The Staff of Reachout, Inc.  
Syracuse, New York

## ACTIVIST FREED

You'll be pleased to know that Brent Stein has been released from prison after serving less than a month of his ten-years-and-a-day sentence for possession of 1/18 ounce of marijuana in Dallas in 1972. His sentence was commuted by Governor Dolph Briscoe and the Board of Pardons and Paroles, according to the policy established by the governor to extend provisions of the state's revised drug law to people convicted earlier of minor drug offenses.

Ronald Earle  
State Representative  
Austin, Texas

*Representative Earle is the director of project STAR (Social Transition and Readjustment), which has coordinated the release of more than 200 marijuana prisoners since passage of the present Texas drug law. Stein wrote for an underground newspaper under the pen name Stoney Burns and was a political activist who tangled with Dallas authorities several times before his marijuana arrest. R. Keith Stroup, executive director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, discussed the case in the March "Playboy Forum."*

## WHOM CAN YOU TRUST?

A couple of years ago, I started smoking pot. Supposedly pot's dangerous, but the only negative effect I've noticed is alienation from certain parts of society and from an old friend.

Last summer, the friend got into trouble with the police. To get himself off the hook, he made a deal and agreed to introduce a narcotics agent to people who might be induced to sell him dope. I'm

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sorry to say I sold the narc an ounce of pot and was busted two days later. I was charged with a felony, while my ex-friend was let off clean. I don't know yet what will happen at my trial, but I'm sure a conviction will wreck my plans to become a teacher.

OK, I was dumb to sell pot to a stranger—but a friend vouched for him. I don't see what the narcs gained by trading his freedom for mine; I do know they're rapidly creating a world in which no one trusts anyone.

(Name withheld by request)  
Valley Forge, Pennsylvania

#### CHROMOSOME COOKIES

I read with interest and some surprise the item in the November 1974 *Forum Newsfront* that stated that a study funded by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has failed to find any evidence of chromosome damage caused by marijuana use. The threat of birth defects is a big gun in the crusade against liberalization of marijuana laws. I remember reading of one anti-marijuana zealot who testified before the Eastland committee that genetic damage done by pot smoking is like that resulting from the atomic bomb. What's the story on the research mentioned in *Newsfront*?

Edward Hartman  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Over a period of two and a half years, researchers at the Institute for Medical Research at Camden, New Jersey, gave cookies containing marijuana, hashish or THC (the active ingredient in Cannabis) to 30 healthy male volunteers between the ages of 21 and 35. Their grant was from HEW's National Institute for Mental Health. Analysis of blood cultures taken from the volunteers "revealed no increase in chromosome breakage which could be attributed to the effects of these compounds," as announced in the medical journal *Mutation Research*. This carefully controlled study and a number of others, plus the fact that health authorities have observed no unusual increase in birth defects in the offspring of the nation's millions of marijuana users, make tales of genetic damage doubtful.

#### OREGON POT REFORM

More than a year ago, Oregon demonstrated remarkable good sense and abolished criminal penalties for simple possession of marijuana. What has happened there since and what are the chances that such sanity might spread elsewhere?

T. Evans  
Seattle, Washington

A majority of Oregonians (58 percent) favors the new law, which eliminates criminal penalties for possession of one ounce or less of marijuana, according to a study commissioned by the Drug Abuse Council. The law makes it a civil offense with a maximum fine of \$100.

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### THE CHEMISTRY OF SEX

ATLANTA—Aromatic "sex attractant" chemicals have been discovered and isolated in the vaginal secretions of women by a team of researchers at the Emory University School of Medicine and the Georgia Mental Health Institute. Such chemicals, called pheromones, have been found in virtually all animals, including insects, but their presence in humans, though suspected, had not been confirmed previously. According to a report published in *Science*, the research also showed that women who take oral contraceptives have less of the chemicals and that the amount does not vary according to their menstrual cycle as it does with women not on the pill. The chemicals are important to the mating habits of animals, but the researchers expressed doubt that they play much of a role, if any, in human sexual behavior.

#### IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE

ITHACA, NEW YORK—A week-long "co-educational experiment" by Ithaca College students was discontinued after school officials threatened disciplinary action against the experimenters. A group of male and female dormitory residents selected roommates of the opposite sex by drawing names from a hat; the randomly selected couples then shared a room for



one week to test intersexual compatibility. The test, however, was not compatible with school rules; at present, the dorms are coeducational by floors and wings and even by alternate rooms in some cases, but cohabitation is forbidden, a college spokeswoman explained.

#### MARRIAGE DOWN, SEX UP

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Census Bureau reports that the national divorce

rate increased as much in the past four years as it did in the entire previous decade, and that more young people are either postponing marriage or not getting married at all. According to the most recent Census Bureau survey, for every 1000 persons married and living with spouses there were 63 divorced persons in 1974, compared with 47 in 1970 and 35 in 1960. The survey also indicated an increase in the number of single young people, especially women, establishing their own households and a decline in the percentage of divorced men and women who remarry.

At the same time, married couples apparently are having sexual intercourse more frequently in the 1970s than in the previous decade. A new report based on the continuing National Fertility Studies indicates that by 1970, married couples were engaging in sex on the average of 8.2 times a month compared with 6.8 times a month in 1965.

#### ABORTION STUDY BACKFIRES

LONDON—After a three-year study of the operation of Britain's 1967 liberal abortion law, a 15-member government-appointed committee concluded: "We are unanimous in supporting the act and its provisions. We have no doubt that the gains facilitated by the act have much outweighed any disadvantages for which it has been criticized." The study was undertaken in 1971, at the demand of anti-abortionists who had hoped the committee would find grounds for restrictively amending the law.

#### TEXAS TEXTBOOKS

FORT WORTH—An Oklahoma publisher has brought a \$29,000,000 libel, slander and conspiracy suit against three women who successfully opposed the adoption of several textbooks for use in Texas public schools, claiming the books portray too much violence and foster disrespect for law and order. The suit alleges that the women influenced the state board of education to vote against using a series of readers that already had been approved by the state textbook committee and the commissioner of education. One of the defendants has countered by suing in state court to bar the publishing company from doing business in Texas and to receive \$600,000 damages for alleged libel, slander and infringement of her constitutional right to petition government.

#### HIRING FORMER ADDICTS

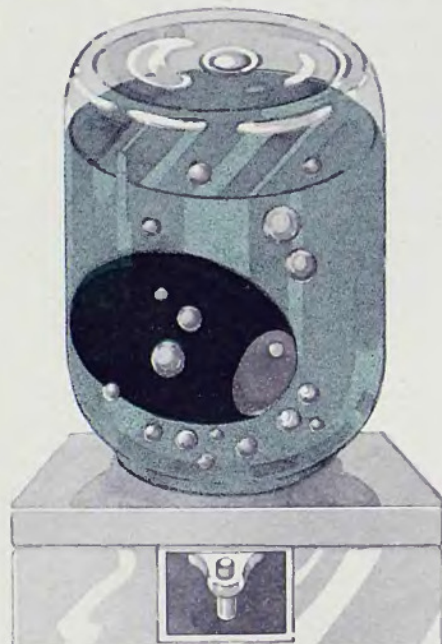
NEW YORK—The U.S. Postal Service, responding to a Federal court order, has announced it will now hire former drug



addicts, including people in methadone-maintenance programs. The change in policy followed a class-action lawsuit filed in 1973 by four former addicts who challenged the Postal Service practice of not hiring people who had histories of drug abuse. A 1972 Federal law prohibits discrimination against former addicts in Federal civilian employment, but the Postal Service, a quasi-public corporation, and Federal law-enforcement agencies were exempted from the provisions of the law.

#### LIQUOR LIABILITY

SAN FRANCISCO—The California Supreme Court has ruled that employers can be held responsible for the injuries incurred by employees who get drunk at



company-sponsored office parties. Ruling in the case of a man who died in a one-car accident in 1971, the court decided that the employee's widow qualified for Workmen's Compensation benefits because the company condoned the party at which the man became obviously intoxicated and then permitted him to drive home.

#### CONTROLLING THE FEDS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A former assistant to J. Edgar Hoover has recommended that the Federal Bureau of Investigation be stripped of all authority over domestic security and foreign intelligence operations and that a three-year moratorium on bugging and wire tapping be observed by all Federal agencies. In a paper written for a conference on privacy, William C. Sullivan, who retired as the FBI's third-ranking official in 1971, declared that the agency "as it is now structured [is] a potential threat to our civil liberties" and should have its power and funds reduced. He further proposed that a Federal commission

study the feasibility of either abandoning certain surveillance tactics altogether or creating an independent board, appointed by Congress, to control the internal-security activities of Government agencies.

#### THE OLD ACTION ARMY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Pentagon confirms that the Army has continued to use the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations against military personnel even though the list was officially abolished by Presidential directive in the summer of 1974. The Army practice came to light when it ordered a member of the Young Socialist Alliance to be discharged from the Army Reserves on the ground that he belonged to a subversive organization. The reservist, who served on active duty from 1971 to 1973, has appealed the order.

#### NARCS IN THE CLASSROOM

LOS ANGELES—More than 150 Los Angeles high school students, most of them between 15 and 18 years old, were arrested in a week-long police roundup and charged with possessing drugs for sale to classmates. The mass arrests occurred after undercover agents posing as students infiltrated 24 high schools without the knowledge of school administrators. Police said they had a harder time penetrating black schools, but "everywhere else it was with extreme ease." Junior high schools were not infiltrated, police added, for lack of officers who looked young enough to pass for students.

#### PROMULGATING POT

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY—Two 21-year-old California men have been placed on probation after pleading guilty to sowing marijuana seeds along roadsides during a



cross-country automobile trip. The modern-day Johnny Appleseeds explained that they sowed the pot for the benefit of "all the kids traveling around the country." The judge gave them probation because they had no prior arrest records.

The number of people using marijuana hasn't increased significantly in Oregon since criminal penalties were abolished. Of those people currently using pot, only six percent began using it within a year of the law's changing. Forty percent actually reported a decrease in usage during that time and only five percent said they use it more.

In 1972, the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse recommended the decriminalization of both the possession of marijuana for personal use and the casual distribution of small amounts not involving profit. Oregon is the first state to try part of this recommendation. So far it seems to show that taking away criminal penalties does not lead to more marijuana use.

#### GROSS INDECENCY

In 1971, a Canadian man charged with rape and gross indecency admitted at his trial that he had performed cunnilingus and intercourse, but claimed the woman had consented. Before the jury retired, 68-year-old judge Campbell Grant said of cunnilingus, "Well, can you think of a much more grossly indecent act? . . . Frankly, gentlemen, I had to get the dictionary to know what it was about. I venture to say that most of you are the same." He went on to declare that "a dirty, filthy practice such as this that is resorted to by no one but by sexual perverts is surely an infringement of the criminal code." The jury found the accused not guilty of rape but guilty of gross indecency and he was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

An appeals court ordered a new trial. This time, 65-year-old judge Edson Haines read to the jury another court decision on a man who had a woman fellate him: "The accused's behavior was unnatural and depraved and violated the common standards of conduct accepted by the people of our land, and it is our view that Canadians are not prepared to condone such acts as falling within acceptable standards of behavior." The judge did not let the jury hear the psychiatrist's testimony that cunnilingus is normal behavior and is practiced by a large proportion of the population. After 12 hours, the jury returned with the same verdict as that of the first jury and again the man was sentenced to three years in the pen.

He appealed a second time, and the appeals court ruled Haines's conduct incorrect and ordered yet a third trial. Fortunately for Canadian taxpayers, the crown elected to discontinue proceedings, which up to that point had taken four years and cost \$15,000 in public money.

Ron Leppanen

Scarborough, Ontario

According to the Toronto Globe and Mail, Haines didn't even want the accused man to be able to appeal the case. Under Ontario's admirable Legal Aid



Plan, people in need are issued certificates that draw on public funds to pay for all or part of their legal expenses. This defendant was granted certificates worth about \$6000. At the end of the second trial, Haines noted the man's previous criminal record and described him as a "rather undesirable citizen." Despite the fact that both judges had attempted to impose their opinions about cunnilingus on the juries, Haines questioned the wisdom of financing further appeals, saying, "The accused has had his days in court in full measure."

When he was justice minister of Canada, Pierre Trudeau sponsored a change in the criminal code to allow homosexual acts between consenting adults, and he said, "The state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation." But the same act that is now legal for homosexuals is thought, by some judges at least, to be a crime of gross indecency when performed by heterosexuals. We'd like to sentence each judge to write Trudeau's statement 1000 times on a blackboard.

#### SUMMING IT UP

As a student of mathematics, I'd like to add my two cents' worth to the confusion over normal and abnormal (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1974). Normal means a perpendicular, particularly the line perpendicular to the tangent to a curve. My penis, whether flaccid or erect, isn't perpendicular to anything and I can't recall any perpendicular features on my girl. Abnormal is any line that is not normal. As any number freak knows, there are more abnormal lines than normal lines. Now how the hell do you apply that to sexual behavior?

P. R. Collinsworth  
Eugene, Oregon

You don't. Goethe had something when he said, "Mathematicians are a sort of Frenchmen: When you talk to them, they immediately translate it into their own language, and right away it is something utterly different."

#### ODD SQUAD

What has happened to the open and tolerant younger generation? Good question, according to two high school girls in Palo Alto, California, who held hands, embraced and occasionally exchanged kisses on the cheek during a three-week experiment. According to United Press International, the 17-year-olds, who had set out to test the tolerance of their peers as a project for a family-life course at school, encountered more than they had bargained for. Their boyfriends dropped them, girlfriends avoided them and some students threatened to beat them up. As one of them summed up the experience afterward, "I can really sympathize with gay people and the pressure they're under every day. I can see why there are so many closet homosexuals." Being one myself, I can understand the horrors of

those three weeks, but I wonder if all of us wouldn't be better off if we underwent such an experience as theirs.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Francisco, California

#### MARRIED MASTURBATOR

I am a happily married 50-year-old and I enjoy making love with my wife two or three times a week. But when she is busy or not in the mood, I masturbate—at least once a week—beating my meat with all the joy that the celebration of sex and orgasm can generate. I concentrate on prolonging the process, delaying ejaculation as long as possible. I started out with 15-to-20-minute sessions and I'm now working up to an hour. All that's required is the will power to relax just before a climax reaches the point of inevitability.

This waiting game intensifies the pleasure of orgasm enormously. But its main advantage is that it greatly improves my staying power during intercourse with my wife.

(Name withheld by request)  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

#### FROM BITTER TO BETTER

When I was very young, I fell in love with a slightly older boy and we enjoyed a sexual relationship for several years, always talking of plans to marry. But one night, after several hours of sex, he told me he had been dating another girl for about a year and planned to marry her. I had been a good, convenient lay whenever he was hard up, but it was over.

I became pretty bitter about men and sex, and when I did marry, about three years later, I was a bitch and took out all my hostility on my husband. Instead of leaving, he got me to talk about my feelings, and things began to improve. We even tried the swinging scene, and slowly I began to realize that sex was something I myself wanted and could again enjoy.

A problem with swinging, however, is that all parties seldom turn on to one another equally; we decided that we'd be better off just letting things happen spontaneously. Things did happen shortly thereafter.

A distant cousin spent the Christmas holidays with us. One evening while we were all listening to music and talking, he asked me to dance, and as he held me close, I could feel him become aroused. Soon I also was aroused, almost to climax, and that night I nearly raped my husband. I ended up telling him how my cousin had turned me on. He told me I should go to the guest room, with his full approval.

To make a long story short, it turned into a night of ecstasy. The morning, to my surprise and pleasure, my husband joined us in bed. What a day, what a holiday season—and you wouldn't believe New Year's Eve!

Today I'm 46, happy with life and very much in love with my husband for understanding and helping me through the difficult years. Sex can be a beautiful thing, especially between a husband and wife who love each other. But marriage is more than a lifetime sexual relationship between two people. It is being open with each other, having faith and trust, and being helpful and willing to allow one's mate to grow as an individual.

(Name withheld by request)  
Pasco, Washington

#### ANOTHER COVER-UP ENDED

If you've ever seen female impersonators or transvestites at work, you must have wondered, as I have: Where do they get those ultrafeminine and alluring breasts? The mystery has finally been solved by the *San Francisco Sentinel*, which asked some of the performers in local bars. Empress Shirley revealed the whole truth:

Rice bags. Do you want to see one? I never use anything else. Some of the kids use foam rubber, which is much softer but doesn't have the weight of rice, or birdseed. You can make them out of popcorn, dried beans or whatever is your favorite health food. If it gets too bad in the depression, you can always take your tits out and boil them.

As Dick Nixon discovered, sooner or later we must all make a bare breast of things.

Arthur Mitchell  
Seattle, Washington

#### SCREWED AGAIN

When Federal judge Frank Battisti directed that the former Ohio National Guardsmen accused of violating the civil rights of the Kent State University students be acquitted, he exposed to us all the absence of any meaningful Federal law to protect our civil rights.

Judge Battisti referred frequently in his opinion to a 1945 Supreme Court decision in a case involving the beating, by policemen, of a citizen they had arrested. In that case, known appropriately as *Screws vs. United States*, the high Court said that it was not enough to prove "that petitioners had a generally bad purpose. To convict, it was necessary for them to find that petitioners had the purpose to deprive the prisoner of a constitutional right, e.g., the right to be tried by a court rather than by ordeal." In other words, this highly trumpeted civil rights statute is worthless unless the prosecutor can establish a conscious intent on the part of law-enforcement officers or Guardsmen not just to kill, maim or harm innocent citizens but also to violate their rights. Otherwise, there is no Federal crime.

Most lawyers will say this is as it should be, because an intent just to maim or





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harm violates state law and, therefore, is the province of the state. Judge Battisti said as much when he agreed that the Government had produced evidence to support a finding that the accused Guardsmen fired at the students with intent to harm or frighten them and that the state of Ohio could prosecute them for that offense. But time and time again, states have whitewashed civil rights cases involving death and injury by exonerating the police officers or Guardsmen responsible, leaving the families of the victims with nowhere to turn. In the end, justice is denied, circumvented and, finally, mocked. The events last November in Cleveland's Federal district court prove one thing: The so-called constitutional right to free speech and assembly, not to mention due process of law, isn't worth the parchment it was written on. Richard Nixon raped it. The Ohio National Guard killed it. And the sooner the American people wake up to what is happening, the better are our country's chances of surviving as a democracy.

Peter Davies  
Staten Island, New York

#### IS WATERGATE OVER?

We need to question the easy belief that Watergate is a single incident that is behind us and can be relegated to history. In fact, the attitudes and practices that culminated in that scandal grew up over a number of decades and still have not been totally repudiated.

For instance, the complicity of the Central Intelligence Agency in the Watergate cover-up and the domestic espionage it conducted in direct violation of its charter are only the most recent acts in a history of surreptitious activities of questionable legality. Since the CIA was established in 1947, there have been more than 150 legislative proposals for increased Congressional control over the agency. All were defeated. The revelations of the CIA's illegal activities in this country have prompted new investigations that hopefully will produce reforms that are obviously needed and overdue; however, without considerable pressure from citizens and the press, legislators may once again brush the whole matter under the carpet and allow the CIA to operate without controls.

Also, the FBI's Counterintelligence Program for illegal disruption of radical or pacifist groups was formed in 1956. When it was exposed, the FBI itself admitted that some "Cointelpro" activities could "only be considered abhorrent in a free society." The plan was officially repudiated, of course, but there's no easy way to find out how, if at all, the FBI's public pronouncements are related to its private behavior.

The same is true of the Internal Revenue Service. Ralph Nader had to file suit under the Freedom of Information Act to obtain documents showing that

the IRS, under the Nixon Administration, investigated such organizations as Americans for Democratic Action and the National Council of Churches; in most cases, the information it compiled had nothing to do with taxes. This practice, too, has been publicly repudiated by the IRS, but the machinery that made it possible still exists.

Obviously, by looking at each separate abuse and punishing certain conspicuous villains (or pardoning them), we are missing the real point: Our society has long since departed from its basic Constitution and Bill of Rights and embraced numerous police-state institutions and practices. No one President or no one Federal agency is responsible. Indeed, liberals and conservatives have been equally guilty; each group, on behalf of its own pet paranoias, has contributed to the growth of secrecy and spying. It is time for Congress, with extended televised hearings, to decide if we as a nation really want and need to continue this trend.

James Johnson  
Chicago, Illinois

#### THE BIG EYE

When I was a youngster, many parents used to decorate their children's rooms with crocheted samplers of a large eye and the motto THOU, GOD, WATCHETH ME. This was supposed to inspire fear of the Lord and a permanent sense of being on trial. Nowadays the custom should be revived with a similar sampler saying THOU, FBI, WATCHETH ME.

I am thinking of the case of Lori Paton, a high school girl in Chester, New Jersey, who wrote to the Socialist Labor Party as part of an information-gathering project for a social-studies class (*Forum Newsfront*, January 1974). The FBI placed Miss Paton under surveillance, compiled a dossier on her, ran a credit check on her father, questioned the Chester police chief about her family and interviewed high school officials. The girl suffered harassment from other students when the investigation became public knowledge. All this in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Now, in a law suit filed by the family and supported by the American Civil Liberties Union of New Jersey and the Rutgers Constitutional Litigation Clinic, a judge has merely ordered the dossier destroyed, and has denied the \$65,000 damages demanded and has refused to grant class relief to other persons similarly harassed. (The A.C.L.U. had asked the judge to order surveillance discontinued on people who have written letters to socialist groups.) So, the girl will not be haunted by that dossier for the rest of her life, but the policy of the FBI is not affected. It can continue spying into the lives of any citizens who communicate with a radical group for any purpose.

In the wake of Watergate, we can no

longer say that totalitarian-type abuses can't occur here; isn't it time class relief is given to all citizens by ending this subterranean snooping? A secret police in an allegedly democratic country is an abomination. If the Government doesn't trust us, why doesn't it go somewhere else and rule over a people it does trust?

James O'Malley  
Brooklyn, New York

#### DEAD OR SLEEPING?

In a letter titled "Death at an Early Age" (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1974), M. Hodges laments the complacency and cynicism, the "mood of embittered despair" that pervade college campuses and, he says, indicate the death of the idealism of the Sixties. His description is accurate, but I'm not sure about his conclusion. According to Paul Starr, writing in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, the utopian vision of the Sixties is not dead but merely dormant and may "come throbbing to the surface" when the economic crisis or the international situation worsens markedly. Personally, this is my own belief, based on historical evidence. Every heresy the Holy Inquisition tried to destroy during its 800-year career of burning dissenters at the stake has reappeared in some form, in Protestantism or the democratic upheavals of the 18th Century or elsewhere. Similarly, the concerns that produced socialist and anarchist movements of the past 100 years have not been totally eliminated by the token responses of government bureaucrats. Valid social concerns and a belief in the power of truth have a way of surviving the most violent efforts to suppress them, as well as the cleverest attempts to co-opt them.

Jeffrey Brown  
Los Angeles, California

#### DOWN WITH DOOM

M. Hodges' letter concerning the "mood of embittered despair" on U.S. college campuses reads like a third-rate doom novel. The turmoil of the Sixties left many people bewildered, but to say it "killed part of the soul of American youth" is a bit much.

Here at California Polytechnic State University's School of Architecture and Environmental Design, the only despair is over grades. I have never seen a group of people more dedicated to improving the world in which we live. Maybe all those Harvard law students are concerned only with improving their financial situations, but some of us are still working toward progressive change. You can't kill idealism.

Bruce G. Jolley  
San Luis Obispo, California

#### SPACE ODYSSEY

Arthur C. Clarke has reminded us again of how fortunate we are to be alive at a moment in history when the answers



to humanity's most searching questions about itself and its future are coming within grasp. In *The Snows of Olympus* (PLAYBOY, December 1974), he quotes *Proverbs*: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." But Clarke, better than most, knows that this vision still exists in our world—the vision to explore the unknown of space, to increase our understanding of the past, present and future of the universe and humanity's place in it; and the vision to apply what we learn in space to improve the quality of life on earth with weather, communications and resources satellites. Clarke says, "Men need the mystery and romance of new horizons." Of course he is right. In the not-too-distant future, we may even listen to other civilizations in the far reaches of our galaxy—to tap our cosmic heritage just as we tapped the wisdom and the experience of the earliest civilizations on earth. Someday, surely, man will use his ability to move outward in space, to settle other worlds. In the final analysis, this may well represent the fundamental factor in the survival of our species. Clarke has done his usual outstanding job of telling us that the real world is stranger than fiction.

George M. Low  
Deputy Administrator  
National Aeronautics and  
Space Administration  
Washington, D.C.

#### LEGISLATIVE AMBUSH

I was amused to read in the *San Francisco Chronicle* that a new Federal law to tax bookies went into effect without most bookies being aware of it. "A *Chronicle* sampling of major bookies in the Bay Area and other metropolitan areas of the nation," the story reported, "shows most haven't the foggiest notion that they have been liable for arrest—on a Federal charge that could put them away for five years—for the past two days."

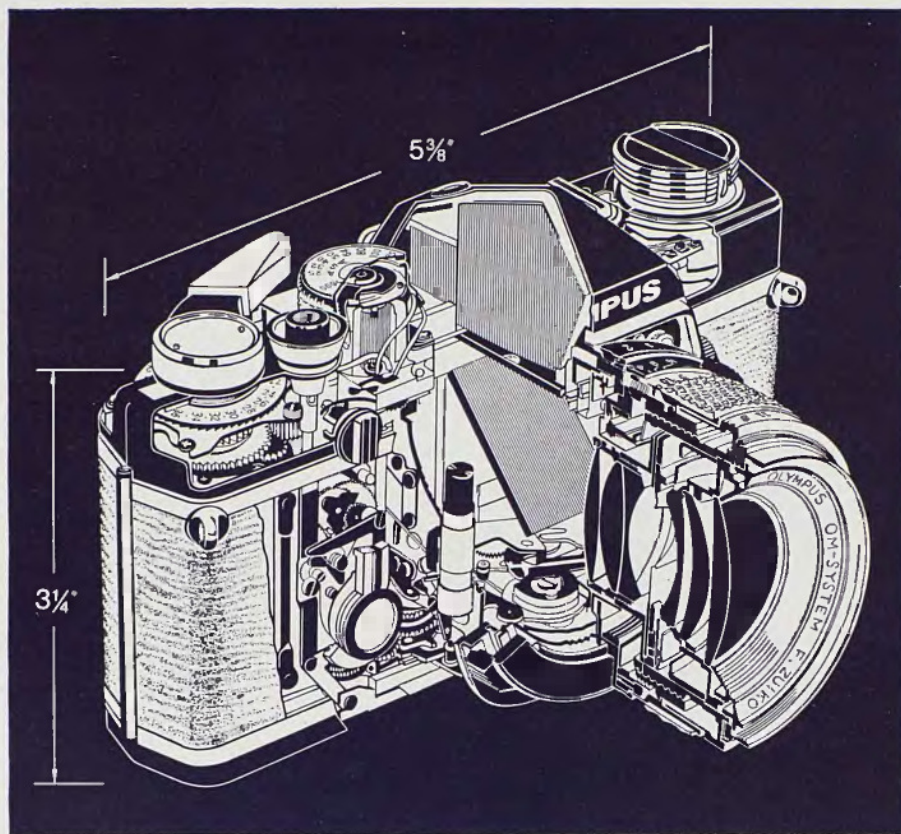
This isn't the first time the Federal Government has tried to get at bookies through the IRS. An old law, requiring the IRS to make available publicly the names of those who bought wagering-tax stamps, was found unconstitutionally self-incriminating; the new law requires secrecy—about which bookies are understandably skeptical.

In their eagerness to stamp out sin, the politicians overlook the fact that the taxes collected under this law are at best a drop in the bucket compared with what the Treasury could get if gambling were legalized and aboveboard.

Charlie Johnson  
San Francisco, California

#### THE SILENT PASSENGER

I've read some weird stories in recent years about cops whose zeal for making arrests seemed to transcend reality, but I've never seen anything to top the following story: San Francisco policemen



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found a hearse unlawfully parked outside a hospital and, without a thought, towed it away; however, the vehicle turned out to have an occupant, for whom the driver was inside getting a death certificate. The passenger (although he didn't complain) was deprived of a decent and dignified last ride.

Frank Yee  
San Francisco, California

#### WHO OWNS YOUR BODY?

The question raised by the antidraft and pro-abortion movements—who owns your body?—was given a new twist in a New Hampshire drunk-driving case. The police required the defendant to take a Breathalyzer test, thereby, as libertarians would contend, invading the privacy of his body. The man took perfect revenge, however: He ate the test results. The only way to retrieve the results from his gut would have been abdominal surgery, but the police were afraid to go that far. Instead, they charged him with destroying evidence.

I guess you might say that one's breath is public domain, but one's belly is still private enterprise.

P. Riley  
Boston, Massachusetts

#### STERILITY SEEKER

For more than a year and a half, my attempts to obtain a vasectomy were frustrated because of my age (24) and marital status (single). My family doctor condescendingly turned me down, as did two other private physicians. Even Zero Population Growth didn't give me much encouragement. Finally, however, I was accepted for a vasectomy by the Rocky Mountain Planned Parenthood organization; they required me to attend one counseling session and to pay a \$55 fee.

I want to commend R.M.P.P. for treating me as an adult capable of making up my own mind.

Robert H. Miller  
Nederland, Colorado

#### LIFE IN THE ABSTRACT

At a meeting in Washington, D.C., Roman Catholic bishops rejected a seven-page document opposing the restoration of capital punishment and apparently even had trouble getting majority support for a simple one-sentence resolution against such state-sanctioned killing. In this case, they're obviously somewhat ambivalent about taking human life.

Last spring, on the other hand, four Roman Catholic cardinals testified before a Senate committee that there should be no exceptions to the prohibition of abortion—not even to save the life of the woman. When queried about making an exception in the case of rape, the retiring John Cardinal Krol replied, "The victim of rape survives. The victim of abortion does not." This lack of understanding for a woman faced with an

unwanted or dangerous pregnancy suggests a greater concern for life in the abstract than for concrete, conscious life. So does the Pope's call for an end to family-planning assistance to underdeveloped countries—whose burgeoning populations increase the misery of their poor and lead to starvation and death. This kind of thinking defies all logic.

Iver Bogen  
Duluth, Minnesota

#### RELIGION REDEFINED

I resent the reference to "the religious doctrine that abortion is murder" in an editorial comment in the October 1974 *Playboy Forum*. It implies that all anti-abortionists are Catholics or members of some offbeat hard-nosed Protestant sect, which is simply not true. There are many nondoctrinaire Protestants such as myself, who are convinced that abortion is morally wrong because it is murder.

Dan Kelleher  
Neoga, Illinois

*Then we'll call it the philosophical doctrine that abortion is murder, if you like that any better. Whatever it's called, if a belief doesn't acknowledge the freedom of conscience of those who think differently, we'd feel justified in calling it doctrinaire.*

#### CHURCH VS. STATE

At a Shawnee Mission (Missouri) school board meeting, one member, the Reverend George E. Hilbert, criticized the teaching of a high school course titled *Man in Time and Space*, in which abortion is among the issues for student discussion. He contended that to allow discussion of moral issues in a classroom is a violation of both school-district policy and the students' rights to privacy. This prompted an A.C.L.U. official to challenge Father Hilbert to debate the academic-freedom issue. *The Kansas City Star* reports that Father Hilbert has refused, stating that "moral issues are not debatable. They are clear-cut to any religionist." The A.C.L.U. official called the decision "regrettable, because moral issues certainly are debatable when someone in authority chooses to impose his idea of morality on others." How true, and thank God for the separation of church and state.

Kent Cochran  
Republic, Missouri

#### CREEPING MARXISM

As if creeping Karl Marxism and Groucho Marxism aren't distracting enough, now we seem to have creeping Chico Marxism. I refer, of course, to the Donnybrook that occurred when Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz incautiously quoted an apocryphal Italian woman who said of the Pope's anti-contraception pronouncements, "He no play-a the game, he no make-a the rules." I lost track of how many times poor Butz was required

to apologize to the pontiff's offended dignity. It seems to me that if the Pope is going to meddle in world affairs, he is just another politician and should be subject to witticisms and criticisms just the same as you or I or Uncle Louie. As Chico himself might say, "You play-a the game, you take-a the punches."

James Watkins  
Indianapolis, Indiana

#### FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT

I was bemused to read in Dwight Newton's syndicated TV column that NBC censored a sequence in John Steinbeck's *The Red Pony* that showed a mare giving birth, but allowed the hideous sequence of the beheaded horse to remain in its TV presentation of *The Godfather*. As Newton remarks, NBC seems to think the natural function of birth is "ugly, repulsive and too indecent for viewers," but the cruel decapitation of an animal is acceptable family entertainment.

Probably, given a choice between showing eye gouging and copulation, NBC would opt for eye gouging; between the My Lai massacre and a nudist camp, the massacre; between loveplay and a brutal beating, the beating. This is, after all, a decent, family-oriented country, right?

Edward Kenyon  
Santa Cruz, California

#### SMITE THAT SMUT

The smut smiters are getting pretty organized, as evidenced by a long article in the *Los Angeles Times*. The National Legal Data Center is described as a two-year-old anti-obscenity project headquartered at California Lutheran College and financed, so far, by \$335,000 in your and my Federal tax dollars through the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Its purpose is to collect and distribute material to help prosecutors obtain convictions against the purveyors of allegedly pornographic material.

You'd better keep an eye on this bunch. They claim to be nonpartisan but they make it clear that their sole purpose is to serve as a sort of Playboy Foundation for bluenoses.

Edward Groth III, Ph.D.  
California Institute of Technology  
Pasadena, California

*Any organization with a name that sounds as innocent, academic, educational and nonpolitical as the National Legal Data Center is bound to be a Communist front, but we can't prove it. The most we can hope for is that the Federal anti-crime money permits the N.L.D.C. to employ a large staff of dedicated smut hunters, thus keeping them off the streets and out of trouble.*

#### GUT REACTION

My stomach makes several complete revolutions every time I read a new chapter in the continuing saga of Kanawha (concluded on page 169)



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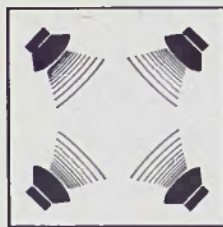
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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DUSTIN HOFFMAN

*a candid conversation with benjamin braddock, ratso rizzo, little big man and lenny bruce—all rolled into one*

He's not your stereotypical movie star, this unprepossessing, almost runty fellow with the mournful hound-dog eyes and the oversized nose. Producer Joseph Levine, on first encounter with him, mistook the man who was to become the star of one of his most popular films, *"The Graduate,"* for a window washer—and, with the impish streak that's been his hallmark since his childhood as the classroom show-off, Dustin Hoffman took out his handkerchief and started to clean the window.

Hoffman's big break, in *"The Graduate,"* had been a long time coming. He'd been hoping for it for nine years—ever since arriving in New York in 1958 and, in his words, "plummeting to stardom." He had grown up in Hollywood, where his father was at one time a set decorator and his mother—though she hoped he'd become a concert pianist—was sufficiently star-struck to name him for silent-screen cowboy Dustin Farnum (and her other son for Ronald Colman). Hoffman, however, wasn't bitten by the acting bug until his college days, when he enrolled in the Pasadena Playhouse. Among his classmates was Gene Hackman, who remains one of his closest friends. The two deserted Pasadena for

New York at roughly the same time and scrounged around through various odd jobs, waiting for lightning to strike. Which it did for Hoffman in 1967 with *"The Graduate."*

After that film, nobody was likely to mistake Dustin Hoffman for a window washer. Yet, with a daring some called recklessness, he went on to insist on challenging roles playing eccentric characters. Today, at the age of 37, he occupies a premier position in a rare company, that of the character actor as superstar. More than any other major performer today, Hoffman has built his career on what he lovingly calls "uglies." On stage and in films, he has played a hunchbacked homosexual (*"Harry, Noon and Night"*), a spinsterish Russian editor (*"The Journey of the Fifth Horse"*), a Keatonesque boiler watcher (*"Eh?"*), a grungy piece of Manhattan slotsam (*"Midnight Cowboy"*), a slightly mad, would-be painter (*"Jimmy Shine"*), a partner in a one-day romance born in a singles bar (*"John and Mary"*), a dissident rock star at the ages of 17, 25 and 40 (*"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"*), a protean Western hero who, while aging from childhood to a

feisty 121, acts out every frontier cliché: boy adopted by Indians, gunslinger, cavalry scout, snake-oil salesman (*"Little Big Man"*), a passive mathematics teacher who erupts into violence (*"Straw Dogs"*), a bourgeois Italian bank clerk with Romeo delusions (*"Alfredo, Alfredo"*), a myopic inmate of a penal colony (*"Papillon"*) and, late last year, the reincarnation of controversial comedian Lenny Bruce (*"Lenny"*). All this has boosted his price per picture from the \$20,000 he received for *"The Graduate"* into the \$1,000,000 ball park, counting a piece of the box-office action. The money, in turn, allows him to hold out for the roles that genuinely intrigue him—next of which will cast him as Carl Bernstein, half of the reporter team that broke the Watergate scandal, in *"All the President's Men."* (The other member of the duo, Bob Woodward, will be played by Robert Redford.)

Never a big spender, Hoffman has allowed himself one extravagance: the purchase of an East Side New York brownstone furnished with his main indulgence, antique furniture. There he lives with his ballerina wife, Anne—she's a guest dancer with the André Eglevsky Ballet Company and teaches at both the



"Lenny was a tester, a heavyweight tester. I've never done anything as extreme as he did, but I'm something of a tester, too. He was also a provocateur, and I love to provoke."



"As an actor, you have to examine your motives. I've got to admit that some of me worked for McCarthy, McGovern and others because all of that free exposure kept me in the public eye."



J. BARRY O'ROURKE

"In high school, I remember dialing the phone and not being able to get to the last digit, I was so afraid of rejection. And I was extremely horny. There was nothing else on my mind."



New Jersey and the New York Schools of Ballet—and two children, girls aged eight and four. (The elder is Anne's daughter by a previous marriage.)

Hoffman's devotion to his work and family is approached only by his loyalty to his friends—mostly old friends, such as Hackman and Murray Schisgal, the playwright whose farce "All Over Town" Hoffman spent most of last summer and fall nurturing into a late-December New York opening. Schisgal hadn't had a big success since "Luv," and Hoffman believed part of the reason was inadequate direction. So he took on the job himself, making his Broadway directorial debut—having, with typical Hoffman perfectionism, auditioned more than 1500 actors to fill the script's 18 roles. The work paid off: "All Over Town," after a shaky start in Washington, met with immediate critical success on Broadway. New York Times critic Clive Barnes described Hoffman as working "with all the aplomb of a master chef whipping up a soufflé."

To find out what makes Dustin run, PLAYBOY assigned free-lance writer Richard Meryman—whose interview with retired Chief of Naval Operations Admiral Elmo Zumwalt appeared in our June 1974 issue—to track down Hoffman. It wasn't easy. First he was incommunicado, soaking up background—and then shooting on location—for his role in "Lenny." Then there was the casting for the play. Finally, Meryman pinned down his quarry in New York. His report:

"We met at a Manhattan sound studio, to which Hoffman had earlier run from his home, for the exercise. He dried himself off with paper towels, finished a final dubbing chore for 'Lenny' and we started off for his office building, walking—loping would be a better term—through the constant spontaneous theater afforded by New York City streets. Hoffman was wearing dark glasses, faded blue bell-bottom jeans, white tennis sneakers. Stuck between his belt and his back was a large envelope someone had thrust into his hand.

"Very soon it was clear that Hoffman was constantly, involuntarily at work, fiding away every sight and sound as grist to be used in some present or future professional mill. We passed a shoeshine parlor and Hoffman said, 'Hey, there's a Hainsworth'—one of the characters, a black homosexual businessman, in the Schisgal play. Hoffman went into the shop and asked the portly man, who continued to strop his customer's shoes, if he had ever acted. The shoeshine man, impassive, said he hadn't, but Hoffman talked him into reading for the part, anyway. The customer, who had been staring at Hoffman, asked: 'You ever been an actor?' Hoffman, nodding gravely: 'Yeah.'

"We stopped at a shop frequented by Hoffman. Heading toward a large, plain lady clerk, he called out: 'How you do-

ing, Louise?' As customers stared, he hugged the lady—who towered over him—looking up and saying, warmly, 'Isn't she lovely? Look at her. Isn't she lovely?' Making his purchase, he called back cheerfully to the lady, who was now dimpling with pleasure: 'Promise, now. No sex until I see you next. You'll need your strength.'

"Hurrying on down the street, Hoffman paused and wordlessly bought a bouquet of roses—destined, it turned out, for his secretary, Theresa Curtin—from a sidewalk vendor. We crossed another street and suddenly we heard voices screaming: 'I don't give a shit about—' 'Neither do I, you motherfucker!' 'I don't give two shits either, you lousy asshole.' A white cabby had nearly clipped a black bicyclist. 'Aw, go fuck yourself,' screamed the cabby, again menacing the cyclist with his taxi. The bike rider spat on the cab's hood, shouted, 'You're a fuckin' cock, man,' and pedaled off into the traffic. Hoffman, stopping rigid in his tracks, had focused his whole being on this street drama. Even after the combatants had departed, he remained motionless. Then he said, 'I loved it. You're not going to get a better lesson on how that scene should be played. Nobody was really acting tough. The guy on the bike was playing it, "I don't care. I don't even have to demean myself to talk to you." Stopping and spitting—that was a good move. I liked that. And what's most exciting, in dramatic terms, is that the fight does not take place. That's New York. Everybody's acting a part. It's all make-believe.'

"By this time, we were near Hoffman's office. He pointed to a black man talking to somebody on the street. 'You thought I was crazy, asking that shoeshine guy if he were an actor,' Hoffman said. 'But you know what that guy over there used to do? I asked him, and he used to be in the troupe that became Sammy Davis' Will Mastin Trio. Show me somebody who's in menial labor and I'll show you somebody who was an actor.' We passed into the lobby and entered the elevator. As we started up, I asked Hoffman if he had total recall of all the mannerisms and incidents he witnesses. He admitted, rather sadly, that sometimes he wishes he weren't always observing, that he could simply be in a scene, enjoying it. But that, apparently, is not Dustin Hoffman. Hoffman watches—and remembers. Although, he added, he has no memory for directions and frequently gets lost. Turning suddenly to a woman passenger, a total stranger, he inquired: 'Do you ever get lost?' She smiled, startled, wordless. The elevator door opened and Hoffman was off, pell-mell, with me in tow.

"Hoffman's office, in a suite that he shares with his associate, actor Stanley Beck, is a jungle of hanging ivy and avocado plants, which Hoffman loves to root in glasses of water at home. Nearly every

flat surface is piled with books: 'A Pictorial History of Burlesque,' Sören Kierkegaard's 'Either/Or,' Dave DeBusschere's 'The Open Man,' 'Your Child's Self-Esteem.' Hoffman's long, exquisite French Provincial desk is covered with papers, folders, scripts and such oddments as an antique cigar-cutting machine, lettered HOFFMAN HOUSE CIGARS 5¢. At last, behind the desk, Hoffman sat down and we began to talk. Since 'Lenny,' his most recent motion picture, was uppermost in my mind, I started by asking him about his reactions to that role."

**PLAYBOY:** What made you want to play Lenny Bruce?

**HOFFMAN:** Actually, at first I turned the part down. I didn't think the script was strong enough and I wasn't sure I was the one to play the role.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**HOFFMAN:** I had never seen Lenny Bruce in real life, never been a fan of his. I remember, back when I was studying acting, the comedian my friends and I all liked was Jonathan Winters. He would improvise, he would be crazy. For us actors, Winters was number one. Of course, we saw him on television, and Bruce you never really saw on TV. There was this "in" group, though, always talking about Lenny Bruce, and sometimes they would bring his records over and I would listen to them, but I just didn't respond to him on records. The next time I remember hearing about Bruce was when Cliff Gorman opened in the Broadway show *Lenny*, and I went to see it. I thought he was just terrific, and when I was offered the film, I said, "Why don't you get Cliff Gorman? He'd do it better than I."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you really believe that?

**HOFFMAN:** Yes; he was so facile, doing all the voices. For some reason, I envied his performance. Besides, I didn't like the film script. They sent me two more scripts and I still didn't care for it.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you change your mind?

**HOFFMAN:** It was a combination of factors. For one thing, the scripts started getting better. For another, I have a great deal of respect for the director, Bob Fosse.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Fosse have to talk you into taking the part?

**HOFFMAN:** That's an understatement. He used to see me at a party or something—and here he was, an Emmy, Oscar and Tony award winner, surrounded by people who worshiped him—and he would literally get on his knees and crawl the length of the room to me, begging. He'd put his arms out, like Jolson doing *Mammy*, and say, "You gotta do it. You gotta do the part."

**PLAYBOY:** How long did this wooing go on?

**HOFFMAN:** Months. Finally, I said, "Well, all right," because I believed in Fosse and the direction he was going in. So I started studying up on Lenny, reading reams



of interview material that somebody had done with his wife, Honey, and with friends of his, and I looked at the film United Artists has of him, and I read his autobiography. And I began to feel an affinity with him, a realization that there was a lot of Lenny Bruce in me. My wife felt it, too. She kept saying, "Do it, do it. You're going to be able to bring a lot of yourself to the part."

**PLAYBOY:** In what way are you alike?

**HOFFMAN:** He was an observer; he watched people, watched how they acted and worked things out in his head. And I loved the fact that he would work on the floor doing 12, 15 minutes of brand-new material, free-associating. He respected the jazz musicians in the night clubs where he played so much, people tell me, that he didn't want to bore them. So he'd do something different each night, to crack up the musicians. I realized that I'd have to make use of my own spontaneity, because he was so spontaneous. And I admired his guts. There was a time—Jeez, I wanted Bob to do this in the movie so bad, but it didn't work out—when Bruce had been busted for obscenity. There was a law that you could not use certain words on a stage—although there was no prohibition against them anywhere offstage. This particular place he was playing, there was a door offstage, leading to the street. So Lenny asked for a 16-foot microphone cord, and when he began his act, he said to the audience, "As you know, I was busted for obscenity and I'm not allowed to use certain words onstage, but . . ." and he opened the door and walked outside, trailing the cord. The cops are in the room, waiting to write him up, and he's walking on the street—Sunset Boulevard or something—with this mike, talking very softly into it: "Shit, piss, mother-fucker, cunt"—and it's coming out on the night-club floor! But they couldn't bust him. I thought, "Isn't that lovely?" He really won me.

So I went out to California and to Las Vegas, where his mother and his friends were, and started talking with them, getting insights. I said to some of them, "It seems as though most of the time when Lenny did his stuff, it was as if you were in his home—that he was sitting on the bed, sitting on the toilet, talking to his friends, kind of bullshitting, rapping." And they came back with, "Yeah. Exactly that." And I said, "Gee, that's lovely. That intimacy is what an actor tries to get." They told me that Lenny would take long pauses—several minutes, really—just thinking onstage. And it suddenly hit me that that's exactly the kind of comedian I would choose to be—to really take time to find at that moment what is interesting. It occurred to me that if I had known him, I would have wanted us to be friends.

**PLAYBOY:** But wasn't there a cruel side to

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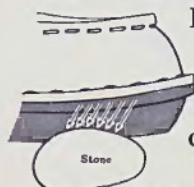
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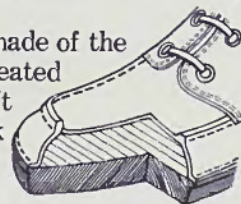


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Lenny Bruce as well?

**HOFFMAN:** Yes, in the sense of a selfish side. That is in all of us and we act it out to varying degrees. He set things up. In the film, we have the situation where he talks Honey into having a sexual experience with another girl. And then, afterward, he accuses her of being a dyke. He was a tester, a heavyweight tester. Well, I've never done anything that extreme, but I'm something of a tester, too. And he was a *provocateur*, and I love to provoke.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you give us an example of your provocation?

**HOFFMAN:** Well, I was always a fan of *Candid Camera*, because it caught human beings in wonderfully farcical, absurd kinds of behavior. When I was a kid, my father and I used to be on the floor, literally in tears at some of the stuff they did. So when I grew up and went to work—I had all kinds of crazy jobs—I used to set up *Candid Camera*-type situations. To put people on.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you manage that?

**HOFFMAN:** I worked behind the counter at Macy's, and when a woman would come up and ask me directions or something, I would say to her: "What do you have in that bag? Let me please see the contents of that bag. I was watching you and I think you slipped something into your bag." That wasn't true, of course. I just wanted to get her angry. I had a microphone that I used to wear around my neck, because I was demonstrating games. It was attached to a small speaker. But when I was pulling one of those *Candid Camera* stunts, I'd hide the mike. The lady would be getting outraged. "Where's the manager? I've never been talked to like this in all my life. How dare you accuse me?" And just at that point, I would reveal this microphone and I'd point to some far wall and say, "You're on *Candid Camera*. There's a camera back there." And she would turn. You'd see that marvelous change in behavior. "Me? Oh, my God!" And I'd take her name down and everything. Of course, she must have wondered why she never saw it on TV. I think Lenny Bruce might have dug that.

**PLAYBOY:** It's been said of Bruce that he was wracked with guilt feelings. Are you?

**HOFFMAN:** Guilt? Before I was cast in *The Graduate*, an actor friend I used to hang around with said to me—I always looked like a slob—"Jeez, you're never going to get work unless you look right." So when I finally got a part on *Naked City* and was paid \$500, I spent \$150 of it on a Burberry coat. When I tried it on, I was literally sweating. I had never spent so much money on myself before. I went to pay for it and I was trembling. Such luxury! When I walked out with the coat, I was almost swooning. I felt faint. I took one step out the door—and everything went black in front of me! I looked and I could see that block after block was black. And I thought—I really did—"I'm being pun-

ished." What it was was the night of the big blackout.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you read Albert Goldman's book *Ladies and Gentlemen—Lenny Bruce!* before you started shooting?

**HOFFMAN:** No, it came out a couple of days after we finished. I tried to get the manuscript from Goldman, though. I talked to him on the phone and I said, "I understand you wrote a book. I would love to see it." He was quite cold to me, as if to say, "You want a story, kid, you'll have to pay for it." I said, "I'm not out to steal anything for the film; if you were really interested in him, I would think you would want someone who is going to play the role to be as well rounded as possible." But I got nowhere.

**PLAYBOY:** When you were researching Lenny, who were some of the people you talked to about him?

**HOFFMAN:** I hung out with his mother, Sally, for a month. Somebody had told me, "You want to know Lenny? Watch the mother. That's Lenny—his gestures, his hands, his rhythm. In order to know Lenny, just move in with Sally."

**PLAYBOY:** Literally?

**HOFFMAN:** No, no, but I was with her practically every day and with other people who lived in the same apartment complex. Jo Jo D'Amore—he was a friend of Lenny's. And Frank Benedetto, an actor, who later became my stand-in for the movie. And I began talking with them, and they liked me, and Sally really opened doors for me, introducing me to people. She and I went to Las Vegas and she introduced me to Shecky Greene, Buddy Hackett, Jackie Gayle. Many times they'd say that I reminded them of Lenny. At first I thought they were just kind of flattering me, but they said, "No, he was like you. Kind of quiet, always liked to listen." I began to realize that they were talking about someone who was totally unlike what I'd read in the press. All the press had said about Lenny Bruce was that he was a vulgar comedian with a dirty mouth. These people, friends of his, were talking about a man who was quite human, whatever his frailties. You can tell, the way people talk about him, that he must have been a kind person. People really *loved* him—and still do. And he was very seductive; they said he could con anybody out of anything. Anything. This ability to be seductive, it's a key thing. I used it. In fact, I haven't given it up. I've decided to keep it.

**PLAYBOY:** The public is duly warned. Who else did you talk to? Did you locate Lenny's wife?

**HOFFMAN:** Oh, yes. She lives outside San Francisco, in Marin County, and she and this guy travel around, selling stuff to head shops. Hash pipes, jewelry, things like that. We had a nice talk, or three nice talks. I interviewed her three times. But I didn't ask her very many personal things; I didn't feel like prying, really. She's attractive, keeps herself in good

shape. Honey is pretty much the way Valerie Perrine plays her in the movie, I think.

**PLAYBOY:** And was Lenny Bruce pretty much the way Dustin Hoffman plays him in the movie?

**HOFFMAN:** Yes, I believe he was. Those critics who said I was unconvincing—I think they got all *their* ideas about Lenny Bruce from reading Goldman's book. You might ask the *real* friends of Lenny Bruce what they think of Goldman. Of course, it's terrifying to play a real person. Somebody like Ratso Rizzo in *Midnight Cowboy*—who's to challenge your interpretation? He's a fictitious character.

**PLAYBOY:** Are Ratso and Lenny in any way related?

**HOFFMAN:** No, not really. Only in the sense that Lenny is the best role I've had since *Midnight Cowboy*. Or they may be related in the sense that Ratso represents that part of myself that feels inadequate, fraudulent; and Lenny is that part of myself that feels important, unique.

**PLAYBOY:** A moment ago, you said it was terrifying to play a real person. If it frightens you to play a real person who's dead, such as Lenny Bruce, how do you feel about playing a real person who's very much alive, such as Carl Bernstein in the movie you're making with Robert Redford, *All the President's Men*?

**HOFFMAN:** *All the President's Men* will be a different challenge, certainly. Usually, it's the character in a film that interests me. I still haven't met Bernstein, but this time it's the whole subject that gets me. I love all that intrigue; Eric Ambler, but it's *real*. And it's sort of a good step after *Lenny*.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**HOFFMAN:** I'd done some films that were pretty much just entertainment, and then *Lenny* I think said some important things, about him and the way society reacted to his sort of attack. I mean, he scared a lot of people. They wanted him *gone*. I want to do more of that, saying things through my work. *All the President's Men* is important because nobody must be allowed to forget what happened under Nixon. Once the noise dies down, it could happen all over again. We almost had an invisible dictatorship. But it's also an exciting property and a good part! I'm afraid that's the *real* reason I'm doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a political person?

**HOFFMAN:** Not really. As an actor, you have to examine your motives, because it is so easy for an actor, who is trained in conning people, to transfer that ability to real life. I've got to admit that some of me worked for McCarthy, McGovern, Ramsey Clark, Allard Lowenstein and others because all of that free exposure kept me in the public eye. But I also did my little thing for McCarthy, McGovern and the rest, because I agreed with their ideas and I thought they were honest men—which is rare in politics. I mean, I



don't think what Nixon did was all that surprising; what was amazing was that he got caught. And what was most amazing was that we elected him twice. I think, finally, one can be political in my line of work and yet be honest. Do what you believe in, but at the same time know that self-promotion is a part of it. But the best thing I can do is say things through my work—like this film with Redford.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you friends?

**HOFFMAN:** Friendly. My wife, Anne, and I are big fans of the New York Knicks, and so are the Redfords. We met the Redfords through Dave DeBusschere, and we've had, you know, like four dinners in four years. And recently, I've had several long breakfasts with Redford, talking about the film. He really cares. I like Redford—even if he is one of the good-lookers.

**PLAYBOY:** How are you preparing for your role as Bernstein? Redford told us he'd spent some time hanging around the *Washington Post* newsroom, getting an idea of what makes Woodward tick.

**HOFFMAN:** I'll spend a lot of time there, too. I haven't had time to plan yet—but, in a way, that's another reason I want to do the film. It will be an excuse to read, talk to a lot of people—find out how the press really works. I love the feel of researching something that actually happened—that, in a way, is still going on.

**PLAYBOY:** You have earned a reputation for doing more research, more preparation for each role than other actors. Is that reputation justified?

**HOFFMAN:** I don't really know. I guess I'm manic about my research, but it's my way of keeping fresh. In creating a character, I try to build a framework for myself. Then I can allow myself to run around inside it and be spontaneous. Sometimes the purest moments in film come out of that sort of spontaneity. There's a scene in *On the Waterfront* with Marlon Brando that ends with Eva Marie Saint's walking toward a church. During one of the takes, she inadvertently dropped one of her gloves. As the scene ended, Brando casually picked up the glove while waiting for the next take. Elia Kazan, the director, in his genius, whispered to the cameraman, "Keep shooting." And Brando, thinking he was waiting for the scene to be set up again, idly tried the glove on. Suddenly, we have that great contradiction: this boxer, this guy with the Mafia background, trying on a lady's glove. It's one of the great moments in the picture.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you think of any spontaneous incidents that have contributed to your own films?

**HOFFMAN:** In *Cowboy*, there was a moment that was pure. I was crossing the street with Jon Voight; we were being filmed by a hidden camera, and in costume we weren't recognizable. And a taxicab almost hit us. I got very angry, because I

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got scared—but I didn't break out of character. I got angry as *Ratso*, and I started hitting the cab on the hood, yelling, "I'm walkin' here! I'm walkin' here!" It was the very essence of what I wanted to convey about *Ratso*—his dignity. We may see him as a low-life, but he asserts himself. And I think people recognized the truth of it. After *Cowboy* was released, people on the street would yell at me, "Hey, *Ratso*." And I'd turn around and they'd holler, "I'm walkin' here! I'm walkin' here!"

**PLAYBOY:** To them, *Ratso* had become a real person?

**HOFFMAN:** Yes, and that's an actor's goal when he portrays a character—to personalize him and to elevate him. That's why I love comedians so much, because the really good ones become quite personal. Take Bill Cosby talking about his old grade school teacher with the chalk in his pocket. The glory of it is that it reaches everyone, when it's specific, when it's detailed, because you have your own memories of a guy at the blackboard with chalk in his pocket. No one here has had that teacher in school except Cosby, and yet we immediately recognize him, because Cosby has caught the essence. As an actor, that's your job: to put the chalk in the pocket. Sometimes you miss. But you take the risk.

That's one of the things I admire about Brando. He takes risks. He was miscast in *Godfather*—totally miscast. I mean, he's not the kind of person you would think of casting as an elderly Italian Syndicate leader. So what does he do? He tries for some strange effects, putting cotton in his mouth, putting his voice up in a very strange register, and it's terrific, because it's so far from himself and yet he brought it home. It was real character work.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that there is more demand for character actors, like yourself, today than for the matinee-idol type?

**HOFFMAN:** I think it's all shit, that the times are right for a homely person. You look at any of the films of the Thirties, the Forties, with Bogart or Tracy. There were many character actors playing leads before me. There was just that stretch in the Fifties and early Sixties, when everybody had that handsome, boyish look.

I could be arrogant enough, though, to say that my time *should* have been in the Twenties, in the silents. I might have been able to do more then, in terms of creating a character: a Keaton character, a Chaplin character.

