

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1976 • \$1.25

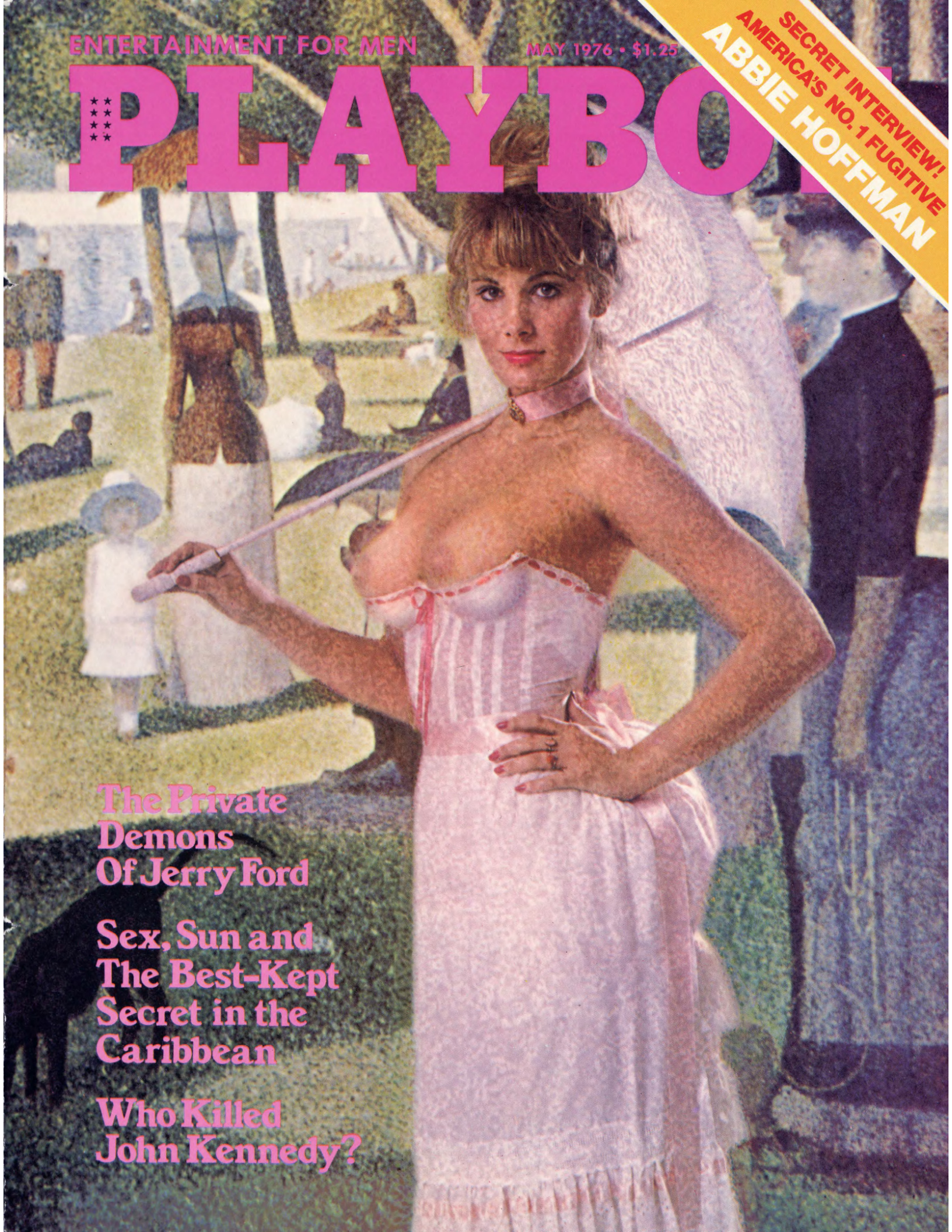
PLAYBOY

SECRET INTERVIEW!
AMERICA'S NO. 1 FUGITIVE
ABBIE HOFFMAN

**The Private
Demons
Of Jerry Ford**

**Sex, Sun and
The Best-Kept
Secret in the
Caribbean**

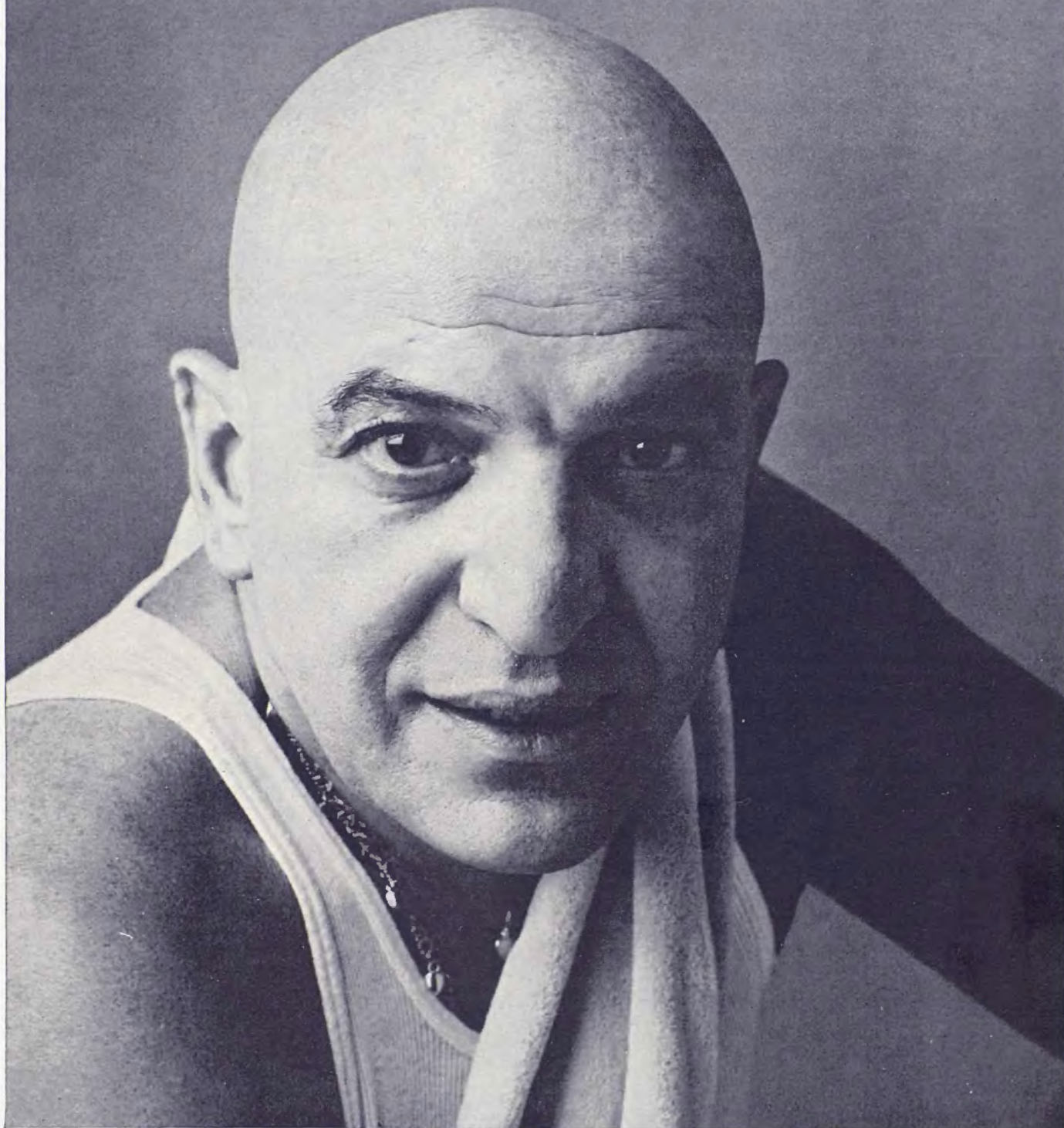
**Who Killed
John Kennedy?**



The chairman of the bar.

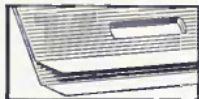


A cut here...a cut there. Not for me, baby.



Hear Telly exclusively
on MCA Records.

I'm no hero when it comes to shaving. And with Gillette Twinjector® Blades, I don't have to be. Because these twin injector blades have the smoothest coating ever invented—DuPont Vydax.* To give me a twin blade injector shave that's safe, close and comfortable.



*Vydax fluorotelomer dispersion is a registered trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company.

**The Gillette Twinjector® Shave.
Beautiful, baby.**

©The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass.



Twin blades that
fit your injector razor.

The proud smoke

Product of a proud land.

Tobacco. It's as proud a part of the American tradition as the Statue of Liberty. At Liggett & Myers, we've made tobacco into a cigarette worthy of that tradition. The rich, mellow, distinctively smooth L&M. Smoke it proudly.

For color poster of New York Harbor without commercial identification, send 2 L&M pack bottoms and 75¢ to P.O. Box 60-1904, Minneapolis, MN 55460. Offer void to persons under 21 years of age. Good in U.S. only, except where prohibited, licensed, taxed or restricted by law. Offer expires December 31, 1976. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

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

Filter King: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.



PLAYBILL

IF AN INTERVIEWER told his editor that he wanted his expense money in cash, that he could provide no receipts, that he couldn't mention his subject's name aloud and that the magazine would just have to trust him to deliver, you would assume the interview was highly unusual. You'd be right. **Ken Kelley**, a free-lancer with many friends in radical groups, went above and beyond the call of duty to conduct this month's *Playboy* Interview with **Abbie Hoffman**. In hiding for two years since his cocaine bust in New York City, the down prince of Sixties radicals has reclaimed the title of America's best-known fugitive in the so-called revolutionary underground following Patty Hearst's capture. And until now, he hasn't surfaced long enough to give anyone a full picture of his desperate existence underground, with the rhetoric stripped away. As to what Kelley went through to conduct the interview, read *Riding the Underground Range with Abbie* for an adventure story in itself.

Gerald Ford may be "oatmeal man" to some, but we've been wondering if he's really as harmless as all that. Remember, the guy has access to The Button. So we asked **Richard Rhodes** to unravel the spirit and psyche of the President. The result is *The Demons of Gerald Ford*; the artwork is by **Alex Ebel**.

Our fiction is highlighted by the conclusion of *The West End Horror*, a previously unknown memoir by the late Dr. John H. Watson, concerning his friend Sherlock Holmes, that was "discovered and edited" by **Nicholas Meyer** ("discoverer" of *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*). *The West End Horror* will soon be out in book form, courtesy of E. P. Dutton in the U. S. and Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., in Great Britain. (Historical footnote: The first issue of *PLAYBOY* contained a Holmes adventure.) Our other fiction piece, *Goldilocks and the Three Beers*, is **Danny Santiago's** comic tale of a young *chicano's* infatuation.

Tennis con Amore is **William Murray's** antic account of time spent with a pair of racket-wielding blithe spirits from Italy; among Murray's various current projects is a book on the top tennis tournaments for Dodd, Mead (which will also publish his book *Horse Fever* in the fall). The to-the-point illustration for Murray's tale is by Chicago artist **Ed Paschke**.

Also on hand is Part V of *Playboy's History of Assassination in America*, by **James McKinley**—which will be published in book form late this year by Harper & Row—with some unsettling new light on the killing of President Kennedy and some analytical artwork by **Alan Cober**.

Weakness is a take-off on Michael Korda's best-selling *Power!*; it's by **John Hughes**, who weakly boasts that he was "attacked, beaten and robbed at a Christian Brotherhood Conference."

We've also got a trio of useful information pieces. **David Platt** offers some permutations of the jump suit in *Jump Shots*, with mixed-media illustrations by **Guy Fery**. In *21st Century Flix*, **Don Sutherland**—a contributing editor and columnist for several film and photo magazines—tells all about those super-8 movie cameras. And we won't give away *The Best-Kept Secret in the Caribbean* just yet, except to say that it has something to do with one of the great travel myths of our time.

Now for some visual treats. *Parkins' Place* is a pictorial revisiting of actress **Barbara Parkins**, with text by Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**. **Suze Randall**, the photographer (and ex-model) from London who's been shooting a lot of our Playmates lately and doing a far-out job, points her camera at . . . Suze, in *Picturing Herself*. And *Never Eat Anything Bigger than Your Head* gives some welcome exposure to **B. Kliban**, one of the new breed of off-the-wall artists that Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry has been finding. Comments Kliban, whose feature is excerpted from a book (same title) that Workman (the publisher who put out his best-selling *Cat Book*) is releasing: "Curiously enough, I have never eaten anything bigger than my head, or most of my friends' heads, either; it seems like good advice, though." Indeed,



KELLEY



RHODES



EBEL



MEYER



MURRAY



PASCHKE



COBER



HUGHES



WILLIAMSON



SUZE



KLIBAN



FERY

PLAYBOY®

vol. 23, no. 5—may, 1976

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Ford's Demons

P. 82



Free Parkins

P. 86



Special Super-8s

P. 92



Secret Pleasures

P. 96



Three Beers

P. 103

PLAYBILL 3

DEAR PLAYBOY 9

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 17

MOVIES 20

Our critic applauds Robert De Niro in *Taxi Driver* but pans a tasteless Gable and Lombard. Also, Robert Redford on the filming of *All the President's Men*.

BOOKS 26

New novels by James Purdy, Gore Vidal, Leon Uris and Irving Wallace.

TELEVISION 30

A preview of the May 16 special *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood*, and Sheila Graham's candid comments about the production.

MUSIC 32

A new album by the phenomenally fast-rising Phoebe Snow, and the reissue of an old one by Mel Tormé and Frances Faye.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 37

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 45

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ABBIE HOFFMAN—candid conversation 57

Currently a fugitive from a drug bust, the cofounder of the Yippies discusses his life in exile, his childhood, sex, drugs, communism and his plans for a new underground movement. In addition, there's interviewer Ken Kelley's sometimes bizarre chronicle of his *Riding the Underground Range with Abbie*.

THE DEMONS OF GERALD FORD—article RICHARD RHODES 82

Lurking beneath the calm, albeit bumbling exterior of our President lies a vengeful, perhaps even dangerous man. A plunge into Jerry's secret past for an in-depth psychological portrait.

PARKINS' PLACE—pictorial 86

Barbara Parkins (of *Peyton Place* fame) is what they call a class act. Accompanying our pictorial, some straight-talking by Miss Parkins as noted by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson.

TENNIS CON AMORE—sports WILLIAM MURRAY 91

A romp with two talented Italians who firmly believe that there's more to life than ground strokes and half volleys.

21ST CENTURY FLIX—modern living DON SUTHERLAND 92

The new super-8 movie cameras may not make you a Francis Ford Coppola or a James Wong Howe, but they'll do just about everything else.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1976 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: PLAYMATE/MODEL NANCY CAMERON, DESIGNED BY TOM STAEBLER, PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 93 (1); DAVID BAHN, P. 3; WILMA BOND, P. 129 (1), 126 (2); CHARLES W. BUSH, P. 3; DAVID CHAN, P. 3 (2); JEFF COHEN, P. 3; MIKEL COVEY, P. 3; GRANT EDWARDS, P. 3, 109 (1), 109 (1); RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 86-87, 89 (2); GUY FERY, P. 3; KEN FRANTZ, P. 93 (3), 96-97; DWIGHT HOOKER, P. 133 (1); POMPEO POSAR, P. 128-129; JOHN RICHARDSON, P. 86.



COVER STORY

Believe it or not, the Rabbit on this month's cover was not the product of a touch-up job by our art staff—it actually appears in Seurat's *Grande Jatte*. But don't take our word for it; the original painting, with Rabbit intact, can be seen hanging majestically in the Art Institute of Chicago, and reproductions abound.

THE BEST-KEPT SECRET IN THE CARIBBEAN—travel 96

Until now, you had to be either a spy or a native to know the right times and places to have fun under the sun in the tropics. Our very own staff of Robinson Crusoes has discovered when and where to go for maximum enjoyment.

GOLDBLOCKS AND THE THREE BEERS—fiction DANNY SANTIAGO 103

What happens when a saintly *chicano* falls in love with a peroxide blonde.

SINGLE-MINDED MISS MCCLAIN—playboy's playmate of the month . . 104

Our outspoken Miss May knows what she wants—and then some.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 114

THE WEST END HORROR—fiction NICHOLAS MEYER 116

In the conclusion of this new adventure by the author of *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, Sherlock Holmes tangles with Bram (Dracula) Stoker.

THE HAUTBURGER—food EMANUEL GREENBERG 119

Tired of eating bland patties that look like they've just been run over by a steam roller? Try the gourmet approach.

WEAKNESS—parody JOHN HUGHES 121

You say you've read *Power!* by Michael Korda and you're still not going up, up, up? Our author discusses the advantages of being a door mat.

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION—article JAMES MCKINLEY 122

Second of two parts, in which all the theories on the most controversial and mysterious of Presidential assassinations are examined—that of John F. Kennedy.

SHOWER POWER!—modern living 128

When it comes to the new shower heads, getting clean is only half the fun.

PICTURING HERSELF—pictorial 133

The talented Suze Rondall, photographer and model, focuses her camera on a dynamite subject—Suze!

THE HANGED MAN WATCHING—ribald classic PIETRO ARETINO 139

JUMP SHOTS—attire DAVID PLATT 140

Its origins may have been utilitarian, but the jump suit now leads a life of leisure.

NEVER EAT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN YOUR HEAD—humor KLIBAN 143

That and other sage advice from the king of off-the-wall cartoonists.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 186



Wet Heads

P. 128



Lens Lady

P. 133



Memoired Holmes

P. 116



May's McClain

P. 104



Jump Suits

P. 140

88-89; DENNIS SCOTT, P. 3; SUZANNE SEED, P. 3; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3; SUZE, P. 3, 104-107, 108 (1), 109 (2), 113, 133-137; UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL, P. 122 (2), 124, 126 (2); WIDE WORLD, P. 123 (1), P. 10, ELTON JOHN PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH STEVENS, FROM THE BOOK "ELTON JOHN AND BERNIE TAUPIN," BY PAUL GAMBACCINI, PUBLISHED BY FLASH BOOKS; P. 12, "THE BLOB" COURTESY ACKERMAN SCIENCE FICTION ARCHIVES; P. 122 (1), 123 (4), 126 (1), 127 (7), 204 (2), THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES; P. 123 (1), 127 (1), ZAPRUDER FRAMES, COPYRIGHT © 1963 BY LMN COMPANY, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED; P. 127 (2), PHOTOS COURTESY OF HAROLD WEISSBERG.

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1976, VOL. 23, NO. 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., AND AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P. O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.

You can watch the day drift by with Minolta.



The stillness of that special moment can last forever when you capture it with a camera that responds to your mood.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

For many happy returns of the day, try a Minolta SR-T. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta SR-T

More camera for your money.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

SHELDON WAX *managing editor*

GARY COLE *photography editor*

G. BARRY GOLSON *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

FICTION: ROBE MACAULEY *editor*, VICTORIA CHEN HAIDER, WALTER SUBLETTE *assistant editors*
SERVICE FEATURES: TOM OWEN *modern living editor*; DAVID PLATT *fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor* • CARTOONS: MICHELLE URRY *editor* • COPY: ARLENE BOURAS *editor*, STAN AMBER *assistant editor* • STAFF: WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MCNEESE, ROBERT SHEA, DAVID STEVENS *senior editors*; LAURENCE GONZALES, DAVID STANDISH *staff writers*; JOHN BLUMENTHAL, CARL PHILIP SNYDER *associate editors*; J. F. O'CONNOR, JAMES R. PETERSEN, ED WALKER *assistant editors*; SUSAN HEISLER, MARIA NEKAM, BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN, KAREN PADDERUD, TOM PASSAVANT *research editors*; DAVID BUTLER, MURRAY FISHER, ROBERT L. GREEN, NAT HENTOFF, ANSON MOUNT, RICHARD RHODES, JEAN SHEPHERD, ROBERT SHERRILL, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*), JOHN SKOW *contributing editors* • ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES: PATRICIA PAPANGELIS *administrative editor*; ROSE JENNINGS *rights & permissions manager*; MILDRED ZIMMERMAN *administrative assistant*

ART

TOM STAEBLER, KERIG POPE *associate directors*; BOB POST, ROY MOODY, LEN WILLIS, CHET SUSKI, GORDON MORTENSEN, NORM SCHAEFER, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant directors*; JULIE EILERS, VICTOR HUBBARD, GLENN STEWARD *art assistants*; EYE HECKMANN *administrative assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JANICE BERKOWITZ MOSES *associate editor*; HOLLIIS WAYNE *new york editor*; BILL ARSENAULT, DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, DWIGHT HOOKER, POMPEO POSAR *staff photographers*; DON AZUMA, ALEXAS URBA *contributing photographers*; BILL FRANTZ, RICHARD IZUI *associate photographers*; MICHAEL BERRY, JUDY JOHNSON *assistant editors*; LEO KRIEGL *color lab supervisor*; ROBERT CHELIUS *administrative editor*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; ALLEN VARGO *manager*; ELEANORE WAGNER, RITA JOHNSON, MARIA MANDIS, RICHARD QUARTAROLI *assistants*

READER SERVICE

GAYLY GARDNER *director*

CIRCULATION

BEN GOLDBERG *director of newsstand sales*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

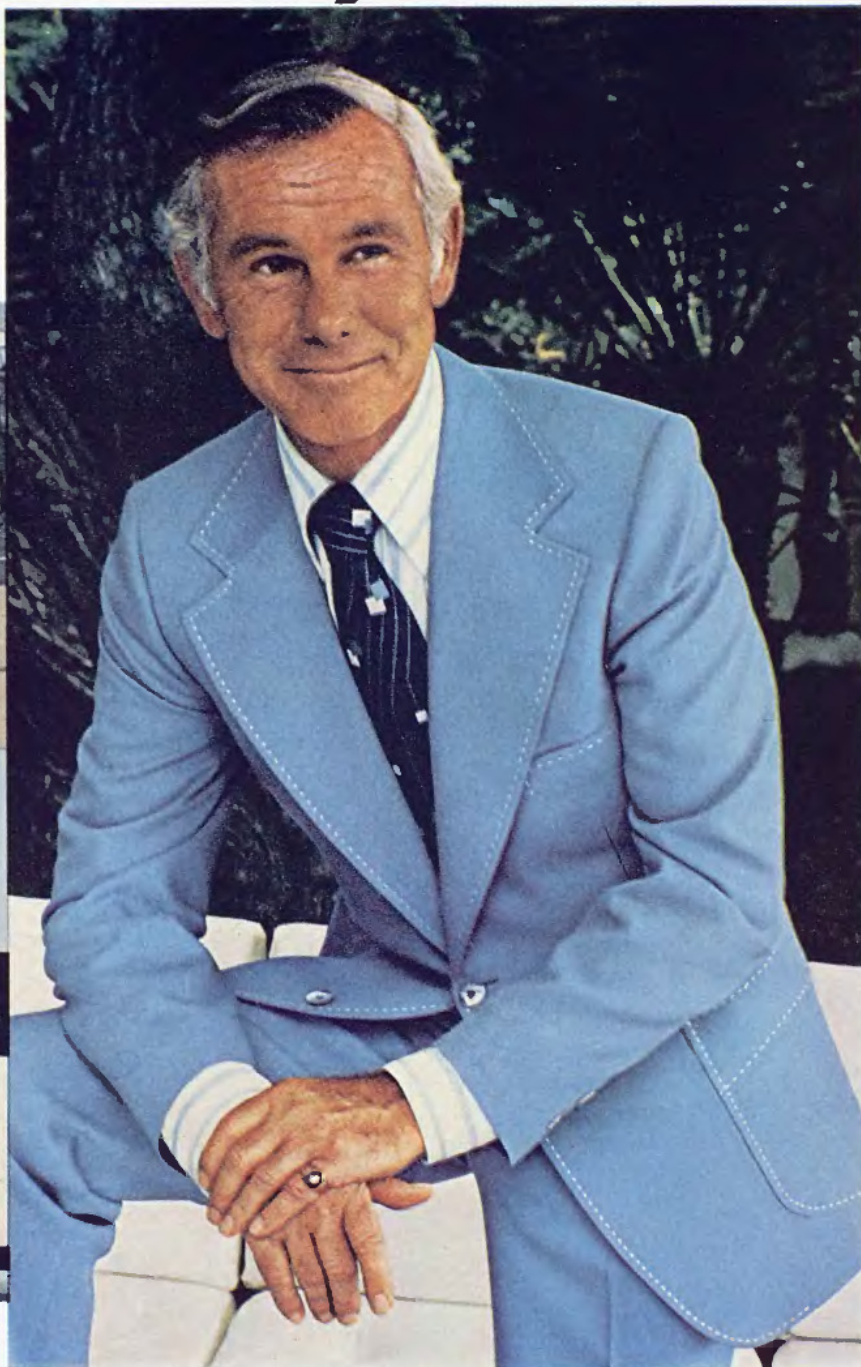
ADVERTISING

HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

RICHARD S. ROSENZWEIG *executive vice-president, publishing group, and associate publisher*; RICHARD M. KOFF *assistant publisher*

here's johnny!



Let me tell you, skydiving is a lot harder than it looks. You've got to know exactly what you're doing. The same's true with clothing. You've got to know what you're doing to design something as good-looking as this suit with the look of denim. I really like the stitching and the big, bold pockets. Looks great in my sport combo, too. My design team really knows its stuff."

JOHNNY CARSON "ASTON" SUIT AND "CROFT" SPORT DUO. IN A DACRON® POLYESTER FABRIC BY KLOPMAN®. COORDINATED SHIRTS AND TIES COMPLETE THE WARDROBE. SEE THE ENTIRE JOHNNY CARSON WARDROBE AT FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

 **JOHNNY CARSON APPAREL INC.** FOR NAME OF THE NEAREST DEALER WRITE TO 2020 ELMWOOD AVE., BUFFALO, N.Y. 14240. CANADIAN RESIDENTS WRITE 637 LAKE SHORE BLVD. W., TORONTO 2B, ONTARIO. ©1976

Cordoba

The Small Chrysler

Confidence. It is what any fine automobile gives you. And what you get in full measure from Cordoba. Here is the confidence of knowing your car has a *look* of great dignity. And the *feel* of great quality. Here, too, is the confidence of knowing your car controls the road, handling both curve and straightaway with marked assurance. In Cordoba, you will enjoy much more than great comfort at a most pleasant price. You will enjoy great confidence. For which there can be *no* price.



 CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

DEAR PLAYBOY

Y ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

PROSE AND CAAN

Your February interview with James Caan not only shows the public what an inarticulate lughead he is but once again proves how really homosexual the *macho* act is. It's about time men realized how the "drinkin', fightin' and fuckin'" pseudo masculinity turns women off.

Barbara Beattie
New York, New York

Speaking of the mooning competition among Jimmy Caan, Bobby Duvall and Marlon Brando—I believe Marlon won the contest once and for all when he mooned them all from the screen in *Last Tango in Paris*.

Francis Ford Coppola
San Francisco, California

I know that every women's libber in the world will be down my throat, but I agree with every word Caan said about women and liberation.

Faye Phillips
Tellico Plains, Tennessee

Thank you for the long-awaited interview with James Caan. A truly great actor, he is also an honest, down-to-earth individual who seems to really enjoy life.

Jeff Benario
New Rochelle, New York

The next time Caan gets into a situation and doesn't know whether to shit or go blind, tell him to fart and close one eye.

Don Bortz
Titusville, Florida

Poor Jimmy. Movie stardom aside, he's obviously a frustrated (and brilliant) master of the Rickles-style put-down. Hilarious! When does his act open in Vegas?

Milt Tatelman
New York, New York

I personally hope that James Caan wins his well-deserved Oscar as Asshole of the Year.

Joe Riddle
Conway, Arkansas

It's refreshing and encouraging to find a man with enough balls to stand up to today's female chauvinists. I'm glad to see that Caan (unlike so many "enlightened" men these days) doesn't spend his

time trying to apologize for having been born a male.

Bruce L. Crouchet
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

I agree with James Caan: Back to the caves, where the man ruled supreme.

Gloria McGraw
Rochester, New York

I never laughed so much in my life.

Carole Weddle
Salem, Virginia

While I don't really agree with Caan's statements about women, I have to admit he really turns me on.

Linda Dobbs
Miami, Florida

DRUG BUSTERS

Heartiest congratulations on Frank Browning's article *An American Gestapo* (PLAYBOY, February). Drug-law-enforcement efforts need all the exposure of that type they can get. You have performed a valuable public service. For several years now, I have been teaching an undergraduate psychology course in contemporary drug use. One point I have been emphasizing is the insidious immorality that results from trying to solve drug-use problems by law enforcement. Browning's article will be required reading for my students.

Hugh Brown, Ph.D.
University of Miami
Coral Gables, Florida

Thanks for your excellent article exposing the Drug Enforcement Administration as the most corrupt Government agency ever. Although there were several serious contenders for the position, I concur with your selection based upon my experiences as an intelligence officer with the notorious DEA.

Patrick Saunders
Long Beach, California

Frank Browning is to be congratulated for excellent investigative journalism. The real direct threat to most Americans' civil liberties is the DEA. In 1974 alone, 642,000 Americans had their civil liberties infringed upon by state and Federal narcotics officers. At a cost of perhaps a billion dollars in law-enforcement resources, these domestic narcotics officers purported to protect us

The active ingredient in Mon Triomphe is you.

There is no one quite like you. You've got your own personality. Your own chemistry.

And that's the active ingredient in Mon Triomphe cologne.

Mon Triomphe has imported essences and oils that are designed to mix with your body chemistry to give you your own individual scent.

A scent that only you can wear.

Get the cologne that's as distinctive as you are. Mon Triomphe.

Mon Triomphe Cologne, After Shave, Musk Plus Cologne and other fine grooming aids. Available at selected dept. stores and other fine stores.



MEN'S COLOGNE

PLAYBOY, MAY, 1976, VOLUME 23, NUMBER 5. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES, ITS POSSESSIONS AND CANADA, \$24 FOR THREE YEARS, \$10 FOR TWO YEARS, \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE \$15 PER YEAR. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: HERBERT D. MANELOVEG, DIRECTOR OF MARKETING INFORMATION; NELSON FUTCH, MARKETING MANAGER; LEE GOTTLIEB, DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; DON HANRAHAN, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO, SHERMAN KEATS, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 819 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; DETROIT, WILLIAM F. MOORE, MANAGER, 810 FISHER BUILDING; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

against our own folly. In the name of helping us, they made criminals out of more than half a million of us. Laws that purport to criminalize victimless crime invite the type of misuse of power that Frank Browning documents so well. As long as the laws remain, there will be an ample number of narcotics officers more than willing to exercise their potential for abuse.

R. Keith Stroup, Director
NORML
Washington, D.C.

As one of the attorneys for Gainesville Eight defendant Scott Camil, I read with interest Frank Browning's article on the Drug Enforcement Administration. When the First Amendment speaks of freedom of the press, I am satisfied that (at least in 1976, if not in 1776) it contemplates the kind of vigorous investigative reporting exhibited in *An American Gestapo*. The DEA, in my experience, does, indeed, "play" by its own set of rules. It's to be hoped that your exposure of its tactics will lead to corrective legislation and cleaner control. PLAYBOY and Browning are to be congratulated for their efforts.

Larry G. Turner
Gainesville, Florida

An American Gestapo is a cheap shot at the Drug Enforcement Administration. So what if a few innocents were brutalized by agents, even tortured (mostly by foreign police, who react more violently than we Americans)? Or if some marginal criminals were wiped out by a few corrupt cops? Can the author's statistics cancel out the untold numbers of innocent kids lured down the path to addiction by those who would profit from the misery of others?

Bob Funesti
Guam

Somebody's got to clean up the drug traffic in this country.

Lamont Harper
Galveston, Texas

Granted, drug addiction is an evil; but fighting it with an outfit like the DEA is an even greater evil.

Larry Stein
New York, New York

Browning's article saddened and horrified me.

Pete Johnsen
Los Angeles, California

ELTON REVISITED

Elton John's "no comment" on bisexuality in the January *Playboy Interview* is like Richard Nixon's "no comment" on Watergate (except bisexuality is fun). C'mon, Elton; c'mout!

Leslie Love
Hollywood, California

In the introduction to your Elton John interview, you say, "Five years ago, Elton John was just another *schlub* like the rest of us." I find it impossible to believe that anyone as cool and talented as Elton could ever have been a *schlub*.

Arnold Cobb

New York, New York

Now, would we make something like that up, Arnold? Of course not. This picture of Elton was taken some years ago,



during the peak of his schlubidity. Need we say more?

OIL SPILLS

Robert Sherrill's *Oil: The Final Solution* (Selected Shorts, PLAYBOY, February) is excellent. I have yet to see anyone put the situation into perspective as well as Sherrill does. Three cheers for Sherrill and for PLAYBOY!

S. E. Kildahl, Jr.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Resource imperialism is a strange recommendation from "liberal" Robert Sherrill. Is he seriously advocating seizing oil-rich Saudi Arabia in order to "annex it as [an] energy colony"? Surely, turning Iran over to the Russians "to keep them quiet" is a joke.

John G. Merriam, Ph.D.
Bowling Green, Ohio

Robert Sherrill for Secretary of State in '76!

Fortune Cardona
Phoenix, Arizona

CREDIT RATINGS

It was a little difficult to read Craig Vetter's *Why Is a Turnip Like a Freelance Writer?* (PLAYBOY, February), because the batteries in my flashlight are worn down. See—I was in the closet hid-

ing from my creditors. I, too, am a freelance writer, but so far, that's all it's been for—free. Vetter's levelheaded account of poetic poverty picked up my spirits and sent my body right out of the closet. I even turned on a light that night. Thanks, Craig.

Terry Quinn
Media, Pennsylvania

As far as I'm concerned, Craig Vetter is half-assed.

Arthur H. Parson
Honolulu, Hawaii

Vetter's article is a great consolation to me. Misery does, indeed, love company.

John Drumm
Topeka, Kansas

HOCUS FOCUS

Dan Greenburg's article on clairvoyant M. B. Dykshoorn, "*I Don't Make Hocus-Pocus*" (PLAYBOY, February), is well written and easy reading for lay persons interested in ESP and psychic phenomena. Our research of clairvoyant Dykshoorn for the past five years leads us to conclude what laboratories cannot prove—he possesses extrasensory abilities for which we do not have scientific terms. He is, in our opinion, the greatest living psychic.

Dr. James G. Bolton, Jr.
N.C. Society for Psychical and
Parapsychological Research
Charlotte, North Carolina

Dan Greenburg's article on Dykshoorn vividly brings to mind my own impressions of him. Dykshoorn told me, too, that I have "the ability to make them cry and to make them loff," in describing my great acting ability. He said he saw me being a successful actress on the legitimate stage in New York within a year or two. That time limit has passed (unless he confused my being onstage at the Waldorf Astoria once a year at a models convention with acting), but I'm keeping the faith, anyway.

Troyanne Ross
Charlotte, North Carolina

SWEET DREAMS

There may be much that is factually correct in Graham Masterton's article *Understanding Your Erotic Dreams* (PLAYBOY, February), but its tone of certainty seems to me gravely incorrect. Dreams still emerge from and fade into the land of shadow; we should honor them by refraining from dogmatizing about our own, never mind other people's.

Brian W. Aldiss
Abingdon, England

Although Graham Masterton's article is fascinating reading, I feel strongly that it is wrong to lead people to believe that significant interpretations of dreams

IF YOU CAN'T COME TO HOLLAND HAVE A HEINEKEN.

When you do go to Holland, visit this 300-year old windmill, "The Barremolen" in Zoeterwoude. It's dedicated to Van Munching of New York, exclusive importers of Heineken Beer in the U.S.A. Meantime, enjoy Holland with your next glass of Heineken. Light or Dark — or on draft. Heineken tastes tremendous. No wonder it's America's #1 imported beer.



Can a speaker be all things to all people?

You wouldn't think so. But when rock enthusiasts and classical music buffs both write and tell us their B-I-C Venturi's give them more of what they're listening for... and when high sound level listeners and low level listeners both tell us their record collections have taken on a new dimension since they've put B-I-C Venturi's into their systems... and when audio enthusiasts and audio engineers and audio salesmen all write raving about B-I-C Venturi™ accuracy and efficiency and value... we begin to wonder.

Because, finally there is a speaker that can satisfy everyone since it does everything so well, doesn't take up the whole room, and doesn't require a megabuck investment.

Write for our new 20 page Consumer Guide to Loudspeaker Performance. It explains why this is so! B-I-C Venturi, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.



B-I-C VENTURI

might be selected by people to influence their lives. I have compared my erotic dreams with my conscious sexual tastes very carefully, and they are almost the opposite. The dream sex life is normally more boring and repetitive, which is what one would expect from a passive subconscious. One dream that repeats itself like spring onions is set in a holiday camp, where women crowd round me and frig my clitoris until I come. Last night's dream had me fitted with a plastic-surgery penis—stiff and sticking up, with a base embedded in my cunt. It felt very uncomfortable and unfortunately they'd done a crummy job of it, as the frenulum was at the side. Anyhow, I was managing to fuck with it, as far as I can remember. Well, the point is, no way do I want to be a man, or fuck women, either. In real life, I'm enjoying being as feminine as possible. It was fun being a man in the dream, but if I'd taken Masterton's article seriously, I'd be haunted by that dream. I'd be worried sick that maybe, deep down, I am unhappy as a woman.

Tuppy Owens
London, England

FUNDIES

I have been an avid reader of PLAYBOY for many years. Many a lovely lady has graced the pages of your magazine; however, the most beautiful I have seen appears on pages 120 and 121 in your February *Funderwear* spread. Please, where can I see more of this lovely, and who is she?

D. S. Kahlstorf
Little Rock, Arkansas

If you've really been an avid reader for many years, as you claim, you'll recognize her as Lisa Baker, our November 1966 Playmate. Next time, pay attention.

MAAS HYSTERIA

Your review of Peter Maas's *King of the Gypsies* (*Playboy After Hours*, January) is prejudiced and ill informed. Clearly, your reviewer made no attempt to research his topic and has accepted the content of Maas's racist book without question. The reviewer perpetuates unnecessarily a literary stereotype by referring to traditional costumes nobody wears (except in Hollywood), confuses the terms outcast and *marimay* and speaks of pride in illiteracy despite the fact that gypsy schools have been established in many American cities. One expects better from PLAYBOY.

Toussaint Dileau
International Gypsy Committee
Austin, Texas

GAGTIME GAGGLE

Although I loved the book on which it is based, *Gagtime* (*PLAYBOY*, February), by David and Ziggy Steinberg, is great fun to read.

L. P. Johnson
New York, New York

An inspired parody of a great, great book. Well done!

Stephen Harper
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SAP LINES

Loved your *Saps in Cinema* (*PLAYBOY*, February), but I can't believe you could have overlooked the classic sap of the century, Steve McQueen in *The Blob*.

Marsha A. Cox

Upper Montclair, New Jersey

We didn't overlook it, Marsha, we just didn't have room for it. As you know,



McQueen wasn't the Blob but the teenage hero who warned the town about the Blob. He's the one standing in the middle of the picture above.

Good work on *Saps in Cinema*. As a movie- and TV-trivia buff (not much else to do here in South Dakota), I feel obliged to point out a classic that you neglected: Clint Eastwood in *Revenge of the Creature*.

Jack Schmieder
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Aren't you forgetting Jack Nicholson's memorable performance as the masochistic simp drilled out by a pretend dentist in *The Little Shop of Horrors*?

Osgood Schlatter
New York, New York

Sorry, fellas—we didn't have room for any more. Stay tuned for "Saps in Cinema, Part II," coming soon to neighborhood newsstands.

VAN PEEBLES FANS

I enjoy reading and looking at *PLAYBOY*, but seldom have I been so impressed with the quality of the writing as I am with Melvin Van Peebles' *The True American* (*PLAYBOY*, February). Van Peebles handles the language with style and finesse.

Tom Hayes
Minneapolis, Minnesota

It was a blessing reading Melvin Van Peebles' story *The True American*.

Bobbie J. Gallager
Hammondsport, New York



**"Palmolive Rapid-Shave[®]
improved its lather
and I improved
my strokes."** Pancho Gonzales



The Serve "It's thicker. This new, improved Palmolive Rapid-Shave is so thick, it beats the leading shave cream. I can feel the difference."



The Forehand "It's creamier. Moisturizers and beard softeners make my beard an easy target. Feels good on my face, too."



The Backhand "My favorite stroke. New Palmolive Rapid-Shave stays moist on my face for a close, comfortable shave. Its lather is richer and creamier than ever before."

Save 15¢ on a winning shave.

Watch for
Pancho Gonzales' Palmolive
Rapid-Shave
tennis tips
on your favorite
tennis programs.

15¢

STORE COUPON

T-796

SAVE 15¢

on new, improved
Palmolive Rapid-Shave[®]
Regular, Lime, Menthol
Mint and Cologne Scent.

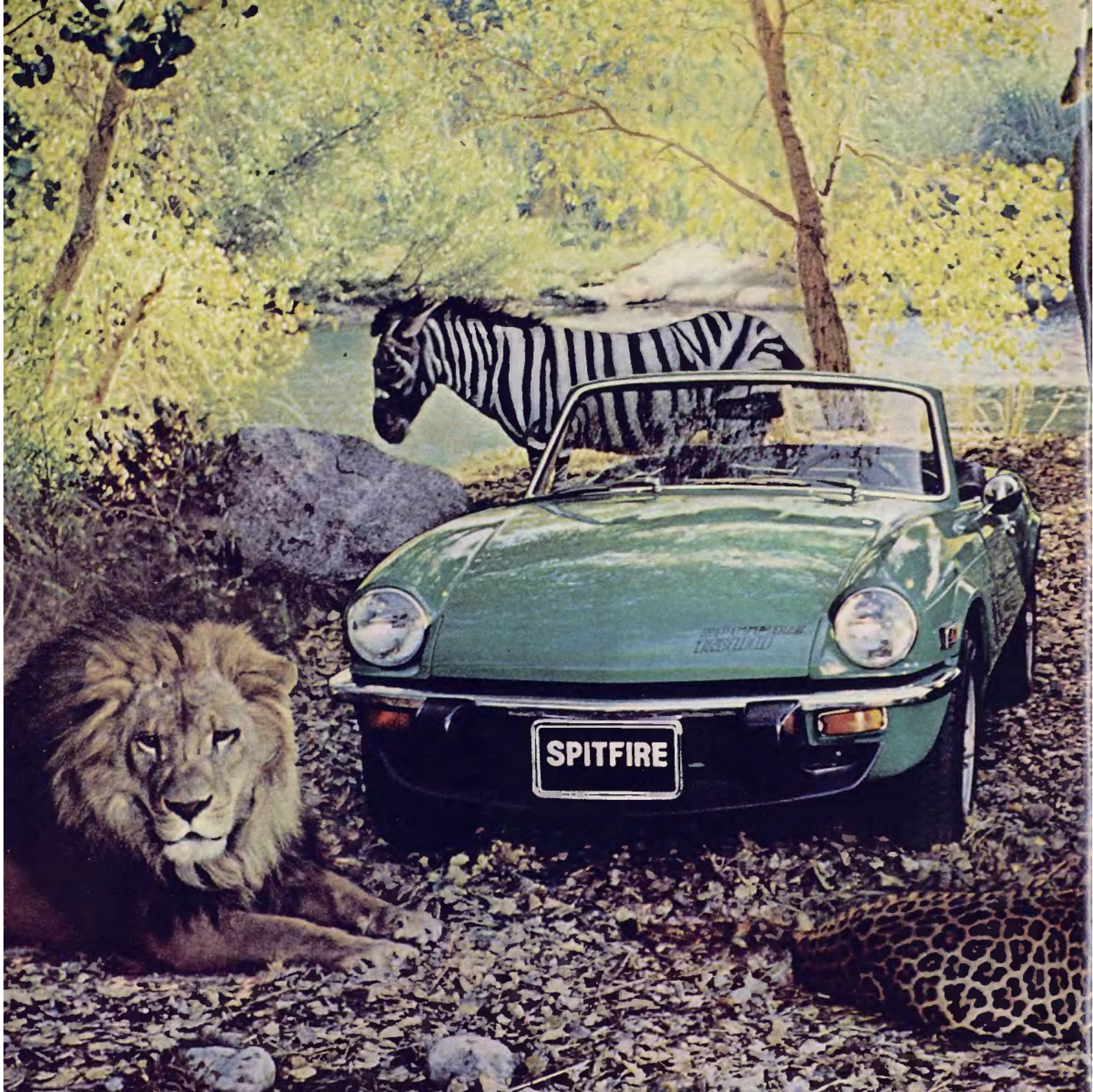
15¢

FORTYFIVE CENTS

NOTICE TO DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon in accordance with the terms thereof. We will reimburse you for the face amount of the coupon or, if the coupon calls for free goods, we will reimburse you for such free goods, plus 5¢ per coupon for handling, provided you and the consumer have complied with the terms of this offer. Presentation for redemption without such compliance constitutes fraud. Invoices proving purchases of sufficient stock of our brand is, to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown upon request and failure to do so will at our option void all coupons submitted for redemption for which such proof is not shown. This coupon is non-transferable and good only on brand's specified. Coupons will not be honored and will be void if presented through outside agencies, brokers or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise unless specifically authorized by us to present coupons for redemption. Consumer must pay any sales tax. Coupon void if lost, is prohibited, restricted or altered. Coupons may be presented to our representative for redemption or mailed to: COLGATE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, P.O. Box 1799, Louisville, KY 40201. Offer expires April 30, 1977. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. Good only on RAPID-SHAVE. Any other use constitutes fraud.

T-796

15¢



SAVE AN ENDANGERED SPECIES.

The convertible, alas, is fast becoming extinct.

Since 1970 alone, 46 foreign and domestic makes have disappeared. Last year, even the once-mighty Corvette fell victim.

In view of this, we'd like to remind you that you can still

invest in the stubborn survivors shown above:

Namely, the classically beautiful Triumph TR6 and the racebred Triumph Spitfire.

Being true open roadsters, each lets you feel a wind-in-the-hair freedom almost forgotten in today's boxed-in world.

Being true sports cars, each also offers a high-torque, high-revving engine. Full instrumentation. Four-speed fully synchronized transmission. Responsive rack-and-pinion steering. Four-wheel independent suspension. And sure-stopping



BUY ONE.

front disc brakes.

What's more, both face economic reality as squarely as they face survival. With estimated EPA mileage of 19 mpg (city) and 25 mpg (highway) for the TR6; and 25 mpg (city) and 37 mpg (highway) for the Spitfire. (Your mileage will depend

on where and how you drive, the condition of your car, and your optional equipment.)

All of this, of course, helps explain why the TR6 and Spitfire are still around.

After all, it's the strongest in any species that survive.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700. In Illinois call: 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

TRIUMPH



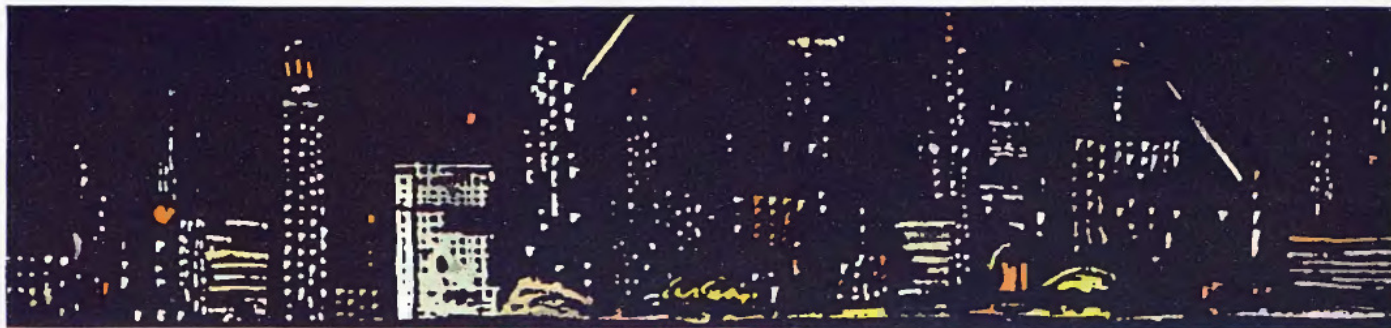
Don't settle for
a halfway menthol.

Come all the way
up to KOOL.
Pure menthol and
the taste of extra
coolness have
made KOOL America's
#1 selling
menthol.



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

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



You are hereby sentenced to two hours of eating out. An article on sex in the nation's capital, appearing in the White Plains, New York, *Reporter Dispatch*, noted that "of the roughly 450 women who pleaded guilty or who were convicted of prostitution in 1974, only three percent were sentenced to jail and only 13 percent were dined."

Carburetor au gratin: After having conducted a telephone poll to find out whether Americans are really trying to conserve energy in the home, the Federal Energy Administration has concluded that five percent of the American public is lying. The last question of the poll—which included obvious queries such as "Do you use electrical appliances less?"—was "Have you installed a thermidor in your automobile?" Five percent answered yes. Thermidor is a way of preparing lobster.

From *The Wichita Sun's* TV schedule: "M*A*S*H: Hawkeye wrecks his jeep, suffers a concussion and finds himself in a Korean."

Listen louder, I can't talk to you: At the request of the military, two California scientists have developed a device that allows people to talk through their ears.

Police in Lahti, Finland, arrested ten persons for being drunk and disorderly at a party. "There wasn't a single sober person in the place," a police spokesman said. The festivities were organized by the town's temperance board.

An Akron, Ohio, man froze to death in his home this past winter after his gas was shut off for nonpayment of a \$60 bill. The office manager of the East Ohio Gas

Company issued this condolence: "It's too bad about the man's death. We probably won't have a chance of collecting the money now."

How about Three Musketeers for the next one? A University of Maryland astronomer who has discovered what appears to be the nearest galaxy to our Milky Way has named the new cluster of stars Snickers.

There's nothing ostensibly funny about this sign, posted outside a Hialeah, Florida, curtain store: GET MEASURED AT OUR EXPENSE AND DRAPED AT YOURS. Punch line: The first D in draped had fallen off.



A senator from the island of Yap in Micronesia has introduced a bill that will prohibit the wearing of neckties in Micronesia, because, as the bill states, neckties have "no redeeming social qualities." Added to the bill is the provision that any person who violates the act shall be considered an idiot and upon conviction will have a piece of Yapese stone money tied around his neck, "for the duration of his natural life and thereafter until he mends his errant ways."

You mean the girls have shorter billy clubs, right? London's *Daily Mail* ran the following blurb in a full-page ad promoting policework as a career for men and women: "What's the Difference Between a Policeman and a Policewoman? Basically, About Four Inches."

Bear left at the St. Lawrence Seaway. . . . Several hours after viewing the movie *Jaws*, a 17-year-old girl from Wichita, Kansas, started having terror attacks, during which her fingers trembled, her back became rigid, her limbs jerked and she shouted, "Sharks! Sharks!" The attacks continued for three days until her doctor convinced her that the risk of a shark attack in central Kansas was, indeed, remote.

Does the K in K.G.B. stand for ka-ka? Reviewing a novel on international intrigue, *The Austin American-Statesman* described one of the book's main characters: "General Daniell is a troublemaker and he may be a defecator to the Communists."

An elderly Mississippi woman received an overpayment of \$146 on her Social Security check and reported the mistake to her local representative, who suggested she put the extra money in a

bank while he looked into the error. The overpayment continued for ten months, by which time the lady's bank balance had gone up to over \$1400. The next thing she knew, she got a notice saying she was being cut off from Medicaid because she had too much money in the bank.

Well, he couldn't very well have it mimeographed, could he? Responding to a bomb scare, police thoroughly searched a girls' dorm at the University of Georgia. They found no explosives but did come across a young man "exposing himself on a Xerox machine."

The show must go on: Services were held recently in Los Angeles for an 81-year-old woman who was not present at her own funeral. The hearse containing her body was stolen on the way to the cemetery, but the woman's relatives, apprised by the mortuary of the theft, decided to go ahead with the services anyway.

Reporting a new world endurance record for continuous hand clapping, the *Las Vegas Sun* ran this misleading headline: "FOUR GIRLS SET NEW CLAP MARK."

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for unparalleled stupidity, a West German man who called birth-control pills a swindle because, though he took them for seven years, his wife had had six children. When told by doctors that the pill was for women, the man said: "But the directions on the box don't say that."

THE WORST & MOST UNUSUAL

Civilization has always celebrated man's greatest works—greatest paintings, greatest scenes in literature, greatest statements—but man's worst efforts and stupidest ideas have gone unrecognized. In an attempt to rectify this situation, we bring you a sampling from the book *Best, Worst, and Most Unusual* (Crowell), by Bruce Felton and Mark Fowler.



to be? A fifteen-room kessel wasn't good enough for you?

WORST PAINTINGS: An unnamed Dutch artist depicted the sacrifice of Isaac with Abraham holding a loaded blunderbuss to his son's head. The German artist Berlin painted a *Madonna and Child* with the subjects being serenaded by a violinist. In a Last Supper scene painted by a French artist, the table has been set with cigar lighters.

Another Frenchman painted Adam and Eve in Eden, fig-leaved and innocent, with a fully dressed hunter nearby pursuing ducks with a shotgun.

MOST UNUSUAL ABORTION TECHNIQUE: As late as the early years of the 20th Century, it was traditional for a Moslem peasant woman in upper Egypt to terminate an unwanted pregnancy by lying face down on the railroad tracks and allowing the next scheduled train to pass over her.

WORST STREAKERS: The worst streak occurred when two naked students parachuted from a rented Cessna 182 over the University of Georgia campus. Blown off target, one landed in the playground of a married students' housing complex and the other touched down in a cesspool.

MOST UNUSUAL EROGENOUS ZONE: According to Freud, the human nose contains tissue that becomes erect when sexually stimulated.

MOST UNUSUAL SUICIDE: A Shrewsbury Englishman, William G. Hall, ended it all in 1971 by boring eight holes in his head with an electric drill.

MOST UNUSUAL OATH: Since the Romans had no Bibles on which to swear, it was the custom to place one's right hand on one's testicles when swearing to tell the truth. The English word testimony is derived from this practice.

WORST RHYMESTER: The Reverend William Cook of Salem, Massachusetts, who during the 19th Century wrote *Indian Corn*, which is found in a booklet of poems titled *Talk About Indians*, published in 1873, and has a charm all its own:

*Corn, corn, sweet Indian corn,
Greenly you grew long ago.
Indian fields well to adorn,
And to parch or grind hah-ho!*

WORST DRAWING: *Le Remède*, by Watteau, which depicts a reclining Venus about to receive an enema administered by her chambermaid.

WORST TOY: In 1968, a Japanese firm introduced a toy atomic bomb that flashes, bangs and emits a cloud of real smoke.

WORST SCIENTIFIC PROJECT: J. V. Walker, a National Health officer in England, has suggested that researchers develop a pill that will postpone puberty until after students complete college.

MOST UNUSUAL GENERAL: General Richard S. Ewell, who fought gallantly for the Confederacy at Winchester and Gettysburg, sometimes hallucinated that he was a bird. For hours at a time, he would sit in his tent softly chirping to himself and at mealtimes, he would accept only sunflower seeds or a few grains of wheat.


WORST ACT OF DIPLOMACY: During the Middle East war of 1948, Warren Austin, then U.S. Ambassador to the UN, urged Arabs and Jews to resolve their disagreements "like good Christians."

MOST UNUSUAL STOLEN BASE: Germany Schaefer, an infelder for the Pittsburgh Pirates and other National League clubs from 1901 to 1918, once reached second base on a double and then proceeded to steal first. He did it, he later said, to confuse the pitcher.

MOST UNUSUAL SHAKESPEAREAN PRODUCTION: Patients at the Orthodox Jewish Menorah Home and Hospital for the Aged and Infirm of New York produced and staged *Macbeth*, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, in 1964. Sample dialog: LADY MACBETH: Did I do bad? I wanted my husband to be a somebody. MACBETH: A king I hed



The All-Together Separate-Lees—From the people who brought you the Leesure Suit comes the Separate Lees Suit,[™] a tastefully tailored ensemble composed of jacket (about \$40), vest and jeans (each about \$18). All Lee-Set[™] 100% cotton to resist wrinkling, shrinking and puckering. And all designed to subtly inter-change with other Separate-Lees to create looks to suit the occasion or your mood. The added touch: A Lee "Sultan Stripe" shirt (about \$16). The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019. (212) 765-4215.

Lee[™] A company of  corporation

MOVIES

A hack's-eye view of Fun City, *Taxi Driver* plants Robert De Niro behind the wheel of a cab and sends him off on a downbeat guided tour of the lower depths inhabited by pimps, hustlers and other fierce nocturnal predators. This is no joy ride. In fact, compared with *Taxi Driver's* horrific journey through Manhattan, *Midnight Cowboy* was a spin on a merry-go-round. Director Martin (Mean Streets and Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More) Scorsese is a street-wise New York native who paints the town in garish neon. Although *Taxi Driver* is very well done up to a point, the only sensible reason for making—or sitting through—a movie so crammed full of bad vibes is the hypnotic performance by De Niro. Cast as a desperate, lonely insomniac who drives by night, he's like a tortured Dostoevsky character cruising the fleshpits around Times Square—bitter at having, as he complains at one point, to “clean the cum off the back seat” of his taxi. He himself strikes out with women and is flatly spurned by a golden girl who becomes the object of his obsessions while going about her business as a political campaign worker (Cybill Shepherd performs well enough in another of those snow-queen roles she seems destined to play till hell freezes over). More isolated than ever, De Niro's psychotic cabby assembles a cache of deadly weapons, undertakes a Spartan program of physical fitness and, imagining himself surrounded by enemies, decides that sooner or later he will have to kill someone. De Niro, too smart an actor to milk pathos in a plea for audience sympathy, plays this perennial loser straight in a clinically precise portrait that's about as heart-warming as a home movie starring Lee Harvey Oswald or James Earl Ray. Among the friends and foes within firing range are Peter Boyle, as a veteran cabby called Wizard; Jodie Foster, a precocious teeny-bopper actress who plays a 12-and-a-half-year-old hustler with unnerving aplomb; Harvey Keitel, as her sewer-mouthed pimp; and former CBS-TV film critic Leonard Harris, in a passable acting debut as a Presidential candidate who's clearly one of an endangered species (we won't dwell on the possible motivations for casting a critic as a target). After a cool and well-sustained build-up to its grisly climax, *Taxi Driver* takes a couple of hairpin turns into serious trouble. Scorsese and scenarist Paul Schrader leave

Tortured Taxi Driver.



Treacly Dragonfly.



“*Nudie Musical* bounces along with the nose-thumbing impudence of a varsity show.”

Bright, bawdy Musical.



the story with a screw loose, finally suggesting that there's nothing like a good old catharsis of murderous violence to bring a psycho to his senses. A doubtful premise for a movie aspiring to make the big time and just missing it.

Too many recent movies have nothing shining brightly but a couple of hard-pressed

young stars. As a case in point, Susan Sarandon and Beau Bridges lavish a lot of talent upon *Dragonfly*, an improbable love story about a small-town boy who comes home from a mental hospital and tries to reconstruct his troubled past. Beau, of course, plays the anguished youth, with Susan as a straightforward, unwaveringly loyal candy clerk he picks up at the local moviehouse. She knows he's not the kind of fella who could have murdered his mother, yet people say he did and he is subject to sporadic fits of violence. If Bridges and Sarandon make some of this treacle ring true, even give it a touch of poignancy, more credit accrues to them than to producer-director Gilbert Cates or to playwright N. Richard Nash.

A chorus line of busty Hollywood hopefuls wearing nothing but flowered bonnets and Ruby Keeler tap shoes sets

the pace of *The First Nudie Musical*, an R-rated parody that brings welcome comic relief to the tired old world of porno. Bruce Kimmel, a West Coast upstart who has obviously seen every movie Mel Brooks ever made, even looks a bit like Brooks—but color him blue. As writer, codirector, songwriter and top banana of *First Nudie Musical*, Kimmel lets his protean talents hang loose, playing the schlemiel nephew whose uncle invests enough bread to buy the bagelbrain his Big Chance to direct a movie. It's a porno musical conceived by a young hustler named Harry (Stephen Nathan) who doesn't want his dad to know that the great Hollywood studio he founded, now seedy and shambling, has been kept out of bankruptcy for years by grinding out hard-core quickies. *Come, Come Now* is Harry's title for the sex epic in song that's supposed to save the family store, though his auditions for fresh young talent “that can screw and carry a tune” seem to attract deep-throaty types whose showbiz experience can be summed up with: “fellatio, straight fucking . . . and some minor bestiality.” The joke is stretched too far and the humor ranges from semipro to flagrantly sophomoric, yet *Nudie Musical* bounces along with the nose-thumbing impudence of a varsity show—as it might have been done if tits and ass had been allowable in Hollywood's corny college musicals of yore. Cindy Williams (one of *American Graffiti's* brighter ingénues) plays Harry's loyal, loving secretary, who has to take

Ride the Honda Rapid Transit. Downtown. Or out of town.

It's private transportation the public loves. Because weekdays this XL-350 on/off-road Honda seems so virtuous. Commuting reliably. Sipping gas. But with enough power to let you double-up. A real white hat.

Weekends it likes to play dirty! And this year off-road handling feels lighter (thanks to new steering geometry) and works harder (new longer-travel suspension). The engine is stronger, too. And the old one is still the only bike engine ever to win the Baja 1000, overall.

Your Honda dealer has XL's from 70 to 350cc. Each with two personalities at no extra cost. Kinda like you...

*When you swap your guitar
and bedroll*

*For a businessman's
leather case,
There's still an XL for you
To brighten your Monday face.*

HONDA
First. For good reason.

Always wear a helmet and eye protection, keep lights on and check local laws before riding. Model availability may be limited. For free brochure, write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. AJ, Box 50, Gardena, California 90247. Printed in U.S.A.
©1976 AHM



Rapid Dirt Transit demands long-travel shocks (adjustable), tucked up-pipe, flexible plastic fenders to help hide scratches, steel skid plate.



Rapid City Transit needs four-stroke power and quietness, passenger pegs and grab strap, Honda reliability, enough wheelbase and trail for street stability.

over the leading role when he fires his star. Smilin' through that schmaltz as if she'd never heard of smut, Cindy brings an air of straightforward innocence to the whole show, even when she joins Nathan for a deadpan art-deco homage to Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire and probably Busby Berkeley, an up-tempoed duet about the joys of oral sex ("Let 'em eat cake . . . and let me eat you"). The slapstick *Dancing Dildos* number is another high point of a bawdy little comedy that flaunts its decadence like a teenager bobbing around in a SOCK IT TO ME T-shirt.

A whole new set of film prizes must be invented to single out the very special attributes of *Gable and Lombard*, an overblown biography about the idolized Hollywood couple whose fans won't recognize them here. But moving right along with our awards: To producer Harry Korshak and director Sidney J. Furie, a tarnished Gold Albatross—for sheer *chutzpah*; it took crass opportunism as well as unflagging bad taste to disinter all the smuttiest gossip about two late great stars who are no longer around to defend themselves—and who *would* have, with a punch in the kisser. To James Brolin as Clark Gable, a Least Actor award—for turning The King into a klutz, an impersonation apparently based on extensive research in a wax museum. To Jill Clayburgh as Carole Lombard, a Most Miscast Actress consolation prize—for a futile effort that insiders swear is meant to be Maureen Stapleton as a summer-stock apprentice imitating Jean Arthur. To Allen Garfield as MGM tycoon Louis B. Mayer, a Purple Heart-warmer—for a good actor bravely fighting hopeless odds. To Barry Sandler, author of the screenplay, an Obscene Oscar—for peddling the year's outstanding example of R-rated pornography: with special mention for the scene in which Lombard gives Gable a hand-knitted cock sock ("Maybe you'll grow into it") and a nod for the final stab of pathos, when Gable tearfully tells one of Lombard's favorite dirty jokes in a tribute to what's left of her at the plane-crash site. To Universal Pictures, the people who brought us *Jaws*, a critical harpoon—for biting off a Hollywood legend that's considerably more than they can chew.

A blizzard in the Austrian Alps, we're told, delayed the shooting of *Crime and Passion*. Shooting was too good for this turkey, in which Omar Sharif and Karen Black co-star, or co-suffer—he as a nervous financial manipulator who becomes uncontrollably horny every time he hears bad news, she as a girlfriend who marries an international business tycoon to bail Omar out of a jam. Too bad she couldn't have bailed both of them out of the movie—in advance.

Well, they've finally made Nixon's downfall into a movie. "All the President's

Men" (based on the book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, serialized in *PLAYBOY*, May and June, 1974) has just been released. With Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford, respectively, playing the two journalists, the movie is supposed to have a larger advance booking than "*Jaws*." Redford, as usual, is keeping a low profile off the screen, but we thought it might be interesting to check in with him and see how he feels about the movie (he owns a large percentage of the rights) and about politics. So we asked Larry DuBois, who conducted our



Redford (& Hoffman) to the rescue.

December 1974 "Playboy Interview" with Redford, to try to reach him by telephone. After several days, DuBois finally succeeded.

PLAYBOY: The Great Redford. How are you?

REDFORD: The Great Redford's fading.

PLAYBOY: You're a hard man to get in touch with.

REDFORD: That's true. I'm a hard man to get in touch with for myself.

PLAYBOY: You pleased with the movie?

REDFORD: I've worked harder on this than on anything I've ever been involved with, so I'm the wrong person to ask. It could never be good enough to satisfy me. But it's pretty close to the film I wanted to make.

PLAYBOY: You said before you started the picture that it was going to be about journalism, not Watergate.

REDFORD: It's really about both. It's about the two reporters and their relationship while they get this particular story. But you also learn something about reporting, the newspaper business and particularly *The Washington Post*.

PLAYBOY: Aren't big-money boys—and,

in this case, that includes you—afraid the public doesn't want to hear any more about Watergate?

REDFORD: On the contrary. People are so anxious to talk about it that they can't wait to see it before they tell everybody what they think it is. I've already heard everything from stories that it's the greatest movie ever made to stories about how we just put Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid into the newsroom. And I heard them before we started to make it! PLAYBOY: The obvious question: After all your research, who do you think is Deep Throat?

REDFORD: I don't know. Since I stopped guessing, I feel better. In the film, we tried to give him some character of his own, and that entire portion has taken on a kind of dignity to me that would be sort of violated by knowing who he was. I really don't give a shit who he was.

PLAYBOY: How did Bernstein and Woodward hold up under the pressures of being celebrities portrayed in a big movie?

REDFORD: About as well as the cavalry held up against Indian attacks. I'd say they came through it fine.

PLAYBOY: What was filming in Washington like?

REDFORD: Washington was sticky. The crowds weren't used to seeing movies made and Washington's paranoia about its image was rampant, so it was like being under a microscope. We also ran into a lot of problems with the people in the Ford Administration. They gave us a lot of permits to shoot in places like Ron Ziegler's old office and at the White House gate, but they later canceled them. I was lobbying at the time against the guy they wanted to appoint as Secretary of the Interior, and I don't think that helped. I can't say for sure the two were connected, but our paranoia got as rampant as theirs.

PLAYBOY: How did the local politicians react?

REDFORD: The ones who were liberal Democrats thought the whole movie was just a wonderful idea. I was quick to point out to some of them that it could just as easily have gone the other way, at least as far as the dirty tricks went. I don't think the Democrats could have managed the depth and dimension of it without someone like a Dick Nixon, who had his own unique fabric as a character. But this is not a film about how great the Democrats are. I think both parties are full of it. I like to think this film transcends partisanship and becomes an embarrassment to our system. Interestingly, the Republicans were ultra-cool. They said, "Absolutely, this film should be made." Then they didn't discuss it further.

PLAYBOY: What sort of reactions did you get from members of the press?

REDFORD: A lot of them were very helpful. I interviewed many of them, from Dan

New Low Tar Entry Packs Taste Of Cigarettes Having 60% More Tar.

'Enriched Flavor' idea succeeds—increases taste of new 9 mg. tar MERIT without the usual increase in tar.

You can write today for a study conducted by the American Institute of Consumer Opinion for Philip Morris showing new MERIT delivers as much—or more—flavor than five current leading low tar cigarettes.

Brands having up to 60% more tar than MERIT!

The reason is 'Enriched Flavor.' An extraordinary taste find developed and perfected after years of research at our Richmond Research Center.

And it's only in MERIT. At 9 mg., lower in tar than 98% of all cigarettes sold today.

If you smoke—you'll be interested.

Taste-Tested By People Like You

9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar brands ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.

Thousands of filter smokers were involved, smokers like yourself, tested at home.*

The results were conclusive.

Even if the cigarette tested had 60% more tar than MERIT, a significant majority of all smokers tested reported new 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT delivered more taste.

Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, 9 mg. tar MERIT MENTHOL performed strongly too, delivering as much—or more—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough. Now smoke the cigarette.

MERIT. Unprecedented flavor at 9 mg. tar.

From Philip Morris.

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion. Study available free on request. Philip Morris Inc., Richmond, Va. 23261.



MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

9 mg.*tar,* 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

Rather and John Chancellor to the investigative staff at *The Boston Globe*. I spent some time with Mary McGrory, who couldn't have been better. She had only one piece of advice: "Don't get cheeky with this, Robert." And Seymour Hersh, Seymour "The Animal" Hersh. He enters a room talking and he leaves talking. He was terrific, gave us a lot of savage insight. But I also learned a lot about the Washington press corps and how confusing and irritating it is when they've finished with a rumor in the bars at night and it comes back to you the next morning magnified threefold. I can tell you, too, that I was glad to get out from under the eye of *The Washington Post* and its people's ambivalence about their image. It was driving us nuts.

PLAYBOY: The one question that hasn't been answered adequately is what the hell G. Gordon Liddy and those other guys were actually doing in the Watergate that night. What's the best answer you came up with?

REDFORD: It was just Nixon's bureaucracy gone amuck. Nixon was very sports-oriented and military-oriented, having not been good at either, and he enjoyed concocting games to play as if they were at war. By the time his paranoia got passed down through the ranks to those poor Cuban-Americans and those second-rate spies and burglars, why, my God, you couldn't believe the bunch of fuck-ups who ended up in Larry O'Brien's office. They didn't know what they were doing. They weren't bright. They weren't good. They were in there just really kind of fucking up, waiting to get caught. Alfred Baldwin, the guy across the street in Howard Johnson's carrying the walkie-talkie, had the great line. When it hit the fan and the cops grabbed him, he said: "Does this mean I can't go to Miami?" I think that tells you where it was at, at least as far as those guys were concerned.

PLAYBOY: When we talked with you a year ago, you were mad as hell about the political system. Did your experience on this film change your attitude?

REDFORD: No. I'm just as angry, just as sick at heart. Thank God for Watergate, but that's a bubble in the stream. If we're going to get Reagan or Ford against Humphrey, then it's been nothing more than a little entertainment piece. I hope this film demonstrates that.

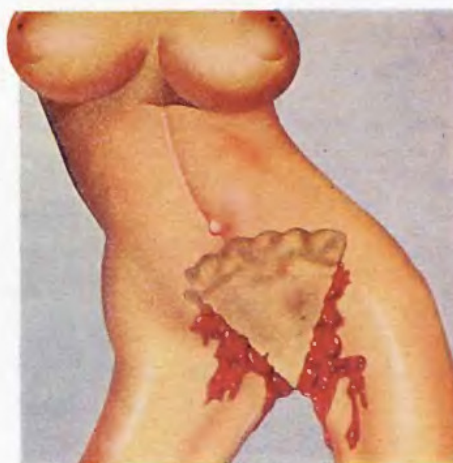
PLAYBOY: What are you going to do, now that the movie's finished?

REDFORD: Ski and just get back into some life pleasures, like working on my new home, which is going to be powered by solar energy. We've got to do things like that if we're going to counter the insanity of the Government's creating these programs for nuclear and synthetic fuels. All that means is that they're creating programs they're going to use our money to subsidize. Bullshit. Just bullshit.

Porno is served up sizzling in *Honeypie*, a four-course sexual snack that starts out with a dopey premise—dramatizing the letters to the editor of a lewd pulp magazine (*Screw* publisher Al Goldstein, playing himself, wallows through the crass editor's role). The individual episodes, however, are something else. For S/M freaks, there's a bondage sequence so sustained and heavy that queasier types may prefer to go out for a smoke. There's a dreamy soft-focus seduction scene between

a virginal boy and an older woman (with the aggressive lady played sinuously by Jennifer Welles, onetime exotic dancer and a sultry veteran of Minsky's Burlesque). There's spirited lesbian action, with a dance teacher (Sharon Thorpe) giving afterhours lessons in love to a ripe and willing ballerina (Serena, billed as a *Oui* calendar girl). To top all, perhaps as a special attraction for novelty seekers, there's Terri Hall (star of Gerard Damiano's *The Story of Joanna*) performing a housewife-and-the-handy-men bit opposite two muscular studs—who lay down their tools to lay the lady and accomplish a tricky double penetration, both entering her vagina at the same time. *Honeypie* is not good film making by any standard. But it's good filmed fucking.

Terri Hall (with a fancy new name, National Velvet) comes back for more in the title role of *Farewell Scarlet*, which mixes hard-core with homicide and tries to spice it with some sophisticated comedy as well. Not very sophisticated. In fact, the choicest line is from a character named Connie Columnist, who asks: "What famous gay cowboy is known to have the fastest gums in the West?" It's mainly about a celebrated party girl found dead at an orgy with a giant dildo down her throat. A private dick (*sic*) known as Dexter Sleuth vows to find out whodunit, and learns—through numerous flashbacks—that practically everyone has done it with Scarlet. The question is: Who cares? Maybe only the performers, a



Honeypie: Mom's apple it's not.

"The humor of *Fantasex* ain't Thurber, of course, but it's a mischievous and spirited try at mixing prurience with parody."

bedful of well-endowed but overworked New York porno gypsies whose faces are becoming as familiar as their flab.

The world of Walter Mitty becomes a pornographer's dream in *Fantasex*, thereby giving the film a gimmick to set it apart from the usual run-of-the-mill raunch. Tripping out with a plain Jane (Terri Hall, *again!*) and a shy would-be stud named Bernard (played by Jeffrey Hurst, porno's current challenger to the indefatigable

Harry Reems) is the game here. Both are introverts employed by Mr. Crotchmeyer, a venomous smut publisher who badgers them to keep churning out filth while their minds soar, secretly, into loftier erotic realms. True to hard-core's male-oriented tradition, Bernard's dreams of high potency prevail: he imagines himself as a ruthless rapist, a vengeful gypsy, a motorcycle jock, ringmaster of a sex circus or a riverboat gambler getting lucky with a painted lady. The humor ain't Thurber, of course, but it's a relatively mischievous and spirited try at mixing outright prurience with parody. Bernard and Jane's drollest bit is a spoof of the classic Tabu perfume ad, in which she appears as a resolute Victorian lady, playing the grand piano without pause while a rakehell dandy has his way with her in every sex act this side of Sodom.

Through a slick job of counterfeiting, a hard-core comedy titled *Her Family Jewels* may almost pass for the real thing. The film's distributors hate to say so, but *Jewels* is actually a piece of porno paste that used to be called *The Sex Thief*, a soft-core, mediocre British bedroom farce about a handsome cat burglar who balls his more-than-willing lady victims. The British were clowning but not coming, not *really*, so several seasoned sexual stand-ins were hired to hump in earnest for a series of film inserts. Let's hope this brand of disembodied porno by proxy isn't the beginning of a trend. It's tough enough nowadays for an actor to hear his voice dubbed by someone else.

"The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue"

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.6 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

"The difference between this 'ship of the desert' and the kind you'll find in caravans is that you can whip along at speeds up to 60 miles an hour. And that's where the danger lies!



"It's virtually impossible to keep your careening craft on a straight and steady course. We were just at the point of capsizing . . .



" . . . when I shouted to Jim, 'Throw your weight on my side!' Defying gravity and the gusting winds, we managed to get upright. From then on, it was smooth sailing.



"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Hotel El Presidente in San Quintin." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka . . . it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



BOOKS

If you're having problems keeping a sense of historical perspective—or even of humor—about the whole Bicentennial business, you might keep this image in mind: Every time (probably starting later today) some politician or celebrity comes on the tube to tell you, as solemnly as possible, about one or another of the republic's past glories or heroic leaders, just picture good old Gore Vidal, looking cool and aristocratic, a big grin on his face, poised slightly offcamera with . . . a pie in his hand. ("Hello. I'm Ronald Reagan." Plop!) Vidal's *1876* (Random House) is subtler than a pie but no less cheerfully devastating to the notion that American history can be honestly looked at with a straight face. Especially not by Mr. Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler, the novel's narrator—created by Vidal as the illegitimate son of Aaron Burr—who mingles freely with a motley gang of real historical characters, including robber barons, socialites, President Grant and Mark Twain. Schuyler is an aging and elegant journalist who separates himself from poverty mostly by traveling, with his much-sought-after daughter, in the highest social and political circles—and by writing articles that keep him welcome there. As an intimate of the rich in New York and the powerful in Washington, Schuyler is in a position to record for us the centennial Presidential election of 1876 and how things really worked. Pretty much the same as they do now, it turns out. Schuyler attacks in his articles the massive corruption of his enemies—Grant needed a special prosecutor worse than Richard Nixon did—keeps to himself the wrongdoing and pretensions of his friends and allies and is vastly amused by both. As you, too, will be.