**PLAYBOY:** But don't you sometimes secretly long to be a leading man?

**HOFFMAN:** There's really no such thing. I've been studying acting for almost 20 years and certain things have stayed with me. One of them is what Lee Strasberg always said: "There is no such thing as a leading man. There are no leading men in life. Every person is a character. When you say, 'Gee, that guy is like a

leading man,' he immediately becomes a character."

**PLAYBOY:** What other things from your studies have stayed with you?

**HOFFMAN:** I've never forgotten something Mike Nichols said when we were working on *The Graduate*. I was tired one day; I guess I was sloughing off. It happens. That day, I just didn't give a shit. Fuck it. I'm tired. And Mike says, "This is the one day we're given to shoot this scene and this is going to be on celluloid for the rest of our lives. I know that you're tired, but when you go to see this film, if you don't like your work in this scene, you'll always remember that this was the day you screwed off."

**PLAYBOY:** Does the hard work always pay off? Or do you feel that sometimes you've failed with a picture?

**HOFFMAN:** There are all kinds of failure, you know: economic failure, when you feel you did a good job and the public just isn't interested in the picture. Then there's another kind, where you feel you did bad work but the film is a big hit. The money's rolling in. Well, sure, one wants money, but I'd rather do good work and have it fail than do bad work and have it succeed.

**PLAYBOY:** When do you think you did bad work?

**HOFFMAN:** I wouldn't mind telling you, but I don't want to rap any directors in print; they all try their best.

**PLAYBOY:** Could you tell us when you personally failed in spite of the lovely job done by the director?

**HOFFMAN:** I don't think I've really failed in anything I've done. I may have overacted, I may have made mistakes, but not failed. In *Little Big Man*, for instance, I had difficulty nailing down the character for myself; I felt I just kept popping in and out of character. *John and Mary* wasn't my favorite film. I think *The Graduate* is a very well-made film; I think *Cowboy* is a very good film; I think *Lenny* is a very good film. *Straw Dogs* had some interesting stuff. I think *Alfredo, Alfredo*, for what it is, is a very good film, although not all the critics thought so.

You know, I did *Alfredo* because they told me I could do it in Italian. I had a tutor, was studying Italian. But they lied to me and I had to do it in English. The film did very well in Italy, though, and I was accepted as an Italian. Then *The New York Times* reviewed it and said I was no way believable as an Italian. I met Fellini recently and he told me he loved what I did in *Alfredo*. I told him what the *Times* had said and he gestured with his hands and said, "*Stronzo! Stronzo!*"—which means shit. I think I'll choose Fellini to be my critic.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about critics?

**HOFFMAN:** I don't really respect them. They've never met you, yet they develop very specific feelings about you. I mean, everybody likes to get good reviews. It's just another stay of execution, as far as

I'm concerned. You still have to look forward to the worst, which will come maybe with the next review, when it will finally be revealed to all, including yourself, that you are a fraud. As you suspected all along. I've had my share of bad reviews. The critics murdered me from here to Sunday on *Papillon*.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your opinion of *Papillon*?

**HOFFMAN:** I thought at times my work didn't quite cut right. It was too worked at; you could see the work. But there were a couple of scenes at the end—like with the pigs—when I nailed the character. No such character as Dega ever existed; he was put together from three or four people in Charrière's book, so I just tried to paint him with my imagination. Dalton Trumbo came up with the thick glasses. When I wore them, I had no peripheral vision; if I wanted to step down, say, off a curb, I had to look down. For days I wore them out on the streets of Manhattan, getting the feel of them, and one day somebody said, "Jeez, your mouth is hanging open. Are you catching flies?" I hadn't even been aware of it.

Well, I learned from that experience. You can't really create more than is there on paper, in the script. If Dega had been the main character, not *Papillon*, the camera would have shown you what Dega saw through those glasses: that the man was almost blind. So here I'm doing all that work and it's not supported by the text: so it comes across to some as mannered and gimmicky. So I learned not to build more of a character than they tell me the text can support.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the film do at the box office?

**HOFFMAN:** Oh, Jesus, it's huge. It's already over \$45,000,000, people tell me.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you always have a gut feeling that you would be a success?

**HOFFMAN:** There was a time when success, to me, meant just being able to work, being employed as an actor. After all, before *The Graduate*, I had spent nearly ten years knocking about New York, working at every kind of odd job imaginable.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**HOFFMAN:** You name it. I used to get jobs through Actors' Equity, through Manpower—that's a temporary-employment agency. One time I was working on fund raising, for muscular dystrophy or leukemia or something. I remember the money better than the job; they paid a buck and a half an hour. The office was on Flatbush Avenue and I used to ride my scooter—I had a scooter then—over the Williamsburg Bridge. We had a bunch of phone books with the listings by blocks, and we'd call people up and ask them to be the head person to collect money in their tenement.

Another time I worked over in the florist district stringing leis, putting little Hawaiian orchids together with wires. I



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had to quit after a couple of days, because I was getting all cut up with the wires. One of the more interesting jobs I had was reorganizing the morgue for *Time* magazine.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that come about?

**HOFFMAN:** Well, when they moved to their new building, they hired 100 or so of us, all actors from Equity, to go through their files and put all the biographical clippings in new envelopes. We had to get it done in a couple of weeks, so they were paying a lot of money—like \$2.50 an hour—and we were working many, many hours. The files had gotten screwed up over the years and you'd come across a lot of famous names, wrong people in the wrong envelopes. So we put the right people in the right envelopes.

And during the newspaper strike, Modell's—the Army and Navy store—paid me \$15 to dress up in a Paul Revere outfit and read the news down at Times Square. That was like acting, yelling out the news and weather. I enjoyed it. With the 15 bucks, I bought myself a war-surplus jacket from Modell's.

**PLAYBOY:** Were any of your other jobs like acting?

**HOFFMAN:** The way I operated, they all were. I was a waiter, for example—a lousy one, always getting fired. But I'd put on a French accent, just to practice, to fool people. I don't speak French, and sometimes I'd get caught. Someone would ask me a question in French and I'd just have to wing it, tell him I was trying to learn English and would prefer not to speak in French. Usually I got away with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why were you always getting fired?

**HOFFMAN:** A waiter is treated especially badly by people and I had a tendency to strike back, with humor. I'd give the customers some smartass remark. But if I knew I was about to be fired, I'd go all out to get fired in style. One place, Rudley's—it was where Gulf & Western is now—had a terrible food selection, but it did have good paper-thin steaks. I had been told I could have anything I wanted for lunch, and one day, when the boss had left, I told the new chef I wanted a paper-thin steak for lunch. And then I ordered another, and another. I kept asking for more until I had eaten 12 of them. When the boss got back, I got my walking papers. But I thought it was a good way to go.

At the Village Gate, where I also worked as a waiter, I got canned because I'd get wiped out listening to the music and I'd never get the drinks to the table. Then, during the run of *Rhinoceros* at the Longacre Theater, I checked coats. Met some very interesting people that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Who?

**HOFFMAN:** I remember Eleanor Roosevelt; I checked a big white ermine coat for her. She never cracked a smile, but there was

something about her: an aura. She radiated. And Milton Berle came in one time and I watched him watching the play. He scrunched down in his seat with his knees up, the way a little kid does sometimes. He could barely see over the top of the seat in front of him. It was like he was five years old. I was always tired then, because I was working at the theater nights and typing for the Yellow Pages during the day.

**PLAYBOY:** Typing for the Yellow Pages?

**HOFFMAN:** Yes, for Reuben H. Donnelley, the people who print the phone book. We had to type all those things out on a sheet. Don't ask me what, I don't want to remember. I was the only guy there, with 70 or 80 girls in a room, and I would act up. Jesus, I was terrible. I'd pass notes and carry on. I was dirty, I was dirty.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**HOFFMAN:** I don't know, really. There were a lot of New York Catholic girls there and I wanted to taunt them for some reason. I always had this desire to strike when I saw a vulnerable area. One day they had an atom-bomb drill and we were all supposed to go out and stand in the hall. We were, like, on the 16th floor on Lexington Avenue, and I couldn't see the purpose of standing in the hall on the 16th floor. If the bomb's going to be dropped, you'll die in the hall just as surely as in your chair. I refused to get up and these girls—who were like cattle in the sense that they'd always do what they were told—couldn't believe it. But I just sat there. I said, "I'm not moving." My heart was pounding, I'll tell you, because I knew it was my ass. I needed the job.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened?

**HOFFMAN:** I was reported and the boss called me in. He was one of the Hartford station-wagon boys, with a wife named Grace, kids Scott and Kimberley, and a dog, Spot or Prince. Well, I tried to impress him with the fact that I was bright and he caught that and started telling me he had a son just like me. He started swearing a little bit: "Those goddamned drills. I don't blame you, they're just a bunch of shit..." and he said shit with a wink, you know, and I caught the drift. He wanted to win me. I guess it was a step toward breaking the alienation I suppose existed between him and his son. He talked to me about 40 minutes, and when I came out, there were all the girls, waiting like spectators at a hanging, to see me get mine. So I put a big grin on my face going out the door, and I said to the boss, "Right, OK. OK, well, thanks a lot"—practically calling him Ralph, you know, and maybe someday we'll play some golf. I mean, that was my best moment. I had had 50 jobs, maybe, up to that point, and that was my finest hour, walking back to my typewriter past all those shocked faces.

**PLAYBOY:** What other jobs did you use as springboards to stardom?

**HOFFMAN:** I had a lot of fun working in department stores. Gene Hackman is a good friend of mine and he helped me pull off a couple of stunts. One time, when I was demonstrating toys at Macy's—where I did those *Candid Camera* stunts—Gene was unemployed and he came in with his kid, Christopher. I guess he was about two years old then. You know, people around Christmas are really crazy, buying things. They're like they're playing slot machines. They just go by and feel things and say, "How much?" with this glazed look in their eyes. So when Gene set Christopher down on the counter, I sold him—for \$16.95, as a walking, talking doll with real hair. And a lady said, "I'll take him," and went to touch him. When she felt the real flesh she jumped back: "Aaggh!"

Then there was the time Gene helped me impress a girl. I was in Macy's toy department then, too, demonstrating hockey games, and I had my eye on this girl named Elaine. Her best friend was Barbra Streisand, who was only about 16 then. Anyway, Elaine worked demonstrating tape recorders. This one day, I had a date with her for lunch, but I was on a hot selling streak, and I didn't want to lose a sale. So Gene showed up and I asked him to keep her entertained for a few minutes. Suddenly, I got an inspiration: "Gene, make believe you're a degenerate or something, so I can save her from you and make a big impression."

**PLAYBOY:** And did he?


**HOFFMAN:** Gene put a big, dopey-looking grin on his face and moved in on her where she was demonstrating the tape recorders, saying, "Why don't you have lunch with me?" He was dressed so badly, looked like such a creep that customers moved away. When I went over, I gave him a couple of shoves before I realized he was playing it like a brain-damaged character. Elaine said, "Please, Dustin, just ignore him. He's a sick man."

So we go down the escalator and she grabs my arm—it's very crowded, Christmastime—and says, "He's following us." And there he is, watching us with that dumb grin and slowly pushing people out of the way like a big bear. Follows us all the way into the employees' cafeteria. There, we have an audience. You have to understand, we were frustrated actors, out of work. I start yelling, "Get your ass out of here, fella, and stop bothering this girl," and shoving Gene around. Which is great. I'm five feet, six, and he's over six feet. And I pull him into the men's room, and when we get inside, we break up. We're yelling, "Uh! Uh! Oow! Ooow!" and pounding the walls, and the place is full of guys holding their cocks in their hands and looking at us like we're crazy. And we mess each other up a little bit, pull shirttails out and stuff, and go back out. Gene goes, "Uh, uh, uh," and Elaine bursts out crying. Then Gene does a brilliant thing: He starts up the down

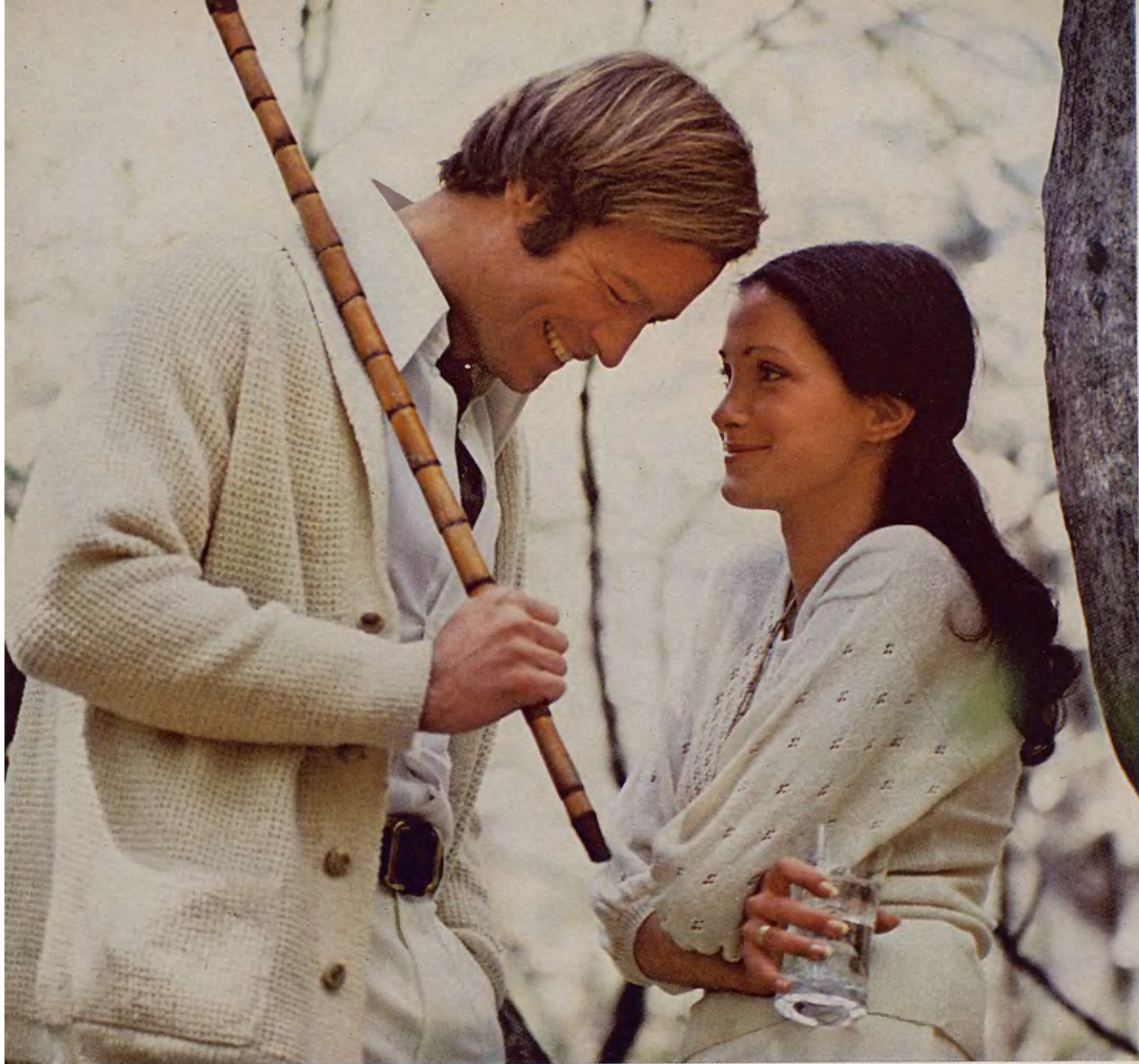




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escalator. Elaine is crying: "How could you do it? The poor man is sick." And when Gene and I start laughing and she realizes it's all an act, she just runs off. It was a solid one-acter; lasted about 45 minutes.

**PLAYBOY:** What inspired Gene to play the scene as if he were mentally disturbed?

**HOFFMAN:** The crazy character always gets the best reviews. But I was the one who had worked in a mental hospital.

**PLAYBOY:** Where was that?

**HOFFMAN:** It was New York Psychiatric Institute, which was affiliated with Columbia University. It was a state hospital and yet it really was like a private hospital. No amount of money could get you in; what admitted you to that hospital was that you were an interesting case, something that would provide good training for the young doctors who were doing their residencies. Every patient had his own room and every patient saw a doctor almost every day. It was a great experience for me. All my life I had wanted to get inside a prison or a mental hospital, like most kids want to go to a zoo. I wanted to get inside where behavior, human behavior, was so exposed. All the things the rest of us were feeling and stopping up were coming out of these people, as if through their pores. I used to go home—I was living with Bobby Duvall and a bunch of opera singers on 109th Street and Broadway—and develop characterizations for them, based on real people. I was about 21 then.

**PLAYBOY:** What did your job entail?

**HOFFMAN:** I was an attendant, which meant that I went to work every morning at six-thirty or seven and worked all day, eight or nine hours, cleaning up the patients' mess, their excrement, playing Scrabble, cards, ping-pong with them; taking them to hydrotherapy, to workshops, to dances, playing volleyball. I played piano for some of them, like the Doctor.

The Doctor had been a brilliant pathologist at the hospital, but he had had two or three strokes and had been reduced to less than a child. He had to be fed, changed. His wife was a doctor, too, and every day she would come to visit him at lunchtime. You could see they'd had a terrific marriage. She'd always ask, "Did he eat? How's his appetite?" She never gave up hope. He could talk only in gibberish, like baby talk. "Gegadabadoo?" he'd say. And I'd say back to him, "Vega-vegava." And he'd laugh.

But, anyway, I'd play the piano for him. He loved the song *Goodnight, Irene*. He could almost sing it: "Goo-nigh, Irene, goo." And one day he was sitting on the sofa, singing, and suddenly the door opened and he stopped. It was his wife. And he stood up—he'd never done that before—and rushed toward her, shuffling as best he could, and they met midway in the room, like in a movie. He was crying. I'd never seen him cry before. Crying buckets. And she asked,

"What is it?" And he looked at her and there was a moment of such lucidity in his face; he was totally focused. And he said, "I can't. I can't. I can't." And I broke down. I quit soon after that. I couldn't do it anymore. But I'll never forget that scene. You put it in a movie and nobody would believe it. I might put it in a movie, though, at that. He's dead now, and to be able to make him live again, even in a film, would be nice.

**PLAYBOY:** During all this time, did you get any work in the theater?

**HOFFMAN:** Some. Some. A little TV. I taught acting classes in an unused dance studio. I directed a community-theater group in New Jersey. And I taught acting at the Boys' Club up in the East Bronx. It was like *The Blackboard Jungle* at first, literally. Chairs were being thrown around. So I used to set up scenes, improvisations, give the kids a chance to work out their emotions. I'd give them a word and they'd make up a scene. I'd say, "Spaceship" or "Football," and then, after a couple of minutes, change to another word, such as UN. They'd improvise the first thing that came to their minds.

One day I saw some posters in the school advertising Brotherhood Week. There were these two kids—one was black and the other was Puerto Rican—and I gave them the word brotherhood to play on. They were stopped for a minute. Suddenly, the black kid says to the P.R. kid, "Hey, man, where's that five dollars you owe me?" And the P.R. kid says, "Hey, man, I don't owe you no five dollars." And back and forth they went: "No, man, aw, shit, I don't owe you no fuckin' five dollars." I'm trying to think what this has to do with brotherhood. I thought maybe they were going to put their arms around each other and say something corny. Then finally the black kid says, "Look, sucker, you give me that five dollars you owe me or I'm going to get my big brother to kick the shit out of you." And that was Brotherhood Week.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were the kids in the class?

**HOFFMAN:** The youngest was seven, eight, the oldest about 15. Some of them were really naturals, very talented.

**PLAYBOY:** How about you? Were you a natural actor at that age?

**HOFFMAN:** I never thought of being an actor when I was a kid. I was more of a comedian. By the time I was four, maybe even three, I had already become a clown.

**PLAYBOY:** Why was that?

**HOFFMAN:** I think it was because I was the baby of the family, the youngest of the five people living in the household. There was my brother, Ronny, my mother, my father, my grandmother and me, and I was always pushing out to get attention. I think I was born stubborn. They tell me that I refused to eat for almost two weeks after I was born and my mother had to go home from the hospital without me while the doctors changed

formulas until they finally hit on something I would drink.

Anyway, my brother was a serious young man who was an A student in school. I, from the beginning, was getting kicked out for disrupting my class. The first grade I was kicked out of—I was kicked out of a number of them—might have been the fourth. Third grade, even. I would take my dog to school, right into the classroom, just to see what the reaction would be. He was a Scottish terrier named Sandy. And I would daydream and the teachers would be furious. My children have wonderful teachers, the ones I've met. I remember my own teachers as being terrible and old and cruel. One day we were studying geography, something about the Rocky Mountains. And the teacher knew my mind was wandering and she asked suddenly: "Dusty, what is the name of those mountains?" Some kid in back of me, looking to get me, whispered, "George Washington." And I said, "The George Washington Mountains." Of course, the whole class went into hysterics, and I had this terrible feeling of humiliation—and at the same time I was delighted. Here I was, being completely wrong, getting a bad mark, being disciplined—and at the same time getting some perverse enjoyment out of it, because it made everybody laugh and I was the focus of attention. Soon after that, I started getting kicked out of class a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**HOFFMAN:** I would engineer things. I'd say, "When the clock hits 24 after one, everybody drop your books." And the other kids would pass it on and at 24 minutes after one you'd hear this tremendous crash as 30 books hit the floor. The teacher would turn from the blackboard and say, "Hoffman, go to the vice-principal's office." She just knew I was back of it.

As I said, I didn't have any definite feelings about being an actor then—I never took an acting course until I was in college, and then just as an easy way to earn a credit—but, looking back, I realize that my fondest memories of school are of those things that were oral. Roll call was one of the big points of the day for me. You could hear your own name called and you could say "Here." I always wondered about the guys who said "Present." I always thought they were kisses. Some of the guys would say "Yo." They were the gentiles, I guess. That was the real gentile world, the "yo" world.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get along with the girls in your class?

**HOFFMAN:** I was quite adventurous when I was five or six. I mean, in terms of playing doctor, show and look and see and smell and touch. Today, it remains my favorite game. And getting in bed. I have great memories of all that; it has not since been equaled, actually. Those were real orgies. Three or four of us. And sometimes the family dog.

In junior high school, suddenly I 75



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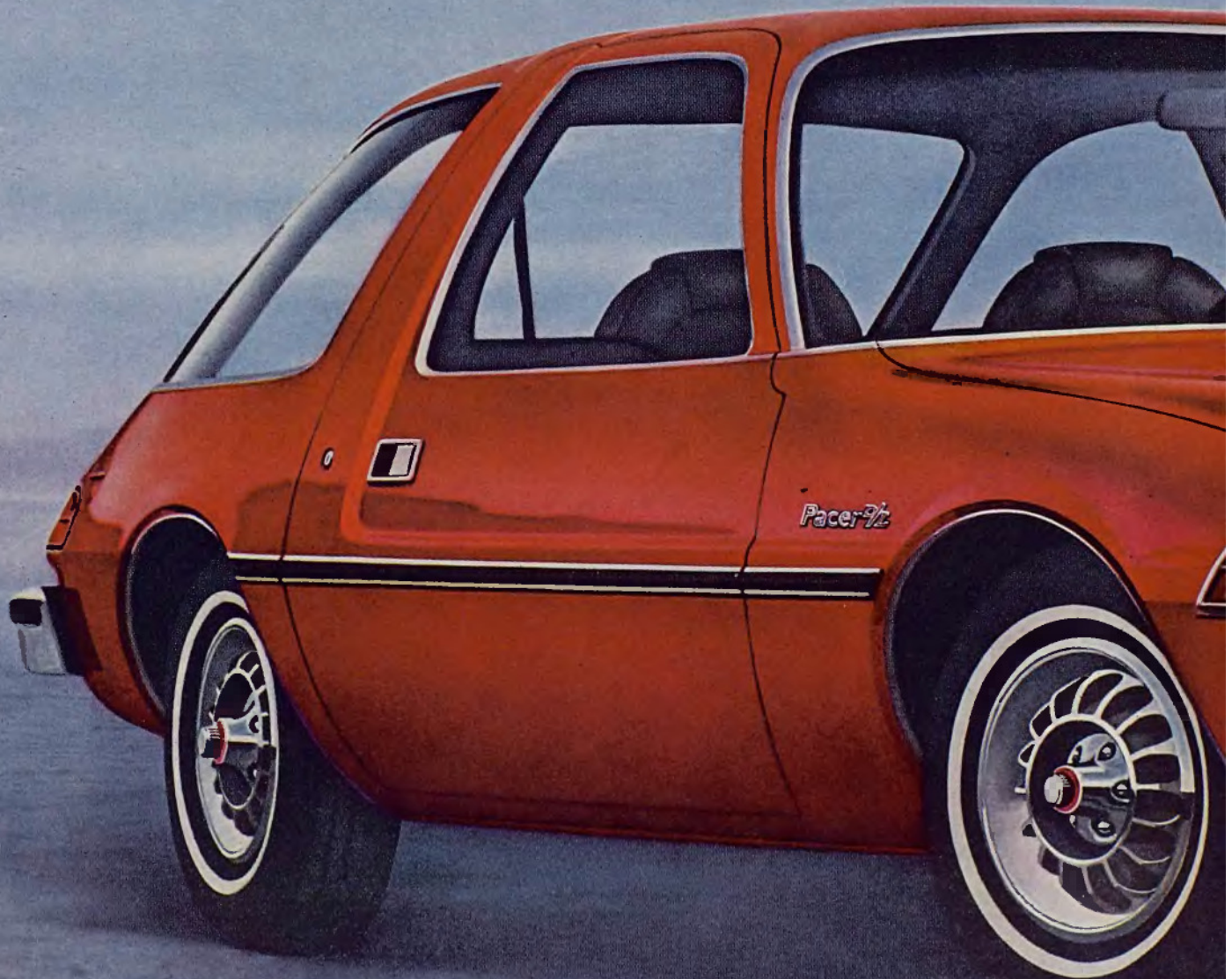
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became cute—because I was the shortest kid in school. I got the part of Tiny Tim in my school Christmas play, because when they lined us all up, I was the shortest. Once a week, instead of gym, we had dance class. That was in the seventh, eighth grade. I felt uncomfortable because I was so short. So I'd just sit and watch while everybody picked partners, and then I'd go over to the one girl nobody had asked to dance, the most unattractive girl, the heaviest one or the gawkiest one, and ask her. I would really enjoy that.

**PLAYBOY:** Because you were making her feel good?

**HOFFMAN:** That and the fact that we were being laughed at. I kinda liked that. I much preferred it to being ignored.

**PLAYBOY:** Did anything begin to happen for you in high school?

**HOFFMAN:** No. I was never able to make the bridge from "He's cute" to "He's sexy." I tried. I tried. I was very selective. It had to be a girl.

I remember dialing the phone and not being able to get to the last digit, I was so afraid of rejection. And I was extremely horny. There was nothing else on my mind. I could not get through a conversation with a girl, because I was just all X-ray eyes—you know, trying to see through her clothing.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you look like?

**HOFFMAN:** I was short, as I said. I had braces. And I was all nose. My nose seemed to be all over my face. If people think it's big now, it was the same size when I was a kid, and the rest of my face was half the size it is now. It's filled out since. I can remember being so self-conscious about my nose that if I was talking to a girl in the schoolyard at lunch or something, I made sure I was talking to her full on. And I'd never walk away in profile.

One time in English we had to give book reports and I picked Gene Fowler's biography of Jimmy Durante, *Schnozzola*. I loved that book: it was so moving. Presenting my book report, I started to talk to the class about Durante's nose and how it was so painful for him in his early years—and suddenly I broke down, right in front of the class. Could not go on. I started to sweat all over and tears were streaming down my face. I remember hearing some of the kids laugh. And I ran out of class: I didn't go back to school the rest of the day. I guess that was one time I got more attention than I'd bargained for.

**PLAYBOY:** You've told us several stories about your need for attention. Do you relate that need entirely to the fact that you were the youngest in your family? Was your family situation unusually competitive?

**HOFFMAN:** Well, my father has always been a very competitive person and I would say my mother is, too. My father and mother and brother and grandmother went out from Chicago to Los Angeles

before I was born. My father got a job digging ditches along the Hollywood Freeway. And he worked as a prop man for Columbia Pictures. He got my brother into pictures—he was an extra in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* when he was three or four. Dad was a great hustler, and I mean it in the best sense. He was not a dishonest man; I mean, he hustled in terms of trying to get ahead, working his way through night school to become an accountant, and so forth. His father had died going back to Russia, trying to get his parents out; he was killed by the Bolsheviks. My father, who was, I think, the oldest of three or four children, became the head of the family at 13. He went to work then, tending bar. He was very ambitious, a very hard worker. He brought us up to get our work done first; then we'd have time to play. He's still competitive. I can't beat him in tennis yet. He's five feet, two, a hell of a tennis player. Plays with Pancho Segura.

**PLAYBOY:** Both of your parents are alive?

**HOFFMAN:** Yes; they just bought a home at La Costa, which is a big tennis community. He's very health-oriented. Likes to drink his beer, though. When he comes to New York, he always wants to go with me to McSorley's, and we'll sit by the potbellied stove and drink beer and eat cheese. Last time, a couple of years ago, we were tying it on a little bit at McSorley's and I said, "I got your number, Dad. I know what you really want. I know what your ambition is." And he said, "What?" And I said, "You just want to outlive Ronny and me." And he got all red. I think I nailed him. Not that he wants my brother and me to die young. He'd love us to go to 80, 90. He just wants to be around himself.

**PLAYBOY:** You've started your own family now. Do you see yourself operating in any of the same ways your own father did?

**HOFFMAN:** Not really. I'm not saying that I didn't have some of the old Victorian attitude, that your wife takes over from your mother and cooks for you and takes care of you and raises your kids and lets you go out and beat your chest and make your mark in the world. When we were first married, Anne moved around with me wherever I went. Lately, she's been working herself, dancing, and I love the fact that she has her own life. When she goes away and dances, I'm home with the kids. I like trading that responsibility. But I know, if *she* had not demanded an equal artistic life, it would not have happened for her. I hope our children feel that there is an equality between Anne and myself.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet Anne?

**HOFFMAN:** I was rooming with Maurice Stern, who is a very fine opera singer, and playing the piano—for fun, not pay—at the Improvisation, over on 44th Street. People in music, in show business go over there to try out their new routines. Maurice used to take classes in sculpture at Carnegie Hall. He was a sculptor, too.

And he'd go across the street from Carnegie Hall to do his laundry. Maurice could always seek out the good-looking girls and he told me, "Dustbone," he said, "this laundromat has beautiful girls."

**PLAYBOY:** Dustbone?

**HOFFMAN:** Oh, people used to call me Dustbone. I think Duvall initiated it. Anyway, it turned out the girls at this laundromat were ballet dancers out of work. Anne worked there. And Maurice met her and he came home and told me, "There's this beautiful girl and I tested her." He always tested them. He would empty out his laundry and ask the girl if she would put it in the machine, and if she touched his dirty underwear, he figured she liked him. Then he'd take her out. But if Maurice couldn't score with a girl within a week, he'd drop her. And here he was on his first week with my future wife! He really liked her. She was about 19 then, in New York to study ballet. She had been dancing since she was 16, first with the Grand Canadian Ballet and then as a principal dancer with the Pennsylvania Ballet.

So this particular night, I had a date with a girl named Phyllis, who, ironically enough, later became a girlfriend of Wilt Chamberlain's. I consider that one of my special achievements, the fact that Wilt and I would satisfy the same girl.

**PLAYBOY:** That's the long and the short of it?

**HOFFMAN:** Someday we'll meet in stud heaven. Anyway, I was with Phyllis at the Improvisation, and Maurice comes in with Anne. And there she was, my fantasy girl. Maybe the unattainable. Who the hell knows what it was? My heart was pounding. Phyllis had to go to the bathroom and Maurice went to make a phone call, and there we were, alone together, for about five minutes. There was this long pause, and she tells me I said to her, "So you're a dancer?" There was another pause and she nodded and said, "So you're an actor?" And I nodded. That was the end of the conversation. But before she left, I did my Jimmy Dean number. I had written one song, a ballad—it's a good song—and I went over to the piano and played it, with this sensitive look on my face. Maurice always hated it when I did that. "Don't pull that sensitive shit," he'd say. But Anne fell right into the trap. Maurice told me later that she said to him, "That's the most sensitive boy I've ever seen in my life."

**PLAYBOY:** So you started dating her?

**HOFFMAN:** I had to wait two days until Maurice's week was up. Luckily, unless they're both keeping something from me, he had to move on to greener pastures. Anne and I dated for a while, and then we broke up because she had to go back to Philadelphia. But I told Duvall within the first week: "I'm going to marry that girl." We bet \$100. He's never paid me, come to think of it.

**PLAYBOY:** You may have known you'd  
(continued on page 163)



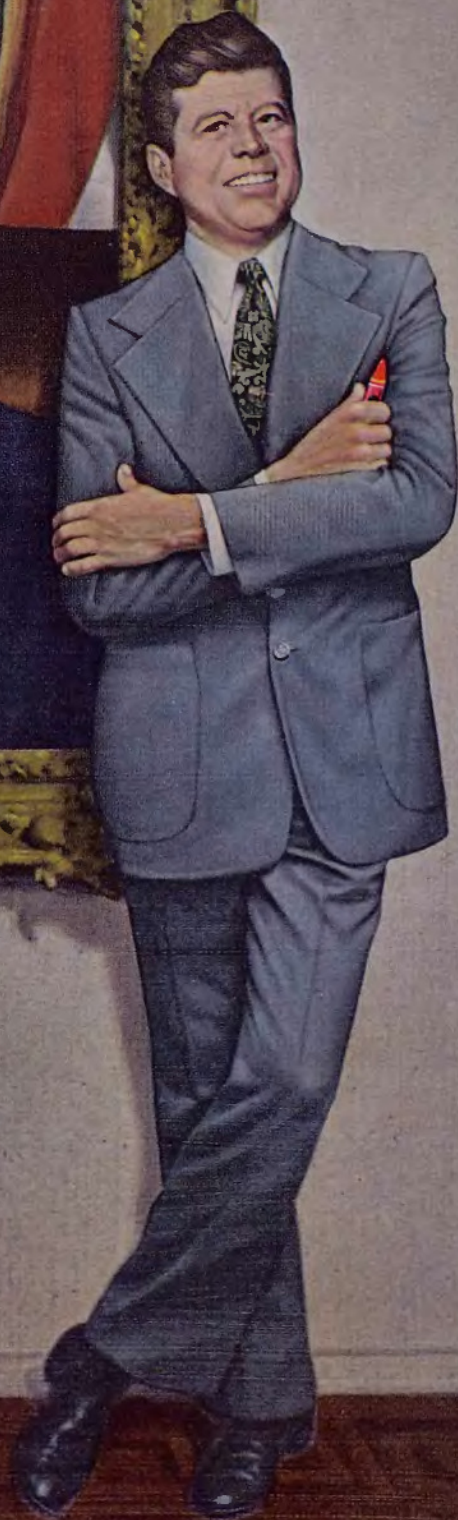


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# Conversations With **KENNEDY**

*there once was a u. s. president  
who loved the life he was leading—and  
led it exceedingly well*

memoir **By BENJAMIN C. BRADLEE**

Benjamin Bradlee is executive editor of The Washington Post and was a political reporter and Washington bureau chief for Newsweek during the early Sixties. It was as a personal friend first, and later as a journalist, that Bradlee came to know John F. Kennedy between 1959 and 1963. Bradlee and his wife, Tony, spent many evenings at the White House, socializing and swapping gossip with the Kennedys. Eventually, Bradlee began to make notes of his talks with the President; but it was understood that he would not make them public until at least five years after Kennedy had left the White House. The following excerpts from the conversations are therefore glimpses not of a President in his official role but, in Bradlee's words, "of a President off duty, a President trying to relax, a

President hungry for personal contact otherwise denied him by the burdens and isolation of his lonely office."

TO ANY MAN, but especially to a journalist, it is exciting to consider the prospect that a friend and neighbor might, just possibly, become President of the United States. But it is also vaguely rattling, leading as it does to both subjective and objective considerations of the candidate's talents that normal voters don't make. Since I had lived in Europe from 1951 to 1957, I had no firsthand knowledge of the two campaigns that had set the stage for the 1960 Presidential election. I had missed most of the Joe McCarthy period and all of its national political fallout. I had missed both Stevenson campaigns, and therefore was unfamiliar and uncomfortable with the

hold he had on the minds of most of my colleagues and most of my liberal friends. I had not been around to watch the rebirth of the Republican Party under Eisenhower after 20 years of Democratic rule. And most particularly as far as Kennedy was concerned, I had missed J.F.K.'s brief but abortive emergence as a national political figure when he tried for the Vice-Presidency with Stevenson in 1956. And so when I became a friend of Kennedy's, no historical precedents inhibited me when I first wondered if he might make President; but it seemed unlikely, if only because one's friends didn't (then) even run for President, much less get elected.

Maybe I had communicated some of my doubts to the editors of *Newsweek*, although they had plenty of their own, having covered many more

Presidential elections. Once I arranged to have Kennedy meet with these editors for dinner at the Links Club in New York, and later with some of the editors at the home of my friend Blair Clark. They gave him the hardest of times, slamming questions at him, obviously skeptical of the chances of a man who was too young, too Catholic, too Eastern, too urbane. Crusty Hal Lavine, *Newsweek's* national-affairs editor, who had been covering Presidential campaigns before Kennedy was a junior Congressman, asked him what he was going to do that would convince the skeptics, what he could pull off that would show them that he wasn't "just another pretty boy from Boston and Harvard." Kennedy was enjoying himself, despite the heat he was getting, and he turned to Lavine and stopped



him cold by saying, "Well, I'm going to fucking well take Ohio, for openers." Not only had none of the editors heard a Presidential candidate express himself exactly that way but all of them knew that he was right: Taking Ohio *would* impress the skeptics.

That line never appeared in print. *Newsweek* was a family magazine, after all. But the press generally protected Kennedy, as it protected all candidates, from his excesses of language and his blunt, often disparaging characterizations of other politicians. Kennedy sometimes referred to Lyndon Johnson, truly without hostility, as a "riverboat gambler," and especially as "Landslide," a reference to the time L.B.J. was first elected to the Senate by a majority of 87 votes. He liked Stuart Symington as a human being and felt the 1960 Democratic Convention would most likely turn to Symington if he were stopped, but he stood in less than awe of Symington's intellectual ability and said so often to reporters. Other politicians said the same things about Kennedy, of course, but the press appreciated him for his openness and protected him, while it reacted skeptically to other candidates.

By 1960 I had been a cub reporter, a police reporter, a court reporter, a foreign correspondent and a political reporter for 14 years. I had spent a majority of those years outside Washington, in New Hampshire and in Paris. As a result, I had fewer politicians as friends than most of my colleagues and all of my competitors, and I worried about it. This thing I had going with the junior Senator from Massachusetts was very seductive. He had the smell of success, and my special access to him was enormously valuable to *Newsweek*, in whose Washington bureau I was then working. And I truly liked him: our wives were becoming friends; we ate and drank together.

I never wrote less than I knew about him, filing the good with the bad. But obviously, the information Kennedy gave me tended to put him and his policies in a favorable light, even though all such information was passed through special filters, first by me and to a greater extent by *Newsweek's* editors. If I was had, so be it; I will never be as close to a political figure again.

• • •

*Before the inauguration, 1960:*

My first vivid memory is of the night of the 1960 West Virginia primary [May 10], the first of the primaries in which Kennedy was not initially a favorite, and the first primary in which his Catholicism would be fairly tested. Kennedy had run in the West Virginia primary against his father's advice and knew that he had to win it to stay alive. He was back in Washington on primary night, after a completely financed and flawlessly organized campaign, whose only minus mo-

ment had come when Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., campaigning for Kennedy in the mountain "hollers," where every shack had a picture of F.D.R. on the wall, had cast tasteless aspersions on Hubert Humphrey's World War Two record.

The Kennedys asked us to sweat out the vote with them at dinner, but dinner was over long before any remotely meaningful results were in. After a quick call to brother Bobby at the Kanawha Hotel in Charleston, we all got into Kennedy's car and drove to the Trans-Lux Theater to see *Suddenly, Last Summer*. Bad omen. It was one of those thrillers whose publicity included a warning that no one would be admitted after the show had started. And no one included the next President of the United States. No manner of identification could change the usher's instructions, so we walked catty-corner across New York Avenue and 14th Street to the Plaza Theater, which then, as now, specialized in porn. This wasn't the hard porn of the Seventies, just a nasty little thing called *Private Property*, starring one Kate Manx as a horny housewife who kept getting raped and seduced by hoodlums. We wondered aloud if the movie were on the Catholic Index of forbidden films (it was) and whether or not there were any votes in it either way for Kennedy in allegedly anti-Catholic West Virginia if it were known that he was in attendance. Kennedy's concentration was absolutely zero, as he left every 20 minutes to call Bobby in West Virginia. Each time he returned, he'd whisper "Nothing definite yet," slouch back into his seat and flick his teeth with the fingernail of the middle finger on his right hand, until he left to call again.

When we got back to their house on N Street, the telephone was ringing. It was Bobby and it was victory—big. Modest war whoops were let fly, a bottle of champagne we had brought—in case—was opened and the plane was ordered up for the flight to West Virginia and a post-midnight victory appearance. Would Tony and I like to go along? Would we ever! Or at least would I ever; Tony didn't like flying. But I knew it was the political story of the week, and I knew that the whole night, plus the flight down, would give me the personal detail and color that editors of newsmagazines crave (and dine out on). Tony got more than she bargained for with a trip so bumpy that Jean Kennedy Smith screamed for her husband, Steve, all the way down. I got exactly what I bargained for, especially in Hugh Sidey's expression, as my opposite number on *Time* watched me get off the plane at the Charleston airport behind the candidate.

Once in West Virginia for the victory appearance, Kennedy ignored Jackie, and she seemed miserable at being left out of things. She was then far from the national figure she later became in her own

right. And this night, she and Tony stood on a stairway, totally ignored, as J.F.K. made his victory statement on television. Later, when Kennedy was enjoying his greatest moment of triumph to date, with everyone in the hall shouting and yelling, Jackie quietly disappeared and went out to the car and sat by herself, until he was ready to fly back to Washington.

The same agonizing wait occurred four months later—this time in the Hyannis National Guard armory waiting through election night and well into the next day for the final verdict of the voters. Journalistically, that week was easy; whoever won, the magazine's schedule was such that the choice of the next cover and my next assignment would be automatic. But personally, however much I had tried to be fair and objective in my reporting of the campaign, I now wanted Kennedy to win. I wanted my friend and neighbor to be President. It wasn't that I didn't like Richard Nixon. I had covered him for several weeks during the campaign and I just didn't know him. I never got close to understanding him. I never got behind that stagy, programed exterior to anything like an inner man that I could understand, or laugh with.

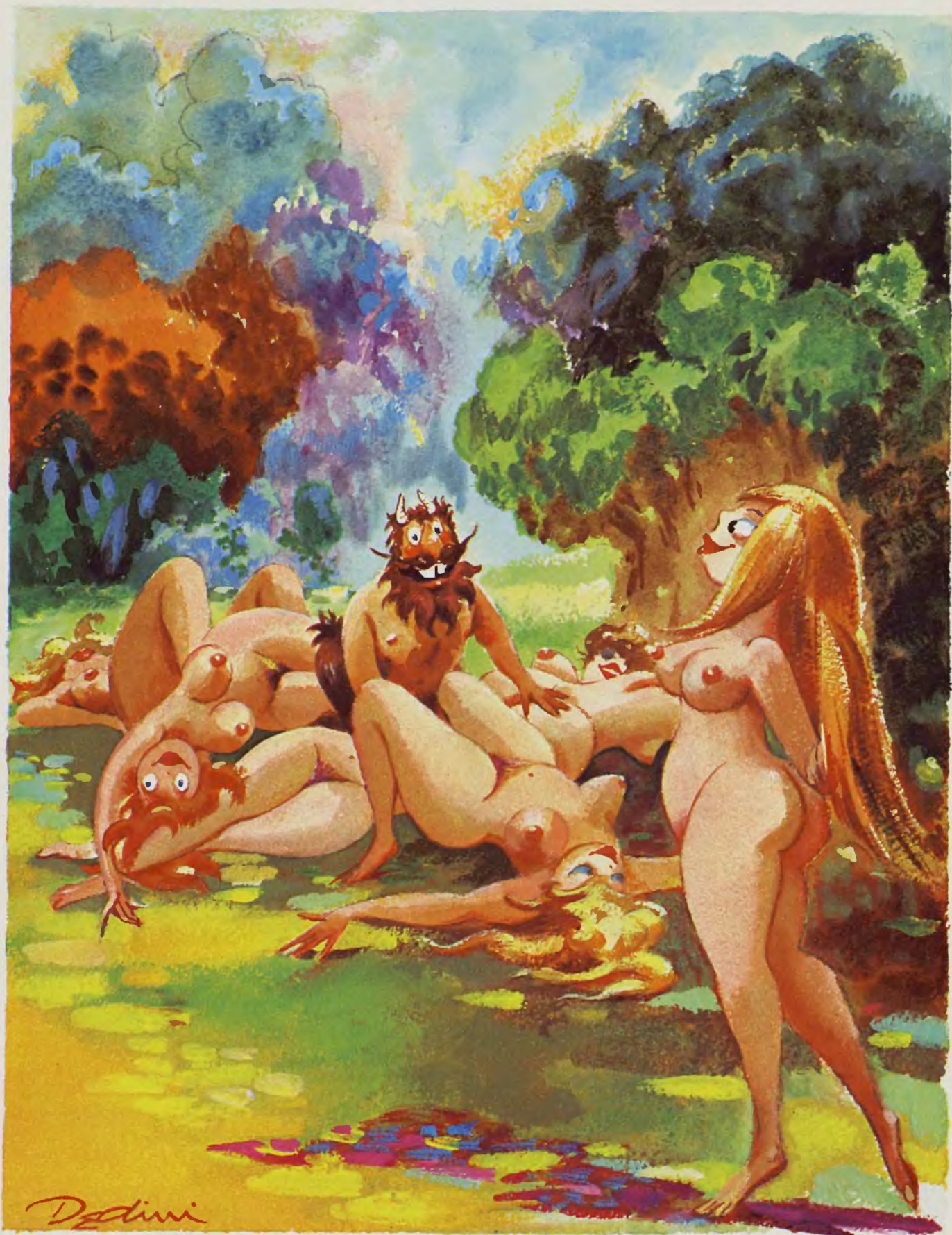
(At the end of the 1962 California gubernatorial campaign, after Nixon gave his "farewell" press conference, having been beaten by Pat Brown, Kennedy said he thought Richard Nixon was mentally unsound, or, as he once said of him, "sick, sick, sick." "Nobody could talk like that and be normal," Kennedy said, referring to the famous remark "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." But before the 1960 Kennedy-Nixon debates, J.F.K. didn't really dislike Nixon, much to the annoyance of many card-carrying anti-Nixon friends. But during the 1960 campaign, he came to dislike the Vice-President and once said to me, "Anyone who can't beat Nixon doesn't deserve to be President.")

It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that where Kennedy was instinctively graceful and natural, Nixon was instinctively graceless and programed. Anyway, I wanted Kennedy to win. When Illinois finally helped put him over the top, Tony and I walked back to the Yachtsman Motel to find a message asking us to go over to the Kennedys' for supper at their house with Bill Walton, the ex-journalist, artist, Kennedy worker and Kennedy friend. We arrived early. Tony great with child, and were greeted by Jackie in the same condition. When Kennedy came downstairs, before any of us could say a word, he flashed that smile and said to the women: "OK, girls, you can take out the pillows now. We won."

Over cocktails, we asked nervously what we should call him: "Mr. President" sounded awesome, and he was not yet President, but "Jack" was yesterday. He allowed modestly how "Prez" would

(continued on page 170)





*"Sorry, but I've got six started on foreplay already."*



# LADY SPAIN



ILLUSTRATION BY OENNIS MICHAEL MAGDICH



*her johns  
wanted to get  
honeyed, kissed,  
loved and  
licked—and  
stella gave them  
all that and more*

*fiction* **By HERBERT GOLD** "HEY, MAN," said Sam Bowers to the tough thing with long black lashes and a navel she didn't bother to manage, who stood singeing a fern frond with her cigarette, "don't you realize plants have feelings?" She raised her eyes.

"That's why I'm doing it," she said. A prickle of fern curled, browned, shriveled.

Sam shrugged. He was past 30, too old to save the vegetable world. He could barely even think about the dolphins. He had his own problems with closer relatives and this castrating plant sadist wasn't his type, anyway. Nevertheless, on a warm evening in San Francisco, as the Holy Kazoo reverberated inside the mansion, curiosity—over 30, yet irreconcilable—reared its gray-flecked, slit-eyed head. "Why?" he asked the lady with finicky tobacco, with untrammelled exposed belly button above low-riding cutoff velvet





pants. She moved her current weapon from fern to lips. She drew. She exhaled.

"Fuckers," she said. "Bored, I'm so bored, man."

"Then why'd you come?"

"Cause I like to watch the assholes perform," she said.

This unpromising meeting was taking place on the steps of the Victorian wooden mansion of Danny Doomsday, distinguished dope lawyer, a house that was precariously balanced on the backs of skinny, speedy, tirelessly crunching San Francisco termites, a law practice that was supported by the devoted and profitable defense of underprivileged former college-boy and Third World narcotics millionaires. A party was in progress on a Saturday evening. The counterculture never sleeps, never rests, even on Saturday night, heading into the Sabbath. It was a benefit for the F.C.C., Free Cocaine Conspiracy, a non-Red Feather Agency.

Among the many red and runny noses present was that of Stella Spain, who happened to be standing with can of Bud in one hand, cigarette in the other, her belly in black velvet pushing out a little (she was swollen with annoyance), grabbing a toke of evening air, when Sam Bowers, record producer, shambled up at midnight. He had been working late on a mix at the studio. He was a little depressed. He had recently gotten a divorce (well, they weren't ever legally married) from the three girl singers called the Epitomes. Due to backward California laws concerning bigamy, they had never been able to take out a license, which now only made the divorce more painful. Somehow it would have helped to find a legal final chord to this ballad of young quadrasonic love.

Sam was tired and sad, although rich.

Stella was morose and irascible, although poor.

They met under this hanging spider plant as Stella tried to burn the frond of an adjacent male fern with her lighted cigarette. She might have napalmed the spider plant, too, but she was too bored to lift toward a suspended pot, and besides, she believed spider plants have got their shit together, they're not such pigs, they're bisexual. She was not a botanist.

And if she lifted her arms, some creep was going to cop a feel—tits, ass, exposed belly button—at least that was her experience and judgment of matters.

"No, they're cool," said Sam.

"What do you know about it? When were you last a woman?"

"OK, OK," said Sam. "Let's agree about one thing right away. You got all kinds of mads ahead of us. You can wipe all over me."

"I can smell assholes," she said.

"And I know these people," he explained patiently, "and they're not into grabbing a female whilst she's busy incinerating the flowers. But personally,

maybe because I'm older, I'm interested in the background of the crime."

"You mean you're horny?"

"No."

"You think I'm an easy fuck, some kind of life's reject?"

"Not at this point in time," he said, doing his famous H. R. Haldeman imitation.

"You sound just like Johnny Carson," she said. "Oink, oink."

"You'd like me to leave you in peace here on the firing range?"

And suddenly, at the crucial moment, in fact, past the point in time of no return, she flashed a perfect country-girl smile at him—clean, friendly, brilliant, with just a couple of honest, slightly crooked teeth at each corner. "No, you're nice, I heard of you, let's talk," she said. "Only thing is, I might as well confess to you, I've got no small talk."

"You do all right. I'm tired of crooners, anyway."

"You been hanging out with *Rudy Vallee*, man?"

"No, just different performers. Two sopranos and an alto."

"College girls?"

He nodded. No point in going into it now. Orthodontists had put their retainers on, the smiles were even and capped, they looked like sisters and even performed like siblings, but their smiles all together didn't add up to one storm-clearing jagged grin like this crazy child's. Await developments, he thought, unused to dealing with a single.

"College girls. Not me, I was nigger-poor, man, grew up in Elko on a cactus ranch, cooked up that cactus and tried to say it was mescaline, it wasn't, came late to the Fillmore, didn't even go to Vassar like all your friends—"

"You're smart. Somehow you got educated. Many people can't express themselves."

Slit-eyed gaze of scorn. "You interrupted, mister. You can interrupt with questions, but don't you tell me about myself. I'm just a shy child of the desert. I learned to talk from faggots and spooks, the Beautiful People, man, the old Haight, but I'm also a feminist, and I don't like being interrupted. Can you imagine what it was like to tell my story to that tall, indifferent Nevada sky? Contrary to what people think, there was no Gregory Peck or Kirk Douglas riding the range. It was some slobbery host of a talk show in the north-forty corral at best, driving a Toyota pickup, whose big thrill was turning the sheep upside down and pinching off their oysters. And all I got was dry skin, peeling nose, empty squeeze bottles of Jergens lotion filling the back yard behind the trailer, where the goats bunged each other and my half brothers chased me around the Bendix—hey, what are you?"

A short, bullheaded, bearded old man

was stumping up the steps of the Victorian mansion. Two men with parted lips accompanied him. They were eager; he was important. "Hey, what are you, man?"

"This is Judge Craven," said one of the parted-lips escorts, "superior court of San Diego District."

"Hey, Judge, what do you think of victimless crimes? You convict? I'm going up before one of you. I'm a victimless criminal, Judge, I'm a whore, I suck, wanna meet me later?"

The judge looked happy, and spoke the truth. "Pleased to meet you, miss. Call me J. C. I'm off the bench at the moment." The two lawyers, like suckerfish, were tugging him up the stairs. They didn't want to lose him in the stream. They nibbled at his elbows, his shoulders, they pushed and tickled a bit. He followed obediently. He was a wounded older man, injured by too much flesh. But he had always known Frisco would be like this, just the ticket to pull him out of the postprostatectomy slump.

"Hey, Judge! Every dude should do something bad once a month. I'll be here if you need me, Judge."

Wistfully she watched him into the crowd. "Shit-ass old fart," she said sweetly, and as he looked back hopefully, she waved to him. "First he wants to see if there's anything better 'n me inside. Fine. Let him," she said with deep inner peace. "There ain't."

"Maybe he thinks we're together," Sam said. Her repertory of deep-inner-peace riffs reminded him of something between Berkeley before a riot and the Haight after the Tac Squad has rendered its comment on social dissent and sidewalk penny tossing with the aid of Mace, cattle prods, fire hoses and dogs bred for savagery.

"Um," she said, but there was something wolflike, tooth-sharpened, and dissonant in these alpha waves of hers, although she remarked: "He's a type B. Can make do without me. Not one of those determined who suicides himself out of love, just because I'm very exceptional." She diddled a singed fern with her little finger. It crumbled. She didn't bother burning the stump.

"You know where I been working?" she asked. "San Rafael! Where I made up this hit tune, since you're a record producer, big man in your own estimation, here's my hit tune:

*O where the hell  
Is San Rafael?*

Unless you're aiming for Top Forty, AM, car-driving music, man, in which case we can make it: 'San Rafeck can go to heck.' But I'll tell you this, Mister Horny Youthgrope Music Producer Man: It won't even make the charts if you cut it down that way—"

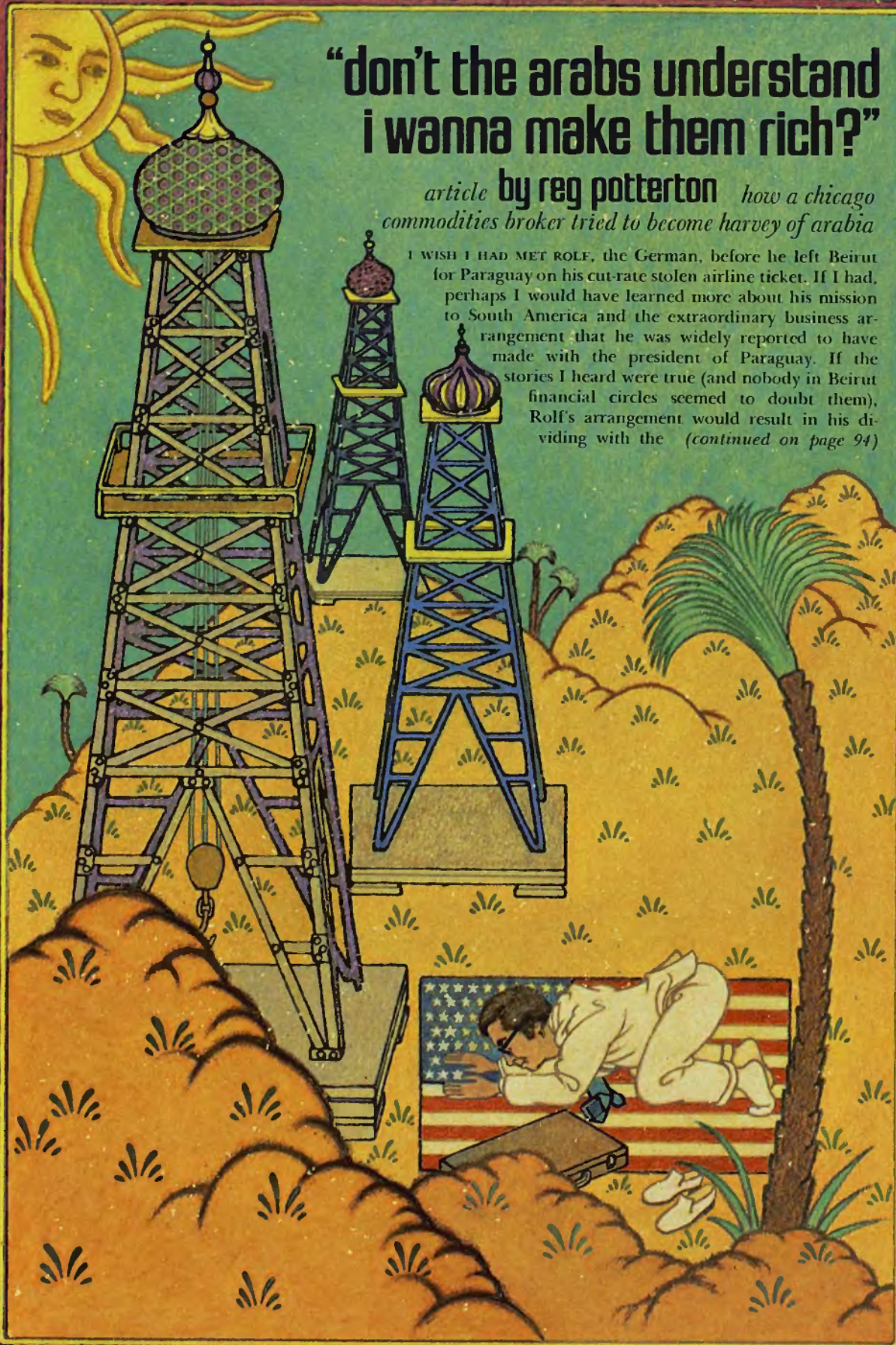
(continued on page 192)



# "don't the arabs understand i wanna make them rich?"

article by reg potterton    *how a chicago  
commodities broker tried to become harvey of arabia*


I WISH I HAD MET ROLF, the German, before he left Beirut for Paraguay on his cut-rate stolen airline ticket. If I had, perhaps I would have learned more about his mission to South America and the extraordinary business arrangement that he was widely reported to have made with the president of Paraguay. If the stories I heard were true (and nobody in Beirut financial circles seemed to doubt them), Rolf's arrangement would result in his dividing with the (continued on page 94)











*armageddon is coming: some humans will fly—spiritually—and the rest will... uh... die; that's the gospel according to*

# LUNA

Donyale Luna started acting in her native Detroit, where a New York photographer spotted her leaving a TV rehearsal; in 1964, she walked into the offices of *Harper's Bazaar*—she now claims that she was only 15 at the time—and wound up on the January 1965 cover, thus becoming the first black girl to make it big as a fashion model. Then things tightened up—“For reasons of racial prejudice and the economics of the fashion business,” says Richard Avedon—who shot her for one issue of *Vogue*, soon after that ground-breaking cover—“I was never permitted to photograph her for publication again”—and she ran away to Europe. Life there was beatific: “I could have fresh food, I wouldn't have to be bothered with political situations when I woke up in the morning—I could live and be treated as I felt, without having to worry about the police coming along. I like class, I like taste, I like style and, most of all, I love respect—and there's very little respect in America.” But now Donyale has

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUIGI CAZZANIGA



“I'm not a model,” says Donyale. “I'm an artist. I do modeling and acting as part of my artistry; instead of a paintbrush and canvas, I use film. Most people who model are not artists—just models.”



come back to America. "There's a great division coming about on this planet," she says. "There are going to be a lot of people who will die because they just don't know how to live. They don't know what life's about, they don't know how to give, how to love—nor do they *want* to. And those who are beautiful enough—I don't mean physically but something beyond that—they will have the chance to learn how to fly, to be beautiful, to rise above the level of the normal human—to be superior beings first and eventually gods and goddesses. They are very few, because 99 percent don't want



"I have many visions of myself when I go through photographic trips," Donyale has said. "I've gone through periods from Nefertiti to Josephine Baker." As we can see,







to listen; they are too busy. Then again, there are the children—maybe some of them will be the chosen ones. The others, they will die, through all ways, but they *are* already dying. I've come back not to help but to show America a different kind of beauty." This is, then, your own vision of what is to come? "No, it is the truth." When did you first become aware of the great division? "When I was three years old. I had many visions.... I had great teachers... their names I cannot mention, but they are all from the East—Tibet, China, India." Do you continue to have visions? "Yes, I do, but they're a bit personal." One more question: Is there hope for America? "Oh, sure—America is the youngest country on this planet." It seems very old. "Yes—that's because it's been going backward. People are getting into their own little groups—and no one is communicating." *We're listening to you, Donyale.*



Donyale has written a book, *Luna - Fly-La-Bye* ("You know what a lullaby is? Well, this is a fly-la-bye"), and is casting about for the right publisher. She's also in the process of filming a TV special—*Fly or Die* ("the greatest visual thing humans have seen since *King Kong*").









## "don't the arabs understand"

president the profits from everything that Paraguay imports and exports. The proceeds from this venture would be deposited in a Zurich bank, and Rolf's personal security (meaning his insurance against unexpected death) would be guaranteed by a double-signature procedure for withdrawals.

It was Harvey, the Chicago commodities speculator, who told me about Rolf. "You shoulda seen the guy," said Harvey, who seemed uncommonly elated by the encounter. "Your typical Von Stroheim kraut—shaved head, bull shoulders, pig eyes. Looks like the kinda guy they used to put in charge of the pilot lights in the gas chamber, only he told me he fought the Russians in the Battle of Berlin when he was fifteen."

Harvey was openly envious of Rolf's Paraguayan coup, and he had even asked if there was any chance of getting a slice of the deal, but Rolf had turned him down. Harvey was cynically philosophical about it. "I figure he's good for three, maybe four years before some geezer knocks him outa the box," he said. "There ain't no way of keeping that kinda money to yourself forever. Some lunatic is bound to get hungry and dangerous before long."

Harvey met Rolf in the Beirut office of Colby Truman, an American investment specialist who has been based in Lebanon for several years, selling pieces of America. (During Harvey's Middle East tour, Colby was trying to close a deal with a Saudi Arabian for a chain of gas stations in the southwest United States.) Colby is an immensely respectable-looking young man, tall, straight-backed, reverential and neat, the kind one might find arranging youth activities in a wealthy suburb. Before he moved to Beirut, he was a salesman for Investors Overseas Services, Bernie Cornfeld's organization.

Bernie refers to Colby as "my guy in Beirut." It was Colby who, in effect, imported Harvey from Chicago for his tour of three Arab countries last summer; Colby who prepared the itinerary; Colby who set up the introductions to Harvey's prospective clients. Colby went with us when we left Beirut for Kuwait and Saudi Arabia to sell Harvey.

I don't mean that literally, of course, the part about selling Harvey; what they were doing, Harvey and Colby, was selling Harvey's expertise in the commodities field. Specifically, they were hoping to persuade certain Arab investors to give Harvey a minimum of \$25,000 apiece for Harvey to speculate with in the American and European commodities markets. It was also hoped that employees of Aramco, the Arabian American Oil Company, would be willing to form investment groups and contribute their collective resources to

(continued from page 87)

Harvey for the same purpose.

Harvey was confident that the venture would make him richer by about \$5,000,000 during the following year, \$2,000,000 at the very least. According to information he received from Colby before he left Chicago, there was one fellow in Saudi Arabia who had at his disposal a Saudi government investment fund of ten billion dollars, and Colby had claimed he could get to the man.

Harvey raised no objection when I asked if I could join his expedition and write about it, though he neglected to tell me as much about his past as he might have done, in particular about his conviction not too long ago for securities fraud, mail fraud and other regrettable lapses from the business ethic. This I discovered by accident after we returned from the Middle East. Since these incidents have no obvious bearing on Harvey's Arab venture, I have used pseudonyms for Harvey and Colby Truman, both of whom, so far as anyone can tell, were engaged in nothing more questionable than taking from the rich to give to the rich. In the world of high finance, this is known as sound business method.

• • •

At the age of 36, Harvey has made a lot of money by speculating in the commodities market, which means, in his case, using other people's money to buy and sell things that other people produce. His favorite commodities are raw foods in bulk: grains, soybeans, coffee, pork bellies, orange juice, cocoa, eggs. He is also active in plywood, gold, silver, copper and platinum. He describes himself as a market fanatic; he says the market is like a monkey on his back, that if bubble gum and dominoes were listed, he'd trade them, too. Harvey says he lives, dreams and will probably die trading commodities.

He refuses to say how much he's worth. "Let's just put it at well over a million and leave it there" is the way he generally answers this question. He encourages people, particularly prospects, as he calls his clients, to ask. His casual response to the question defines his status as an expert and helps to create in the minds of prospects a vista of unlimited money, money for Harvey, money for them. Harvey maintains that while he certainly likes money, he gets his greatest satisfaction from being right; making the right guess at the right moment, outwitting the market. "Being right is an ego trip," he says. "If you're right in a big way, you can feel good the rest of your natural days."

When meeting new clients, particularly neophytes in commodities, Harvey gives them the bad news before the good news. He tells them that an amateur in the market can lose his shirt in the first

trade, which is why they need his advice. Then he tells them about the fortunes that other men have made in commodities, about the inventor who earned \$2,500,000 on an investment of \$18,000 in soybeans, the suburban-Chicago doctor who made \$5,000,000 in silver, the former Chicago policeman, now an important man on the exchange, who made between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000 in the insane soybean market of 1973.

It is one of Harvey's little jokes that the 1973 soybean market was so frantic that people were flying to Chicago on trading junkets from Las Vegas.

Harvey's air of authority is persuasive when dealing with prospects. At school in Louisiana, his home state, he regularly won the Elmer Gantry contest for his impression of a revivalist preacher, moving people to tears and hysteria with his hell-fire sermons. "It was all a buncha crap," he says now. "They believed that stuff 'cause they had nothing else to believe in."

He lies about his age and tells people he's 32 because he thinks they are more impressed if they believe they're dealing with a young genius. Actually, Harvey was a kind of genius in his youth.

At 21, he bought shares at \$50 each in a company that made birth-control pills. He sold out when the stock climbed to \$525. The following year he and a friend from New Orleans formed a real-estate partnership in the Bahamas. At election time, they were asked to contribute \$25,000 to the incumbent's campaign. "We were kinda like forced to," Harvey says. Their man lost. The winner told Harvey and his partner that if they didn't leave the islands immediately, the new government would revoke their real-estate license, confiscate their bank accounts and, in all likelihood, take more drastic measures. They left.

By the time he was 24, Harvey had accumulated about \$450,000 and was bored with real estate. He tried Wall Street for a while but got fed up with that because, he says, it was a game for widows and orphans—bingo, penny ante. Besides, the Securities and Exchange Commission had just brought a suit against some associates, naming Harvey as a defendant, though not a principal. The SEC accused Harvey's friends of masterminding a scheme whose principal components were "paper" banks in Panama, mineral rights in Arizona and several million dollars in unregistered bonds. Harvey, exonerated by the court, decided to set himself up as a speculator in the commodities trade.

"Most people are so dumb about commodities, they don't know what it means," he says. "The way I see it, it's one place where you get big money fast, and now's the time to make it, because sooner or later they're gonna start making rules. Right now, we don't have too

(continued on page 102)





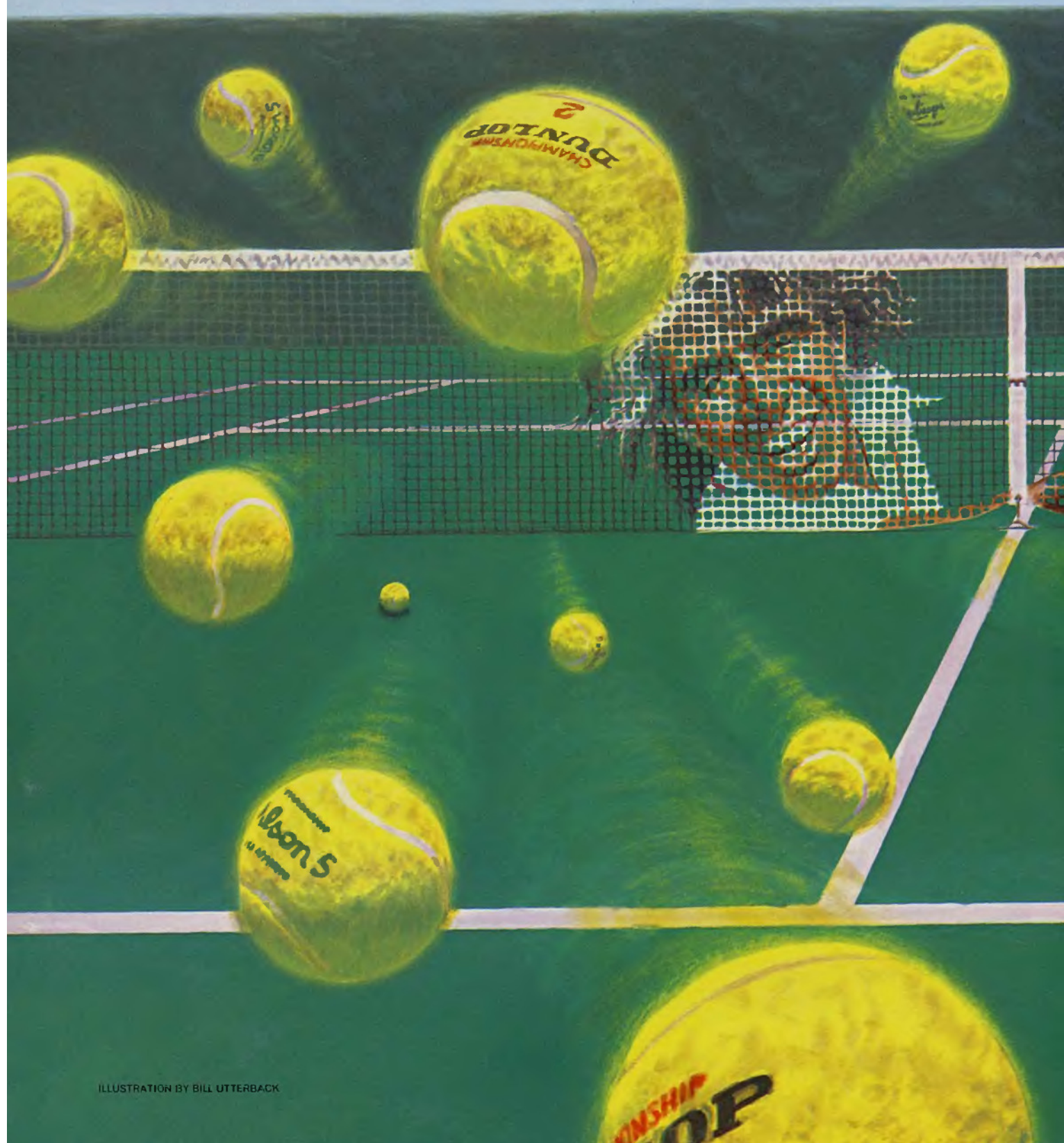
*"You think I'm obligated to come across now,  
don't you, you male chauvinist pig!?"*



# HOW I WIPED UP THE COURT WITH PANCHO GONZALES

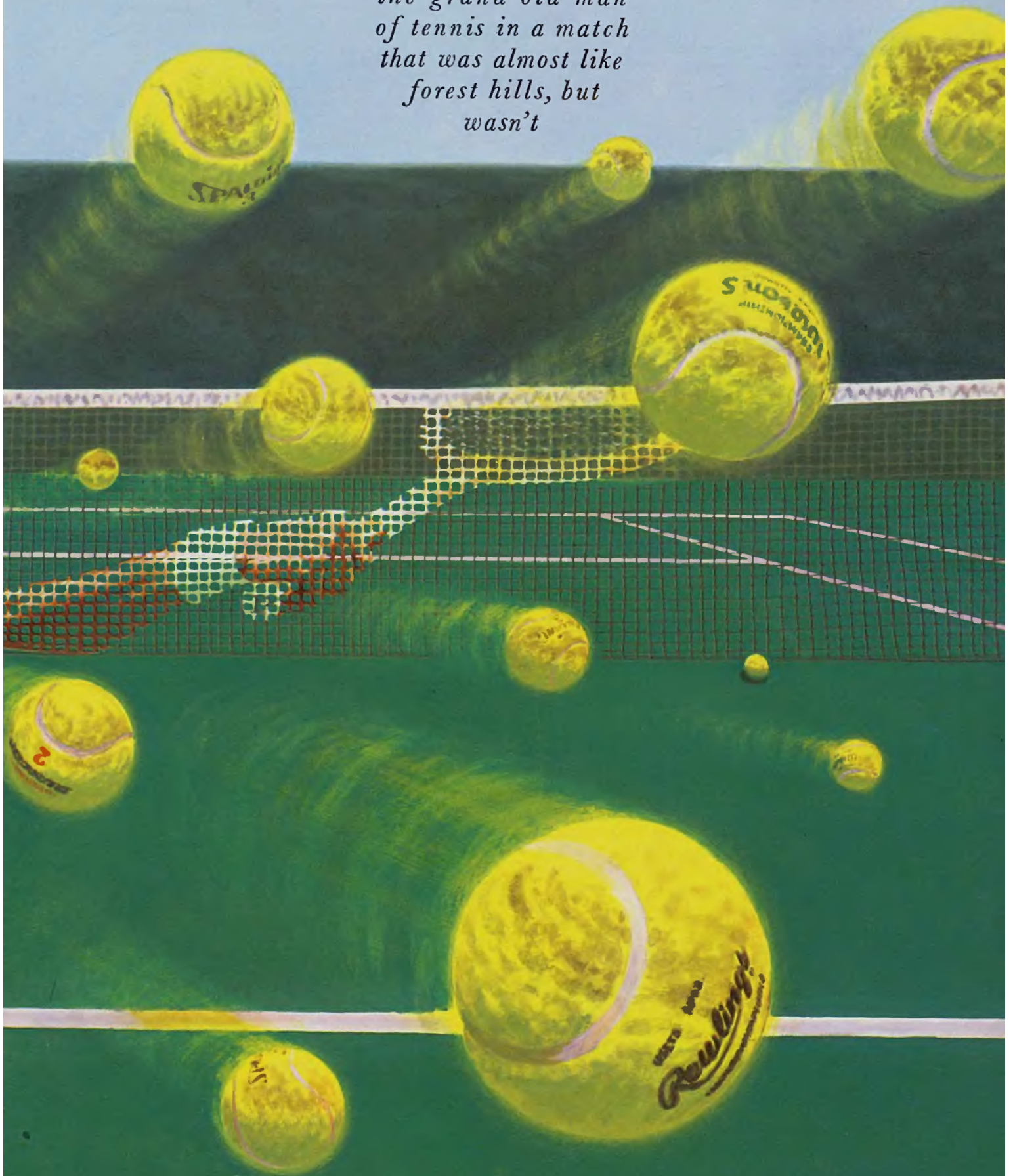
*article* **By Peter Nord** A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, I was hired to write a tennis teaching film. The star of the film—the teacher—was to be Richard “Pancho” Gonzales. I was picked as the writer because I was the only writer the producers knew who was also a good tennis player. They knew I was a good tennis player because I knew how to keep score. Also, I had once told one of the

producers that one way to tell a non-tennis player is if he says volley when he means rally. (A volley is a ball hit before it bounces; a rally is simply keeping the ball in play. Most people call a rally a volley.) After that, they kept meeting writers who would say, “Yeah, I go out sometimes and volley with the guy next door.” So the producers knew that they weren’t good tennis





*an  
aging amateur  
reveals how he beat  
the grand old man  
of tennis in a match  
that was almost like  
forest hills, but  
wasn't*





players. I got the job.

This is how good I am: I once lost a *pretty* close but not *very* close match to the number-three man on a high school tennis team from Brooklyn that lost all but one of its matches that year.

The plan was for me to spend a couple of weekends with Gonzales at his tennis ranch in Malibu, learning his approach to teaching. I would then write a rough script that Gonzales would edit, and eventually we would shoot the film at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, where he was Director of Tennis. The night before I left for my flight to L.A. and my first meeting with Gonzales, my wife and I had dinner at a friend's house. Somewhere into the second cocktail, we got to trying to figure out a way Gonzales could be handicapped so he and I could play a match. (This was before I learned how Bobby Riggs handicaps himself—wearing snowshoes, carrying an umbrella, etc.) Unlike golf, you just can't give a guy a number of strokes based on a recognized handicap system. And something like giving me a 40-love advantage in every game wouldn't work, because there's no way that Gonzales couldn't come back from a handicap like that even if I somehow won a game or two.

By the end of the wine, we were considering having Gonzales use the stick shift from an automobile instead of a racket (he's also a racing driver), but we all agreed that he might consider it demeaning, and I also figured that I'd probably lose anyway and that would be degrading. By the end of cordials, we had come up with a plan. I would play Pancho Gonzales under the following conditions: The match would start with me ahead two sets to none, and five games to love in the third set, and the score either 40-love with me serving or love-40 with Gonzales serving. So, for Pancho to win, he *had* to win the first three points. If he did, that would even things up in *that* game, and there'd be no question he'd then win 19 straight games to take the match at 0-6, 0-6, 7-5, 6-0, 6-0. (Which isn't, you'd admit, a bad score to be beaten by Pancho Gonzales.)

However, if I won any *one* of the first three points, it was *my* match 6-0, 6-0, 6-0!

The next morning I left for Los Angeles. And how I eventually *did* beat Pancho Gonzales happened like this.

#### June 17

Drove from the Beverly Hills to Pancho's spectacular ranch in Malibu Hills. Met by Pancho's gracious brother-in-law, Argos Farrell, a former Mexican Davis cupper who helps him run the tennis ranch.

"Pancho is in a good mood today," he said.

"How do you know?" I asked him.

"He said, 'Hello, Argos,' this morning." I waited for more.

"That's all he said, 'Hello, Argos?'" I asked.

"Yes."

"And that means he's in a good mood, if he says, 'Hello, Argos?'"

"Yes."

"Terrific."

At that moment, a car drove through the entrance to the ranch and stopped about 20 yards from us. Gonzales and his agent got out and started walking toward us. I walked toward Pancho, hand extended. "Hi, Pancho, I'm Peter Nord and I . . ."

He walked past me, and my hand was taken by his agent, who said, "Pancho's pissed because his dog attacked a goddamn mountain lion or something last night." The next thing I saw was Gonzales staring at a ferocious-looking dog. After about ten seconds, the dog put his tail between his legs, whimpered and rubbed his face against Gonzales' legs.

Finally I met Gonzales. He was gracious, reasonably warm, but there was always that shadow of the stare reminding you that he was Pancho and you were you. All the time we talked that first day I was desperately waiting to get on the court with him. Finally we headed for the court.

"Pancho," I asked him, "what's the single most important thing for a tennis player?"

"You can't be a lard-ass," he said.

"What?"

"You can't be a lard-ass. You got a lard-ass, you can't move. You can't move, you can't play tennis."

Now, I have been skinny and I have been fat. But even skinny, I'm a lard-ass. I casually pulled down my tennis jacket to cover the offending part.

"The most important thing," Gonzales said, "is moving your feet so that they help you turn your body so you can step into the ball at as close to a ninety-degree angle to the net as possible, you know what I mean? If you can, you should always be facing the side lines when you swing. Lard-asses can't move their feet that fast, you know what I mean?"

"Yeah," I said, pulling again at my jacket.

We stepped onto the court. Pancho stood at the net and hit a ball to my forehand, not more than two or three feet away. I didn't have to move for it, so I didn't. I hit it back to him and realized that I was facing squarely toward the net.

"Your feet," he shouted. "Move your goddamn feet!"

I was afraid to tell him that he hit the ball so much faster than anyone had ever hit a ball toward me that I didn't have time to move my feet. He proceeded to hit 14 or 15 balls to me from the net, all of which I returned reasonably well and

none of which I moved my feet for. Then he moved to the backcourt and we rallied for an hour or so. During that time, I would estimate that I hit 300 balls, 296 of them while my body was planted firmly and squarely toward the net. I decided to wait until the next day before I challenged him to The Match.

#### June 18

Returned to the ranch, this time with the two producers. Pancho and I took the court. I stayed at the net while Pancho demonstrated his strokes for them. He was hitting fairly hard but rhythmically, so I could time them without any trouble.

One of the producers said, pretty loud, "Hey, Pete looks good. He's getting everything Pancho hits at him."

Suddenly, Pancho picked up the pace a little. Then a lot.

Producer (*very loud*): "Jesus! Look at Nord. Pancho can't hit it past him!" He said it as I hit a volley deep to Pancho's backhand. I vaguely remember a flicker of a smile on Pancho's face. I clearly remember that Pancho's whole body coiled, then it uncoiled, and suddenly an aspirin tablet was heading at me, waist high, and if it hit me I would remember it until the day I died.

It hit my racket. Which was there because I hadn't returned it to the ready position after the last ball that I'd hit, as Pancho disdainfully told me later.

I decided not to challenge Pancho that day, because there were too many people around. And because of that last lucky volley. But that afternoon, Pancho was demonstrating his different serves for the producers. As unobtrusively as possible, I stationed myself behind the base line on the receiver's side to see how I could do. Pancho hit 25 serves. I returned seven of them. All seven that I returned were faults. I didn't get my racket on a single one of his 18 good serves. A bad omen for The Match.

#### February 4

Finally arrived in Las Vegas for the filming. They had told me about Mike the director. Top sports director, mostly golf and football. Doesn't know tennis. Important that we get along. Works best if he likes people he's working with. Drinks a lot. Tonight's the test.

We start at a bar in Caesars Palace.

7 P.M.

DIRECTOR MIKE: How 'bout you and I have cocktail before we go to dinner. Then we'll go to this terrific steak place. Bartender. Two martinis, please!

BARTENDER: Right. Two martinis.

DIRECTOR MIKE: Each.

BARTENDER, ME: Each?

DIRECTOR MIKE: Each.

9:45 P.M.

ME: Mike, whassay we go for the steak?

(continued on page 167)



Below, Valerie chats with Dustin Hoffman in a scene from Bob Fosse's *Lenny*, in which she plays Bruce's wife, Honey Harlow.



# Perrine and in Queen

*a smash in "lenny," valerie has made a quantum leap to stardom*

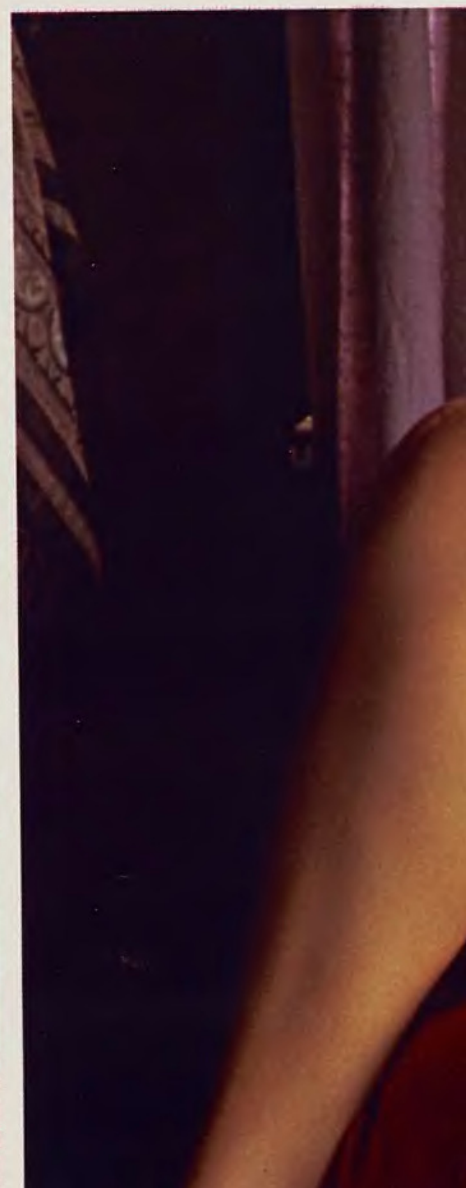






UNLIKE most movie sex queens of the past, Valerie Perrine has received more critical acclaim for her acting than for her anatomy. As Montana Wildhack, Billy Pilgrim's bare-chested celestial companion in *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Perrine got critical raves, even though her performance was more visual than verbal. As Jeff Bridges' sexy drag-strip groupie in *The Last American Hero*, she was again singled out for her acting. And for her latest role as Lenny Bruce's ex-stripper wife, Honey Harlow, in *Lenny*, she won a New York Film Critics Award. Still, the media have thrust upon her the title of sex symbol. And yet, Valerie, who never took an acting lesson, finds it hard to believe her rapid ascent. "Look at me," she says in disbelief. "Do I look like a sex symbol?" Next question.

The role of Hot Honey Harlow, an ex-stripper, came easily to Valerie, who was once a Las Vegas showgirl herself. "I've always had a secret desire to be a stripper," she says. At left, a scantily clad Perrine performs, just for our cameras, a classic tease—replete with feathers.







Valerie has yet to make a movie in which her breasts have not been bared. Even on TV, in a forthright and funny Public Television presentation of Bruce Jay Friedman's *Steambath*, she appeared as nude as U.S. TV would allow.





## "don't the arabs understand"

many rules, which is why we gotta lotta thieves in commodities. I guess you could say 99.9 percent of the people in commodities have got larceny on their minds. Same as a lotta people in other lines of business, am I right?"

His success has not robbed Harvey of the down-home country-boy style he sometimes brings to the surface, as in his pet phrases—"I'll bet dollars to doughnuts" or "That ain't honest; that's like going to the bank with a gun and a mask"—and in his "definitions," the definition of a Louisiana virgin, for instance, being a seven-year-old girl who can run faster than her brother.

Harvey is currently the president of his own company, a financial-management concern in Chicago. He is the author of a weekly market letter, a lecturer in commodities trading, a respected figure in the business. He is a member, in some cases with his wife, of exchanges in Chicago, New York and London.

Harvey's wife disapproved of the Middle East venture. The Arabs, she said, are scum. She persuaded Harvey to contribute a large slice of his profits from the trip to the United Jewish Appeal, a family charity. The idea tickled Harvey, a Catholic, because of its deception. But his wife, a Jew, was still not happy about the trip. She shudders when she uses the word Arab.

She also made Harvey promise to take her to Paris when he returned home. Because of Harvey's job, which keeps him occupied for an average of 15 hours daily, five days a week, he can rarely get away, but he and his wife usually take a ten-day Christmas break in Florida or Puerto Rico. During these vacations, Harvey spends much of the time writing cables or talking on the phone to agents and brokers all over the world who keep him informed of current trends in the market.

The morning we arrived in Beirut, Harvey made several of these calls and received two cables, one from Guatemala about New York coffee stocks and one from an agent in Brazil who reported that the current season's coffee harvest was endangered by a frost. Harvey was then holding a large position in coffee, though he declined to tell me how large. "Let's just say I gotta lotta beans," was his answer.

Every day in Beirut, he would visit a local broker to check the telex machine. In the hotel coffee shop before setting out on this expedition, he would spread the Beirut English-language newspaper and the *International Herald Tribune* across the table, searching for news of natural or political disasters that might affect one of his commodity positions.

"You gotta keep up with these moves

(continued from page 94)

or you get caught holding your pants," he said one morning. The Europeans didn't keep up with the moves in 1973, which is why, in Harvey's vernacular, they got gouged in soybeans. Other unfortunates took a bath in potatoes, got tarred and feathered in beef or murdered in cocoa. In recalling these colorful atrocities, Harvey says the trouble with the goddamn Europeans is they're asleep at the wheel. He has no time for people who don't keep up with the moves. Nor does his philosophy embrace the belief that catastrophe on a large scale is necessarily a bad thing.

"What we pray for in our business," he said after reading his Brazilian-coffee cable, "are things that ordinary people hope will never happen—things like war, famine, pestilence, drought, hardship and strife. You know, anything that makes food scarce. Like right now, I'm praying for a big frost in Brazil."

• • •

Beirut was being torn down and rebuilt when we arrived. Great clouds of rubble dust hung over the city and the clatter of riveting echoed across the ancient roofs. "They're fighting in the mountains," I heard a woman say to her daughter in the hotel bar one afternoon. "No, Ma, they're building the new parking lot behind the Holiday Inn."

The city was crowded with foreigners, many of them cloaked and hooded Saudis and Kuwaitis who sat in the cafés along Rue Hamra and eyed the passing nipples and bottoms through heavy dark glasses. Americans and Europeans gathered with Lebanese and Armenians, talking in low voices about brokerage, letters of credit, commissions and government rebates. The mosque near Colby Truman's office summoned the faithful to prayer five times a day with a taped exhortation broadcast through powerful speakers in the minaret. Harvey, when informed of this, said, "I guess the priest guy is too busy with his broker." At the Beirut Yacht Club, where we had lunch the first day on the lawn, beneath a tree that shed small blossoms on the plates, a large private cruiser with a Venezuelan registration was moored at the pier. Under the canopy on the afterdeck, six men sat around a table, making expressive gestures over a heap of scattered documents and arguing in Spanish, English and Arabic about an oil survey on the lower Nile.

I got the impression that half the population was making deals with the other half. An associate of Colby Truman's, a Lebanese-American who had recently returned to Beirut after 25 years in Southern California real estate, told me about a transaction that had been set up the previous month by another Lebanese to import Russian cement from Sevastopol

for delivery at Tripoli and overland shipment to Kuwait.

"This guy had no money, literally nothing," Colby's friend said. "But it didn't matter, you see, you don't need money here. He paid for the cement with a contract guaranteeing payment on delivery. Then he took the contract to a bank that gave him a letter of intent to back the deal. He took that letter and the cement contract to a Greek outfit that supplies ships and crews. The bank held a lien against the ships in case anything went wrong. So. What you've got this far is a penniless Lebanese who suddenly finds himself the owner of a fleet of ships and thousands of tons of cement. It can't work, right? Hah! The guy delivered and he got paid off. I can't figure how, but it worked. That's the way people do business here—they spend months putting together deals that cannot possibly work, deals that have huge important chunks missing, and the crazy thing is, they work. It's madness, sheer goddamn madness. I have to keep reminding myself: Remember, Arabs like cats and backgammon. That's the kind of people they are, you see. Maybe they're uneducated by American standards, but, boy, they sure know how to count."

We lunched at the yacht club every day. It was always crowded with beautiful girls in bikinis who sun-bathed by the pool and played noisy water games with middle-aged men, many of whom bore remarkable resemblances to the shah of Iran or the late King Farouk. Colby would sometimes point out the more notorious members, like the free-lance Swiss prostitute and the wonderfully depraved-looking Italian who was reputed to have swindled his brothers out of the family money and was now running a string of girls for visiting dignitaries. His most recent accomplishment had been supplying two girls for a videotape movie filmed at 30,000 feet over the Saudi Arabian desert in a Learjet belonging to a gentleman from one of the gulf oil sheikdoms.

• • •

Harvey's business itinerary during our three-day stay in Beirut consisted of half a dozen meetings with individual prospects, the wealthiest and most influential men Colby knew in the Beirut community, and two seminars that were held in a rented conference room in Harvey's hotel. I went to every private meeting and attended both seminars.

The meetings invariably followed the same routine. Colby would introduce Harvey by describing his successes in the market, successes that, he never failed to mention, had brought substantial personal wealth to Harvey. This would be followed with a soft-spoken, rather hesitant suggestion that what Harvey had done for himself he could do for others. Finally, the money; Harvey's minimum

(continued on page 202)



# *Bockman, and why his arm never got broken*

*next time you go  
to the dentist, make sure  
he's into teeth and  
not into public opinion*

*fiction* **By Jordan Crittenden** Bockman seated himself in the dentist chair, leaned back and closed his eyes. He heard the sound of small metal instruments being sorted and, at a moment he felt was appropriate, he opened his mouth. A small circular mirror was inserted. It clicked twice against his teeth and then he felt a metal pick probing (continued on page 146)

ILLUSTRATION  
BY PAUL SLICK





**"IT'S A NAIVE  
LITTLE  
CALIFORNIA  
BRANDY  
WITHOUT  
BREEDING,  
BUT I THINK  
YOU'LL BE  
AMUSED BY ITS  
PRESUMPTIONS"**

*the golden state muscles in on another french province*

**DRINK BY EMANUEL GREENBERG**

BRANDY, THE DRINK OF HEROES, as Samuel Johnson once called it, has finally come of age in America. Consumption has more than doubled in the past decade and, here's the kicker, eight out of every ten bottles sold are produced not in France but in our own back yard, sunny California. How come? Well, probably the strongest influence has been a change in the nature of the product itself.

Brandy is traditionally a full-bodied aromatic spirit, (continued on page 216)











# Hail, Victoria!

*it's a hard name to live up to—but  
our playmate-bunny is doing her best*



BEAUMONT, TEXAS, isn't exactly a small town, and she isn't knocking it. But there simply was nothing happening, and it was just about as square as it could be. So, right after she got her diploma from Forest Park High, Victoria Cunningham set out for Dallas. She didn't stay there long—you see, she wanted to see the world and enjoy the finer things in life (who doesn't?), and a job as an airline stewardess seemed to offer both; so, after several interviews, she found herself

Victoria's one of the most popular cottontails at our L.A. Club. As these pictures show, though, she doesn't need a Bunny costume to look good.


GATEFOLD AND COLD R PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI









A photograph of a woman with dark hair and sunglasses lying on her back on a light blue beach towel. She is wearing a bikini top and has her arms raised above her head. The scene is set on a sandy beach with some vegetation in the background. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

Miss April catches some rays. She's a confirmed fun-in-the-California-sun nut who just can't get in enough beach time.





Below: Victorio, helping out actor Bert Convy and comedian Bob Newhart, takes calls at a charity telethon.





in flight to Los Angeles, where she began training. A scant two weeks later, it happened. Victoria was hesitant to tell us about it; she didn't want us to write anything bad about her. We figured that whatever it was, it couldn't have been *that* terrible. Well . . . training regulations were pretty strict. No drinking, no staying out past a certain hour. Which, as you can imagine, weren't the easiest rules in the world to follow. And it was a bottle of champagne one evening that did the trick: "My friend got hold of it, and I kept telling her to lose it somehow—but we all wound up drinking the stuff, and a bunch of girls got thrown out, including yours truly." Looking back now, our heroine doesn't regret that turn of events: "I was the youngest trainee they had, so they'd have probably sent me back where I came from, anyway, to Dallas or some other second-string base." Victoria did go back to Texas—but it was just to pick up some belongings. Then she and a pair of girlfriends drove back to L.A., where she had decided to stick it out. And that was a lucky decision—because, about that time, a new Playboy Club was opening in Los Angeles; Victoria turned up in the dragnet we put out for Bunnies, and she's been a favorite at the Club ever since. She's also got her wings, at last—as a Jet Bunny on Hugh M. Hefner's opulently fitted DC-9, the Big Bunny. She's made only one flight so far—to Detroit, for the opening of a new Club there—but in the past year she's done some traveling, after all: to Europe, Tahiti and Maui. Her companion on these trips was her boyfriend Noel, with whom Victoria lives in Beverly Hills, just off one of the town's boutique-studded main streets. When Victoria isn't working, and when



One of Victoria's passions is backgammon, so you'll often find her at Pips, a private Los Angeles club that features the game. Above: At the Pips bar surrounded by admirers, including boyfriend Noel, right. Below: The play's the thing.







MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Noel isn't taking care of his own business—he produces TV and radio commercials—they have a lot of things to do together. Such as: playing tennis (“I wish I could say I was good at it. I *have* been taking lessons, though. But with one thing and another, I haven't been taking many lessons lately.”). Or riding their bikes through Beverly Hills. Or shooting pistols. Did we say shooting pistols? “I couldn't understand it at first,” says Victoria. “When Noel's friends would go out to the range to shoot, I would just make fun of it. But now I can handle a .45 or a .357 magnum. We don't hunt or kill anything; we don't even keep score, really. It's just fun to hit the target.” And do you hit it pretty often? “Oh, yes—that's something I'm very good at.” No kidding? Well, Victoria, we sure hope you like our write-up.

Victoria hasn't yet decided what she wants to do with her life. But though she has no specific goals, she's not worried about her future.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The detective was leafing through the suspect's folder. "Hmm, quite a record," he said. "Shoplifting, hit-and-run driving, armed robbery, sexual assault, sexual assault, sexual assault—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the felon modestly, "it took me quite a while to find out what I'm best at."

We have it from an unimpeachable historical source that a number of Henry the Eighth's wives gave head.



While out walking on the African veld one day, a missionary suddenly came face to face with a lion. Thinking that his situation was hopeless, he sank to his knees in prayer, but then became greatly relieved when the lion got down on its knees beside him. "Dear brother lion," said the missionary, "how heartening it is to find you joining me in Christian prayer when a few moments ago I feared for my life!"

"Don't interrupt," growled the lion, "while I'm saying grace."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *padded training bra* as tits for tots.

A young attorney was persuaded to join a mate-swapping group after his neighbor had repeatedly elaborated on the theme of how fabulous the latter's wife was in bed.

Shortly after the first exchange session, the lawyer filed suit—for violation of the Truth-in-Lending Act.

It was in Montana that a teenaged girl told her mother that she had caught a ride home from the rural school with an Indian brave who had let her ride behind him on his horse. The mother wanted to know how the girl had kept from falling off. "It was simple, Mom," she replied. "I just put my arms around the Indian and held onto his saddle horn."

The mother gazed long and fixedly at her daughter. "Indians," she finally said, "don't use saddles."

And you've heard, of course, about the girl who applied for a job as night-deposit box in a sperm bank.

While away at a convention, an executive happened to meet a distinctly younger single woman. She was pretty, chic, intelligent and amusing . . . and proved to have a superb body as well when she was persuaded to disrobe in his suite on the final night of the convention. But then, alas, the executive found himself unable to perform!

On his first night home, the man padded naked from the shower into the bedroom to find his wife, swathed in a rumpled bathrobe, her hair curled and her face creamed, munching candy while she leafed through a movie magazine. And then, without warning, he felt the onset of a magnificent erection!

Looking down at his throbbing phallus, the man suddenly lost control. "Why, you ungrateful, mixed-up son of a bitch," he snarled, "now I know why they call you a prick!"

A stableman's daughter named Prentiss  
Is morally non compos mentis:

She seduces her dad,  
And when Dad can't be had,  
Uses horses in loco parentis.

Daddy must be gonna buy a real small compact car," announced Junior at the breakfast table.

"Why do you think that, dear?" asked his mother.

"Because I just found a tiny inner tube in his coat pocket."

All the guys I know are married," complained the Hollywood secretary to her best friend, "or else they're going with another guy."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *rising inflation* as buck fever.

The young American girl on her first trip to Paris decided to test the French male's fabled expertise in the art of love. On her first date with a Gallic gallant, she asked him precisely what he intended to do with her.

"First," he replied, "I weel remove ze dress. Zen, I weel carry you to ze bed. And zen," he concluded triumphantly, "I weel kees ze navel!"

"So what else is new?" yawned the Yank chick. "I've had my navel kissed a thousand times."

"Of course," shrugged the Frenchman. "But from ze eenside?"

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.





"It's all right, Poppa—Mr. Browning's a poet."









*there's grit,  
true grit, and then  
there're the kind  
of folks who'd  
lynch a cute little  
five-year-old*

*article*  
By HARRY CREWS

## A Walk in the Country

**W**E CAME OUT of Johnson City, Tennessee, three of us in the cab of a pickup truck with an enormously fat mountain girl who worked in a Frosty-Freeze ice-cream parlor. She had on her Frosty-Freeze uniform and a vague but insistent odor of sour milk floated out of the deep creases of her body. She lived in Erwin, Tennessee, which practically straddles the Appalachian Trail, and drove the pickup into Johnson City five times a week to the Frosty-Freeze, a distance of some 14 miles.

What we were doing 14 miles off the trail in Johnson City is boring and need not be related. Enough to say that Dog



and I wanted to get drunk and more than that we wanted a decent-sized city to do it in. Dog and I were good and drunk. Charne was disgusted. She didn't mind the drinking particularly, even drank some herself, but she thought a 16-hour bout from one bar to the next was tacky and middle class, showed—she said—poor taste. We kept our packs on while we hiked around Johnson City, getting drunker and drunker. It's a God's wonder some Grit didn't kill us. Grits don't take to long-haired freaks wearing packs in their bars.

We were squeezed tight inside the cab of the pickup. The girl, whose name was Franny—it was stitched over the pocket of her Frosty-Freeze uniform—took up half the seat by herself. Charne had to sit in my lap. Dog sat squeezed in to Franny, his entire body imprinted and half-buried in her fat. He didn't seem to mind it.

He'd been licking the side of her neck. She didn't seem to mind it, or even notice it, for that matter. I wondered if maybe there was an old residue of Frosty-Freeze ice cream slathered up on the side of her neck. It was July and I was sweating pure vodka into the little space between our steaming bodies and the windshield. The smell of sweat, vodka and sour milk had made me incredibly thirsty. I was beginning to sober up and longed desperately for a beer.

"You reckon we could stop and get us a beer, Franny?" I said.

"I could use a beer myself," Charne said. "It stinks in here."

"I ain't familiar with beer joints," said Franny.

"Ah, come on, Fanny," Dog said, taking a long lick at her neck. He'd called her Fanny ever since we got into the truck. She didn't seem to mind. I noticed the place he'd been licking on her neck had changed colors. It was now considerably lighter than the rest of her neck. Dog's tongue, when he ran it out, was kind of pink. I thought he might have a little Pan-Cake make-up on it.

"We nearly to Erwin," she said.

Dog licked her again.

I said: "I don't want to go to Erwin. I don't care if I ever get to Erwin. I want a beer."

"It is one li'l ole place up here not far they say sells real cold draffs," she said.

"I believe that's the place we been looking for," I said.

"Fanny," Dog said, "damn if I don't think I'm in love with you."

She stared grimly through the windshield at the highway. "I been divorced oncet already and got two younguns."

"Hell," Dog said, "I don't mind. I don't give one shit."

"I could never care for a man that cussed," she said.

"I could quit," Dog said. "I got iron will power. I quit smoking before."

She turned to look at him, her face a mask, as if she were considering some grim alternative, as if maybe he was a doctor and had just told her she had cancer but that he could take care of it for her.

"All right," she said. "All right, then."

She looked back toward the highway and as she did she raised her huge arm and drew Dog in. His head disappeared between the wall of her arm and the massive lump of tit.

With Dog's head clamped under her arm, Franny let the old Dodge pickup have the rest of the gas pedal and we shot down the highway for another couple of miles, where she swung into a red-dirt parking lot beside a wooden building. There were only two other cars parked there.

She slid to a stop and looked over at us. "It don't seem like much," she said, "but they got good cold draffs."

A cloud of red dust sifted over the truck and came to hang in the air between us. Dog fought his way from under her arm, a mashed look on his sweat-soaked face.

"We here?" he said. "This it?"

Charne was already out of the truck. I slid down behind her.

"Me 'n' him's gone talk a minute," said Franny.

"Go on and order us a beer," said Dog, "we'll be right in."

"Don't order us no beer," said Franny. "We'll be there torectly."

She looked like she was going in for that cancer operation and Dog looked like he wasn't real sure what the hell was going on. We left them sitting there, her arm still weighted around Dog's neck, and went on into the bar. After the bright sunlight, it was dark inside. Plain wooden floor, unpainted walls, about ten bare tables with chairs, a long unpainted bar with pickled pigs feet floating in jars and pickled eggs and potato chips on a dented rack.

One man sat at the bar, wearing a neatly pressed blue suit and a snap-brim hat with a red feather in it. He was slender and dark and gave the impression of tension, although I didn't know why, because he didn't move, didn't even glance at us. A bald man in a T-shirt read a newspaper behind the bar.

We went to a table by a window and sat down. I was watching the bartender. He looked up at us and then back at his paper. He didn't move off his stool. I had thought there might be some breeze by the window but there wasn't. Through the screen we could look directly into the cab of the truck, which sat baking in the hard sunlight no more than 15 feet away.

Charne glanced at the truck and said: "We ought to move away from this window."

"It's all right," I said. Only Franny's head was visible in the cab of the truck.

"It's embarrassing," she said.

"They're just talking," I said.

I wasn't about to take another table. I wanted to see. That's the way I am.

The bartender still had not moved, except occasionally to turn a page of his newspaper. The man in the blue suit had not moved at all and I realized that's what made him seem tight as sprung steel. He didn't turn his head, hadn't touched the full glass of beer in front of him, didn't seem even to be breathing.

"That's a strange one up there in the suit," I said.

"This Godforsaken place'd make anybody strange," said Charne. "I'll flip you to see who wakes up the bartender and gets us a beer."

I lost and went up for a big pitcher and four glasses. When I got back to the table, Charne said: "I told you it'd be embarrassing."

I poured myself a glass and looked through the screen. Damned if they hadn't rolled up the windows to the truck. The windshield had steamed over and that old Dodge truck was rocking like a cradle. While I watched, an enormous flat foot rose foggily into view and pressed itself slowly but with tremendous strength against the glass directly below the rearview mirror.

"This is better than a movie," I said.

"Pervert," Charne said.

"You from around here?"

We both jerked around at the same time to see the man in the blue suit sit down across from us. He placed his glass of beer carefully on the table. His movements were strangely angular and precise, as though his body moved through space proscribed and exactly calibrated. His eyes were the color and texture of the screen wire. He asked us again if we were from around there.

"No," I said.

He had plopped down at my table without being asked, and I didn't like his manner, but there was something about him made me feel I ought not to cross him. I didn't get this old by being a fool.

"What y'all watching out there?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said.

He leaned forward and stared through the screen wire, watching the truck endlessly rocking in the distorted air rising out of the clay parking lot.

"Somebody in that truck is it?" he asked. His voice was as careful as his movements. "What they doing in there?"

"What my friends do is their business," I said.

"Good way to be," he said.

We watched the Dodge truck. It seemed to rock with a life of its own. I emptied the pitcher and Charne went for another one.

Just as she sat down at the table again,  
(continued on page 128)



*the definitive statement on  
coming trends in warm-weather wear withal*

THE ACCENT this year is on leisure-wear—lots of loose-fitting designs, with new materials and a fresh color palette. And the right word for all of it—suits, too—is *casual*.

## **PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST**



Right: Striped velour short-sleeved shirt, \$29.75, and cotton corduroy slacks, \$32.75, both by Cacharel.

attire **BY ROBERT L. GREEN**



Left to right: Knit cardigan sweater, \$35, and matching ring-neck pullover, \$25, both by Cardin, polyester/rayon slacks, from Trousers by Barry, \$37.50, and a silk shirt, by Pancaldi, about \$125. Cotton gabardine jump suit with wide-spread collar, by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, about \$175. Wool gabardine sport suit with ring-tab closure, by Renoma for Calicut, about \$210, and a cotton knit short-sleeved shirt, by Mezzi II for Calicut, \$30.











Left: Quilted jacket, about \$225, pullover shirt, about \$40, and wool slacks, about \$155, all by Dimitri of Italy, plus a rayon Carré scarf, by Berkley Cravats, about \$6. Right: Cotton sport suit with matching short-sleeved shirt, by B. Teller of Vienna, \$155, and a floral-print scarf, by Liberty of London, \$8.50. Far right: Polyester/cotton pinstripe suit with checked vest, by Haspel, \$110, striped shirt, by Hathaway, \$17.50, and a linen tie, by Resilio, \$7.50.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN SILVERSTEIN







Left: Belted gabardine rain jacket, about \$165, cotton crepe short-sleeved shirt, about \$20, and silk/acrylic slacks, about \$55, plus a silk scarf, about \$30, all by Peter Barton's Closet. Right: Brushed-cotton jacket, by Sal Cesarani for Country Britches, \$100, cotton sateen jeans, by H. D. Lee, \$16, and an oxford shirt, by Bert Pulitzer, \$27.50.





# A Walk in the Country

he said: "This is where they hung Alice, you know."

I drank off a quick glass and didn't answer. I have quite enough craziness in my own head without borrowing any from somebody else.

"I usually drink vodka," I said, thinking to change the subject, whatever the subject was.

"I got some if you want it," he said.

"You have?" I said.

It seemed fate. Who would be foolish enough to contest with fate?

"It's in the car," he said. "I'll just get it."

He got up and cat-danced out of the bar. When he was gone, Charne said: "He scares me."

"I think he'll be all right," I said.

"You have to be crazy to mess with a crazy person," she said.

"I admit he's a little scary," I said. "But we'll just have a drink with him and go. People sometimes get freaky if you refuse to drink with them."

He suddenly appeared in the parking lot outside the window. He went right to the truck and stood looking in the window. The rhythm of the truck had grown erratic. After he'd had a good long look, he walked over to his car, a baby-blue Corvair.

"What was that about Alice being hung?" I said. "Did you hear that?"

"Of course I heard it," she said.

"I thought maybe I misunderstood," I said.

Directly he came back with the vodka. He had a hit out of the bottle and chased it with beer. I was relieved to have a drink. It settled me down and things didn't seem so melancholy.

"You know," he said, "we've got the Nolichucky River here."

"We crossed it," I said.

He considered that for a moment. "When?" he said.

"Three days ago, best I can make it," I said. I didn't know why I was answering these questions. Something about the man made it impossible to consider doing otherwise. He kept staring at me, so I said: "See, we're hiking."

"Hiking?" he said.

"With backpacks," I said. "You know, on The Appalachian Trail."

I thought he would know about the trail because Erwin wasn't two miles from where the trail crossed a mountain. But he didn't. Had never heard of it. There didn't seem to be anything to do but explain the whole thing; that I was a writer walking the trail, that the girl was a photographer I hired to come along and that the other guy walking with us was still out in the truck.

"And that's the other one out there in the truck?" he said.

"Yes," I said.

The three of us watched the truck

(continued from page 120)

baking in the sun for a moment. It wasn't rocking anymore. The windows had been rolled down. No heads were showing though. I tried to imagine how Franny and Dog could accomplish anything in so small and stifling a space.

"Hard by the Nolichucky River is the Clinchfield Railroad," he said.

"I remember seeing a trestle," I said, only because he seemed to be waiting for me to say something. "I always liked trestles when I was a boy."

"Hadn't been for that damn railroad, they couldn't have hung Alice."

Charne said: "Back to that, are we?" "Ma'am?"

"Why don't you get us another pitcher, Charne?" I said. She was capable of saying anything. I was afraid it would make him mad. And I didn't want him mad. I just wanted to drink a couple of more beers, maybe another shot or two, and get back in the woods.

When Charne came with the beer, he said: "It's ruined my life."

"What ruined your life?" she asked.

"The hanging of Alice."

At that moment the door of the pickup opened and we watched Dog stagger into the sun. His thin corn-colored hair was plastered on his forehead. Then Franny came out the same door behind him. She looked kind of mean, like she might just want to slap the shit out of somebody. She did reach out and give Dog a cuff behind the head, but it was affectionate and full of good will, just the sort of lick, it seemed to me, one football player gives another when he's made an impossible score. She spent a minute or two twisting her Frosty-Freeze uniform, adjusting whatever was under it. They walked toward the bar holding hands.

"Perversity has ruined more than one man," he said. I think both Charne and I thought he was talking about Dog and Franny rocking in the truck. They came through the door behind where we sat at the table and I expected him to turn and say something to them, but instead he said: "It was my birthday, my fifth birthday, when it happened. That was a long time ago, but I never got over it." "Never got over what?" said Dog. He stood beside the table holding Franny's hand.

He got up with great formality and removed his snap-brimmed blue hat. "You are the other member of the team," he said.

"Team?" said Dog.

"The wilderness team," he said.

Dog said, "Oh yeah, sure, walking with the packs. I'm with them. The other member of the team." He licked his lips. The words seemed to please him.

"I was speaking of Alice and I forgot myself. I often do when I remember her.

I've not introduced myself. I'm Jake Leach, a lawyer by avocation."

"I'm Ronnie." He looked out the window. "They call me Dog 'cause when I drink I sometimes commence to howl. It's a little joke they got, Dog is."

"But it's really Donniger," said Franny, "Ronald Donniger."

"It is my great pleasure, Mr. Dog."

He held out his hand. I had not realized before how drunk Jake Leach was. He was carrying an enormous load, and for the first time I realized that was why his movements seemed so careful and deliberate. He was one of those drunks who would just go on and on, never slurring a word or staggering, until finally he closed his eyes and collapsed, his clothes as unwrinkled and carefully brushed as they had been that morning when he put them on.

I had always held such men in great admiration, being as I am one of the all-time sloppy, disgusting drunks, the kind mothers can point out to their children as an example of the final evil of alcohol. Not so with Jake Leach. He would never be pointed out as anything except everything a man ought to be, even when he was stunned with whiskey, which is what he was now.

After we had all introduced ourselves several times, managed to get everybody seated and Franny had knocked the dust off the session in the pickup by sucking down a glass of cold draft, Dog said, "Now, sir, I believe you was talking about Alice."

If a Grit meets another Grit who is formal and courteous in his speech, he immediately begins to trade formality for formality. They call it manners, and it's quite a lovely thing to see. Jake had fallen into the cadences that mark the gentleman (or so a Grit who uses them thinks) the moment he saw Ronnie Dog. He had not done so with me because I think he knew me for a bogus Southerner.

"The hanging of Alice marked me, sir, marked me."

Jake handed the bottle of vodka to Dog, who took a pull and passed it to Franny, who did not hesitate but daintily wiped the mouth of the bottle on her Frosty-Freeze uniform and sucked down some herself, careful not to make the bottle gurgle in an unseemly way.

"Well, now my daddy, sir," said Ronnie, "he seen a man hung oncet. A nigger. Rape is what it was he done, so they taken a pertater and pushed it in his mouth tight where he couldn't holler and hung him. It was some small children there and they didn't want his hollerin' scarin' 'm, you see."

Jake Leach was waving his hand, not discourteously but with some show of impatience, while Ronnie talked. "Alice was not a man, Mr. Dog."

While Jake paused for a controlled sip (continued on page 218)





*pissed off? berserk with rage? if you've ever wondered  
how aggressive you really are, just grit your teeth and punch out these simple tests*

**quiz** By SCOT MORRIS  
SPLAT! You've just been hit by a pie. Would you laugh? Groan? Curse? Start court-martial proceedings? Or would you just enjoy the custard?

There are many forms of aggression. Hitting, hurting and killing are obvious acts of aggression, but there are other

kinds. The prizefighter, the chess champion, the political candidate, the salesman closing a deal, the kid raising his hand in class and the guy who makes friends at parties—all are being aggressive in their own subtle ways. They share something with the guys who read the *Police Gazette*, who

have seen *Godfather II* seven times or who delight when Merlin Olsen creams a quarterback.

Aggression is multifaceted; it can't be covered by one quiz, with a ready-made A.Q., or "aggression quotient," that classifies you as a Vicious Vic, a Timid Tim or a Latent Louie. So, here are

four subtests that get at aggression from several angles—how you think you'd act, how you *do* act, what you know and what you believe.

The test that follows was given to a scientifically selected sample of 115 PLAYBOY readers. Turn to page 134 to compare your answers with theirs.

# AGGRESSION



## THE CULTURE OF VIOLENCE

Between the quick and the dead live the paranoids who nervously adhere to the boy-scout motto: Be prepared. This test probes your grasp of the vocabulary of violence. A high score may not indicate that you are a menace, but watch out for the dude who can order ham and eggs with a Molotov cocktail to go.