Whether you love pro football or hate it, or have somehow managed to remain indifferent to it but enjoy the study of uniquely American forms of madness, you'll appreciate *The Nightmare Season* (Random House), by Arnold J. Mandell. Forget that it's spring and football is out of the news; this is both the most entertaining and the most troubling book written about American sports in a long while. The first half is as funny as George Plimpton's *Paper Lion* and the last half, about the N.F.L.'s power to crush and then "rehabilitate" one of its best men's view of reality, reads more like *Darkness at Noon*. Mandell is the psychiatrist who got a good deal of publicity a couple of years ago when the lowly San Diego Chargers asked him to spend a season with the team to see if a shrink could help it win games. Remember? The sportswriters had a lot of fun with that one. At first, Mandell was reluctant to



1876: cheerfully devastating.

"Picture good old Gore Vidal, a big grin on his face, poised slightly offcamera with . . . a pie in his hand."



Nightmare Season: troubling.



Trinity: Sure an' it's blatherin'.

get involved with a discipline so alien to his own, but Harland Svare, the Chargers coach who was for years one of the game's premier defensive backs, quickly charmed Mandell into going along. Svare had Mandell seeing himself as "Sigmund Freud in shoulder pads." The Chargers start the season with high hopes, but after a half dozen losses, the team's personality has disintegrated, Svare is literally fighting for his life (in a horrifying scene, a gang of drunken fans tries to turn over his car as he and his wife leave the stadium) and Mandell decides that it's all "pornography. Ugliness everywhere I looked. I entered the game of football thinking I'd be its Boswell; I'd wind up being its Nader." It's all downhill from there. By the end, Mandell is explicitly charging Pete Rozelle and the N.F.L. with tactics and dirty tricks patterned along Watergate lines. But before the finale, there are lots of terrific stories about the game, the players, the drugs, the orgies, the pressures and the psychological battles for manhood on and off the field. Mandell tells them with a dry wit, a psychiatrist's insights and an eye and ear for the scene that no ex-player—and no journalist except Plimpton—has brought to it.

Charles Starkweather's name doesn't pack the wallop it did 10 or 15 years ago. As a murderer, he's been upstaged by other berserkers: Whitman, Speck, Manson. But in 1958, Starkweather and his 14-year-old girlfriend, Caril Fugate, went on an eight-day rampage from Nebraska to Wyoming that left ten people shot or stabbed to death. In *Starkweather: A Chronicle of Mass Murder in the Fifties* (Houghton Mifflin), William Allen uses interviews, trial records and contemporary news accounts to reconstruct those events of 18 years ago, hour by bloody hour. The story had a Bonnie and Clyde flavor—a young boy and girl on a wild death trip; it also had, and still has, a good deal of mystery. What exactly was it that suddenly transformed Starkweather from ordinary loser into sadistic butcher? Was Caril his willing accomplice or, as she still claims, his panic-stricken captive? Allen reports the well-established facts without much elaboration, speculation or insight, leaving the reader to work the puzzle himself. Unfortunately, too many of the pieces are missing.

There seems to be no stopping Leon Uris in his literary crusade to free the downtrodden. First, in a line of novels following *Battle Cry*, it was the Jews as they slugged it out with the Arabs on the sun-seared slopes and wadies of the Middle East. Now—for a change of

Levi's??



Photographed by Ken Hays

Yes, Levi's.

But with a look that's so different, we've given them a different name: "Panatela."

As you can see from the picture, Panatela is quite a styling change for Levi's. Very contemporary. Very upscale.

The outfits here started with a VISA® texturized polyester fabric from Milliken. VISA fabrics transport perspiration to make them comfortable, and release soil and stains when washed. We've carefully tailored this innovative fabric into a whole wardrobe of color coordinated slacks and tops



(so there's always more than one pair of Panatela slacks to wear with any Panatela top).

What you can't see from the picture is that Panatela—for all its style and good taste—still has the superb fit and sound construction that's made the Levi's brand a legend in its own time.

So the next time you're shopping for something really special, try on Panatela. We think the legend will suit

you quite handsomely.

Because there's a little bit of Levi's in everything Panatela makes.

Yes, Levi's Panatela!!

Slacks and Tops

Featuring VISA® Fabrics

Rare taste.
We found a way to bottle it.



For more than 225 years, the House of Justerini & Brooks has been one of London's leading wine and spirit merchants.

And for the past nine successive reigns, J & B has earned the Royal Warrant. An achievement which makes J & B very rare scotch indeed.

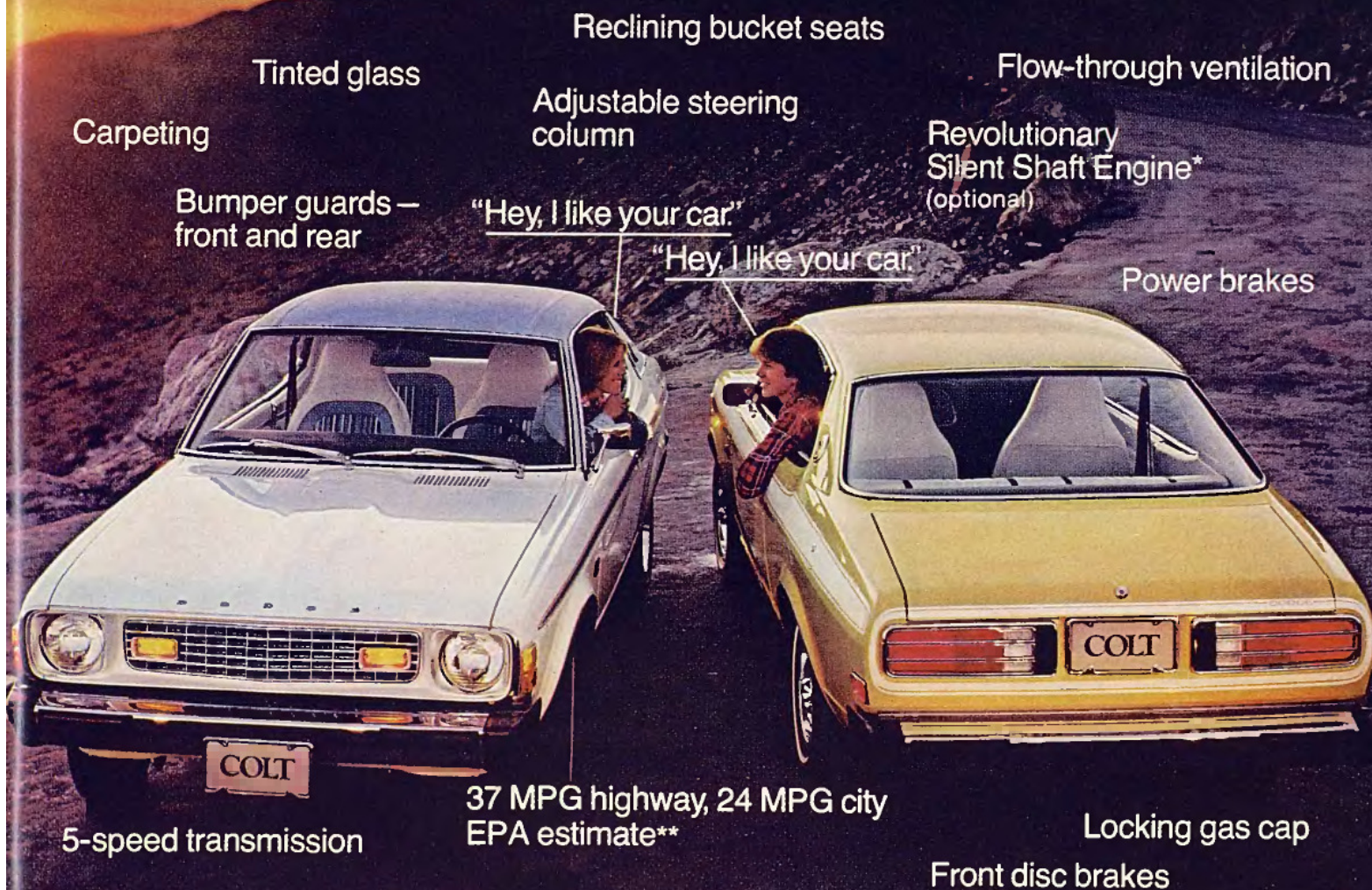
J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

climate but not of pace—he reloads his righteous typewriter, rushes to the isle of saints and sages and, in *Trinity* (Doubleday), raises a stilted phrase in support of the Irish in their 700-year battle against the bootjacks and gibbets of British oppression. Unsparing of himself or of the reader, Uris doggedly pursues his theme—from 1885, when Charles Stewart Parnell was the darlin' of the Irish parliamentarians (until opponents exposed his adulterous affair with Kitty O'Shea), to the Easter Rising of 1916, which eventually divided the island. Uris' hero, Conor Larkin, is the maudlin apotheosis of the romantic Wordsworthian ideal: a simple husbandman with the mind of a Socrates. Ireland will endure, Uris assures us. Freemen will endure as long as noble souls such as Conor Larkin walk the land. But can a reader endure 513 pages of blather?

It's difficult to tell whether Tom McHale's *School Spirit* (Doubleday) is an attempt to be Thomas Pynchon or Fyodor Dostoevsky. Whichever, he doesn't manage it, in spite of such ingredients as a blizzard, during which a high school student is locked by his classmates into a meat freezer and there expires from over-exposure, and a siring quartet of octogenarians who sport switchblade stilettos built into their instruments. The enormous cast of characters includes the 68-year-old ex-coach of St. Anselm's football team and his former players, some of whom he believes are guilty of the murder by meat locker of one Sterling Lloyd-Kasprzak—an unpopular boy, to put it kindly. Twenty-three years after the death, the coach sets off from the Mojave Desert on a Ulysses trip to bring to task the entire crew. This whole tapestry is filigreed with amazing fags and flashing, bloodthirsty females eager for male gonads to hang from their belts, like some mad tribe gone amuck in an art-deco literary hangout. Even less likely: The dead Kasprzak had been adopted by a couple composed of a homosexual male pederast who had violated the boy and an alcoholic mother who had contented herself with despising him and loving his queer and also adopted semibrother. Take some advice: There are enough horrors out there without McHale's book.

Throughout his career, James Purdy has amazed his readers by alternately producing novels that are masterpieces of tradition and novels that are so wild they seem to foam at the mind. Purdy doesn't have a style: he has two styles, each as impressive as the other. His exercises in American Gothic, such as *The Nephew*, are masterfully plotted and filled with real talk. His surreal binges, such as *Cabot Wright Begins* (about a rapist who leaves hundreds of women satisfied) and *I Am Elijah Thrush* (about

How did Dodge Colt put so much in such a little car?



Introducing the '76 Dodge Colt Carousel (left) and Colt GT (right). With five-speed manual transmissions and 1600 cc engines they both got 37 MPG on the highway, 24 MPG in the city. And Colts come in three other models, too: Coupe, 4-door Sedan and 4-door Wagon. **Prices start at \$3,175.** (Base sticker price for a 1976 Colt Coupe. Not including taxes, destination charges, license and title fees and optional equipment. California prices slightly higher.)



*Silent Shaft available only with optional 2000 cc engine. Carousel model with Silent Shaft Engine requires optional automatic transmission.

**EPA estimates for 1976 Dodge Colt GT and Carousel with 1600 cc engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. In California see your dealer for mileage data.



an octogenarian pederast mime), are perverse and brilliantly excessive. But in his latest novel, *In a Shallow Grave* (Arbor), Purdy melds raving mania with tradition mastered. Garnet Montrose is a young Southern veteran who has returned grotesquely disfigured from a war. As the tale begins, you are immersed in the manners and morals of the Old South. The war from which Garnet has returned must, you decide, be the Spanish-American. Many pages later, words slap you awake. Dig occurs as an interrogative. Rock refers to a kind of music. Suddenly, you realize the author has pulled off a bit of magic: The war was in Vietnam. In *Shallow Grave*, Purdy etches with painful authenticity a culture in its agony.

Irving Wallace sat in his expensively appointed den. He looked at the leather-framed desk calendar on his richly polished table and said silently, "Nineteen-seventy-six. The Bicentennial. Time for my moral-outrage-at-eroding-civil-liberties novel beginning with the word the." Quickly, he reached for his thesaurus. He found the word Brobdingnagian and gathered blustering, braying and being around it in the same sentence. He searched through the tightly sealed drawers of his mind for some original characters, but, as always, they were empty. So he rounded up an evil FBI director and paired him with a loyal associate and friend. Next, he added an archconservative President who'd go to any lengths to preserve law and order and, finally, a tall, brilliant Attorney General. With a lightning-fast touch, he chose a setting, sometime in the near future. Crime runs rampant. A new constitutional amendment, the 35th, needs ratification by one more state, California, to become law. The amendment would suspend the Bill of Rights in order to stop crime. The evil FBI director pulls all the strings and stops at *nothing* to get it passed so he can control the country. The tall, brilliant A.G. defends the proposed amendment on a TV talk show, then goes backstage and throws up. Now he knows what side he's on. Will he be able to rescue the country? Can he get the crucial tape that exposes the director's perverted plan? Can he get to a vital lunch with California legislators in time? Once there, will he order beef Wellington or *tournedos* Rossini? Wallace answered these questions and many, many more. Finally, he reached for a last sheet of paper and typed *The R Document* (Simon & Schuster). He switched off his gleaming metal typewriter. The night was bright and the moon was full. The phone rang and then it rang again. His maid said, "They're both for you. Literary Guild is on one line and a major motion-picture producer is on the other." Wallace sank back in his thick, soft leather chair and felt the friendly, familiar tide of big bucks sweeping over him once again.

TELEVISION

The movie world has never proved lucky for F. Scott Fitzgerald. Even *The Great Gatsby*, last time out, did little to reverse the tradition that films, Fitzgerald and failure were an ill-fated threesome. Right now, some West Coast optimists are well into a movie (starring Robert De Niro) based on *The Last Tycoon*, the fine unfinished novel about Hollywood that Fitzgerald died believing would signal his comeback. To date, though, his best bet would seem to be a two-hour TV special, *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood*, that will be aired by ABC Theater on Sunday, May 16 (9-11 p.m. E.D.T.). A real

winner on the bitter subject of hard losing, this film for television has author-actor Jason Miller in the title role opposite Tuesday Weld as Zelda, with Julia Foster playing gossip columnist Sheilah Graham—who had a semisecret affair with Fitzgerald at the frayed end of his life and later got a book out of it (two books, in fact: *The Real F. Scott Fitzgerald* just hit the shelves).

Following a preview of *Fitzgerald in Hollywood*, we decided to check it out with Graham herself, who proved amenable, as always, to chatting over the phone.

"I think this program's the one good thing that's ever been done about Scott Fitzgerald in any medium," she told us. "None of the other things about Scott ever touched me at all. *Beloved Infidel*, as a film, left me cold as ice; I couldn't relate to it. Gregory Peck was completely wrong and Deborah Kerr, playing me, was too finished a product, too sure of herself . . . and much too *thin*! You could see her bones in a swimsuit. No one has *ever* seen my bones. That film was made in 1959, and the person I would have chosen to play Sheilah Graham was Marilyn Monroe. I begged them to give her the part, but Jerry Wald said no.

"The girl here, Julia Foster, isn't quite like me, either. Yet I came to believe in her. I had doubts at first about Miller, though he's such a good actor, with the same square, solid physique. Only Scott was shorter, more amusing and more *fun* somehow . . . when he wasn't drinking. And Tuesday Weld gives a fantastic



"The best presentation, so far, of Fitzgerald. Almost too real . . . at the end, I was crying very hard."—Sheilah Graham

performance as Zelda. She almost makes it *her* picture. There's no question this is the best presentation, so far, of Fitzgerald. Almost too real, too good. I couldn't bear it at the end, I was crying very hard. . . ."

Barring the tears, we can second most of Graham's remarks. *F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood* focuses on the years 1937-1940, the time of Fitzgerald's final futile efforts to make it as a film writer, countering that agony with flashbacks to his triumphant arrival in "Lotus land" in 1927, when he and Zelda jazzed around in a kind of mad childish

desperation that even Hollywood found excessive: One wiped-out night, they arrive at a dressy party on hands and knees, barking like dogs, then collect every purse and wrist watch on the premises and gleefully boil them. Directed by Anthony (The Missiles of October) Page from an imaginative, freely structured script by James Costigan, the show opens and closes, with conscious irony, on shots of Fitzgerald's grotesquely painted face—first, in preparation for a silly screen test he takes at the urging of a dumb-blond starlet; finally, laid out in macabre cosmetic splendor at a mortuary.

The years between are depicted as a series of low notes from the swan song of a brilliant but self-destructive genius, who is aesthetically D.O.A. in the deluxe factory town that his pal Dorothy Parker (played with a fine cutting edge by Dolores Sutton) calls "the biggest collection of simian mentalities this side of the Bronx Zoo." In his best performance to date, Miller, perhaps projecting his own writer's cramps through Fitzgerald, flinches at every blow as if he'd been there himself. Foster's sympathetic portrayal of the doggedly loyal mistress ought to boost her professional stock, too, but Graham pegged it right when she singled out Tuesday Weld. Giddy, strung out, possessed by demons, Tuesday seems to find a perfect emotional outlet for her often misspent talent in the tortured Zelda. *Fitzgerald in Hollywood* is good enough as a literate high-level tearjerker. But whenever Weld comes shimmying on, seemingly disintegrating before your eyes, it's a triumph.

Winston Box fits more than my pocket.

Winston Box fits the way I live. It goes
where I go. So the taste I want always goes with me.
A lot of cigarettes come in a box, but only one
has real taste. For me, Winston is for real.

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

20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette.
FTC Report SEPT. '75.

MUSIC

On *Second Childhood* (Columbia), Phoebe Snow seems more at ease with herself, both musically and personally, than on her first album; paradoxically, this new mellowness has transformed itself into greater musical energy. The album brims over with a buoyant, swiny charm that takes the sting and heavyheartedness out of such songs as her own *Inspired Insanity* and *All Over or Holland/Dozier/Holland's Goin' Down for the Third Time*. She also demonstrates a greater willingness to work in various jazz idioms, one result of which is a gorgeous big-band version of the Gershwins' *There's a Boat That's Leavin' Soon for New York*.



Snow's *Second Childhood* swings.

"Paradoxically, Phoebe's new mellowness has transformed itself into greater musical energy."

Speaking of which, it's been more than 40 years since *Porgy and Bess* had its Broadway debut and 19 years since Bethlehem Records issued its jazz version of the landmark folk opera fashioned by the Gershwin brothers and DuBose Heyward, from the latter's book. Well, the Bethlehem label has been resurrected, as has the three-LP album, and it proves that age cannot wither, etc. The album treats the show as a sequential entity, with disc jockey Al "Jazzbo" Collins providing the narrative links between songs. We don't remember Collins' broadcasting voice, but the one he uses on this album is rough-edged, almost amateurish, and proves distracting sandwiched between some of the glittering performances. The vocal stars are Mel Tormé as Porgy and Frances Faye as Bess (you can tell which is which because she's the one who sings louder). The Duke Ellington orchestra appears for a lush rendition of *Summertime*, but the rest of the vocal and instrumental scoring was ably handled by Russ Garcia, who had some interesting people under his wing—Johnny Hartman as Crown, comedian-impressionist George Kirby surprisingly good as Sportin' Life, Betty Roche, who's marvelous as Clara, a very young Sallie Blaire as Serena and, in addition to the Ellington band, such fine instrumentalists as Howard McGhee, Don Fagerquist, Frank Rosolino (who also sings the role of Jake, and that was a mistake), Bill Holman, Herbie Mann and Maynard Ferguson, among others. But it's Tormé and Faye who carry the load and their duets are sensational—*Bess, You Is My Woman Now* and *I Loves You, Porgy* (titled *I Want to Stay Here* on the album) are as good as anything you'll hear around. All in all, there are far more hits than misses and Tormé and Faye are worth the price of admission. Welcome back, Mel and Frances and Bess and Porgy.



Porgy gets a new lease on life.



Mandrill's sounds are dynamite.

A lotta people are talking about punk rock these days. It's the new word and people who read Verlaine and Rimbaud are going around pretending to be punks. But they are no more punks than a suburban kid in bib overalls is a farmer. If you're looking for *real* punks, you should check out Black Oak Arkansas, because this is a group that gets back to the roots. And the roots of rock 'n' roll lie in a darkened high school gym with a white backboard just visible in the shadows behind the stage. Everybody is there to boogie. Nobody's looking for any existential illumination, just for a chance to get it on. Black Oak Arkansas is a group that can do it for you. Its latest is an album called *Live!*

Mutha (Atco), which includes long stretches of heartfelt audience appreciation. The group opens up with a revival of the classic *Jim Dandy* and everything that follows is in the same spirit: hard-driving, loud, emotional, simple, mindless rock 'n' roll. Just like we've always loved it. Of course, the words do make some meaningful statements, and if you turn the machine way up and get right next to the speakers, you can almost make them out.

Although it hasn't yet earned as much fame as Earth, Wind & Fire, Kool & the Gang or the Ohio Players, Mandrill is every bit as good. In fact, over the past several years, it's been consistently turning out some of the best electric rock-soul-Third World music around and acquiring a not-too-visible following that's loyal and surprisingly numerous. You can mark us down as members of the tribe, which will surely increase as a result of *Beast from the East* (United Artists), a set of dynamite sounds that includes some of the heaviest funk we've heard in a while (*Ratchet*), some nice jazz and Latin jazz (*Aqua-Magic*, *Panama*), some nice hustle music (*Disco Lypso*) and even a nice ballad (*Love Is Happiness*). This group gets a lot of meaning out of a few words and its instrumental work is simply tops.

Friends of ours who play music say that the professionals tend to fall into two categories: those who are too young to know what to do and those who are too old to enjoy it. It's a nice-sounding theory—but then there's Clark Terry. He always mixes good vibes with his virtuoso trumpetwork and *Clark Terry and His Jolly Giants* (Vanguard) is no exception, as Clark and some not-too-well-known accompanists sail through ten lively numbers, including some vintage bebop (Parker's *The Hymn*, Monk's *Straight No*



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

A year of incisive humor . . . hilarious cartoons . . . breath-taking pictorials . . . revealing interviews, fact, fiction and fashion . . . plus the convenience of having a year of PLAYBOY delivered to your door at a big \$6.00 saving. Subscribe today!

FOR FAST PHONE SERVICE, CALL TOLL-FREE 800-325-6400. In Missouri, call 800-342-6600.

PLAYBOY

P.O. Box 2420, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please enter my subscription for:

- ☐ 3 years \$24 (now save \$24.00 off \$48.00 single-copy price)
☐ 1 year \$10 (now save \$6.00 off \$16.00 single-copy price)
☐ Bill me later
☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Charge to my
 Playboy Club credit Key no.

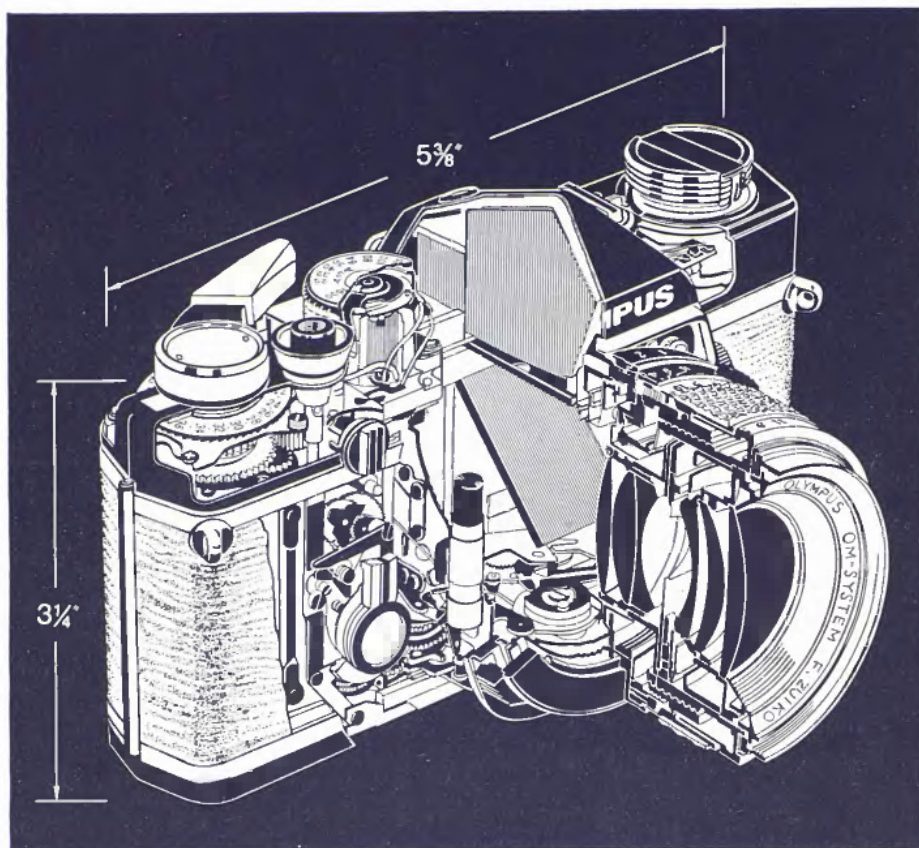
Name _____ (please print)
 Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

7E01

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada,
 APO-FPO addresses only.





A new 35mm SLR camera is shaking up the whole camera industry. Why?

Because it's smaller, lighter and
quieter than any other 35mm SLR.
And yet...
you see more in the viewfinder!

Writers in photographic magazines all over the world welcomed the new Olympus OM-1 camera. Because they knew that many photographers were getting tired of 35mm cameras that were too heavy, too big and too noisy.

Olympus reduced both the size and the weight of a 35mm SLR camera by 35%. And by using a special air damper, reduced the noise level considerably.

All this without sacrificing quality and precision. In fact the viewfinder is 70% brighter and 30% larger than comparable cameras.

By reducing size and weight Olympus made it possible for many

photographers to take their cameras with them instead of leaving them at home. And the camera was designed so even the casual photographer could get consistently superior pictures. But it's also part of a huge system of over 200 accessories, so as you get more serious, the OM-1 grows with you.

See what all the excitement is about. Visit your Olympus dealer. Feel the camera, look through the viewfinder, check out the accessories. If you don't think this is the most important development in serious photography in many a year, then the whole photographic industry is wrong!

OLYMPUS OM-1

The experts call it "incredible"



Chaser), a couple of tunes that aren't normally thought of as jazz (Grove's *On the Trail* and the *Flintstones* theme), plus *Never*, a comic scat vocal in the inimitable Terry style—at the end of which he asserts that you've just gotten sounder philosophy than you could from Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, Nostradamus or Archie Moore. Which may not be true but shows you that Clark Terry is hip to a few things besides trumpet playing. Not, of course, that his trumpet playing isn't enough to tell you that.

Americans traditionally mock the 18th Century British soldier for his habit of marching to his death, in step, across a battlefield as if he were advancing across a dance floor. But after hearing *Music from the Sound Track of Barry Lyndon* (Warner Bros.), we figure the redcoats were so taken with the sound of fife and drum that they didn't even hear the crack of a musket. The album contains two stirring fife-and-drum selections, *British Grenadiers* and *Lilliburero*, and we recommend them for advancing upon your favorite Colonial. Also fun are the selections by The Chieftains, a superb group of Irish musicians who play traditional Irish song the way other men brawl: with gusto. Their version of *Piper's Maggot Jig* uncoils like harpoon rope, while the soft and delicate *Women of Ireland* puts the girls right inside your head. Side two heaves its bosom against the weight of Schubert, Handel, Vivaldi and Bach. Without the film to remind you of what's happening, it's a rather somber introduction to the classics.

Isaac Hayes goes back to what he's best at—composing and arranging—on *Disco Connection* (ABC), and the result is an album that transcends its intended limitations: It's a *disco* LP that you can sit and actually *listen* to, over and over. Hayes, who ran his "Black Moses" act into the ground, neither sings nor raps—which he used to do *ad nauseam*—on this outing. Instead, he leads a large but light-fingered orchestra through a variety of luminous musical visions, including the thoughtful chord patterns of *St. Thomas Square* and *After Five* (the latter sounds like one of Wes Montgomery's late mood pieces); the funky *Choppers*, which seems to be an attempt to find out how many musical parts can be laid on top of one riff (quite a few in Hayes's case, since his ideas are so uncluttered); the rolling *Disco Shuffle*, which is more blues than hustle; and the title tune, which uses some unusual sounds, both percussive and electric, to humorous effect. Meantime, his new vocal album, *Groove-a-Thon* (ABC), contains one winner—the sultry *Rock Me Easy Baby*—and several romantic ballads that prove, once again, that Hayes's voice is no match for his orchestral persona, nor is he as good with words as he is with sound.





Find your own private pleasure. Mix your club soda with white rum from Puerto Rico.



White rum and soda

While others are doing such expected things as mixing their club soda with gin or vodka, you can be mixing with white rum, for a wonderfully unexpected experience.

White rum and soda is a tingling combination of sparkling effervescence and silvery smooth rum.

It's one pleasure the crowd doesn't know about yet. After all, crowds don't make discoveries. Individuals do.

One of the things you'll discover about white rum from Puerto Rico is its smoothness.

Decidedly smoother than gin or vodka. The reason? Every drop is required by law to age for at least a year. No wonder 84% of the rum sold in the United States comes from Puerto Rico.

White rum is enormously sociable. It doesn't confine its favors to club soda alone. It smooths out every drink from the screwdriver to the martini.

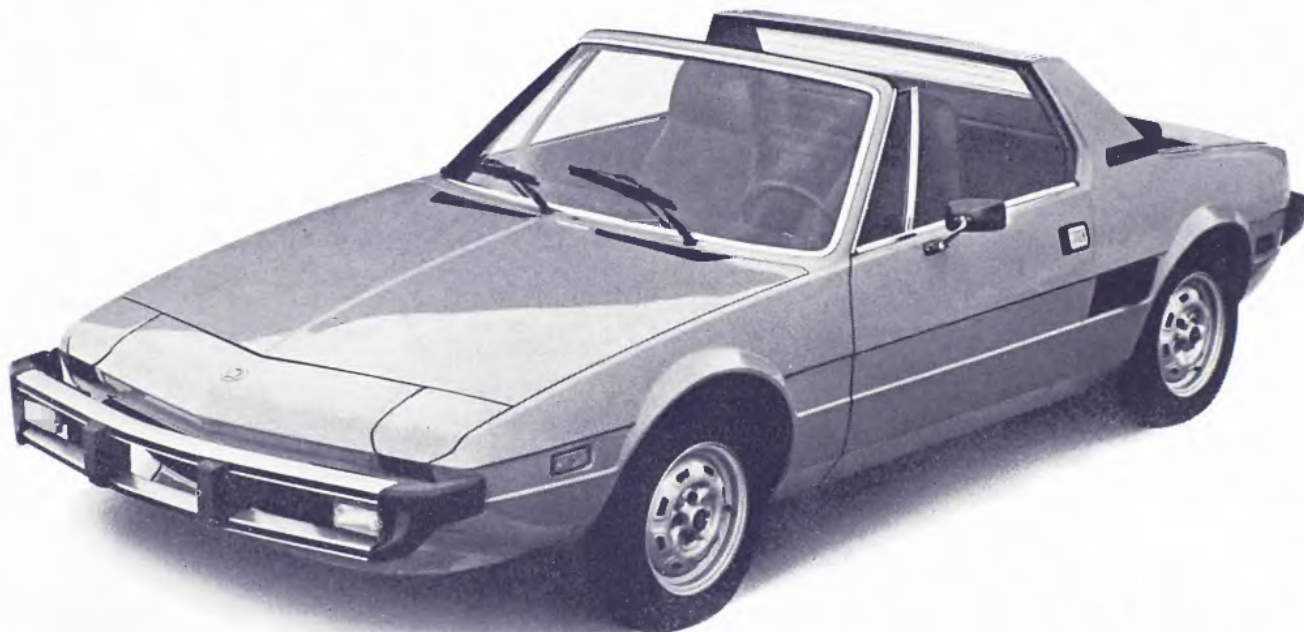
Follow your own taste to white rum from Puerto Rico. Let the crowd follow you.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



For free party booklet, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-21, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.
© 1976 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

The mid-engine makes it unique. But the price makes it exceptional.



The Fiat X1/9. \$4,947*

There are only seven mid-engine cars in the world today.

All come with things like rack-and-pinion steering, radial tires, four-wheel disc brakes, and fully independent suspensions.

All feature the remarkable kind of handling mid-engine cars have become famous for.

And all will go much faster than local law enforcement officials would care for you to find out.

But in spite of all the remarkable similarities between the cars, we wouldn't feel fair if we didn't point out some of their subtle differences.

A Maserati Bora, for example, will run you about \$26,000 over and above the cost of the Fiat X1/9.

A Lamborghini Uracco will run you about \$20,000 more.

And a Ferrari Dino has to look like a bargain at only \$18,000 more.

The fact is, the Fiat X1/9 costs thousands of dollars less than the nearest priced mid-engine car.

Of course, no two mid-engined cars are the same. And the X1/9 is no Maserati Bora or Ferrari Dino.

But for a difference of 15 or 20 thousand dollars, what do you want, twins?

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

*1976 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 21-year-old college senior who has a hard time mixing in public—at dances, parties or in bars. The problem is that I can't bear small talk. I tend to be overcome with awkwardness and nervous energy. I'll just stand there, looking at a girl who attracts me, asking myself, is it worth the risk? Surely you can suggest a strategy to see me through such situations. How do you pick up girls?—A. H., Geneseo, New York.

By the scruff of the neck, with our teeth. Seriously, you shouldn't knock small talk. It is one way to convert nervous energy into constructive energy. Intimacy is composed of myriad tiny acts and exchanges of information, not a single all-encompassing confession. How to begin? Well, we like Minnesota Fats's advice on how to play winning pool: Always take the easy shots first. You should be aware from the beginning of an encounter what there is about the other person that attracts you. (She is not a guy. She is not dead.) Don't be afraid to communicate—either verbally or non-verbally—what you find special about her or about yourself being with her. ("Gee, I love your cellulite deposits." "Can you really chug twelve Harvey Wallbangers in a row?") Stop thinking in terms of risk. You have nothing to lose but your loneliness. Paying respects to another person never cost anything and if you're lucky, your initial investment will earn her interest.

One of my friends just returned from Paris. He reports that in addition to kissing in cars and on main streets, young Parisians have taken to ordering chilled red beaujolais. This practice goes against everything I've been taught about proper wine service. Surely, the French can't be desecrating one of their most delightful products.—F. W., Laramie, Wyoming.

There is no law against chilling a red wine, unless it happens to be a 1929 Chateau Lafite-Rothschild (an offense that makes us seriously reconsider our position on capital punishment). Actually, the young Parisians have hit upon a nice change, and it seems to be catching on in the United States. Beaujolais and some not-so-dry Burgundies have a slight fruity taste that is enhanced by chilling. (In contrast, a dry red wine will become drier when it comes in from the cold.) One kissing cousin explained the discovery as follows: Paris is love. Love is blind. Therefore, color doesn't matter as long as it keeps you cool. C'est la vin.

No doubt by now you've caught the Saturday-night television show that fea-



tures a weekend news wrap-up by someone you're not. I may be mistaken, but it's my impression that the bit always begins with a subtle reference to sex. The camera zooms in on the newscaster, catching him in the middle of an obscene phone call to his war-torn girlfriend Angela. At least I think it's obscene. On one show, he was talking about whether or not a truck driver who passed them on the highway thought she was taking a nap in his lap. That went over my head. On another show, he made reference to the differences between the butterfly kiss and the butterfly flick. (Is it true love if she uses false eyelashes?) One line still bothers me; to wit, the not-quite-ready-for-prime-time conversation in which he said, "What I don't understand is who yanks out the beads." As a master of erotic esoterica, can you answer the question? Who does yank out the beads?—J. R., Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Someone who knows you very well—usually, but not always, the same person who inserted them.

After saving for many years, I was finally able to purchase a high-performance sports car, a Corvette. Two months later, it was broken into and driven off. The thief used an auto-body tool to remove the ignition lock on the steering column and even managed to locate a cutoff switch that I had hidden under the dash. Eventually, the car was found and returned, much the worse for wear. I want to prevent a recurrence. A policeman I talked to said that a real professional would never be deterred by an alarm system, since whatever technology

was available to me would also be available to the thief. He said that the problem was compounded by the type of car I drove—that there were more Corvettes stolen each year than the total number registered in the state. The thieves must be standing in line. What do you suggest?—L. G., Evanston, Illinois.

There is no foolproof system. Removing a vital part (distributor cap) whenever you leave the car may help. In many cities, that service is provided free, anyway. Our resident paranoid suggests a subtle approach copped from Sherlock Holmes. Install the cutoff switch in an obvious place, disguised as one of the regular or dummy switches on the dashboard. Also, a coil cutoff switch is preferable to an ignition cutoff. The engine will turn over, but no juice will reach the spark plugs. Unlike certain car mechanics we know, if a thief does his thing and nothing happens, he will look until he finds the trouble. Gas-

line cutoffs are less than successful for that reason. If there is a discrepancy between the fuel gauge and the car's behavior, he'll check it out. The policeman's low opinion of alarm systems that just make a noise is also justified—most people will simply ignore a car with a siren blasting. Alarm systems that hook up to a small radio transmitter (which activates a beeper in your shirt pocket) are only slightly better—by the time you get down from the 95th floor of your high-rise, the thief will be long gone. Our expert, having seen "Death Wish" 300 times, has another suggestion. Needless to say, it's illegal. Rig a charge of plastic explosive to your car before you leave. If a professional gets past all of your defense systems, you'll lose your car, but there will be one less professional running around. Of course, if you forget to unhook it. . . .

Over the past few years, masturbation has become an accepted practice: It's fun, healthy and psychologically normal, as long as you don't get kinky about it and tie yourself up first. But now I think we've made too much of a good thing. The ubiquitous vibrator has created a nation of sexual isolationists. Remember the old ethical question: If you could connect yourself to an infinite pleasure machine, would you ever unplug? My girlfriend has acquired one of those vibrators with various attachments. It produces an instant, powerful, never-ending orgasm that is awesome to behold. The climax she gets from her new toy is obviously better than the one she gets from me. I'm afraid that she's becoming addicted to the ecstasy. She says comparisons are out of the question. Her orgasms are

(Advertisement)



"They took some of the gems...most of the Van Goghs...and all the Chivas."

Chivas Regal • 12 Years Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof
General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

her business and her responsibility, not mine. She then quotes the Gospel according to Betty Dodson that a woman who gets in touch with her own sexual response will learn what she likes and will thus be in a better position to tell someone else what turns her on. So what do you do when she learns that she doesn't need any "someone else"? Swallow a couple of batteries and hum? My girlfriend defends her new friend, saying that at least a vibrator doesn't roll over and go to sleep afterward.—M. F., Los Angeles, California.

The Mad Dog Art and Ordnance Works of Evanston, Illinois, has plans for a vibrator that will do just that. It will also smoke a cigarette and when the girl pulls on a string, a recorded voice will say things like "I love you," or "Take that, you bitch," or "Your insight into the phenomenological implications of the silverware-and-madeleine imagery in the first volume of Proust's 'A la Recherche du Temps Perdu' is unparalleled in the history of Western Civilization." Seriously, now, although it may be hard to accept, the women's lib belief in "to each his or her own" makes a lot of sense. If you allow her orgasm to become the only definition of your adequacy as a male, then you'll be in big trouble. You feel good when she has them, guilty when she doesn't and worse when she has them with someone or something else. There's more to sex than climaxes. What happens between humans is a softer, more varied relationship involving things like trust, surprise, communication and sharing. Have her use her toy while you are making love and you'll get off on the good vibrations, too. If you still can't cope with the damn thing, find a vibrator virgin and move to the country where there's no electricity and they don't sell batteries.

My boyfriend is a natural-clothes freak who insists on wearing organic threads. For example, he practically lives in a New Zealand mountain sweater that is woven from the wool of sheep that stand in 200 inches of rain each year. Pretty dumb sheep, but Mother Nature provides their wool with a high lanolin content that makes the sweater more water repellent. Now we are in the market for down vests to wear while backpacking in the Rockies. My boyfriend insists that the best down comes from northern geese, because they are raised in a cold climate. True? The labels I've examined have confusing adjectives such as AA Goose Down, Prime Silver Goose Down, Red Chinese Goose Down, Bull Goose Looney Goose Down, James Brown Git Down, etc. In short, nothing indicating the weather conditions at the source. How does one tell northern goose down from southern goose down?—Miss L. R., Chicago, Illinois.

By its accent? Your boyfriend is correct in assuming that a goose that has lived

**“Why Viceroy? Because I’d never
smoke a boring cigarette.”**



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

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75



Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

"Dear American Tourister: I'm ready to take off as soon as we land."

Richard Kane, Conn.



Carry-off Luggage

©AMERICAN TOURISTER, WARREN, R.I.

Here come the professionals.



Five new JVC stereo receivers offer unmistakable high fidelity professionalism with innovative styling, convenience features and pace-setting engineering. Think like a professional when you buy hi-fi. Think JVC. Call for nearest dealer.

JVC

in an area that is cold will develop a down with strong fibers, a better cluster (the quality that prevents matting) and a higher lanolin content. But unless his tailor is an environmental expert with a relative in the Arctic Circle, he might as well forget his quest for genuine northern goose down. Manufacturers obtain their down from brokers who do not specify where it was obtained. To qualify as goose down, the material must achieve a loft (displacement) of 550 cubic inches per ounce (the greater the loft, the better the insulation). Other than that, all labels are pure invention and do not reflect the quality of the material. Besides, factors such as construction, type of nylon shell and design are as important as down characteristics. Buy only from reputable dealers who guarantee their products for a specific temperature and time.

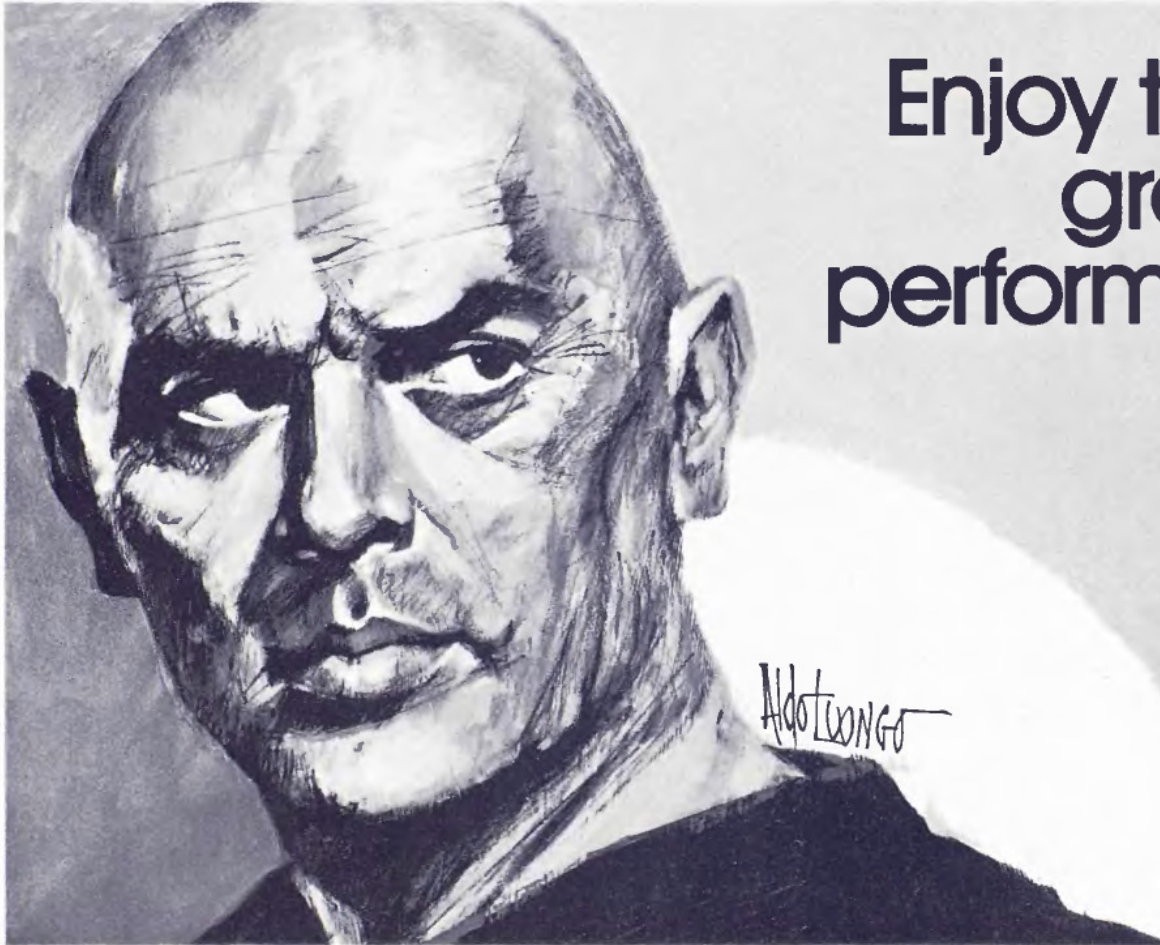
I have been married for three years. My wife and I have a very good sex life. Recently, I developed an urge to photograph her in the nude or wearing some very seductive outfit. She agreed to pose; we have had several shootings. The last time in front of the camera, she really put her heart into it. She tried various positions that accented her body, such as offering her breasts to the camera, touching herself intimately. Tremendous. However, since then, she has pleaded with me to tear up the pictures, saying, "That's just not me. What if someone broke into the house and found them?" I really enjoyed taking those pictures. I get turned on looking at them and would like to continue photographing her. But I don't want to upset her. Should I tear them up? How can I persuade her that they're not dirty?—W. D., Dallas, Texas.

If they're not her, then they must be someone else, in which case you'd better offer to destroy the photographs before she starts divorce proceedings. Her concern strikes us as a bit unrealistic—women who pose for PLAYBOY are proud of the photographs; at least they aren't worried about people breaking into newsstands and stealing copies of our magazine. Try to convince her that the photographs are a tribute to her beauty and that they are not meant as evidence. Of course, a compromise position might be to tear up the photographs (memories make OK souvenirs) and for her to keep posing until you shoot something that she likes. Then blow it up and hang it on the bedroom wall.

Help! I am in an incredible bind with my stereo system. The problem lies with my reel-to-reel tape recorder: Whenever I play a tape, or whenever the monitor select switch is on TAPE, I pick up the signal of a local radio station. What can I do?—T. S., Olympia, Washington.

The problem you are experiencing is rare but not unknown. The tape head is acting as a miniature radio receiver. The

YUL BRYNNER



Enjoy two
great
performers

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

LAUDER'S SCOTCH

Lauder's is
the fine Scotch that
doesn't cost like
a fine Scotch.

Lauder's lets any host
turn in a great
performance.

86 PROOF

Authentic Scotch
Dollar (Crown) minted
between 1603-1625.
Symbol of Lauder's value.



Yul Brynner, Oscar Winning International Star

THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD, REDISCOVERED.

IN THE FIFTH CENTURY, MEAD CAME TO THE BRITISH ISLES AS THE DRINK OF THE ANGLO, SAXON AND JUTE INVADERS:

A potent, zesty and natural spirit touched with pleasant overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

Yet, even before its arrival in Britain, man had an unquenchable thirst for the natural taste of mead.

It had marched with Rome's legions.

Ridden with Hannibal across the Alps.

Was the Viking's "Drink of the Gods."

And the legendary cup of Beowulf.

Then, unaccountably, the legendary taste became "a legend lost."

Lost for centuries.

Until, many years ago, a legendary Gaelic Chieftain's seven hundred year old recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.

The result is Irish Mist.

Truly, it is "the natural taste of mead, rediscovered."



You'll find it completely unlike any other imported liqueur.

Try it after dinner.

Or on-the-rocks.

It is neither sweet and sticky.

Nor is it strong

and fiery.

But the perfect balance of potency, good taste and bouquet you'd expect from man's first natural spirit.

Imported Irish Mist.

Rediscover it.

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN

recommended cure (after cleaning and degaussing the head) is better shielding around the head and/or a more secure ground connection. Try running a ground wire from the tape-deck chassis to the holding screw on a convenient wall outlet. In severe cases, it has been necessary to go into the tape circuit and add critical value capacitors to low-level amplification stages. Write to the manufacturer for specific recommendations.

After several halfhearted attempts, my girlfriend now refuses to perform fellatio—a kind of sexplay I especially enjoy—on the grounds that she finds the act distasteful. She claims that it is her right to abstain from any form of sex that she finds offensive. Otherwise, lovemaking becomes an obligation, etc. Lately, she's taken to wearing one of those buttons that announce, I JUST SAID NO AND I DON'T FEEL GUILTY. Needless to say, I am bothered by her position—it strikes me as the old ultimatum: Respect me, respect my inhibitions. What should I do?—P. G., Portland, Oregon.

Look for someone wearing a button that announces I JUST SAID YES AND I DON'T FEEL GUILTY. Or unbutton the girl you already know: Talking is an incredibly persuasive form of oral sex. Try to create an atmosphere of trust in which she can shed her images of "foul fellatio." Inhibitions melt in the mind, not in the mouth. (It doesn't hurt to practice what you preach, either. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.) There is nothing inherently distasteful about oral sex, provided you are clean and relatively healthy. If she is bothered by the flavor, have her try an erotic hors d'oeuvre: artichokes. No kidding. Scientists at Yale found that eating artichokes improves the flavor of whatever follows. Dousing the old swizzle stick in brandy or a flavored liqueur will also help. (Why not try artichoke liqueur?) Also, suggest an aggressive approach to fellatio—if the orgasm occurs far enough back in the throat, it will completely bypass the taste buds. She won't notice a thing, but you will. Yes, indeed. Aggressiveness and practice are a great cure for reluctance of any kind. The more you do something in sex, the looser you get, the more inventive, the more comfortable and, in general, the more willing to try it again. Full speed ahead.

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



The Ultimate Tennis Shoe.

Incredibly comfortable,
unusually handsome, predictably
expensive.



The Bancroft Tretorn Tennis Shoe is just about the most comfortable in the world.

In fact, they're so comfortable, a lot of people wear them off the court, too. At these prices, they should be good for more than just tennis.

The Bancroft Tretorn Tennis Shoe. Imported from Sweden, in canvas or leather.

Bancroft®
TRETORN

A Better Brand of Tennis

PIONEER HAS DEVELOPED A RECEIVER EVEN THE COMPETITION WILL ADMIT IS THE BEST.

One look at the new Pioneer SX-1250, and even the most partisan engineers at Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui or any other receiver company will have to face the facts.

There isn't another stereo receiver in the world today that comes close to it. And there isn't likely to be one for some time to come.

In effect, these makers of high-performance receivers have already conceded the superiority of the SX-1250.

Just by publishing the specifications of their own top models.

As the chart shows, when our best is compared with their best there's no comparison.

To begin with, the SX-1250 is at least 28% more powerful than any other receiver ever made. Its power output is rated at 160 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

And, for critical listening, no amount of power is too much. You need all you can buy.

To maintain this huge power output, the SX-1250 has a power supply section unlike any other receiver's, with a large toroidal-core transformer and four giant 22,000-microfarad electrolytic capacitors.

But power isn't the only area in which the SX-1250 excels. The preamplifier circuit has an unheard-of phono overload level of half a volt (500 mV). This means that no magnetic cartridge in the world can drive the preamp to the point where it sounds strained or hard. And the equalization for the RIAA recording curve is accurate within

± 0.2 dB. A figure unsurpassed by the costliest separate preamplifiers.

Turn the tuning knob of the SX-1250, and you'll know at once that the AM/FM tuner section is also special. The tuning mechanism feels astonishingly smooth, precise and solid.

FM reception is loud and clear even on weak FM stations because the tuner combines extremely

high sensitivity with highly effective rejection of spurious signals.

Of course, the Pioneer SX-1250 carries a price tag commensurate with its position at the top. But if you seek perfection you won't mind paying the price.

If, on the other hand, you'd mind, look into the new Pioneer

SX-1050 or SX-950. They're rated at 120 and 85 watts, respectively, per channel (under the same conditions as the SX-1250) and their design is very similar. In the case of the SX-1050, virtually identical.

That means you don't just come to Pioneer for the world's best.

You also come to us for the next best.

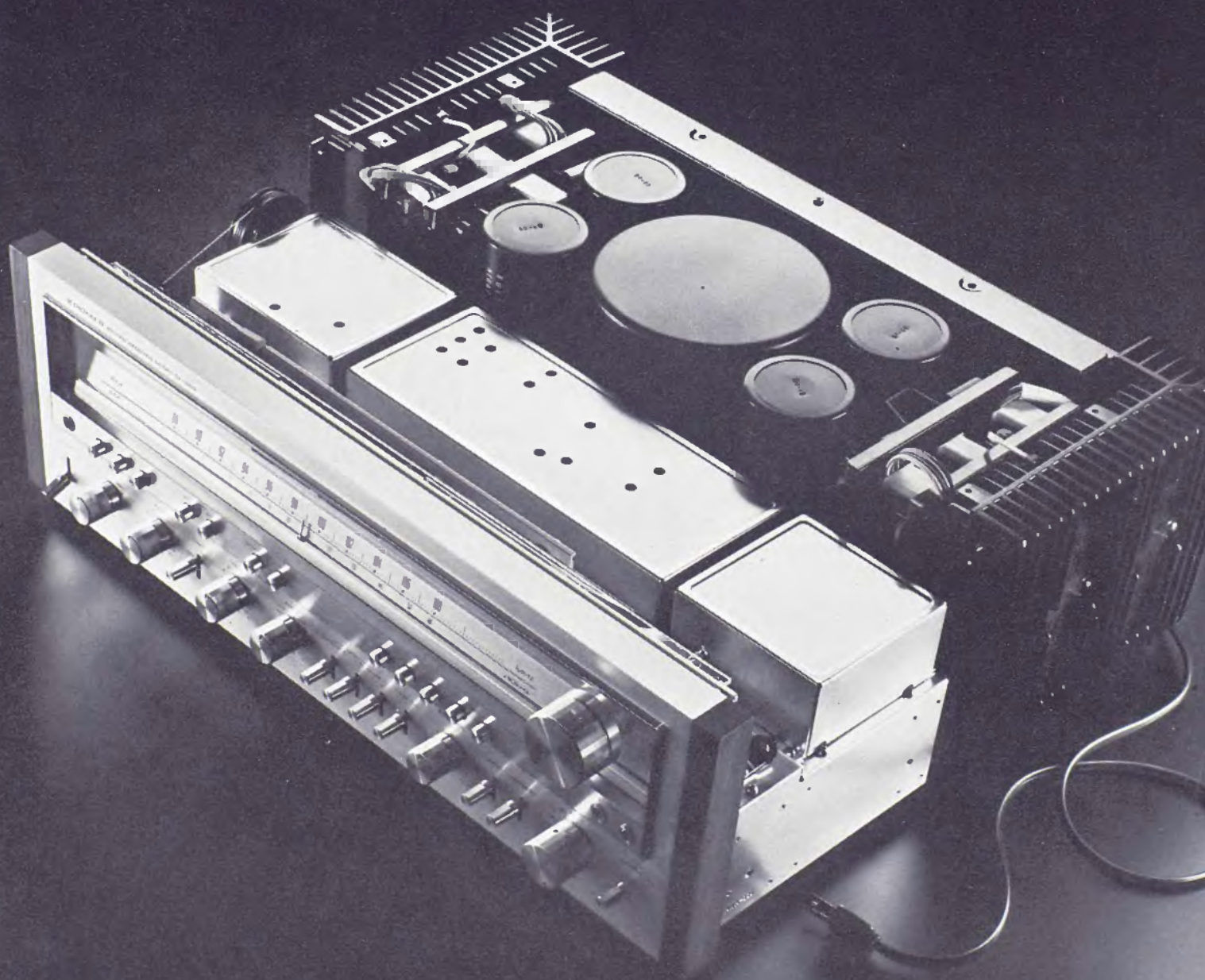
For informational purposes only, the SX-1250 is priced under \$900. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.



PIONEER

Anyone can
hear the difference.

| | PIONEER SX-1250 | MARANTZ 2325 | KENWOOD KR-9400 | SANSUI 9090 |
|-------------------------------------|---|---------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| POWER, MIN. RMS, 20 TO 20,000 HZ | 160W+160W | 125W+125W | 120W+120W | 110W+110W |
| TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION | 0.1% | 0.15% | 0.1% | 0.2% |
| PHONO OVER- LOAD LEVEL | 500 mV | 100 mV | 210 mV | 200 mV |
| INPUT: PHONO/AUX/MIC | 2/1/2 | 1/1/no | 2/1/mixing | 1/1/mixing |
| TAPE MON/DUPL | 2/yes | 2/yes | 2/yes | 2/yes |
| TONE | Twin Tone: Bass-Bass- Treble-Treble | Bass-Mid- Treble | Bass-Mid- Treble | Bass-Mid- Treble |
| TONE DEFEAT | Yes | Yes | Yes | Yes |
| SPEAKERS | A,B,C | A,B | A,B,C | A,B,C |
| FM SENSITIVITY (11F 58) | 1.5 μ V | 1.8 μ V | 1.7 μ V | 1.7 μ V |
| SELECTIVITY | 90 dB | 80 dB | 80 dB | 85 dB |
| CAPTURE RATIO | 1.0 dB | 1.25 dB | 1.3 dB | 1.5 dB |



**Decisions...decisions...
Make your decision**

Pall Mall Gold 100's



**Good rich flavor,
yet lower in tar
than the best-
selling short
(70 mm.)**

Not too strong
not too light
not too long
tastes just right.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's "tar" 20 mg. nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Best-selling regular size (70mm) "tar" 23 mg. nicotine, 1.6 mg.
*Of all brands, lowest "tar" 1 mg. nicotine, 0.1 mg.
*Av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

HOCUS-POCUS

In carrying on a debate with Hugo Carl Koch (*The Playboy Forum*, February) and others who believe, as he does, that abortion is immoral and should be illegal, *The Playboy Forum* has done a remarkable job of presenting the case for a woman's right to abortion. You've identified the central questions and handled them with sound logic and accurate facts. And you've avoided the abusive, emotional tone that often mars the rhetoric on both sides.

Koch seems to be more civilized than most foes of abortion: He doesn't outright accuse abortionists of murdering babies; he just *implies* that's what they do. I imagine he is appalled by *PLAYBOY's* assertion that the question of whether or not abortion is moral ought to be left to the woman herself. Koch is obviously a prisoner of the authoritarian mentality. This mentality believes, in effect, that a woman is not qualified to have opinions of her own. She must be told what's right and what's wrong by an elite group of males who have spent their lives studying the complexities of theological lore. These religious leaders, in turn, claim to derive their authority from their intimate knowledge of the teachings of Jesus and other great religious teachers. It's all pure hocus-pocus and, thank goodness, every year fewer people are taken in by it.

James Adams
Detroit, Michigan

REMEDY FOR RAPE

Donna Lombardi's letter in the January *Playboy Forum* describing the hideous reality of rape is all too true. Men indulge themselves in the notion that women secretly want to be raped; but at the same time, they claim the right to a dominant legal and social position as their alleged protectors. I'd say it's time for women to take on the job of protecting themselves. I'd like to see every woman in the U. S. carry a Saturday-night special and, if attacked by a rapist, blow the son of a bitch away.

(Name withheld by request)
Sausalito, California

THE SMALL VAGINA

Many letters in *The Playboy Forum* deal with the size of the male sex organs. The smallness of my own vagina, however, has been a serious problem for me. Most of the men with whom I'd had sex, including my husband, had been what I'd call

average in size. With all of them, I had never really been comfortable and even had experienced some degree of pain.

Then, just by chance, I happened to end up in bed with a very dear man, and what a delightful surprise! He had a small, slender penis and I found that with him I could really enjoy sex. I wish men who are overendowed would stop

"My husband and I love oral play and we have a trick that may help those who haven't been able to get into it."

bragging about it and that men who think they're small would realize that some women prefer it that way.

(Name withheld by request)
Wayne, New Jersey

It's true that some women have unusually small vaginas, but because of the vagina's adaptability, even a woman with a small vagina can be comfortable when penetrated by almost any size penis. When a woman consistently feels pain on penetration, it's often due to a condition such as vaginal inflammation, a spasmodic contraction of the vagina or a partially intact hymen. A small, thin penis would

feel better to a woman suffering from any of these, but a checkup by a gynecologist might open a whole new world for her.

POSITIVE THINKING

I don't know how important penis size is, but I know it's nice to think you've got a big thing. When I was young and traveling around the country a lot, I used to go to bed often with prostitutes. Invariably, when I took down my pants, each one would make a remark about the size of my cock, something on the order of, "Gee, you've got a big one," or, "I hope I can take that," or, "Go easy, honey, 'cause you're really built big." I've since come to realize that my six-incher is about average, and I suppose the remarks were a standard line of flattery these women were wont to hand their customers. I don't object at all, though; it certainly made me feel like a real man and made the experience that much more enjoyable.

(Name withheld by request)
Bakersfield, California

A TASTE OF HONEY

Some people have a problem with oral sex. They want to try it, but childhood training in our oversanitized culture makes them reluctant to put their mouths anywhere near other people's genitals. My husband and I love oral play and we have a trick that may help those who haven't been able to get into it. We warm up about a half cup of pure, sweet honey, which my husband pours on my pussy. Then he licks me into ecstasy. After that, I take the remaining honey and pour it over his prick. For both of us, the taste of honey mixed with love's juices is delicious.

(Name withheld by request)
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Sounds terrific, but what have you got for folks on a diet?

PICKUP IN A PICKUP

I'm happy to share my first experience of intercourse, as suggested by a letter in the January *Playboy Forum*. Some backtracking is necessary, though. About a year and a half before I lost my virginity, I'd developed serious doubts about my masculinity because of something that had happened when I was 16. I was kidnapped and forced, knife at my throat, to give my kidnaper a blow job. I wasn't disgusted, as I thought I should be, but neither did I enjoy it. The man was doped up on something or other and drove very poorly and about a half hour after he had



kidnaped me, the police signaled him to pull over. He pushed me out of the car, naked and tied up with my own clothes, into the path of the police car, which screeched to a halt a few feet from my head, and then he vanished into the night, trailed by pistol fire. Very melodramatic and very traumatic.

The police detective was a son of a bitch who seemed more interested in giving me shit than in catching a criminal. He all but openly accused me of being homosexual, which meant, of course, that he wouldn't help me. ("Well, if you do have homosexual tendencies and just happened to get rolled, there's nothing we can do for you.") Young, impressionable kid that I was, I began to wonder about myself. I was scared of girls, but that's not unusual at 16.

When I had intercourse for the first time, at 18, it changed my life. It happened in the cab of a pickup truck in a busy alleyway. I had about three bucks in my pocket, no gas and 40 miles to drive; the girl was horny enough not to care, so she only charged me a quarter. I had to move the truck twice to let people through and the third time, I drove a block or two, naked, to a quieter spot. Since it had been a blistering day—112 degrees at noon—and I'd been doing heavy work in the sun all day, I was too exhausted to come, but we screwed for about a half hour and then I dropped her off at the same place I had picked her up. I had lost my fear of ladies and my worries about my own sexual orientation.

(Name and address withheld by request)

PORNOGRAPHIC CORONARY

According to an item in the "Scenes" column of *The Village Voice*, a man in Europe had a heart attack and died while watching a pornographic film. The doctor who performed the autopsy said sexual excitement might have brought about the man's demise. This, if true, would give foes of pornography new grounds for demanding censorship.

Robert Grant
New York, New York

Fortunately, there's no evidence that sexual excitation has an adverse effect on persons with heart trouble (physical heart trouble, that is). A man might as easily keel over while driving his car or reading a fund-raising letter from Citizens for Decency Through Law.

KEEPING IT FROM THE KIDS

As a practicing clinical psychologist, I am concerned about the possible harm to children of looking at copies of *PLAYBOY*. While I have never personally seen a case of psychological disorder as a result of exposure to photographs of nude persons, it certainly is possible. As Freud postulated, sex and aggression are basic

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

TRUCK TEASERS

DALLAS—The Federal Communications Commission is investigating reports from Texas, California and other states that prostitutes are using citizen's-band radios to solicit business from truckers. Officials presume that some of the reports are true, but much of the soliciting appears to come from teen-aged female pranksters. The spokesman for a Dallas C.B. group said that many of the radio calls have been traced to truck stops. "We sat and listened to the exchanges, and after a while some truck would pull in and flash his lights at a car full of young girls in the parking lot. But in all the incidents we watched, as soon as the truck pulled in, the girls would tear the hell out of there."

ANXIETY OVER EROTICISM

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—The Harvard dean of students has refused to let Harvard and Radcliffe undergraduates participate in a university-conducted study of the relationship between anxiety and sexual arousal. Expressing concern about "the private nature of the subject being researched," the dean said such experiments would be dehumanizing and might have harmful

THE SCALES OF JUSTICE

LOS ANGELES—Los Angeles police officers have been supplied with miniature scales to assist them in enforcing California's new marijuana law. Under the revised statute, adults found in possession of less than an ounce of pot are not arrested but are issued a citation, similar to a traffic summons, that carries a maximum fine of \$100. L.A. police chief Edward M. Davis, who strongly opposes reduced drug penalties, issued the scales to ensure that the new law would be enforced as rigorously as possible. He told a meeting of juvenile officers, "We finally have one that's vest-pocket size . . . so if those cats think they're going to get away with very much, they're all wet."

FIGHT CRIME, NOT SIN

SAN FRANCISCO—Joseph Freitas, Jr., San Francisco's new district attorney, has announced that his office will no longer prosecute prostitutes or minor pot offenders and that, instead, his staff will devote its time and resources to violent crime and consumer protection. "If it's a nonviolent, noncoercive activity between adults, and it doesn't involve any other crime, my office will not bother with it," Freitas told newsmen. He added that he didn't expect his new policies to please the local vice squad or its supporters.

EXECUTION REJECTED

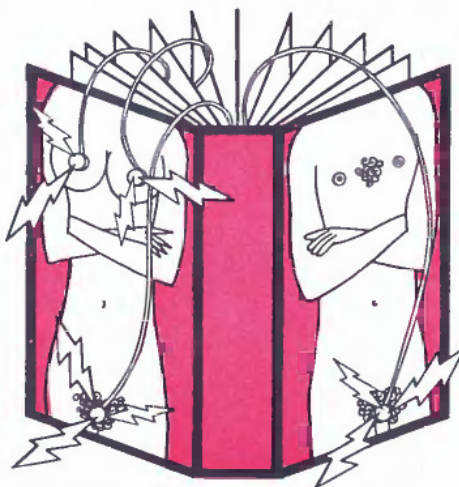
LONDON—Britain's Parliament has voted 361 to 232 against executing persons convicted of acts of terrorism. Although some polls indicate that a majority of Britains favor restoring the death penalty for such crimes, Home Secretary Roy Jenkins described hanging as a "false remedy" that "would not merely be ineffective against the enemy but also a danger to our own cause." Britain abolished capital punishment in 1965.

LESBIAN LOSES CUSTODY

DALLAS—A domestic-court jury has awarded custody of a nine-year-old boy to his father, who brought suit after his former wife acknowledged that she was a lesbian. The mother, who had received support from the National Organization for Women, indicated she would appeal the decision.

NOXIOUS NOMENCLATURE

LOS ANGELES—A deportation order issued by the U.S. Immigration and



aftereffects. The tests would consist of attaching electronic devices to sexual organs to determine whether or not sexual arousal declines as anxiety increases. The professor heading the project explained that the subjects would listen to "an erotic story, a sexy story, concerning a young man and a young woman who get together and have fun sexually, described in more or less anxiety-provoking ways."

Naturalization Service using the expression faggots has brought sharp protests from homosexual organizations. The order denied a visa to an Australian male homosexual as the legal spouse of a U. S. citizen, giving as the reason: "You have failed to establish that a bona fide marital relationship can exist between two faggots." An Immigration spokesman responded, "I am not prepared to say whether there has been an insult at this time. The word is in the dictionary with the definition 'male homosexual,' so it's an acceptable word." The gay Australian disagreed and said, "I never expected to be called a faggot on a U. S. Government document."

CLIPPETY-CLOP, PLIPPETY-PLOP

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA—The drivers of Charleston's horse-drawn carriages have worked out a compromise with the city fathers in a dispute over horse droppings on the streets. The city council had passed an ordinance requiring all such horses to be specially



diapered, to which the drivers loudly objected. The council finally agreed not to enforce the ordinance when the drivers offered another solution: Each carriage will contain a two-way radio with which to immediately dispatch a motorcycle cleanup man to the scene of any horse droppings.

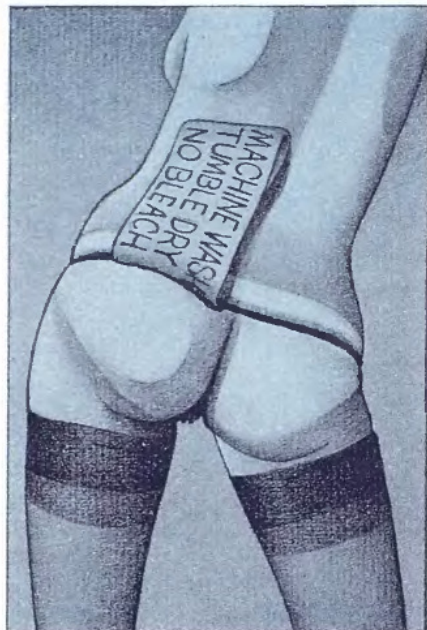
ENEMA MENACE ENDS

URBANA, ILLINOIS—The notorious "enema bandit" who assaulted as many as ten women near the University of Illinois campus has been sentenced to six concurrent terms of six to twelve years in prison—not for enemizing his victims at gunpoint but for armed robbery. It seems there's no law that

specifically prohibits involuntary enemas, but in some of the attacks, the 30-year-old man also stole money from his victims.

PANTY PROBLEM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Federal Trade Commission has graciously agreed to let a company manufacture bikini panties



without a sewn-in label giving laundering instructions. FTC rules require such information, but the firm successfully argued that a label big enough to read would "look large in relation to the garment and mar its appearance."

A SLIP OF THE TAPE

CHICAGO—A mailing firm, hired to send computer-written thank-you letters to 4200 former guests of a Chicago hotel, mistakenly thanked the wrong mailing list and threw hundreds of households into turmoil. The hotel's switchboard was swamped with some 500 calls from irate husbands and wives demanding either more information about their spouse's recent patronage or assurances to one spouse that the other hadn't stayed there. According to the embarrassed manager, "We got a lot of calls from women who said now they knew where their husbands spent their lunch hours." One pregnant woman who received a letter tearfully said that her husband was furious and doubtful that the baby was his. A woman suing for divorce was disappointed that the letter was a mistake, because she wanted to use it in court against her husband. The manager commented, "Husbands and wives don't trust each other much these days."

drives, and either repression or overstimulation of these drives—as in consistent and repetitious exposure to photos of nudes—produces psychological disorder.

Childhood curiosity about and interest in the naked body is, of course, normal and should be treated as such; but that doesn't mean that such interests should be promoted or facilitated. Some activities are developmentally inappropriate for children, and monthly viewing of the latest *PLAYBOY* is one. There's growing opposition to magazines dealing in violence and aggression. If you accept the premise that both sex and aggression are similar in many respects, then you should take a conservative approach to exposing children to either.

Lance R. Hart, Clinical Director
Institute of Marriage and Family
Relations
Springfield, Virginia

We've never seen a case of nude photos' messing up a youngster's head, either, but you've probably seen many children who suffer the effects of parental prudery. As for sex and aggression's being similar in many respects, they're also different in many respects and need not be dealt with in the same way. In any event, *PLAYBOY* isn't edited for nor directed to children; if they see it, it is probably through casually picking up and looking at their parents' copy. Whether they should see it at all is something we consider a matter for parents to decide.

BURN A DISC FOR JESUS

The Reverend Charles Boykin of Florida is burning rock records on the grounds that the beat causes immoral sexual behavior (*Forum Newsfront*, March). Is Boykin aware that most of rock is in four-four time, the same as Beethoven's most stirring symphonies? If he does learn this, will he start a "Trample Ludwig for the Lord" campaign?

However, as Arthur Hoppe wrote in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, it might be worth while to investigate Boykin's claim that of 1000 young ladies who became pregnant out of wedlock, 984 were listening to rock at the time. If this is true, we have a contraceptive method that is 98.4 percent effective. Ban rock music and the population explosion will level off. Of course, we'll have to ban Beethoven, too, as well as military marches and many hymns. Maybe we'd just better ban all music and achieve negative population growth immediately.

Frank Yee
San Francisco, California

Boykin has attributed the 984-out-of-1000 statistic to various sources, such as a college professor and a Gallup Poll. He told Chicago Daily News columnist Mike Royko that the figures came from "this man. He's from West Virginia. Or maybe Virginia. He stopped in our church

one day and gave us the statistics. . . . He's an evangelist. He travels all the time." Hm. A mysterious man who goes about befuddling even the servants of the Lord? Sounds to us like Mr. Scratch himself.

MOONSHINE

Two years ago, a gang of zombies descended on Berkeley and San Francisco. They were nicknamed the Mooners, being robotic disciples of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. Believe it or not, their big moral crusade at the time was defending Richard M. Nixon, as evidence of his myriad misdeeds was being unearthed by Watergate investigators. The Mooners had been programmed by the Reverend Moon to ignore all the facts of the Nixon case and just to repeat, parrot fashion, that he was our President and we should love him and serve him, period. I wondered where they would go and what they would do after Nixon departed from the White House.

Well, I was in Seattle recently and there were the Mooners, picketing an adult bookstore. They were as grim, humorless and automatonlike as ever and as passionately dedicated to attacking the bookstore's right to sell books as they had been to defending Nixon's right to sell out the country. I don't know who this Reverend Sun Myung Moon is, but he sure knows how to brainwash his followers.

H. Dixon

San Francisco, California

MEDITATION AND HAIRY PALMS

When I was young, the chief threat to my moral well-being and my physical and mental health was masturbation. It is rather amusing to note that a new menace has been discovered that rhymes with the old—meditation. The Reverend Billy James Hargis, that intrepid hunter of Communists under everybody's bed (who has lately been accused of getting into a few beds too many), declares that yogic meditation is a diabolic plot to destroy our moral fiber. Other clergymen are quickly climbing onto the band wagon of this new demonology. In Lynchburg, South Carolina, where I was traveling recently, a local Bible thumper, the Reverend F. L. Huth, denounced transcendental meditation as "a tool of Satan" and "anti-Christian," because it is allegedly based on the Bhagavad-Gita, which he ignorantly described as "the Hindu Bible."

Soon, doubtless, we will be hearing that meditation causes hair to grow on the palms, that a boy in Tootsville, Arkansas, practiced meditation for three days and suffered "permanent and incurable brain damage," that the lotus position is described in "Communist Rules for Revolution," smuggled from Siberia to the headquarters of the Christian Crusade in Tulsa, that a crowd of deranged young meditators caused a riot in Southern California and that the practice has been

"linked" to blindness, insanity, sterility, lower school grades and rock 'n' roll.

It's a hilarious experience to live in a Christian country. The only thing funnier would be living in a Marxist country (Groucho, that is).

Clarence Ingram
Atlanta, Georgia

RELIGIOUS HATRED

After reading in the January *Playboy Forum* that H. L. Mencken once charged that religion is the greatest fomentor of hatred in the world, I smugly thought he was merely being iconoclastic. That might have been true in the days of the Crusades and the Inquisition and the Thirty Years' War but not today. Then I remembered: Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland. Arabs and Israelis in the Middle East. Christians and Moslems in Lebanon.

I guess Mencken is still right.

John Reed

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

GETTING YOUR IRISH UP

After a careful study of the situation in Northern Ireland, I have concluded that the violence is being generated by

*"What a man Kennedy was!
Able to service various
beautiful women day and
night and still run the
country."*

psychosexual frustrations rather than by economic or political causes. My theory is this: Irishwomen are conditioned by the Catholic and Protestant churches to view sex as a sinful activity that should be tolerated only for the purpose of reproduction. The women, consequently, reject their husbands' sexual advances or, if they accept, break off the lovemaking immediately after the husbands have ejaculated. This early curtailment of the love act deprives the women of an orgasm and leaves them frustrated, confirming their view that sex benefits only the man.

The men, whose sexual advances are constantly being rejected, go to bars and drink and fight to burn off their sexual frustrations. While drunk with their cronies, they discuss social conflicts and the more frustrated males transfer their aggressions to that arena.

Now that the underlying cause of the Irish conflict is known, the solution is relatively simple:

1. Irishmen should learn to keep it up for a good 20 minutes—or until their women have at least a couple of orgasms.

2. This new orgasmic experience will

kindle Irishwomen's slumbering sexual fires and they'll want to do it more frequently—maybe even twice a week.

3. This increased frequency in lovemaking will leave their husbands and lovers free of sexual frustrations and so content that they'll no longer desire to duck out for a drink and a fight.

4. The replacing of social intercourse with the other kind, will make economic and political grievances seem more and more insignificant, and Irishmen will be more content to keep the peace by staying home and getting laid.

(Name withheld by request)

Medford, Massachusetts

THE PRESIDENT'S LADIES

The furor over the disclosures of the allegedly endless series of extramarital affairs of President Kennedy is just too silly. The moralistic, self-righteous clucking that goes along with these half-baked accusations is a lot more offensive to me than anything Kennedy may have done. I can't imagine whose business it is if Jack went out for a bedtime snack now and then while Jackie was away; but if all the stories are true, I say more power to him. What a man Kennedy was! Able to service various beautiful women day and night and still run the country. What a contrast to Richard Nixon and all the other repressed politicians who vented their sexual frustrations by bombing Hanoi at Christmastime. As Mike Royko pointed out in the *Chicago Daily News*, no one ever accused Thomas Jefferson or Ben Franklin of being poor leaders because of their philandering. Maybe what all the bluenoses and newspaper editors who print all those rumors want are lily-pure leaders who would rather make war than love, but I'll take a dozen John Kennedys any day. His memory will glow even brighter in the light of these revelations about his personal life.