- How many coils in a hangman's noose? \_\_\_\_
- What is O. J. Simpson's number? \_\_\_\_
- Where is the bull's-eye on an N.R.A. regulation human-silhouette target? \_\_\_\_
- What is the rank one step above brigadier general? \_\_\_\_
- Whose men were killed in the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre? A. Legs Diamond; B. Bugs Moran; C. Lash LaRue; D. Robert Stack.
- Which of the following sporting gestures is *not* illegal? A. jamming; B. slashing; C. clotheslining.
- Match the author with his creation:  
A. Mickey Spillane  
B. Dashiell Hammett  
C. John D. MacDonald  
D. Don Pendleton  
a. Mack Bolan  
b. Mike Hammer  
c. Sam Spade  
d. Travis McGee
- Which of the following is not a martial art? A. Aikido; B. Nin Jitsu; C. *I Ching*; D. Savate.
- In bullfighting, what is the man called who sticks the bull while sitting on a blindfolded horse? A. matador; B. bulldagger; C. picador; D. cuspidor.
- Who was the director of *Straw Dogs*? A. Rex Reed; B. Sam Peckinpah; C. Andy Warhol; D. Robert Aldrich.
- What is the principal ingredient of a Molotov cocktail? \_\_\_\_
- Match the mass murderers pictured at left with their names: Charles Manson; Juan Corona; Richard Speck; Charles Starkweather. (For extra points, list number of known victims.)
- In warfare slang, ham and eggs designates which of the following? A. uniform decoration; B. rations; C. type of bombardment.
- What is a shiv? \_\_\_\_
- What name appears on the most widely used boxing trunks? A. Cosell; B. Everlast; C. Eveready; D. Louisville Slugger.
- What type of motorcycle is known as the Hog? A. Honda 750; B. Harley-Davidson Sportster; C. Harley-Davidson 74; D. Vespa.
- Which of the following is not a derogatory term? A. dago; B. ginch; C. spic; D. suds; E. mick.
- How many engines are there on a B-52? \_\_\_\_
- In boxing, what class is just heavier than lightweight? A. welterweight; B. bantamweight; C. middleweight; D. paperweight.



- Who used the names John L. Raines, Eric Starvo Galt and Ramon George Sneyd? \_\_\_\_
- Which hand wins? A. straight; B. flush; C. full house.
- Match the wrestling hold with the pictures below left: hammerlock; half nelson; full nelson; ozzie nelson.
- Who is the alter ego of Marvel Comics' The Incredible Hulk? A. Ben Grimm; B. Bruce Banner; C. Alex Karras; D. Peter Parker.
- What is the form of execution in which the condemned is strangled with a piece of wire? (Hint: It is not a long-distance phone bill.) \_\_\_\_
- What was the caliber of the handgun used by Clint Eastwood in *Magnum Force*? \_\_\_\_
- What is the slang term (originating in Vietnam) for the elimination of a superior officer by his own men? \_\_\_\_
- Who is the current director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation? A. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.; B. J. Edgar Hoover; C. Emmett Kelly; D. Clarence Kelley.
- What do Ann Calvello and Joan Weston do for a living? \_\_\_\_
- Who was Albert DeSalvo? \_\_\_\_
- Pictured below are: a. an M-1 (used in World War Two) and b. an M-16 (used in Vietnam). Which weapon is larger in caliber? \_\_\_\_





## EVERYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU

The first test was fairly objective. As Sergeant Friday used to say: "Just the facts, ma'am." Either you had the information on the tip of your trigger finger or you didn't. Now it's time for true confessions. The following questions are an inventory of personal behavior. There are no right or wrong answers. Honesty is the best policy, but only because it is more interesting to find out about yourself than about someone else. Read each item carefully and check those that apply to yourself. If you cannot think of a specific incident in your own experience, leave the answer space blank.

1. Do you own a gun? —
2. If so, is the gun loaded at this moment? —
3. Have you been in a fistfight since the ninth grade? —
4. Within the past year, have you ended a telephone conversation by hanging up on someone? —

5. Have you given the finger to anyone in the past two months? —
6. Have you told someone off within the past two months? —
7. Have you ever written an opinionated letter to the editor complaining about something? —
8. Have you ever had a controversial bumper sticker on your car? —
9. Have you written graffiti in a public place within the past year? —
10. Within the past year, have you struck any child or adult with whom you were angry? —
11. Within the past year, have you struck any animal that made you angry? —
12. Within the past month, have you struck a machine because it wasn't working right (e.g., kicking a vending machine, lawn mower, pay phone, etc.)? —
13. In your adult life, have you ever struck a child or adult because you were angry over some unrelated event? —

14. In your adult life, have you ever struck an animal because you were angry over some unrelated event? —
15. Within the past six months, have you struck any inanimate object because you were angry over something unrelated to that object (e.g., kicking a chair because someone insulted you)? —
16. Have you spanked or tied up your sexual partner in the past year? —
17. In the past year, have you "taken" your lover (i.e., had sex against her will, or without warning)? —
18. Do you always try to sleep with a girl on the first date? —
19. Would you say that you are more successful or more powerful today than your old schoolmates are? —
20. Would you say that you are physically stronger and tougher than average for your age, size and sex? —
21. Were you a first-born child or an only child? —
22. Have you ever asked for a raise? —

23. Have you ever voted for someone you did not particularly like because you wanted another candidate to lose? —
24. Have you ever owned a practical-joke novelty device (a handshake buzzer, etc.)? —
25. As a child, did you ever run away from home for more than 24 hours? —
26. Have you ever tortured an animal (e.g., pulling legs off spiders)? —
27. As a child, was your home life particularly violent? (Did your parents fight? Were you beaten when you misbehaved?) —
28. As a child, did you tend to get into more fights than other children? —
29. Did you have more school problems and truancy than other children? —
30. Did you throw temper tantrums more often than most children when you were young? —
31. When you drink a lot, do you become mean? —

Total checked: —



## PATIENCE IS NO VIRTUE

Imagine that you are driving home after a hard day. The light at an intersection turns red and you stop. After a few minutes, the light turns green. For no apparent reason, the vehicle in front of you does not move. The slow burn commences. How long would it take for you to express your irritation? The pictures at the right re-create this situation for three different vehicles (a Cadillac Fleetwood, a battered Ford and some outlaw motorcyclists).

### THE CADILLAC

Would you honk at the driver of the Cadillac? If yes, about how many seconds would you wait before honking?

Circle one: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15.



### THE FORD

Would you honk at the driver of the battered Ford? If yes, about how many seconds would you wait before honking?

Circle one: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15.



### THE MOTORCYCLISTS

Would you honk at the outlaw motorcyclists? If yes, about how many seconds would you expect to live after honking?

Circle one: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15.



## TEARS OF RAGE

The world is rife with aggravation. Events occur daily that result in mild stomach upset, Excedrin headaches and stark-raving-out-of-your-gourd fits. What's your flash point? How angry would you be if these incidents happened to you? Would you move to the suburbs? To Peru? Rank each item according to the scale below. The descriptions are rough. If they do not seem appropriate, make up your own description for each level of rage.

1. *No Sweat*: It just wouldn't bother me.
2. *Mild Anger*: I'd feel it, but I wouldn't express it outwardly.
3. *Moderate Anger*: I'd scowl, clench my fist or make sarcastic remarks.
4. *Clearly Pissed*: My voice would rise; I'd swear, argue, make obscene gestures or threats.
5. *Physical Threat*: I might chase or threaten with violence the object of my anger. I probably wouldn't actually use force.

6. *Fighting Mad*: If given the chance, I'd start swinging. I would try to inflict pain or damage.
7. *Homicidal*: I'd be mad enough to kill. If I had a gun, I would use it.
1. A hot-rodder passes you with a roar on the highway, cuts in front of you recklessly, then turns and gives you the finger.
2. You get a package from a relative you don't like with ten cents' postage due.
3. A news report says the President is raising taxes next year to cover his expanded defense budget.
4. You made reservations by phone, but the hotel clerk says he's already rented the room to someone who paid in advance.
5. At a football game, a tipsy fan spills beer down your neck.
6. The boss says that, due to increased costs, there will be no Christmas bonus this year.
7. Your lover gives you V. D.

8. Your father dies during a routine appendix operation because of the negligence of an incompetent intern.
9. A dog pisses on your leg while you stand at a street corner.
10. You get a speeding ticket for driving only three mph above the speed limit.
11. A guest in your home accidentally breaks a favorite beer stein.
12. You put 15 cents into a Coke-in-a-cup machine, the Coke comes out, with no cup, and goes right down the drain.
13. As you drive home, some children throw mud balls at your car.
14. You find a strange man in bed with your wife or girlfriend.
15. You're playing poker and finally discover that the guy who has already won \$20 from you is dealing from the bottom.
16. The judge finds you guilty of a crime you didn't commit.
17. You phone a girlfriend over and over for nearly an hour and get busy signals.

18. At a sporting-goods store, someone carelessly swings a tennis racket, hits you in the face and breaks a tooth.
19. A man pulls in next to you at a parking lot and nicks some paint off your car door.
20. A new cigarette lighter stops working after one day's use.
21. Just as you reach the ticket window, they put up a sign saying SORRY, SOLD OUT.
22. A fellow worker lies to the boss that you've been goofing off; you finally confront the tattler, alone.
23. You see a strange man carrying your TV set out the door of your home.
24. You sit down to look at a special show on television, when a tube blows.
25. You finally saved up \$2000 and invest it in a stock your best friend recommends. One month later, the stock is worth \$1000.
26. You take off your clothes and your lover begins to laugh.

Total for all answers: \_\_\_\_\_





ILLUSTRATIONS BY MELINDA BORDELON



## SCORING

## THE CULTURE OF VIOLENCE

Score one point for each correct answer. On questions 7, 12 and 22, score ½ point for each correct match.

1. Coils in a hangman's noose: 13.
2. O. J. Simpson's number: 32.
3. Bull's-eye on an N.R.A. human-silhouette target: the chest area (no points are given for head or between-the-eyes shots).
4. Rank above brigadier general: major general.
5. Victims in St. Valentine's Day Massacre: B. Bugs Moran's gang.
6. A. Jamming (an offensive maneuver in roller derby) is not illegal. Slashing (hitting with stick in hockey or lacrosse) and clotheslining (forearm chop to the Adam's apple in football) are penalty offenses.
7. Mickey Spillane—b. Mike Hammer; Dashiell Hammett—c. Sam Spade; John D. MacDonald—d. Travis McGee; Don Pendleton—a. Mack Bolan (The Executioner).
8. C. The *I Ching* is a philosophical text, not a martial art.
9. The man who sticks the bull: C. picador.
10. Director of *Straw Dogs*: B. Sam Peckinpah.
11. Molotov cocktail: gasoline.
12. a. Charles Starkweather (11); b. Juan Corona (25); c. Charles Manson (7 known victims; there may have been more); d. Richard Speck (8).
13. Ham and eggs: C. a type of bombardment—high explosives (the decorations on an officer's cap are called scrambled eggs).
14. Shiv: slang for knife—usually homemade and concealed.
15. Brand name of boxing shorts: B. Everlast.
16. The Hog: C. Harley-Davidson 74.
17. Nonderogatory term: D. suds.
18. Engines on a B-52: eight.
19. Heavier than lightweight: A. welterweight.
20. Aliases used by James Earl Ray.
21. Winning hand: C. full house.
22. a. half nelson, b. full nelson, c. hammer lock.
23. The Hulk's alter ego: B. Bruce Banner (Ben Grimm is The Thing, Peter Parker is Spider Man).
24. Strangulation by piece of wire: garrote.
25. Gun used by Clint Eastwood: .44 magnum.
26. Elimination of a superior officer: fragging.
27. Director of FBI: D. Clarence Kelley.
28. Ann Calvello and Joan Weston: roller-derby queens.
29. Albert DeSalvo: the Boston Strangler.

30. Larger caliber: a. the M-1 uses .30-caliber ammunition (the M-16 uses .223 caliber).

\* \* \*

This quiz was a bear. Most of the participants in our test sample failed miserably. PLAYBOY's editorial staff added some easier items so you wouldn't rip up the magazine in frustration. A respectable score, we'd guess, would fall between 15 and 25. A score below 10 means that aggressive themes turn you off. Violence doesn't interest you. You'd rather watch *Heidi* than a football game, and if someone gave you a Mickey Spillane novel you'd probably press flowers in it.

A total above 25 means you're either meaner than average or smarter than average, and we'll be the last to tell you which. If you tallied over 30, you're excessively interested in things morbid and bloody, and you're no doubt reading PLAYBOY because you can't find your copy of *Guns & Ammo*. If you want to argue points, see Gus, our 250-pound doorman. He got a perfect score and will probably eat your car.

#### EVERYTHING YOU SAY WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU

This quiz is hard to fake, even though its meaning is transparent. If you've answered honestly, your score should reflect true aggressiveness, rather than any ideal image you wish to project. The average PLAYBOY reader in our pretest scored eight items yes: If you checked more than eight items, you are more overtly aggressive than most, or at least you remember and confess more than our test sample. Compare your answers with those of the average PLAYBOY reader on these questions.

1 and 2. About one in five persons owns a gun, and of these, one in five keeps it loaded.

3. About half say their last fistfight was during or since high school, the other half say it was in the ninth grade or before.

4-9. Personal, rather than anonymous expressions are favored: 69 percent have "told someone off," and nearly half say they've hung up on someone and/or given the finger to someone in the past two months. But only 29 percent have ever written a letter to the editor, bumper stickers are almost passé and the fingers that wrote graffiti have moved on.

10-15. Not surprisingly, the typical reader is much more likely to hit the object of his anger (items 10-12) than to hit an object just because he's angry (13-15). In either case, he will strike inanimate things more often than humans, and humans more often than animals.

16-18. Sexual aggression isn't typical: 23 percent admit they always try for sex on their first date and 21 percent have "taken" their lover, but only 9 percent go in for spanking-and-tying.

19-21. A substantial number of our subjects probably find aggression rewarding. Researchers know that a mouse becomes exceedingly vicious after winning several fights but becomes timid and docile after a losing experience. Humans learn aggressive habits, too. If you are bigger, stronger or more powerful than average, or if you were a first-born child, then you probably have experience in winning, dominating and seeing your aggressions rewarded. Research studies have suggested that first-born are disproportionately represented among Rhodes scholars, *Who's Who* listings, U. S. Presidents and astronauts (21 of the first 23 American astronauts were first-born children).

22-24. Socially acceptable aggressive acts are widespread. Fully 73 percent have asked for a raise (which may explain inflation); 60 percent have voted against someone (which may also explain inflation). About 50 percent have owned practical-joke devices.

25-30. The child is parent to the adult: 15 percent of our sample claim violent upbringing, and 27 percent admit torturing animals, but only 5 percent have ever run away from home.

Items 28-30 get at specific predictors of adult aggression reported in a recent issue of *The American Journal of Psychiatry*. Researchers collected thousands of papers, clinical records and prison files dealing with the childhood behaviors of people who became exceptionally aggressive adults. They found that the three factors in items 28-30 (fights, temper tantrums, and school problems and truancy), along with a general inability to get along with other children, were the behaviors most often cited as harbingers of adult aggression. The presence of one or two problems isn't serious, but if a child has all of them concurrently, there is a strong statistical possibility that he'll grow up to be a violent adult.

31. Eight percent of our pretest sample become more aggressive when drunk. Alcohol is a fear reducer. Drunk and sober rats will work equally hard to reach food, but if they're trying to escape a feared location, the drunk rat won't work nearly as hard as the sober one. Booze wipes out inhibitions. If a person has been punished for aggressive acts, he may fear his own impulses and then become nasty after a few beers.

#### PATIENCE IS NO VIRTUE

Whether you are quicker to honk at a big new Cadillac or a rusty old Ford is, to some degree, a measure of your aggression toward authority. If you're like our sample, you've got guts on paper and said you'd be more impatient with the rich bitch in the Caddy (average wait—7.5 seconds) than with the poor bastard in the Ford (8.9 seconds). That's what you said, but what would you do? Several

(continued on page 209)





SOKOL

*"It's called the missionary position. One of  
the missionaries just showed it to me."*



# BED & BOARD

IN WHICH WE PROVE THAT  
MAN DOES NOT LIVE FOR BREAD ALONE







It's the gooey, sticky things—as this gal can testify—that make life a ball—not to mention Coke bottles and other things that go pop after you rub them.





Pasta time, and milady has a waiter who doesn't believe in waiting. He does take care of business, though. And just look at the way he puts himself into it.







Her waiter friend also believes, the customer discovers to her delight, in adding a big cover charge. Serves you right, ma'am, for tabling such matters.









The older the grape, the sweeter the wine, they say. But it may also depend on who's doing the stomping—which, from a grape's viewpoint, is no problem here.

Then again, why wait for the finished product? The gropes themselves make for a hell of a snack. Especially if your table setting is something like this one.



Putting on the Ritz, as they say, are this uninhibited lass and her companion—who discover that crackers in bed can make for a most ticklish situation.







Too much of anything—bed or board—is good for nobody. And so the young lady, who has—uh—overindulged a bit, decides to settle at least what's in her tummy.





*"I told you to bring along a friend, but I never said  
I had a roommate."*



AFTER THE OLD MAN DIED, the three sons of Fyodor Fyodorovitch divided his possessions unequally, so that the eldest got the land and the cattle, the second got a little casket of gold pieces and the youngest, Filip, got the old man's clothes. They were sizes too large for Filip. He tried on his father's best blouse; it was so long it was almost a joke.

"God have mercy," Filip said with a groan. "Now the two of you are rich and you can go off and marry well. But what am I to do? Just about all I own is this thing that hangs down to my knees!"

At that very moment, Marina Petrovna, the daughter of a prosperous merchant, happened to be passing and heard Filip's words. They lighted a little fire somewhere in her soul. She hurried home, saying to herself, "Down to his knees! Oh, my!"

She couldn't stop thinking about that and so, the next day, she said to her mother, "Matushka, dear, please send for the marriage broker. I have a great mind to be wed."

"But wed to whom?" asked her mother. "To Filip Fyodorovitch."

"Why, you little fool!" said the mother, growing angry. "He's only a poor peasant. Choose some nice man with a bit of money, if you must."

"I want Filip," the girl said firmly. "You have no worry—you aren't the one who will live with him."

"Live with him?" asked the mother. "I'd sooner learn to fly."

But Marina was stubborn and prevailed, and so the marriage broker was called, all was arranged and the wedding took place. That went as well as you could expect, but it was on the wedding night, when Filip and Marina were alone, undressing for bed, that Marina received a terrible shock.

"Why, you villain!" she exclaimed. "It's no bigger than a finger! And you were the one who bragged about having something that hung down to his knees, you cheat!"

Thinking quickly, Filip replied, "My dearest girl, it's plain that you have never suffered the trials of poverty. Just to get together enough money for decent wedding clothes and incidental expenses was as much as I could do. I had only one thing of value—and so I pawned my prick for fifty rubles."

"Oh, my poor darling," said his bride. "In the morning, I'll go to Mother and make her give us fifty rubles to redeem it."

When Marina's mother heard the story, she saw the urgent necessity and handed over the money. "Hm, actually down to his knees," she mused. Marina went home, gave the money to Filip and urged him to be off to the pawnbroker's posthaste.

He started out, but soon he left the village and followed a track into the

woods until he came at last to an obscure cottage. He knocked on the door and called softly, "Granny, granny, it's the son of Fyodor, your old lover. Come quickly; I'm in terrible need of one of your magic works!"

"Well, come in," said the old woman. "How much money have you got? In my mind's eye, I see fifty rubles. So hand it over, all of it. In exchange, you get this gold ring."

"Now, listen carefully. Put the ring on your little finger just below the nail." He did so and immediately felt his penis extend to about 12 inches. "Now slip the ring down to the second knuckle," she said. The 12 inches grew to two feet. "Now ease it back to the first knuckle." The penis began to shorten. "I advise the first knuckle for all everyday uses," said the old woman. "I advise the second knuckle only if you wish to join the side show. As for anything lower, beware of calamity! Now I must go to feed my pig."

Filip trudged happily toward home. When he reached the road, he sat down near a little brook, ate some biscuits from his pouch, had a drink of water and settled himself for a nap. To avoid any accident, he placed the ring on his chest.

Soon a *barin*, a squire, and his wife drove along in their carriage. "Igor, Igor! Stop the horses," called the *barin*. "Over there by the roadside I see some ragged peasant asleep and on his chest there lies a gold ring. Doubtless he has stolen it, so bring it to me."

When he had the ring, the *barin* admired it, smiled at his wife, saying, "A pretty thing to find by the roadside," and slipped it onto his little finger. Immediately, like a great battering ram, his prick shattered the front of the carriage, knocked the coachman off his box, frightened the horses and extended 100 yards down the road. The *barinka* screamed and the *barin* almost went out of his mind.

"Well, this is a nice thing for a gentleman to do," said Filip, ambling over to the carriage. "First you steal my ring and then you expose your private parts to the whole countryside. For shame!"

"Oh, help me," pleaded the *barin*. "I'll give you a hundred rubles. No? Well, two hundred, then."

First having the money in hand, Filip leaned over and plucked the ring from the gentleman's finger and, except for the hole in the coach, all was in order again.

When Filip arrived home, he undressed and presented himself for an admiring inspection and handling by Marina, who, very shortly thereafter, pulled him into the bed and became the happiest bride in all of Little Russia. And for the next three mornings, she would start to get out of bed to put on her clothes, would hesitate, would sigh, then at last



would roll back into the arms of Filip.

"Where have you been?" asked her mother when Marina finally appeared. "And did he ever get that instrument out of pawn? Did it all turn out to be a lie?"

"Not by any means," said Marina with a rosy smile. "It's quite as splendid as I expected." Then she went on to give her mother a joyful and detailed description of the pleasures of the past three days.

"Humph," said the mother. "You always did exaggerate." But she silently determined to discover the truth of the matter. Thus, when Marina went to the market, her mother called on Filip. She found him asleep in the garden, the ring on his finger and his salami standing a foot high. "Well, well," she said, approaching curiously. "Since he's asleep, I might just test this out to see if it's some kind of trick." She raised her petticoats and began gently to impale herself. Just then, Filip stirred in his sleep and the ring slipped down on his finger.

Returning home a little while later, Marina found the house empty and silent. Then she heard her husband snoring in the garden and went to him—only to discover a fearsome sight. Filip's prick was 100 yards tall and at the top, helpless as a weathercock in the wind, spun her mother.

Marina immediately called the neighbors for help. They came running, stared awe-struck, then offered all sorts of advice. Should I run and get my ax and chop it down? No, you fool, that would kill both of them. Perhaps we should send up a steeple jack. But there's no steeple jack in this town. It was finally decided that the only practical thing to do was to pray to God for a miracle.

In the meantime, Marina was gently awaking her husband and whispering to him not to move. She had faith that Filip would provide a solution—and so he did. He cautiously moved the ring higher on his finger and, like some famous tight-rope walker, Marina's mother descended slowly toward the ground to the enthusiastic applause of the crowd.

As her mother reached safety, Marina said, "I see, Mother dear, that you have decided to take flying lessons after all."

—Retold by Nicholas Gabyev





# Bockman (continued from page 103)

a filling. "You probably think I'm a dentist," a voice said.

Bockman opened his eyes.

"That story about your regular dentist's hiring an associate wasn't true. Actually, I'm with the current Administration. I just arrived here yesterday from Washington."

"I'm not having any of this," Bockman said. "Where's my regular dentist?"

"I'm involved in a pilot project to develop grass-roots backing for Administration policy."

"You're going to have to count me out."

"Well, actually, it's not really up to you—but I'm probably not explaining it right. My job is to provide you with certain opinions consistent with the goals of the Administration. You are to simply accept these opinions as your own and state them forthrightly at every suitable opportunity."

"You're hitting me with this at a bad time," Bockman said. "I'm going through a lot of personal difficulties. And anyway, why me?"

"Well, we've got to start somewhere. Oh, I guess I should introduce myself. Moss is the name. Andrew Moss."

"I don't give a rat's ass what your name is."

"Well, it's established procedure—I'm supposed to introduce myself on initial contact. Anyway, that's about it for now—you're free to go."

"What about my cavity?"

"Oh, all right—as long as you're here, I guess I could at least take a look."

"I thought you said you weren't a dentist."

"I'm not, but I had the feeling a little bit ago, when I was fooling around in your mouth, that I could probably get the hang of it pretty quickly."

Bockman left without getting his parking ticket validated. The charge to get his car out was \$4.75.

"That seems awfully expensive."

"You were just past the grace period," the parking attendant said.

"The sign says two dollars maximum."

"We don't go by that."

Bockman handed over the money and headed back to work. He was an electrical engineer who, because of an aerospace cutback, was now working as an estimator in an auto-body repair shop in Santa Monica. He was skillful enough at operating the little estimator wheel that he was supposed to roll along each dent to compute the basic repair cost, but both he and the owner of the shop, Mr. Newcomb, realized something important was lacking in his manner. Most potential customers would nod at his figures, speak vaguely about returning

later in the week and then disappear forever.

So far, the most Newcomb had said by way of criticism was, "Well, we can't all be as good as Taggart."

This was a reference to the other estimator who worked in the shop.

"Don't forget this isn't my chosen field," Bockman had said the last time this remark had been thrown at him.

All the same, Bockman realized it was a big disadvantage to have someone as good as Taggart for a co-worker. Effortlessly, Taggart managed to get business from everyone who pulled into the shop. In fact, when Bockman returned from the dentist's office, Taggart was getting a signature on an estimate to repair a Dodge Dart that had been rear-ended. A second customer, with a damaged headlight, was waiting. Bockman got his clipboard and hurried over.

"Help you?" he said.

The man with the damaged headlight pointed toward Taggart and said, "If you don't mind, I'll wait for him."

"How come?"

"No reason. I just like his style."

• • •

That evening, when Bockman got home, there was a note from his ex-wife on the dining-room table:

Picked up the laundry and changed the linen. Oven timer is set so that the roast duck will be done by seven. Wine and chilled glass in refrigerator. M.

He got an aspirin from the medicine cabinet and placed it on the tooth that was giving him trouble. Then he phoned his ex-wife.

"Margaret, I don't think all this stopping by here is a good idea," he said.

"I thought you wanted things amicable."

"I did, except you're doing too much. It's getting me mixed up."

"Oh, by the way, did you get the money? I mailed you four hundred dollars yesterday. If you didn't get it today, it'll be there tomorrow for sure."

"Margaret, I can't accept money from you."

"I explained in a note—it's extra. Remember I told you I'd started those group-therapy sessions? Well, now a lot of members have started visiting me individually for help."

"I don't think that's legal, Margaret. In the first place, you don't have any kind of degree or—"

"I'm making real progress with some of them. The only stipulation is that I won't permit any patient of mine to mention bodily functions."

"Margaret, it doesn't sound as if—"

"I simply will not permit it."

At this moment, a man's voice came on

the line. "Hi, it's me."

Margaret said, "After all, it's my house. It's another matter if they want to talk filth in the privacy of—"

"Wait a minute, Margaret—is there someone on the extension at your place?"

"No, it's me," the man's voice said. "Andrew Moss."

"Who is it, please?" Margaret said.

"What do you want?" Bockman said.

"Well, I said I'd be keeping in touch."

Margaret said, "We're not finished with our conversation yet, Operator."

"It's not an operator," Bockman said. "It's this other thing I've gotten mixed up in. I'll have to call you back."

Margaret said she understood perfectly. Before she hung up, she mentioned that she was planning to drop by later in the week to lay some new asphalt tile in the kitchen.

After she was off the line, Bockman said, "I don't know the latest on wire tapping, but I'm sure it must be illegal to actually break in on a conversation."

"It seemed more honest to let you know I was listening," Andrew Moss said. "Anyway, here it is: one hundred percent in favor of the Utah hydro-electric project."

"What?"

"From now on, that's your opinion on the matter."

"Suppose I refuse to adopt that opinion."

"Well, as a first step, your employer will be notified."

"I'm warning you, I've got enough trouble down there."

"There'll be a typewritten list of opinions coming through in a day or so. I got a friend of mine to get me this one for you ahead of time."

• • •

The next morning, when Bockman arrived at work, the employees were gathered around a chart on the back wall. Taggart said, "Newcomb thought it up to keep tabs on our respective performances. See? You can tell at a glance that last week I brought in over five times as much business as you."

"Don't forget this isn't my chosen field," Bockman said.

"Same here," Taggart said.

"What do you mean—Mr. Newcomb said you'd been at this for a good fifteen years."

"He probably said that so you wouldn't feel bad," Taggart said. "Actually, I started here just two days before you—before that I was a dance instructor."

• • •

Business was slow, but just before lunch, Bockman wrote out an estimate for a heavy-set man with a damaged grille. "Fine," the heavy-set man said, checking over Bockman's figures. "Fine."

(continued on page 158)



Eat  
Your  
Heart  
Out!



*modern living* **By Brock Yates** *there's one thing these uncommon machines have in common—federal regulations have kept them all out of the states. a pox on you, ralph nader, wherever you are*

Some English car experts steadfastly claim that the Bristol 411 is the best automobile in the world. A tall, elegantly understated sedan powered by a 335-hp. Chrysler engine, it is a fast (140 mph) and silent touring car with impeccable manners. Production is limited to three hand-built cars per week.



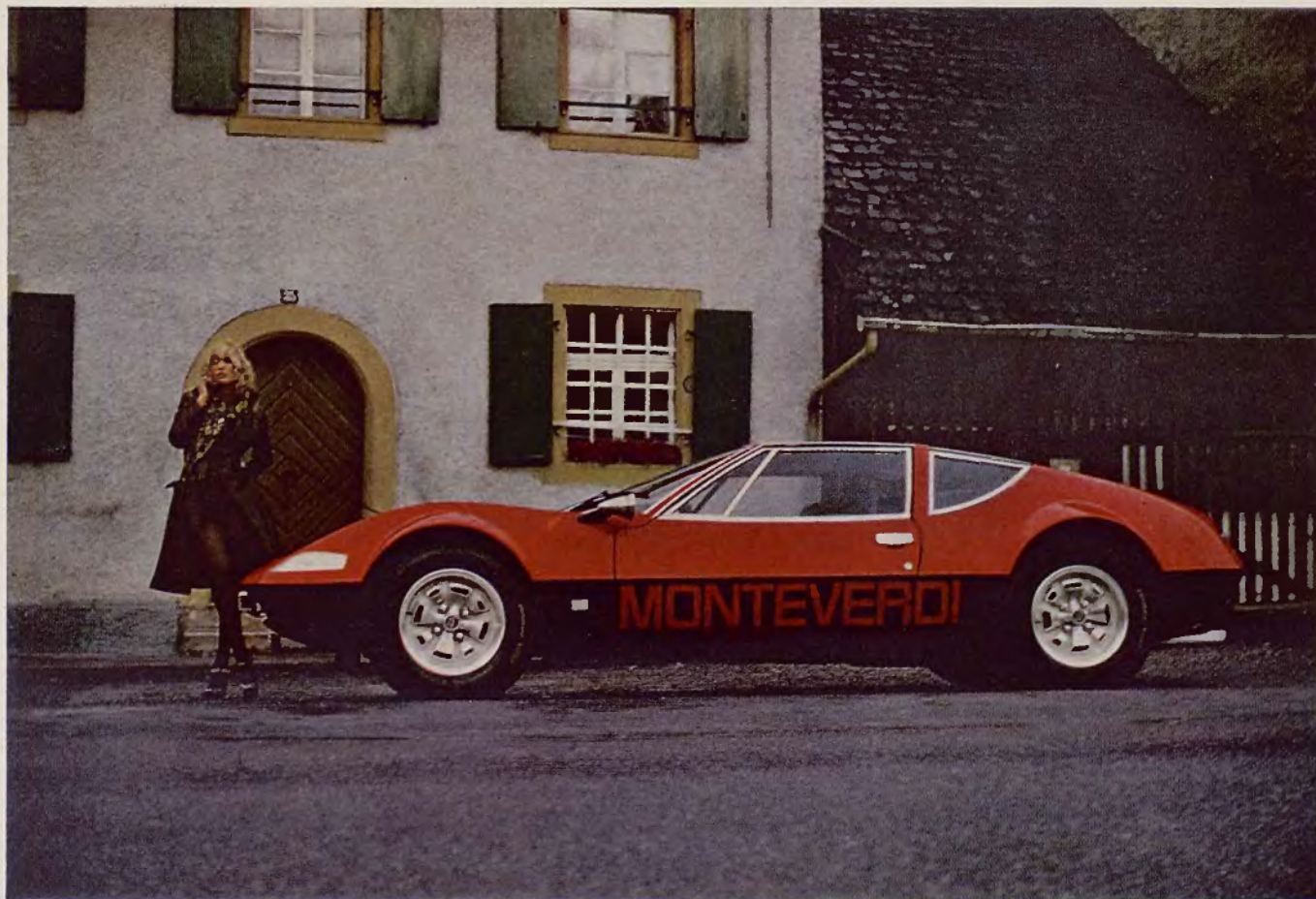




Left: Introduced at Expo 67 (hence its name), the Alfa Romeo Montreal is a 2+2 grand-touring car using an engine originally designed for the company's successful Tipo 33 prototype racing cars. The advanced four-cam, fuel-injected V8 develops over 200 hp from a mere 158.2 cu. ins.

Right: Lancia's Stratos is a trifle Spartan to define as a luxury grand-touring automobile, but its light, durable chassis and its plucky, Ferrari-designed, four-cam V6 "Dino" engine qualify it as a substantial threat in major rallies. Despite its small engine, the Stratos will run 140 mph.

Below: Peter Manteverdi, the Swiss manufacturer of this mid-engine, 180-mph grand-touring car, sells his hai 450 GTS only to drivers with high-speed-motoring credentials. That, plus a bushel of Swiss francs and a wait of at least a year and a half, obtains one of these superfast road cars.



SOMEWHERE IN BANKRUPT OLD ITALY, there is a tiny, wedge-shaped car whining down a sunny stretch of *autostrada* at 185 mph. While you and I are lumping along in our sensible semicrashproof sedans, eyes scanning the speedometer, lest we exceed 55 mph, and the gas gauge, fearful that our hungry engine will consume its last drop of fuel before the Arabs shut off the spigot, we can comfort (or torment, depending on our frame of mind) ourselves with the thought that a few places still exist on this earth where automobiles are viewed as uncompromising, balls-to-the-wall-oh-my-God mechanisms of pure hedonism. Those places are for the most part in Europe, where a small band of men persists in the belief that some automobiles—*some* automobiles, not all automobiles—ought to be built for sheer fun without concern for practicality, social responsibility or deference to the rising tides of egalitarianism. These men





Left: Perhaps the most potent four-place automobile, the 165-mph Maserati Indy 4900 once was exported to the United States. Now its special brand of luxurious transport avails itself only to Europeans. The Indy's 4.9-liter, four-cam, 320-hp V8 is coupled to a smooth, five-speed gearbox.

Right: Tell this to your taxman: Even if such a car as the Lamborghini Countach were available here, it would border on the impossible to justify its ownership by any responsible citizen. But then, you just might convert him with a quick, mind-blowing turn or two around the neighborhood at 185 mph!

Below: Speaking of the ideal commuter car (which we weren't), you might want to ignore the Ferrari Berlinetta Boxer. Your basic mid-engine, flat-12-cylinder, two-seater grand-touring machine that is capable of nudging 190 mph may be a bit much, although the price (\$50,000) is tempting.



once included among their number immortals such as Bugatti, Duesenberg, Bentley, Benz, Stutz, etc., who considered the car not so much a transportation module but as the pre-eminent 20th Century kinetic art form. They are gone now, and time has conspired to leave only Enzo Ferrari and a few others to carry the fire. Despite their technical perfection and courageous designs, the great cars these men created have passed out of the automotive mainstream to be replaced by ordinary shoe-box sedans that have been housebroken and mongrelized by the flinty search for profits and the meddling of zealous bureaucracies.

The latest casualty is the venerable English firm of Aston Martin, which for 53 years produced some of the finest sports and grand-touring automobiles available anywhere. It compiled a distinguished competition record, capped by a







1-2 finish in the 1959 LeMans 24-Hour race, and gained world fame as exotic transportation for James Bond, but rising costs involved in the manufacture of its powerful, hand-built coupes forced the company's capitulation at the end of 1974. The action tossed 500 of England's finest craftsman onto the street and left the handful remaining in the few solvent custom and coach-building shops to wonder who's next.

Perhaps this taming of the automobile has been necessary. Certainly, the realities of urban congestion, pollution and the escalating consumption of energy make \$40,000 V12, mid-engine, two-passenger cars capable of 185 mph as abhorrent to your basic hair-shirted saviors of society as a squadron of F-14s buzzing Walden Pond at Mach 2. Let's face it; there is precious little justification for owning a Ferrari Berlinetta Boxer or Lamborghini Countach (a pair of automobiles that fit the above definition) beyond the elemental satisfaction of knowing that one is driving perhaps the fastest bloody road car in the world. That sort of aristocratic excess is supposed to have died with the Holy Roman Empire, which is why, following such 20th Century convulsions as the rise of socialism, the Great Depression, a pair of World Wars and the emerging awareness of the environment, ultra-elegant sports machines are about as rare as whistling swans.

They are rarest of all in America. The masterpiece domestic marques like Duesenberg, Cord, Stutz, Marmon, etc., were crushed under the double blow of the Depression and World War Two, leaving us for the most part with a vast range of reliable, responsible, deadly boring sedans cluttering the nation's highways. The supply was further limited by the new realities in Europe that forced manufacturers such as Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, Alfa Romeo, etc., away from custom sports machinery and toward higher-volume, somewhat lower-priced vehicles.

Still, a few of these cars dribbled onto our shores. Until recently, men with enough money and enough lust for great automobiles could find a small but steady supply of Ferraris, Lamborghinis, Maseratis, etc., to satisfy their urges. But slowly and steadily the colossal Washington bureaucracy has, in the course of its attention to the problems of safety and air pollution, eliminated almost all high-performance cars from the American landscape, including those of uncompromising beauty and performance. The volumes of regulations, laws, standards, codes, amendments, memorandums, notifications, etc., that have poured out of the Department of Transportation and the Environmental Protection Agency, dragooning every car manufacturer who chooses to sell cars in the United States into conformity in everything from

bumper strengths to headlight elevations to exhaust emissions to buzzer tones, have been the root cause.

Because of the sheer volume of the American market, a number of European manufacturers have plowed through the acres of paperwork from Washington and spent massive sums to modify their products for sale here. Therefore, one can still purchase a new Porsche, BMW, Mercedes-Benz, Jaguar and even a Ferrari or Maserati in the United States, but the vehicles, in general, will be heavier, more sluggish, less efficient variations on the same models that can be purchased in Europe. Other manufacturers have simply decided that bureaucrats are too formidable an obstacle and have refused to export their automobiles to the United States. Sadly, these no-shows include some of the most exciting cars in existence.

Take for example the Bristol 411 Series IV. Anyone who has driven in England has probably been blown off by one of these slab-sided machines on a twisty country road. Bristols are tall, austere four-seaters with elemental styling and craftsmanship that simply does not exist in the British Isles outside its own shops and the Rolls-Royce works in Crewe. Unlike other automotive exotica, the Bristol 411 is a rather conventional car, utilizing a conventional front-engine, rear-drive system with a relatively simple suspension system. Even more ordinary is the engine/transmission, with a 400-cu.-in., 335-hp Chrysler V8 linked to a Chrysler Torqueflite automatic transmission. The secret of the Bristol is execution, not inspiration. The company's management steadfastly refuses to bend its schedules to the tuggings of the market and seldom produces more than three 411s per week. Each car is, for all intents and purposes, hand-built and carries strong traditions of the high-quality aircraft upon which Bristol created its reputation. After aiding the Allied war effort against Germany with such masterpieces as the quick and deadly twin-engine Bristol Beaufighter and the rugged Beaufort reconnaissance and torpedo bomber, Bristol Aeroplane Company, Ltd., Filton, Bristol, became Bristol Cars, Ltd., in 1960 and has devoted itself to the production of high-quality, high-performance automobiles ever since. The 411's stout, box-ladder frame and rugged interior framing would result in a car of massive weight were it not for its flawlessly finished, all-aluminum body. This produces a relatively light (3775 lbs.), safe, extremely stable and silent machine capable of carrying four passengers and their luggage at speeds approaching nearly 140 mph.

While a few Bristols have reached America (including the Arnolt-Bristol sports cars of the Fifties), recent models remain as scarce as a bureaucrat without a new regulation. For openers, Bristol does not encourage the purchase of

its automobiles anywhere outside England, and only a few are exported each year. Moreover, the company absolutely refuses to make a left-hand-drive version, which makes the car impractical in the vast majority of motorized nations. And the thought of Bristol engineers cobbling up their automobiles to conform to the safety and pollution rules pouring out of Washington is as abhorrent to them as converting the factory to the manufacture of Messerschmitt Me-109s. Besides, there is plenty of business in jolly old England even during the current hard times. Despite its price tag of £8973 (about \$21,500), enough people are lusting after the Bristol 411 to produce a 12-to-14-month wait for delivery. Is it any wonder we will never see one of these wonderful machines in the United States?

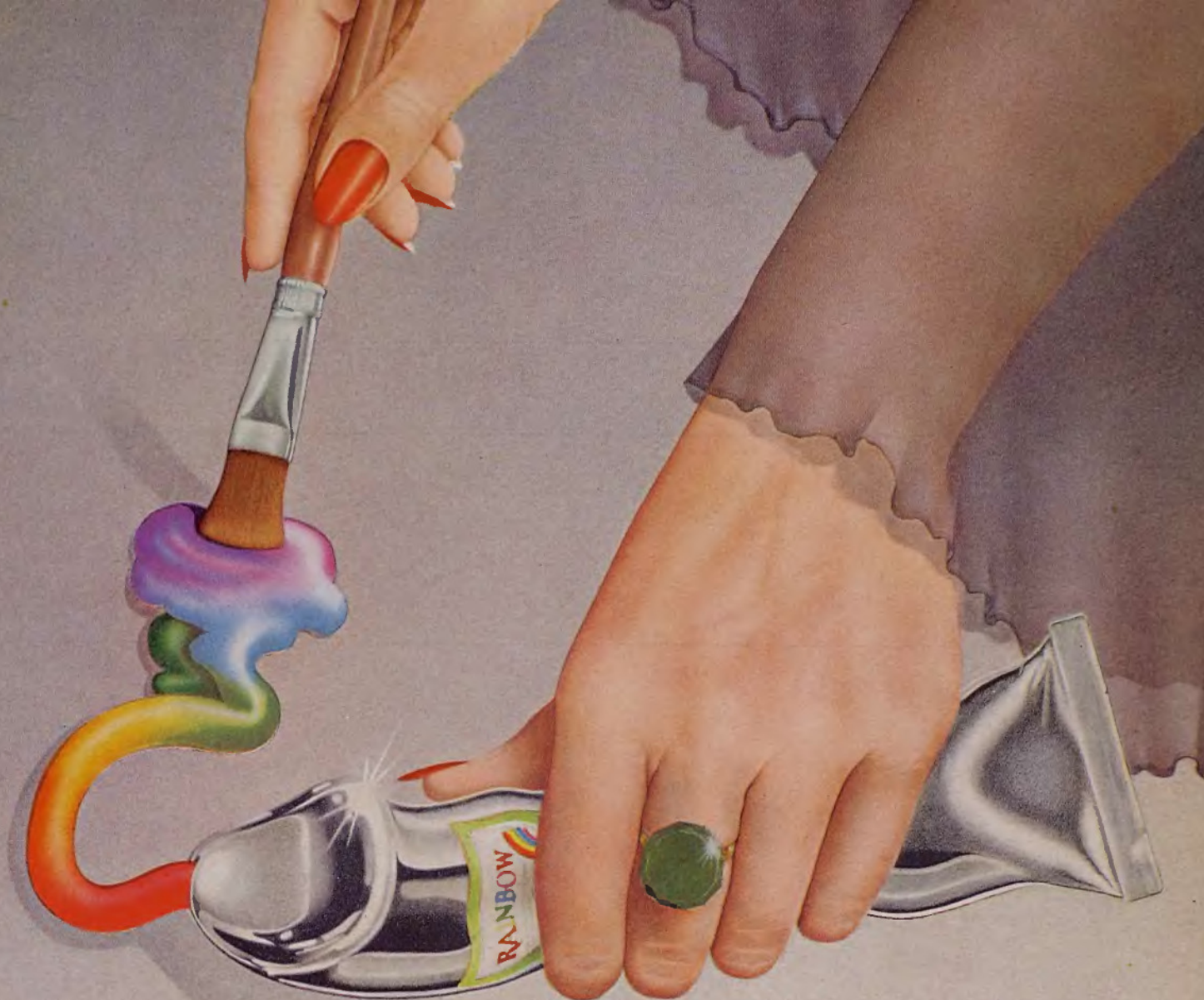
Unlike the recent Bristols, a few Monteverdis can be found floating around America, but they are destined to become curiosities from a bygone era. These special, low-volume machines are the product of a bright, aggressive Swiss named Peter Monteverdi. An auto dealer, customizer, sometime competition driver and general enthusiast, Monteverdi introduced his first complete car—the 375 S 2+2 coupe—at the 1967 Frankfurt Auto Show. Like his subsequent models, the car was fitted with a large-displacement Chrysler V8 engine that gave impressive performance with a high degree of reliability. (Over the years, a number of European builders, including Iso, DeTomaso, Monica, Bizzarrini, Gordon-Keeble, AC, etc., have built cars mating sophisticated Continental chassis and bodies—generally English or Italian—to American drive trains, all with modest success. Perhaps the DeTomaso Pantera, imported by Lincoln-Mercury, and the wonderful Shelby Cobras are the best examples of this design syndrome.)

Monteverdi's attention to detail and his refusal to increase production beyond his capability of maintaining the highest standards of quality control resulted in prosperity where others had failed. His 375s matured into excellent automobiles and he opened a full production facility at Binningen, near Basel (the bodies are built in Italy). Then his staggeringly pretty, wonderfully excessive four-door, close-coupled limousine, the 375/4 appeared, but a final goal existed for a competitive man like Monteverdi: the creation of an ultrarapid road car that would be equal to the Ferrari Daytonas, Lamborghini Miuras, Maserati Ghiblis, etc., that dominated the highways of Europe in terms of sheer speed. After several years of development, Monteverdi introduced his rakish *hai* 450 GTS at the 1973 Geneva Motor Show.

A low, ground-hugging, mid-engine coupe, the 450 GTS has first-class road holding, braking and steering. It was originally designed to be powered by

(continued on page 187)





## THE MODEL

*the lady artist found one thing wrong with his pose, so she used her head to straighten him out*

*fiction* **By AL CAPP**

ALL OF THIS HAPPENED years ago, when I was a young man and when there was still a little innocence left in the world. True innocence—and the proof of that was a young Mexican by the name of José. I won't give his whole name because it is still the same today and you've undoubtedly seen it on the theatrical pages of the paper. And, undoubtedly, in the course of time and fame he has become just as wicked as you and I.

One day, as I was meandering on the Upper West Side of New York, looking for a place to live, I came across a little sign that said ROOM TO RENT—TOP FLOOR. This notice was in a window of an ancient, decomposing brick building that stood next to the old police precinct station on West 100th Street. With good wind and plenty of optimism, a man could

climb those six flights to the top and still have strength enough to knock on the door.

It was opened by a young giant in workman's clothes who stared down at me until I'd caught my breath and explained what I was there for; he then broke into a giant grin.

"Come in!" he said. "My name's Edgar Jones." We were walking through an Augean kitchen that hadn't been hosed out since Hercules was a boy. "I've got to admit to you that I didn't tell the whole and nothing but when I wrote that sign downstairs. It's more like part of a room."

It was big and it had a window—that was about the best you could say for it. Clothes were heaped or strewn on the floor. There were four mattresses, three of them covered with



rumpled blankets, the other one bare and relatively clean.

"You'll get along great here," Edgar said with enthusiasm. "There are three of us and we need a fourth to make up the rent. Don and José are really good guys, you'll see. The rent is only eight dollars a month and everybody shares the cleaning up."

I had eight dollars and I was ready to do as much cleaning up as anybody else had ever done here. We shook hands to close the deal. It was only after that that he asked me what I did for a living.

"I'm a cartoonist," I said. Then, with a little more honesty, I added, "or, I want to be a cartoonist."

"Swell!" he said. "I'm in the blood business, myself." Then he went on to tell me how he'd registered at various hospitals under different names as a paid blood donor. They extracted more blood from him in a month, he said, than most people generated in a year. Still, he seemed to be in the ruddiest good health. "As for Don, he's OK just as I said, but there's one funny thing you ought to know about him."

"What's that?" I asked anxiously.

"He thinks he's a painter. Look at this, would you." Edgar dragged a canvas out of a closet and stared at it, shaking his head.

"It's an abstraction," I said.

"So that's what it is. How can you tell if an abstraction's good or bad?"

"Nobody's ever invented a way," I said.

"Anyway, Don says he'll be famous someday. He earns a good living making picture frames, but he spends every cent on the fifth floor."

"What costs so much on the fifth floor?"

"Ruthie. She's very expensive."

"Do you mean there's a hooker living in this building?" I asked.

"Everybody in this building is a hooker," Edgar said. "Except the four of us and Mrs. Delmar. She's the madam. She says she rents to us so that the cops in the precinct next door won't get suspicious."

"But don't the cops know that this is a cathouse?"

"Oh, boy, do they! Every one of those bastards drops by at least once a week—all twenty-two of them. Mrs. Delmar says that servicing the police force really cuts into her profit, and I believe her. That's why she charges Don the regular rate to see Ruthie. If Ruthie started passing out free samples, she'd get fired."

"She could do something else, couldn't she? Some other line of work?"

"Oh, no, not Ruthie. When you meet her, you'll see that she's perfect for her job. But Don only gets to call on Ruthie three times a week. If Mrs. Delmar's rates go up again, he won't be able to afford Ruthie anymore and he'll have to

marry her. That would make everybody unhappy."

"I see," I said. "What about José, does he have any problems?"

"He's Mexican. He's studying to be a dancer. He supports himself by posing for life classes at art schools. He's built like the statue of David. Now, don't kid yourself that adds up to José being queer—he isn't. He's just about the most religious Catholic guy who ever got across the border. Mass, confession, fish on Friday—the whole works."

"On top of that," Edgar said with some awe, "he's a virgin! Yep, that's what I said. Don and I never talk about dames or sex when José is around, out of respect for his virginity."

"What does he think those little bimbos on the other five floors are doing? Playing bridge with the cops?"

"I swear it never crossed his mind to ask. Honest to God, José doesn't know a single joke you couldn't tell in a convent. He's never had a dirty thought in his life."

I thought I'd reserve judgment until I'd got to know that mythological beast. After I'd moved in and had been living on the sixth floor for a month, I had to admit that Edgar had laid out the major facts about everybody in the first ten minutes. Don was friendly and likable, but he spent most of his waking time trying to accumulate a little extra money to spend on Ruthie. It was a rule of the house, though, that he couldn't try to borrow from Edgar or me. The rest of the time, when he wasn't working, Don spent on his depressing abstractions.

As for José, it was true that he was cheerful, good-looking and devoutly religious. I still had a lurking suspicion that somehow, in some way, the facts of life must have come to his attention. I had it even when I saw him treat the girls downstairs as if they were no more than nice neighbor ladies. But I couldn't prove a thing.

One day, he came home in a state of high excitement. "Thees famous painter, she has chose me to model!" After we'd got him calmed down a little, we found out that the painter would give José a fee of \$20 a day instead of the \$5 he got at the art schools. Along with that, there was the honor.

"Who is this famous painter?" I asked.

"Mees Lucia McNally—you have heard of her?"

Don hadn't, because the only painters he knew were the blob-and-smudge set of abstractionists. But, since I was on the very outer fringes of popular art, I knew about Lucia McNally and her legend. She did magazine-cover paintings of beautiful girls—meltingly lovely blondes or fresh-faced, clear-eyed brunettes. They all looked a little alike—and all of them much as Lucia McNally must have looked ten years earlier.

Even a cartoonist on the outer fringes knew two facts about Lucia McNally. The first was that while she could paint a face, a neck, a pair of shoulders with the best of the cover artists, she was completely unable to accomplish the rest of the figure. Her talent stopped at the collarbone. The second fact about Lucia McNally was that she was a nymphomaniac.

I didn't mention anything of this to José, but, after he had left for dance class that evening, I told it to Don and Edgar. We gave the matter some serious thought.

"It will come as a terrible shock to José when she lets him in on the difference between girls and boys," Don said. "God knows, we've tried to shelter him."

"Come on," said Edgar. "Maybe it's really true that she's learning to paint figures. Maybe it's all on the level."

"I've always had a sneaking suspicion that José isn't all that saintly. I'm willing to bet that he learns about figures fast," I said.

We agreed to simply wait and—without any efforts to question him—let José tell us his adventures. He always loved to talk and he seemed incapable of keeping a secret. So we were all gathered round the next Monday when he came home from his first session with Miss McNally.

"Ees a study for a painting of Eros, god of love," José said. "I stand so, een profile, arms thrust out so, one foot advanced. She start sketches today. Tomorrow, she say there's one problem we try to feex."

"You pose bare-ass?" asked Edgar.

"*Naturalmente*," said José. "Thees ees picture to express essence of pure Greek joy. You theenk Eros wear jockstrap?"

"And you pose in profile. Why's that?"

"I don't know exactly—Mees McNally say something about how it ees the best way to show love projecting into the universe."

After he'd left, the three of us discussed the matter again but without any change in our notions. Don took the ribald view, Edgar the charitable and I the skeptical.

When José came home the next night, he was troubled and thoughtful. When he finally began to confide in us, he shook his head a lot.

"Mees McNally, she talk about thees problem and she talk about god of love, pure joy, expressionism and how she want to show an erection on Eros een the painting. At first, I don't understand. Ees the same word een Spanish, but I thought the gringo word was hard-on. Then I understand and I tell her, sure, I have erection when I wake up een the morning, but by the time I brush my teeth it goes away. She say the spirit of

(concluded on page 166)



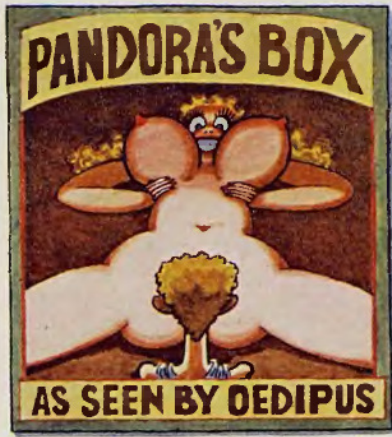
A PROTUBERANTLY PORTRAYED  
**HISTORY of SEX**  
 OLYMPIAN GAMES by ARNOLD ROTH

HISTORY  
 SEX  
 PART FOUR

The birth of Aphrodite and the coming of the Panhellenic Games.











**Hippocrates formalized medicine and its oaths.**

**With Greece immersed in internal affairs, the Roman legions started coming.**



**To be continued.**



# Bockman (continued from page 146)

How about early autumn?"

"Early autumn?"

"Yeah—I figure I'll hold off until my slack season."

After the man had driven off, Bockman went to the back wall and studied the chart. There was no suitable place where he could indicate that he'd gotten a job for early autumn. The chart was bad enough, and the chance that Andrew Moss might cause even further trouble with complaints to Mr. Newcomb made matters even worse. Bockman could see Mr. Newcomb in his office talking on the phone. He waited until the call was completed, then he went in and said, "Utah's made tremendous progress in the last decade, but it could all be for naught if that hydroelectric project falls through."

"That was my brother-in-law on the phone," Mr. Newcomb said. "He's having a hell of a time trying to locate a competent electrical engineer."

"Wait a minute. I'm an electrical engineer."

"You'd think with all the recent cut-backs there'd be plenty around, but apparently that's not the case."

"I worked nine years at one of the top firms in the area. What kind of outfit does he have?"

"I don't know. Data systems. Something like that."

"That's my field! Listen, I guess you don't believe me, but I really am an electrical engineer!"

"Hm? Oh, sure—I believe you." Mr.

Newcomb took a sip of coffee from a mug that had his initials painted on it in red fingernail polish by a secretary who had since quit to open her own greeting-card shop. "So anyway," he said, "he's at a complete loss, and all I could tell him is things are bad all over."

Bockman edged toward the door. "I don't want to burn my bridges," he said, "but I'm probably quitting." He turned and rushed out, then reappeared a moment later. "What's the name of his place?" Mr. Newcomb told him and he rushed out again.

The receptionist at the data-systems firm gave Bockman's name to Mr. Newcomb's brother-in-law over the intercom and then said, "He's from an auto-body repair shop."

"That isn't relevant," Bockman said. "I just didn't want to waste time changing."

"He'll see you now."

Mr. Newcomb's brother-in-law came out from behind his desk to shake hands.

"I should apologize for these coveralls," Bockman said.

"You're looking at one happy feller," Mr. Newcomb's brother-in-law said.

"I understand you need a competent electrical engineer."

"As of ten minutes ago, I did. As of ten minutes ago, I was climbing the walls. Listen, he's up to his ears, but he might

take off a second or two if you want to meet him."

"Why would I want to meet him?"

"Well, I can see you've got your heart set on working your way up to electrical engineer—I just thought it would be a kick to shake hands with a real one."

Bockman managed to get back to the auto-body repair shop before a decision had been reached on his replacement. Mr. Newcomb was trying to decide between a teenage boy with a snake tattooed on one arm and a man in his late 40s who was carrying a pint of muscatel in his back pocket.

"I said probably," Bockman said. "I didn't say I was definitely quitting."

"OK, OK," Mr. Newcomb said. "It's just that I hate to let these two slip through my fingers."

The older man with the muscatel gestured toward Bockman. "Are you keeping him because he's already got his own coveralls?"

"I guess that's mainly it," Mr. Newcomb said.

Andrew Moss was in the kitchen making himself a cup of instant Sanka when Bockman got home after work.

"I don't like finding people in the house like this," Bockman said.

"The list of opinions arrived for you." He handed Bockman a sheet of paper.

"Wait a minute," Bockman said. "If this is for me, how come it says Raymond Melnick here at the top?"

"What?"

"Right here. Raymond Melnick."

"Oh, that." Andrew Moss took out a pen, crossed out the name and wrote in Bockman's. "There."

"But that doesn't change the fact that you might have the wrong guy entirely!"

"Keep in mind this program's still in the early stages," Andrew Moss said. "You can't expect every little detail to be exactly right."