John Fisher

Chicago, Illinois

GOOD OLD LEON

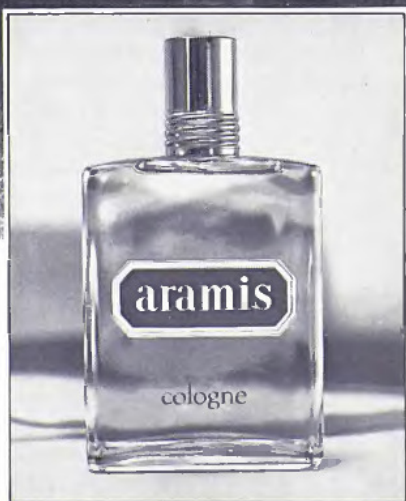
As James McKinley has written in *Playboy's History of Assassination in America*, on September 6, 1901, surrounded by soldiers and police in a Buffalo, New York, receiving line, President William McKinley was shot twice, point-blank, by Leon Czolgosz, a 28-year-old self-professed anarchist. McKinley died eight days later and Czolgosz was electrocuted six weeks after that. Unsettling questions remain.

How could an unemployed misfit with a right hand apparently bandaged but actually holding a .32-caliber revolver covered by a handkerchief reach the President, when he had to walk between a long double line of soldiers and policemen and with four detectives, four soldiers and three Secret Service agents clustered around McKinley and two more



© 1975 Aramis, Inc.

Riding and polo gear: M. J. Knoud.



aramis & company

Aramis has convinced some very discerning men to wear cologne. Aramis is more than just a rich, peppery, potent fragrance. Aramis is a complete collection of seventy grooming aids, from shampoos to bath soaks, from shaving needs to deodorants, all designed to create a feeling of well-being.

Aramis Inc.: Aramis, Aramis 900, Herbal & Chromatics.

The Dual 1249.

It will give you
more reasons
than ever
to own a Dual.



Each gimbal is hand-assembled, and special gauges assure that each will conform to Dual's stringent specifications.

The new Dual 1249 has added many more serious music lovers to the roster of Dual owners, as it provides every feature, innovation and refinement long associated with Dual turntables plus some new ones.

The low-mass tubular tonearm pivots on a true four-point gyroscopic gimbal suspended within a rigid frame. Tracking is flawless at pressures as low as a quarter of a gram. In single-play, the tonearm parallels the record to provide perfect vertical tracking. In multi-play, the Mode Selector lifts the entire tonearm to parallel the center of the stack.

The dynamically-balanced cast platter and flywheel are driven by an 8-pole synchronous motor via a precision-ground belt. Pitch is variable over a 6% range and can be set to exact speed by means of an illuminated strobe.

Of course, if you already own a current Dual, you won't really need a new turntable for several years. However, we would understand it if you now feel

you must have nothing less than the new 1249. Under \$280, less base.



Dual®

United Audio Products, Dept. PB, 120 So. Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10553
Exclusive U.S. Distribution Agency for Dual

agents standing three feet away, facing him? How could the assassin remain unobserved and unchallenged until he met the outstretched hand of the President with two fatal bullets?

Why, although several well-known anarchist societies in America admitted knowing good old Leon, did not one of them claim him as a member? For whom were the anarchists covering up? If Czolgosz was not an anarchist, what was he?

After the act, Czolgosz said, "I did my duty." His duty to whom?

Why, in spite of Czolgosz' nervous breakdown three years earlier and his other known signs of mental instability, did his attorneys refuse to plead insanity?

Why was he executed so quickly?

In Czolgosz' eastern European ancestry, was there a connection with, say, Russian revolutionaries or, perhaps more likely, with remnants of the Hapsburg Empire seeking to regain lost glory and power in the New World?

What connection was there between McKinley's death and the near-successful assassination attempt on his Vice-President, Theodore Roosevelt, little more than a decade later?

In the light of these and myriad other unexplained gaps in the record, I call upon the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce, Howard Cosell and the San Diego County Board of Supervisors to reopen the investigation into the assassination of President McKinley. I trust *PLAYBOY* will add its prestigious voice to the call.

Dr. John the Ice Cream Man
Imperial Beach, California

HOLTVILLE HIGH HOLDS THE LINE

Playboy Forum readers may remember my letter in August 1975 about my son Lee, who nearly had to go to court to prove his legal right to play on the Holtville High School tennis team despite his long hair. Lee was both Associated Student Body president and class valedictorian, but after the nonsense over his hair, the school changed the rules so that he could not deliver the valedictory speech. As a gentle protest, he stayed home from his graduation; he's now a freshman at Yale on scholarship.

That isn't the end of the story. My daughter Lisa, aged 15, is still a student at Holtville High. The editor of the school paper, a classmate, appointed her assistant editor. Then, on school administration orders, the position for which she was selected was abolished. When she and her classmates tried to argue the question before the school board, they were driven out of the meeting by shouts and laughter. Lisa and other members of the literary Quill and Scroll Club decided to publish their own newspaper. The school principal forbade the publication. With the help of the American Civil Liberties Union, the students obtained an injunction from a San Diego

POUR YOURSELF INTO RONRICO'S T-SHIRT \$2.99



Send check or money order to: Ronrico Playthings, P.O. Box 5061, Smithtown, New York 11787

- Ronrico T-shirt \$2.99 ea., S. M. L. XL Total \$ Name _____
- (white with red print front and back)
- Ronrico Towel (34" x 64") \$3.99 ea. (Quan.) Total \$ Address _____
- (white with red lettering)
- Ronrico Tote Bag \$5.50 ea. (Quan.) Total \$ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
- (Denim print) Add postage and handling. .50 Offer void where prohibited. 4P

Allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

Total Enclosed \$ _____

RONRICO REAL RUM

The one leading rum bottled only in Puerto Rico.

It's the New Playboy Club Key...



It's Superkey!

Cleverly disguised as a simple but handsome plastic card, Superkey is in reality the card that can admit you to the new world of The Playboy Club, where there's more going on for keyholders than ever before.

Superkey Specials

With your Key, you can pick up your choice of PLAYBOY or OUI at the Club each month for a year. That's at least a \$15.50 value, yours at no extra charge.

And your Key is all you need to participate in our new Keyholders' Specials, a unique program of special events and surprises exclusively for keyholders. You'll want to stop in often at the Club to keep up with all we're planning for you!



Dinner for Two at Prices for One With Superkey!

We've just introduced Playboy Preferred to Cincinnati. With a Preferred Passbook (available to all keyholders at no extra charge) you can enjoy two-for-one dinners at some of Cincinnati's finest restaurants. The Passbook is good for special discounts at selected hotels, too. And Cincinnati is just the beginning for Playboy Preferred. Watch for it!

Superkey- Able to Transform Strangers into Friends!

With your Key, you're welcomed as a friend at Playboy Clubs everywhere. And now Superkey can take you to new Clubs in Cincinnati, New York (with five floors of rooms for sipping, supping and sensational night life) and St. Louis (the first of our innovative mini-Clubs planned for the city). There's a new Club in the making in New Orleans, too.

Flash Superkey and save 10%

Here's how. Show your Key the next time you check into a Playboy Hotel. Just for being a keyholder, you save 10% off the rate of your room. And what hotels! Year-round playgrounds, the Playboy Resort at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and the Great Gorge Resort Hotel at McAfee, New Jersey. A tropical hideaway, the Playboy Resort at Ocho Rios, Jamaica. And big-city sophistication at Chicago's Towers Hotel.



Superkey Fights Boredom in Every Club City!

It's your invitation to terrific entertainment, like Bunnies '76 Revue, a lively cabaret spectacular that's somewhere between the Gold Diggers and Laugh-In. And the Revue is making its way to every Playboy Club across the country. (Cheer on the Bunny of the Year from the Club in your city as she competes in the nationally televised Bunny of the Year Pageant. Check your local papers for time and station.)

How to Get Your Playboy Club Key.

Just complete and mail the coupon on this page or the special postpaid card. And we'll speed your Key on its way. At the end of your first year as a keyholder, you'll also have an opportunity to renew your Key for a second year by paying an Annual Key Fee.

To: Playboy Clubs International, Inc.
Playboy Building
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

AB6EA

I want to order a Playboy Club International Key!

Name _____ (please print)
Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ County _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. initial Key fee is \$25. Canadian initial Key fee is \$25 Canadian. After your first year you may renew your Key by payment of an Annual Key Fee billed to you at the close of each year as a keyholder (A.K.F. currently \$10).

I will pay for my Key as follows.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____
☐ Bill me later

Signature _____

Unmistakably Johnston & Murphy

The new season's perfect combination of fashion and comfort. J&M's Surfside in soft, lightweight hand-rubbed calf. Black, rust, beige, dark brown, chino, light blue, golden brown, or white. About \$67.50.



Federal judge requiring the school to allow them to publish their paper, which the students called *The First Amendment*. When the Holtville High authorities once again tried to stop the paper, this judge had to enforce his order by a threat of contempt. Meanwhile, I have filed a \$1,600,000 damage suit against the school authorities for various violations of Lisa's civil rights.

The paper has been published and our home has been subjected to anonymous and threatening phone calls, hate mail and barrages of eggs and rocks. We're liberals in a reactionary community; we're friends to Cesar Chavez in a community whose power structure hates him; we're patriotic Americans who rely on the Constitution in a community of hypocritical flag-wavers. The impulse, of course, is to get the hell out, but we have decided that it might be worth it to stay and fight. If we win this battle, every school child in America will benefit. A group called Citizens for a Free Press (135 West Seventh Street, Holtville, California 92250) has been formed to collect donations for legal costs.

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE

When I read the letter titled "Kangaroo Court" in the January *Playboy Forum*, I was glad to learn that the judge sat down on the brat who was caught driving his dirt bike on the street. To go out and have some fun on a bike in a proper area is fine and dandy, but when a person takes an unlicensed and street-dangerous machine into the public's right of way, he's off base.

Motorbikes waste gasoline and disturb the peace and quiet of a neighborhood. Anyone who is caught riding an unlicensed and noisy bike should have it impounded forever. There are a lot of good kids riding bikes in a responsible manner, but those who don't deserve whatever they get. Three cheers for the judge; wish he had been *here* last year. The innocent kiddies here have damaged private property, endangered life and forced drivers off the road, driven at speeds twice the residential limit of 25 mph and eluded the police so often that they will no longer respond to calls from the local citizens. It's Dodge City all over again.

Henry Ruh
Whitmore Lake, Michigan

THE DOPE HUNTERS

For sheer lunacy and cruelty, the anti-dope mania in the U. S. is a good rival of witch-hunts, anti-Semitic pogroms and similar outbreaks of mass hysteria. People who are afraid—truly afraid, deep down inside—will do more stupid and vicious things than one expects of the sane.

(concluded on page 55)

Low Magram Presents "Calcutta Cloth" Leisure Suits

\$39⁹⁵ Any Two for **\$77!**



THE
BOMBAY
COOLER



THE
BENGAL
LANCER



When in N.Y.C. Be Sure To Visit Our Store

Introducing "Calcutta Cloth" It's the great heat-beater fashion fabric of the year. Super cool and comfortable 100% crushed cotton. Incredibly packable . . . machine washable.

The Bombay Cooler . . . Wear this long-sleeve leisure suit anywhere and really beat the heat! Four button-flap pockets . . . high-back, long-point collar . . . chalk buttons. Flare bottom pants have western pockets (plus two back pockets). In **Copen Blue** or **Yellow**.

The Bengal Lancer . . . Our half-sleeve leisure suit is adapted from the off-duty uniforms of the British Bengal Army. Note the button-flap pockets on chest and sleeve. Plus epaulets . . . high-back, long-point collar . . . chalk buttons . . . smart contrast stitching. Pants have flare bottoms and western pockets (plus two back pockets). In **Bone** or **Melon**.

Sizes (both suits): Jacket — S-M-L-XL. Pants — 30 to 40, even waist. Pants shipped with unfinished bottoms.

Coordinating "Sunburst" T-Shirt. Color as shown.
Sizes S, M, L, XL \$9.95

YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED

CALL NOW!
TOLL-FREE
PHONE ORDERS
800-228-2046

USE YOUR CREDIT CARD
ANYWHERE ANYTIME
24 hours a day
7 days a week

| Quan. | Item | Color | SIZES | | Price |
|-------|---------------|------------|--------|------|-------|
| | | | Jacket | Pant | |
| | Bombay Cooler | Copen Blue | | | |
| | Bombay Cooler | Yellow | | | |
| | Bengal Lancer | Bone | | | |
| | Bengal Lancer | Melon | | | |
| | T-Shirt | As Shown | | | |

N.Y. residents add sales tax Postage 1.50
☐ Enclosed \$ _____ Check, Total _____
M.O. (No COD) or Charge my Credit Card
☐ Diners Club ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Amer. Express
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge Card Expiration Date _____

SEND FOR FREE MEN'S FASHION CATALOG.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____

low magram, 830 7th Ave. (Nr. 53rd St.), Dept. YPB, N.Y.C. 10019

UP AGAINST "THE WALLS"

In 1966, Daniel Atkinson was about as close as one can get to being the typical American boy—a white, Protestant, middle-class, B-average San Diego high school graduate from a good home who enlisted in the Air Force and became a combat air-traffic controller in Vietnam. Five years later, he was back in California, an opponent of the war and a heroin addict with a two-year suspended sentence. Today, he is living at a drug-rehabilitation center in Seattle, along with his wife and four-year-old daughter, but facing new drug charges that could send him to "the Walls"—Walla Walla state prison—for 20 years to life. He contacted *PLAYBOY* not to secure legal help, which he has already, but to advocate reforms in this country's approach to heroin. His case illustrates the problem facing thousands of veterans and others who need some alternative to drug addiction besides a prison cell.

While in high school, Atkinson tried marijuana on several occasions but used no other drugs. In Vietnam, he started smoking pot between combat missions and, like many others, graduated to heroin partly in the belief that its addictive qualities, like the dangers of marijuana, were greatly exaggerated by Government antidrug propaganda. In any case, it provided escape from anxiety, depression and some unpleasant realities. "When I volunteered," Atkinson says, "I was about as gung ho as they come, a real patriot. That didn't last long. In Nam, the morale was close to zero. We were killing about 75 percent noncombatants—women and kids and old men who just couldn't get out of the way—and for no good reason. It got to everybody. The older guys stayed stoned on booze. The young guys used drugs. Everybody had a crutch."

After his discharge, Atkinson entered college, which he attended for two years, maintaining a 3.1 grade-point average despite his addiction. He supported his habit through cooperative buying with other addicts, some of whom he had met in the Service. It wasn't anything like the movies, he says—just addicts pooling their money to buy wholesale in Mexico, with the buyer getting his cut free for taking the risk.

Atkinson's college studies ended in 1971, when he was busted for smuggling \$350 worth of heroin across the U.S.-Mexican border. He received a two-year suspended sentence and successfully completed his three years of probation. But his record made good jobs impossible to find and, with this and other problems, he gradually returned to heroin. "I kept telling myself, 'Just a little while longer and things will get better, and then I can hole up for a couple of weeks and get straight again.'" This, he says, is a classic addict rationalization.

In April 1975, he was in the state of Washington with a dealer who made a sale to undercover officers in the city of Everett. Although not directly involved in the sale, he was charged with possession, conspiracy and aiding and abetting, which in Washington carries the same penalty as the criminal act itself.

Being caught and jailed gives most offenders time to reflect on the error of their ways and to commit themselves to reform if given a second chance. Atkinson admits—indeed, points out—that he had a second chance and, without treatment, blew it. In an interview, he told us that, in his experience, the only way a second chance can help most heroin addicts is in conjunction with intensive psychotherapy that both teaches and motivates an individual to cope with stress without the aid of drugs. Experts agree. For one thing, the experience of going to prison, in most cases, only turns an addict into a criminal and almost

guarantees that he will spend the rest of his life being processed into or out of the criminal justice system. Even prisons have found it virtually impossible to keep out drugs, and those in Washington are no exception. At some of the state's institutions, heroin and other drugs reportedly are used by 50 to 80 percent of the inmates. As Atkinson puts it, "This is like locking an alcoholic in a bar and expecting him to come out sober."

To John Leque, his court-appointed attorney in Everett, and later to us, Atkinson expressed less interest in avoiding punishment, even prison, than in securing treatment. Part of his soul-searching while in the Snohomish County Jail concerned the future of his wife, Teresa, and his daughter, Celeste. The realization that he was a 28-year-old junkie who had devoted the past ten years, in effect his youth, to the military and to drugs was also a sobering thought. His dilemma is that two of the charges against him carry mandatory prison terms and in prison he cannot get treatment.

Despite his previous conviction, Atkinson is considered an excellent prospect for rehabilitation. Diane Osland, a caseworker for Snohomish County, and Denise Sterchi, counselor for the local Service for Treatment Assessment and Referral (STAR) program, have recommended him for treatment; so has his former Federal parole officer. He could not obtain such treatment, however, because he could not raise \$10,000 bail.

Last fall, Atkinson decided on a rather hazardous tactic to draw attention to his situation. By means of a ruse, he escaped from the county jail and fled to Vancouver, Washington, where he entered a Veterans Administration drug-treatment center. He then called Snohomish County authorities. His escape could earn him an additional ten-year prison sentence, but it accomplished at least two things: Newspapers raised the issue of drug programs and a superior-court judge, Daniel T. Kershner, decided to release Atkinson on personal recognition to enter Seattle's Genesis House drug-rehabilitation program while he awaits trial.

Ironically, Washington, unlike many states, does recognize drug addiction as a health problem and state law requires the Department of Social and Health Services to provide rehabilitation and treatment programs for both drug addicts and convicted drug offenders. Recently, the Washington supreme court ordered this department to comply with the law and provide such treatment. The problem is that the state legislature has never appropriated the necessary funds.

Whether Atkinson continues at Genesis House or goes to prison now depends largely on Snohomish County and the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration. The county's chief deputy prosecutor, David G. Metcalf, is no longer convinced that Atkinson should go to the Walls. He has said that he will look into the Genesis House program and Atkinson's performance in it and has indicated that if reports are favorable, and if the DEA makes no claims on Atkinson, he will accept a plea on certain charges and give a stay of proceedings on those that carry mandatory prison terms. This would permit Judge Kershner to consider probating Atkinson's sentence and paroling him to Genesis House. Atkinson's ultimate freedom would depend on his performance in the program and afterward while on parole.

The outcome of Atkinson's trial will be reported in a later issue. Meanwhile, the Playboy Foundation is assisting the Legal Services Center in Seattle in a class-action suit to require the establishment and funding of the various drug programs mandated by state law.

Consider the following stories from *The Texas Observer*:

1. A doctor and his wife wire-tapped their daughter's telephone continuously from 1967 to 1973, then turned over to the authorities all the information on drug dealing they had gathered. It's impossible to imagine parents in normal circumstances using their child in this fashion, but one can see how fear-maddened persons might behave so, as a pious medieval couple might have reported a child's apparent involvement with devil worshipers or Victorian parents might have sought mental hospitalization for a son addicted to the brain-rotting habit of masturbation.

2. A whole town—Spring Branch, Texas—has been seized by the madness. It now owns a German shepherd attack dog trained to hunt down dope-owning kids. The police claim that the hound has a split personality, attacking only when wearing a leather collar and changing to a safe and friendly dope sniffer when wearing a chain collar. The damned dog's name is Romel, spelled almost like that of Hitler's best general.

The Texas Observer quotes local liberals as remarking unhappily that the end doesn't justify the means. That has to be the understatement of the year. Could any end possibly justify a totalitarian paranoia that sets parents to using wire taps and attack dogs against their children? Sometimes I think *Planet of the Apes* was taken off TV because it was too close to the truth.

Frank Mitchell
San Antonio, Texas

BEYOND REFORM

I cannot feel that it is enough to merely lower the penalties for possession of small amounts of marijuana, as has happened in several states recently. The penalty for possession or for cultivation for private use should be reduced to nothing.

Donn G. Dickey
San Bernardino, California

The California State Bar has called for the removal of all criminal penalties for the possession and cultivation of marijuana for personal use by persons 18 years of age and older. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws agrees that possession and cultivation penalties are unfair and has filed suit asking that they be declared unconstitutional as a violation of the individual's right of privacy.

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



You've got a personal account at
116 airlines around the world.

You can be very choosy.

Master Charge® gives you
a personal account at over 1¾ million
places around the world.



Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar,"
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

NEW!

KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS

LOWEST IN TAR OF ALL THESE LOW TAR BRANDS.



ONLY 8 MG TAR.
YET TASTES SO GOOD, YOU WON'T
BELIEVE THE NUMBERS.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ABBIE HOFFMAN

a clandestine conversation with the former yippie leader, now an "absent-minded" fugitive from a life sentence for dealing cocaine

He grew up a smart-assed pool shark in Worcester, Massachusetts, an industrial town famous for being only six miles from the birthplace of the pill. Most townfolk wish the pill had come first. After a checkered scholastic career that included spells at Brandeis and Berkeley, he returned to Massachusetts, where he tried to combine political activism with careers as a psychologist and a pharmaceuticals salesman; by then he had a wife, Sheila, and two young children to support. It was at the 1966 Newport Jazz Festival that Hoffman first found himself on the wrong side of a policeman's truncheon—a position he would assume many times over the next decade. He joined the civil-rights movement and spent three years in Mississippi and Georgia alternately fighting off the Ku Klux Klan and trying to register blacks to vote.

After experimenting with LSD and divorcing his wife, Hoffman moved to New York City, where a new culture was breeding on the Lower East Side led by a gang of crazy long-hairs who called themselves Diggers and who believed in giving away everything they could lay their hands on, which, given their nimble fingers, was a lot. These, Hoffman knew,

were his people and he emerged as the spokesman for this new class.

Another middle-class refugee, Jerry Rubin, was hanging out on the Lower East Side about then. When Rubin met Hoffman, the Sixties' most famous radical partnership was formed. The pair formalized their association into the Youth International Party—the Yippies—and made plans to invade the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago for a "Festival of Life." Thanks to Mayor Richard Daley and Chicago's finest, something quite different was in store for the demonstrators. Seven months after the convention and its disorders, Hoffman, Rubin and five other white radicals (plus black activist Bobby Seale, whose case was later severed) found themselves indicted under a new law—conspiracy to cross state lines to commit riot—by a new U. S. Attorney General, John N. Mitchell.

The trial of the Chicago Seven, as the group came to be known, symbolized the violent climax to the decade that spawned the generation gap. When, after one of the most controversial trials of the century, five of the seven were convicted—not for conspiracy but for individual "overt acts"—thousands of young people

took to the campuses and the streets to burn R.O.T.C. buildings and trash business districts throughout America.

In 1971, Hoffman found himself once more arrested, this time for his participation in the May Day demonstrations in Washington. New trends were rocking the antiwar movement. One declared that leadership was inherently evil. Another, backed by the emerging women's movement, hurled charges of elitism and male chauvinism at virtually every white male movement personality. Exiled from his constituency, Hoffman wrote an open letter "resigning" from the movement. He turned to other things. In 1970, he had helped spirit LSD prophet Timothy Leary out of the country to take refuge with Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria. Cleaver, Leary and companions fell out, but Hoffman decided to collect in written form what he had learned from that experience and add to it other forms of outlaw how-to know-how. Although he had achieved commercial success with two previous books, "Revolution for the Hell of It" and "Woodstock Nation," he could find no publisher willing to produce "Steal This Book"—not under that title, anyway. So



"Shit. This going underground can be done. This is nothing. You got to have been chased by the Ku Klux Klan through Mississippi at five A.M. without a road map. That's trouble."



"Ford is a fucking bimbo. Even in that famous picture of him making his own breakfast, I don't know if you noticed, but he was marmalading the wrong side of his English muffin."



"I'll accept a draft at the 1976 convention. Me and Hubert Humphrey. I met him once in Miami in 1972. He said, 'You made some good points there in Chicago,' and I replied, 'You were the point.'"

Hoffman published it himself and "Steal This Book" became an underground classic.

The pressures of police harassment, media overexposure and constant needling from the left had driven Hoffman and his new wife, Anita, to seek a life of seclusion. So with the arrival of his son, America, Hoffman decided to cool his heels, play family man—and write a sequel to "Steal This Book" that would take everything one step further. In August 1973, during the preparation of the book, he arranged a cocaine sale through contacts he says he made for research purposes. With three others, he was arrested in New York's Hotel Diplomat and charged with the sale of cocaine, conviction for which would mean a mandatory life sentence. After spending six weeks in the infamous Tombs prison, Hoffman was released on bail—and resolved he never would spend another minute in jail. In October of that year, he appeared in court in Chicago; although the court of appeals had struck down the Chicago Seven's conviction for incitement to riot, it ordered another trial on charges of contempt of court. Hoffman and his codefendants had never hesitated to express their outrage against septuagenarian Judge Julius Hoffman, who had presided over the original trial. Once more Hoffman was convicted but was not sentenced to a jail term. That, however, was to be one of the last public appearances for Abbie Hoffman. In March of 1974, he vanished and shortly thereafter sent word that he intended to remain a fugitive, dedicated to building an underground network of armed subversion against the Government of the United States. He has since undergone plastic surgery to alter his appearance and, except for a video taping done a year ago for public television that resulted in an article in *New Times*, this is the first major interview he has granted since that time. Ken Kelley, a free-lance writer with underground connections, contacted us with the possibility of conducting an interview with the man who, since the capture of Patricia Hearst, has become the FBI's most wanted radical fugitive. The story of how Kelley pulled it off appears on page 67.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to risk doing this interview?

HOFFMAN: It was a collective decision. And the fact is, I read **PLAYBOY**—but only for the recipes. *Family Circle* tells you how to make frankfurters in aspic, but **PLAYBOY** has very sensuous recipes.

PLAYBOY: So you're a chef as well as a radical fugitive?

HOFFMAN: Yeah, if you can make a bomb, you should also be able to make a soufflé. Even if you can't spell it.

PLAYBOY: Have you been making bombs in your new life?

HOFFMAN: Bombs? Boom-boom? I've never gone bombing. They wouldn't let me come. I belong to an organization and if I do anything important, I check with the division commander. I'm no anarchist, you know.

PLAYBOY: There are risks in having this conversation, though, aren't there?

HOFFMAN: Sure, especially because in the small town I live in, people read **PLAYBOY**—and some of the stories I'll be telling in this interview might be recognized by them. The other thing is that the magazine is clearly taking a risk. **PLAYBOY** is, in effect, saying that it won't cooperate with the Government in its attempt to capture and cage me. Hugh is putting his ass on the line, no doubt about it. I think it's very brave and courageous.

PLAYBOY: Let's start with your arrest for dealing cocaine. Why did you decide to go underground rather than fight the charges against you?

HOFFMAN: We didn't have the time, we didn't have the money to put on an adequate defense. I guess the odds are probably two to one that I could have won the case, but if I'd lost, the penalty was a mandatory life sentence. Mandatory! That means there weren't even any options. It's the same as if it were a murder case. I didn't think the best way to carry out my goals in life would be to spend the rest of my days in a Rockefeller resort like Attica.

PLAYBOY: Were you guilty of dealing cocaine?

HOFFMAN: Well, not in the way that you and I'd use the term dealing. It wasn't my dope. I mean, I played a role—I arranged for two cops to meet each other, but I was set up by them, and besides, they used illegal wire tapping and entry. That was attested to in open court by impartial witnesses, and the transcripts show it. So the answer to your question is no, I was not guilty.

PLAYBOY: If what you say is true and the transcripts contain that evidence, why haven't the charges against you been dropped?

HOFFMAN: Without public support, I can't win the case. The hearings have shown that the police committed perjury. Impartial witnesses identified these cops, these same cops that busted me, as the ones who illegally wire-tapped and entered the apartment I was in. However, there is no guarantee that this could be presented in the trial. The courts have to work with the police all the time; the police have incredible resources and power. The rules of evidence, misconceptions about dope, my revolutionary views—none of these help. If it had been an

average case, the charges would have been dropped a long time ago. But I haven't been involved in an average case in a dozen years, because every arrest has had political overtones. Political cases have to be fought in the public arena. The district attorney held five press conferences within the first four days after I was busted, announcing that there was nothing unusual about this case.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing at the time you were busted?

HOFFMAN: Actually, I was planning the breakout of a friend from Rahway prison in New Jersey. Nothing more on that—I don't want to blow his chances for trying again. I was working on a book about crime I was going to call *Book-of-the-Month Club Selection*, which would include all sorts of stuff on underworld people, dealers, bank robbers. Ironically, I was also giving speeches on Rockefeller's drug laws, which went into effect four days after I was busted. The New York drug laws are the harshest in the country. If you're found guilty, you're eligible for parole in 15 to 25 years. There are rewards for people to turn in their friends.

Anyway, I had been interviewing dope dealers. I wanted to include a chapter on cocaine, because it was in fashion, you know, and I didn't think it was particularly harmful: Medical research has only proved that it scours your sinuses. If you examine its history, it's been used by blacks a lot, so of course it has been illegal for about 60 years—to get blacks into jail. So one of the dealers turns out to be a cop, which I didn't know at the time. I'd known this person since the Columbia demonstrations of '68—he was probably a cop then, too—and I saw him occasionally. His name is Louie. In the course of telling me about cocaine dealing, he asked if I knew anyone interested in buying it. And, in asking around, I discovered a few people who decided to pool their resources. I brought the scale and we went down to the Hotel Diplomat—I was to get a tip for being the scale bearer. Anyway, instead of Louie, up popped 30 cops through the wallpaper, shouting, "We got your ass now!" and similar cop childishnesses. I felt real bad.

As soon as I was in the slam, bail was set at \$200,000. Then, later, it was cut in half and eventually I only had to post \$10,000 because I followed my lawyer's advice and didn't run off at the mouth. If you play their game and don't say anything nasty, just keep quiet and look at your shoes, the bail goes down—if not, as was the case with the Panthers, bail stays up and you stay in. Of course, my silence added to the presumption of guilt.

PLAYBOY: You were locked up for six weeks before bail was posted, weren't you?

HOFFMAN: Yes, in the Tombs in Manhattan



**Timberline. Because who wants
to smell like the city!**

Timberline® toiletries for men. After Shave, Cologne and gift sets.

GREAT GOLF • GREAT SKIING
GREAT MEALS • GREAT SHOWS
GREAT FUN
GREAT GORGE

It's the new name among the great resorts of the world, and has something for everyone.

It has 700 spacious rooms and nearly 600 scenic acres. It has 27 holes of challenging golf. A star-filled showroom. A lively *discothèque*. Indoor and outdoor pools and tennis courts. Even a Playboy Club for keyholders.

For information or reservations, call your travel agent or our toll-free number, 800-621-1116.



**playboy's
GREAT GORGE RESORT HOTEL**

McAfee, New Jersey

Precise control.



CRAIG SERIES 5000

during the hottest summer in New York history. I was placed in the administrative ward—that's murder and up—for my own "protection." It was so hot everyone soaked towels in the toilets and wrapped them around themselves. There was no air. And I couldn't eat for six days, because the food was so miserable. There were rats in the bread. In front of my cell, a guy got his eye ripped out of its socket. People are turned into animals. I developed the not-unrealistic fear of homosexual rape after being stalked. It's built into the system, the control mechanism. I made up my mind that if I could get out, nothing would ever get me back.

PLAYBOY: How much cocaine did they find in the hotel room?

HOFFMAN: Three pounds.

PLAYBOY: And you claim you were there only to observe and take notes for your book?

HOFFMAN: And to referee, to arrange the meeting.

PLAYBOY: Come on; why would you go to all that trouble for research and a tip?

HOFFMAN: That's the only thing I'm ashamed of—that I got money for it. In my mind, doing anything for profit is evil, so that even if I was set up, I felt both guilty and innocent. It got pretty complicated, morally. I don't know if I'm innocent or guilty. All I know is that I was to be an example. To be a dealer, as they know it, I would have to have had Mafia connections. I don't know that area. I don't even know the marijuana empire.

But if I'm considered guilty, then the police are, too. We had affidavits attesting to the fact that the cops entered my mother-in-law's house illegally, posing as workers for the phone company. A cop who was instrumental in the bust was recognized by a witness as one of the "telephone-company men." There are tapes, too, which the cops made: The room had been bugged. Even my prosecutor didn't believe the police. But he was one of the guys in the D.A.'s office who wanted to make it big. Meanwhile, the cops who had done the bugging "vanished" and my lawyers couldn't get hold of them. The official excuse for the vanishing was that we'd be gunning for them. When the court asked the CIA for its files on me, the CIA came back with something to the effect that it had never heard of me. It admitted to having files on 10,000 radicals, but not on me. Meanwhile, the judge, a kindly black lady, seemed to want to give me a good chance—to do a Sirica—but with all those witnesses testifying to wire tapping and those two cops lying, she had to choose and she chose the cops. Of course, judges have to work with cops every day; it's a rare judge who will go against them in such circumstances.

PLAYBOY: Were there other attempts at setups?

HOFFMAN: Well, in the Tombs, I met this guy who tried to talk to me about jumping bail and escaping through his connection to Argentina. Instinctively, I didn't trust this guy. It seemed to me that he might be another planted informer, who could testify that I was making plans to jump bail, which meant my bail would be revoked and I'd be wearing handcuffs throughout the trial. I was warned by a lawyer that the D.A.'s office might try something like that. The tactic is to make you so skittish that you land in jail for thinking about escaping.

PLAYBOY: You were thinking about it, weren't you?

HOFFMAN: Sure. Once I was out, I talked with a friend who had been in Attica and I knew I would end up being bumped off. That's not theoretical, either. I would have been killed in Attica—no doubt about it. I was having nightmares all during that time. I had dreams about being gunned down by the piggy sheriff in the Dodge ads.

PLAYBOY: Had you considered the possibility of going underground before your cocaine bust?

HOFFMAN: Yes. I had always considered it an honor to harbor any fugitive. Now I was on the other side, potentially. I decided to try a dry run in 1971 and I toured the island of St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands with a false identity card. Here I am, and I've rented a house and put a deposit on it, and I come out to my rented car and there's this meter maid, a short little lady, putting a ticket on it—the meter has run out. Like a jerk, I stick my nose in it and she says, "Excuse me, could I see your license?" So I show her my license, but she wants some special license they hand tourists and which I haven't got, and she arrests me. She's steering me gently to the police station, which is conveniently only about 40 feet away, and when I get there, I'm more under arrest than ever. I can get out for a \$100 bail fee, only I don't have \$100. I'm on bail at the time, and a violation is 10, 20, 30 years in a case like that. Then they say, "OK, court is in session." The judge's name is Hoffman. I think, "God, it's only a year and a half after the Chicago trial, has Julius Hoffman retired here?" So I walk in, trying to look like a six-foot-two-inch blond Italian, and this Judge Hoffman is black. I walk up to the bench sideways and talk in an altered voice. He says it's a five-dollar fine and the tourist agency's fault. Later, I find out it is perfectly legal to live in a U. S. colony assuming an alias—you can use an alias as long as it's not for purposes of fraud. But I was surveyed constantly. Once the news broke that I was there, the local police decided that I was there to stir up the blacks. Actually, that was the real changing-the-diapers period.

PLAYBOY: What were the first preparations

Shakespeare Powers the Citizens Band

No other factor—not even the cost and quality of the CB radio set itself—makes such a dramatic difference in CB performance as the antenna that puts out and takes in the signal.

A Shakespeare pre-tuned fiberglass antenna can increase your talkpower over ordinary

antennas. On both transmit and receive. So don't let a "do nothing" antenna put a muzzle on your Citizens Band communications.

Power up with a gleaming white Shakespeare antenna, and get top performance everytime you go on the air. They're in a class by themselves.

Shakespeare

THE ROYAL LINE OF FIBERGLASS ANTENNA™

Shakespeare Company / Antenna Group, Box 246, Columbia, S.C. 29202.
In Canada: Len Finkler, Ltd., 25 Toro Road, Downsview, Ontario M3J 2A6.

© 1976 The Shakespeare Company

PLAY MATES...



Four beautiful Playmates of the Year on full-color posters, each 14" x 30". Choose your favorite—Claudia Jennings (AH0152), Liv Lindeland (AH0153), Sharon Clark (AH0154), Angela Dorian (AH0155)—\$1.50 each, plus 50¢ shipping and handling. Or take all four! The set of four (AH5000), \$5 plus 50¢ shipping and handling. NOTE: Prices subject to change without notice.

Playboy Products, P.O. Box 3386, Chicago, Illinois 60654

| Quantity | Item Number | Description | Cost | S/H | Total |
|----------|-------------|-------------|------|-----|-------|
| | | | | | |

No C.O.D. orders, please.

☐ Payment enclosed.

Ill. residents add 5% tax

(Make checks payable to Playboy Products.)

☐ Charge to my Playboy

Club credit Key no.

TOTAL

PP96

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

(please print)

THE BRUT PROFESSIONALS. NOT FOR THE AVERAGE JOE.



Or Tom, Dick or Harry, either. They're for Joe Namath and guys who want to look well above average. And do.

Available only at your hairstylist. The Brut Professionals are salon-tested and professionally formulated to give hair maximum manageability. Great body. Natural luster. All this and the great smell of Brut, too.

Next time you visit your hairstylist, ask for The Brut Professionals—Brut® Deep Cleaning Shampoo and Brut® Instant Hair Conditioner. There's nothing average about them.



Precise sound.



CRAIG SERIES 5000

you made to go underground?

HOFFMAN: Well, it seemed like I had been preparing for a long time before the actual idea occurred to me. My background gave me some idea about political asylum that a person like Patricia Hearst, for example, couldn't have. I had investigated the political-asylum angle for other people, so I knew the practical and psychological areas. It seemed to me that Algeria, where I had helped bundle Leary off to, was inhospitable; a person was liable to end up under house arrest or charged with the use of narcotics there. The exile community itself was unstable—such as Leary himself, who got off the plane in Algeria to take a leak and told everyone where he was going so he could get fan letters. I never have favored asylum in the long run. Exiles get cut off from the struggle. They end up getting dislocated, like all those 19th Century Russian anarchists hanging around Zurich bleeding for a bowl of borsch. If an exile sees something wrong happening, he's helpless. In the FBI's eyes, you are like a sore nerve ending; you can expose the presence of the CIA just by being there. So they want you liquidated. It's difficult to tell how sincere a country that takes in exiles really is—Israel has this big mother myth of itself as refuge for all Jews in trouble, but I wouldn't be worth threatening negotiations over a Phantom jet.

PLAYBOY: You mean you considered Israel as a possible asylum?

HOFFMAN: Nah, I don't believe in a religious state. I'm a Communist. To say that every Jew should support Israel is like saying every Catholic should have supported Mussolini's Italy. Well, fuck that. But Jews are interesting people—we were chosen, after all. But chosen to do what? There are two kinds of Jews in the world: the kind that go for broke and the kind that go for the money. Those who go for broke say crazy things like, "Every kid wants to fuck his mother," or "Workers of the world, unite." Jewish troublemakers. That's the creative, humanistic trend in Judaism, but there's another: "Don't rock the boat." It fucked up my childhood. But I've gotten some perspective on it now. In my new life, people don't know I'm Jewish—you notice I don't *look* Jewish!—and I sometimes hear anti-Semitic jokes I never heard before.

PLAYBOY: What other identities did you consider?

HOFFMAN: Well, I thought about becoming an Italian. I was told I'd have friends in Sicily, no questions asked. And, of course, a year ago at Christmas I was Mickey Mouse at Disney World.

PLAYBOY: You look as if the experience aged you.

HOFFMAN: No, that's the plastic surgery. A woman I lived with told me that now

Of all filter kings:

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for
other top brands that call themselves "low" in tar.

| | tar, mg/cig. | nicotine, mg/cig. |
|------------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| Brand D (Filter) | 14 | 1.0 |
| Brand D (Menthol) | 13 | 1.0 |
| Brand V (Filter) | 11 | 0.7 |
| Brand T (Menthol) | 11 | 0.6 |
| Brand V (Menthol) | 11 | 0.7 |
| Brand T (Filter) | 11 | 0.6 |
| Carlton Filter | *2 | 0.2 |
| Carlton Menthol | *2 | 0.2 |

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—

*1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

No wonder Carlton is
fastest growing of the top 25.



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

Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



The year-round water sport.

Our traditional leather moccasin loves the water, fresh or salt. The special elk-tanned leather dries to its original softness no matter how often it's wet. Handlasted and handstitched. Soft, antiskid Sperry Top-Sider® sole makes it perfect for boating or street wear. \$28.00 (Suggested Retail Price)

Write for catalogue: Sperry Top-Sider
24 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Conn. 06770



Precise reproduction.



CRAIG® SERIES 5000

I look like the normal Abbie Hoffman—but handsomer. So it has its Cinderella aspect, you know. Your face changes, you have to be different all the way through. I trained myself to change my eye movements—I used to make eye contact with everyone; now I know how to glaze over, keep preoccupied. I learned karate to change my gait, losing ten pounds in the process. Being away from Anita changed things, too—if you have to keep in touch with someone through a complex letter system, it changes things.

PLAYBOY: What was the plastic surgery like?

HOFFMAN: Well, it started out kinda freaky. I wanted the doctors to age me, which shocked them enough to land me in a loony bin right there. The whole world wants to look younger and this creep walks in and says, "Wrinkle me up, man!" I told them that I was doing a TV series in Canada for children, playing the part of some grandfatherly old shit—like Captain Kangaroo—and they believed it, fortunately. Hospitals are interesting, because the level of conversation is always, "Hi, sweetie, you've got the best doctor in the whole wide world and there's nothing to worry about"—even though they don't give a fuck about anything but Blue Cross. The cops didn't intervene, because, at the time, I was not yet a fugitive. I could have had a vaginal cyst for all they knew. Anyway, they pumped me up with Demerol and I got high on changing my face. You give the doctor enough money and you can be tall, short, he'll take something out, put something in. So now I have one nice Aryan nose, rosy Anglo cheeks. And for further changes, I had learned about make-up for television appearances. I'd been doing fucking research for three years.

PLAYBOY: All this was happening before you officially became a fugitive?

HOFFMAN: Yeah, the judge is taking her time, thinking I'll show up because she's playing Sirica while playing footsie with the cops. Meanwhile, I'm trying *everything* out—except for drag; I don't think I could have worked in drag.

PLAYBOY: But just to stay on the track, when exactly did you make the decision to go underground?

HOFFMAN: When I was in Mexico City. Dick Cavett didn't know it, but he paid for my escape. Cavett contacted me and sent me a ticket when I was on his show. It was made out in my name from Mexico City to New York to Richmond to Atlanta to "void." The ticket was open-ended, in other words, so I could keep moving. And the South seemed a good place to vanish, once I started thinking about it. I figured I'd catch the Allman Brothers' show in

Over the last few years, most economy cars have shifted from inexpensive to out of reach.

Fortunately, there's one economy car that still is an economy car. The 1976 Subaru.

**\$2,899.* A PRICE
FROM OUT OF THE PAST.**

Believe it or not, the actual price of the 1976 Subaru two-door sedan you see in the picture is \$2,899.

And that price includes features like front wheel drive, power front disc brakes, radial tires, rack and pinion steering and reclining bucket seats.

It's almost enough to make you forget the cost of living.

**A CAR THAT DOESN'T
SOAK YOU AT THE GAS PUMP**

According to EPA test estimates, the manual transmission Subaru sedan got 39* highway and 29* city miles to a gallon of regular.

Your mileage may vary because of the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your car and whatever optional equipment you might have. But the Subaru is one car that doesn't have a drinking problem.

AN ENGINE GEARED FOR TODAY.

Our high efficiency SEEC-T engine burns clean and doesn't even need expensive add-on emission control devices like catalytic convertors, air pumps and air metering systems.

Those are two reasons you can breathe easier right there.

Not only that, the cylinders on the SEEC-T engine are horizontally opposed, so it vibrates less. That means less wear and tear on your car. And your wallet.

**OUR DRIVING FORCE:
FRONT WHEEL DRIVE.**

Every Subaru comes standard with front wheel drive. What that means is that the weight of the engine is over the drive wheels.

Or to put it in more practical terms, it's more practical. Our front wheel drive provides you with greater stability and better traction in every kind of driving condition.

All in all, between what you save and what you get on the 1976 Subaru, a lot of people will be riding high this year. Despite the economy.

SUBARU
**THE ECONOMY CAR FOR
TODAY'S ECONOMY.**



\$2,899*

*Total POE—not including dealer prep, inland transportation and taxes. Rally stripe and wheel trim rings are extra cost options.

*In California see your local Subaru dealer for price and gas mileage figures.

**ON THE 1976 SUBARU,
THE THING MOST EFFECTED
BY INFLATION IS THE TIRES.**



The Air Bed

by INFLATE-A-BED[®]
INFLATE-A-BED[®] From **\$49.95**

The Bed You Can Fold Up And Carry In A Bag

The Most Natural Way To Sleep!

"The Air Bed" from Inflate-A-Bed offers you the best of many worlds when it comes to serious contemporary bedding. First off, be prepared for the finest, most naturally pleasant and satisfying night's sleep you've ever had. We've got hundreds of letters attesting to this fact, and literally tens of thousands of people are living this wonderful sleeping experience every night. Sleeping on a cushion of air is as nice as it sounds. "The Air Bed" (which you inflate in minutes with a vacuum cleaner or any air pump) shapes itself to your body almost like cradle-ing it—naturally, on a series of specially patented "air coils," which support your body evenly—and with unheard of flexibility in a mattress. No frame or innerspring is needed, although it will fit into any standard bed frame.

"The Air Bed" is incredibly light and incredibly tough (20 mil Poly Vinyl Chloride). It cleans instantly with soap and water. It deflates in minutes for you to fold up and take with you anywhere—visiting, camping, beach (a dynamite water raft), or storing on a shelf when not in use. It is everything a bed should be—delightfully sensual, highly orthopedic, and conveniently mobile. Try one for 2 weeks.

Please send the following Air Bed(s). If not fully satisfied I can return within 2 weeks for an immediate refund.

| | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Twin Size @ \$49.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Full Size @ \$69.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Queen Size @ \$79.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> King Size @ \$99.95 |

(Add \$4.95 for shipping and insurance)

☐ Instead I prefer the Original Inflate-A-Bed (same as above plus a flocced velveteen finish).

| | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Twin @ \$59.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> Full @ \$79.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Queen @ \$89.95 | <input type="checkbox"/> King @ \$114.95 |

(Add \$4.95 shipping per bed)

☐ Check or M.O. Enclosed (Ill. residents add 5% sales tax)

☐ Charge My Credit Card Checked Below:

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> American Express | <input type="checkbox"/> BankAmericard | <input type="checkbox"/> Carte Blanche |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Diners Club | <input type="checkbox"/> Master Charge | |

Credit Card # _____

Master Charge Bank # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____ PB-5/76

Send Coupon To:
Contemporary Marketing, Inc.
790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Ill. 60106
Call Toll Free: 800-323-2408 Ill. call: 312-595-0461

Craig precision.

When you're ready for stereo components that give you the highest standards of quality at a price that's still within your reach, see your Craig dealer and listen to what we've done for you.



CRAIG[®] SERIES 5000

For further information, write to Craig Corp., 921 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220.
In Canada: Withers, Evans Ltd., 3133 Sumner Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3E3

Atlanta, then fade out from there. I gave my last public speech at the University of Richmond after I'd made up my mind. I didn't know where I was going, but I knew I wasn't coming back. It was a good speech and I put in a clue that I was splitting. I said, "Tell Rocky when he comes looking that he ain't ever gonna find me."

PLAYBOY: Aside from the plastic surgery, how did you change your physical appearance?

HOFFMAN: I started talking with this cab-driver in Atlanta who was getting his hair conked. The idea occurred to me, "Goodbye, famous frizzy hair." I decided that if I had only one life, I would rather live it as a blonde. Blondes have more fun, right? Back in my hotel room, I slathered my hair—and my snatch—with Clairol, half-blinding myself in the process; those fumes nearly killed me. After the chemical ordeal, I went to the mirror, expecting to look as Nordic as Veronica Lake—but nothing had changed. My hair was still brown. My hair was still frizzy. I looked at the instructions on the package. I had followed them exactly. It seemed my body was just not going to take that shit sitting down. So certain things didn't work.

PLAYBOY: Well, you don't look like the same person now.

HOFFMAN: Yeah, that pleases me. I'm a new face and I've got my clothes all changed and everything. All those "Wanted" posters come out, and I paste them up all over the mirror and say, "I don't know who the fuck you are." But for a while, it was strange. Plastic surgery hurts. I didn't believe anything but the pain for a while. It took me three weeks to recover. There's no accurate way of telling if you have changed as much as you think you have. Recovering in New Mexico, I ran into this kid I could have sworn recognized me from some campus organizing I had done or something. I tried to bluff it, but I am sure he knew. Probably I just smelled like Abbie Hoffman.

PLAYBOY: Was the surgery expensive?

HOFFMAN: Absolutely. But the doctor hurt me, so I skipped out. Blue Cross doesn't pay for that kind of thing.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Anita face the prospect of separating?

HOFFMAN: At first, we were so busy getting mobilized, in kind of a trance, nothing really hit us. When it did, we just cried. Nothing is as intimate as crying with someone—not loving, not bawling. One of the hardest things was my kid, America, who I won't see grow up. My kid became the symbol of everything that would be missed. I became really pensive. I had to look at everything. But once I started to go, it was a question of mechanics.

PLAYBOY: What did you do in your first months as a fugitive?

HOFFMAN: Well, for six months I worked
(continued on page 72)

RIDING THE UNDERGROUND RANGE WITH ABBIE

article By KEN KELLEY

ONE APRIL DAY in San Francisco last year, I was awakened at the crack of noon by the trill of my doorbell. A postman with an American-flag lapel pin handed me a letter with four cents' postage due. Inside was a cryptic note: "Hi! Greetings from The Underground! Wanna rendez-vous? Go to a pay phone and call _____, 11 P.M., April 15. 11:05 will be too late. Your old pal, Abbie." The postmark was Seattle; the area code, Miami. I pictured a coast-to-coast tunnel of radical molework.

For the next three days, I found myself reliving old memories of Abbie Hoffman. It had been more than a year since I had last seen him, just before he vanished in the wake of his cocaine bust. I remembered the first time I had met him, in 1968. It was in New York's Tompkins Square, when the Lower East Side teemed with the flotsam and jetsam of flower children not yet wilted. A demonic apparition had popped out of the hordes, its head a mass of friz, and parked itself in front of me.

"I'm Abbie. Wanna see my tongue?"

Nobody had ever asked me that before. Before I could muster a "Shucks," a wondrous membrane slowly unfurled itself, wet, flat and craggy. I knew it was the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

At the appointed hour, I walked to a nearby phone booth and dialed the number. Instead of Abbie's Boston pool-hall twang, I heard a friendly, businesslike female voice. She was, she said, also at a pay phone, and "our friend" wanted to see me. If I wanted to meet him, I was to go to a certain department-store parking lot in Phoenix in exactly one week, at three P.M.

Now, there are no doubt less interesting places for hanging around to meet an underground fugitive than a suburban department store in the Arizona desert, but after three hours of waiting, I was becoming bored. Then I noticed a white T-bird, late model, pull up near me. Opening the door, a tall, slender, flaxen-haired woman beckoned. I nervously plopped myself into the front seat without a word. She wheeled out like a pro.

"Ken, my name is Angel," she said after a few minutes on the road. It was the same mystery voice from the Miami phone. I was to find out later that she

had been a highly paid fashion model before taking up with Abbie. She handed me a black kerchief. "I know this sounds weird, but you have to put this on and slouch down in your seat."

Perhaps half an hour later, we turned left, went another 100 yards or so and turned left again. She shut off the ignition. "Take that thing off, keep your eyes averted and follow me." We walked up two flights of concrete stairs. A typical American Highway Gothic motel room, empty. "Wait here, on the bed," she instructed, and walked into an adjoining room. I heard the doorknob click. I opened my eyes and in strode a handsome, auburn-haired, seersuckered dead ringer for an associate professor of philosophy at Bryn Mawr. The professor smiled, half-yawned and, in a familiar brogue, said, "Oh, shit, they told me Clarence Kelley [of the FBI] was out here. I guess he'll have to wait till the Ks come around again next year."

"Abbie!" I whispered loudly.

"How'd you know it was me?"

"I'd recognize that tongue anywhere," I said.

"This is only one of about seven disguises I have down."

He wasn't kidding. Over in a corner was an antique steamer trunk, which Abbie proceeded to open with some ceremony. Inside he had stashed an assortment of costumes suitable for Madame Tussaud's. For formal occasions ("such as Rockefeller's funeral"), a dark-blue tuxedo with tails and satin cummerbund. For more casual attire, a simple silk pin-stripe, black. Abbie stopped me before I could inspect the final item of apparel—he wanted to model it personally. Faster than Clark Kent in a phone booth, he emerged from the bathroom sporting three proud sergeant's stripes on his sleeve: a New York City policeman posed menacingly before me. "I just got promoted last week!" he shouted. "Now, up against the wall!"

Inside a compartment of the trunk was his "Head Kit"—a huge assortment of make-up, wigs and beards, face putty, eyebrow paste-ons, a *yarmulke*, even a stretchy pink fake scalp for the Telly Savalas look.

Abbie chose to remain in his police uniform for the duration of my visit.

We had an auld-lang-syne chat for the next couple of hours. Somewhere in the course of it, I said, "Say, why don't we do an interview? You know, sit down for three straight days of Q. and A. I bet that *PLAYBOY*..."

"We'll see. I have to consult my collective, you know, before I can give you a yes or no. I'm a full-fledged Commie now."

Then a treat—in the motel kitchenette, Abbie fixed a sumptuous five-course French meal that would rate a couple of stars from Michelin, presented with a flourish.

Abbie, Angel and I sat around briefly after the meal. Abbie informed me that I was taking a nine-o'clock flight back to San Francisco in the morning, that Angel would drive me and that when he figured out his plans, he would let me know in the same way that this meeting had been arranged. Meantime, I should put out a feeler to *PLAYBOY*, but I was to select only one editor at the magazine, swear him to secrecy and communicate with him only in person or by mail. Abbie then swept Angel up in his arms and exited stage left.

Memorial Day weekend, I found myself in San Diego in the engaging presence of my two scofflaw friends. While it did not seem particularly frightening or different for me to walk around publicly with Abbie, he wanted to practice a day of being "normal," since the major problem he had with his friends from the past was *their* paranoia. It was an enjoyable, relaxed day that ended in another motel room, this one with sauna and whirlpool.

But behind this deliberately cheerful and relaxed vibration, I could sense Abbie's terrible uneasiness. His humor was more manic than usual—and his normal pace left most people breathless. There was a choppiness to his gestures; a haunted look would enshroud his eyes from time to time. I couldn't figure out why, but Abbie scared me. I soon found out. While he went downstairs to buy an after-dinner cigar, Angel told me about her past month with him. The pressure of meticulously preparing a tape to be shown on public television had wiped him out. On an impulse, he had taken Angel for a weekend fling in Las Vegas. It was there, she said, that Abbie had lost all his marbles. For 17 hours straight, he screamed his real name at the top of his lungs over and over again within earshot of hotel residents. Angel barely survived the ordeal herself.

Given his condition, the three of us agreed that we should find a spot for the interview that would be sunny, warm and relaxing.

"Why not Mexico?" I asked jokingly.

as we were only an hour's drive from the border. To my startled chagrin, he looked at me with the old why-not gleam in his eye—why not do something a bit daring, unpredictable? Spontaneity ruled the moment.

So we packed our suitcases, beat the motel bill—I wanted to pay it, but Abbie insisted it would be “good practice” not to—and headed for a downtown bookstore.

As we got into the T-bird, I felt a strange pulsation under my seat, kind of a lilting back and forth. We parked and I went into a bookstore to look for a Mexico-on-five-dollars-a-day book. When I emerged, a surreal scene greeted me. Abbie was clutching a large Siamese cat by the nape of the neck, trotting after a slinky-haired woman who obviously thought him daft. I inquired as to what the hell was going on.

“This cat, this goddamn cat came out from under the seat!” Abbie yelled. “So I figured it belonged to someone around here. Then this girl that I’m sure is Cher came out of that shop, and this looks like a cat she would own. . . .”

“C’mon, Abbie, what would Cher be doing in San Diego?”

“I dunno—getting married to a sailor?”

We deposited the cat on the sidewalk and headed for Tijuana, stopping for a Baskin-Robbins sugar hit first. The border crossing was a cinch and we did a little shopping in town for some tequila, cigarettes and perfume that Angel claimed could be bought only there and in Aix-en-Provence.

We decided to head for the eastern shore of the Gulf of California—lots of beaches, small towns and sun.

We were all pretty tired when we arrived at a town called Guaymas. We drove until we came to a hotel right on the ocean with an alluring stretch of beach. Abbie went to sleep immediately and Angel and I decided to head into town for a little local culture.

We walked around town for 45 minutes and then heard the strains of rock ‘n’ roll emanating from a distant courtyard. We paid our way in and began dancing in a large, crowded room off the courtyard.

Suddenly a scuffle broke out on the other side of the room. Instinctively, I ducked and moved to a corner with Angel, though the distance between us and the commotion was a good 50 yards. I felt a whizzing pass in front of my lips, very close. I turned just in time to see Angel clutch her hands to her face. At her feet was an unopened can of beer, the top rim bloody. She took away her hand and a long, ugly scarlet gash started to ooze to the left of her eye, slanting down to her ear. She was in a state of shock, as was I. Complete pandemonium broke loose, everyone wanting to help, offering

advice in a high-pitched Spanish staccato. I maneuvered her into the back room and someone called the Red Cross.

Two soldiers in full military regalia showed up, ushered us into a jeep and drove breakneck through the narrow cobblestone streets to the Red Cross Center. Inside, we found there was no doctor on duty—but a very crisp and reassuring nurse showed us into a makeshift operating room. Angel lay on the one cot in the room, clutching my hand fiercely. The problem was to prevent the nurse from stitching up the wound on the outside and leaving a scar. Angel’s modeling career would end unless I kept a constant eye on the nurse to make sure she understood what we wanted—inside stitching, yes, but only a butterfly bandage on top.

An ungodly series of yelps and thuds

“Abbie’s glitterbug went haywire. Inside of ten minutes, he had persuaded the entire crew that he was a Hollywood producer.”

commenced in the hallway outside and five brown-shirted Mexican gendarmes hustled in a bloody specimen. He was kicking and screaming, so they began to beat him with truncheons a few feet away from us until he subsided into a bloody heap. A few minutes later, there was another commotion and another unfortunate was dragged in, this one in even worse shape, with bullet wounds in his stomach and legs. The victim’s mother came in, waving her hands frantically in the air, tears streaming down her face. One of the cops turned menacingly toward her. Jesus, I thought, now they’re going to beat her into a pulp. At that moment, a nun walked in and interposed herself between them. She was a large nun. A typical Saturday night in the country, I figured.

The stitch job was completed and Angel and I returned to the hotel.

Now the real fear set in, a fear that transcended even the night’s terrors. How would Abbie react? Would he pull another Las Vegas? We decided to let sleeping Abbies lie, and Angel said she would sleep in the back of the car while I tiptoed into the room. I managed maybe 15 minutes of light dozing, then heard him yawn and start.

“Where’s Angel?”

I jumped up, ran to the basin and splashed water in my bleary eyes and recapitulated the story as fast as I could, trying to sound calm. I don’t think I

sounded calm. Abbie ran out to Angel in the car and they had a talk while I chain-smoked Fiesta cigarettes. In half an hour, he came back to the room. He was shaken and I smelled trouble. “We have to get back to the States right away,” he said. “Go check on flights for you and Angel—I’ll drive the car.”

I knew there was a small airport in Guaymas and I trudged into the hotel lobby to get the clerk to place a call to the airlines. As I approached the desk, I did a double take. Surely this experience had finally taken its toll and I was a goner. The lobby was filled with Americans, and very unusual Americans, at that. Liza Minnelli. Burt Reynolds. A groggy-looking Gene Hackman. I cornered one of the crew—I wasn’t hallucinating—and found that the cast of *Lucky Lady* was staying at that hotel on location.

I was strictly on automatic pilot. I was told there was a plane available in about two hours and booked two seats on it. I prayed that Abbie wouldn’t pick that moment to stumble into the lobby. My prayer was answered: He waited fully 20 seconds after Liza had gone out the exit. The sun was rising and before I could head him off, he strolled out onto the veranda. All those Americans around—What’s up? It took him all of several seconds to discover he was on location. Hollywood! Movies! His glitterbug went haywire. Inside of ten minutes, he had persuaded the entire crew that he was in pictures himself, a Hollywood film producer, but most of the cast concluded he was an obnoxious creep. An hour and a half to go, I thought. Abbie became even surlier with me when I tried to reason him back into the room. It became ugly. I walked back to console Angel and hoped for the best. It was the only thing I could do.

As we drove to the airport, his mania became more and more intolerable and both Angel and I were glad to get aboard the plane to San Diego.

It was with another taste of historical irony that I found myself in Abbie and Angel’s company on yet another holiday—Thanksgiving, the day after which was Abbie’s 39th birthday. Remember when you couldn’t trust anybody over 30?

Anyway, this time the pay-phone connection instructed me to fly to Houston. The familiar white T-bird arrived, Angel picked me up and this time the blindfold was blue. We drove for hours and my spinal column felt sorely abused by the time we arrived at our destination, a sprawling Texas ranch.

There I found a much-improved Abbie Hoffman—the old Abbie at his best. And the new Abbie at his best, for that matter; he actually apologized for the way he had treated me, something I had never

heard him do before. The trials and tribulations of the spring had mellowed him and he seemed resolved to take an active role in the revolution once more. As for Angel, the scar had been sanded off by the best Miami plastician and without a magnifying glass, you could never detect the slightest trace of our Mexican episode. Abbie and I did three whole days of Q. and A. in a relaxed and convivial mood. He fixed what was probably the most impressive Thanksgiving spread I've ever experienced, as more than 100 friends of his—locals who knew him only by his new identity—partied into the night. He kept hinting broadly that on my last day I would see another old friend, though I couldn't pry loose from him who it would be.

Since the ranch where Abbie reigned as patriarch had a stable of four beautiful horses, as well as some terrific riding trails, I arranged the night before my departure to spend the morning riding with Angel. I can ride competently enough, but I suppose the effect of watching too many Gary Cooper movies led me to dismiss her warnings about the big brown pinto.

Yes, it happened.


Going into a full gallop, the horse suddenly decided to take a short cut home, swerving sharply to the right. I was thrown ten feet into the air, into a stone wall, where, fortunately, my head was the first point of contact, and I blacked out for the first time in my life.

After what seemed like hours, I finally heard the wonderful purr of the T-bird, which soon became a white gleam down the road. In the front seat I could discern Abbie at the wheel and Angel behind him and a very familiar figure riding shotgun.

Abbie rushed out of the driver's seat, Angel jumped out of the back and Jerry Rubin stepped out of the passenger's seat.

"See, we're up to the Rs already," smiled Abbie.

"Howdy," I said to Jerry, whom I had seen two weeks before. Neither of us had mentioned that we were going to visit our special friend. It was an interesting contrast, bumping along that lonely Texas terrain, to watch the Sixties' most famous radical double bill chatting away in their new incarnations. Back at the ranch, Abbie called a doctor who pronounced my head fine and my joint sprained, then wrapped an Ace bandage around my knee.

Although the experience was painful, I was glad it had happened. It gave Angel the opportunity to tend to me in my time of need, as I had in hers. Or, in the ethos of the old West, we were even. In fact, there was only one missing element for the perfect cowboy saga with a happy ending. As Angel and I drove away, I turned around to look at the spectacular setting sun. Sure 'nuff, Abbie Hoffman was riding off into the sunset. 



For color reproduction of complete Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19 by 21", send \$1 to Box 929-PB5, Wall St. Sta., NY 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey's beautiful plumage was highly prized by early American Indians. The feathers were used to make arrows, blankets and the elaborate headdresses worn by great chiefs.

A truly native bird, the Wild Turkey is a most fitting symbol for the finest native American Whiskey—Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY/ 101 PROOF/ 8 YEARS OLD.

© 1976 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

A full-page photograph of a cowboy on a dark horse. The cowboy is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a brown leather jacket over a red shirt, and light-colored pants. He has a cigarette in his mouth and is holding a lasso aloft in his right hand. The horse is dark brown with a white blaze on its face. The background is a blurred, natural setting with trees and foliage.

Come to

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

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

as a teacher. I was very even, very disciplined, very tight. Everyone kept telling me that after six months it would be cool, so I played Mrs. Grundy and kept kids from gouging each other's eyes out with Ticonderoga pencils. No one could eat the crayons. Everyone went to the bathroom only after raising his hand. But they were the loneliest months of my life. I didn't talk to anyone. Then a crazy lady fell in love with me. She was a Catholic, so I had to go Catholic pretty quick. I went to church every Sunday for five weeks and didn't blow it once. I tell you, I genuflect like a pro. Finally, I began to make my way into the world very, very delicately, all my feelers out. I made new friends who didn't know who I was.

For caution's sake, I vanished several times and re-emerged elsewhere, using another name and identity apparatus. Then there was always the fear that someone who had known me in my last false incarnation would walk up and call me Ted when I was now David. There's no way of shutting up an insistent acquaintance quickly—no little flip of the thumb that means "Cut it out; it's urgent"—so I would just have to be on the lookout without seeming to be. If you look paranoid, you bring things on your ass. So there was always a question of the fine balance.

PLAYBOY: Have you seen old friends since you've been under?

HOFFMAN: Oh, yes, but not as Abbie Hoffman. I have talked with very old friends without their catching on—it was like being at your own funeral. But it was necessary. Occasionally, I have visitors from the past, but it throws me off pattern. If I take an old friend to a party, he's so uptight about blowing my cover that he usually ends up in the bathroom trying to vomit up that one beer that might have loosened his tongue. Friends from the past have to make all the adjustments too quickly. They think they might call me by the right name. The wrong-right name, I mean. See how confusing it gets? It actually happened once, but no one noticed. But they always *feel* everyone knows. They read signals where there are no signals. I keep it down to a minimum because it's hard on everyone.

PLAYBOY: Have your friends and family been harassed by the FBI?

HOFFMAN: Anita has been turned into a surrogate black widow: Every time she goes on a date, they jump the guy. They're trying to isolate her to the point of craziness. They've smashed communiques—anyplace they think I may have been gets some kind of ugly attention. Hell, they tried to stop my father's will; they tried to keep everything in escrow. My brother inherited the business and I was left \$1000—but they tried to keep the will from taking effect, as if that would smoke me out. They're all over the place.

PLAYBOY: How competent does the FBI seem to you from your perspective?

HOFFMAN: It is a good deal less active than you'd think from watching Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., bagging his man once a week on television. But they can make it hard on you, anyway. If someone like me—aged 39—tries to get a job, a longtime résumé is hard to forge. They also assume that you will resume past contacts—one of whom is bound to be an agent. Or they think that word will get around, that they've infiltrated the left so deeply that they'll soon pick up information and crack your web.

I assume that in my case they have at least a couple of goons after me permanently, because it is important enough to reach the newspapers and they will get a lot of mileage out of that. They were really boosted by nailing Patty Hearst. The FBI never looked so good. She's not dead, they've got her and all the others—excluding the ones they killed—and it took the heat off. The FBI was looking incompetent for a while and it was hurting the budget, not to mention

"Patty Hearst had me on the move more than anyone else—certainly more than the law. ... I'd think, 'Oy, she's gotta come here! Who needs this? I got enough problems!'"

the big *macho* myth dear to the heart of every Amurrican. The Patty Hearst case allowed them to learn a lot about fugitive life.

PLAYBOY: Do you move around as much as Patty Hearst did?

HOFFMAN: I'm not as athletic. I'm more domestic. I probably move around less than you do. I heard the average American moves every two years. I've lived as long as eight or nine months in the same spot, with intermittent periods of travel. I've been in almost every state of the Union—except New York. I could get into New York and out, I know exactly how to do it. I almost did a video-tape thing of me defying the police to shut me out, but I decided it was a little banal. And though I am sure I can get away with it, it almost tempts fate. I want to maintain courteous relations with fate.

PLAYBOY: Did the S.L.A. experience teach you anything about your own life as an outlaw?

HOFFMAN: Yes—that you aren't going to scare the masses into a revolution in the U. S. A. Revolutionary violence has to

be very precise—like a scalpel. It has to be used very delicately and it has to be used against objects that are seen as evil by a broad enough range of people. The most important object of an underground revolutionary group is survival, not to get caught. The S.L.A. would have been better off sitting on its collective ass for six years and not doing anything. Its survival would have been a revolutionary act. But then it blew it when it started militant actions of a dubious nature—like killing a black superintendent. I used to have this out with black revolutionary groups all the time in New York, you know, about shooting a black cop. If you shoot a cop, shoot a white cop. Shooting a black cop just sharpens distinctions. With revolutionary violence, you don't just go off and shoot the mailman because your welfare check didn't come on time. With revolutionary violence, you attack *the enemy*. *The enemy* is defined as the enemy of all people. Your bombs and your bullets had better be well placed—toward the ruling class. Now, should radicals bomb the Pentagon, that has a different quality. But I don't put the S.L.A. down the way the Panthers did.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any close calls when the FBI was hunting for Patty Hearst?

HOFFMAN: Patty had me on the move more than anyone else—certainly more than the law. There was a lot of knocking on doors, with agents asking if anyone was moving in—things like that. I'd pick up the paper and it would say that Patty was rumored to be near where I was. Everywhere I went, Patty was on the same block and I'd think, "Oh, God, she's living next door—I've gotta split." I'd think, "Oy, she's gotta come *here!* Who needs this? I got *enough* problems." If necessary, though, I figured I might be able to take some heat off her—if there are 50,000 looking for her, maybe I'm enough to divert 10,000 of them. I would have helped her—there's no question about that. I have never not helped a fugitive—and I'm not saying this because I'm a fugitive now. Fugitives are my kind of people. They sleep in closets. They read all the time. They never argue. They don't try to piss people off. I know I try to be good company—I make my hosts feel good by entertaining them, cooking good food.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet Patty Hearst?

HOFFMAN: Not knowingly. When I was in California, I went to the Hearst castle, San Simeon. My friend Angel took a picture of me in a big funny hat waving Hi, baby, hi, hi, hi to Patty. I sent it to her through the media. That's how you communicate, because we all watch the same television shows.

PLAYBOY: Angel is the pseudonym of the woman you've been living with. Tell us about her.

HOFFMAN: I've been very lucky. She's an exciting, interesting companion. I met

Body Art

It's Jantzen's totally new look. A soft, stylish brief and shirt that stands you apart from any crowd.

The set is of perfect-fitting Du Pont ANTRON[®] nylon and LYCRA[®] spandex.

"Body Art." Wear it and watch all eyes follow you.

Brief, \$7.50

Shirt, \$20.

LYCRA[®]
the fiber
for
stretch
in
textiles

Jantzen

A source of pride

JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208

her after I went underground, and if I'd taken someone with me—there were offers from people who wanted to go—I'd have chosen badly. I was filled with anxiety and fucked up.

PLAYBOY: Did she know who you were?

HOFFMAN: From the beginning. But it's not natural for her to call me Abbie—I'm Brian to her. It's absolutely not natural for her to think of that other person.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide not to go under with Anita?

HOFFMAN: I don't make her decisions, and we decided together that this life would be too dangerous for our son, America. The separation has been less painful than you'd imagine, because my friends and comrades have stepped in to fill the void.

PLAYBOY: In your communications with Anita, have you found out how your son is taking it?

HOFFMAN: He understands he was not abandoned; we were driven apart by the Government.

PLAYBOY: What is the closest you and Angel have come to being caught?

HOFFMAN: Once I was driving a car with Angel asleep in the back seat and I was stopped for speeding. The cop asked me a bunch of questions about the I.D. I was carrying. I knew all the dates and everything, but I hadn't been sleeping well and I was a little slow. So the cop says he wants to wake up Angel and ask her some questions while I stand off to the side. I knew he wanted to see if her story jibed with mine and I was really nervous. He had a loaded shotgun mounted in his car and I was wrestling with the possibility of grabbing the shotgun if he came at me, because I couldn't let him get the handcuffs on me. But she told the story all right and it worked out. Actually, once I was arrested for a charge more serious than traffic.

PLAYBOY: What was that?

HOFFMAN: Dope. Party dope. I was with a group that got busted and somehow I just talked my way out of it. I didn't know what I was saying.

PLAYBOY: How, in fact, do you support yourself? Where do you get money to rent cars, to feed yourself, and so on?

HOFFMAN: At the beginning, I had some people who helped me out financially, and I had some funds of my own—maybe \$5000 or \$6000 from articles I'd written. But, on occasion, I've been close to desperation. And I have engaged in illegal activities.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

HOFFMAN: Low-level, teeny-bopper white crime. Traveler's checks, stuff of that nature.

PLAYBOY: Do you shoplift?

HOFFMAN: Yes. I don't steal socks from sporting-goods stores in Los Angeles, backed up by a chorus of machine guns, I'll tell you that. But there have been times I've let my fingers do the walking.

PLAYBOY: What about cash?

HOFFMAN: Yeah, that's always a problem. I like to have a certain amount of money on me, in case I have to bribe a cop. That sometimes works.

PLAYBOY: It does?

HOFFMAN: They are not above corruption, young man.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you worried that something as relatively insignificant as shoplifting could get you caught?

HOFFMAN: I have to survive and it's very hard at my age to get hired for a job and I'm pretty good at shoplifting. Actually, I got forced into it by a repressive, puritanical society. When I was very little, I had to swipe dirty books, because I was ashamed to buy them: 48-year-old teenagers with huge boobs and he cupped her breasts in his hands and felt her inner thigh, higher, higher . . . which was enough in those days. So sex and theft are highly correlated in my life.

PLAYBOY: But you haven't often been close to desperation, have you?

HOFFMAN: No. I have a lifestyle I would term primitive elegance.

PLAYBOY: You make it sound like great fun. Has it been?

"My phone isn't tapped for the first time in 15 years. I'm not under surveillance by three or four agencies. There's a difference between being hunted and being watched."

HOFFMAN: No. You've known me from the past, so when we meet, you're more or less seeing the old me. But if you were to observe me through a one-way mirror as I interact with my new friends, you'd see a different person—maybe several different persons. And packing too many identities into your head at once can become very difficult. At the beginning, when people would press me for information, I'd introduce a tremendous personal tragedy—such as my parents getting killed in a car crash. It would stop the questioning. But I can't always remember what my newest story is. People will come up to me and say, "It's a shame your mother died in Calcutta," and I have to say to myself, "Let's see. . . ." I've told other stories, but I'm trying to be selective, picking stories about people who won't read **PLAYBOY**. It can get confusing. In fact, once I cracked.

PLAYBOY: How did it happen?

HOFFMAN: I did this taped interview for public television, but I was only impersonating myself; it wasn't real. I said on

the tape that I was together, I was pretty healthy. But, in fact, I went right out and cracked, really flipped out. Knowing the U.S. as I do, I had the good sense to head for Las Vegas. I knew I was cracking and I said to myself, "Don't go near the tables, don't go near the tables—you crack there and they'll call the cops." I figured upstairs would be all right—you could be moaning and crying in a corner of an elevator and everybody would assume you'd just lost your business at the crap tables. So I managed to get into a hotel room and then let go. I ripped the furniture apart. I screamed out who I was—Abbie Hoffman!—all over the place. Once, I was standing next to Mort Sahl, who didn't recognize me, and I kept yelling things like, "Play Red!" and "This is all going to Bangladesh!" I talked for 52 straight hours, until my lips were all cracked. For a few days, Angel and I got into the car and just drove through the desert. I kept hallucinating that she was Patty Hearst—and I had my doubts as to who I was. Luckily, Angel was a good soldier and knew how to deal with it. She got me some tranquilizers, which I wouldn't swallow at first, because I was fantasizing that they were poison. But finally I cooled out. Health food, no meat and a secure environment for a couple of weeks and I was OK.

PLAYBOY: Could you flip out again?

HOFFMAN: No. No. That caught me by surprise. I can't answer the question. I don't know. Life is full of surprises. I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Was that the only time the identity switching got to you?

HOFFMAN: Yes. After two years, these changes aren't very awkward. I have several levels of identity. Like now I'm Abbie, but if a friend came into this room who knew me as Brian, I'd be Abbie and Brian both, and when you leave, I'll be all Brian—except for what I write and lock in the trunk. It gives me an exhilaration and confidence to realize I can move from one role to another.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be saying that in one sense you're freer now than you were before.

HOFFMAN: Well, my phone isn't tapped for the first time in 15 years. I'm not under surveillance by three or four agencies. There's a difference between being hunted and being watched. Most people think it's the same, but it's very different.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a little about those 15 years. Can you retrace the steps that led you into activism?

HOFFMAN: My father always blamed Brandeis.

PLAYBOY: Do you?

HOFFMAN: Nah. Even back in high school, grade school, I was generally the wise guy in the class, the troublemaker. I was too smart for my own good; if I had had some right teachers, it might have ended up differently. But the teaching was

THE FIRST BEER CAME FROM BAVARIA.
THE BEST ONE STILL DOES.



abominable. Biology teachers who would tell you they knew by looking in your eyes whether you'd masturbated that night. An English teacher who used expressions like "There's no niggers in the woodpile," and, of course, the only black in school was in the class. He was class president. One of your basic beiges.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gone back to Worcester?