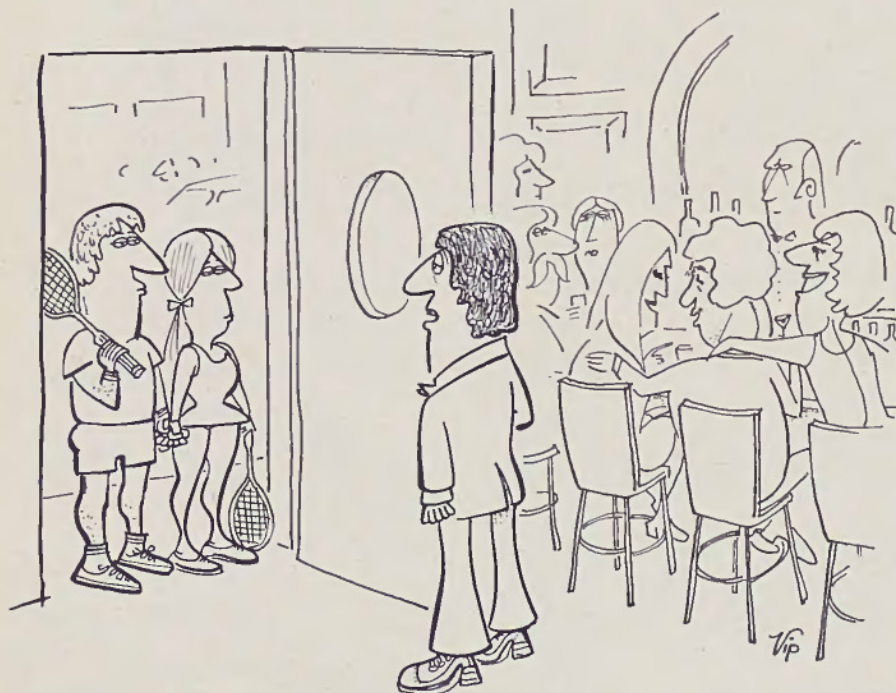
Bockman knew the best thing to do would be to throw the list in the trash without a glance, but he took a look at it anyway.

Commodities Exchange  
ruling ..... firmly opposed  
Arkansas Federal judge  
appointee ..... well qualified  
Refurbishing of Senate  
subbasement ..... long overdue  
Allegheny flood-control  
project ..... mixed emotions

"I don't get this last one. What good would it do to have mixed emotions about the Allegheny flood-control project?"

"I think that's thrown in to lend credibility to your other opinions."

"Well, I don't see how anyone could bring that off. And anyway, aside from



"I'm sorry, folks; this is a singles bar."



# *Alive with pleasure! Newport*

© Lorillard 1974



*After all, if smoking isn't  
a pleasure, why bother?*

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

Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;  
100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.







*"Don't worry, Mrs. Fenwick. I'll have him home by midnight and he'll be horny as hell."*



that, all these issues seem kind of inconsequential. I was expecting at least Cabinet-level stuff."

"I think the idea is to build up gradually."

"Well, it's all academic anyway, because I'm not going along with it," Bockman said. "So you can take back this list."

"No, that's all right," Andrew Moss said. "I've got a copy of my own."

• • •

Two days after this, events began to take an unexpected turn at the auto-body repair shop. Bockman's first inkling that the situation was in flux came when three carpenters arrived and put down a hardwood floor in a section of the shop toward the rear that had previously been used as a storage area for bumpers. Then a waist-high partition was erected to separate it from the rest of the shop.

The next day, Taggart brought his phonograph and a stack of albums. Bockman paid little attention until later that afternoon when he saw Taggart in the new area dancing with a lady who'd brought in a sideswiped Pontiac. The phonograph was playing an up-tempo Les Brown number. Taggart swung her out, let her turn, then drew her back again. "She's a natural," he called to Bockman. "Five or six more lessons and she'll be able to hold her own with the best of them."

Bockman mistook this for an isolated incident, but as it turned out, in the following days there seemed to be a surprisingly large number of ladies with damaged autos who, if approached properly, were willing to invest a little time and money to brush up on their dance-floor technique. Bockman sensed that Mr. Newcomb expected him to do his share in enrolling a few of these ladies himself, but he could never bring himself to try.

"It's too illogical," he said to Mr. Newcomb. "It's too much to expect someone to switch from talking about auto-body work to dance lessons."

"I'd agree with you except Taggart's proven otherwise."

"Gaaah!"

"That's no attitude."

"No, I'm sorry—I've got this tooth. Anyway, Taggart's drawing on past skills."

Mr. Newcomb looked out the window that separated his office from the rest of the shop. "I think he's about to move in on another one," he said. "Maybe you can pick up a few pointers."

Taggart was filling out an estimate for an attractive lady with a crumpled rear fender. A Xavier Cugat record was playing on the phonograph. Taggart moved to her side and, although Mr. Newcomb and Bockman couldn't make out his words, he appeared to be going over the estimate with her, item by item. At the

same time, he began to sway subtly to the music. The attractive lady seemed to think the swaying was cute and did not seem averse to doing a little of it herself as long as they kept to the real business of going over the estimate.

Then Taggart threw in a step or two and said something to her. She laughed and shook her head. But it was clear he wasn't going to take that for her final answer. He set down his clipboard and, putting one arm around her waist, repeated the step. She tried to follow him but broke off and laughed self-consciously. "No, really," Bockman heard him say. "You've almost got it." Still talking, he led her over to the dance area.

Mr. Newcomb turned to Bockman. "I want you to get out there and lend a hand," he said.

"I think Taggart would probably want to handle it alone," Bockman said.

"I don't want excuses."

Bockman listened a moment, counting to himself to make sure he had the beat, then he made his way, past an employee working with an acetylene torch, to the dance floor.

"May I cut in?" he said.

To his credit, Taggart relinquished the lady gracefully. "Curses," he said with mock exasperation. "Foiled again."

He moved off to the side, where Mr. Newcomb joined him, and Bockman launched into a spirited rumba with the lady. For the most part, he stuck to subtle rhythmic hip movements, but from time to time he threw in a few shoulder waggles as a hint of the wild abandon that would overcome him if he really let himself go. It was coming out of one of these shoulder waggles that he caught sight of her signaling to Taggart. He stopped dancing.

"I was doing OK," he said. "You didn't have to start that."

"I wasn't doing anything," the lady said.

The record came to an end.

"I saw you," Bockman said. "When a person is dancing with one auto-body estimator, she's not supposed to start making secret signals to another auto-body estimator."

Taggart came forward to try to smooth things over. "No harm done," he said. "Plenty of laughs and high jinks for everyone."

"No, I really ought to be going," the lady said.

Taggart said, "But I thought we were going to work our way up to where you could hold your own with the best of them."

"Maybe some other time," the lady said.

Ten minutes after she left, Mr. Newcomb called in Bockman and asked for his resignation.

• • •

That night, Andrew Moss phoned for the first time in more than a week.

"Word's come through that you're co-operating nicely," he said.

"That's not so," Bockman said. "I praised the Utah thing once, but only in a moment of insecurity."

"I don't like to make threats, but you're laying yourself open to severe penalties."

"I don't care. What severe penalties?"

"There's a big guy who knows how to break your arm so that it looks like an accident."

"Well, you're going to have to bring him on, because I'm not changing my mind."

"OK, except he's hard to reach. I'll have to leave a message with his answering service."

"I can't believe someone like that would be on the Administration payroll."

"Actually, we use him more on a freelance basis."

• • •

The first thing the following morning, Bockman went to an employment agency.

"You're an electrical engineer?" a counselor said, checking over the forms Bockman had filled out.

"That's right."

"And your last position was with the Newcomb Auto Body Repair Shop?"

"That's right."

"And why were you dismissed from your last position?"

"I lacked confidence on the dance floor."

After his quarrel with the employment counselor, Bockman returned home to find two letters and also a package from his ex-wife in the mail. One letter stated that he was overdrawn at the bank. The other letter was a bill for \$24.00 for his visit to the dentist. The package from his ex-wife was accompanied by a note:

Call me crazy, but when I spotted this \$1200 movie camera in the window, I saw your name written all over it! M.

Bockman heated some vegetable soup and ate it with his head tilted to one side so the vegetables wouldn't get involved in any way with his bad tooth. Then he took the camera to a pawnshop he'd often passed in the central part of the city. A sign above the door read:

\$\$\$\$\$ CASH \$\$\$\$\$  
WE  
PAY  
TOP DOLLAR!

There was also large gold lettering on the window:

CASH WE BUY ANYTHING CASH  
CASH CAMERAS CASH GUNS CASH

When Bockman entered, a customer was showing a plastic flea collar to a





*"I'm so glad you like it. We picked it  
in our garden. It's weeds."*

man behind the counter. "I found it in the trash, if you want to know the truth," the customer said. "But it still looks in pretty good shape."

The man behind the counter examined the collar. He buckled, then unbuckled it.

"Most of that'll wash right off," the customer said.

"Fifty cents," the man said.

"I was hoping you'd go a little higher."

"All right—seventy-five."

"OK."

The man paid him from a cash drawer, then turned to Bockman. "Help you?"

"I've got this movie camera I'd like to sell. It retails for around \$1200."

The man raised the carton flap and peered in. Then he closed it and pushed the carton back toward Bockman. "Sorry," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Not interested."

"It's never even been used. And it's not stolen, if that's what you're thinking. Look—I've even got the delivery invoice."

The man said nothing.

"Listen, I'm willing to take a sacrifice on it. At least make me an offer."

The man shook his head. "Sorry," he said.

Bockman stared at the man. At first he didn't want to say anything because he was afraid his voice would quaver, but then he spoke anyway. "You're not being reasonable, and I don't know why," he said. "But as a matter of fact, I always thought something like this would happen if I ever needed a pawnshop."

Bockman left. Half a block from the pawnshop, he turned down an alley and ducked into a doorway. If he hadn't stepped out a moment later, Andrew Moss would've run right past him.

"I'm not too good at following," he said.

"I told you when this whole thing started, you were catching me at a bad time, but you wouldn't listen," Bockman said.

"I listened."

"It's not entirely your fault, but right now I'm in a bad mood. Let me put this down." He set down his camera and then hit Andrew Moss in the mouth, knocking him backward a couple of steps so that he tripped on the curb and nearly fell.

"I'm going to try more," Bockman said. He hit him again in the mouth, almost in the same place, and then

threw another punch that didn't work quite right and hit him on the ear. Andrew Moss fell down.

"Now, if you're going to call the big guy, go ahead and do it," Bockman said. "I'm going to a movie, which I do a lot when I feel depressed, but after that I'll be at home."

Andrew Moss got out a handkerchief and held it to his lip. "There isn't any big guy," he said.

"What?"

"I thought up the big guy to try to keep you in line."

"You mean you had no way of enforcing all that stuff?"

"Sure I did, originally—but that was before the cutback in appropriations. After that, I was practically on my own."

"You don't have to tell me about cutbacks," Bockman said. "That's how I lost my job."

"There was no way I could manage alone."

"I think you did OK, considering," Bockman said. "The important thing is not to blame yourself."

Four days after this, the firm where Bockman had originally worked was awarded a new Government contract and he was rehired as an electrical engineer. He assumed, naturally enough, that he'd heard the last of Andrew Moss, but a month after he'd been back on the job, a phone call from him came through at the office.

"I hope you're still espousing the opinions on that list," he said.

"I figured that was all over with," Bockman said.

"I didn't mean to give you the impression I was a quitter," Andrew Moss said.

"I never went along with it anyway."

"You said you did once."

"Well, only that one time."

"The Utah thing."

"Yes."

There was a pause, then Andrew Moss said, "I'm trying to cut down on expenses. I was wondering what you thought of the idea of maybe rooming together."

"I don't think I'd really be interested."

"Well, OK. I was just wondering."

As it turned out, Bockman saw Andrew Moss only one more time, almost a year later in a restaurant that specialized in Mexican food. He stopped at Bockman's table, on his way out, to say hello. He said he had given up his former career and was now with a real-estate company in Anaheim. Before he left, he gave Bockman a ballpoint pen with his name on it.





## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 78)*

marry her within the first week, but you took your time about it, didn't you?

**HOFFMAN:** Yes, we went together for seven years on and off before we got married. After the first three years, I broke off the relationship. That was about the time *The Graduate* came out. But we started seeing each other again; I couldn't keep the relationship broken off. And when it came time to do *Little Big Man* and I was going to be away for four or five months, I just did not want to be away from her. So we got married. And I like it. I like being married. I like having children. I like wearing a ring. I like saying, "This is my wife." If it's old-fashioned, I kind of like that. I also like antique furniture.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, dozens of girls throw themselves at you whenever you're in public. How do you feel about that?

**HOFFMAN:** I like it very much. To put it simply, it's terrific.

**PLAYBOY:** But you don't take them up on it?

**HOFFMAN:** Not individually. Only in groups.

**PLAYBOY:** Seriously, what happens if you do?

**HOFFMAN:** You pay the price.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the price?

**HOFFMAN:** Your own peace of mind. Also, you see it for what it is. You are interchangeable with any other star who might be there at X point in time on that spot. The same girls would fling themselves at any star. Although there'd probably be more of them if I were one of those good-lookers, like Redford.

**PLAYBOY:** Is this something that all actors get trapped in?

**HOFFMAN:** I don't know if they all feel it's a trap. A lot of them feel it's a hell of a great way to go. I'm not saying there's anything wrong with it. It would be very hard for *me* to handle. You know, marriage is tough enough. It's hard work, maintaining an emotional life with one other person; to try to keep it, you have to keep learning about each other, unfolding. It's not a very romantic way to put it, but it's like pulling the leaves off an artichoke. I like artichokes.

**PLAYBOY:** What keeps your marriage unfolding—keeps it fresh?

**HOFFMAN:** We eat two artichokes every day. Also, there's the absence of boredom. Our relationship is constantly changing. From joy to hysteria to hostility to fatigue—but never boredom.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you more difficult to live with when you're working, when you're deeply involved in playing a character? Do you become, for example, Lenny Bruce at home?

**HOFFMAN:** I'm not easy to be around when I'm working. I'm also not easy to be around when I'm *not* working. I've often wished I could drink martinis like other

people. Gulp a couple down and suddenly the whole day is forgotten. I can't do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**HOFFMAN:** I don't like the taste. It burns my tongue. And also, if I drink a little wine or something, I get tired. Frankly speaking, when I'm working, I'm just unable to function in any kind of normal way when I get home. It's not so much that I'm taking home the character as that I'm taking home the disappointment, the fatigue. It's draining, working 13 or 14 hours at a stretch, doing maybe a two-minute scene.

**PLAYBOY:** How does your wife react to the kind of attention you get when you're out in public? Is it hard for her?

**HOFFMAN:** Sure. I see her up against it all the time and I don't envy her. People constantly come up and dismiss her as if she doesn't exist. You know, a lot of times people block out the fact that she *is* my wife; they take it for granted that she's my secretary. Of course, we're not a perfect-looking couple; she's four inches taller than I am.

At the same time, Anne appreciates the fact that when she walks down the street by herself, she has a kind of anonymity.

So she says she kind of has the best of two worlds. When she wants to be noticed, she can be; but she can also be by herself.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about being recognized when you go out? Do you find it, as Redford said he does in last December's *Playboy Interview*, somehow diminishing?

**HOFFMAN:** Well, there are some good things about it. People open themselves up to you when you're famous. I don't know if it's just because they want to be able to say they met you or what, but you can be walking down a street in a strange town and suddenly meet somebody who will show you all over the city. I mean, that can be terrific. Also, being famous has given me the opportunity to meet some people I've always admired.

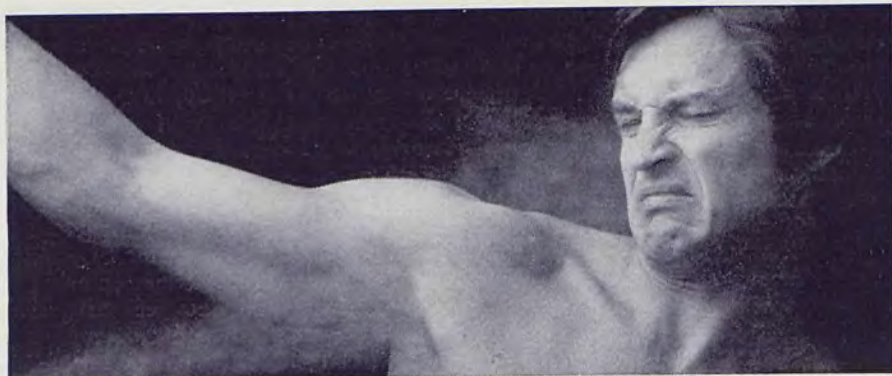
**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**HOFFMAN:** I made a point of meeting Frank Capra, because his was a name I'd heard in my house all my life. My father had always loved his movies. I met Muhammad Ali and liked him very much. I liked the sweetness, the child in him. He wound up playing with my kid for more than three hours, while the rest of the adults talked. Willie Sutton was one of the most interesting people I ever met. That was like meeting a real legend. He looks like Bert Lahr, you know; sounds



*"You're a good wife, Mildred."*





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like him, too. He's one of the few real clowns I've ever met. The clown is his own man; he's out there all by himself, taking chances. While I was making *Papillon*, Anne and I met Paul McCartney. I liked him; he's a 16th Century minstrel out of his natural period, reincarnated. Just likes to sit there, down on his haunches, playing for the court.

And Joe Heller; I love to listen to him, share things with him. Meeting Willem De Kooning was terrific, spending an evening with him. He reminded me a little bit of what I think Carl Sandburg may have been like. Young; maintaining a boyhood about himself. Sexy in the real sense of the word: alive. And Lillian Hellman—she has to be at the top.

**PLAYBOY:** Why is she at the top?

**HOFFMAN:** She doesn't fuck around. She's straight out. She wears her sadness and her guts right on her sleeve. I really like that.

**PLAYBOY:** How about the other side of the coin? Do you, like Redford, resent the lack of privacy celebrity brings with it?

**HOFFMAN:** Sure. I want to be private. It's lousy, having a fight with my wife on the street, as people do—we're arguing and suddenly we realize we're being looked at, recognized. We can't even have a decent fight—have to duck into the subway. I mean, you know, who would like that?

But I'm not recognized *every* time I go out. I do feel there is an indescribable

kind of aura that you can choose or choose not to emanate and therefore be recognized or not. I don't know what it is, you just don't walk self-consciously.

**PLAYBOY:** Self-consciously?

**HOFFMAN:** It's hard to explain. You see, there's a lot that stars feel that other people don't feel, except maybe very pretty girls. Very pretty girls walk down the street and they must feel just like stars do, because they constantly wonder, "Are people looking at me?" And a lot of that is that they want to be looked at. They're really stars every day of the week, these girls.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you implying that sometimes you want to be looked at?

**HOFFMAN:** Definitely, and sometimes without even realizing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you do something to call attention to yourself in such a situation?

**HOFFMAN:** You mean besides humming *Mrs. Robinson*?

**PLAYBOY:** Are you serious?

**HOFFMAN:** Oh, yeah. It happened on my honeymoon. Anne and I had gone to London, where I was sure people would be all over me the way they were in New York. There, I was getting hit on constantly. But I walked the streets of London for three days and nobody recognized me. The fourth day, Anne and I were walking along and she stopped me. She had this queer little smile on her face. "Dusty," she said, "stop that." "Stop what?" "Don't

you know?" "No." "You were humming *Mrs. Robinson*—very loudly."

**PLAYBOY:** Your role opposite Mrs. Robinson in *The Graduate* made you famous almost overnight. Can you recall how it felt to you then—being recognized everywhere you went?

**HOFFMAN:** A funny thing happened right after *The Graduate*. The movie had been out only a week or so and Joe Levine had very nicely sent me and my brother and his wife to Nassau. I was sitting on the beach, where the sand seemed to stretch for miles, and way down the beach I saw a tiny figure moving, like that opening shot in *Lawrence of Arabia*, where you see that camel slowly coming toward you out of the desert. The figure kept coming, and since there was nobody else on the beach, I realized he was heading toward me. It must have taken him more than ten minutes. Finally, he reached me—he was a young guy in his 20s—and he said, "Are you the guy who was in *The Graduate*?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I saw the film." I said, "Oh." He said, "I didn't think it was so much." And he turned around and walked back.

But what really summed up this whole recognition thing for me was what happened one night when my wife and I were walking out of a movie on Second Avenue. These two girls were walking past and one of them looked at me and said, "Aren't you, uh, uh"—snapping her fingers—"uh, uh. . . ." And I said, "Sometimes." And she said, "I thought you were." That struck me as being at the heart of it all, somehow.

There are, though, some measures of privacy that I insist on. I don't want to be interviewed in my house. I don't want an interviewer to look at my furniture and write it up. I don't like to have my children photographed. They're certainly entitled to their privacy.

**PLAYBOY:** What else would you like to give your children, besides privacy?

**HOFFMAN:** The first thing I would want for them is freedom. The biggest thing I can give them is themselves, the chance to develop their own individuality. Let them form their own taste, different points of view. My older child comes home and starts asking: "Daddy, is there a God?" And I say, "Are you asking me what I think? Sometimes I think there is; sometimes I don't think there is." "What does Mommy think?" "Mommy is more of an atheist." "What's an atheist?" and I explain that. And she says, "Well, there's a God." I ask, "How do you know?" She says, "I just know. We been talking about it on the bus." "I see." I like the fact that my opinion is questioned. That the answers are to be found everywhere.

Kids are the best show in town. It's proof of a lot of deadness that exists in people today—that they're looking at the TV or listening to the new stereo or polishing the car or this or that and not



watching their own children. Children are more interesting than anything. I walk my younger child to school every day—the school is near my office—and I don't like leaving the school. I would like to sit down on those little chairs, at those little tables, and play. And a child's love is like a drug. To have a child throw his arms about you—it's instant stoned. People talk about the rush heroin gives you; I would say children give you that rush.

**PLAYBOY:** What else gives you a rush?

**HOFFMAN:** There are certain things I do in life that I feel terrific about. A very few things. I get up early in the morning—I sleep only five, six hours a night and I always wake up first in the house. And I'll do my little things: feed the cat and dog and let 'em out, read the paper, make coffee. I love the mornings. Then, if I sit down and read a script, or 50 pages of a book or something, I feel terrific. I really feel a sense of well-being, because I've done something. I'll go check all my avocado pits and if I see some growth, I'll transplant one. My wife often tells me I seem to have to be *doing* something in order to feel good. "You can't just say 'Fuck it' and not do anything," she says. And she's right.

**PLAYBOY:** A psychologist might say you have to keep busy to prove you're alive, because you're afraid of death.

**HOFFMAN:** I don't know. It's true that I've reached the age at which I realize my time is limited. Something happens to your body, say at the age of 26 or 27: from that point on, your body is slowly breaking down. That's sad. It seems to me, though, that the people who live the least full lives fear death the most. You have to understand the lark of it: that life is really a game and you must treat it as a game. I came pretty close to dying once, and life is better.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that happen?

**HOFFMAN:** I had just had my first rehearsal for *The Subject Was Roses* and I was very excited about it. It was my first big break. The girl I was going with then was a dancer, too, like Anne, and she offered to cook a surprise dinner for me at her place, to celebrate. And suddenly there was this terrific explosion and scream and I ran into the kitchen. Here was this great big pot of boiling, flaming oil. She'd been making beef fondue and she had put too much oil in the pot and it blew up. Flames were going up the walls and I said to her and her roommate, "Get out of the way," and I grabbed these pot holders and tried to get the pot out to an open area and it spilled over on me. I was on fire. I didn't pass out; I was running up and down the hall, trying to put myself out. I was burned all over my arms and legs, some splatterings on the face. It was first, second, third degree; in one area the bone was charred.

Well, I talked the doctor into letting me stay out of the hospital so I could



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remain in the play. For eight days I went to rehearsals all bandaged up. People would ask: "Why are you rehearsing with your hands on top of your head?" I'd say, "Oh, I always rehearse this way." The truth of the matter was I couldn't lower my arms because of the pain, the blood throbbing. I didn't want to take drugs to kill the pain, because I didn't want them to slow me down. Finally, the doctor got nervous and sent me to a surgeon, and the surgeon took one look and said, "You've got to go into the hospital immediately. We've got to operate on you in the morning." And I looked at him and said, "Well, I'm going to lose this big opportunity, onstage, the lead role." He said, "Well, you *can* lose your life." I broke down, right in his office. The next thing I knew, I was in the hospital.

I was very angry. I cursed all night long in the hospital—actually, talked out loud to God, called Him every name in the book. "Don't take me now, you bastard. I'm not ready." Here I was, a 27-year-old unemployed actor, and my fever was up to 106 or something and they were trying to ice me down. I heard two doctors whispering down at the end of the corridor and I called one of them over and asked, "I want to know what my chances are." And he said, "You really want to know the truth?" I said, "Yeah." And he said, "You can go either way." Incidentally, that same doctor still works at that hospital

and he called me up not long ago; he'd looked up my records, just out of curiosity. My card, he said, read "terminal."

Anyway, I tried all night to get the job: to stay alive. And I got the job. For the next month in that hospital, as people kept dying to the right and left of me—I made friends and lost them—I said to myself, "Jesus, this has been a lesson to me. I will never take it for granted again, just living. I will never waste another minute." And yet, by the second week I was out of the hospital. I found myself forgetting that pledge. I think the most chilling aspect of life is that it's really impossible to live every minute.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that experience make you lose your fear of death?

**HOFFMAN:** No, I still fear death. But less. Last year my dearest friend, my manager Walter Hyman, died suddenly. Since then, the meaning of death has changed for me. I feel if that's the worst there is—being dead—it's not so bad. Walter's there. I hope to live to be old, because I don't think I'm going to have it all put together for a long time. My friend Murray Schisgal says to be human is to be fucked; to know that you're fucked right off the bat. Once you know that, then get on with it. And, I guess, to really fear death is to fear life. Life stinks, but that doesn't mean you don't enjoy it.





# THE MODEL (continued from page 154)

Eros must be inspired then and she goes somewhere.

"When she come back, she ees wearing a little thing you see right through and she ees *nuda* underneath. I understand thees ees necessary for the art somehow and so I hold my pose and keep my mind on good thoughts. I try to remember the catechism.

"Mees McNally say I haven't got the poetic spirit she want. She say, 'José, I shall kneel here before you, like a Greek votress at the shrine of Eros and I shall inspire you.'

"*Hombre*, she starts to do inspiring like you never believe. Pretty soon I tell her, all OK, thees erection ees up and she can paint. But she don' seem to hear me and then a funny thing happen.

"After that, I am tired and I sleep a little. Then we try again. She never seem

to get the erection just right for the picture. Six times we try and then I come home. She say we'll get it right yet."

The three of us were baffled. José told his story with such obvious guilelessness that we were convinced. He simply didn't comprehend.

Two weeks later, José came home looking very tired and sick. He skipped his dance class for the first time and went to bed immediately. He slept until noon the next day, when we tried to wake him up. But he could barely open his eyes or say anything intelligible. We began to get worried.

Edgar, it seemed, knew an intern who didn't go on duty until afternoon and so he called him from the candy store down the block. When the intern arrived, he examined José, took his pulse and blood pressure and shook his head.

"This guy's in a state of total exhaustion, that's all. What kind of heavy labor does he do, anyway?"

"He's an artist's model," Edgar said.

"Then he must lead a wild night life."

"José doesn't drink or smoke and he's a virgin."

"Jee-sus!" said the intern. "He's the most frazzled-out, worn-down, dead-tired virgin model that ever lived."

"Yep," said Edgar, "he's plumb petered out."

"Give him vitamin pills, thick soup and plenty of red meat. Keep him in bed for a couple of days," said the intern. "Oh, yes, and get him to take up some easier line of work."

We followed instructions. That afternoon, Edgar went back to the candy store and phoned Miss McNally to say that José was ill. She said that he hadn't been looking too well lately and the next day she sent an enormous basket of fruit. She also wrote a note with all sorts of get-well wishes and hopes that José would be back on the job before long.

"No, I cannot go back," José said. "That would be immoral."

The three of us looked at one another—at last the break of dawn?

"I theenk I am cheating her."

"José, your health has been destroyed for a mere twenty bucks a day," said Edgar. "That's not cheating."

"You do not understand," said José. "Before I came home, I stole a look at the painting. In two weeks, she has painted only my face and neck. She is stuck on my head."

"And vice versa," Don said.

"It is then wrong for me to take her money when it is plain that the rest of me is such a disappointment."

We all assured him that Miss McNally had shown no signs of disappointment whatsoever. I am proud to say that we all refrained from making the bad puns that quickly leap to the minds of the vulgar.

"No," said José. "I have failed and I cannot go back. Perhaps she will find another model, one who can be successfully inspired."

"I happen to be passing by her studio this afternoon," said Edgar. "Perhaps I could try."

"You are a true friend," said José, with tears in his eyes.

That afternoon, Edgar went out of the blood business into art. It must have been a mistake, because I read his death notice in the paper three years later, long after I'd moved from the sixth floor. As for José, you have to admit that, for one shining hour, he kept the grand old lost cause alive in the midst of the world's most carnal town.



"Today, class, we are going to focus on one of the less attractive aspects of door-to-door sales."



## PANCHO GONZALES

(continued from page 98)

DIRECTOR MIKE: Right, steak. Hungry as hell. Steak. Bartender? Check, OK? But first, two martinis.

BARTENDER: Each?

DIRECTOR MIKE: Each.

11:15 P.M.

The Flame. Big steak restaurant. We walk in and I head us for the entrance to the dining room, hoping Mike doesn't see what I saw but knowing that he must have seen what I saw.

DIRECTOR MIKE: Hey, look! A bar. Let's have a before-dinner cocktail, OK? Bartender? Two martinis, please! Each.

11:45 P.M.

ME: Mike, chissake, I gotta get somethin' to eat.

DIRECTOR MIKE: Me, too. Hungry as hell. Let's eat.

We go into dining room, sit.

WAITRESS: Would you gentlemen like cocktails before dinner?

DIRECTOR MIKE: Good idea! Two martinis. Each.

12:15 A.M.

WAITRESS: Would you like to order?

ME: Steak, rare; Caesar salad.

DIRECTOR MIKE: The same.

And as waitress walks away:

DIRECTOR MIKE: Oh, yeah. And, miss?

WAITRESS: Yes?

DIRECTOR MIKE: Could we have the wine list?

• • •

I bear-walk out of bed at eight o'clock, shower, dress, get to the court before the nine-o'clock call so I can impress everybody with the way I can drink a lot and function the next day. Mike is already there. He's as good as new, fresh as a daisy, only I don't think he knows who I am.

11:15 A.M.

Pancho comes out. Bad mood. Does his scenes, however, perfectly. But bad, bad mood.

Same in afternoon. His demonstration of the strokes is perfect, only he doesn't talk too much. We break at five, having gotten more in the can than we'd thought for the first day of what will be a two-day shooting. But Pancho's obviously in no mood to play a match against me or anyone else.

February 6

2 A.M.

Producers are playing craps, most of us are at the roulette wheel—Pancho, Mike, assistant director, me. Pancho is in a little better mood, but not what you'd call a

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rash,  
excessive perspiration,  
irritation,  
in the groin area,  
could be  
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*"My goodness! You go about claiming deductions and write-offs as if you were somebody, whereas actually you're nobody."*

good mood. Mike is sitting next to him and is winning pretty good.

Pancho puts some chips on number 16. "Pancho, you dumb bastard!" says Mike. "You bet on the wrong number. Not 16, 19!"

He takes Pancho's chips off 16, puts them on 19, the wheel spins.

Assistant director turns white, I edge between Pancho's and Mike's chairs and see the end of nice assignment, maybe even some physical pain. Unexpectedly, Pancho smiles a little. But just a little.

"Nineteen," says the croupier, and Pancho collects his winnings.

"See, you dumb lovable son of a bitch," says Mike. "You almost put it on the wrong number. . . . Hey! Lady!" He is yelling to a cocktail waitress about 20 feet away who is built like Raquel Welch.

She walks over. Smiles. "Yes?"

"Miss?"

"Yes. What can I do for you, sir?"

"Miss?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Miss. I need an enema."

He ended the night winning \$175.

February 7

Pancho is in a terrific mood this morning. I decide to ask him about The Match at lunch break. I do. He laughs. Not at the fun of it all. At the stupidity. But I can't leave without playing him!

That afternoon, while the crew is setting up the last shots, Mike is potchkying the ball back and forth over the net with one of the sound engineers. He's delivering a running commentary: "And there's a hard smash to Rosewall's forehand and Rosewall can't return it and. . ."

Of course! Why not play Pancho exactly the way I pitched against DiMag, vaulted against Warmerdam, shot against Hoppe, massacred Schmeling? How many times did I strike out Stan Musial with two men on in the bottom of the ninth before a sellout crowd at Ebbets Field, while bystanders thought I was playing fast-pitching-in against the apartment house on Ash Avenue in Flushing? How many times did I intercept a desperation pass to Don Hutson, although some thought it was meant for Harry Kaplow? And my God, was it 50,

60 or 70 homers I hit off Sal Maglie/Joe Rosenthal? Who doesn't remember that incredible chip shot that won a play-off in the U.S. Open at the miniature golf course near Kissena Park? And who could forget that astonishing driving lay-up (I took off from behind the foul line) that enabled me and Queens College to beat Kentucky at the buzzer in the finals of the N.C.A.A.? Certainly not Alex Groza, whom I held to nine points, or Wolfie Politz, who actually thought I was covering him.

I asked Pancho if he wanted to warm up before we started the last scenes. We rallied for about five minutes, and at one point we stopped to retrieve the balls. I set the scene in my mind. The U.S. Open: 46-year-old master Pancho Gonzales in the finals against a 44-year-old unknown, Peter Nord. An amateur. A part-time tennis player who had somehow worked his way to Forest Hills, all the way to the finals. And suddenly, there was the announcer. Sounded a lot like Bill Stern.

*"And now he's got his back to the wall—of course, it's a miracle that he's even here, folks—the score 6-4, 8-10, 10-12, 9-7, 6-6, and in sudden death each has four points, and Nord is serving for the last point and the match."*

All the balls gathered, I nonchalantly walked to about where I'd stand if I were serving in a match. Fortunately, Pancho was standing about where he'd be standing if he were receiving.

I bounce the ball. Pancho is calling, "Come on, for chrissake."

The announcer speaks again: *"The crowd hushes. You can see the strain in both these aging warrior faces. Gonzales tenses. Nord begins his motion."*

Instead of hitting the ball off a bounce, the way you do it when you're rallying with someone, I serve. As hard as I can. I serve. Gonzales doesn't even move for it. It's in.

*"An ace! Incredible! An ace! Point! Game! Set! Match! U.S. Open to Peter Nord, in what has to be, ladies and gentlemen, one of the great moments in sports! Both Gonzales and Nord are too tired to move. They stand there bathed in sweat, and now Gonzales, shaking his head in disbelief and what has to be respect, walks toward. . ."*

At that point, I hear in the background, "For chrissake, Nord, what the hell are you doing? Are you warming me up or are you crapping around with that stupid serve of yours, or whatever it was? Come on, for chrissake, either act like a tennis player or. . ."

Sore loser.





## PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 60)*

County, West Virginia. It all started with a protest against several "objectionable" textbooks by some parents. In the past few months, however, the protest has grown to include boycotts of schools and coal mines, threats, counterthreats and the bombing of cars, schools and the school board's administration building. The thickheaded belief that these books are "anti-Christian, anti-American and immoral" is held by a minority of the people. The county school board voted four to one to reinstate most of the texts in the schools on the condition that "no student be required to use a book that is objectionable on moral or religious grounds."

Should this censorship disease spread nationwide, it could plunge us into another dark age of pious ignorance. As Schiller wrote, "Against stupidity, the very gods themselves contend in vain."

Geoffrey H. Williams  
Silver Spring, Maryland

### YANKEE SNOBS

I'm sure a great many people "up North" are snickering at if not rejoicing over the plight of Kanawha County, which only proves to their snobbish satisfaction that West Virginians are a bunch of unreconstructed clods. The textbook

controversy is embarrassing, to be sure, but these people are a hell of a lot more sincere and idealistic than 99 percent of the metropolitan intellectuals who laugh at them. What the people of Kanawha County are protesting is not education and progress, though it may seem that way to an outsider, but the contempt with which "simple hillbillies" have always been treated. As someone once said, "If you're powerless, there's no sense in being reasonable about it." It's unfortunate that the targets of their wrath are some fairly innocuous textbooks, but it's mainly because these have become symbols of their ever decreasing ability to be self-sufficient, to preserve their traditional values and to control their own destinies.

The only interest this country has ever had in the people of West Virginia is to keep them contentedly digging coal to forge the automobiles they can't afford to own and to inspire the lyrics for maudlin country-and-western ballads.

John Hawkins  
Atlanta, Georgia

### MONKEYING WITH SCIENCE

Some fundamentalists whose beliefs are challenged by the theory of evolution think there ought to be laws to prevent science teachers from telling it like it

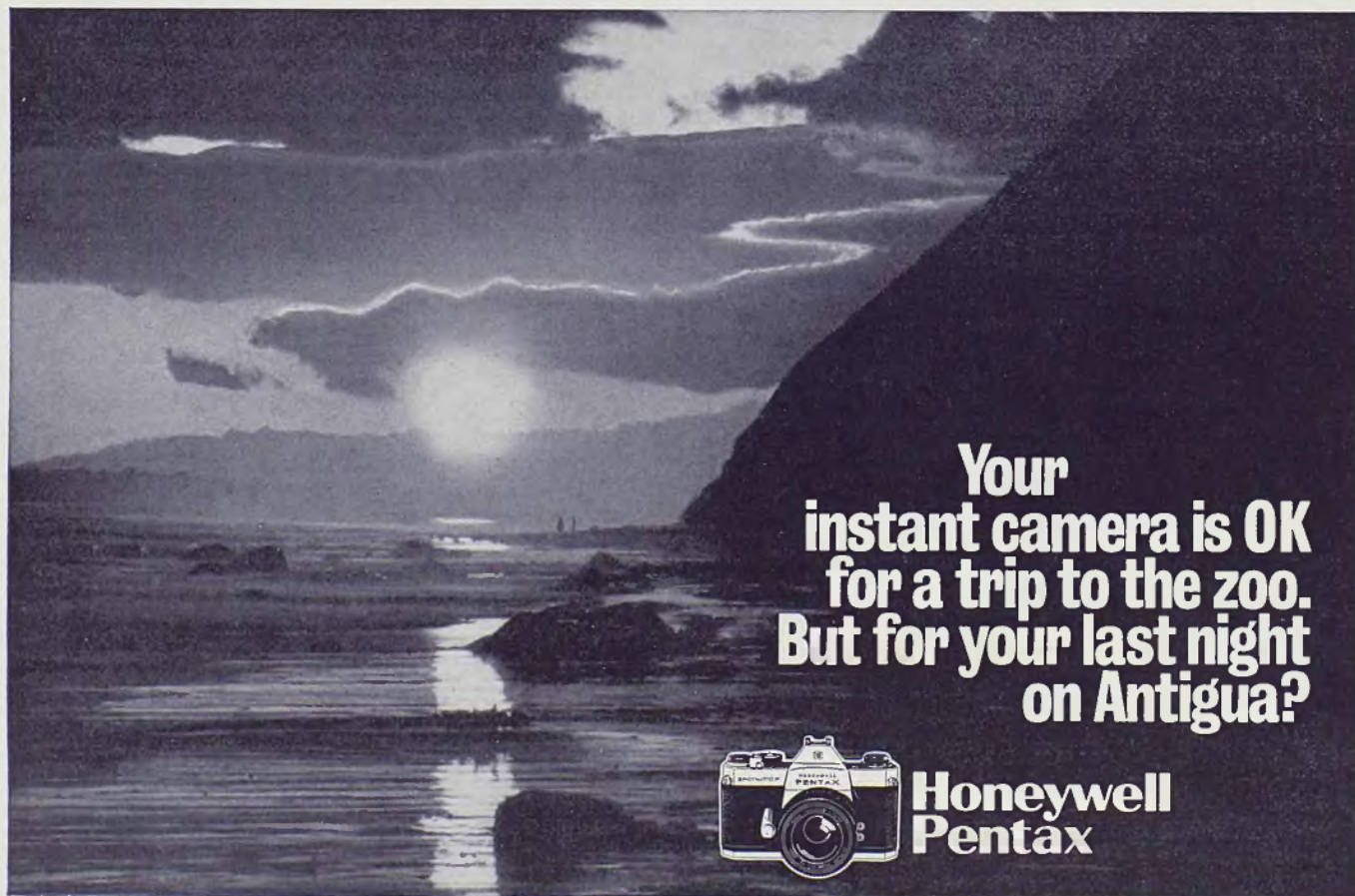
is ("War on Evolution," *The Playboy Forum*, December 1974). This only demonstrates the intellectual poverty of their position. If the book of *Genesis* were as acceptable to human intelligence as the theory of evolution, it wouldn't need cops and courts to back it up.

James Tobin  
Chicago, Illinois


Fundamentalist groups such as the Creation Research Society (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1974) like to remind us that evolution is only a theory. I've taken many science courses and not once did any of my instructors teach evolution as anything but a theory. However, every fundamentalist preacher I've listened to has claimed that his Bible-based tales of the origins of man and the universe are absolute fact. As an agnostic, it seems to me that the ideas of religion should also be presented as theory rather than as fact.

Richard D. Sloan  
St. Paul, Minnesota

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# Conversations With **KENNEDY**

be just fine for now. (Later, when he was in fact President, we called him Jack only when we were alone with him or with his close friends, and Mr. President whenever anyone else was present.) Over dinner, he told how he had called Chicago's mayor, Richard Daley, while Illinois was hanging in the balance to ask how he was

(continued from page 82)

doing. "Mr. President," Kennedy quoted Daley as saying, "with a little bit of luck and the help of a few close friends, you're going to carry Illinois." Later, when Nixon was being urged to contest the 1960 election, I often wondered about that statement. I was told—by a member of the task force established by Nixon to

decide whether or not to contest it—that the Republicans could well have stolen as many votes in southern Illinois as Daley might have stolen in Cook County.

Sidewalk press conferences by the President-elect in front of his house were common occurrences in the cold of November and December, 1960. Reporters damn near froze on the street between those conferences, and occasionally men





such as Al Otten of *The Wall Street Journal* and the late Bill Lawrence of *The New York Times* and ABC would drop in on us to use the john or the phone or partake of spiritual refreshment. Lawrence once ordered up a very dry double martini in the dead of night and we sent my stepdaughter Nancy Pittman, then nine, in wrapper and slippers, down with it, telling her to give it to the funny-looking man with the Russian karakul hat.

One sidewalk press conference that made all the history books—but that never actually occurred—involved Kennedy's determination to name his brother Attorney General. When I learned it was in the offing, I asked Kennedy how he intended to make the sensitive announcement. "Well," he said, "I think I'll open the front door of the Georgetown house some morning about two A.M., look up and down the street, and if there's no one there, I'll whisper, 'It's Bobby.'"

• • •

April 10, 1962

"HE'S A CHEAP BASTARD; THAT'S ALL. . ."

"Don't you ever work anymore?" said the voice on the telephone, and it was the President calling me at 2:30 in the afternoon. I was home in bed with the flu, the first day of work I'd missed since I'd had polio 25 years earlier—and Kennedy knew it.

Turning to the opening-day baseball game at which he had presided the day before (Washington Senators 4, Detroit Tigers 1), we talked about the foul ball off the bat of the Senators' Willie Tasby, which had landed about four feet from the President on the corner of the Senators' dugout. "Boy, that sounded like a gun, it was so close," he said. "Take a look at the picture that ran in *The Washington Post* this morning [apparently a picture that showed all members of the Presidential party scattering under fire]. Dillon [Douglas Dillon, an Eisenhower ambassador to France, then Kennedy's Treasury Secretary] looks like he's on his way up to testify before the Ways and Means Committee in a hurry. The row behind me is absolutely empty. I sent the picture up to Ev Dirksen with an inscription: 'Where were you, Everett?' Dave [Powers] said he would have caught it, if he'd brought his glove."

The reference to the legendary Powers reminded me that *Newsweek* had scheduled a story on him, and I asked the President for some anecdotes about him. Kennedy told a story about Powers' introducing British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan (whom Kennedy had met often and knew well) to him as "the greatest prime minister I ever met"—even though he was quite obviously the one and only prime minister Dave had ever met. (Powers regularly referred to the White House as "the greatest White House I ever was in" and later told the President that the Shah of Iran was "my kind of shah.")

The conversation turned to journalists—one of the President's all-time favorite subjects. It is unbelievable to an outsider how interested Kennedy was in journalists and how clued in he was to their characters, their office politics, their petty rivalries. I told him that Jim Cannon [former *Newsweek* national editor and special Washington correspondent, now an assistant to Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller] had gone back to New York and that I was in the market for a couple of good young reporters. "How much do you suppose Tom Wicker makes?" the President answered immediately, referring to one of the leading lights of *The New York Times* Washington bureau and Washington journalism. "And how much could you pay? He wrote a damn good story about my background briefing just before Christmas, the only good story written out of here . . . straight, simple, just the way I said it. And then he wrote a hell of a story about me and Senator George Smathers. It would be a hell of a coup for you to stick it to the *Times* by getting him." I asked him what he thought of Tom Ross, then the number-two man in the *Chicago Sun-Times* Washington bureau. The President said, "He may have a bit of Dave Wise [then a political reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune*, later its bureau chief and now an author] in him . . . a bit of a prick, but he's good. I like him and I'd hire him."

I told him of the difficulties we were having trying to see Governor Rockefeller for a *Newsweek* story, and he told me that Charlie Bartlett [a close Kennedy friend and then a reporter for the *Chattanooga Daily Times*] had gone all the way to Albany, with an appointment, only to be kept waiting for more than an hour, and then put on his coat and left. "You ought to cut Rocky's ass open a little this week," he suggested. The President asked if we were going to take a look at Rockefeller's war record. It is interesting how often Kennedy referred to the war records of political opponents. He had often mentioned Eddie McCormack and Hubert Humphrey in this connection, and here he was at it again with Rockefeller. "Where was old Nels when you and I were dodging bullets in the Solomon Islands?" he wondered aloud. "How old was he? He must have been 31 or 32. Why don't you look into that?" Kennedy criticized casually the *New York Herald Tribune* and "Dennison," as he called *Tribune* editor John Denson, my former *Newsweek* boss, and said he believed the paper "was being kept alive only to help Rocky's chances in 1964."

I asked him if he had read *Six Crises*, the book by Nixon about the crises in his life, including his defeat by Kennedy two years earlier. "Just the 1960 campaign stuff," Kennedy answered, "and that's all I'm going to read. I can't stand the way he puts everything in Tricia's

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
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mouth. It makes me sick. He's a cheap bastard; that's all there is to it."

April 13, 1962

"I JUST WANT TO READ YOU A WIRE"

"It may have been a good week for the Democrats, but not for the U.S.," the President started off, when I called him just before lunch to ask about the steel-price increases. He was really sore. "Now we are going to have a terrible struggle between management and labor—everything we have been trying to avoid in this Administration." Roger Blough [head of U. S. Steel] had just visited Kennedy, and there were rumors before his visit that Big Steel felt it had an understanding on price increases, after settling with the steelworkers. "There was no question of any understanding," Kennedy said, his voice raised. "They had to come down here, because they couldn't just have sat up there and not opened their kissers about the increase . . . in the face of reports that steel was going to have a very good year, in the face of steel working at only 80 percent of capacity. And then come in here two days after the labor contract was signed." Blough was apparently quiet, as always, not rude or excited. Kennedy quoted Blough as starting the conversation by saying, "Perhaps the easiest way I can explain the purpose of my visit is to give you this." Blough then handed him a statement that he had already given to the newspapers. The President was loath to discuss the details of his conversation with Blough. "I just told him he'd made a terrible mistake," he said. Kennedy was bothered at least as much by the way steel increased its prices as by the price increases themselves. "It's the way it was

done," he went on. "It looks like such a double cross. I think steel made a deal with Nixon not to raise prices until after the election. Then came the recession, and they didn't want to raise prices. Then, when we pulled out of the recession, they said, 'Let Kennedy squeeze the unions first, before we raise prices.' So I squeezed McDonald [David McDonald, president of the steelworkers' union] and gave him a good statesmanship leg to stand on with his workers. And they kicked us right in the balls. And we kicked back. The question really is: Are we supposed to sit there and take a cold, deliberate fucking? Is this the way the private-enterprise system is really supposed to work? When U. S. Steel says 'Go,' the boys go? How could they all raise their prices almost to a penny within six hours of one another?" I asked Kennedy about the grand jury that the Attorney General had convened in New York to look into the price increases and reports from the business community that it was just a fishing expedition. "I can't go make a speech like I did [Kennedy, two days earlier, had called the steel-price hike a "wholly unjustifiable and irresponsible defiance of the public interest" and ended his speech by saying, "Some time ago, I asked each American to consider what he would do for his country and I asked the steel companies. In the last 24 hours, we had their answer."] and then sit on my ass," he answered. "They fucked us and we've got to try to fuck them." I said something about how the political ramifications would probably favor the Democrats, who could now run against U. S. Steel—a pretty good opponent for a Democratic candidate—in November.

"But I don't want that," Kennedy answered. "Everything that we have tried is in the other direction. We want the support of business on trade. We want them on the tax bill. I've been breaking my ass trying to get along with these people." Goldberg [Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg] is terribly depressed, the President went on. "He told me, 'Shit, I might as well quit. There's nothing I can do now. We're in for a period in which labor and management are at each other's throats.'"

The President called me back at two P.M., when I was lunching at the Hay-Adams with Ken Crawford [Bradlee's predecessor as *Newsweek's* bureau chief] and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. [the historian and Kennedy aide], and he was madder than ever. "I just want to read you a wire," he started off, while I signaled the waiter urgently for a pencil and a menu to write on. "It's from the FBI office in New York investigating the steel thing. Quote: 'J. S. Tennant, general counsel, United States Steel, informed us today that he is too busy to talk to agents from the Bureau.'" And here my notes break down, but the telegram continued to the effect that Tennant suggested to the FBI agent that he be contacted in New York on April 20 for further discussions as to when certain steel-company executives might be interviewed by FBI personnel. "Who the fuck do they think they are?" the President asked. "It just shows how smart they think they are and how they think they can screw the Government."

The President was about to leave by helicopter from the White House lawn to go on maneuvers with the Marines, and then on to Palm Beach. But his anger was running over. I asked him about the charges that were being made about his vindictiveness against the steel companies. Kennedy said he'd heard all about them, but asked, "What would you have us do? We can go at this thing 40 different ways. The point is, I can't just make a charge and then walk away. That's when they say, 'We beat 'em.' They used us, that's all, and what can we do? We can't just walk away and lie down. We're going to tuck it to them and screw 'em.'"

May 15, 1962

"TO BILLIE SOL BRADLEE" OR  
"BETTER NOT LET THAT ONE  
OUT OF HERE"

The President seemed jumpy and uncomfortable at dinner, perhaps because there were more guests than usual: Chuck and Betty Spalding [old friends of J.F.K.'s], Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. McDermott [director of the Office of Emergency Planning and his wife], Frederick Loewe [the composer of *Lerner and Loewe* fame], Bill Walton and Helen Chavchavadze [also friends of the Kennedys] and ourselves.

Topic A was Billie Sol Estes, the boy



"I think they'll take the hot-dog competition hands down."



wonder from Pecos, Texas, who made a fortune in anhydrous ammonia and then got himself indicted and convicted for conspiring to defraud major investment firms by selling them nonexistent mortgages on nonexistent farm equipment. Estes had been loosely tied to Johnson, and the *New York Herald Tribune* had come up with a picture of Kennedy at his inaugural address, inscribed to Estes by the President. Kennedy resented the *Tribune* picture and was making no effort to hide his resentment. *Newsweek* had run the same picture and we were included in his general unhappiness. "Sixty thousand copies of that document were distributed by the Democratic National Committee," he said aggressively, "none of them actually signed by me, none of them sent to anyone with my particular knowledge." He said the butler was going to bring me in a present from him, and the butler soon did just that. It was the same picture of the President at his inaugural address. During dinner, he hauled out a pen and inscribed it "To My Good Friend Billie Sol Bradlee, With Best Regards, John F. Kennedy," and gave it to me right there. But about ten minutes later, as we were getting up from dinner, the President asked for it back, saying, "We better not let that one out of here, I guess."

"But how do you avoid things like the Billie Sol Estes case?" he speculated afterward. "You kick them out as soon as you find them, but how do you find them? And God knows how many there are." (The first Kennedy "scandal," such as it was, involved the jovial and able Frank Reeves, Kennedy's "minorities man" during the campaign, and a professor of law at Howard University. Frank had forgotten to pay his income taxes, it had been revealed in the newspapers, at a time when he was still on the Kennedy payroll. Kennedy had announced that Reeves would leave the White House immediately, but I had seen him over there a few days after the announcement. I spoke to the President on the telephone a day later and asked him when Reeves was in fact going to leave. "He's left," Kennedy said, sure of himself. I told him how I'd seen him 24 hours earlier. There was a pause and I could hear the President ask O'Donnell [Kenneth O'Donnell, administrative aide and advisor to J.F.K.], "Is Frank Reeves still around here?" Another pause, then Kennedy back to O'Donnell: "Get his ass out of here, tonight.")

"These Government departments are like icebergs," Kennedy continued. "People have been dug in there for years." He reaffirmed, convincingly, his confidence in his Secretary of Agriculture, Orville Freeman, whose bailiwick included Estes, and his confidence in Freeman's toughness, integrity and incorruptibility.

Conversation turned to his remark



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*"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to wake you."*

about all businessmen's being sons of bitches, reacting to the news of the steel-price rise. Wallace Carroll had reported in *The New York Times* of April 23 that the President had said to his advisors on April 10, "My father always told me that all businessmen were sons of bitches, but I never believed it till now." The President said that night, "I said sons of bitches, or bastards, or pricks. I don't know which. But I never said anything about *all* businessmen. And, furthermore, I called Reston [James Reston, then Washington bureau chief of *The New York Times*] and Reston knows this, but he didn't have the guts to change the original story." The President went on to say that it was bankers and steel men that his father hated, not all businessmen. But he added that it didn't make much difference now whether or not he said all businessmen. The businessmen—"wherever you are"—thought he had, and that was fine with him.

Kennedy fingered his elaborately scripted place card at one point during dinner and said out of the blue that he had a collection of these cards signed by every head of state who had been honored at a White House dinner. The collection then amounted to some 60 cards, he said, as pleased as a small child talking about his bug collection.

I sat next to Ann Gargan, the Kennedy cousin who had made a life's work out of taking care of the President's father. She painted a pathetic picture of "Uncle Joe," saying that apparently his mind worked perfectly—or almost perfectly—but that he still could not talk after his stroke. She told me she telephoned him at least once a day whenever she was away from him, which was not often. Apparently she just rambled on, while he just mumbled unintelligible noises.

June 14, 1962

"BOBBY AND I SMILE SARDONICALLY"

The President had been in a particularly gay and effusive mood, while other Kennedys—Bobby, Pat Lawford, Ethel and Jean—had been critical in one way or another of the previous week's stories, especially mine, about Teddy's nomination for the Senate from Massachusetts. They all felt any discussion of a Kennedy dynasty was unfair. The occasion was a party given for the President by Jean and Steve Smith. Jean was particularly horrified when I told her *Newsweek* was planning a Kennedy-dynasty cover story—with pictures of J.F.K., Bobby and Teddy on the cover—if Teddy won the primary and the election. She was truly appalled and asked if I'd still do the story if the President

refused to cooperate. I was so sure he would cooperate that I agreed to her suggestion that we ask him for the family line on whether or not the Kennedy dynasty was a legitimate area of inquiry for a responsible national newsmagazine. Jean bet me he would have some qualification and she was right, but not the way she had thought. "After he's elected," Kennedy said. "The idea's not only legitimate but fascinating."

About 10:30 p.m., the President stood up to make a toast, excusing himself for beginning in Jean's absence (she returned a few minutes later, announcing to all concerned, "Sorry, kid, I had to go peeps"), but he said he had to watch the rebroadcast of his news conference at 11. He wanted to make a toast to the Attorney General, he said, and went on to describe how he had been talking that afternoon with Tom Patton, president of Republic Steel. "I was telling Patton what a son of a bitch he was," the President said with a smile. He waited with that truly professional sense of timing instinctive to the best comedians, and went on. "And he was proving it. Patton asked me, 'Why is it that all the telephones of all the steel executives in the country are being tapped?' And I told him that I thought he was being wholly unfair to the Attorney General and that I was sure that it wasn't true. And he asked me, 'Why is it that all the income-tax returns of all the steel executives in the country are being scrutinized?' And I told him that, too, was wholly unfair, that the Attorney General wouldn't do any such thing. And then I called the Attorney General and asked him why he was tapping the telephones of all the steel executives and examining the tax returns of all the steel executives . . . and the Attorney General told me that was wholly untrue and unfair." And then another Stanislavsky pause. "And, of course, Patton was right."

At this point, Bobby rose from his table and proclaimed in mock anger: "They were mean to my brother. They can't do that to my brother."

There was a great deal of conversation about Teddy. The President wanted to hear all the stories from Springfield—preferably in dialect. At one point, Bobby asked me to rise to drink a toast to Teddy, on the grounds that I was the only one present who had been in Massachusetts when he won the nomination. The Kennedys—not J.F.K. or Jackie—have a habit of urging people to get on their feet and make inappropriate speeches, only to drown them out with catcalls when they do. It seemed to me then that they were somehow trying to get me to commit myself to his candidacy and more generally to his virtue, and I didn't want to play that game. The President made a big point of saying that



Teddy had to win three separate victories—the convention, the primary and the election—and that in working for these three victories, he would qualify himself as a Senator. He seemed convinced that any 30-year-old who could survive three such difficult fights was qualified by the very fact of his victories. Kennedy criticized the *Time* story of Teddy's nomination, particularly objecting to a phrase that had Teddy smiling "sardonically."

"Bobby and I smile sardonically," he said with a smile. "Teddy will learn how to smile sardonically in two or three years, but he doesn't know how, yet."

About 11 P.M. I got the President alone for a few minutes to explore how *Newsweek* might expand his Yale speech on the crippling myths of America into a "violin" for the next week's issue. (Violin is the term used by *Newsweek* for the thematic opening section of the magazine.) He was very interested and ticked off a whole series of what he called myths . . . that massive retaliation was any longer a viable policy, that failure to recognize a foreign country somehow made that country suffer. He said that some myths were obviously still too sacred to discuss publicly, at least for him to discuss. He warned me not to attribute to him a conviction that the failure of the United States to recognize Red China was a mistake. But he said I could say

that Washington was re-examining many myths, including that one.