HOFFMAN: Oh, sure. I even spoke at Holy Cross College and there was a huge turnout. You know, local boy makes bad.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into any serious trouble in high school?

HOFFMAN: I was kicked out. I sent that in on my *Who's Who* questionnaire, that I was the only Jew expelled from Classical High School.

PLAYBOY: Did they publish it?

HOFFMAN: No, just all the good shit.

PLAYBOY: Why were you expelled from school?

HOFFMAN: There had been a series of incidents—smoking in the boys' room, stuff like that. The final kicker was that, for English class, I wrote a very serious piece about why God doesn't exist. I was real proud of it. My teacher takes it home to read and he comes back and he goes crazy. Starts shaking me and rips the piece up. I'm really pissed and we start fighting. The other teachers had to pull me off. "Hoffie, that's it for you," they said. "Out."

After about a year, my parents felt my career as a bum, hanging around pool halls and bowling alleys, didn't look good in the Jewish community, so they got me into a private school. And then I went to Brandeis. Brandeis and I were ideally suited. In 1955, it was seven years old, and that was about my psychological age. There were tons of great teachers, radical for that time, at Brandeis—Abe Maslow, who was my psychology guru; Herbert Marcuse; Frank Manuel.

PLAYBOY: You were in college well before the campus radicalism of the Sixties, then.

HOFFMAN: Oh, yeah, the issues were different. There was the famous door-gap crisis: How wide should a girl leave the door open in the dorm when she was having a boy in? Each year you could trace how closed the door got, you know what I mean? Finally, by my senior year, they allowed you to have the door closed for four hours on a Sunday, and the boy and girl were allowed to be in bed. Now, of course, it's all reversed. The college wants you to close the door and everybody's leaving his door open and fucking and sucking.

Anyway, I finished at Brandeis and went to Berkeley, to study psychology in graduate school at the University of California. And that's where I went to my first demonstration.

PLAYBOY: Was that part of Mario Savio's Free Speech Movement?

HOFFMAN: No, Mario came along later, in

1964, but that protest was really set in motion by the one I'm talking about, which took place in May 1960. It was a silent vigil protesting the pending execution of Caryl Chessman. Chessman had been on death row in San Quentin for 12 years; he had become a symbol of the battle against capital punishment. He had been convicted of being a flashlight rapist; he allegedly would jump girls in the dark, put a flashlight in their face and tell them to blow him. One of these women went nuts. There were no deaths involved in these flashlight blow jobs, but he was sentenced to death.

PLAYBOY: What happened at the demonstration?

HOFFMAN: We all stood outside the walls of San Quentin; a bunch of students, some celebrities: Shirley MacLaine, Marlon Brando. We carried signs: *THOU SHALT NOT KILL*. I remember the warden of the prison came out and served us coffee and doughnuts and gave a speech: He didn't believe in capital punishment. The governor, Pat Brown, leading liberal of his

"The issues of the Fifties were different. There was the famous door-gap crisis: How wide should a girl leave the door open in the dorm when she was having a boy in?"

time and father of the present governor of California, was saying he didn't believe in capital punishment. Nobody there believed in capital punishment. And at ten in the morning, they're in the gas chamber reading prayers: "May God rest his soul." We went back to Berkeley stunned; it led us to wonder how things like that could come about in a democracy, when nobody wanted that person to die. The wheels of society were set in motion and he died. Nobody could stop them.

PLAYBOY: What came next?

HOFFMAN: Well, the House Un-American Activities Committee went to San Francisco for one of its Red witch-hunts, and there were street riots and police stomplings and clubbings. For someone educated in the American style who had never even heard of Sacco and Vanzetti—even though the trial was held in my home state—it was a revelation. I had never heard of the Rosenbergs, except that the whole thing was bad for the Jews. I wasn't even taught in high school that there was a Depression in this country in the Thirties, or about the Civil War and

about the slaves. Nothing about Joe Hill, Bill Haywood, feminists, abolitionists, none of that. John Brown was a lunatic and Dwight Eisenhower was Abraham; that's the education I got. I never knew about the Japanese internment camps or any of that stuff. America stood for truth and justice and anybody can grow up to be President, and it was the greatest country in the world, expiring from God's brow. Then to see those people being persecuted by HUAC for their beliefs!

PLAYBOY: What triggered the riots?

HOFFMAN: What really pissed everybody off was that it was supposed to be a public hearing and people started lining up at dawn and found they couldn't get in: the committee had passed out little white cards to members of the D.A.R. and the American Legion—they were the public. People started pushing and yelling "Down with HUAC," so the San Francisco goon squad was called in. It was a horror show. They used water hoses and rapped heads and they had a thing called the knee bender. They'd put one handcuff on your wrist and turn it once and you're on your knees; a second turn and it breaks your wristbone. After I left Berkeley, when I was back in Massachusetts working as a psychologist at Worcester State Hospital, I saw a movie the Government had made of that incident, showing how it had all been perpetrated by Communists. I was furious. I jabbed a pen through my hand I was so angry. I challenged it from the audience. "I was there!" I yelled. The next day, the local representative from the A.C.L.U. called me and asked if I'd be willing to go on tour with the film and a counterfilm they had made and speak in favor of the abolition of the House Un-American Activities Committee. So I did. That was my first political involvement. I went around to different church groups, mostly Unitarians.

Actually, it was the campaign to ban the bomb that attracted me to the first political candidate I worked for, H. Stuart Hughes. He was chairman of SANE [National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy] and in 1962 he ran for the Senate in Massachusetts. He was running against Teddy Kennedy, and running against a Kennedy in Massachusetts was like following a death wish. I don't think the Pope could beat Ted Kennedy in Massachusetts. Certainly not John Hancock or Samuel Adams, and I doubt if even the Pope could. But the experience working on that campaign was good; I learned a lot about community organizing, zoning maps, socioeconomic studies, all that stuff you learn in electoral politics. We had a lot of celebrities involved in that campaign, too.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

HOFFMAN: I think Steve Allen, and I remember trying to get Marilyn Monroe

A LUXURY SEDAN BASED ON THE BELIEF THAT ALL OF THE RICH ARE NOT IDLE.



Since the time of the Caesars, the inspiration for the carriages of the gentry has been the blatant, unbridled, unabashed pursuit of opulence.

Opulence often to the exclusion of all else: performance, efficiency, engineering intelligence.



50-70 mph, 5.9 seconds. "...high-speed passing acceleration borders on the brilliant," the editors of Motor Trend magazine.

Even today one sees occasional evidence of this misguided sense of priorities — this basic misunderstanding of what it is that constitutes true luxury.

Opera windows that obscure vision. Mammoth engines pulling mammoth cars. Interiors fashioned more along the lines of a Persian Pleasure Palace than a serious driving machine. Cars made primarily for sitting.

At the Bavarian Motor Works it has always been our contention that a car ought to be made primarily for driving. That when all is said and done, extraordinary performance is the only thing that makes an expensive car worth the money.

And, in this age of automotive enlightenment, we believe our time has come.

POWER TO SATISFY EVEN THE MOST POWER HUNGRY.

Beneath the hood of the BMW 530i is a

singularly responsive 3-liter, fuel-injected engine that has been called by no less an authority than Road & Track magazine "...the most refined in-line six in the world."

Patented triple-hemispheric, swirl-action combustion chambers develop remarkable power from relatively small displacement.

And seven main bearings and twelve crankshaft counter-balance weights give the whole operation a turbine-like smoothness that never ceases to astound even the experts.

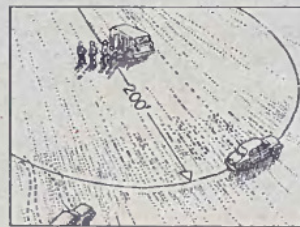
THE MAN WHO CONTROLS CORPORATIONS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS OWN CAR.

If you're accustomed to the leaning and swaying one experiences in the conventional luxury sedan, you will thoroughly appreciate the uncanny road holding

capabilities of the BMW 530i.

Road holding—driver control—is largely a function of a car's suspension system.

And, to be a bit blunt, BMW gives you a superior suspension system. Instead of the "solid-rear-axle" systems found in all domestic—and many foreign—sedans, the BMW suspension is fully



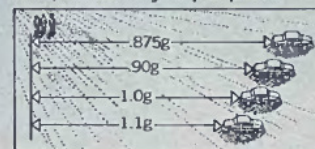
Results of the Motor Trend "200 Ft. Circle Test" clearly illustrate the superior road holding abilities of the BMW. At .82g BMW was still on the road, other makes were not.

independent on all four wheels.

And this, combined with a multi-jointed rear axle, allows each wheel to adapt itself independently to every driving and road condition—with a smoothness and precision that will spoil you for any other car.

A DECIDED LACK OF OPERA WINDOW OPULENCE.

While inside, the BMW 530i features as long a list of luxury items as one could sanely require of an automobile, its luxury is purpose-



...no detectable sign of (brake) fade. The more and harder they're used, the stronger they seem to get. The editors of Motor Trend sum up the results of their rigorous multiple-stop brake test.

fully engineered to perform a very significant function: help prevent driver fatigue.

All seats have an orthopedically molded shape. Individual seats are adjustable forward and back—with variable-angle seat back and cushion supports.

All instruments are clearly visible; all controls are readily accessible.

For many serious drivers in all parts of the world, the BMW 530i has redefined the meaning of the word "luxury" to encompass something more than a thin veneer of brocade and chrome.

If you'd care to judge for yourself, we urge you to phone your BMW dealer and arrange to take a thorough test drive.



The ultimate driving machine.
Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.



The 700 Ft. Slalom Test, designed by Road & Track magazine to measure lane changing capabilities, BMW ran the course at a remarkable 51.6 mph.

involved in the campaign.

PLAYBOY: Why Marilyn Monroe?

HOFFMAN: I had read a long interview with her in *Life* magazine and I could see she was really down; lots of love problems, fame problems, problem problems. And, as a psychologist, which is what I was at the time, I looked at that and said, "She's gonna kill herself. She needs a political cause. She needs the Hughes campaign and the Hughes campaign needs her." It was on a Saturday afternoon. I got to her appointment secretary. I remember talking to her: an elderly woman, very protective. And she said Marilyn had gone to sleep and she would bring it up to her Monday and get back to us. That Sunday morning, Marilyn Monroe was dead. Well, I suppose I, along with a couple of million other American males, felt I could have saved Marilyn Monroe; it was probably a universal fantasy at the time. But certainly she and the Hughes campaign would have been an interesting combination.

PLAYBOY: What was your next project?

HOFFMAN: Well, although the main issue was nuclear disarmament, that campaign brought in many of the civil-rights organizers who had been working in the South. And gradually, civil rights became the crux of my involvement. I was a field worker for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, SNCC. We used to have a joke in SNCC that nobody was a student, that nobody was nonviolent, nothing was coordinated and there was no fucking committee, so it was a good cover. I was also vice-president of CORE, the Congress of Racial Equality. I traveled in New England, setting up groups; I went to Mississippi in 1964 and got busted in Jackson.

PLAYBOY: What for?

HOFFMAN: Parading without a permit, I believe it was. Three thousand people were busted and kept in a compound. You know, the whites and blacks were so segregated at that time in Mississippi that they actually spoke different languages. I remember you used to walk in some rural areas, black enclaves, and the blacks would come up, want to touch your skin. They were just curious, you know. How did I get that color skin?

I saw Klan meetings in Mississippi with white sheets and flaming crosses; I was arrested in Yazoo City for going through a red light and they didn't have red lights in the town at the time. I sat in a cell in Georgia with a fucking death sentence hanging over my head for passing out leaflets—treason against the state of Georgia. I jumped bail in Mississippi, bail in Georgia; it was just standard procedure. The judge would call you boy, spit in the spittoons, throw you into a

cell with a bunch of locals and give them all some liquor and tell them, "This is a civil-rights worker." You got beat up and thrown out. It was an eye opener. In one Mississippi town, they had a laughing barrel. Blacks wanted to laugh in the center of town, they had to stick their heads in the barrel. I remember when they were looking for Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney, the three civil-rights activists who were killed, they were dragging the swamps and came up with five or six bodies, *black bodies*. Anyway, it was because of all that that we were trying to seat the Freedom Party delegation at Atlantic City in 1964. And it was there that black power became the focal point of SNCC organizing.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HOFFMAN: Because our idealism was crushed. We thought we'd won. And then Lyndon Johnson had to make his deal with the Southern Congressmen and he said, Hubert, if you want to come and visit in the White House, I want you to go out and get those fucking niggers off

"I remember when they were looking for Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney, the three civil-rights activists who were killed, they were dragging the swamps and came up with five or six bodies, black bodies."

the Boardwalk, you understand, Hubert? A lot of fucking things were twisted, a lot of secret sexual shit was pulled out and used on delegates, a lot of judgeships were dangled. It was the big issue of that convention, but the blacks got shoved into the back of the bus and the regulars got to vote. After that, there was a great rupture within the organization and the black-power philosophy emerged.

PLAYBOY: What are your feelings on black separatism today?

HOFFMAN: In any struggle, there has to be a moratorium, where you can isolate yourself and establish a solid base, whether your thing is feminism or counterculture or black nationalism. The blacks are moving along nationalistic lines now. Black power, the Afro haircut, the *dashikis*, changing your name, being Moslem. I mean, what's Moslemism? It's another religion; it's racist; it's hierarchical, it's feudalistic; what's so good about that? It gets all fucked up. They're going to Africa and the Africans are laughing at them, because *they* don't wear Afros.

PLAYBOY: At least one black separatist, Eldridge Cleaver, has returned to the States to proclaim his allegiance to America. Did you know him?

HOFFMAN: Not really. I met him once and all he had to say was, "Can you get me some amphetamines?" But Anita stayed with him in North Africa when she went over with a group of Yippies. Cleaver started assigning Anita her bedmates. "You'll shack up with this person," he said, and she got furious. "They're crazy, sexist pigs," she told me later, and she's not someone who throws around a word like crazy lightly. She said Eldridge was on a *macho* power trip; he had bragged about shooting guys who tried to fool around with his wife, Kathleen. He showed people the bloodstains on the walls.

PLAYBOY: Were you working full time with the movement during that period, or did you have another job?

HOFFMAN: In '64, '65, I was working as a pharmaceuticals salesman. Sold pimple medicine. Let me tell you, the drug industry in America hasn't changed since the time people were roaming the Far West selling snake-bite medicine out of the back of a covered wagon. I was sitting right in the middle watching all this shit—drugs being sold for three and four dollars a bottle when the ingredient cost something like two cents. It was during that period that I first dropped acid.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get it?

HOFFMAN: Aldous Huxley had told me about LSD back in 1957. And I *tried* to get it in 1959. I stood in line at a clinic in San Francisco, after Herb Caen had run an announcement in his column in the *Chronicle* that if anybody wanted to take a new experimental drug called LSD-25, he would be paid \$150 for his effort. Jesus, that emptied Berkeley! I got up about six in the morning, but I was about 1500th in line, so . . . I didn't get it until 1965. The acid was supplied by the United States Army.

PLAYBOY: The Army turned you on to acid?

HOFFMAN: My roommate from college was an Army psychologist, based in Maryland. It's been in the news recently that the Army was doing all those experiments with acid in Maryland. The Army has mighty good fucking acid; it was the best I've ever had.

PLAYBOY: How often have you taken acid—300 or 400 times?

HOFFMAN: No way. I'd say 100 times, maybe. A hundred times in ten years is ten times a year? I haven't taken it that much, I think. I take drugs less than my friends.

PLAYBOY: Less than your friend Tim Leary, for instance?

HOFFMAN: Yeah, poor Tim. Always fucking up, saying things like, "I'm the first



The SEAGRAM'S GIN Naked Martini.

Forget the vermouth. Just pour the perfect martini gin over the rocks.



Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. 86 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

god on this planet." I felt that helping him break out of jail was an important revolutionary act; he was unfairly convicted. But when he informed on the people who helped him out, I could have killed him. I'd have beat the living shit out of him.

Anyway, I'm not so pro-LSD these days. I don't recommend it to everybody. Or I advocate people taking it once in their lifetime, period. If I do have an addiction, it's to sex.

PLAYBOY: Don't acid and sex mix well?

HOFFMAN: Yes, and so do sex and revolution.

PLAYBOY: Did your first acid experience have any lasting effect on your life?

HOFFMAN: It definitely affected my life. After my first trip, I decided I was going to be a full-time activist; at the time, I was a bowling hustler besides working for SNCC. I also decided to get divorced from my first wife, Sheila, leave my cottage with the picket fence, all that. My trip ended, actually, with my giving a civil-rights speech in a church, which some people say was pretty good. Acid just left me with a wild feeling; I talked to God on the phone, long distance. Collect.

PLAYBOY: God?

HOFFMAN: God. I've talked to God every time I've taken acid.

PLAYBOY: What does God say?

HOFFMAN: I'm not sure God gets to say all that much. It's more, "Ya, ya, right. Who's paying for the call, Me or you?" The Virgin Mary floated down from a cloud and I got horny. It was a lot of fun. The second trip was a bad trip.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

HOFFMAN: A minister chased me around. And then a lot of cops came in. There are always a lot of cops coming into my acid trips. In fact, the week before the cocaine bust, I had taken an acid trip in a sexual-experimentation situation—there's a little tidbit for your readers; after all, this interview isn't for *Popular Mechanics*. I envisioned the entire cocaine bust from beginning to end—police coming in through the windows, the walls, pounding on the doors. I related sex to complications with the police, apparently.

PLAYBOY: What was the sexual experimentation about?

HOFFMAN: I knew you'd ask that. At one point in our lives, Anita and I decided to reverse roles. I took care of the baby and she went into the city every day. We wanted to explore the other halves of ourselves, the masculine and feminine halves, and we used sex as a kind of breakthrough. My head is not there now; I think of myself as a monogamous bigamist. I'm still married to Anita, but I'm living with Angel. Everything is a phase, and Anita and I had lots of sexual experimentation with other people during

that period. We both tried every kind of sex. The problem with sex for a revolutionary is that it takes up so much fucking time, discussing it and thinking about it. It's all-encompassing. Anyway, we tried it as a learning experience.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn anything?

HOFFMAN: Yes, I experienced what I believed to be a female orgasm.

PLAYBOY: What was it like?

HOFFMAN: Longer than a male's and like an ocean wave. Male orgasm is like climbing a mountain; when you're at the top, you shoot your jism. The female was more like waves with no real crescendo.

PLAYBOY: How did you achieve it?

HOFFMAN: I scrubbed floors, I washed dishes, I had a vasectomy, I had become more or less a househusband and had all the fantasies that go along with that. Anita was off developing her own career, and when she came back and we made love, I was more passive than active. But we've never had a sick relationship, never. In fact, Germaine Greer once said ours was the only marriage worth saving in America.

"The week before my cocaine bust, I had taken an acid trip. . . . I envisioned the entire bust from beginning to end—police coming in through the windows, the walls, pounding on the doors."

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to have a vasectomy?

HOFFMAN: I had a doctor cut into my balls as a political act. It was a statement of conscience; it says you're not going to let your sperm scatter through the world, come what may. One reason I got it was because there were a lot of celebrity fuckers—not fucking for the fucking, just fucking to have a drop of the revolution in them—to get pregnant.

PLAYBOY: They wanted to fuck you in order to have a baby by Abbie Hoffman?

HOFFMAN: Yeah. When you're playing around, you don't stop and ask, "Did you take your pill today?" And I'm a sexual maniac, if there is such a thing.

PLAYBOY: When did you lose your virginity?

HOFFMAN: You're not talking about group jerking off to see if you can fill a milk bottle in a month? We did that once, a bunch of us kids. And we had jerk-off contests to see who could come the quickest.

PLAYBOY: Did you win?

HOFFMAN: This does belong in *Popular*

Mechanics. Sure I won; I'm very competitive. Sixteen seconds. But they had to turn their backs. I was shy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any particular theories on sex education?

HOFFMAN: Well, for one thing, I think it's OK to let kids watch their parents fucking. The conventional wisdom that it will scare them, that they'll think their parents are fighting when they're making love, is just way off the wall. We let america crawl around to satisfy his curiosity about sex. Let him do everything, within limits.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to politics, what changed you from a more or less conventional activist into a radical one?

HOFFMAN: I have to thank some cops at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1966 for that. Stokely was there, a bunch of SNCC workers, and we were handing out leaflets. Some redneck cops decided to rip our booth apart. They chased us in the dark, pounded the shit out of us, hauled us off to jail. I was pounded into radicalism, beaten into it by the police. That pig was telling me exactly what to do: He told me to get divorced, to drop more acid, to quit work and go to New York and organize 100 hours a day; that's what he told me with the fucking club. So that's what I did.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you actually on the payroll of the city of New York at one point?

HOFFMAN: That was later, in the summer of '68. They had that Lindsay policy of putting a couple of activists on the payroll to be a link between the city and the hippies and runaways who were wandering around the streets at the time. Actually, we ended up throwing the money we earned from that job onto the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. It brought the big board to a halt. People scrambling, fighting for the bucks. Then we got fired.

PLAYBOY: By then, you'd formed Yippie, the Youth International Party, hadn't you?

HOFFMAN: Wait. I think I'll take an underground piss.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're back, why did you decide to form Yippie?

HOFFMAN: I always added an exclamation point at the end—Yippie!—to express a certain exuberance, joy, optimism. Our main goal was to end the war. As a means, we decided to find a left wing to the hippie movement and use that as a technique to broaden young people's understanding of why they were running away from home, why they were upset with society, why they couldn't smoke marijuana, why they couldn't learn anything interesting in school, why everything was boring, why songs they liked were being

(continued on page 218)

How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?

It's got to be my cigarette. Salem gives me great taste. And enough fresh menthol to keep things interesting.

You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem.

Salem.

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 SEPT. '75.



JERRY FORD HATES AMERICA. Not all of America. He keeps tucked like an armored pocket *Bible* next to his heart a xenophobic compendium of the glories he imagines she wore in an imaginary golden age. When the flag flew high over a nation of honest yeomen, when government was best because it governed least, when honest folk spurned cities because cities bred the spirochetes of sin, when virtues were plain, skins white, values puritan and businesses mom and pop, when the lazy poor deservedly starved and the inferior shuffling blacks knew their place and paradise was country-club golf on a sunny Saturday afternoon—true believer that he is, this is the America that he adores. But the America of conflict and diversity, of poverty and races, of promised equality and government brave and strong enough to guarantee it, of massive forces massively joined in a struggle for the future—the America that is the real and contentious and idealistic and unfinished place in which we live—Jerry Ford hates, with the ferocity of a man whose deepest childhood fears have not yet, at 63, been laid to rest.

If he has seemed otherwise, if he has seemed a genial and modest man, his voting record as a Congressman and his priorities as President belie that dissimulation. Across 28 years of elective and appointive office, Ford has worked unrelentingly to oppose those Government programs designed to aid the weak, the disenfranchised, the poor and the disadvantaged. While promoting the largest possible defense budgets, he has

maneuvered to cripple, gut or void every civil rights bill he has seen introduced. He's against food stamps. He's against free school lunches for the children of the poor. He's against national health insurance, public housing, aid to education, rent subsidy, unemployment compensation for farmworkers, increased Social Security benefits, an increased minimum wage, support for mass transit from the Highway Trust, abortion on demand, busing, strip-mining regulation, gasoline rationing, "liberal" Supreme Court decisions, public works. He prefers unemployment to inflation. He's in favor of school prayers and the CIA.

These are the classic positions of an Old Guard Republican, and it would be easy to pass them off as the automatic reflexes of a dutiful conservative. But no human being is merely an automaton; we are what we are because of choices we make among the pressures and opportunities that contend within us. "People," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson, "seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character." While Richard Nixon was able to believe, or pretend to believe, whatever suited his immediate needs, Jerry Ford's Old Guard positions have held steady through decades of time and change, because they are deeply entrenched convictions. He has never wavered from them and he doesn't waver from them now. They must therefore relate to his own ecological balance, to the dynamics of his shadowy interior.

There is this about the Anglo-Saxon voice, scarred sequela of the Anglo-Saxon

morality that aborted it: its quality of strain. Put to service for its many official uses—counting cadence, propounding goals, condemning the faint of heart, exhorting ambition, praising the American way of life—it comes out thin, pitched too high, without range unless deliberately trained. And the fair, blue-eyed, broad-bottomed men, the recent masters of the world, who early train their bodies to hardness, invariably neglect its training, as if in the midst of their stylized manhood, a manhood as circumscribed by fear as a life of crime, they want to leave a desperate clue.

Gerald Rudolph Ford, a.k.a. Gerald Rudolf Ford, Jr., a.k.a. Leslie Lynch King, Jr.—five-fingers bowlegged, according to his sometime tailor (and imagine him suffering those tailor fingers between his legs), and 38th President of the United States by vote of the House of Representatives, where he served as water boy and center for 25 years—has such a voice. Compare Kennedy's nasal arrogance, Johnson's bully bellow, Nixon's oleaginous announcerese. Even Eisenhower, another Anglo-Saxon but hardened to confidence in the cowboy West, spoke more forcefully, though something burbled caution going by. To consider Jerry, foursquare, fundamental Jerry, and overlook the pathology of his Calvinistic larynx is to misunderstand the forces and conflicts that made him what he is; and since he is temporarily in charge of our mutual destinies, we misunderstand him to our discomfiture if not to our immediate peril. Like all our Presidents, perhaps like all men everywhere, he lives behind a mask; but unlike most of our Presidents, he didn't design that mask himself. He doesn't swear in public, but he doesn't swear in the privacy of the Oval Office, either. The God for whose judging, all-seeing eyes the craftsmen of the Middle Ages finished and decorated even the sealed interiors of chests and cathedral walls has eyes for him; and sometimes at noon—today at the pinnacle of his power as in quieter days past—with Machiavellian Mel Laird kneeling improbably at his side, Gerald Ford prays aloud for guidance, knowing that tape recorders far more sensitive than the ones Nixon used are running without switch or deletion high above the famous desk. The Presidency is a terrible burden, or so we have been told; but more terrible by far is the burden of the true believer, and there's a live one in the White House now.

He wasn't always so. Look at Jerry when he was three. He's sitting on a wicker chair beside a wicker couch on a

THE DEMONS OF GERALD FORD

HE MAY SEEM AS BLAND AS OATMEAL, BUT HE MIGHT WELL BE THE MOST TROUBLED PRESIDENT IN OUR LIFETIME

Grand Rapids front porch, his feet in high, lace-up shoes. Over his solid baby body he wears white short pants and a white blouse with crisp cuffs and a white dickey fore and aft, a sailor suit without the contrasting piping—the darling of his mother, the favored first-born son.

The boy's head and face arrest us. His mouth open, he looks back over his right shoulder at someone outside the photograph's frame. A round head. A mouthful of sturdy teeth. Hair pale as straw cut in a Dutch-boy bob, bangs halfway down the wide brow clipped straight across the front. Below the bangs, lively eyes squinted against the sun. Health, happiness, innocence and physical force surprising in a child so young: Buster Brown.

But the photograph deceives, as all the later childhood photographs—somber when others are smiling, aggressive when others are content, wary when others are at ease—do not. Because at three, hardly out of diapers, this Buster Brown has already lost a father and a name, has been stripped of the identity awarded him at birth and forced to assume a second identity necessarily and forever less secure, has been bereaved by desertion and almost immediately thereafter inwardly shamed. If you think I make too much of this, wait and see.

He was born Leslie Lynch King, Jr., at 12:35 A.M. on July 14, 1913, in Omaha, Nebraska, the Sun conjunct Neptune in Cancer within a close orb. His mother, Dorothy Gardner King of Grand Rapids, was nearly beautiful, plump in the manner of the day and big-breasted. His father, his mysterious father, a wool trader from Wyoming, is as shadowy and fascinating a man as Bill's diamond-mining uncle in *Death of a Salesman*, the daredevil fellow Willy Loman never was. What took young, single, sexy Dorothy Gardner to Omaha in 1911 or 1912? Did she run away from home? Why did she marry a wanderer like Leslie King? The man must have been exotic, romantic, a cowboy, and the woman, "lots of fun and very softhearted," in the words of her first-born son, the woman out on the wild packinghouse town, would have been an easy mark for that.

She never told her son why the marriage failed (and, more to the point, he never seriously asked). "Things just didn't work out" is the most he remembers her ever having said. Dorothy King was divorced in 1915 and went back to Grand Rapids with two-year-old Leslie, Jr., in tow, and there met and almost immediately married Gerald Rudolf Ford, fourth child and only son in a family of four, whose father had died when he was young, a paint-and-varnish salesman in a city of booming furniture factories.

And then the curious and cataclysmic event, the renaming of Dorothy's son. Jerry says he knew it only later, but he lies, however unintentionally. Whatever

his mother called him, little Leslie would have known his real name and his real father before the age of two, would therefore have known when his first full name was taken away. We walk by then and talk by then; we remember deeply, even scarily, by then, though later we forget deeply, too; and fathers who are vain enough to name us after themselves, to put their brand on us, as Leslie King did, aren't likely to keep it secret.

Erasing that first childhood name, giving the boy a new identity, was an act of generosity on Dad Ford's part, proof to Dorothy of his love: He married her and accepted the child as his own. He went beyond stepfatherhood and legally adopted the boy. But Gerald Ford, Junior? He might have named little Leslie Tom or Dick or Jimmy, as he later did his three natural sons; Leslie wasn't his first-born son; he was the son of another marriage and another man. Greater love, then? Repair, one generation removed, of Dad Ford's own early loss? All that, certainly, to his great credit, but certainly also some flicker of shame, in the pious Middle West of the early 20th Century, at his wife's divorce. And of jealousy that another had impregnated her first. And of that malign spirit of expropriation, extending even to human flesh, that lies within the Anglo-Saxon heart. All these ambivalences the tow-headed Buster Brown had to ravel, before his feet had even touched the floor.

The paint company—Ford Paint & Varnish, manufacturing and distribution—was established in Grand Rapids, the furniture capital of the world, in 1929, three weeks before the Wall Street Crash. Dad Ford started his company and simultaneously moved his family to an expensive house in East Grand Rapids. Who starts a business and buys a new house the same year? A cockeyed optimist, a man whose wife wants visible wealth? The Depression almost wiped them out. Dad Ford couldn't handle the mortgage on the house. He forfeited house and down payment, too, and moved to a smaller residence in a poorer section of town. Jerry—Junie, as he was called then, for Junior—had to petition the school board and ride the bus to stay at South High, with who knows what smoldering sense of indignation? He hated busing then; he hates it now. But Jerry was never afflicted with the stresses in his family house; he learned to handle stress in other ways.

How did Junie grow? By being a certain kind of boy—an outdoor boy, an athletic boy, a boy with a problem. Like George Washington, Junie Ford had his cherry tree. "He was a strong-willed little boy," a former neighbor recalls. "If he didn't want you to climb his cherry tree at the particular moment, no one did. He would climb up it and say, 'My tree.' There would be perhaps six or seven of us, older than he was, but

he could hold his own. But Alice [the neighbor's twin sister] went up anyway, so he stepped on her hand. Actually, he stood on her hand, until she screamed. Then he took his foot off. A very head-strong little boy."

"My very young years," he told novelist John Hersey during the week he allowed Hersey to wander with him through the White House. "I had a terrible temper. My mother detected it and started to get me away from being upset and flying off the handle. She had a great knack of ridicule one time and humor the next, or cajoling, to teach me that anger—visible, physical anger—was not the way to meet problems. . . . She taught me that you don't respond in a wild, uncontrolled way; you just better sit back and take a hard look and try to make the best decision without letting emotions be the controlling factor." Sensitized to overcontrol by his mother's fear of anger, ridiculed, humored and cajoled, Jerry had to put his feelings somewhere. Where did his anger go?

Football. Ford's youthful forte, the delight of his metaphor and the school of his life. Of the three modest articles and one co-authored book that throughout his entire professional lifetime are the only written words to be published in his name, one, written with John Underwood and published in *Sports Illustrated*, is titled *In Defense of the Competitive Urge*, and in it the then-Vice-President offers a remarkable opinion: "Broadly speaking, outside of a national character and an educated society, there are few things more important to a country's growth and well-being than competitive athletics." Since competitive athletics have had almost nothing to do with any country's growth, least of all that of the United States, Ford can only be talking about himself.

So: football, where aggression, anger, a very visible and socially acceptable hatred of the *other*—the timid, the less able, the unlucky, the weak—carries the day. Ford put his feelings through the psychic projector and they beamed out contempt for the weak. South High football coach Clifford Gettings was the beginning of a line of bully father figures to whom Ford would claim loyalty and, unlike the later ones—men like the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, who Ford claims sponsored him for Congress but whose records give no indication of anything more than the most formal of connections, men like Richard Nixon—Gettings at least claims loyalty to Jerry in return.

Because he admires force, Ford likes to remember his stepfather as a tough man, but his brothers disagree. Brother Dick recalls only one instance of physical punishment in the Ford house, when Tom came home late for dinner and got a ruler broken over his rear. Coach
(continued on page 209)



*"Personally, I've always subscribed to the Big Bang Theory
of the origin of the universe."*

B

arbara's a free spirit who refuses to be confined—either in locale or in attire. She spent the winter in her house in Beverly Hills but finds that milieu "very narrow. I try to do something every year to make life a little richer, fuller. This year I'll go to either Bali or the Greek islands, or to Colorado for cross-country skiing. Perhaps I'll join some friends who are planning to sail up the Nile on a dhow." As for clothes: "I'm not all that interested in them... except for very clingy, very sensuous evening gowns. I love them. Preferably in white."



By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SHE ARRIVES at Kennedy Airport via jet from London and heads start turning as if she'd never been away. Brunette, surprisingly petite, with brown-velvet eyes—and dressed in trim greenish denim travel togs that she calls "my James Dean boiler suit"—Barbara Parkins enjoys the indestructible celebrity of having played Betty Anderson on *Peyton Place* for five long years (1964–1969). Ryan O'Neal got her pregnant and made Rodney a household word. Mia Farrow dropped out as Allison to marry Frank Sinatra. Barbara collected the wages of sin to the bitter end. Everyone knows that, and anyone who managed to miss her on TV's first prime-time adult soap opera probably remembers her movie debut as the high-fashion heroine of Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls*.

Barbara has been thrust back into the limelight as co-star with Roger Moore and Lee Marvin in *Shout at the Devil*, a \$9,500,000 African adventure epic directed
(text continued on page 90)



PARKINS' PLACE

*her five years on the super soap
opera "peyton place" far behind
her, the bright and talented
barbara parkins knows exactly
who she is and where she's going*



Shout at the Devil, a \$9,500,000 adventure epic set in Africa, teams Barbara with Roger Moore (as her lover) and Lee Marvin (as her father). They're pre-World War One ivory poachers.



he muses about the high cost of fame — U.S. style: "When you're one of those actresses who are unmarried, people love to know what's going on in your private life. Particularly in L.A. If you go anywhere, with anyone, they start to speculate and comment on it. In London, people aren't all that interested." Perhaps they're just more polite. Barbara is universally recognized; her old *Peyton Place* television series has been shown in some 75 countries and is still going strong.



by Peter Hunt and scheduled for fall release. But the years between *Peyton Place*, *Dolls* and *Devil* have hardly been idle. She recently appeared with Lee Remick as the kid sister of Winston Churchill's mother in *Jennie*, a highly acclaimed British TV dramatic series. Earlier, she made *The Kremlin Letter* and *The Mephisto Waltz* and joined Faye Dunaway in a French thriller ("total disaster") they would both like to forget. "I went to England some five years ago for the wedding of Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate and just decided to stay," says the Canadian-born beauty. "I feel tremendously at home there, always have. Besides, my great-great-grandfather was a mattress maker in England."

More than a pretty face, Barbara has a brain she's made a habit of using, a tart tongue she uses on occasion, plus firmly held opinions about quite a number of things. During a brief sojourn to the outer shores of Long Island for a photo session with PLAYBOY's Richard Fegley, she was ogled, flattered and smiled at in fond remembrance by total strangers who behaved like charter members of a regional chapter of the Parkins international fan club. "Here's to your camera and my body, and let's not forget the rest of me" was her toast to Fegley while lifting a glass of light dry sherry, which marks the outer limits of her alcoholic intake. She doesn't smoke, either, though that's not one of the things she feels it important for the world to know.

Lest we forget, she would rather put into the record that she began her career as a ballerina and still proudly recalls pirouetting to Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* with a ballet company in Vancouver. The most unexpected bit of Parkins lore, however, is the revelation that Barbara, while still in her teens—before *Peyton Place* but after she moved to L.A. to start knocking on casting directors' doors—was the nimble dancing partner of Donald O'Connor, moviedom's once and former musical-comedy whiz kid. "A couple of agents saw me and next thing I knew, I was featured with Donald, tapping away on a three-month song-and-dance tour. One of the numbers we did together was a soft-shoe *Me and My Shadow*. All in all, it was a marvelous experience."

Giving interviews rates low on the list of Barbara's favorite ways to pass the time. And she knows precisely why. "Inevitably, one of the first questions every interviewer asks me is: *What about your love affairs?* Followed by: *What about Omar Sharif?* Well, I'd like to put it straight. We met in the commissary at Fox while he was making *Che* and I was doing *Peyton Place*. He asked me out. We had a lovely evening; then the studio wanted us to attend a big premiere together. From then on, it was reported as

a continuous, flaming love affair between me and the most sexual, sought-after man since Valentino. And it was a complete myth, fabricated in the press. He's a very intelligent, interesting man, but we had no real relationship. Nothing, just total Hollywood gossip. And that takes care of Omar."

When Barbara puts a period on a sentence to close a subject, the subject stays closed. Cross-examination seems pointless, anyway, with a lady ready, willing and eloquent enough to take the stand alone. Being an actress, she responded with verve to the challenge of a soliloquy—impromptu free-associating on a host of topics from A to Z. So here's Barbara herself, to the letter:

"A is for Africa, Arabs, astrology . . . oh, my God. Well, I can say a lot about Africa, meaning *East Africa* . . . not South Africa, where *Shout at the Devil* was made. We were very isolated there and South Africa did not impress me as a place I'd ever go back to. But a couple of years ago, I was sitting at home in L.A.—very bored and splitting up with a man I'd been with for two years—and I decided I just had to get away. So I called up a friend of mine who was producing *Born Free* on television and said I'd love to do an episode of the show. He said fine, so I got on a plane for Nairobi. While the show itself was horrible—very poorly produced and directed—my first experience there was spectacular. We met a tribe called the Turkana, cousins of the Masai, and I stayed two weeks with them, listening to their music, learning their dances. They're beautiful human beings, with an inner harmony that Westerners seldom understand. In fact, I fell in love with one of them, a black named Rojo. We had a little romance going—which is a perfect way to be drawn into their circle and be fully accepted. Later I sent him a photograph of us dancing together. He'd never *seen* a photograph. . . .