November 15, 1962

#### "PHONY LIBERALS"

The Cuban Missile Crisis had just ended as a Kennedy triumph, and he hadn't said a word to me. Finally, I asked how he was sure the Russians weren't taking out old telephone poles instead of missiles under those canvas covers that appeared on the decks of the Soviet ships in the intelligence pictures. Kennedy admitted that they had never seen those missiles without the covers on, and they looked the same leaving Cuba as they had looked en route to Cuba. But he emphasized that it really made little difference. If the Soviets did not take the missiles out, it would become known sooner or later, and the Russians knew for sure that that would mean immediate and massive invasion of Cuba by the United States to get the missiles out. Certainly Castro had no interest in keeping offensive missiles there, Kennedy said, for he knew that just as well as Khrushchev. The President and the Administration just assumed, therefore, that the missiles were on their way out. They assumed, he said, that no missiles were in the caves, at least no MRBMs or IRBMs. And that assumption was based primarily on the evidence he had of their removal, plus their conviction that both Khrush-

chev and Castro knew the U. S. would invade if any offensive missiles were found.

During dinner, Adlai Stevenson telephoned the President to report on a session he'd just had with Vasily Kuznetsov, the Soviet deputy foreign minister. (This meeting dealt with the warning sent that day by Castro to the effect that Cuba would shoot down any U. S. plane flying reconnaissance missions over Cuban territory. The immediate U. S. response was that the overflights would continue.) I couldn't smoke out any details of that session, but after hanging up, the President called McGeorge Bundy and set up a meeting of ExCom—the *ad hoc* group that had handled the Cuban Missile Crisis—to discuss the memorandum he'd just asked Stevenson to prepare, before sending Undersecretary of State George Ball up to New York. The President referred to Stevenson in a manner that did nothing to dispel the rumors that he was less than 100 percent behind his UN ambassador. Jackie had her portable record player going full blast throughout the Kennedy-Stevenson telephone conversation.

Howard K. Smith, the TV commentator, had just surfaced Alger Hiss for a special ABC broadcast on "The Political Obituary of Richard M. Nixon." Kennedy called it "a typical demonstration

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of phony liberals" and expressed concern that it might help Nixon, even though he felt that Nixon was "beyond saving" politically. He said he thought Nixon was "sick."

January 30, 1963

"SOME PIPELINE I HAVE  
INTO THE WHITE HOUSE"

Douglas and Phyllis Dillon gave a dinner dance, with the Kennedys as guests of honor. At one point in the evening, I spotted the President and Teddy Kennedy standing together, with Teddy doing all the talking and the President roaring with laughter.

"Some pipeline I have into the White House," Teddy said to me when I joined them. "I tell him 1000 men out of work in Fall River, 400 men out of work in Fitchburg. And when the Army gets that new rifle, there's another 600 men out of work in Springfield. And you know what he says to me? 'Tough shit.'"

February 11, 1963

"17,000 SOVIET TROOPS IN CUBA"  
AND "27,000 U. S. TROOPS IN TURKEY"

We had dined alone with the President the night before. Jackie had not appeared. We saw a dreadful movie about some Englishman in a German prison camp and then just before midnight walked around the Ellipse in the cold, pouring rain. Counting all the Secret Service men, we made up a task force, but no one recognized the President.

*Newsweek* was planning another cover story on Bobby and, as usual, I asked the President for help during dinner. He

told two shocking stories about Bobby that I'd never heard before. The first involved an official of the Teamsters Union, allegedly a pal of Teamsters chief Jimmy Hoffa, who had been convicted, sentenced and then suddenly started to "sing." He was apparently beginning to tell all when he was suddenly taken ill and rushed to the hospital, where it was found that he was suffering from acute arsenic poisoning. The President said the Teamsters had apparently heard that this man was squealing and had quite simply tried to poison him. The second anecdote concerned the recent discovery by the Justice Department of some hoodlum who reported he had been hired by the Teamsters, given a gun fitted with a silencer and sent to Washington with what the President said were orders to kill the Attorney General. I found this one a little hard to believe, but the President was obviously serious. Kennedy said Bobby was anxious that the first story not get out, for fear that it would so terrify all potential anti-Hoffa Teamsters that the anti-Hoffa cause would be lost.

We talked a lot about Cuba. The President said that the presence of 17,000 Soviet troops in Cuba, 90 miles from the U. S., was one thing viewed by itself, but it was something else again when you knew there were 27,000 U. S. troops stationed in Turkey, right on the Soviet border, and they had been there some years. He warned me against releasing this information. Obviously it was classified, and just as obviously it would be politically suicidal for him publicly to

equate the two. "It isn't wise, politically, to understand Khrushchev's problems in quite this way," he said quietly.

March 12, 1963

"IF YOU AND I COULD  
ONLY RUN WILD, BENJY"

It was the first time we had seen the Kennedys since the dance the previous Friday, and the ritual rehash took much of our time. We had again been part of the "in" crowd—we kept telling ourselves—that was asked to go to the White House after dinner. We had met the Kennedys in the upstairs hall and Jackie had greeted my wife bluntly, saying, "Oh, Tony, you look terrific. My bust is bigger than yours, but then so is my waist." The females imported from New York for the occasion had been spectacular again, and at one point Kennedy had pulled me to one side to comment, "If you and I could only run wild, Benjy."

Jackie reported that Betty Beale, the society columnist for the *Washington Star*, had learned about the party—as had anyone with the slightest interest in that kind of stuff—including a rumor that Air Force aide Godfrey McHugh's girlfriend had taken a dip in the pool at midnight and had been seen later jumping on the bed in the Lincoln Room. Interestingly, Kennedy didn't question the rumor but told Jackie to "get after McHugh." Jackie asked whether she should write him or call him and was told, "Call him—tomorrow." Kennedy revealed that for the first time, they had someone especially assigned to count the booze. Apparently, at an earlier dance, the Kennedys had been charged for 90 bottles of assorted spirits and were convinced that they were being stolen blind.

The guest list at those parties was truly fascinating, for it rarely, if ever, included members of the Irish Mafia, the Irish Catholic political associates, generally from Boston, who were in many ways closer to Kennedy, personally as well as professionally, than the swingers or the intellectuals or the reporters. That was part of the fundamental dichotomy in Kennedy's character: half the mick politician, tough, earthy, bawdy, sentimental, and half the bright, graceful intellectual playboy of the Western world; and there weren't many people who crossed over the line. I suspected, outside his family, Kennedy was as comfortable with Larry O'Brien, O'Donnell and Powers as with anyone else, but they were rarely mixed with the WASPs. One group fed off the early, bachelor, political Kennedy, while the other group reflected the later, married, Presidential Kennedy.

March 21, 1963

"KISS-AND-TELL JOURNALISM"

Kennedy had just returned from Costa Rica, and the President's enthusiasm for



"If I thought you were serious about wanting a change of government, I'd have resigned!"





*"But, honey, I'm only giving equal rights to all women."*

the trip still sparkled when we saw him and Jackie for dinner alone at the White House. His reception had been fantastic, he said, and he explained it by his youth, by the fact that he was a Democrat and a Catholic, and by Jackie's popularity; she had delivered several well-publicized speeches in Spanish during a previous trip to Latin America. (Kennedy found it intolerable that he didn't have the facility for languages that others had, and his pride in Jackie's linguistic talents was tinged with jealousy and bewilderment. His French could only be described as unusual. One French friend said he spoke it "with a bad Cuban accent," while another said, "He apparently didn't believe in French verbs, much less pronounce them correctly." Just before his trip to Berlin in June 1963, he spent the better part of an hour with the Vreelands [Frederick "Fredsy" Vreeland, a young foreign-service officer and the son of *Vogue* editor Diana Vreeland, and his

wife] before he could master "*Ich bin ein Berliner*."")

He said he felt his inaugural address, letting the world know that the torch had been passed to a new generation, meant more to Latin Americans than to anyone else. I asked him why he thought Nixon's trip to Latin America had failed. The visit was badly prepared, Kennedy answered. "Nixon represented the wrong party in F.D.R. terms, and anyway, Nixon is Nixon."

After much prodding from Tony and pretty much to everyone's relief, I told the President for the first time that I was keeping a kind of diary of the times we met or talked. I got my opening when the conversation at dinner turned to Emmet Hughes's book on Eisenhower, *Ordeal of Power*, which was being criticized as kiss-and-tell journalism. I was convinced Kennedy knew I was keeping some kind of record and

obviously did not object. I was not so sure about Jackie, who was much more nervous and easily distraught by that kind of thing. I told him that Tony had made me worry about not telling him, especially whenever the subject came up of those "bastard" historians who "are always there with their pencils out." I told him I certainly would not write anything about him as long as he was alive without his permission. Kennedy said there was no reason to wait that long. He insisted that he was glad that someone was keeping some kind of record of the more intimate details without which the real story of any administration cannot be told. I was not convinced he knew how intimate those details might get—though I suspected that Jackie did—but that's for another decade. Anyway, we agreed that I would not publish anything about our association with them

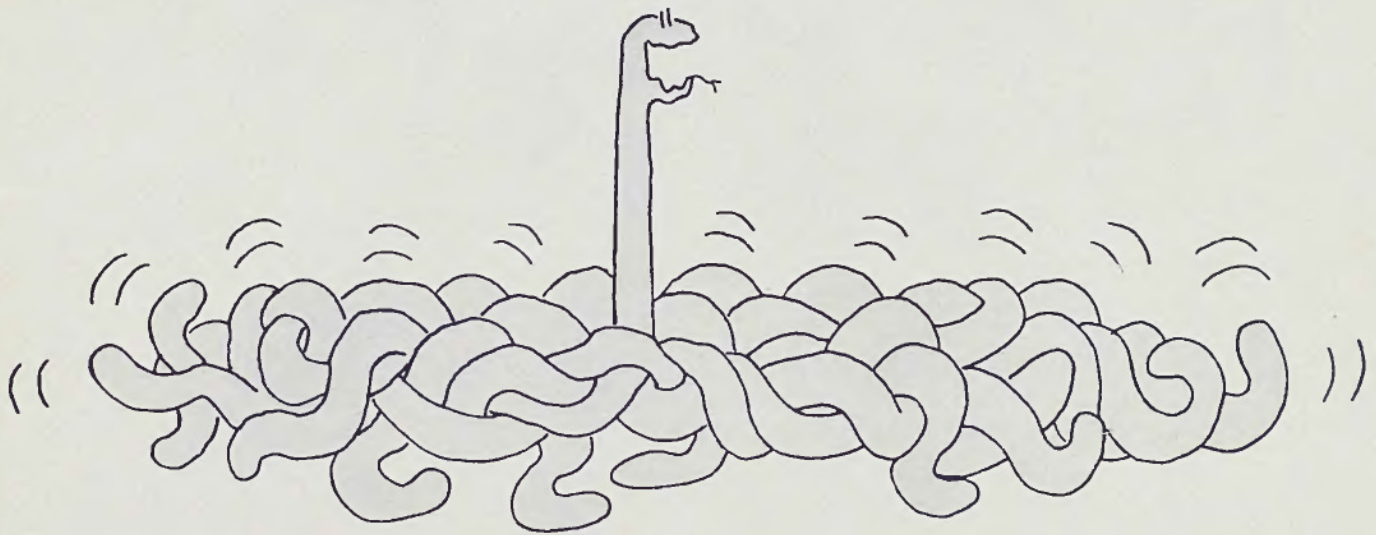
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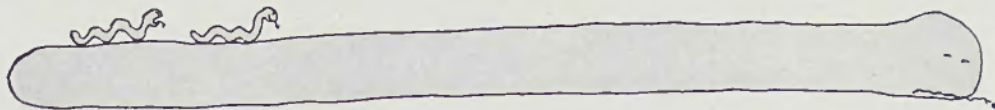
*wherein a basketful of snakes act like people in the grass*

# SERPENTINE SEX

BY *Mal*

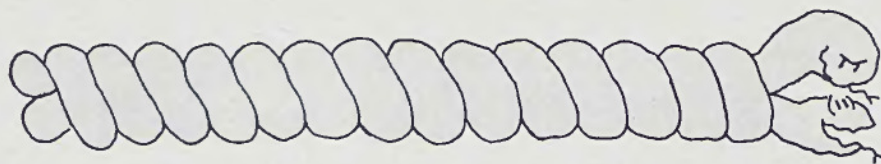


*"Change partners!"*

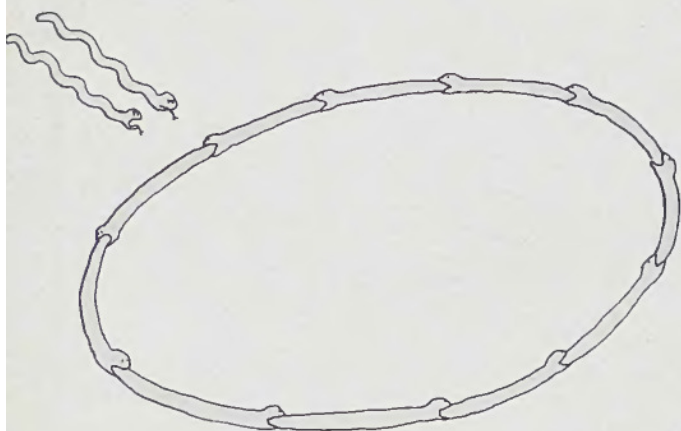


*"Well, I think raping a python is a stupid idea!"*

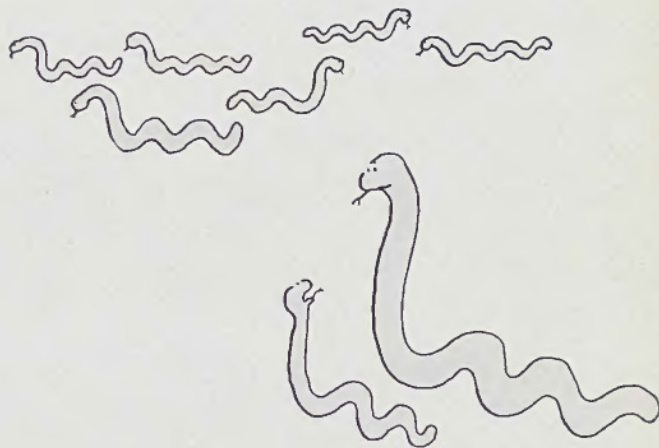




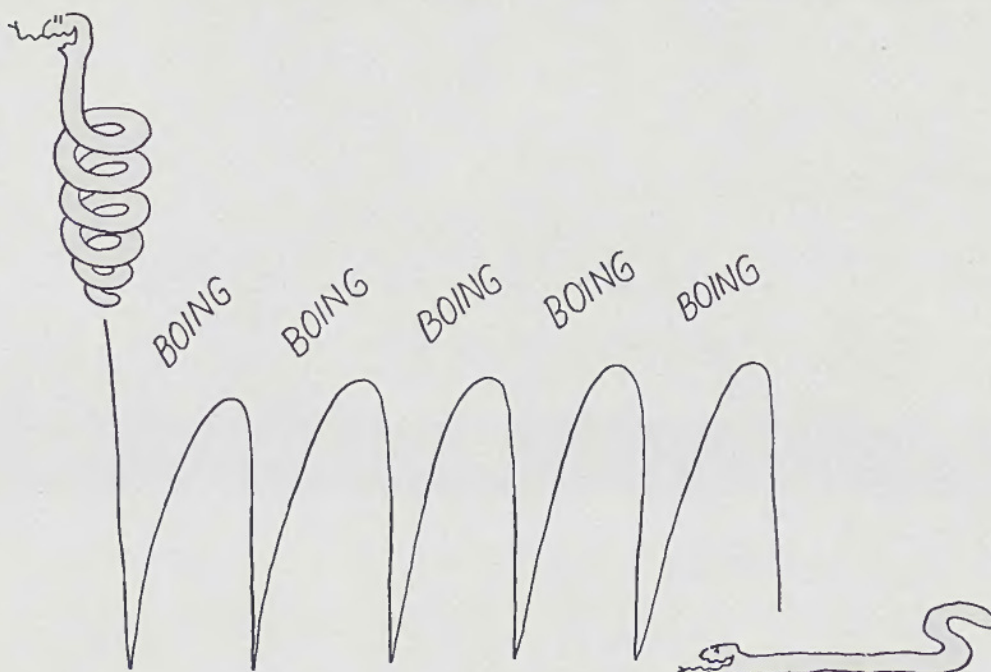
*"Gosh, Roger, where do you learn all of these kinky positions?"*



*"Oh, damn! They started the orgy without us!"*

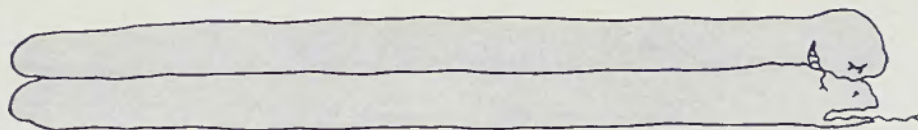


*"Hey, Dad—which ones are girls?"*

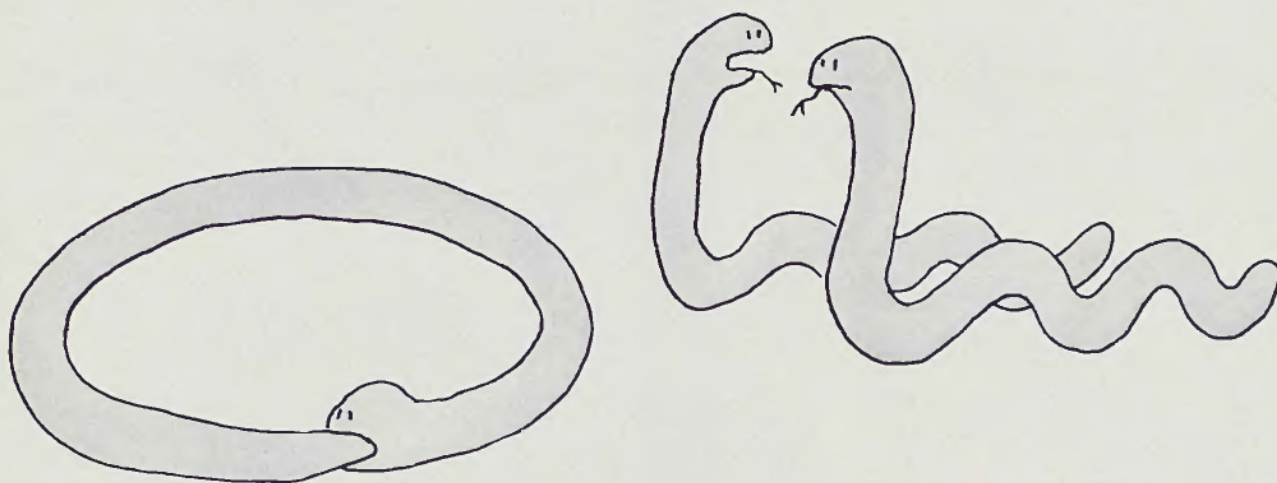


*"Now, that's what I call an orgasm!"*

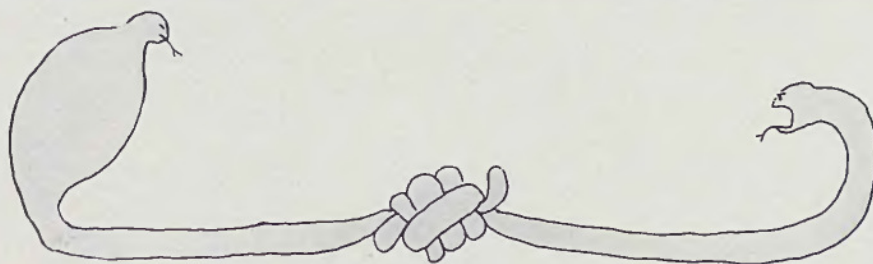




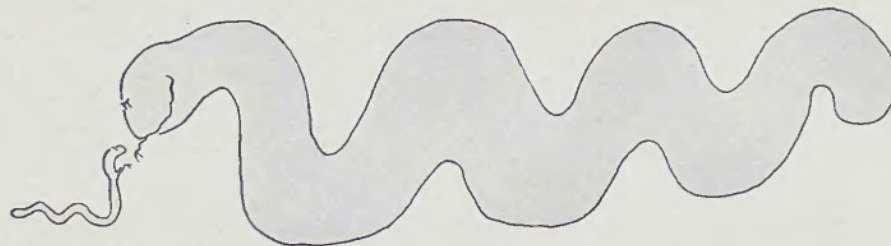
*"Not tonight, Ralph. I've got a headache!"*



*"Damon likes to do his own thing."*

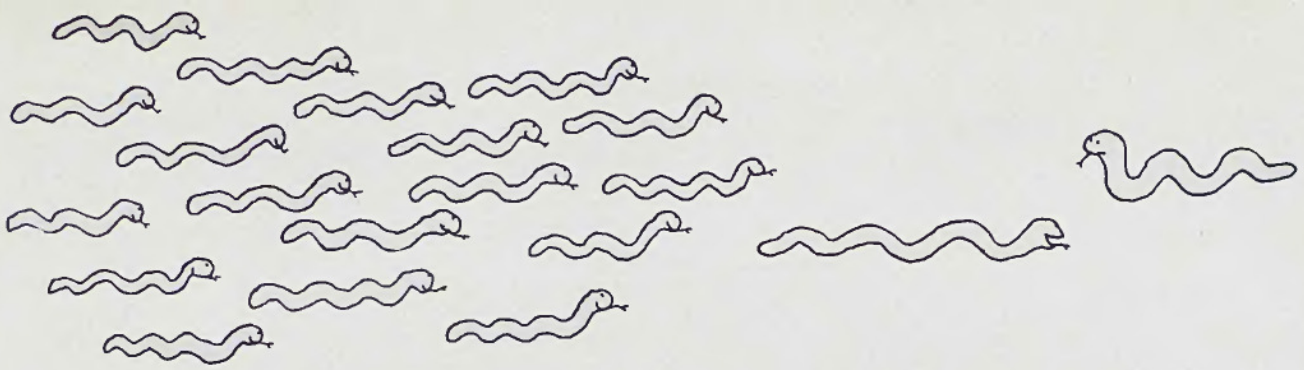


*"You and your damned Oriental positions!"*

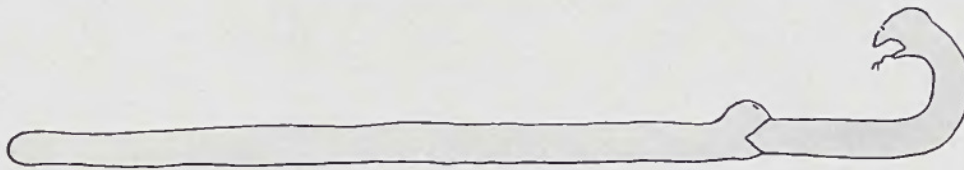


*"No way, Wally, no way!"*

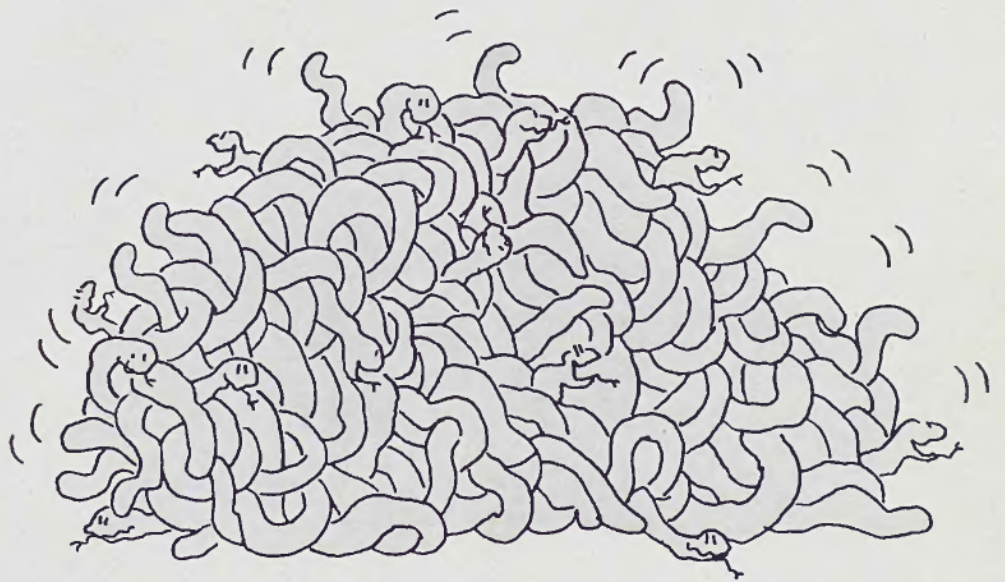




*"They're groupies."*



*"No, I've never heard of Linda Lovelace. Why do you ask?"*



*"Quite frankly, group sex is not my bag!"*



# Conversations With **KENNEDY**

without his permission for at least five years after they left the White House.

April 2, 1963

"BOY, THIS IS A BIG GOVERNMENT"

The dinner invitations we got to the White House came from Evelyn Lincoln, and they came late—almost always the same day, in the morning if we were lucky, but often as late as five or six P.M. Since we didn't go out much at night, it wasn't much of a problem. The most recent invitation came just after six P.M., and we ate with the Kennedys alone.

I'd spent a good part of the day working on a story about the use of lie detectors by the Pentagon. The President hadn't heard about it and wanted all the details. Civilian and military officials in the Defense Department were being asked to take lie-detector tests in the course of an investigation into who

(continued from page 177)

leaked—to Dick Fryklund, the Washington Star's Pentagon correspondent—an Air Force report on how unnecessarily rough the investigators on the McClellan committee had been. Kennedy immediately called Pierre Salinger and asked him to call Eugene Zuckert [Secretary of the Air Force] and get him to knock the investigation off. Zuckert called the President a few seconds later and Kennedy was very curt with him on the phone. "Let's stop doing it to ourselves, Mr. Secretary," he said. "This is hardly a question of national security, is it? Whoever leaked the report was trying to do us a favor, as far as I can see." When he hung up, Kennedy said Zuckert claimed it was routine in an investigation of that kind to ask someone at the end of the questioning if he would be willing to take a lie-detector test.

"Boy, this is a big Government," the President said, getting out of his rocker

with his arms flailing as he imitated a man trying to plug too many holes in one dike. "You push a button marked 'investigate,' and the whole giant machinery starts moving, and then you can't stop it." Salinger then called back and they talked briefly about the Pentagon spokesman, the kind and gentle Arthur Sylvester. "Arthur's days are numbered," Kennedy said. "I'll tell you that. He's a marvelous guy, but the trouble is he doesn't have the relationship with McNamara that I have with Salinger, where he can come busting into my office whenever he has to."

Somewhere during the evening we got on the subject of pregnancy and I asked Jackie if it was true that she was pregnant. She said she was not, but we thought she was. We talked about how many more children Bobby and Ethel might have, and out of the blue the President volunteered the advice that Tony and I should not have any more children and suggested to me, "You ought to get yourself cut."

From there we jumped somehow to the question of capital punishment. It turned out we were all against capital punishment except the President. I asked him about the Catholic precept against taking a life, including by abortion, and he said that he saw no conflict. He said he was all for people's solving their problems by abortion (and he specifically told me I could not use that for publication in *Newsweek*), and he didn't seem to equate execution with the taking of a life in the doctrinal sense.

The President was enthusiastic about his visit with King Hassan of Morocco. "He and the shah, both of them playboys at one time," he said, "are so serious now that they are kings. They must be overcompensating." Hassan had given the President a gold saber studded with 50 diamonds. He unsheathed a similarly jeweled sword that the shah had given him, I unsheathed the Hassan saber and we struck a dueler's pose, brandishing thousands of dollars' worth of jeweled cutlery as if they were golf clubs.

May 29, 1963

"COME IN YACHTING CLOTHES"

The invitations to the President's birthday party, a cruise down the Potomac on the Sequoia, had read, "Come in Yachting Clothes," which meant white pants as far as I was concerned. In addition to the Kennedys, the guests included Bobby and Ethel, Teddy, a *Last Hurrah* type from Boston named Clem Norton, who had been a friend and coat holder of Honey Fitz, the Shrivvers, Bill Walton, Mary Meyer, a woman introduced only as Enid, Lem Billings, Senator Smathers and his wife, Red and Anita Fay, Charlie and Martha Bartlett, the actor David Niven and his wife, Hjordis,



"That lecture on V.D. was very informative—especially the part on how you can get it."



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Jim Reed, Fifi Fell and ourselves. A three-piece band played all night.

After cocktails on the fantail, with thunder and lightning omens for the rains to come, dinner was served below. There was a bunch of toasts, including Fay's vaudeville act in which he sang, if that's the word, *Hooray for Hollywood*. That act panicked the Kennedys, and they'd heard it a hundred times. No one else quite understood why. Throughout the toasts, the Kennedys heckled whoever was on his feet with boos, catcalls, cheers—mostly boos. The boor of the evening turned out to be Norton, whom Teddy had brought along at the last minute and who did endless imitations of Honey Fitz that meant very little to anyone who was neither a Fitzgerald nor a Kennedy.

One of the guests got more stewed by the hour, until at midnight he was literally stumbling over the presents piled in front of the President. There was a moment of stunned silence as he lurched forward and put his shoe right through a beautiful, rare old engraving that was Jackie's birthday present to her husband. It had cost more than \$1000 and Jackie had scoured galleries to find it, but she greeted its destruction with that veiled expression she gets on her face, and when everyone commiserated with her over the disaster, she just said, "Oh, that's all right. I can get it fixed."

Kennedy had not gotten the word that the twist was passé; any time the band played any other music for more than a few minutes, he passed the word along for more Chubby Checker. He was also passing the word all night to the Sequoia's captain. Apparently through an abundance of caution in case he wasn't having a good time, Kennedy had ordered the skipper of the Sequoia to bring her back to the dock at 10:30 p.m., only to be ordered back out "to sea"—which meant four or five miles down the Potomac. This happened no fewer than four times. Four times we moored and four times we unmoored. The weather was dreadful most of the evening, as one thunderstorm chased us up and down the river all night, and everyone was more or less drenched. Teddy was the wettest and, on top of everything, mysteriously lost one leg of his trousers sometime during the night.

May 30, 1963

"YOU THINK YOU COULD GET USED TO THIS KIND OF LIFE?"

We gathered on the south lawn of the White House about noon, all of us a touch hung over from the gaiety of the night before, for a helicopter ride to Camp David, our first ride in the President's chopper and our first trip to Camp David. With us were the Nivens; Caroline; John-John; their nurse, Miss Shaw; Clipper, the German shepherd dog; Captain Tazewell Shepard, the President's

naval aide; and a flock of Secret Service men.

The Nivens were charming, and though they had known none of us before the previous night, it was like a gathering of old friends. On the way up in the helicopter, the President turned to me and said, "Do you think you could get used to this kind of life? Pretty hard to take, isn't it?"

When we arrived, each of us went to small individual cabins. Ours was Maple, with a living room, one very small bedroom, one large bedroom and two baths. We rallied ten minutes later in front of the main lodge, and Kennedy drove us all to a skeet-shooting range near the heliport. The President shot first, and he was as lousy as we all turned out to be. He hit about four of the first 20, but no one else did much better. Niven made us all laugh as he explained his theory that the secret of skeet shooting was in the voice one used to order up the clay pigeons. Whereupon he would whisper "High tower, pull" . . . and miss, then shout "Low tower, pull," and miss again.

We then went for a swim in the pool—heated, of course. The President gave his bathing trunks to Niven and went in his skivvies. He wore his back brace, even for the short walk from the dressing room to the pool. His back had been giving him real trouble, he admitted, but was almost "miraculously better" the night before and that day. Jackie told us that she had asked Dr. Janet Travell, the back wizard, for some shot that would take Kennedy's back pain away, if only just for the birthday party. She had said there was such a shot, but it would remove all feeling below the waist. "We can't have that, can we, Jacqueline?" the President had ruled.

September 12, 1963

"NO PROFILE NEEDED HERE, JUST COURAGE"

The President and I played golf one afternoon at the Newport Country Club, and that was always a harrowing experience for me. In the first place, if you play golf with a President, you are apt to play at some fancy country club whose code of dress requires clothes that I do not have in my wardrobe . . . like golf shoes, for openers. As a result, I hit off the first tee in old sneakers, and I felt like three down before I hit a shot. In the second place, if you play golf with a President, you are dead sure to be watched by a crowd of people who either play golf better than you do and therefore laugh when you shank the ball, or line the roads and shout to be recognized by your partner. In any case, that's another two down. In the third place, there are Secret Service men all around you, carrying guns in dummy golf bags, and that doesn't do anything for your game. And finally, if you played golf with this President, his patience was so limited that

you could never stop to look for a lost ball, and that didn't suit my game at all.

But Kennedy was fun to play golf with, once you got out of range of the sightseers, primarily because he didn't take the game seriously and kept up a running conversation. If he shanked one into the drink, he could let go with a broad-A "Bahstard," but he would be teeing up his next shot instantly. With his opponent comfortably home in two and facing a tough approach, he might say "No profile needed here, just courage," a self-deprecating reference to his book *Profiles in Courage*. When he was losing, he would play the old warrior at the end of a brilliant career, asking only that his faithful caddie point him in the right direction and let instinct take over. He could play TV golf commentator as he hit the ball, saying, "With barely a glance at the packed gallery, he whips out a four iron and slaps it dead to the pin." He was competitive as hell, with a natural swing, but erratic through lack of steady play. Another time Kennedy and I were playing at Hyannis Port with Ethel, and she was about seven months pregnant. I had not played golf for a couple of years, as I remember, and I had never played that course. The stakes were again ten cents a hole. Once I asked Ethel what club she thought I should use, because I was unfamiliar with the course and unsure of my own judgment. She suggested a five iron and I whacked it pretty good, only to see it go sailing way over the green. I turned around to the sound of gales of laughter from Ethel and the President. She wanted to win so badly she had purposely suggested too much club.

That afternoon, I teed up trembling at unheard snickers but hit the longest, straightest goddamn drive of my life ("Jesus, Benjy," the President said, "I never saw anyone hit a ball that far on this hole. You must be hungry"), but it was so far I couldn't find it and Kennedy wouldn't help me look for it. So I lost the first hole. Later in the round I actually sank a five iron, but instead of allowing me to pause to relish and to be congratulated (even cheered by the people lining the road?), the President simply picked up his ball and raced to the next tee. It really isn't fair.

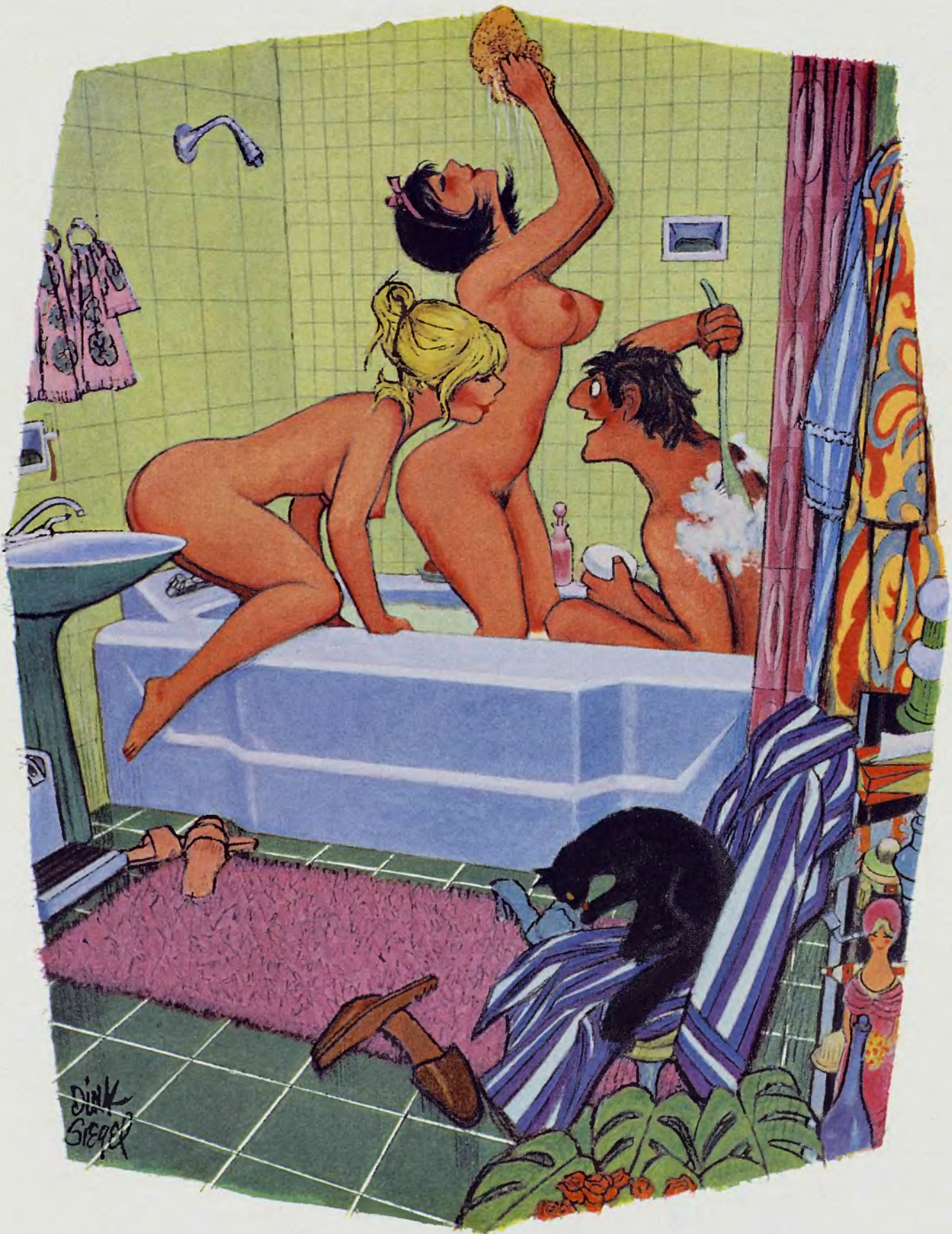
October 22, 1963

"MAYBE YOU'LL COME WITH US TO TEXAS NOW"

I had been almost an hour late to dinner with the Kennedys. We hadn't been asked until almost seven o'clock, and I'd had a television-panel thing to do that I couldn't—and didn't want to—get out of.

The President was in his shirt sleeves when I arrived and apparently had been telling Jackie and Tony what a miserable day he'd had, with everything going wrong from beginning to end. The latest





*"When the renting agent said I'd have to share a bath,  
I didn't realize it would be so much fun."*



news involved the refusal of the Birmingham, Alabama, police department to hire Negro cops. Another problem involved Manny Celler [Emanuel Celler, the New York Congressman and chairman of the House Committee on the Judiciary] and the civil rights bill in the Judiciary Committee, where the liberals were trying to report out a bill that the President felt "gives me a bad bill, and only a fair issue."

Chief topics for discussion that night were Jackie's recent trip to Greece and a stay on Aristotle Onassis' yacht, and Bobby Baker, the secretary to the Senate majority and a protégé of Johnson's. Baker was under all kinds of investigation and had just been sued, in a civil suit, for taking a bribe in connection with a vending-machine franchise in a plant of a company that handled a lot of Government contracts.

Kennedy was unwilling to knock Baker, saying, "I thought of him primarily as a rogue, not a crook. He was always telling me he knew where he could get me the cutest little girls, but he never did. And I found that when I would call him up to get an accurate count on a vote, I'd get a straight answer."

On the question of his Vice-President, whose close ties to Baker were politically embarrassing to the Kennedy Administration, the President said he felt sure Johnson had not been "on the take since he was elected." Before that, Kennedy said, "I'm not so sure." I asked him about reports *Newsweek* had heard that L.B.J.

was using airplanes supplied to him free by the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation. "He's flying on an Air Force jet now," he replied, clearly implying that he, too, had heard about the Grumman planes, but he offered no information or explanation. "I'm not after Bobby Baker," he repeated, and then he talked again about how he felt that Baker was more rogue than crook. As for dumping Johnson from the ticket in 1964, the President said, "That's preposterous on the face of it. We've got to carry Texas in '64, and maybe Georgia."

The Baker conversation led us into a discussion of morality in government generally and the new, sophisticated immorality, which less often consisted of anything so bold as cash, but rather the hiring of a Senator's or a Congressman's law firm, for exorbitant fees and no work, or the steering of Government business to firms in which elected officials had a financial stake. We talked about taxes and who paid how much. The President stunned us all by saying that J. Paul Getty, the oil zillionaire who is reputedly the richest man in the world, had paid exactly \$500 in income taxes the previous year and that H. L. Hunt, the Texas oil zillionaire who must have been the richest American, had paid only \$22,000 in income taxes the previous year. When I told him that was what Tony and I had paid in taxes that year, he said, "The tax laws really screw people in your bracket, buddy boy."

I asked him, since he had obviously

done some research on the tax payments of millionaires, how much shipbuilding magnate Daniel Ludwig had paid. He smiled but he didn't bite, and then he said that all that tax information was secret and it was probably illegal for him to know or at least for him to tell me. I told him if he ever wanted to give a tax-reform bill the last little push, all he had to do was let me publish that kind of information. He paused and then said, "Maybe after 1964," a phrase that was cropping up more and more.

On the subject of Onassis, much of the conversation was across the table between Jackie and Tony. There had been substantial press criticism of Jackie's trip. The President had promised it to her as a way of recuperating from the hammer blow of the death of her last child, but the papers had been full of stories about the "brilliantly lighted luxury yacht," "gay with guests, good food and drinks," "lavish shipboard dinners," "dancing music," "a crew of 60, two *coiffeurs* and a dance band." And Republican Congressman Oliver Bolton of Ohio had made a speech on the floor of the House criticizing the presence aboard Onassis' yacht of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., who was the Undersecretary of Commerce and, as such, was in a position to influence the relations between the Greek shipping tycoon and the U.S. Maritime Administration.

Jackie told us that Onassis "was an alive and vital person" who had started from nothing, who had not wanted to make the trip with Jackie and her sister, Lee Radziwill (and the Roosevelts and Princess Irene Galitzine, the fashion designer, among others). She told us how she had insisted that she would not accept this man's hospitality and then not let him come along. It was an act of kindness, she said. "Poor Franklin didn't want to go along at all," she continued. "He said he was working on a new image and a trip like this wouldn't do him any good, but I persuaded Jack to call Franklin and ask him to go with me. I really wanted him as a chaperone." Jackie seemed a little remorseful about all the publicity, including the *Newsweek* story, which she felt went a little heavy on high-jinks. She said J.F.K. was being "really nice and understanding."

The President did reveal that he had insisted that Onassis now not come to the United States until after 1964, the best evidence that he thought the trip was potentially damaging to him politically. But he noted that what he called "Jackie's guilt feelings" might work to his advantage.

"Maybe you'll come with us to Texas now next month," he said with a smile.

And Jackie answered: "Sure I will, Jack."



"No kidding? Wow! I don't think I've ever met a dildo tycoon before!"



A carbon black particle magnified two million times by use of the Transmission Electron Microscope.

## WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TIRES THAT WEAR OUT AND TIRES THAT WEAR ON?

If this speck of carbon black\* were in your eye, you wouldn't know it. But you can see its importance everywhere. Because carbon black's unique properties strengthen rubber.

They add longer life to windshield wiper blades. Extra strength to bumper guards. And thousands of miles of wear to your car's tires.

There are many ways to make carbon black. Some costly. Some wasteful. Some environmentally unacceptable.



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Who discovered this forerunner of the many processes now used to supply the world's carbon black?

The same company that makes fine products for your car.

The Phillips Petroleum Company.  
Surprised?

**The Performance Company**







# CRIBARI WINE



80 years ago Beniamino Cribari  
made a mellow wine just for family & friends.

Nothing's changed.



# Eat Your Heart Out!

(continued from page 152)

Chrysler's legendary muscle-bound 426-cu.-in. "Hemi" developed for the American stock-car-racing wars, but limited availability of that power plant forced Monteverdi to use Chrysler's potent 450-hp "Wedge." Coupled to a five-speed ZF transmission, and mounted in a space-frame chassis producing a total car weight of about 2800 pounds, the 450 GTS will exceed 180 mph—certainly quick enough to let it tag along with the fastest Ferraris and Maseratis. In fact, the car is so rapid that Monteverdi refuses to make a sale to any driver without substantial experience in high-speed motorcars. Once a potential purchaser's credentials have been established, he need only provide a check for something over 140,000 Swiss francs and wait a year and a half for delivery.

If there is any reason for automotive purists to snub cars like the Bristol and the Monteverdi, it lies in their employment of large-displacement, American production engines, as opposed to the small, light, high-efficiency units produced by the manufacturer itself. This alone might add respectability to the Alfa Romeo Montreal, although its performance falls short of the Bristol and Monteverdi. Carrying the name of one of the greatest manufacturers of high-performance automobiles in history, the Montreal is the most expensive Alfa in a line-up dominated by medium-priced coupes, roadsters and sedans. Since its origin in 1910 as the Anonima Lombarda Fabbrica Automobili (rough translation: the Lombardy Motor Manufacturing Company), Alfa Romeo has built landmark road and racing cars. However, the recent economic woes in Italy have forced a government take-over of the company and a diversion of its production toward more egalitarian machines (still excellent, mind you, but a step down from its uncompromising performers of the past). The Montreal (so named for its introduction at Expo '67) is Alfa's top machine, with a strong racing heritage. Its heart is the light-alloy, fuel-injected, four-cam V8 that first breathed life in the engine bays of the company's potent Tipo 33 prototype racing cars. Smallish by American standards (158.2 cu. ins., or 2593 c.c.), the Montreal's V8 produces lively acceleration and a top speed of nearly 140 mph. Its clean-lined, Bertone-designed body will accommodate four passengers although, like most Italian 2+2s, the rear-seat passengers are most comfortable if they are built like Toulouse-Lautrec. Despite Alfa's active exportation of other models to the U.S., there are no plans to make the Montreal available here. Company policies notwithstanding, it would appear that this car, with its price tag in the range of \$14,000, would have a ready market, even

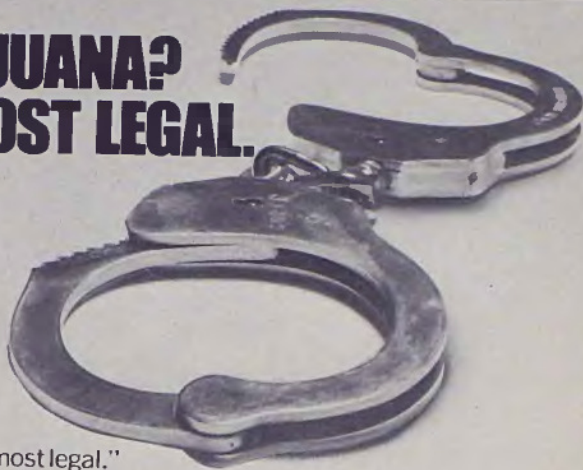
# MARIJUANA? IT'S ALMOST LEGAL.

## ISN'T IT?

No. Nothing is ever "almost legal." Especially marijuana. Last year alone 420,000 people were arrested for marijuana offenses. Of those, 90% were for simple possession.

But now a growing number of Americans are thinking seriously about changing the present marijuana laws. In fact, some laws have already been changed. The state of Oregon has successfully de-criminalized the personal use of marijuana. The American Bar Association, The National Council of Churches, Consumers' Union and The National Education Association have urged other states to do the same. An inevitable chain of events has begun. Become part of that change.

Help us help you.



**NORML**

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE REFORM OF MARIJUANA LAWS  
2317 M STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C. 20037

- ☐ I enclose \$15.00 membership fee. (Students and Military \$10.00)  
☐ I'm not a joiner but I would still like to help with a contribution.

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T SHIRTS @ \$4.50 each S M L XL



T SHIRTS @ \$4.50 each S M L XL GOLD MARIJUANA LEAF PINS @ \$1.00 each

- ☐ Send along additional information. LAPEL PINS @ \$1.00 each

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with its lovely body dripping with U.S. Government-approved five-mph cow-catcher bumpers and its high-revving engine desmogged.

Maserati and Lancia stand with Alfa Romeo on everybody's list of all-time great marques, and both have exported cars to America over the years. But poor Lancia has had hard going for the past two decades and was finally forced to become a ward of giant Fiat in order to stay in business. Domestic consolidations, plus rather limited exportation policies, prompted Lancia to drop out of the American market entirely several years ago, while Maserati has hustled along in quite satisfactory fashion, selling rich Americans a variety of elegant grand-touring cars. In fact, Maserati's Indy—perhaps the fastest four-seater ever produced—has been brought into the United States until recently, and there are a number of these rakish machines operating on American roads. Like the Montreal, the Indy's four-cam V8 engine has a racing heritage, in this case dating back to the late Fifties, when the factory contested Ferrari, Porsche, Aston Martin, etc., for victory in the great sports-car endurance races at places like LeMans and Sebring. Rated at 320 hp, the power plant can push the low, slippery-shaped Indy along at a speed exceeding 160 mph—certainly adequate to make up lost time on the way to the theater or your club.

While Maserati has concentrated on the production of luxurious grand-touring machinery (the Indy remains available only in Europe, but all you American Maserati fans will be pleased to learn that a new four-seater—called the Khamsin—will soon be available here at a trifling \$33,000), hard times have forced Lancia away from this aristocratic market toward more mundane coupes and sedans for the *bourgeoisie*. For a while, during the gloomy reorganization days that saw it come under the giant Fiat umbrella, Lancia was forced out of the high-performance market entirely. Now it is back, with a tough, hump-backed little coupe called the Stratos. The lightest of the cars treated here (at 2160 lbs.) and the most Spartan, it has gained a reputation as one of the finest rally cars in the world—which demands speed, ruggedness and agility on some of the worst roads imaginable. Tucked inside the Stratos' stiff, *monocoque* frame is a small, four-cam V6 with a heritage of its own, although its origins come from Ferrari, a marque that was once Lancia's rival on the Grand Prix circuit. Because Ferrari, like Lancia, is also partially controlled by the massive Fiat conglomerate, there has been a limited interchange of technology. The 190-hp, 2.4-liter "Dino" engine was originally designed by the Ferrari engineering staff for Fiat in the mid-Sixties (two other V6s had also been introduced by Ferrari; all were part of a series of cars and power

plants created in the memory of his beloved son, Dino, who had lost his life to illness) and was intended for an unsuccessful Fiat-Ferrari sports car called the Dino. This engine was also used in several pure Ferrari G.T. and racing cars before it appeared in the Stratos in 1971.

While Lancia conceived the Stratos as a dual-purpose machine for touring and competition, its career on the highways of Europe has been limited. It is more racing car than passenger vehicle and will likely remain such until Lancia is able to invest it with a bit more civility. Tough, hairy little racing car it is, but it is at a decided disadvantage when thrust into the market against the fast, well-mannered automobiles presently being built by Porsche, Mercedes-Benz, Ferrari and others.

If one is seriously seeking to dominate the highways of Europe, there are really only two cars to consider: a pair of brutal, bullet-fast machines from Italy. Both carry all the known ingredients for truly rapid automobiles—mid-engine configuration, ultra-aerodynamic bodywork, independent suspension, rigid, racing-type chassis and powerful, exotic engine—in these cases lightweight, four-cam V12s. The Lamborghini Countach and the Ferrari Berlinetta Boxer are surely the fastest highway cars ever produced and represent technology's super effort in behalf of maximum-speed transport for two people.

Ferruccio Lamborghini made his fortune building agricultural tractors and oil burners, and his car manufacturing began only as a hobby in 1963. Since then, his Miuras, Espadas, etc., have gained a reputation for glamor and performance to rival Ferrari's. His masterpiece is the incredible Countach LP 500, with its lovely 2900-lb. body and its 5-liter (300-cu.-in.) engine coupled to a five-speed gearbox. The Ferrari Berlinetta Boxer is lighter by 400 lbs. and has a smaller-displacement engine (4.4 liters, or 268 cu. ins.), but in most other ways is nearly identical. (The Lamborghini has an 8/10ths-of-an-inch-longer wheelbase, but is 13.8 inches shorter overall.) Perhaps the most significant difference between the two cars is the Ferrari's engine, which is a flat-12 (wherein the two banks of cylinders lie opposed, as if the V configuration has been squashed into a horizontal position). When Ferrari first introduced his flat-12 on his Formula 1 cars, factory mechanics and drivers nicknamed it the Boxer, and since then all opposed Ferrari engines, including the one in this incredible road car, have carried that appellation.

Lamborghini rates his conventional V12 at 440 hp, while Ferrari's slightly smaller Boxer is said to produce 380 hp. Which is faster? Both machines have been tested, in full road trim, in excess of 185 mph. Depending on weather conditions, state of tune, skill of the drivers,

etc., one or the other might enjoy a slight edge, but no clear-cut advantage appears to exist for either machine, at least in terms of raw top speed. Should you need a car for a European *piéd-à-terre* (both Ferrari and Lamborghini say neither car will ever reach America) and are concerned about ending up second best in some blinding, nose-to-nose contest along an *autostrada*, we might suggest a solution: Buy one of each. After all, the prices of the Countach and the Boxer, at the madly jouncing international exchange rates, both approach \$50,000 and you would have a claim to fame as the first man to blow \$100,000 on a brace of the world's fastest passenger cars.

Such lunatic fantasies notwithstanding, the fact remains that cars like the Ferrari Boxer and the Lamborghini Countach appear doomed. Prices for such marvelous machinery are skyrocketing so fast that we may see the day when even Arab sheiks may not be able to afford them. Men who claim good sense and temperance will applaud this news. After all, they have attacked fast cars with Cromwellian ire since the first day somebody scared a chicken with a Winton Bullet. Surely, in this day of conservation and retrenchment, rocketing along at 185 mph in a car representing the annual income of half the citizens of the Republic of Chad (or some such appalling statistic) seems the height of decadence. But we must consider this aspect: While the great cars can be assaulted as toys of the rich, the cars alone have been the source of such automotive advances as high-efficiency, overhead-camshaft engines, four-wheel independent suspensions, five-speed, close-ratio gearboxes, sophisticated space frame and unitized chassis, disk brakes, fuel injection and a thousand other engineering nuances that we now take for granted. Had it not been for the daring spirit of men like Bugatti, Ferrari, the Duesenberg brothers, etc., who experimented with such mechanisms both on their extravagantly expensive road cars and on their closely related racing machines, it is possible they would never have reached mass production. This begs the question: If we confine the boundaries of human creativity—even in automotive realms—will we pay the final price of no creativity at all? It is the nature of man to operate at the outer limits of his capabilities, and no one has contemplated the spiritual consequences if one day we discover we have reached our limits.

Of course the automobiles we have discussed here are elitist, wasteful and antisocial, but they represent an outer limit. In an automotive sense, Europe has always challenged that limit more than we. And today, as we rein in at a sensible 55 mph and the ennui settles over us, that point becomes all too clear.







BUCK BROWN

*"Beats me why they're making such a fuss over  
the new lady sword swallower!"*



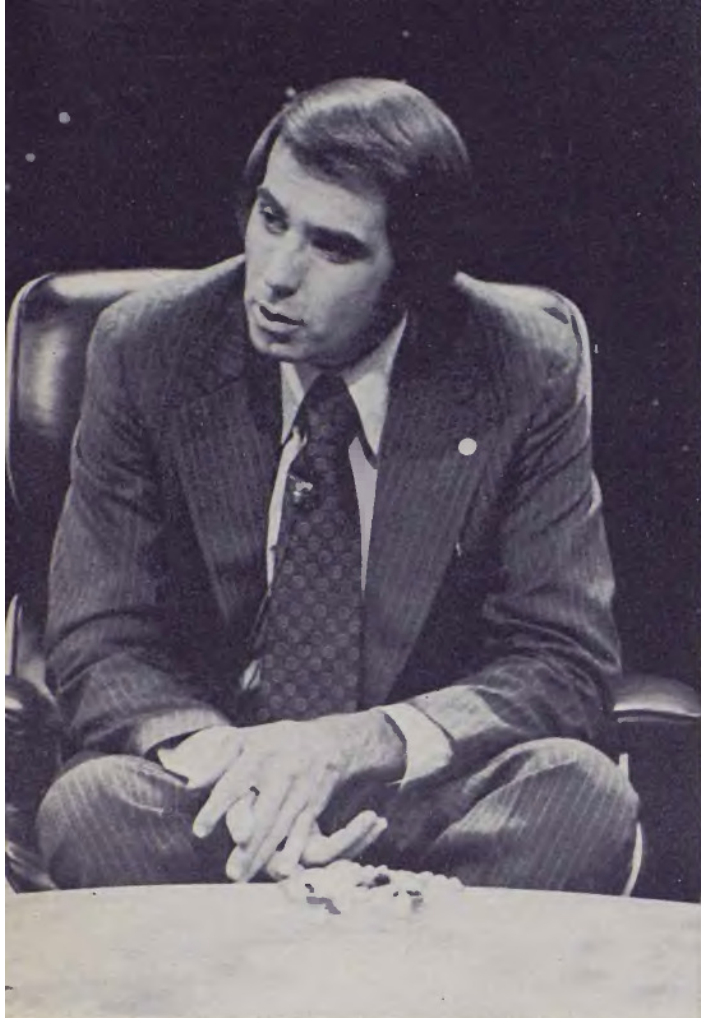
# ON THE SCENE



## KIKI DEE *the key of dee*

IT'S AS IF she'd been especially designed for the stage: Up close, Kiki Dee seems too tall in her enormous platform shoes. Her motions seem to take too much effort and she worries about her weight. But when she steps into an arena in front of 20,000 people (as she did night after night on the 1974 Elton John tour) and stretches like a cat in her vapor-thin gown, she looks so delicate you'd swear the spotlights were shining right through her. Kiki Dee started out at 16, leaving her home in Yorkshire, England, and singing on the cabaret circuit. "I never wanted to be a big star," she says of those days, "but it was what I was always being pushed into." Just two years later, she was pushed into Motown Records, the first white girl that the label had signed (which might give you an idea of what her voice sounds like). During her four years there, she became good friends with recording executive John Reid, who left Motown to manage Elton John. By 1973, when Elton was starting Rocket Records, Kiki was disenchanted with her career at Motown and Reid learned that Elton had been an admirer of her work for some time. He brought the two together and before too long, Rocket had its first British hit, with Kiki singing Veronique Sanson and Gary Osbourne's *Amoureuse*. She then accompanied Elton on his European tour as the opening act and went on to work with Guess Who, The Beach Boys, Steely Dan and others before Bias Boshell's *I've Got the Music in Me* became her biggest hit yet. Now, many think that Kiki, at 24, is about to become the next young queen of rock 'n' roll. On the 40-city United States tour she played with Elton, audiences that were usually anxious to get on with the "main event" found themselves giving her standing ovations. Her album *I've Got the Music in Me* nearly busted the charts and her new album *Step by Step* is following close behind. "I'm ready for whatever happens," she says. "Now I'm relaxed and feel that I've a lot to give." And we'll be right here to receive.





STEVEN BARTHOLOMY

## LARRY GELBART *s\*m\*a\*s\*h*

"I'VE GOT A HEAD full of nostalgia and senility," quips Larry Gelbart, coproducer and creative genius behind the television series *M\*A\*S\*H*. With those two components, plus more than 30 years of comedy writing for such notables as Bob Hope and Sid Caesar, Gelbart, aided by coproducer Gene Reynolds, has managed to put together one of the most highly rated television series in history. "I learned how to laugh from my father," he recalls, "and how to get a laugh from my mother." Starting out doing afternoon stand-up routines in his father's Chicago barbershop ("I was a sort of five-year-old Lenny Bruce. The jokes didn't have to be funny as long as they had a dirty word in them."), young Gelbart dreamed of becoming a famous clarinetist. After the family moved to California, Gelbart discovered girls and gave up the clarinet. His first big break came when Danny Thomas, a regular patron of the elder Gelbart's barbershop, offered to look at a sketch young Larry had written for a high school play. As a result, he was hired as a comedy writer for the Fanny Brice radio show at the age of 16, then wrote for *Duffy's Tavern*, Hope and Jack Paar. With the advent of television, Gelbart became a TV gag writer and wrote for Hope's first special in 1950 and later for *Caesar's Hour*, where he shared the stable with Mel Brooks, Neil Simon and other top comedy writers. "I hated the term gag writer then," he says, "but that's what I was, like it or not." After coscripting with Burt Shrevlove the successful play *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, Gelbart moved to England, where he worked on several movie scripts until, in 1971, Reynolds asked him to write the pilot for a TV version of the movie *M\*A\*S\*H*. The rest is history. As coproducer, script supervisor and occasional director of the series, Gelbart attributes the show's popularity to its honesty. "I asked my 11-year-old why it's so popular with kids," he says. "She said it's because of the insults. So who knows?"

## TOM SNYDER *late success*

IT'S TRUE that he's been a journalist and broadcaster ever since—in fact, before—he dropped out of Marquette University, in his native Milwaukee, 18 years ago. But don't tell Tom Snyder, now 38, that his career has moved in a straight line. "Let's see, I've worked in Wisconsin, Georgia, then gone out to Los Angeles—then to Philadelphia, back to Los Angeles, and now New York. I've zigzagged all over the country and covered a lot of miles." It was during his second L.A. tour, as anchor man of KNBC's top-rated evening news, that Snyder picked up the job that's made him a national figure—hosting *Tomorrow*, a talk show that comes on at one A.M., E.S.T. And whose brain child was it? "Well, now that it's a success, it depends on which NBC executive you ask," says Snyder. "But the idea was kicked around for about five years while people debated whether there was or wasn't a viable audience at that hour." Two and a half million insomniacs have since proved that there is—at least for the probing (but respectful), often funny interviews that Snyder conducts with a variety of prestigious and improbable guests. And NBC has brought the lanky Snyder—either six-four or six-five, depending on the press release ("What's an inch, anyway?" he asks)—to New York, where, in addition to hosting *Tomorrow*, he's anchoring the national newscasts on Sundays and co-anchoring the nightly news on WNBC. That makes three jobs, by any count, and if Snyder gets a little tired near the end of his work week, it's understandable. He likes New York and hopes that he's made his last move for a while: It's hard to keep dragging yourself, your wife and daughter and your collection of antique model trains on cross-country trips. But Snyder—who is also a high-energy conversationalist when he's offcamera—can't seem to help it. He's filmed segments of *Tomorrow* from a New York skyscraper top, a Tennessee prison and a Hong Kong street. So odds are that he will just continue to roll up those miles.

CHARLES W. BUSH





"What you taking? Speed?"

She slowed down around the curve. "Shit no. Beer. A little coke, but it's wearing off already."

"You got a healthy metabolism."

"It was my desert-country, clean-air up-rearing. I tuned in, turned on and dropped around, which is how I'm able to survive life as a fallen woman in San Rafael. 'San Rafael, does it ring a bell? I'm just a girl whose heart is tore; a socio, psycho, metaphysical whore,'" she sang. "You like it?"

What's to like about this hyperactive motorcycle-freak Hell's Angel bull-dyke style? What, if anything, to like? And yet, and yet.

"I like you," he said.

"A dude who smoked a pipe said that to me once," she remarked more softly. "He was my freshman advisor, University of Nevada at Reno. He just crinkled up his friendly little eyes like you do, nice smile, sweet face, smoked a pipe,

said he liked me and also liked me to go down on him after conference."

"Ha-ha, ha-ha," said Sam.

She sang again: "Lady Spain I adore me, Lady Spain I deplore me."

The midsummer, midnight trees were flowering, or at least pollinating, in the close musky heat of the Tenderloin. Rarely does a San Francisco evening shudder with this humid warmth of an Eastern summer, but this was one of those rare nights. Mites rose in a swarm from the alley nearby, where sunflowers scraped against a gutter; cats stood watch, hurried before the lurch and sprawl of winos; the mansion, which had stood here since the earthquake of 1906, might not survive the good vibes of the rock band industriously at work within. A redwood sign, LAW OFFICES, D. DOOMSDAY, ESQ., ASSOCIATES: BRENDA QUINTILLA, BUD WILLIAMS, BOOKER T. WASHINGTON IV, swayed along with the stomping of the celebrants. Benefits for a worthy cause usually

develop like that. A skinny little tycoon, who had driven up in a Bentley, swept out of his carriage in a floor-length ermine cape to greet Sam. "Hey, man, remember me? I used to park your car in the righteous autopark next to Enrico's."

"I remember, I remember. How'd you get all . . . all this?"

"This? Oh, I was a lousy parker, got fired for fender violations. So I took up dealing."

"Doing OK?"

"OK. Two arrests, out on thirty thousand bail—diplomatic pouch off a Peruvian diplomat, man. Doing OK."

"What's your goal?"

"Listen, I ain't greedy, man. Two hundred thousand or my next birthday."

???

"I mean, when you turn eighteen, it gets serious. So even if I haven't fulfilled my game plan, man, I quit on October twenty-nine. Cold fucking turkey on the international trade scene, man. I can do it. I'm a Scorpio."

"You don't seem worried."

"Why should I worry? I got the house, the wheels, the friends, the lawyer. Plus about four hundred thousand. Plus a little dealie in blank airline tickets. Who, me worry? A seventeen-and-a-half-year-old Scorpio in a world of tired old straight-arrow narcs with sludge in their arteries? Man, don't you remember how I put that dent in your, what was it, that Alfa Romeo and I just said, 'Who, me?' So that's what I say now I'm a coke tycoon: Who, me? My style hasn't changed that much, man. Scorpions are like that."

Sam just admired the little tycoon on his high cork heels. The heels were no higher than the soles, however. The kid had style.

"So next time you need your car parked," said the tycoon as he entered the party, "whyn't you call on me, for old time's sake, man?"

Sentimental strutting little cork-lifted, coke-lifted seventeen-and-a-half-year-old tycoon disappeared into busy clasp of benefit celebration. Stella watched and said, "It's Tums for the tummy to see a real man like that, paid his dues."

"So there are some people you like," Sam said.

She shrugged. "Didn't say I like him. Said I dig him. Maybe admire a little. He's a creep, though. I'm a new woman, man. Smart, ignorant, I take no shit, I'm just like that little creep. I'm not going to type hundred words a minute for no asshole. I got an I.Q. of 164—we should park cars? So I'm not going to be an executive or a fucking executive assistant. I'm going to run round the whole thing. I'm a whore, only I forgot to kiss the guy on the lips before I took his money. The cardinal rule Margo taught me. So I got entrapped by a goddamn vice-squad pervert who gave me the public's money to blow him and then



*"And Zimmerman, down there on the end, is a leg man . . . but don't worry about it, honey . . . there ain't been a breeze in any of their sails in the past twenty-five years."*



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busted me. You are looking, man, at a victimless criminal."

"I'll tell you the truth. You look more like a graduate student who went to Mexico once with a spade drummer and thinks she can talk dirty."

"Ha-ha. I can also talk clean." She caught a glimpse of the car parker emeritus unsteaming the window with his ermine sleeve. She waved. Sam realized it was polyethylene ermine, because the tycoon wasn't the sort who killed animals other than two-legged or four-wheeled narcs. He gestured to the music thundering within. She kissed her fingers and made a lip motion that meant *Later, man, or not at all*. The tycoon vanished within. "Clean," she said. She curled a little finger, pulled in her belly and remarked mincingly, "Oh, dear, don't you think here by the Brentwood Pool, it's so gauche of that silly thing over there to wear her bikini and show those stretch marks? She's only had three fiancés, you know, which doesn't even add up to one husband."

"I guess you've had your fill of life experiences."

"I'm going on twenty-eight. I been in and out of the Life. Trouble is it's an attractive nuisance—the money, the loving, the snare and the delusion. For example, when I was nineteen, dropout that first time, up in San Rafael that first time, my first John said he was a director, could get me into the business, I believed him. He told me the truth, man, that's the sad part! But he was a *funeral* director. When I found that out, I wanted to stiff him. Oh, he apologized, he was in love, he wasn't really the type, it was a family business. Only thing wasn't stiff around him was his little dingie, man. So I decided to depart from San Rafael."

And she hummed the theme from her hit song.

"Funny thing is you're nice," he said.

"Funny thing is you're sinister," she said. "You say you're a record producer—FBI records? CIA records? *Po*-lice records? And you say you're divorced—is it from a group? 'Cause if you were married to a group, 'less it was the Supremes or those Pointer Sisters in there, I don't wanna dig it, I don't wanna be a part of your crazy fantasies. I got my own, man. I dream I'm a pretty young thing instead of a twenty-eight-year-old old old *old* whore." She moved closer and brushed shoulders with him. "But I'm nice. I can do you good. I am not too old to smell sweet, not too young to smell ignorant. I'm *jussst* right." She pronounced right *raht*, nearly *rot*, but her accent was no more consistent than her intentions.

Judge Craven popped gasping out of the throng. His mouth was open. His teeth were startling—bright, even and true. He looked ten years younger than

he had looked a half hour ago, but he still looked old. He had examined the crowd, ducked his lawyer escorts and returned to the front stoop with its injured fern. He said to Stella: "I feel I'd like to discuss your case a bit further, miss. I'm not sitting in my district till next week."

"I feel an appeal coming on," she said.

"In hallucinogenics, illegal search and seizure does the trick," he said. "In, uh, your line, entrapment usually can handle it. Now, did the vice-squad officer present himself as enticing, seductive, uh, *anxious* to make, uh, out?"

"He entrapped my little search in his seizure, Judge."

"Just call me your Honor, ha-ha," he said. "I made a joke, like Dr. Kissinger did once. Henry. Miss, if you want me to handle your case a little, I think we might could meet privately—"

"Right now?" He nodded. "I thought so. So you might could get me to seize your little searcher, ooh, ah, that sort of scam, Judge?"

"Uh," he said, gulping like a fish. Sam believed his teeth gleamed a little less with inner radiance. The cruising patrol car, red Cyclops eye turning—noise control, abate the nuisance, buster—double-parked in front of them. He stumped down the wooden steps. "I'm Judge Craven, superior court, San Diego district," he opened up on the officers. "I believe the relevant neighbors have been invited to the, uh, religious and legal celebration. . . ."

The cop car slithered away. He stumped back up.

"They'd rather deal with noise and whores like me"—the judge was wincing as she explained—"because it's not dangerous, noise and cunt don't pull guns, and they can shake us down."

"I know, I know, you have many legitimate, justifiable complaints against our legal system as she is constituted," the judge purred, rotating his rump in clockwise fashion, slowly, like a tired hand-operated egg beater, in such a fashion as to put his warm, soft buttocks between Stella and Sam and thereby to sweep Sam away. Sam knew enough to ride with the flow. "Mumm, mumm," the judge was humming. "We should speak of this in chambers, my child. You are perhaps an orphan?"

The poor child rolled her eyes. "One mother and about seven fathers, the last a veritable bull of a man—a machinist. My legal father, who conceived me, is professor of poultry at Cal State, Hayward. I see him now and then. He hears about my life and, man, he *clucks*."

"Tch, tch," said the judge and cleared his throat. He was slitching between his teeth a little, not clucking like Dad, and his rump was working hard on the subtext—*get away, Sam, abate, move*.

"Dere went de judge," said Stella.

"Do we have to be antagonists?"

Judge Craven inquired. "Won't you let me help you, my dear?"

She rolled her eyes at Sam, asking if he was going to let this old lecher help her. Because if he let him, she would. She was just a defenseless innocent female, free on bond in a felony charge, lost in our troubled society of today. *Man*, said her eyes, her downturned lips, *you gonna just stand there?*

"Well, I gotta get going," Sam said. "Give my greetings to Danny, spent a lot of time out here with you folks."

"Sam," she called, "ooh, Sam, before you go. Where'd you say I could apply for that shot of penicillin?"

Sam stopped dead at the doorway. The judge's buttocks took a rest. Sam started to laugh and said, "OK, OK, Stella, you win. I'll listen to the rest of your sad story."

She turned sweetly to the judge. "Sir, would you mind waiting just three to five days? I believe the danger will be over by then. Unless you think you haven't got that much time till your stroke."

Judge Craven was exhausted. He had always known San Francisco was like this—infected, degenerate and left-wing. Back to the surfer boys of La Jolla. Sam and Stella watched him stumping down the street toward Van Ness, looking for a cab to the Jack Tar Hotel, where surely he could find something to give him rest.

. . .

There was this unaccustomed silence between Stella and Sam as the judge retreated. The music within the house swelled to meet the warm and humid silence without. "I think he liked you," Sam said.

Stella touched the fern. She sighed. It would grow back. She had singed only the extended tips; it was like a fern treatment, a veritable singe job. "Naw, not so much he liked me," she said, "so much as nothing inside he could cross a state line with, or even get past the elevator operator. . . . Sam?" she said tenderly. "You know how you tell a vice-squad cop bent on entrapment?"

"The shoes?" Sam asked.

She shook her head sadly. Oh, movie stuff. Here was this distinguished record producer, so hip, smart, rich and slim, and he thought cops still give themselves away by wearing black brogans. Oh, man, the morbidity of it all. Next he'd say shoulder holster. Well, every celebrity has feet of clay. Time to pour a little water on his feet. "Kiss him," Stella commanded.

"I never kissed a cop," Sam said.

"He goes stiff, back like a board. Ooh, don't want it on the lips. Just-doing-my-job kind of stiffness. Lemme show you."

An electrocuted death spasm of body hurtled against his mouth and ricocheted away.

"I see. Could break a front tooth. But





"Be reasonable, Hughie—who ever heard of a barbershop quintet?"



I thought most guys don't really like to kiss," he said, "you know, just pay their money for. . ."

"Haw! Believe that, believe anything. You believe in Executive privilege. You believe in sinister forces. Shit, no, man, they're all boys like you, sad, lonely,

shot-up kids, loving they want, they want to get honeyed, kissed, loved, licked, man! You think they just want to get their rocks off? Man, you're sick!"

Sam wished to defend himself. "Perhaps I just lack understanding," he said.

"Let's hope so. Me, too, I should of

kissed that cop before I took the money from him. One thing I hate, it's a hard dingle with no insight at all. Wow, that's so old-fashioned, man. How old are you?"

He decided to play this cagey. "Bob Dylan's generation. Over thirty, I guess."

She shook her head at the additional wonderment of it all. More fun to torture this overage record producer than to singe a fern or a superior-court judge. She watched the quiver run through him. She thought it desire; he believed it to be masochism. This Hell's Angel lady would know the meaning of the word and the deed. The sanity of his grief for the close-harmony trio, O lost for all but one more recording date, was slipping away. The Epitomes had sometimes scared him, but essentially they were just normal good kids who happened to like tricycle behavior. They would meet the contract for one more LP like little troupers. No more reptilian back-bending juicy inventions; just music, plus a quarrel about royalties. But this single lady was *dangerous*. He had better strike back fast.

"What do you like best, men or women?" he asked.

"Depends on what I'm with. Sometimes it depends. What are you?"

"You're bisexual? Groovy."

"Shit, I don't know. Have to take a test, I guess. Far as I know myself, my opinion don't matter."

Sam considered departing within for dope, food, music, easy converse, a less complicated antagonist. She would let him go, he knew that. She knew he was considering ending their struggle. It was only words, anyway, words, words, words, plus dear life. He could end this lifetime on the stoop by merely saying, Well, see you. He could depart. If he didn't need the Epitomes, who needed this brinky creature? He knew who he was. He was the best producer, including sound mixing, in San Francisco. He was somebody's man, his own, 32 track. He didn't need single trouble when he had barely escaped triple trouble. He was intact. He was not going to have his back broken again. She tipped the empty beer can slowly into the fern box.

"Say, Mister Record Producer, you know the test'll tell me what I am?"

He stared. They were belligerents again. Maybe this was the crisis. He knew better than to talk, since she always won the conversation Olympics, Put Down, Outdoor Standing. He hoped for divine intervention, instead. Here it was. A girl in a greenish, yeasty, fermenting fur jacket, over little else up top except wild eyes, asked: "Which way he go? that judge? Where he go?"

"Jack Tar Hotel, room eight-six-four," Stella said.

"I thought I was going with him," the girl whined and shrugged, shedding





mites into the air—her fur dated from the time it was OK to kill, eat and wear animals. The girl from olden times went inside to drown her judicial sorrow in brownies.

Sam smiled. He was less fretful now. The world was full of delights, so why did he hang around on a Victorian front stoop with this champion nag? Inside there were skinny chicklets with confused eyes, stately Black Panther newspaper vendors, tense but knowledgeable lady lawyers, the Pointer Sisters in their Thirties flash, undone rock-'n'-roll aspirants to the crown of Janis Joplin, even Ms. Grace Slick herself, splendid in Maoist drag—well, in his present state, better confine himself to bringing a momentary glazed blue clarity to one of the corn-yellow-haired groupies who were waiting for lightning to strike. She could be his magic, he could be her lightning; let's go, tasty morsel.

Stella wins the Standing Outdoor Insight Title, too. She watched the reel unwind among the wounds of Sam's cortex, a confusion of ganglia and electrical impulses, memories and dreams, expectations and undischarged primal screams. She sighed. "I got to go home, there's something I got to tend to."

"Uh. Want to see my place?"

"I'm sure your place is nicer 'n my place. But I said I got to go home."

He shrugged.

Her voice slipped down off the raucous into a little whispery low gear near his jaw. "However, you could help me tend to it at my place. And it's only a short walk through unsafe streets from here, down Eddy two blocks, across to Ellis and we're there—"

They were walking. Judge Craven, who might have aided her case, had disappeared the other way. They were just strolling through the Tenderloin on a summer's evening, just a guy in leathers and a gal in logorrhea, no song there unless you wanted Vic Damone, a gal who liked to explain and thereby had kept him from getting any farther into the benefit than the front stoop. He'd send a check on Tuesday, when his secretary came in. The streets were rather quiet. Eight motorcycles started at once in front of Brucie's Down Under. Too much metal for racing cycles, too many studs, too much hype. She was watching the cycles thrum-thrum-blaww! and murmuring, if he caught it correctly, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female. Paul, not Paul McCartney. Galatians 3:28. No goddamn peyote in the cactus out back in Elko, so sometimes I read the Bible to get high. We are all one in Christ Jesus. They made the unisex scene in Israel before Women's Wear Fucking Daily, man."

"No one's listening, Stella."

"I reach when I'm nervous, Sam."

Silence. Humid. Warm. Distant cry of ambulance siren, dying fall of Honda. She had taken his hint and walked the last half block in a state of meditative grace, falling in step with her escort. His thumb, as he held her hand, swept back and forth against sawed-off black velvet.

Relapse: "So here's my pad. You'll find it comfy. I cleaned up since the old digger rear guard came and camped last week, I had to sweep them out, hosed it down and everything. Somebody put a foot through one of my speakers. I think you'll find it cozy. I told you I had to tend to something, just take me a minute."

• • •

Her cats.

She had to tend to her cats.

Her little pussies, quite a lot of them.

Otherwise the place was bare—a pallet on the floor, a skeletal stereo rig beached like a crumpled helicopter, a pile of records in a Sunkist crate, the floor boards painted battleship gray, the walls whitewashed and one lonely footprint on the ceiling—the abominable peg-legged spider man of the Tenderloin? Oddly enough, there was also a fern in the corner near the window that gave on the alley, and its leaves were sharp, green, comblake, unwounded by fire.

The place was clean and silent and

# Musk.

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still, except for a pile of newborn kittens in the corner. They made little peeping noises as she fussed and tended to them. What the devil made her think she was needed? Momma lay sleepily alongside, blinking in her dream of maternity as the pink muzzles nipped at her.

Well, it was nice of Stella to hope to be needed by some things. She looked up. Christ, it was just like Judge Craven, a night for the years slipping off. She was ten years younger. She looked 18 with her injection of mother love for these cats.

"Say, Sam, you ever make it with my kitties, I pour kitties all over you?"

He wasn't sure.

"It's nice and warm, Sam."

When she bent over, her cutoff velvet pulled up just above the T formations of her behind, and his eyes followed up her strong back, over the shoulder, down—Sam leaning to look—and there was the box of newborn kitties. They squirmed and nestled like pink furry maggots. No, he had never made it with a bunch of kitties. "Won't they get smashed?"

"Won't we be careful?" she inquired.

Tender crisp little kitty bones and pink flesh all over them both. "Guess we will be," he said.

Somehow this Hell's Angel needed to make a love guaranteed for tenderness by the chaperonage of seven newborn pussies. She picked up the momma and kissed it and nuzzled it a lot and locked it in the kitchen. "There," she said. She returned and stood looking at the kittens. Then she looked at Sam. Then they began. It was anxious but nice. It was

slow and easy but sweet. Warm larval stirrings all over and around them. Mewlings and, on her mattress pitched on the floor, one high-pitched shrieking meow of relief.

Neither slept. The dawn light (go back to Homer for evocations of early morning). The ceiling of the Tenderloin flat unfolded before their wide-open eyes. A janitor rattled down the alley, coming home, not cleaning up. Cleaning up belongs to another generation. This was 1974, and the janitor worked nights at the P.O., feeding the Zip Code machine. The kittens stirred contentedly. They milked. In their pussykitten ganglia, they had never imagined it would be like this to be born in San Francisco.

The ceiling was as good as a fireplace for dreaming at dawn. They dreamed, they touched, she clasped his hand, it wasn't necessary to talk but Stella did, anyway.

She stated that she liked him a lot and did he mind that their relationship began in this sordid, cat-haunted flat?

He answered briefly, begging to differ with her, that their relationship began near a carefully singed fern and a superior-court judge on the front stoop of a legal benefit and he liked her a lot for her spirit, pluck and conversation.

"Um," she replied. She showed him a torn match cover on which she had scribbled: "J. C. Rm. 864, Jack Tar, Wed. check-out." She tried to be prudent.

He stated nothing much. Perhaps he dozed. Not to be jealous of Judge Craven. When he came back to alpha-wave life, or perhaps it was beta—he didn't go out on dates with his machine—she was trying to draw conclusions. She had a

fabulous, modified-feminist way of turning real life into open discussion.

"Now that I'm in love," Stella said, "true love at last, you know what? I think I'll give up the Life. Peddling your ass is OK when you're young and fancy-free, but it's time to get serious now. I got a brain. I got imagination. I got a way with words. I bet I get probation for a first offense."

"What'll you do next?"

"You'll support me a little 'cause you like me." He nodded. That's right. "So it's sort of like a scholarship. I'm not going to be just another chick, live off my man, let him buy me my cat food and Kitty Litter. No, buster. Prepare myself for the future and do a little good for the world, besides. Not so much to earn money, hell, you got plenty of that. But as a warning to other women."

"You're going to work in a V.D. clinic?"

She sprayed a look of heat and energy all around him. A whiff of sadness. A perfume of tender bitterness. A fallout of longing and desire. A subtext of irony, a chortle, a sob. A complication.

"How I was brought up in cactus, lost my education through impatience and my own hostility, ran the risks of victimless crime and cared only for my kitties, but through them, learned the value of true love and now I have a chance, just a chance, depending both on myself and one other, to make it on through," she said. "I'm going to find me a writer and tell him my sad story. *Lady Spain*, he'll call it."

He listened, a 32-track sufferer, an arranger, a hearer out. She had no man. She gave up her chance for her very own superior-court judge. She was lonely. In this empty flat with its battleship-gray-painted slats, its whitewashed walls, its fern in a redwood pot, its hungry kittens, she came to the end of her act. She pulled the rumpled sheet over them like a tent, she put her hands on his shoulders—none of that outrageous horny and stagy groping—she looked into his sleepy, suddenly wide-awake, worried eyes. "Just give me a kiss like you mean it, Sam. Don't stiffen on me. I don't care what sex you are, what you like, what you think you are, I'll even work for you, I'll even pay you. I don't need anybody, I got used to it since I was brung up with the cactus, I was the nutty one even in that state campus of mine, even with the spooks and faggots, they thought I was nuts, so just mean it, Sam, be nice, be nice for once, I'll even shut up for you, be nice to me, someone—"

He put his mouth against hers on that mattress on the floor. Larval kittens came to squirm against the long warmth of bodies. This overage kid had his work cut out for him. *Lady Spain*.





Photographed at Fisher Lake, Nova Scotia.



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# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

## THE GOLD BUG

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but in this day and age, a truly worldly gentleman will probably wish to flash some of the yellow stuff to convince "swell dames," as Bogey once put it, that he's definitely in the chips. So to get your point across without using a gold brick as a watch fob, here's an Aldo Cipullo-designed 18-kt.-gold dollar-sign bracelet for only \$425 from Luv Bucks, 1028 West Wilson Avenue in Chicago. Next week, fill your salt shakers with gold dust.



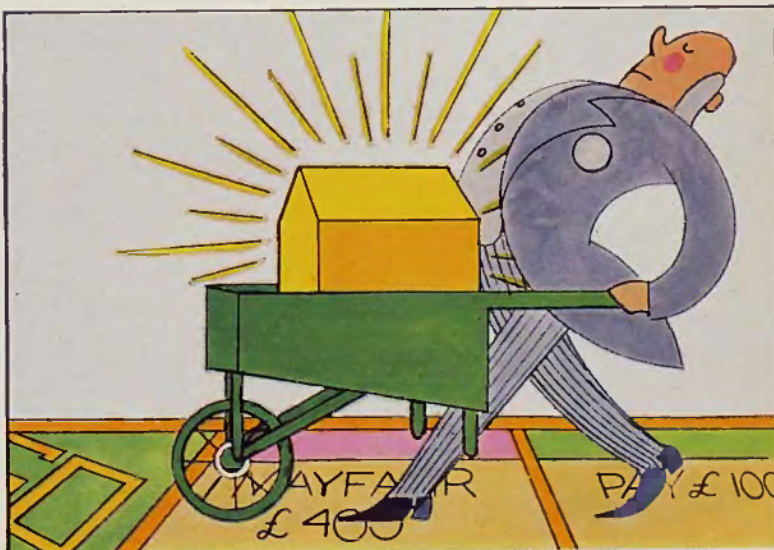
## KING PONG

If you're spending time and money in noisy singles bars bellying up to electronic ping-pong games, perhaps Video Action is for you. It's a two- or four-man mini pong-type machine, available from Control Sales, 2500 Devon Avenue, Des Plaines, Illinois, that features a 12-inch screen plus logic-board. At \$550 per set (which also features black-and-white video), it's going to set you back 2200 quarters, but think of all the hangovers you'll avoid.



## TURNING TRICKS

What with *The Magic Show* being a Broadway smash, it seems everybody is trying to get into the deception biz these days. So Kardwell the magician has conjured up a monthly publication called *The Magic Magazine* and stuffed it full of features on legerdemain, from "Houdini in Russia" to "How to Float a Woman." A year's subscription goes for \$10 mailed to *The Magic Magazine*, P. O. Box 1, Marion, Ohio. And once you've learned how to saw a lady in half, you can start working on the cost of living.



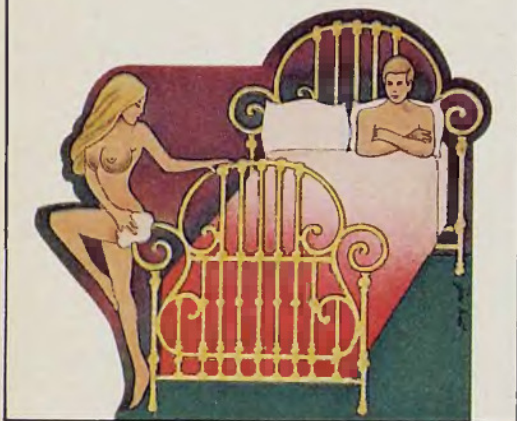
## GO DIRECTLY TO GAOL

Park Place has become Park Lane, the Reading Railroad has metamorphosed into Kings Cross Station and LUXURY TAX—PAY \$75 has been Anglicized into SUPER TAX—PAY £100. The familiar green wooden houses are now sterling-silver Georgian mansions and the red wooden hotels are of 9-kt. gold. What else would you like to know about this British Dunhill version of Monopoly, besides that it's played on a gold-tooled leather board incased in a rosewood-veneered cabinet lined in velvet? Oh, yea, it costs \$5000.



### LOTS A BRASS

Remember when Bob Dylan plaintively urged his lady to "lay across my big brass bed"? His imagery might have done for brass-bed makers what the sexual revolution did for water beds—except no one had made a solid-brass bed since World War One. But that's changed. Now your lady can stretch out on a shiny four-poster shipped right from the Hamilton Brass Bed Company in Whitewater, Wisconsin. They've got 21 styles to choose from—or you can customize your own.



### CREWING UP

Want to spend a couple of years before somebody's mast? Or is your own schooner sitting at anchor for lack of a crew? Check out the Sail Crew Clearing House at P. O. Box 1976, Orlando, Florida. It's the brain child of Phil Beach, a business consultant who's logged more than a few nautical miles himself. Crews are coed—able-bodied girls can work just as well as guys—and you don't have to be experienced. Once you're at sea, however, you do have to do what your captain tells you. Pictured below: some malcontents who evidently didn't.



### FOR THE BIRDS

Sixty-five years ago, in Brazil, a miller named Maurilio started carving bird whistles as a hobby, using rosewood from the nearby mountain rain forests and turning them on a lathe driven by his mill wheel. Today, these whistles are available for the first time outside Brazil and can be ordered from Baekgaard, Ltd. (1855 Janke Drive, Northbrook, Illinois). Made by master craftsmen who must undergo a ten-year apprenticeship, they sell for \$4.50 to \$18. You can call dowitchers, plovers, common snipes, mockingbirds, owls, pigeons, doves, dogs and taxis. Warning: When using your Maurilio bird whistle, it is advisable to wear a hat.



### GIRDING YOUR LOINS

It had to happen. Creeping backward century by century, the nostalgia craze has finally reached the Stone Age. A company called Crazyhorse (c/o Inca Press, P. O. Box 769, La Jolla, California) is now selling his and hers loincloths, handmade out of genuine deerskin. Each loincloth flap (\$10 a bottom, \$5 a top) is fully adjustable and ties with leather thongs, giving the wearer a natural, free feeling. It's ideal garb for tribal feasts, harvests and dinosaur hunts. If there aren't any dinosaurs in your neighborhood, try clubbing a woman over the head and dragging her back to your cave. By the way, the loincloths are also real easy to take off.



### EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Fatties of the world: Do you have water on your chubby knees from following the Stillman liquid diet? Are you up to your puffy eyelids in chocolate Sego and still built like a Champion sparkplug? Well, we've got an answer for you: an 18" x 66" maple-framed Skinny funhouse mirror, available from W.H.B. Enterprises, P.O. Box 244, Haddonfield, New Jersey, that reflects you looking downright scrawny in all the right places. Or, there's the Fatso model—plus eight other weird looks, including one that will give you a grotesque visage à la Gahan Wilson. Priced at \$149.95 to \$199.95, all are guaranteed to leave you laughing—at yourself.





## "don't the arabs understand"

account was \$25,000. This was for discretionary accounts, meaning that the client put up the money. Harvey played the market and took 20 percent of the profits. Unlike other brokers, however, Harvey charged no fees for his handling of discretionary accounts.

Throughout this preamble, the prospect would sit in his chair, nodding thoughtfully, asking the occasional question and, in some cases, fingering a string of worry beads. Not all of the prospects spoke English.

At the offices of an Iraqi export/import company, the discussion was conducted through the chief clerk. The prospect interrupted frequently and fiercely, shaking his head firmly when Colby's remarks had been translated and delivering a short burst of urgent Arabic.

"He say you give him your money and he get you a return of 18 percent," the interpreter said.

Harvey gave one of his hungry snarls. "Who needs that? I can already get 100 percent-plus."

The Iraqi's eyes narrowed scornfully. There was another, more voluble stream of Arabic.

"He say his door go both ways. He say he and his two brothers work 14 hours a day and they don't want no more money. He say he can make you 30 percent if you interested. Also he prefer dealing with other Iraqis and looking for investment in Arab countries. He want to know how you make 100 percent on your money. He have many friends who will like to meet you. He understand what you selling but he is opposed. On religious grounds. He say goodbye."

"Jesus," Harvey said as we drove back to the hotel. "I've heard of some peculiar things before, but I ain't ever heard of anyone in business saying he was against making money on religious grounds."

The next call was at the office of a wealthy travel agent who was known to have had some misfortunes in the silver market. Colby went through his presentation again, told the travel agent how fortunate he was to have the opportunity of Harvey's expert advice, and did the travel agent think he might like to come in with \$25,000—or more, if he felt like it.

The prospect, a small soft man in a roguish yellow jump suit, said he would need a few days to think about it.

"You have to be patient," Colby said when we went out. "These people are difficult, but once you're in, you're there for the duration."

"I know it, but I hafta get in first. Don't they understand I just wanna make them rich? Religious grounds! Jesus jumping Christ!"

• • •

"Wait till you meet the sheik," Colby said. "I just know he's ready for this kind of thing."

(continued from page 102)

The sheik was an elderly Lebanese gentleman in a Cardin suit. He received us in a magnificent apartment in the city's most exclusive residential district, fingering his beads and gazing politely around the room while black servants filled our coffee cups and Harvey praised the sheik's collection of French landscapes and Regency silver. When Colby had finished, the sheik said that he was too busy trading Nigerian cocoa to assume any new obligations, but his son, who had recently married in Paris and was now on a world-cruise honeymoon, might be interested when he came home. The sheik then excused himself, saying that his chauffeur was waiting downstairs to drive him to a lunch appointment with the president of Lebanon.

"He'll come through," Colby said, back on the street. "I'll keep after him. Once we get the sheik, we get everyone who counts in Lebanon. He'll come through."

The last major prospect was the middle brother of a wealthy Palestinian family that owns an export/import trading firm and whose offices we had visited the second day in Beirut. The man had invited Colby and Harvey to lunch, and Colby was optimistic that the occasion would produce an account of considerable value. Instead, the Palestinian delivered a lecture on Middle East politics. The Israelis were bombing southern Lebanon that week and the local press had been filled with photographs of dismembered babies and homemade coffins.

"Everything has changed since October 1973," the Palestinian said. "We've got the oil, we've got the money. You want what we've got, but you must understand your psychological position in the Arab world these days. We don't need you to come here and tell us you can teach us something. You may say you want to cooperate, if you like, work with us, yes. But don't tell us you can teach us, please. We have been here too long for that. You can tell all your friends in America that when King Faisal of the Saudis says he will pray in Jerusalem before he dies, he means what he says. And when we Palestinians make that vow, we also mean it. We will go home to Palestine one day whether the Americans wish it or not. You can delay this, but you will not prevent it."

"I guess this Palestine deal is a big thing over here," Harvey said, in the tone of a man who couldn't understand why. "People don't talk about it like that way back home."

Our host smiled expansively. "I don't suppose they do, my friend. They have to start thinking like that first."

• • •

The seminars proved to be another disappointment. The first night, seven

people showed up, five of them from Colby's office, including the office boy, who picked his nose and cast hungry looks at the trays of pastries and coffee at the back of the room. Harvey raced through his material, scribbled some graph lines on a blackboard, answered a few aimless questions, went out to dinner with Colby and got drunk.

The second night brought a much bigger crowd, however, about 50 people, some of them known to Colby as investors. Colby took the podium to deliver his full preamble, saying that after looking at a lot of investment services and financial institutions, and after long deliberation, he had chosen that well-known and highly respected commodities figure, Harvey, who was a bright, young 32 with a proven success record and who had made for himself well over a million dollars and much, much more for his clients.

There was some hard questioning from the floor, parried by Harvey with consummate skill. As always, his theme was: Listen to me, have faith, give me your money and I'll make you rich. Sure, Harvey said, you can make money dealing through a big brokerage firm like Merrill Lynch, but big brokerage firms are too busy to give personal attention of the sort he offered. Go inside one of those big offices and all you see are secretaries sitting around writing memos about pencils, market analysts making a fat \$15,000 a year. You ever see a market analyst driving a Rolls-Royce or a Caddie? If they're so smart, how come they ain't rich, tell me that?

The commodities market, Harvey continued, was like a poker game where ten men go in with 1000 bucks apiece and one guy comes out with ten grand while the others go home broke. "You gotta know the odds, 'cause if you don't, the average guy going into the market has about as much chance of making money over the long term as building a snowman in Venezuela on the Fourth of July. See, the market is a very vicious animal, and if you don't know the odds, there's no way you can beat it over the long haul. What you need is someone who knows what's happening on the inside, and that's why I'm here tonight. We're talking about professional management of money. If you wanna let your money earn a safe 11 percent, you shouldn't even be in this room. I'm here to appeal to your greed, not your noble standards."

Nothing. Nobody came forward to embrace the new faith. Some asked questions, a few people expressed skepticism and a bulky Armenian broker tried to pump Harvey for free advice about silver. But there were no takers, not even when Colby mounted the podium again and said that although Harvey normally accepted only \$25,000 accounts, he would consider taking a pooled account of \$2000 per member. It didn't work. The seminar broke up and we went downstairs to the hotel bar, accompanied by the bulky Armenian, who





*"It's a house policy—the customer always comes first!"*



was rewarded for his wheedling persistence on the silver question with a lengthy and, as I later discovered, compelling explanation by Harvey about why the Armenian should seriously consider the merits of moving into the coffee market.

On the face of it, Harvey's three days in the capital of Lebanon had not been a success.

We left Beirut for Kuwait City on a midnight plane filled with snoring Arabs and sweating drunks, tattooed roustabouts, some of them, going home to the oil fields after their well-deserved binge in the Lebanese fleshpots. Plunging through the blackness over Syria and Iraq, we saw the first distant flares of burning gas waste from the wells scattered across the miniature continent of the Arabian peninsula. Kuwait City formed a brilliant patch of light framed by black desert to the north, south and west, by the gulf to the east. The airline maps, like all maps in the Arab countries, refer to it as the Arabian Gulf, not the Persian. The word Israel never appears. On the relief map hanging on the lobby wall in the Kuwait-Sheraton, the word Israel had been obliterated with a knife and replaced with the word Palestine.

Colby had made only four appointments for Harvey in Kuwait City, one with a small slick oily doctor in a black shirt; he lived in a hotel and drove a new Buick. He was no longer active in the markets, he said; he had moved into a more interesting area, arranging foreign loans at a high rate of interest that gave

him commissions of 20 percent. "An international loan shark," Harvey muttered in disgust as we left the doctor and his Buick in the hotel parking lot.

We drove across town by taxi, stopping at a garage to fill up on 90-octane at 22 cents a gallon. The next prospect was an Englishman, general manager of a Kuwaiti trading and contracting firm. He listened in thinly concealed boredom, steeping his fingers under his chin and tapping his well-shod feet on the carpet. "Not our sort of thing, really," he said, wrinkling his eyebrows into top gear. "Can't help you. Sorry."

Harvey's mood sunk with each passing hour. All that money out there and all of it, apparently, inaccessible. A country that boasts the world's second-highest per-capita income (Abu Dhabi, a gulf emirate, is first, with \$100,000 per Abu Dhabi per annum) should be bursting with people anxious to multiply their wealth. In 1974 alone, Kuwait, this tiny parcel of land, expected to earn seven billion dollars from oil revenue. By 1980, its foreign reserves would amount to about 100 billion dollars, provided that oil production continued, and there was no reason to think that the flow would stop. And all this treasure pouring into a country smaller than Massachusetts and whose capital city 20 years ago was surrounded by a wall to protect it from desert raiders. The only part of the wall left these days is a chunk of sun-baked blocks that stands on a traffic island at the end of the six-lane highway that connects the city to its brand-new airport.

"These guys don't deserve all that money," Harvey said. "They didn't do anything creative or aggressive to get it, they just sat there scratching themselves until it came out of the goddamn ground."

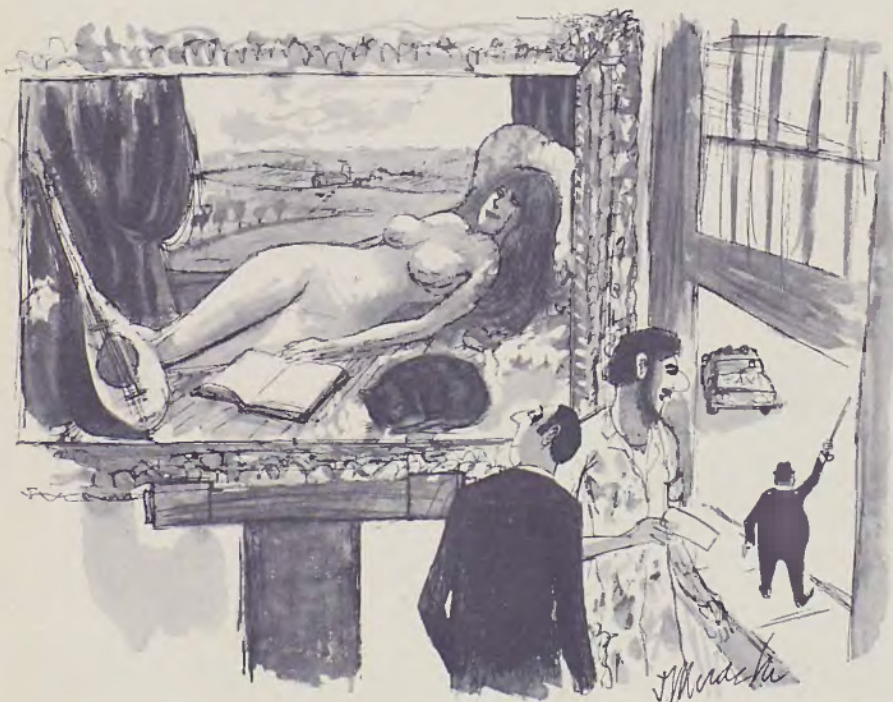
Colby nodded soothingly. "At least it's been good for the people," he said, ever ready to be noble. "Free hospitals, free education, free phone service. No income tax. People get paid if they work or stay home. I mean, that's what you call a real welfare state."

"Yeah, sure, free. Big deal. Nothing is for nothing. These clowns will find that out one of these days."

The third Kuwait prospect was another washout. A Palestinian, he was due to be sworn in for Kuwait citizenship that day and he was nervous about the occasion, knowing that those in charge of such matters sometimes deny the benediction of naturalization at the last moment. More than half the Kuwait population is foreign born, and half of these are Palestinian. Except at the highest levels of management, they run the state bureaucracy and private business, a circumstance that has led many people to wonder what would happen to Kuwait and other oil countries if Palestine actually became a nation and everyone went home to live there. Harvey's prospect had spent most of his adult life in Kuwait and was anxious to get his papers so that his family could qualify for the benefits, Kuwait being a welfare state only for its citizens. He was therefore unable to concentrate on the question of commodity investments. Besides, he had lost \$100,000 in the precious-metals market during the past year and said he felt too unnerved for further risks.

The last appointment in Kuwait was with another Palestinian. We had been in his office for about an hour, seemingly wasted, in which Colby and Harvey went through the usual presentation and finished off with the \$25,000 question. The prospect, a ruddy-faced burly figure in a sport shirt and sneakers, appeared to be disinclined. The company had too much on its hands, he said; it already maintained 65 bank accounts in different parts of the world, it had brokers and agents throughout Europe and the United States, and another commitment would mean only more paperwork. It was all rather tiring, he implied, all these telephone calls and telex messages. Yes, it was true, the company was active in silver, quite a lot of silver, actually. The present position was around 6,000,000 ounces, worth \$30,000,000 at the prevailing rate.

You could see the hungry flames burning in Harvey's eyes. Thirty million dollars in silver! Christ! This cramped little office—a suite of three or four small rooms crowded with telex machines and desks; this large unshaven man in the Hawaiian shirt, sneakers and no socks, talking about his 65 bank accounts as though they were so much dirty washing and throwing out



*"He wouldn't consider buying it, but I got a tidy little sum for her telephone number."*



remarks like, "Oh, yes, we pay quite a lot in commissions, I suppose, about a million a year, something like that."

Reverence and lust fought for control of Harvey's face. The big one, at last! After seeking the Grail from one end of Beirut to the other, after all the rebuffs and no-shows and losers and wasters, he had finally, God knows how, stumbled onto the source or at least a big rich tributary. Harvey leaned forward in his chair, planting his size tens firmly on the floor. Colby had warned him before about displaying the soles of his feet; Arabs consider it offensive, and though Harvey had dismissed this as the most ludicrous crap (leading Colby to accuse him of having ruined his chances in one of the Beirut meetings) and though the Kuwaiti Palestinian was, in fact, a Christian, not a Moslem, Harvey was not going to take the risk of offending him.

"So you like the metals," Harvey said. "How about gold?"

The Palestinian shrugged heavily.

"I'm bearish on gold," Harvey said. "Everyone else in the world thinks gold will go up. I think it'll go down. Just because the U.S. Government is talking about passing a law allowing Americans to hold gold, people say the price will go through the roof."

"The Americans have been talking about such a law for years."

"Huh! They said man would never fly.

Look at Kuwait, a desert 30 years ago. If the U.S. dumps all its Fort Knox gold on the market, don't you think Russia and the South Africans will dump theirs, too?"

"What about Asia and Europe?"

"Sure, but that's what makes markets."

"You talk about a flip of the coin."

"Lookit. Those Americans who really want gold, they already own it, see, in coins or in illegal gold in Switzerland. Gold don't make sense. What can you do with it? Put it in your teeth?"

The Palestinian allowed a faint smile to twitch his lips.

"How old are you?" he said.

"Thirty-two."

The Palestinian pursed his lips. Harvey, all confidence, leaned in for the attack.

"What does your present broker charge?"

"Double commissions. And you?"

"No commission, just 20 percent of what I make for you."

The Palestinian sighed decisively and pushed himself away from the wall, where he had been leaning throughout the meeting.

"All right, we'll work it like this. I'll open an account for \$25,000. I'll call you in Chicago 15 minutes before the market opens. Every Thursday, starting when you get back. We can use the telex for other matters or you can call me collect if you need to talk to me."

He shook hands solemnly with Harvey and Colby.

"We've had the feeling for a long time," he said, naming one of the largest brokerage firms in the world, "that we're just another number to them. We want more personal attention and better advice. I don't care about the \$25,000, it's only pennies. Let's hope you turn it into dollars. If you do well for us, we may consider transferring our entire brokerage account to you."

Back at the hotel, we celebrated with the strongest beverages legally available in Kuwait. Colby and I had coffee, Harvey had a chocolate milk shake.

"I'm going to come back alone sometime to talk real estate to that man," Colby said. "I think he might be ready to buy a little piece of California."

"While you're at it," said Harvey, who was feeling quite pleased with himself, "why not throw in Los Angeles and a couple of freeways?"

• • •

Dhahran Airport in Saudi Arabia, when we arrived late that night, was the scene of steaming chaos. Stepping off the plane, it felt as though someone had opened a door to the biggest and hottest furnace on earth. We were told later that the temperature at noon had registered 123 degrees, with 100 percent humidity. Although it was nearly midnight, there were about 15,000,000 Arab men milling

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around in the terminal, shouting and jostling and fondling their privates through dazzling white robes. The mood was that of a crowd that had just witnessed the greatest sports victory in history and was now waiting for an execution.

It took about an hour to clear customs. Robed officials rifled through every bag in sight, looking for booze, girlie magazines, vanilla extract, Angostura bitters, Stars of David and all the other dangerous products that are forbidden entry by Saudi law. We knew about the restrictions. In the list of travel hints we picked up at the Aramco offices in Beirut, we read: "You should dress very conservatively. Government regulations, currently being enforced very strictly, prohibit tight-fitting or revealing clothing on women and long-hair styles for men."

We were met and driven to the hotel by Colby's Aramco friends, one of whom, a leading organizer of the Aramco employee investment group, was horrified to learn that I was a journalist, from PLAYBOY of all things. We had rather a warm discussion about this that ended with the Aramco man—or Aramcan, to use company jargon—warning me that if the Saudis knew I was in the country under false pretenses I would be sent to prison. Unfortunately, I had not entered the country as a reporter; when I applied for my visa in Beirut, Colby had suggested I put down writer, rather than journalist, as occupation.

"What he's really here for," said Harvey, making one of his unfortunate jokes, "is to see if he can set up a catering service for *bar mitzvahs*."

"That's not funny," the Aramcan snapped. "You could be locked up for making a remark like that."

"Jesus," Harvey mumbled, "what are they gonna do if they find out my wife's Jewish?"

In my room afterward, convinced that our Aramco friend would turn fink (his job in the company was liaison between Aramco and the Saudi government), I destroyed my press card and ripped the letterhead off some PLAYBOY stationery. Then, ashamed though I am to admit it, I wedged a chair and a chest against the door. To be stricken with paranoia in a place like Saudi Arabia is no fun at all.

The problem of my presence was not mentioned the rest of the time we spent in Dhahran. Colby said later it was because the Aramcans had compromised themselves by knowing I was there and failing to tell anyone. "Just keep your notebook out of sight," he said as we drove through the guarded gates of the Aramco compound. "If you have to write anything down, do it in the john."

He and Harvey spent the next few hours arranging that night's commodities seminar, while I wandered around the compound, which seemed a blend of army camp and suburban tract, full of government-issue huts and company houses that

were ranked in size and quality according to the occupant's prestige. In the Aramco commissary, hand-lettered signs on the magazine racks announced which publications had been refused entry or had been censored either by pen or the removal of pages. These subversive periodicals included *Reader's Digest*, *Glamour*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Vogue*, *Field & Stream*, *Redbook* and *McCall's*. The current issues of *Time* and *Newsweek* each featured sections of black ink, and certain paragraphs had been excised with scissors. Photographs of girls in miniskirts had been inked over from the waist down.

In a country that for years would not show Minnie Mouse on television because of her gender (though I was told there is now at least one Saudi female on television), these measures are taken for granted. Aramco wives and other females are not allowed to drive cars outside company property, which ends at the compound gates. One lady told me that when her taxi driver collapsed while she was going into town, she took the wheel, intending to drive him to the nearest doctor, but she was stopped by a policeman, arrested and fined. Women who appear publicly in shorts have had their legs sprayed with ink by the ever-watchful religious police.

Conservatism of the most rigorous kind, in all matters, is to be expected in a kingdom where drunks are flogged in public, as are merchants who break the Sabbath rule, and where the hands of thieves are amputated after a third conviction, drug peddlers beheaded. There is virtually no crime in Saudi Arabia, however, nor are there theaters, cinemas, dance halls, national elections, a parliament, political parties, unions or an uncensored press. But there is a king, the frugal, monogamous, ardently religious Faisal, and his people revere him.

He is reported to be deeply concerned about his country's new wealth. During the next five years, it is predicted that Saudi Arabia will accumulate about a third of the world's central-bank reserves, a remarkable transition for a country whose ruler 40 years ago, the legendary Ibn Saud, was said to have carried the nation's wealth in the saddlebags of his horse.

Harvey's Dhahran seminar drew the biggest crowd of his Middle East tour. He spoke for two hours, seducing his listeners with his staccato Chicago delivery ("I'll be short, long, sideways and upside down—I don't care, just as long as I'm right in the market") and dismissing economic experts and market analysts as people who made predictions and then explained six months later why they didn't work out. The throat mike he wore and a TV camera in front of the rostrum relayed the proceedings to another audience of prospects at the big Aramco base in Ras at Tannura.

When Harvey stepped down, to enthusiastic applause, Colby took over for the money pitch, explaining that Harvey was

offering a special rate to Aramcans for his pooled-account special of \$2000 a head. A long line of people formed at the back of the hall for copies of Harvey's market letter and account application papers. Afterward, Colby said 55 people had signed up. Harvey went to someone's house to lie down; the punishing heat, and the hotel water, which smelled of vomit and tasted of sweat, had given him an acute case of desert belly. I went with a group of Aramcans to the house of a man who said he was born in Transylvania and was a direct descendant of Count Dracula.

There, in a comfortable living room decorated with nude gatefolds, like a GI bunker at the front line, we sampled our host's homemade booze, some of which was almost a year old. We had 120-proof "Kahlúa," 100-proof brown and white (whisky/bourbon and gin/vodka) and a 180-proof invention called *glug* that looked like *crème de menthe* and tasted like high-octane aviation fuel. I was given a copy of "The Blue Flame," a Xeroxed booklet of 25 pages of highly technical instructions for manufacturing all kinds of alcohol, from seven-day beer to ten-day raspberry slob and nine-month bourbon.

"You don't know just how important those three little words are, 'The Blue Flame,'" one of the guests confided. "They count for a helluva lot in this part of the world, almost as much as the Aramco slogan."

"What's the slogan?"

"*Keep the concession*. That's the slogan and the holy creed around here. No matter what the Saudis do, no matter how much shit they make us eat, we always have those three little words burning at the back of the old brain. *Keep the concession*."

The next day, our last in Saudi Arabia, we drove south to a second Aramco installation, passing a towering flame that roars out of a cavernous pipe among the dunes and that, an engineer informed me, burns off between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 daily in natural gases, there being no facilities to collect and store this surplus. The engineer said that compared with some of the waste discharge in other oil fields, the one we saw was quite minor.

Harvey, still not recovered from his stomach troubles, delivered one of his pentecostal-evangelist sermons as we drove through the desert, ranting and screeching with such fervor that the Saudi driver peered anxiously into his rearview mirror. At one point, when Harvey trumpeted into the man's ear with a bellow of singular force, the car swerved wildly across the highway. "Goddamn heathens," Harvey said.

The commodities seminar was held in the employees' recreation center. Fewer than a dozen people showed up, but Harvey captured them with his inimitable style, and when it was over nearly everyone signed up for the \$2000 special. Colby left early to catch a plane. He had





*"Since when do we use the red thread on a green monster?"*



private business elsewhere with a Saudi millionaire who had expressed interest in one of Colby's real-estate deals. Harvey and I drove back to the Dhahran hotel and hung around hopefully but vainly in the lobby, where a flight of stewardesses had just checked in, but a troop of bronzed pilots arrived and squeezed us out of the running. "Just as well," Harvey said in the elevator. "You'd probably get the goddamn thing chopped off with a rusty dagger and stuffed down your throat if they caught you screwing someone."

Early the following morning, we drove out to the airport and parted company, Harvey returning to Chicago via Frankfurt. I flew back to Beirut. I wanted to find out whether or not Harvey's advice on commodities had borne any fruit for those who acted on it.

In Beirut, I discovered that several people, including the bulky Armenian who attended the second seminar, had committed themselves heavily to coffee on Harvey's recommendation. The Armenian had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars, according to a broker I knew from the previous visit and who himself, within the space of a month, was destined to bring his own company to bankruptcy through imprudent speculations in the London commodities market. Several weeks later, when I was back in the United States, I wrote to Colby to find out how the Beirut coffee speculators were progressing. In his reply, Colby wrote: "This commodity has dropped very significantly contrary to Harvey's opinion. This is as wrong as I have seen him on any recommendation. Unfortunately, a number of people here who have been impressed by Harvey's market

letter and by meeting him bought coffee heavily. They then proceeded to violate every trading technique that Harvey was advocating. Whereas Harvey got out of his coffee positions with limited losses, these clients continued to maintain positions and are suffering very heavily. Unfortunately, their reaction is against Harvey rather than against the stupidity of their own trading. I am afraid they will take it as an indication of Harvey's poor advice in spite of virtually all his other recommendations being successful."

Five months have passed since Harvey's first trip to the Middle East. He went back again in September, this time with his wife, via Paris and the Riviera. While they were in Beirut, Spiro Agnew was staying at the hotel, the same one we used when we were there in June. Harvey's wife had walked up to Agnew in the lobby to ask him how he was getting along. Agnew said he was doing all right.

Beirut, Harvey said, had produced nothing except for a client to whom Colby had introduced him on his second visit and who had opened a discretionary account for \$25,000. Harvey said he had doubled this man's money. The Kuwaiti Palestinian with the 65 bank accounts sent his check for \$25,000, plus a second check in the same amount. Through speculations in silver, wheat, soybeans, platinum, copper and oats, Harvey says he has earned approximately \$2,000,000 for the Palestinian since June, partly with the Palestinian's \$50,000 and partly with funds still held by the Palestinian's brokers in the United States. The brokers have made an arrangement with Harvey

to take his advice on certain speculations.

The Palestinian, who has lost almost \$10,000,000 in the recent and severely depressed silver market, sent Harvey a third check for \$25,000 as a gesture of appreciation, a personal gift. Harvey says he can see no reason why he should share this with Colby. When Harvey visited Kuwait the second time, the Palestinian gave Harvey's wife a gold necklace worth \$3500.

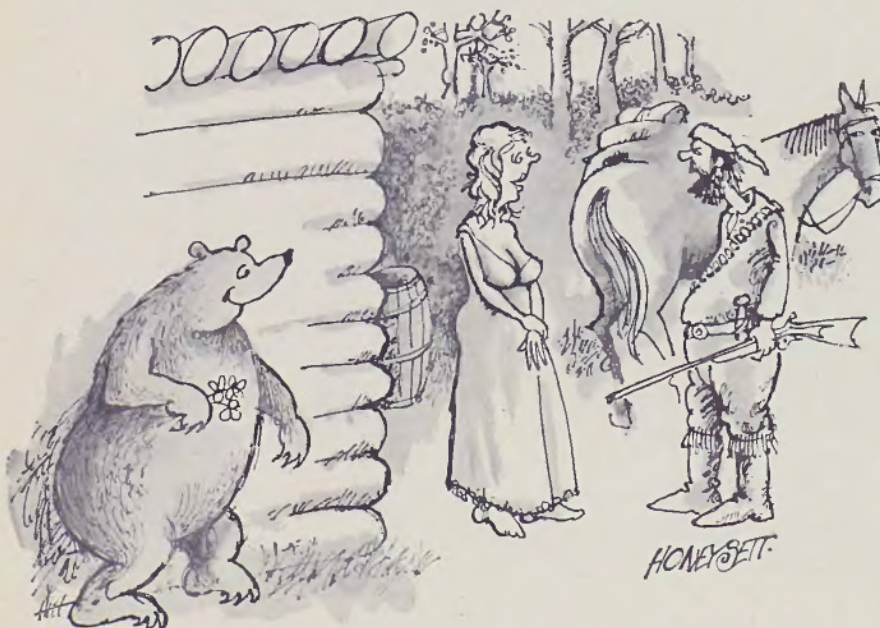
Last week, the Palestinian lost \$580,000 in silver. In two days of trading this week, however, Harvey made him \$32,000 in soybeans and \$20,000 in other commodities.

The Aramcans in Saudi Arabia have also made money with Harvey. Of those who signed up for the pooled account at \$2000 each, 20 Aramcans actually committed themselves and ten more signed up later. Their money went into silver, copper, platinum and plywood and their investment has increased in value by 40 percent, Harvey says. I had already received an independent report of the group's progress from an Aramcan I met when we were in Dhahran. "I would classify their program as being off to a good basic start, and in today's market, it could be defined as very successful," he wrote last month. "I would think if their performance continues, they will attract a lot more investors. I have been able to confirm this information by two individual investors in the program and feel it is reliable."

Harvey says he has made about \$83,000 for himself in the past five months as a result of the Middle East venture, and though this falls a long way short of the \$2,000,000 or the \$5,000,000 he expected to make, he says he still expects to reach his original goal before 12 months pass.

When we met the other night, I mentioned Harvey's father, who, I recalled from a previous conversation, ran a still with Harvey's uncle during Prohibition. "He lived by his wits, didn't work too hard, if you know what I mean," Harvey said. "Gambled with cards, horses, raindrops down the window, water off a spigot—you stake it, he'd bet it. Course, he's 73 now, slowed down a bit. Runs a bar and bookie joint in Philadelphia. I guess I learned something from the old man. One of the first jobs I had was in Baton Rouge in a gambling joint. Used to deal cards at night. You ain't ever seen me with a deck of cards. I'm not bad."

I said goodbye to Harvey on a street corner in Chicago. His hardtop Rolls was parked at the curb with a ticket on the windshield. He stuffed it into a pocket, tucked his paunch behind the steering wheel and accelerated into the evening traffic on the northbound lane of Lake Shore Drive. This being the day after Thanksgiving, I expect he's at home with his family, praying, in his own way, for another frost.



"Of course I hate you to go away for so long, but I shall just have to grin and bear it."



# ARRRGGGHHH!

(continued from page 134)

years ago, social scientists Anthony N. Doob and Alan E. Gross ran this very study. The experimenters drove either a shiny new Chrysler Crown Imperial or a rusty old Ford (switched at times for an unobtrusive old gray Rambler) to selected stop lights in Palo Alto and Menlo Park, California, and observed the drivers who pulled up behind. An assistant with a stop watch hid in the back seat or in a parked car nearby. The findings were clear: Only 50 percent of the drivers honked at the Chrysler but 84 percent honked at the Ford or Rambler. (Two potential subjects had to be dropped from the analysis, because instead of honking at the Ford or Rambler, they hit its back bumper, and the experimenter driving decided not to wait around for a honk.) Males sounded off a bit sooner than females, but both sexes were relatively more inhibited behind that big black Chrysler.

Doob and Gross posed the hypothetical question to other subjects and most, especially the males, said they would honk sooner at the big luxury car—just as our reader sample said—precisely the opposite of what people did in the street. Clearly, then, many persons (males especially) will claim to be more assertive and pushy than they really are.

As for honking at outlaw motorcyclists,

we know of no research on the matter and, frankly, there are limits to our scientific curiosity.

## TEARS OF RAGE

If your total score is about 87 (i.e., 3.3-per-item average), then you get pissed off about as much as the average PLAYBOY reader. Below 80: You are less easily riled than most; you're tranquil, tolerant and easygoing; when angered you react with a long slow burn. Below 70: You are stoic and calm under pressure, or at least you like to appear that way. Below 60: You are unaffected by things that bother most people. Below 50: Are you alive?

Above 100: You tend to overreact to frustration. Friends might call you hot-under-the-collar. Above 110: You have a quick temper. You come to the last straw first. Your friends might call you bad-ass. Above 120: You have a low flashpoint, a short fuse. Your friends, if you have any, probably don't call you.

The 26 situations are listed below in order of ascending provocativeness. Compare your scores to the average rage responses of our sample to see whether the situations fluster you in roughly the same order, and whether you are more or less touchy in certain areas.

## No Sweat:

2. Postage due: 1.23.

## Mild Anger:

17. Busy signal: 1.56.
6. No bonus: 2.21.
20. Lighter fizzles: 2.22.
11. Broken beer stein: 2.37.

## Moderate Anger:

3. Tax rise: 2.53.
12. Coke, no cup: 2.85.
26. Laughing lover: 2.85.
24. Blown TV tube: 2.9.
10. Speeding ticket: 3.1.
5. Topsy fan: 3.1.
25. Stock drops: 3.12.
1. Reckless hot rod: 3.24.
13. Mud balls on car: 3.31.
21. Tickets sold out: 3.4.
4. Reservation lost: 3.44.

## Clearly Pissed:

19. Nicked car door: 3.5.
9. Dog pisses on leg: 3.63.
7. Lover gives you V. D.: 3.79.
22. Co-worker lies: 3.98.
8. Father dies: 4.16.
18. Tennis klutz: 4.28.
15. Poker cheat: 4.46.

## Physical Threat:

16. Found guilty: 4.68.
23. Burglar: 5.1.

## Fighting Mad:

14. Cuckolded: 5.5.

## SURPRISE! ONE MORE TEST: CAUSES AND CURES

We saved this test for last because it's a little tricky. Now that

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you've found out about your own aggressiveness, or lack of it, we want to see what you have to say in your defense. At some point in the past few years, you've probably attended a cocktail party and listened to the local pundit (someone who memorizes the "Behavior" section in *Time* magazine) hold forth on aggression. Did you agree with his statements? Did you pour your singapore sling down the front of his shirt? The following are typical ideas about the causes and cures of aggression. Rank each statement from 1 to 4, depending on whether you: (1) strongly agree; (2) tend to agree; (3) tend to disagree; or (4) strongly disagree.

1. Each of us comes into the world with about the same potential to be aggressive or meek; early experience determines which way we go. —
2. A child whose demands are continually frustrated will likely turn out to be an aggressive adult. —
3. Man is not inherently an aggressive animal; in fact, there are many primitive tribes in which no trace of aggressiveness can be found. —
4. If a person keeps his anger bottled up inside, it may eventually explode in violent behavior. —
5. An angry child should be encouraged to take out his aggressions on an old chair or punching bag—otherwise, he might take them out on people. —
6. Man is the only animal to kill his own kind. —
7. Man needs an enemy to focus his aggressive energy on; in the absence of real enemies, societies must create imaginary ones. —
8. The man who gets a flat tire on the way to dinner will curse louder if he is very hungry than if only moderately hungry. —
9. A person who suppresses aggression or bottles up rage needs an opportunity for letting off steam. —
10. When a person wants something very much and doesn't get it, he becomes a bit more hostile to anyone who crosses his path. —
11. Women have the innate potential to be as aggressive as men, but this is thwarted by social pressures that discourage feminine aggressiveness. —
12. Man, like many animals, has an instinctive drive to acquire territory and fight off all intruders. —
13. Poverty is the major cause of social violence. —
14. People should be encouraged to work off their aggressions vicariously, through fantasy, sports or aggressive games. —
15. If you're angry, you'll probably feel much better if you express it and get it out of your system. —
16. Aggressiveness is always a learned behavior—biology and body chemistry have little to do with it. —

17. People who are quick to anger are quick to recover. —
18. Hormone balance is more important than daily experience in determining how aggressive a person will be. —
19. War is inevitable because man is a born killer. —
20. If you're angry at someone, you'll feel less aggressive later if you "tell him off" now. —

## SCORING

### CAUSES AND CURES

This quiz tests what you believe, not what you know, so you probably expect us to say that there are no right or wrong answers. You're wrong (and so are your answers) if you agreed strongly with any of the statements on the list. Each is a common misconception about aggression: unsubstantiated, contradicted by research or stated in terms too extreme and dogmatic.

But don't be discouraged if you agreed more often than you disagreed: So did most of the participants in our sample. A person with perfectly undecided beliefs would score 2.5; our subjects averaged 2.27 (a total score of 45), substantially into the "agree" column.

Almost everyone harbors some misconceived notion about the causes and cures of aggression; this quiz is designed to show you the ones that you hold most dear. The statements fall into four categories that represent unaccepted schools of thought. A low score on statements 2, 8, 10 and 13 indicates that you subscribe to The Frustration Theory of Aggression. Your score on statements 1, 3, 11 and 16 tells whether you find solace in The Silly Putty Learning Theory. Your score on statements 6, 7, 12, 18 and 19 suggests where you stand in relation to The Killer-Ape Biology Theory. Your score on statements 4, 5, 9, 14, 15, 17 and 20 reveal how deeply you are immersed in The Bathtub Theory.

A. *The Frustration Theory* (items 2, 8, 10, 13 on test)

The theory that aggression results from frustration dates back to Freud, but it reached a vogue among experimental psychologists in the Thirties and Forties. They stated that aggression is always caused by frustration, and that frustration always causes aggression—boldly unambiguous as psychology theories go. In other words, if a child hits his baby brother for no good reason, it is because a drive has been thwarted—perhaps he lost a favorite toy, or couldn't reach the cookie dish. Any time a child wants something and doesn't get it, the theory says, he always becomes somewhat aggressive as a result, and the more he wants it, the more aggressive he becomes. The display may occur immediately—or many years later in adulthood.

The frustration-aggression theory sought the cause of social unrest in people's unfulfilled hopes, the origin of

riots in poverty. It tried to explain how frustration fueled prejudice and scapegoating. In a classic study, Hovland and Sears found that from 1882 to 1930 the number of Negro lynchings in the South was inversely related to the going price of cotton: When prices were down, lynchings were up, and vice versa. It seems that frustrated people may take out their aggressions on the nearest available target—even innocent ones unrelated to the frustration. In many rural districts, incumbents are most likely to be voted out of office in the year following a poor rainfall. Recent controlled research shows, however, that the frustration-aggression theory doesn't always hold up. Merely having one's hopes dashed does not in itself make one behave more aggressively—unless one sees the frustration as an attack, a deliberate result of someone's ill will. If the new TV blows a tube, you won't necessarily kick the cat—unless you believe you were deliberately bilked into buying the set by an unscrupulous salesman.

Leonard Berkowitz and his colleagues have recently added a new wrinkle: that a frustrated person may behave more aggressively if he merely sees something aggressive. In other words, you might be more likely to kick the cat if you had been watching a prize fight when the TV tube blew. In one study a group of subjects behaved much more aggressively than another after going through some frustrating test experiences—and the only difference between the two groups was that members of the first "incidentally" saw a gun lying on the experimenter's table (the others saw only badminton rackets and shuttlecocks or an empty table). The disturbing implication is that the violence we see around us may be making us more violent by its very presence. As Berkowitz observed, "the finger pulls the trigger, but the trigger may also be pulling the finger."

B. *The Silly Putty Learning Theory* (items 1, 3, 11 and 16 on test)

People learn aggressiveness—there is no doubt of it—but the extreme statements in this section say that aggression is *always* the result of prior experience and of no other important factors. Hard-line social environmentalists such as Ashley Montagu and Margaret Mead believe that our aggressive behavior is infinitely malleable like Silly Putty. We are shaped, if not battered, by our environment. Our sample rated the items for this theory at 2.35 on the average—slightly on the "agree" side of the scale.

But it just isn't true: There is ample evidence that aggression is affected by factors not related to experience: genetics, brain function and hormones.

Heredity is one factor. It is possible, for example, to take a litter of rats, divide them into the most and least aggressive, and then by inbreeding for several generations produce an aggressive strain and





*"And now how about one a bit more in profile, Miss Woodley? ...  
That's it ... great ... stick 'em out more ... great...."*





"OK, Momma, I'll have some chicken soup. . .  
But I still need an abortion!"

a tame strain. These rats will for the most part remain true to their heritage even if raised from birth by a mother rat from the opposite strain. There is every reason to believe that human beings can also be divided into groups that have different genetic predispositions toward aggression.

Testosterone, the male hormone, also affects aggression. A castrated chicken, horse or man grows meek and submissive. Almost any animal becomes more combative when injected with testosterone. Hormones affect women's aggressiveness, too. J. H. Morton and associates found, for example, that among 249 women prisoners, 62 percent of the crimes of violence had been committed during the week before their menstrual periods.

A predisposition toward aggression seems built into the biology of maleness. Cultural pressures can affect how much difference or overlap there will be between male and female aggressiveness, but it is naïve to say that all differences between boys and girls result from the way they were brought up. Warfare is an exclusively male prerogative in every society on earth, for example. And while there are some warless societies (e.g., Eskimo, Arapesh and Bushmen), they are far from unaggressive: They may have very high rates of jealousy killings, suicide, voodoo magic, spell casting or other forms of aggression expressed within the culture.

C. *The Killer-Ape Biology Theory* (items 6, 7, 12, 18 and 19 on test)

This was the least believed of the four

theories (a 2.57 average rating, just barely on the "disagree" side of 2.5). "War is inevitable because man is a born killer," was rated "strongly disagree" far more often than any other item on the whole list.

I have called this The Killer-Ape Biology Theory to stress that it is an extreme wing of the legitimate school of thought, and just as naïve and dogmatic in its way as The Silly Putty Learning Theory. Proponents of the extreme biological view are Konrad Lorenz and Robert Ardrey. (The phrase killer ape is Ardrey's.) In *African Genesis*, Ardrey proposes that we are aggressive animals today because of some predatory urge inherited from long ago. It's true that our ancestors were the first predatory primates, but this type of killing has no relationship to general cussedness or a killer instinct. Bulls and fighting cocks are notoriously aggressive, for example, yet they are vegetarians—so their fighting urge can't possibly come from an underlying predatory drive (unless perhaps they read *Stalking the Wild Asparagus*).

Cynics delight in hearing that man is the only animal that kills his own kind (not true: There are well-documented cases among lions, hyenas, chimpanzees, various monkeys, zebras, lizards, gulls, rats and hippos), or that man is "the cruelest and most ruthless species that has ever walked the earth" (as Anthony Storr wrote, apparently quite seriously, in *Human Aggression*). Such statements may allow us to cope with a violent

world, to shake our heads and resign ourselves to the notion that aggression and warfare are inevitable aspects of being human, part of our genetic inheritance.

Writers speak of a killer instinct, but, if anything, we have the opposite: an instinct to cooperate, share and get along. Military leaders know how hard it is to teach men to kill. Inflammatory stories about the enemy must be manufactured for a war. The inhibition against killing our fellows is short-circuited by dehumanizing the enemy—*Untermensch*, gook, kraut and Commie; by using emotionless words for kill (waste, vamp or terminate with extreme prejudice); or by outlawing fraternization with the enemy so that the seeds of brotherly love are never planted. And for good measure, there's the court-martial: A soldier is most effective, Trotsky observed, when he is faced with probable death when he advances and certain death if he retreats.

Most aggression theorists today recognize the importance of both biology and experience, and they are beginning to understand how they comfortably interact. For example, testosterone levels drop off in rhesus monkeys that lose fights, and in Marines during the first humbling week of boot camp. Early evidence suggests that if mice that have fought confront their rivals again later, blood-testosterone level suddenly rises in the previous winner and drops off in the previous loser—a change in both that is biological but learned.

D. *The Bathtub Theory* (items 4, 5, 9, 14, 15, 17 and 20 on test)

We often hear that aggression builds up inside a person until he expresses it and that he becomes healthier and less aggressive once he gets it out of his system. In psychiatric jargon, this is catharsis, but I call it The Bathtub Theory, because it reduces everything to water level. Of the seven Bathtub Theory statements, the first three represent the plugged-up variation, in which aggression pressure stays at whatever level it's at or rises until it overflows, perhaps in violence. The last four represent the drained-out variation, in which the pressure drops back to normal after aggressions are released.

Our sample endorsed this theory more than any other (with an average total rank of 14.4, or 2.06 each). Proponents come from the ends of the social-science spectrum: Statement 17 paraphrases Fritz Perls and statement 5 is the advice of Ann Landers.

Hydraulic energy is built into our language: When aggression rises, it's "dammed up" or "bottled up," so one "blows off steam," "finds an outlet," "discharges it," "vents it." No wonder the theory seems so intuitively right.

Bathtub theorists often stress harmless, vicarious outlets: Kick a chair or chop a tree, read a murder mystery or





## "UP AGAINST THE WALL"

*Women in Crime*, our lead feature in the April issue of OUI, explores the meteoric emergence of a whole new breed of cold-blooded cat: the female felon. Is she taking women's lib to the extreme or are her psychosexual drives simply discovering a new and deadly outlet?

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While the female of the species may be more deadly than the male, this doesn't necessarily apply to Sylvia Kristel, the sensual young star of the X-rated box-office blockbuster *Emmanuelle*. Join her at her best in the pages of the new OUI!

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watch a football game, dream an aggressive Freudian dream or scream a Janovian primal scream. When Ann Landers tells mothers that "youngsters should be taught to vent their anger against things—not people," readers nod in agreement, never stopping to ask why children must be taught to vent their anger at all.

Unfortunately, most researchers who have looked for evidence of the catharsis effect have found just the opposite: The Bathtub Theory no longer holds water. People who express aggression become more aggressive, not less. Angry people who flail away at Bozo dolls later behave more aggressively than those who "bottle up" anger inside. Adult football fans scored higher on a hostility survey after an Army-Navy game than others did on the same quiz before the game.

A series of studies finds that after children watch Kirk Douglas play the beaten fighter in *Champion* or see a man punch an inflated bag, or play games with toy guns, or even sit quietly and make up aggressive stories, they all emerge behaving more aggressively than they did before. The Bathtub Theory has been part

of our folk system. The three statements agreed to most by our readers were all bathtub axioms (4, 9, 15). It's true you may feel better after expressing anger, but whether that will "get it out of your system" is questionable. Expressing anger may make you feel better now, but quicker to anger the next time. There is no evidence whatever that "bottling up" rage will make you more vengeful later; just the opposite is more likely.

Talking aggressive feelings out can be beneficial. Someone may not realize he is angering you, and might change if he knew, or you might find after he explains himself that your anger was ill-founded. But all evidence indicates that simply "letting off steam" has no cathartic effect: All it does is make you more likely to let off steam in the future. If you've agreed to most items, don't feel bad: So did most everyone else. Many myths contain a grain of truth, but aggression remains such a complex and unpredictable behavior that no single theory can hope to explain it all.



## A NAIVE CALIFORNIA BRANDY

(continued from page 104)

served in a snifter. For decades, California brandy makers, held in thrall by cognac's eminence, tried to duplicate that noble spirit. The resulting liquor was neither French nor American, nor particularly inviting. The United States held the dubious honor of being the only wine-producing land without a distinctive brandy type of its own, accepted by its citizens. With a nudge from the brandy sages at the University of California Department of Viticulture and Oenology, a decision was reached to make an American brandy true to its origins, using the best native grapes and methods, rather than an ersatz cognac.

Although California brandy is not much in a snifter, since it lacks the heady vapors of fine cognac, it's an amiable, versatile spirit that mates happily with the standard mixers, particularly fruit juices. It also makes a gutsier screwdriver than vodka, a smoother sour than whiskey and a helluva stinger. In fact, it may well be the brandy Lucius Beebe had in mind when he stipulated that *two* Saint Bernards be sent to rescue him—one bearing brandy, the other crème de menthe, so he could make a proper stinger.

The major domestic labels are The Christian Brothers, Coronet VSQ, Aristocrat, Old Mr. Boston, Hartley, Guild, Paul Masson, Almadén, Lejon, Franzia, Gallo, Hiram Walker and Leroux. Distribution is spotty, however. For practical purposes, Christian Brothers and Coronet dominate the market, accounting for almost half of all sales. Coronet, incidentally, copped the Gold Medal award at the 1974 Los Angeles County Fair judging.

Most California brandies, like cognacs, have a touch of sweetening added. But a small group from California, called straights, are totally free of rectifying material. Notable are Conti-Royale, ten years old and well priced; Old San Francisco, aged eight years in new white-oak casks; six-year-old Setrakian; five-year-old Ceremony; and A. R. Morrow 100 proof—the only California brandy bottled in bond. For connoisseurs of the unusual, there are a vintage brandy, Cresta Blanca 1966, and The Christian Brothers XO Rare Reserve, containing 50 percent full-bodied pot-still brandy.

The last two brandies mentioned go both ways—snifter and shaker. But most California brandies are made for mixing and that's where they excel. We invite you to try any of the potions offered below, or substitute California brandy for the designated liquor in your favorite cocktail. See if you don't agree.

### BRANDY SOUR

- 2 ozs. California brandy
- 1 oz. lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon sugar or sugar syrup
- Frothing mixture (optional)
- Fruit garnish (optional)



Model

"Please stop showing off and hang the towel where it belongs."



Shake brandy, lemon juice, sugar and frothing mixture with cracked ice. Strain into sour glass or wineglass. Decorate with fruit—slice lemon, half slice orange or maraschino cherry.

#### ROSE ROYCE

1 oz. California brandy  
1/2 oz. Tuaca liqueur  
1/2 oz. grenadine  
1 oz. cream

Shake ingredients briskly with cracked ice or buzz in blender with 1/3 cup crushed ice, until just smooth. Serve in saucer champagne glass.

#### BRANDY BLUSH

2 ozs. California brandy  
1 tablespoon maraschino cherry juice\*  
or to taste  
2 dashes bitters  
Lemon wedge  
Club soda, chilled  
Maraschino cherry garnish

Over ice cubes in a large old fashioned glass, pour brandy, cherry juice and bitters. Squeeze in juice of lemon and add rind. Stir to chill. Add club soda to taste. Stir once. Garnish with a couple of maraschino cherries and serve.

\*Use maraschino syrup, if you can find it, or maraschino liqueur may be substituted for the juice. You may want to reduce the quantity if you use the syrup, as it's more concentrated.

#### LEMON BRANDY

2 ozs. California brandy  
Wedge of lime  
Bitter lemon soda, chilled  
Lemon geranium leaf (optional)  
Pour brandy over ice cubes in an 8-oz. highball glass. Squeeze in juice of lime, add rind. Stir. Fill with bitter lemon soda and garnish with lightly bruised lemon geranium leaf, if you have it.

#### COOL BRANDY

1 1/2 ozs. California brandy  
1/2 oz. white crème de menthe  
1/2 oz. lime juice  
Shake ingredients vigorously with ice until well chilled. Strain into cocktail glass, or over fresh ice in an old fashioned glass.

#### GOLDFINGER

1 oz. California brandy  
1/2 oz. apricot liqueur  
1 oz. pineapple juice  
1/2 oz. lemon juice  
Fresh pineapple stick (optional)  
Shake all ingredients except the pineapple garnish with cracked ice until cold. Strain into cocktail glass, or over ice in an old fashioned glass. Decorate with stick of fresh pineapple.

#### BUBBLY BRANDY BOWL

1 pint California brandy  
2 lemons  
2 oranges

1 can (20 ozs.) pineapple chunks  
1 bottle medium-dry white wine  
1 bottle California champagne, chilled  
Peel 1 lemon and 1 orange in long spirals. Squeeze juice from fruits to make 1/3 cup lemon juice, 3/4 cup orange juice. Combine juices, peel, undrained pineapple chunks, brandy and white wine. Stir. Cover and refrigerate to chill. When ready to serve, pour over a chunk of ice or ice cubes in a 4-qt. punch bowl. Add the champagne. Stir once. Dip a bit of the fruit into each portion when serving.

#### CALIFORNIA SUNSET

2 ozs. California brandy  
Orange juice, chilled  
1 to 2 teaspoons grenadine  
This drink is popular at the Chart House in Malibu and J. P. Kelly's in San Francisco, among other places. It's simply a Brandydriver with a spot of grenadine. Pour brandy and orange juice over ice cubes in an 8-oz. highball glass. Stir. Add grenadine, but *don't* stir. Just let the grenadine settle through the drink.

California brandy is coming your way—if it hasn't already. Bank of America economists, who are supposed to know about these things, predict consumption will double again in the next ten years. We'll drink to that.



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# A Walk in the Country

of vodka, Franny said: "Donniger. It's Donniger, not Dog."

Dog smiled at her: "It's all right, honey."

"I don't get in the pickup with nobody named Dog."

"All right," said Dog. "It ain't nothing but a joke."

"Alice was not a woman, either," said Jake Leach.

Charne had been over taking photographs of the bartender, who sat like a rock with his newspaper. She came back just in time to hear Jake.

"If it wasn't a man or a woman, what was it they hung?"

Jake made a little motion with his head indicating he meant to get to that in good time. "One is forced to the conclusion that hanging the nigger could have been justice."

Charne said something that made Jake Leach blush.

"Now wait, ma'am, hear me out. Not justice because it was legal. But what does justice care for legality? Very little it seems to me. If the nigger was truly guilty of rape and if the community decided to hang him, that can only be justice, or so it seems to me. Even to the potato in his mouth. It might have been emotionally detrimental to the children to hear him scream but morally instructive to see him hanged."

He had spoken all of this in an impartial voice. It was a problem, theoretical, academic, something that could never touch him, and therefore it was interesting for precisely the reason that it had nothing to do with him.

Then for the first time he became agitated, his fingers trembled. His face flushed scarlet. "But Alice was an elephant." He struck the table with his fist. "She was a goddamn elephant, Alice was, and they hung her!"

"They hung a elephant?" said Dog.

"Everybody knows that old story," said Franny.

Jake squinted at her. "You from Erwin?"

"Unaka Mountain," said Franny.

"That is not Erwin, Tennessee, lady," Jake said.

"It's still everybody heard that old story," she said. "Ma told me about hanging Alice when I weren't no more than a yearling girl."

Jake dropped his head back and his voice was a lament: "Yes, yes, dear God. It has become a favorite story with children." When he looked at me, he had tears in his eyes.

"Listen," Charne said, "listen. People do strange things. They think it's all so goddamn simple and funny."

She touched his arm and I could tell she was genuinely moved. Not by what he was telling but by how much pain it was giving him to tell it.

(continued from page 128)

Jake grabbed the vodka bottle and leaped up from the table. "Come on," he said.

I sat where I was. "Where are we going?" I said.

"Come on, goddamn it," he shouted.

There was that jagged madness showing again, like the outcropping of a rock. I was drunk enough by now that he no longer seemed very strange and threatening. But I wasn't so drunk that I didn't hear the hysteria in his voice. In a calm, relaxed way I knew he was capable of killing me and I remember wondering vaguely if he might have a gun or knife.

"I don't want to go outside," I said, "it's hot."

There was an abrupt hitch in his throat and his voice came out soft, persuasive. "I know it's hot. It's very hot out there. But I want to show you something—to show—all of you this thing—I can't help it. It's just something I want to do. Christ, didn't I get the vodka for you?"

"Yes," I said, dispirited now by the way the conversation was going. "You got the vodka."

"You wanted vodka," he said, "and I got it." He was still standing and he carefully adjusted his smart snap-brim hat. "I'm going to get three six-packs of beer to take along in my car. See that little Corvair out there? That's mine. And it's air-conditioned." He stopped and looked at me, but I could tell he was prepared to go on if it looked like he needed to.

"You serious about them beers?" I said.

He turned his head and called: "Tommy, sack up eighteen of them beers. Good cold ones. No, make it twenty of them good cold ones."

Tommy, who had not moved since we had been there, was immediately off his ass and packing up the beer.

"We got some time," I said. "Let's go."

"I got to feed them younguns of mine sometime," Franny said.

Actually, I hadn't thought of her coming. I'd supposed she would roar away in the old Dodge. But she didn't. When we got to that air-conditioned baby-blue Corvair car, she was the first one in it. Dog was the second. She just reached out and took him like he'd been a doll and drew him in to her. I could hear his stifled breathing and she was making a sound like a dog eating raw meat. Charne and I got up front with Jake.

Jake didn't say a word. Nobody else seemed to feel like talking, either. We opened the beers. Jake's air conditioning was not worth much.

We went maybe three miles down the highway, when without any warning at all, Jake drove his incredible baby-blue Corvair right across a ditch. A deep ditch. I thought we were having an accident. I was screaming and clawing at

everybody and it was embarrassing as hell when I realized that nobody else was screaming and Jake was driving (calmly and deliberately and competently as ever) right across a meadow. There were lots of jeeps in the world that could not have taken us where that Corvair took us. Finally, he stopped the car and we got out. Everybody except Franny and Dog.

"I just can't bear weeds and scratchy things in this heat," Franny said.

There was no use to ask Dog if he was coming. Franny had him and it was clear he was about to be tested again right there in the back of the car Ralph Nader had grave doubts about. We got out of the car, Charne doing me a huge favor by carrying some of the beer that she didn't want to drink but that I didn't feel I could do without in that heat and jungle of weeds as we walked up toward the stony roadbed of a railroad.

Jake went straight along the railroad and stopped finally on the cross-ties. "Here is where it happened," he said.

"What happened?" I said, but I already knew.

"The hanging of Alice," he said.

"Yes," I said.

I sat down on one of the steel rails to watch him. It was too hot and finally I ended sitting on the side of the ditch with Charne beside me. She had opened a beer, too. Jake looked truly crazy, or I guess crazy is the wrong word, majestic rather.

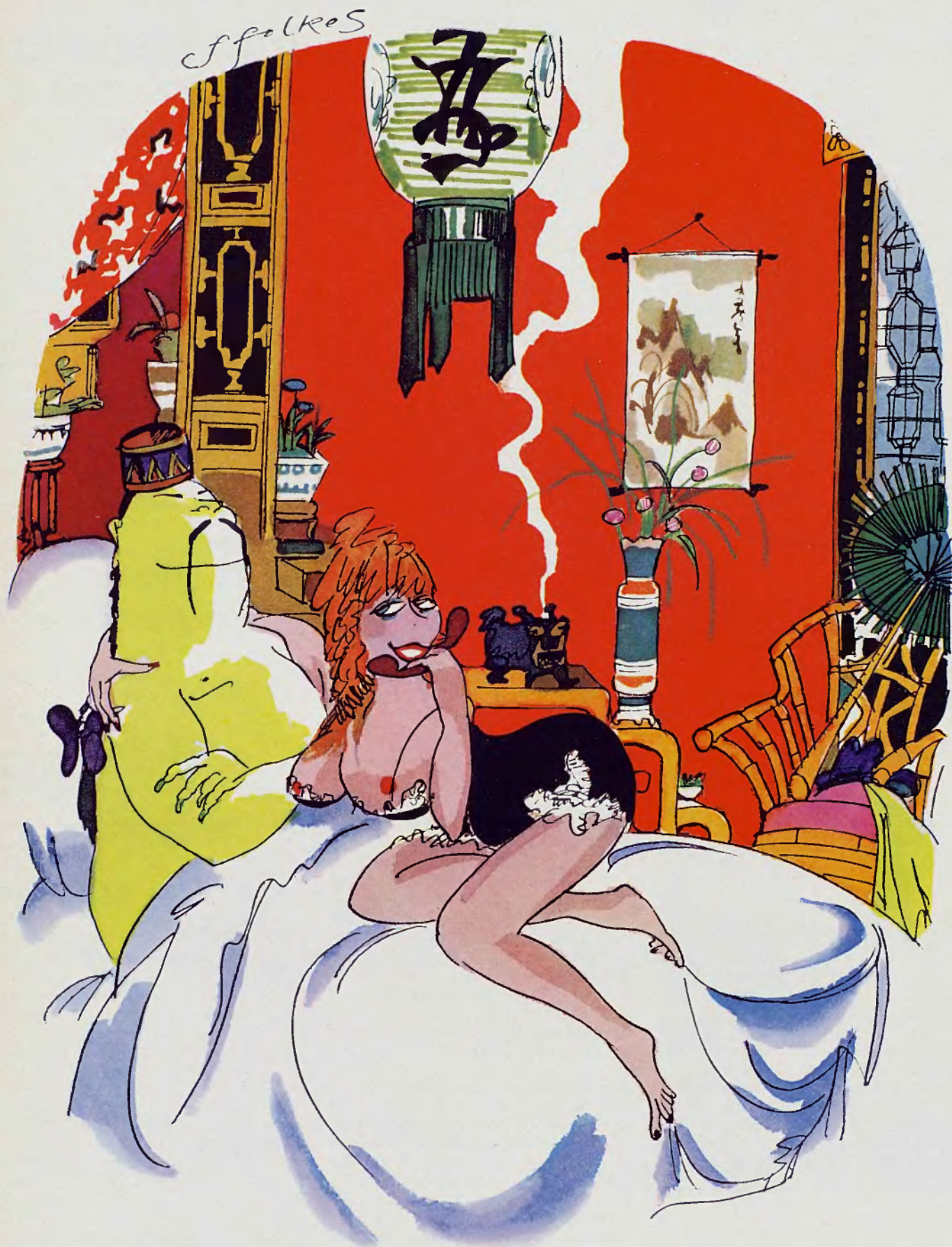
He stood between the iron rails of the steaming roadbed with his arms outstretched. Who knows when the king is mad? And who is brave enough to say when a king's vision becomes a delusion?

And by God, Jake—since he'd gained the prominence of the roadbed—Jake was a king when he walked up there, spread his arms and looked up at the sun. Then he lay down on his back. Really, right on his back, still staring up at the sun. The blue suit was as pressed and as neat and clean and handsome as it had ever been. Charne and I were drinking beer with both hands and had broke out a couple of downers and eaten those because this was a performance you've waited all your life to see and now that it's here, you know you could have done without it.

"Alice was an elephant." Jake spoke not looking at us but still straight up into the sun. "And this is where they hung her. On this very spot. Here, nowhere else. I told you I watched it when I was five years old."

He lifted his head up off the stones of the railroad and looked at us briefly. "When I was a boy, circuses used to come through." He was staring again at the sun. "They came through in wagons. They brought Alice the year I was five. She had a wagon of her own. Such a beautiful . . . beautiful. . . . She was gentle and she smelled like something





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your mother had made for you. I remember that. She was gentle and she smelled like something your mother made for you.

"She killed a little girl. The little girl tried to feed her something in her pen. I don't remember. I wish I could remember. But it was something about feeding Alice and Alice took the child with her trunk and beat her on the ground like a bundle of weeds and walked on her and it was awful and I didn't see it but I heard it all, they told me all, everything and put out the little girl's body for everybody to see.

"That's not the horrible part. That's horrible, but that's not the horrible part. The town decided to kill Alice. Eye for an eye. Except by now, Alice was sweet and gentle and dust-smelling as she ever was, but there was nothing to do but to kill her.

"They didn't have a gun big enough to kill her. They thought and thought. Shoot her in the eye with a shotgun, they said. They said all kinds of things but they could never be sure it would kill the elephant and she might run crazy with the pain and mash the life out of somebody else. Poison of course came up. But that wouldn't do. It had to be quick. It had to hurt and be quick. It had to be an execution. Alice had to know.

"The Clinchfield Railroad had a derrick in those days. I don't know, maybe it's not called a derrick, a winch maybe, but anyway it was this huge thing that runs on the tracks and lifts a section of rail into place by drawing it up with steel cables.

"They brought it out. They put it where I'm lying. Right here. They put a logging chain around Alice's neck. The whole town watched. I was there. And they hitched Alice to the derrick by the logging chain around her neck. And started pulling her up. I was there.

"She didn't understand. She started shitting. She stood on her back legs and kept shitting when she saw what was going to happen and then it did. They pulled her right up in the air and then she stopped screaming, because she was screaming before, but she kept shitting until she was dead. I don't remember anybody cheering or saying it was good or wonderful or anything, they just stood there staring at Alice hanging off the derrick and then went home."

We sat in the ditch drinking the beer and trying to think that this was a madman and that if anything we ought to laugh because... But we didn't and Jake kept lying on his back between the steel rails. I wanted to say something but I didn't know what to say.

"I went to law school. You'd be amazed where I went to law school. But I don't practice law. Oh, I do something now and then. My brother has a law office. It was our daddy's office. I'm

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a partner. But I don't do anything much. Mostly I come out here and remember Alice straining on her back feet, shitting until she was dead, and my brother stays in town and keeps the law office going."

He stopped talking and turned to look at us again.

"Why do you suppose that is?" he asked. "My brother was at the hanging of Alice, too."

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know anything about that. We're out of beer."

He looked not at us but straight up into the sun. "You can go get some more back there."

We weren't really out of beer, but I wanted to leave, wanted to leave bad. "OK," I said. "I think we better do that."

He just lay where he was and didn't move. Finally he said, "I'm going to stay here awhile. Take the car and go back."

"You can't do that," I said. "It's hot and it's too far to walk."

"Tell Tommy to come git me after a while," he said. "He'll know where I am."

I stood up. "It's been good knowing you, Jake," I said. "You keep yourself together."

"It'll be all right," he said.

We started across the ditch alongside the Clinchfield Railroad.

"Hey," he called. We turned to look at him. "That little girl and Alice were the same age. I went to some trouble to find out, and they were the same age. That's what gets me."

Suddenly, bitterly, Charne said: "You ought to get out of this goddamn sun."

Jake said: "When I found out they were the same age that's what ruined my career." We walked on through the weeds toward the car. "It's what ruined my life!" he called after us. Later, as we were getting in the car, I thought I heard him yell something else. But I didn't wait. I didn't look back.

If anybody's interested in such things, Erwin, Tennessee, is in the Cherokee segment of The Appalachian Trail. That part of the trail goes through both the Cherokee National Forest and the Pisgah National Forest. We were headed for the top of Unaka (pronounced "You-nake-a" with the accent on the *nake* by the folks thereabouts) Mountain, to a place called, unfortunately I think, Beauty Spot, which was supposed to have a great place to camp, water and, according to the guidebook, one of the longest, most open views on the entire trail.

When Franny found out which way we were going, she said: "When you git up on Unaka Mountain and it starts raining, why you just look and see which way the water is running on the ground. Run one way, you in Tennessee; run the other way, you in North Carolina."

Dog said: "Run *one* way? Which way, Fanny?"



*"That's it! Throw your gorgeous body into the argument!"*

"Which way?" she said.

"Which way to North Carolina and which way to Tennessee?"

"You can tell," she said. "Oh, you can always tell."

He watched her blankly. "You know you're a sweet thing?" he asked. "You know how sweet you are?"

"I still got to feed them younguns," she said. "Them two younguns of mine don't even know where I am." We were still at the Blue Pines Bar and Tommy had gone after Jake Leach and I didn't want to be around when they got back. "Y'all might as well come and sleep at my place, tonight." Franny was looking at Dog. "Might as well come on and git a early start in the morning."

Dog didn't hesitate. "Cain't. Got to go. We already been thrown behind by all this like it is."

Dog wouldn't even take a ride in her pickup and we walked down the highway with our packs and camped behind the Erwin City Dump because I figured that's the only place where we would be safe from the local police. If we could have made it to the mountains and the trail, we would have been safe there, but you start camping along the highway or sleeping under a bridge or in an open field and you're apt to wake up looking at a cop.

I have nothing against cops if they're home-grown. But if you're not from around there—no matter where *there* happens to be—and you run into a cop and you look like you're outside what is called the "economic and political mainstream" of the country, then you're just apt to get hurt. And hurt for nothing, hurt because you're not from around

*there*. That's only a judgment and it's only based on five years on the road, not being from around *there*, and not looking as though I was in the "economic and political mainstream." Understand that I don't condemn cops for that, either. It's the job they're paid to do. They do it well. To condemn it would be to condemn the country.

So anyway, we spent the night at the dump and when we were getting our tents together the next morning, I stood watching Dog slam his stuff around in a particularly vicious way. We had hardly said a word the night before. We were sobering up and hungover but mainly thinking about Jake lying between the rails of the Clinchfield Railroad. But the next morning I was feeling better and I said to Dog: "Why the hell didn't we sleep at Franny's last night?"

He didn't even look at me when he spoke. "I'd a slept onct at Miss Fanny's. I'd a never left." He saddled his pack and started slogging over the dump toward the mountains, leaving Charne and me standing there looking after him.

So I don't think any of us much gave a rat's ass that we were on the Cherokee segment of The Appalachian Trail when we left Erwin. It was probably the quietest day I remember on the trail. Charne carried the guidebook as she always did, telling us where water was—or where water was *supposed* to be—what the mileage was like, what the names of the shelters we passed were called, things like that. But mostly we were quiet.

We walked out of Erwin down to the Nolichucky River and along the north bank to a trestle of the Clinchfield Railroad. The Nolichucky's not much of a



river at that point—I don't know what it may be elsewhere—but where we left it east of Erwin, it was maybe 200 yards wide, ten or twelve feet deep, or so it seemed to me, with a lot of rocks and easy rapids. It was also extremely yellow with what I hope were minerals but might have been your ordinary piss and shit from the local folk, most rivers being as they are these days worse than raw sewage.

I bent down once to drink from a stream high in the mountains on the trail and just as I was about to, as they say, *slake* my thirst, I saw a little sign put up by the Forestry Service or somebody that said: DO NOT DRINK. CONTAMINATED WITH UNTREATED WASTE. I always love that: *untreated* waste. As though I might enjoy—perhaps really like—to drink *treated* waste. But, alas, why dwell upon it? The planet is tired and dying. I understand, though, that even the most pessimistic predictions give us (or at least a few of us) another million years or so.

There was a crazy man who used to wander the roads of Bacon County, Georgia, sleeping where he could, living how he could, who used to say: "Them that shit can eat what they shit."

He of course was speaking about ultimate alternatives. I have always thought it eminently fair.

I'll never forget that walk out of Erwin, Tennessee. We'd been on the trail so long and steadily we were lean and mean enough to eat rocks. I think because we were all melancholy and sad—Charne and I about old Jake Leach, and Dog about old Franny—we took it out on ourselves physically. Nobody said anything about it; there was no planning; that's just the way it happened. In paroxysms of guilt, my greatest workouts have consistently come after my greatest drunks.

Four miles up from the Clinchfield Railroad, we caught up with five members of a hiking club. Or the patches on their little green matching uniforms said they were a hiking club. They looked authentic enough, smelling vaguely of sweat, red of face, booted, bedrolled and canteened.

"If you like," one of them said, "we can hike along together. Where you from?"

Charne pointed to the direction we'd just come from. "Back there," she said, and then deliberately turned what they'd said around. "Sure, you can walk

with us if you'd like. It could be fun."

The trail at that place was narrow and we were tandem behind the five boys, who all looked to be about 18 and very sturdy, soccer types. But the trail from the Nolichucky to the top of Unaka Mountain crosses fields and meadows, and the first field we got to, Charne swung out of the line and walked around the boys. Once in the lead, nobody was ever to head her.

In less than a mile, she was about 200 yards out front and Dog and I had passed the boys, too. Maybe the boys just thought we were unfriendly or they didn't like the pace, or any number of other things. But I think what happened is that Charne simply walked their young asses off. Later, we saw them once from a ridge, way back and still coming, their heads bent earnestly under their little green hiking caps. Then we never saw them again. At the pace we were holding, we were drinking a lot of water and the first place the guidebook said we'd find water, there was no water, which truly we had not expected there would be, since we had come to distrust the *guidebook* in almost every detail. It didn't worry us much because Franny had told us what a wonderful spring was at Beauty Spot on Unaka Mountain. She knew because there was a little mountain road that would take a truck and she had been up there often. She said a lot of people drove up there for picnics and—here her voice dropped—*other things*.

So we went more than seven hours dry. I discovered while hiking that summer that I need six quarts of water a day. That's just to drink and doesn't count what water I get in the reconstituted dehydrated food. I'm a nonstop sweater, one of the world's great sweaters, and consequently I have to drink water almost constantly. If I don't get the water, it ruins my disposition. I think it affects most people that way. Certainly, by the time we got to Beauty Spot—which incidentally is an incredible place: there must be 200 acres of open treeless meadow right on top of the mountain—but by the time we got there, we were pretty bitter about the whole trip, even the world. Our swelled, dry tongues made us talk like we had cleft palates.

We carefully followed the guidebook's instructions to find the spring, because they sounded just like the instructions Franny had given us. We followed the crest; we found the boulder shaped like a heart; we turned left down incline. No spring. We read more carefully. This wasn't funny. Then we did the whole thing over again. No spring.

"Listen," said Dog.

We were sitting on the heart-shaped rock. Charne and I had heard it, too.

"Somebody's whistling," I said.

It was the kind of whistle somebody



"That's fine, son, but can she cook?"



whistles at you, so we stood up on the rock and there across the meadow was a car where, if we had been looking, we would have seen it already. It was a '58 Chevrolet, and even from this distance one could see it had mag wheels, about 30 coats of paint, and no doubt a super-charged engine. Three men were sitting on the hood. We could see somebody else inside. They were waving us over.

I said, as we neared them, "Are they drinking beer?"

"Christ," said Charne, "we'll never get out of Tennessee."

I thought to myself at that moment that we may not, but it wouldn't be because of drinking. I instantly recognized the guys on the hood of the modified Chevy as Good Old Drinking Boys who were capable of anything, including castration. It occurred to me that this was Friday—late Friday—and they'd come up here from some factory or construction site to sip a few cool ones and get a little meaner preparing for the last savage few hours at midnight down in town at some bar named The Wagon Wheel or The Dew Drop Inn. I also knew they would have some poor hapless and helpless girl in the back seat or on a comey blanket in the weeds behind the car, down on her back, rooting around in her.

They didn't smile at all as we walked up and when I looked at Dog, I saw

that he had seen what I saw, knew what I knew. His face was tight and actually looked meaner than the guys sitting on the hood of the car, who were wearing pointed, hand-carved boots and some kind of fake cowboy shirts. There was another man—about the same age as the others, 25 or so—in the back seat and while I watched, a woman's sweaty head rose into view only to have the man clamp his hand on the back of her skull and push her back down again.

The one sitting straddle of the hood ornament waved his can of Bud at me and said: "Well, friend, damn if it don't look like you lost."

"We ain't lost," I said. "But we thirsty."

"Well," he said, showing us the mean smile he no doubt practiced in the mirror, "we didn't bring no water up here."

"It's supposed to be a spring," Dog said.

The guy whose boots looked to be outlined in aluminum paint studied Dog a minute and then said with an exaggerated Grit voice: "What you doing playing boy scout with a long-haired freak?" His smile as he looked at Dog seemed almost good-natured, but I knew better. "You almost look normal but this other'n here look like he'd suck a dick."

Two things leaped immediately to mind. One was Big Jim Dickey's novel *Deliverance*, and with that thought, a

tightening of the asshole. The other was a scene out of Larry McMurtry's novel *All of My Friends Are Going to Be Strangers*, in which two Texas Rangers catch a long-hair out at night on a highway and proceed to have a long humorless conversation with him, the basis of which was that since he had long hair he'd surely suck a dick. The Rangers ended by throwing the kid over a ditch by his hair.

It only took a second for all that to flash on me and while it did, Charne threw down her pack and said: "You gutless Grit sonofabitches, do you know where water is or not?"

Obviously, what Charne said scared the shit out of me but didn't seem to bother the guys sitting on the hood of the car at all. It reminded me a little of the time in the summer of 1972, when I was arrested at the Slipped Disk Discothèque in St. Augustine Beach, Florida. When the cop threw me in the back seat of his cruiser, one of the people I was with, who happened also to be a lady, turned and knocked the piss out of the cop and said: "You sonofabitch, you can't do that to him."

All the while I was yelling from the back seat: "Yes, he can. Yes, he can."

The cop threw her in with me. I expected at least a beating back at the station, but we got nothing. They even let us bail ourselves out. I here salute

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the police of St. Augustine, Florida, as among the fairest and finest of my experience.

But those weren't cops sitting on the hood of that car. Cops, among other things—unless you've done something very personal to them—almost always leave you living. I mean, after all, if they don't, they've got all those forms to fill out. But those cowboys on the Chevy didn't have any forms to fill out.

"Look," I said, "this has all gone off in the wrong direction. We just looking for some water."

One of the cowboys sitting on the hood of the car said: "I don't know what you looking for, and I don't give a shit. But I know what you found."

The door opened and the girl got out of the back seat. She came to lean on the fender. She wasn't an ugly girl, but she was terribly thin, with light-yellow skin and what looked to be cold sores on her mouth.

"What's gone happen?" the girl said.

The boy who had been in the back seat with her and was wearing cowboy clothes, too, came to stand beside her. "Shut up," he said. "When I want you to know something, I'll tell you."

Dog, who had stood without saying anything, slipped the straps on his pack and eased it to the ground. Almost nonchalantly he said: "Back home, we always figure people that keep on talking about sucking a dick—would."

I think it stunned them as much as it did me, and it stunned me a lot.

The girl leaning on the fender said: "You gone let that skinny fart talk to you like that, Edsel?"

Edsel, sitting straddle of the hood ornament, didn't even look at her but slapped her over sideways with the back of his hand.

"You prick," said Charne. "You dumb Grit prick."

"Now we just gone have us some goddamn fun," Edsel said, drawing his leg up to get over the hood ornament.

When he did, Dog shot the hood ornament off. Edsel froze with his leg in the air and turned yellower than the girl. My bowels felt very loose. Dog had a snub-nosed .38 Special in his hand. I knew it because my stepfather has one that he keeps in a drawer beside his bed. It is a very blue and blunt and nasty-looking little thing.

Dog spoke so softly and easily that we all unconsciously leaned to get the words. "I'm not really a good shot," he said. "I mighta shot your balls off, Edsel."

"Listen," said Edsel. "Listen, you don't under—"

Dog blew an empty beer can away where it sat on the hood beside another cowboy.

"You crazy?" asked the one who had

got out of the back seat of the car. Then he made it a statement. "You a crazy man."

"I think I am," said Dog. "I think I just went crazy listenin' to you goddamn mouth." He watched the boy who leaned on the fender where the girl had been. "How'd you like me to shoot you right eye?"

"Please," said the one sitting beside Edsel. "Please—"

"You ain't fitten to live," said Dog.

"Ronnie, wait a minute," I said. "You—"

Ronnie turned to look at me and his eyes seemed glazed and his mouth had a strange kind of droop to it. Or else I was so scared his face wasn't focusing.

"I think you better take Charne over yonder behind that rock," he said. "Just leave the packs here and go on over yonder behind that rock."

Edsel still had not put his leg down and he was crying. He was a huge man and he was crying soundlessly, his face twisted, tears running on his cheeks. He slowly and steadily shook his head.

"Ronnie," I said, "I'm not leaving you here with these guys."

"Yes, you are," he said. "This ain't none of your business."

"I'm not going to be part of this," I said. "We don't even know these guys."

"Don't let him hurt me," the girl said. She wasn't crying though. Edsel was still the only one crying.

"You better step over there behind the rock," Dog said. "This don't look to be none of your business. Charne, you take him on over there."

There didn't seem to be anything we could do. I didn't want the guys killed. But much more than that, I didn't want to get killed. We walked across the meadow, leaving them there in the late afternoon sunlight with Edsel still crying. Just as we stepped behind the rock, we heard two quick shots.

"Oh, Jesus, Jesus," said Charne, pressing her hands against her head. I don't know for sure, and I can't remember, but I think I was crying. I was probably crying, too.

There were two quick shots and then we heard the Chevrolet engine roar into life and saw the car leap into view around the rock, the rear end fishtailing, gravel and grass spewing from under the wheels. Ronnie came walking across the meadow toward us, carrying a six-pack in one hand and the .38 in the other. He was smiling. It was the same old Ronnie we'd known and he was smiling and there were no bodies lying in the meadow and I was so happy I stood right still and thanked God, prayed and made some promises I couldn't keep.

When he got to us, he lifted the six-pack to me. "Care for one of these Buds?"

I took the six-pack and held it in my hands, not taking one out of the package, but just standing there with it.

Ronnie waved the pistol off in the direction the car had gone. "I known we'd run into a sumbitch like that before this was over." He looked at the .38. "Probably should have shot him, too, if it weren't but just in the foot."

"But you didn't really—"

"Hell, no," he said. "I wouldn't shoot nobody."

"What if they come back?" said Charne.

"They ain't gone come back." Ronnie said. Looking at him, I believed him. He could say what he wanted to but I knew all of this hadn't been entirely an act. Those guys had seen his face, too. Ronnie'd kill you if things got just right.

"You know it's against the law to carry a firearm in a national forest," I stupidly said because it was the only thing I could think of and I thought I'd better say something before I screamed.

"I know," he said. "Listen, you want to make camp? I'm gone come over here and—" He put his arm around my shoulder and turned me. It was getting dark. Lights were coming on down in the valley. Far there to the left, we could see Erwin. "Well, I think I can see Fanny's house. I figured it out and see that little green-and-red light? That's the water tower. Now, if you look right up behind it and to the left, why, I think that's Fanny's house. I'm gone set over here and have me a beer and wonder what ole Fanny's doing in there with them younguns of hers. I mean, if you'll make the camp, I think I will."

"Sure," I said. "I'll get everything set up and start some food."

"The spring's off behind that rise of ground." He pointed. "Just where the bushes start there." He smiled. "Edsel swore on his mother it was and aye God I bet it's right where he said it is."

"Right," I said.

I was just turning to go when he vaguely waved that pistol he was still carrying. "By the way," he said.

"Yeah?"

"I don't think I like that name Dog no more," he said. "I think that joke's got old."

"Right," I said. "Right, Ronnie."

"Ronald," he said.

"OK, Ronald," I said.

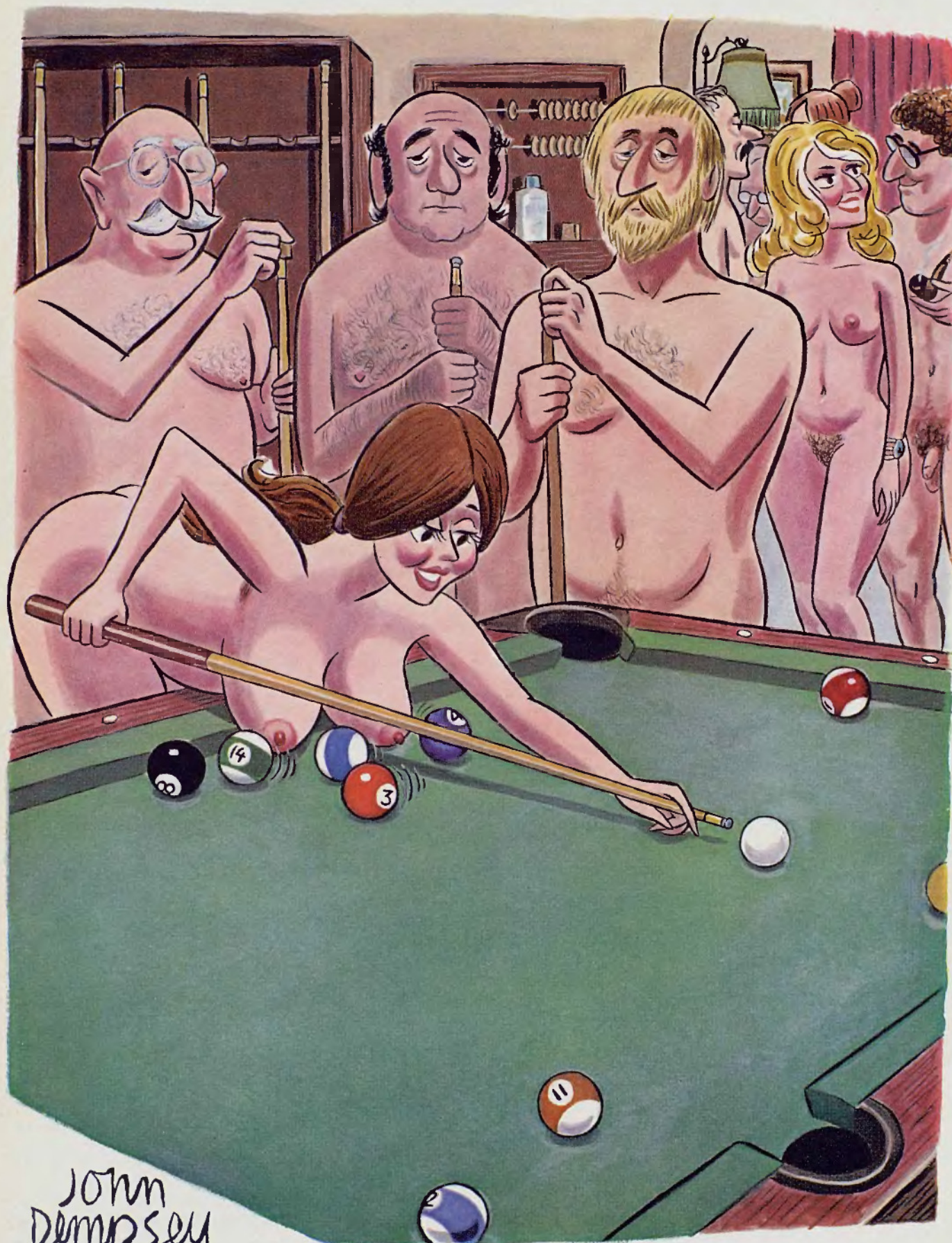
Charne and I walked away together to get the packs.

"God, he's something, isn't he?" she said.

"He sure as hell is," I said.

Ronald didn't eat any supper that night. He sat in the grass watching that light behind the water tower until it went out.





*"Bear in mind, gentlemen, that I'm no Willie Mosconi."*



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MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Childhood's End," by Arthur Clarke

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Became the first American to win the Chopin International Piano Competition in Warsaw.

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