"B is for beauty, Bertolucci, Britain. It's not for me to talk about *being* beautiful or being thought beautiful. Anyway, I have one eye smaller than the other and this crooked nose. A man can make me feel beautiful if I'm in love. And I admire beautiful women but not those flawless, chiseled beauties. Someone like Anouk Aimée is beautiful but doesn't have perfect features. Dominique Sanda has an *aura* of beauty about her; that's what registers."

"C brings me to critics. I think too many get carried away with themselves. I respect Charles Champlin in L.A., who writes fair, intelligent criticism. I don't respect someone like Rex Reed, who is very self-oriented and criticizes personalities instead of appraising an actor's work. So far, in my own career, I don't feel I've

done anything important enough—or anything disastrous enough—to provoke heated criticism. I wouldn't mind either of the two extremes, actually. I look forward to that."

"D is for dance . . . and working with good directors. I'd love to work with a real actor's director—Bertolucci or Francis Ford Coppola, or Truffaut, whom I think of as a wonderful *woman's* director. Most of all, I'd *love* to do a Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire-type film, a lively song-and-dance show. I'd give anything to do that."

"E? The big E is ecology, I suppose. I wish people could be made aware that we're destroying the earth. We get so tuned away, especially in big cities, I wonder how many of us could go back to living with simple necessities if something terrible happened. . . . My trips to Africa made me think seriously about this."

"F—ah, yes, the future. I have plans for the future. A house in the English or French countryside. Marriage and children, in due time. Then someday, when I've put my old man under the sod—whoever he may be—I'll open a little village bakery."

"G? Well, I don't believe in God. I don't believe in an afterlife, so I want to have fun and get as much as possible out of this life before I pass on. I wish I could believe more in the goodness of man. I might add that I'm totally against guns and hate gossip—a complete waste of energy."

"H stands for heaven and hell—right here on earth, as I was saying. Hmmm. Hostilities? I'm not aware of any in myself. Horror films? Never watch them. I don't consider myself a highbrow, though. I've tried reading Shakespeare, for example, and don't enjoy it. I find it very . . . kind of *studied* and remote."

"I is the first-person pronoun, or impossible dreams. I don't recognize impossible dreams. Anything is possible."

"J—I love watching Mick Jagger. I like men with a strong female aspect to them. That male-female thing is very appealing, either in a man or in a woman. Though the American ideal is to be strongly one way or the other, that's less true in Europe. Even bisexuality is OK if you're simply a sexual being, without guilt, who happens to appreciate either sex. If you can handle that. I've known quite a few people who do."

"K—Kennedy, Kennedy. I adored John Kennedy. Maybe he wasn't a great politician, but we're learning more and more that we don't always need politicians. We need people we respond to emotionally, people with charisma, whom we'll rush home to watch on television. I also adore Buster Keaton films, as an antidote to all the basically negative, heavy things in the

(concluded on page 157)



TENNIS CON AMORE

sports By WILLIAM MURRAY For a long time, I'd been wondering what had happened to Adriano Panatta and Paolo Bertolucci, Italy's two best tennis players. I'd met them in Rome several years ago at my tennis club, when Adriano was ranked among the top ten in the world and he and Paolo had

begun beating everyone in sight in doubles; but since coming back to the States a year ago, I hadn't seen or heard much about them. I gathered they'd reverted to their old style of play, both on and off the court. Then, while glancing through the sports (continued on page 94)

man does not live for half volleys and top-spin forehands alone



the new super-8 movie cameras are the next-best thing to what the big boys use, with sound, zoom and other professional options right at your finger tips

modern living By **DON SUTHERLAND** NOBODY KNOWS when the term home movies became dirty words, but one gets the impression that body odor and belching at dinner parties are now more acceptable than "Hey, wanna see my films?" Given the once-upon-a-time limitations of 8mm movie equipment, such a notion is not entirely unfounded. But a new day is upon us. While the stereotype of the somnolent living-room audience is not necessarily a thing of the past, neither is it an inevitability. The wonders of technology have made the top super-8 cameras the most flexible and capable motion-picture-recording instruments ever made. The things they can do may even exceed the present roamings of most people's imaginations, but little matter—live with them awhile and they're bound to spark something. They can make you eloquent in the visual language of cinema and put you in command of the most elaborate techniques; they let you film the unfilmable and capture sights such as you've never before seen. How do you do it? Just aim and shoot.

The cameras under discussion are not the cheapie specials found in a discount-house circular. You get what you pay for, and in this category of supersophisticated equipment, you pay \$400 and up—way up. But the potential return on your investment can be correspondingly high and can take many forms. If it's glamor and glory you seek, cameras like these might put you in showbiz; super-8 is now used routinely on TV, while in a theater it can be splashed across a 20-foot screen. Or if your urge is to express the innermost poetic murmurings of your soul, the versatility of this hardware outstrips that of even the vastly more expensive 16mm and 35mm cameras. Or maybe you're just a hobbyist looking for something to keep you off the streets. If so, you'll (continued on page 149)

Sankyo's XL-40S

sound camera can shoot under normal indoor conditions without movie lights; features a macro zoom lens for ultraclose-ups, \$440, plus optional teleconverter lens, \$90, and a telescopic condenser microphone that mounts onto camera, \$79.95.



Elmo's 600S incorporates all information required for sound/silent shooting into the view finder; features a unique device that prevents the camera from recording any start/stop click noise and allows for sound monitoring before and during operation, \$439.95.



Beaulieu 5008S, when coupled with an Angenieux 6-80mm zoom, is truly professional equipment; with single and double sound systems, plus one-pulse-per-frame synch sound capability and a device that limits zooming from 6 to 40mm, by Hervic, \$2395 with lens.



Minolta Autopak-8 D12 features built-in macrofilming capability, 12X power zoom, a variable-sector rotary shutter for automatic fade-ins and -outs, plus automatic lap dissolves, seven filming speeds and assorted accessories, \$924 complete, including fitted case.

TENNIS CON AMORE

(continued from page 91)

pages one day last fall, I came across a story about a big tournament in Madrid. Panatta had made the finals, putting out Guillermo Vilas 6-3, 6-4 and Björn Borg in three sets to get there. The next day, he lost to Jan Kodes in a bitterly contested match.

After that, I began to look for him and his name kept popping up here and there. In Barcelona, he got to the finals again, creaming Manuel Orantes in the quarter-finals 6-1, 6-2, before losing to Borg. In Stockholm, he beat Arthur Ashe in straight sets to get to the finals against Jimmy Connors, then won the tournament against Jimmy in three with a barrage of overheads and service aces that dazzled a screaming public. Although he was beaten later in the year in the Masters by Orantes (6-4, 7-6), Ashe (7-6, 6-3) and Ilie Nastase (7-6, 3-6, 6-0), the stories I read indicated that each of these matches could have gone either way.

Clearly, Panatta had somehow gotten his act together; but what about Bertolucci? I wrote to a tennis-playing friend of mine in Rome to ask about him and got the following reply: "Paolo had his usual indifferent year abroad, but in Italy he was amazing. He won a number of tournaments and in the Italian championship he had Adriano down 3-1 in the fifth set before losing. You know Paolo—he's so Italian he's one kind of player here and another kind abroad. You remember Stockholm?"

How could I ever forget Stockholm? That was in April of 1975 and I'd gone there, on my way home, to watch Adriano and Paolo play. The occasion was the ninth and last in the series of World Championship Tennis tournaments for their group leading up to the finals in Mexico City and Dallas. Panatta and Bertolucci were out of the singles race, but they still had a chance to make the doubles play-offs and I assumed they'd probably get there, as I'd already seen them demolish Bob Hewitt and Frew McMillan, the prides of South Africa, earlier on the tour. I was looking forward to seeing them do so and to writing about it. I wasn't prepared for all the fun and games.

When the Italians arrived in Stockholm, they did what they always do when they hit a strange town: They went straight to their hotel, stripped to their underwear, turned on the TV set and called room service. "Yes," Panatta said to the startled girl who took their order, "that is eight hamburgers, four hot chocolates, two double orders of toast and eggs scrambled and six Coca-Colas for my friend Bertolucci, who is very short and fat and very ugly and likes to drink this filth, thank you very much." The girl who arrived with their order 20 minutes later found them wrestling

on the floor in front of the TV set, while on the screen Candy Bergen seemed about to be raped in color by four sullen-looking Indians. "Yes," Panatta said, as he signed the check and handed it to the blushing waitress, who had a hard time keeping her eyes off his Jockey shorts, "that is very nice, thank you very much. Do not come back for the table, because my friend Bertolucci, who is also very lazy, will be asleep. We will push the table into the hall, *capito, bella?*"

Dickie Dillon, then W.C.T.'s man in Europe, was glad to hear that the Italians were in town, but he was still irritated by their previous behavior. They had ducked out of Munich, Monte Carlo and Johannesburg on one pretext or another and had almost eliminated themselves from the doubles finals that would be held in Mexico City the first week in May. "I don't understand it," Dillon said. "They're a terrific doubles team when they're in shape and they should have made it. And Panatta should be among the top ten in singles. My over-all opinion of them is that they have to work harder. They're very talented and nice to watch, but Italians, you know, aren't really happy away from home."

When Dillon bumped into Panatta in the lobby a few hours later, his greeting was cordial but a little cold. Panatta did not put him at his ease. "Paolo is very sick," he said.

"Sick?" Dillon snapped. "What's the matter with him this time?"

"He is missing the sun," Panatta explained. "You know the sun? It's that big round disk in the sky that glows hot. Here in Sweden they know not what that is. So Paolo is staying in bed."

That kind of banter is not calculated to delight Dillon, who has to account to the local promoters of each W.C.T. tournament for his players and explain, not always convincingly, why some of them won't be showing up. Hewitt, for instance, was not in Stockholm but back in Johannesburg nursing a tennis elbow. Since he and McMillan are a top doubles attraction, it's not good for the gate when they don't play. The fact that they were sure to get to the finals whether they played in Stockholm or not may have had something to do with Hewitt's elbow problem, but then some doctor can always be found to testify in writing to a player's disability and it wouldn't do Dillon any good to accuse his missing players of malingering. Anyway, from Hewitt Dillon could accept an occasional lapse. But, my God, the Italians—even when they showed up, you couldn't be sure how they'd play or what they'd do!

Panatta, for instance, was always forgetting things. In Philadelphia, the first

stop on the tour, he showed up without his sneakers. The ones he managed to borrow for his opening match with Eddie Dibbs were too small and he swore loudly all through the match, even though reminded frequently by the management that Philadelphia had a large Italian population. But by then, even in that first tournament, a lot of the players who hung around with them were swearing in Italian. Borg, for one. "Shit-head," he was heard muttering to himself on court in Roman slang. "Asshole. Prickhead. Porcine Madonna." Borg and some of the other players like to hang around the Italians and they pick up these little mannerisms. The pro tour is a grind but very serious business to most of the contestants and to them, even the ones most serious about their game, the Italians are comic relief. "Panatta, stick it up your ass!" Borg shouted in Philadelphia as he was losing to Bob Lutz and caught Panatta grinning at him from the players' section, while three middle-aged Italo-American housewives in the stands gasped, stood up and hurried for the exits.

Panatta arrived in Stockholm without his clothes. A suitcase supposed to have been checked through directly from Pisa had somehow gone astray. That didn't worry him, because his first match wasn't until the following evening and for practice he could always borrow enough equipment from Paolo, whose clothes, oddly enough, fit him, though the two seem about as physically dissimilar as Mutt and Jeff. Panatta is six feet tall and weighs about 180 pounds, while Bertolucci is four inches shorter and only ten pounds lighter. The real difference is in their looks. Panatta resembles Alain Delon, who also happens to be his favorite movie actor; Bertolucci is nice-looking but built like a small tank. When Panatta walks out onto a court, he seems to glow, to actually radiate masculine charisma; Bertolucci waddles along in his wake like a bored duck. An opera buff who saw them together for the first time at a tournament in Rome a couple of years ago observed that the two of them reminded him of Don Giovanni and Leporello.

The comparison is apt. Wherever he goes, Panatta is noticed and no one, not even the top teenage glamor boys like Borg, attracts more groupies. In Philadelphia, at one country-club party, a drunken matron lurched up to him and told him, "I don't know how to say this, but you're really beautiful."

Panatta turned to Bertolucci, who was, as usual, lurking, barely awake, in the background, and said, "See? You're short and ugly. Learn, study, work." To which Bertolucci replied with his customary indifference, merely pointing out—in Italian, of course—that Panatta's

(continued on page 152)



"Gosh, Jimmy! I'd like to thank you for a really fun evening, and a terrific movie, and the great head you gave me during the cartoon!"

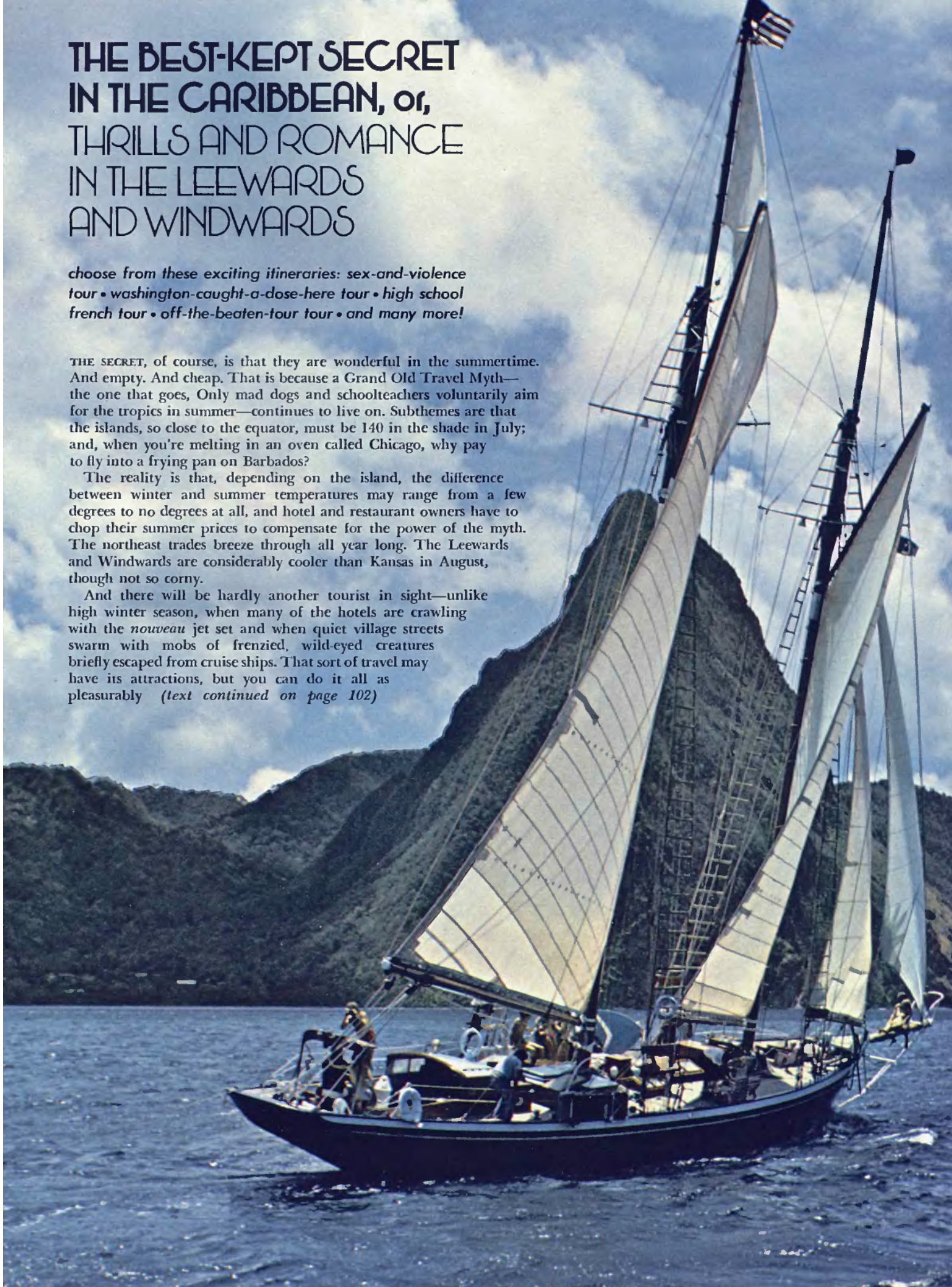
THE BEST-KEPT SECRET IN THE CARIBBEAN, or, THRILLS AND ROMANCE IN THE LEEWARDS AND WINDWARDS

*choose from these exciting itineraries: sex-and-violence
tour • washington-caught-a-dose-here tour • high school
french tour • off-the-beaten-tour tour • and many more!*

THE SECRET, of course, is that they are wonderful in the summertime. And empty. And cheap. That is because a Grand Old Travel Myth—the one that goes, Only mad dogs and schoolteachers voluntarily aim for the tropics in summer—continues to live on. Subthemes are that the islands, so close to the equator, must be 140 in the shade in July; and, when you're melting in an oven called Chicago, why pay to fly into a frying pan on Barbados?

The reality is that, depending on the island, the difference between winter and summer temperatures may range from a few degrees to no degrees at all, and hotel and restaurant owners have to chop their summer prices to compensate for the power of the myth. The northeast trades breeze through all year long. The Leewards and Windwards are considerably cooler than Kansas in August, though not so corny.

And there will be hardly another tourist in sight—unlike high winter season, when many of the hotels are crawling with the *nouveau* jet set and when quiet village streets swarm with mobs of frenzied, wild-eyed creatures briefly escaped from cruise ships. That sort of travel may have its attractions, but you can do it all as pleasurably *(text continued on page 102)*





Ship's log, Monday: One Caribbean secret is to choose your charter companions wisely, as we obviously did with three lady crewmates. They had their clothes off before the sails were up. At noon, we passed the pitons of St. Lucia—which somehow reminded us of our lovely first mate—then stopped for an idyllic grope by a waterfall.





Ship's log, Tuesday:
Played house in
Dominica, fooled
around in a
marsh for a while,
then got aboard
for the cruise to Iles
des Saintes, just
off Guadeloupe. Took
a walk along the
beach. Natives
extremely friendly.





Ship's log, Wednesday: Could this be what is meant by a swinging island cruise? Vine held up very well, considering. First mate had a thing for waterfalls, so we stopped at another for a warm dip in the interior.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER

Ship's log, Thursday:
Crew mutinied. Or at
least became very
excited. The girls
jumped overboard at
Martinique, swam to
a nearby beach and
bedlam ensued.

Ship's log, Friday:
It was dusk on our
last day, but the
mutiny—or whatever
it was—continued
unabated. As our boat
lay at anchor, we did
likewise in the sand
of the Grenadines.
Soon the crew had
its demands ful-
filled, however, and
as the Caribbean sun
met the sea, we headed
far home, happy, spent,
our secret intact.



in the summer and at less than half the \$\$\$\$\$.

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND, BUT THE
LEEWARDS AND WINDWARDS ARE!

Also, you won't be headed for just another pretty beach, although there are many to be found. Unlike flat coral islands such as the Bahamas, where geological doom is announced by magnificent beaches and not much else, these islands, with a few exceptions, are obviously volcanic. Most have at least one crumbling cone or small group of peaks rising high and green from the luminous sea, up to a single cloud—often the only one in view—fluffed solitary at the top like a mascot. But there is more than food for your Nikon. The Leewards and Windwards are ideas as well. They look, some of them, like perfect Schlitz fantasies of South Seas gusto . . . Bora-Bora, Nuku Hiva . . . but they have also been exploited and fought for and bloodied and traded for 400 years like fat distant emeralds by kings and queens and presidents and prime ministers. That sort of attention, as you might imagine, has had its effects. Neighboring islands are English or French or Dutch for no more compelling reason than accident of history; they commemorate in the flesh old fortunes of war. They changed hands so frequently, and the boogie depended for so long on the cheap strong backs of unwilling recruits fresh from the African coast, that they are now an amazing stew of people and habits and values. Their up-for-grabs, blood-on-the-bougainvillaea past is everywhere a presence, different on every island, visible in ruins of dead forts and sugar mills and plantation houses again becoming rock heaps among the coco palms—and felt as subtle vibrations from the people who live there and have inherited it all, whose anything-goes genealogies usually include whatever you'd care to name but nearly always spin back to slave or planter or ferocious Carib. Levels and levels, as we used to say in the good old psychedelic days, and you don't need to be Melville to find them fascinating or to learn something from them—and you can do it from poolside, while sipping a rum punch. Can you beat metaphysics and a terrific tan?

DISCLAIMER

Since we are but a mere magazine and not a 1000-page guide, as you have probably noticed, there are too many Leewards and Windwards to treat all of them with any justice. So we have instead been deliberately selective, figuring that a sampling of the West Indies is better than no Indies at all.

T 'N' T TOUR

On a nighttime taxi ride into Port of Spain from the airport, you may wonder at first if Trinidad was such a good idea,

after all. Sweet dark shadows of cane swaying on both sides of the road abruptly give way to a Nestlé's plant, Trinidad Computer Service, a Coke bottler, Colonel Sanders, Modern Wigs, Inc., while women walk along the road with baskets balanced on their heads and a steel band practices at an outdoor pay-by-the-hour stand. It is unsettlingly like Southern California gone yet more surreal. You can't see the bright terrible patchwork of tin-roof slums, shining on many of the hills, until morning.

It is not everyone's cup of tea. So close to Venezuela that birds from Trinidad daily commute there to feed, it was attached millions of years ago to South America. The old connection still shows in its plant and animal life, and this geological difference from the other islands has left Trinidad with something none of the rest have—oil. In abundance, and it's being exploited like mad. The industrial age has arrived on Trinidad with a bulldozer, and some tourists simply don't think they need to travel that far to see an oil refinery. Even worse, there isn't a beach anywhere near Port of Spain.

But we liked Trinidad a lot. The Hilton, surprisingly enough, is probably the best place to stay. It's carved into a hill that surveys the entire city, directly above a huge grassy park called the Savannah, where in certain seasons fine-tuned race horses work out at dawn and where during carnival mighty calypso orchestras stir it up all night long. There is also a 150-year-old botanical garden nearby, full of 60-foot incarnations of everything dying on your window sill at home; and beyond that is the Emperor Valley Zoo, somewhat more modest than the name would suggest, featuring this sign just inside the gate: IF AN EXHIBIT IS MARKED NO FEEDING THIS IS BECAUSE IF GIVEN THE WRONG FOOD THE EXHIBIT WILL DIE. When we were there last, we saw three cayman lizard that sat blinking in their mudhole, bored, having long ago disposed of biting off each other's tails as something to do; and we admired the parrot that was trying, by God, to pick the lock on its cage.

From the zoo, you can walk the long way round the Savannah past extravagant and whimsical Victorian mansions of the Britain vs. The Tropics school and then aim for the waterfront downtown. You will find that Port of Spain is nowhere near as seedy as the guidebooks would have you believe but that it is what they would call teeming.

If you haven't scheduled much time in Trinidad, be sure at least to take the Saddle Drive, a three-hour circular tour that starts with the city and winds north through mountains thick with rain forest to the beach on Maracas Bay, where you'll have a beer and be calypsoed by

local entrepreneurs before heading back another way, past plantations of coco trees protected from the sun by taller tamarinds and groves of lime and nutmeg. All along the way, intense sweating men, carrying machetes like walking sticks, prod and poke the edges of the jungle, foraging for lunch or better. On hilltops, sometimes miles from a road, perch the shacks of squatters, whose tiny fields clutch for dear life to the sides of steep hills. The squatters mostly stay alive by growing chives and selling them in town—such is subsistence there—and the government sensibly calls it a contribution and gives them the land if they can make it work.

One of the best things about Trinidad is Tobago, a 15-minute taxi flight away. Like a dozen other islands around the world, it claims to be the sole actual inspiration for *Robinson Crusoe*. It looks the part. In the north, it's nearly untouched, wild virgin Defoe country; and in the south, acres of coco palms weave across the island in expansive leisurely rows, sometimes from beach to beach, hardly interrupted by the few villages and fewer hotels. It is your basic Gorgeous.

And very quiet. The snorkeling trip on Buccoo Reef is not to be missed, even if you only watch through the boat's glass bottom. And a visit to Scarborough, a large fishing village that's considered a town, is worth an afternoon, if just to watch the sunset from gemlike old Fort King George, moldering gracefully on the bluff above Scarborough. After that, you are left to cook it up on your own.

ON THE NATURE OF THE HOTEL UNIVERSE

Which means that on small islands such as Tobago—and St. Lucia, the Grenadines, Montserrat, Nevis and others—you should choose your spot wisely, as Don Juan instructs, because your hotel quickly becomes yet another small island. Strangely enough, the more ambitious and energetic places—100 rooms, golf, tennis, scuba, three dining rooms, nine bars, doctor on call at all times—can offer the most privacy, because they are so big and so devoted to activity. Guidebooks usually characterize this as impersonal, and it is, but it's great if you really love the one you're with and like a little tennis on the side.

At places catering to fewer than 30 people, however, you can't—and shouldn't—avoid becoming part of a group that goes its various ways during the day but every night becomes a dinner party, with cocktails before, brandy afterward and lies throughout, just like civilized folks in Dickens novels. It's enjoyable because it's not just another gathering of your 16 favorite dull neighbors. These people are at least different and interesting enough to have gotten to Arnos Vale

(continued on page 162)

GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEERS

fiction **By DANNY SANTIAGO**

what's next when the woman of your dreams takes your giant mexican flagpole and squeezes it in a friendly way?

GENUINE SAINTS are quite rare in Los Angeles, California, but I used to know one and Hector Martinez was his name. He worked for the S.P. railroad and lived all alone in a tumble-down shack behind Gutierrez house with no woman of his own or anybody else's, either, happily sharing his pay checks with friends and needy neighbors. And on our street, where scandal was king, its long dirty fingernails never once scratched Hector. If there was any (continued on page 142)





THE SINGLE-MINDED MISS McCLAIN

*no one has a claim on our free-spirited may playmate—
which is everyone's good fortune*



YOU PROBABLY remember Patricia Margot McClain as our November 1975 cover girl. She was shown sitting in a movie theater holding—uh—a box of popcorn on her thigh. Saucy, sexy and outspoken, Patricia has a Mae Westian sense of humor and, as a liberated half-Apache female, is a proud member of two embattled groups. She was discovered by *PLAYBOY* Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. “I was in a little night club, where you’d never expect him to show up,” she recalls, “but he came in, with about five people, got to meet me and invited me to his house. We’ve been good friends ever since.” Patricia



"Sex? Well, I'm great. What else can I tell you? I'd score a ten on the Richter scale. Actually, kidding aside, I enjoy a lot of action and I'm an explorer. But it has to be at the right time—which, for me, is just about any time."



attracted a great deal of attention with her cover appearance: At presstime, she was being considered for a part in a special based on the life of John Barrymore, Sr. And other offers have been coming in. It's kind of a surprise route to success for a young lady who won awards for her dramatic ability at both Pasadena City College and UCLA (she has also studied broadcasting and gets a kick out of taping make-believe radio shows). But then, a lot of things about her are unlikely. Born on a ship off the California coast 22 years ago, Patricia is the daughter of an admiral in the U. S. Navy and an Indian lady who spent her early years on a reservation in New



Miss May, a 50 percent Apache Indian, keeps her own paint, Danny Boy, at her mother's place in the San Bernardino Mountains. "That's horse country," explains Patricia, who's an accomplished equestrienne.



"I'm an average, all-American young lady looking for a man who's handsome and well endowed, with a lot of money. I just left a man I loved—he had everything I needed, but he wanted to keep me cooped up like an animal."



Mexico ("I visited there once; the people were so poor, it was pathetic") but now lives in the San Bernardino Mountains. Patricia left home at 17 ("I was raised under my father's thumb; he's very strong and, as a triple Taurus, I'm very rebellious") and worked for a while in a boutique. Thanks, however, to a trust fund set up by her father and her grandfather, she's been able to do more studying than working. In fact, she admits that next to becoming a Shakespearean actress, her fondest ambition was always "to grow up and have nothing to do." But, as a result of her cover shot, it looks as if she'll get lots of work. Somehow we don't think she'll mind.



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Patricia Richardson



"I'm used to living a certain way and I couldn't hold myself back, no matter how much I might love somebody. I like to play around a lot and I'm out almost every night. I carry on just like the men do—and I'm completely straightforward about it."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Shotgun in hand, the rural father flung open the rear doors of the parked truck to find the driver mounted on his daughter and pumping rhythmically. "I suppose," yelled the aggrieved parent, "that you fancy yourself a pretty good trucker!"

"One of the best!" panted the driver as he kept right on without missing a stroke.

"In that case," roared the father as he raised his weapon, "let's see you back out of *that* hole without spilling your load!"



We're inclined to disbelieve a rumor that Disneyland plans to promote a bumper sticker reading, DO A MOUSE A FAVOR: EAT A PUSSY!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *collection of sex manuals* as a library of congress.

The traveler knocked on the door of the house where a cabdriver had told him he could be sexually accommodated. An eye-level panel slid open and a female voice asked what he wanted. "I want to get screwed," said the man.

"OK, mister, but this is a private club, so slip twenty bucks as an initiation fee through the mail slot," answered the voice.

The man did this, the panel was closed, minutes passed . . . and nothing happened. He began to pound on the door insistently and the panel slid open. "Hey," exclaimed the sport, "I want to get screwed!"

"What," said the voice, "again?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *militant feminist* as an adamant Eve.

*In the harem, a lonely girl calls,
But the guard, all-unheeding, just sprawls.
When he's asked if he cheats
On the sultan, he bleats,
"Oh, I would—but I ain't got the balls!"*

The nervous bride said that she had a confession to make, but her groom of an hour reassured her. "Darling," he whispered, "I know about the time you worked as a stripper."

"But it was before that," she continued.

"You mean even before you were on the street hustling to pay for your habit?"

"Yes, dear, and even before my sex-change operation."

"A ship! A ship!" cried the bearded and ragged castaway on the tiny island. "And it's heading this way! And I bet," he went on, talking to himself, "that there's a ripe and willing girl aboard—one with full, jutting breasts . . . and flaring hips . . . and long, smooth legs . . . and a round, smooth ass! I can just taste her sweet lips as our naked bodies come together! I can——"

But by that time, the fellow had a large and throbbing erection and he grabbed himself and began to masturbate furiously. "I gotcha now, you bastard," he shouted, and then laughed maniacally, "'cause there ain't no fucking ship!"

"I can't figure it," sighed the young man. "She sure turned on and I thought I really put it to her, but then afterward, she began asking why I hadn't managed to hold back just a little longer."

"Ah, well," mused his blasé friend, "that's the way the nookie grumbles."

*An astronomer's comment was heinous:
"We should not let convention restrain us.
Though I've made a career
Out of Venus, my dear,
I am tempted to switch to Uranus!"*

Perhaps you've heard about the girl who was fired from her job in a sperm bank after she became pregnant. They discovered she'd been embezzling.



When the teenagers' petting session had reached a certain point, the girl suddenly disengaged herself, unzipped her date and proceeded to perform oral sex on him. When it was over and composure had returned, she whispered, "Did you like it, Eddie?"

"I sure did, Nancy!" replied Eddie. "But I had no idea you were queer."

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.



Randolph P. Wilson

"I only give to the big leagues...."



ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE WOLFE

An illustration of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. Sherlock Holmes, on the left, is wearing a dark coat and a blue checkered scarf, looking down at a small object in his hand. Dr. Watson, on the right, is wearing a brown coat and has a beard, looking up at Holmes with an open mouth as if speaking or reacting. The background is dark and moody.

THE WEST END HORROR

A POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR
OF JOHN H. WATSON, M.D.
AS EDITED

By Nicholas Meyer

THE AUTHOR OF LAST
YEAR'S SMASH BEST SELLER
"THE SEVEN-PERCENT
SOLUTION" HAS SHERLOCK
HOLMES UNCOVERING A
HORROR MORE MONSTROUS
THAN MURDER

SYNOPSIS: London lay under a blanket of snow on the morning of March 1, 1895, when an eccentric-looking bearded man appeared at the Baker Street lodgings of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson. The caller, as it was soon revealed, was the Saturday's Review's critic, Mr. Bernard Shaw. He had come to request Holmes to investigate the murder of a fellow critic, the feared and hated Jonathan McCarthy.

Upon reaching McCarthy's flat, they discovered Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard on the scene, at work with

his assistant, Sergeant Stanley Hopkins. They were awaiting the arrival of Police Surgeon Brownlow to remove the body. The clues to the murder were puzzling. Evidently, McCarthy had been drinking brandy with someone who smoked a strange kind of cigar—Indian, as it later appeared—and who wore new boots. The visitor had stabbed McCarthy and left, but the critic, with his last strength, had crawled to a bookshelf and opened a volume of *"Romeo and Juliet"* to the duel scene between Tybalt and Mercutio. In McCarthy's engagement diary, the name Bunthorne was noted and the page for February 28 had been torn out.

Since Bunthorne was a Gilbert and Sullivan character modelled on Oscar Wilde, the trail led to the poet, whom Holmes and Watson found just about to launch his famous legal action against the Marquess of Queensberry—the action that was to end in Wilde's downfall and imprisonment. Wilde, however, revealed that McCarthy had kept a mistress, a girl named Jessie Rutland, an ingénue in the cast at the Savoy Theatre.

Following this lead, Holmes and Watson went to the Savoy, arriving minutes before Miss Rutland's throat was slit in her dressing room. Dr. Benjamin Eccles, the theatre physician, soon took charge of the body and Holmes and Watson repaired to a restaurant to meet Shaw. There, Holmes revealed that a page from McCarthy's diary showed the faint impression of the name of another Gilbert and Sullivan character—Jack Point, a jester whose sweetheart left him for another man.

Shaw left the restaurant abruptly. Then Holmes and Watson, both feeling ill, departed separately a short time later, to encounter the same strange experience in turn—a man seized each from behind and forced him to drink a bitter-tasting liquid.

The next morning, a warning letter arrived at 221B Baker Street, adjuring Holmes and Watson to "stay out of the Strand." Holmes noted that the paper was Indian.

The next person to be interviewed was Sir Arthur Sullivan, at the Lyceum Theatre. Before seeing him, however, Holmes and Watson met Bram Stoker, a menacing-looking man who was business manager of the theatre, and Ellen Terry, the famous actress. Sullivan, at first reluctant to talk, finally admitted that Miss Rutland had confided in him the fact that she had had a second lover, an unnamed man about whom she had let slip only one clue—that his wife was confined to a nursing home in Bombay. As Holmes and Watson left Sullivan's quarters, they discovered Stoker just outside the door. Apparently, he had been eavesdropping. Stoker—who, according to Wilde, kept a

secret flat in the depths of Soho—now became the object of suspicion.

CHAPTER X

THE MAN WITH THE BROWN EYES

SHERLOCK HOLMES refused to volunteer any further observations on Bram Stoker—his boots, his eavesdropping or his Soho flat. "Later, Watson," said he as we stood on the kerb before the theatre. "Things are not so simple as I had first supposed."

Then he took me by the sleeve and added, "I must spend the afternoon in some research and I'd like to prevail upon you to find Bernard Shaw and learn the meaning of his eccentric behaviour last night."

"You begin to attach some importance to my theory, then?"

"It may be," he answered, smiling. "At all events, I think it would be well to have every thread of this tangled skein in our hands. I fancy you will come upon him at lunch at the Café Royal. Good luck—we shall meet again at Baker Street."

When he had rounded the corner, I wasted no time in hailing a cab and hastening the snowbound half mile to the Café Royal.

As I entered, I noticed that the place was crowded and, it seemed to me, in a collective state of some confusion. Clusters of nervous people huddled round tables and whispered intently together.

"Dr. Watson!" I peered about at the sound of the voice and beheld Shaw seated at a table with another man, whose coarse appearance disturbed me at once. He was short and squat, with eyes too closely set and a pug, prize fighter's nose. His head sat awkwardly atop a thick, muscular neck that threatened to burst the confines of his shirt and collar.

"This is Mr. Frank Harris, my publisher," the critic informed me as I dropped into a chair opposite them. "Like everyone else here," he added sardonically, "we are speculating."

"About what?"

"About Oscar Wilde's folly," boomed Mr. Harris in a voice that must have carried across the room. My face must have betrayed my confusion.

"You recall my running out of Simpson's last night?" Shaw asked, leaning his cheek upon an open palm and stirring his coffee. "It was the beginning of a horrible night. In the first place, some maniac assaulted me outside the restaurant. A strange practical joke, no doubt, but it served to delay me from rushing here. I was trying to prevent the arrest of the Marquess of Queensberry. Frank and I sat here at this very table trying for a long time to dissuade poor Oscar."

"We bent his ear," Harris agreed in a stentorian bellow, "but it was no use. He sat through it like a man in a trance." Harris' accent was impossible to place; it sounded variously Welsh, Irish and American.

"He cannot prove he was libelled?"

"Worse than that," Shaw explained. "According to the law, he leaves himself open for Queensberry to prove he wrote the truth."

"The marquess was arrested this morning," Harris concluded in a dull rumble. They returned glumly to their coffee. At this juncture, I wondered if I dared turn the conversation backwards.

"What of your assault? I take it you were not injured?"

"Oh, that." Shaw wiggled his fingers airily. "I was seized from behind, forced to swallow some disagreeable concoction and then released. Can you imagine such nonsense right in the heart of London?" He shook his head at the thought, but his mind was clearly elsewhere.

"Did you get a look at the man?"

"I tell you, I was paying no attention, doctor! I simply wanted to get here and do what I could to keep Wilde from destroying himself."

"Is it a foregone conclusion, then, that he will lose the case?"

"Utterly foregone. Oscar Wilde, the greatest literary light of his time"—I noticed Shaw wince slightly at this—"and in three months or less he will be in total eclipse. People will speak his name in derision." Harris intoned all this as though delivering a sermon; yet, for all his vocal posturing, I sensed a very real distress on his part.

"I should not be surprised if his works were proscribed," added Shaw.

At the time, I could not understand how grave the issue was. But in three months, as all the world now knows, Frank Harris' prophecy was proved correct and Oscar Wilde was sentenced to prison, his glorious career in ashes.

Shaw then looked at me as if perceiving my own train of thought and enquired with a rueful smile, "Well, how's the murder?" It was as much to say, Here's a more cheerful topic.

"It's two murders, as I expect you'll discover in this afternoon's editions." I then recounted the events at the Savoy Theatre.

"Murder at the Savoy!" Harris gasped when I had done. "What is happening? Is the entire fabric of our community to be rent by scandal and horror within the narrow space of four days?" Somehow, he managed to convey the impression of relishing the prospect.

"Does either of you know Bram Stoker?" I put in at this point. "Sherlock Holmes is interested in him."

Shaw hesitated, exchanging glances with his publisher. "Well, he's an odd one," Harris allowed. "His name is actually Abraham. He was born in Dublin or thereabouts and he has an older brother who is a prominent physician."

"Dr. William Stoker?"

Shaw nodded. "As for Bram, I know that he was once athletic champion of

(continued on page 170)

THE HAUTEBURGER



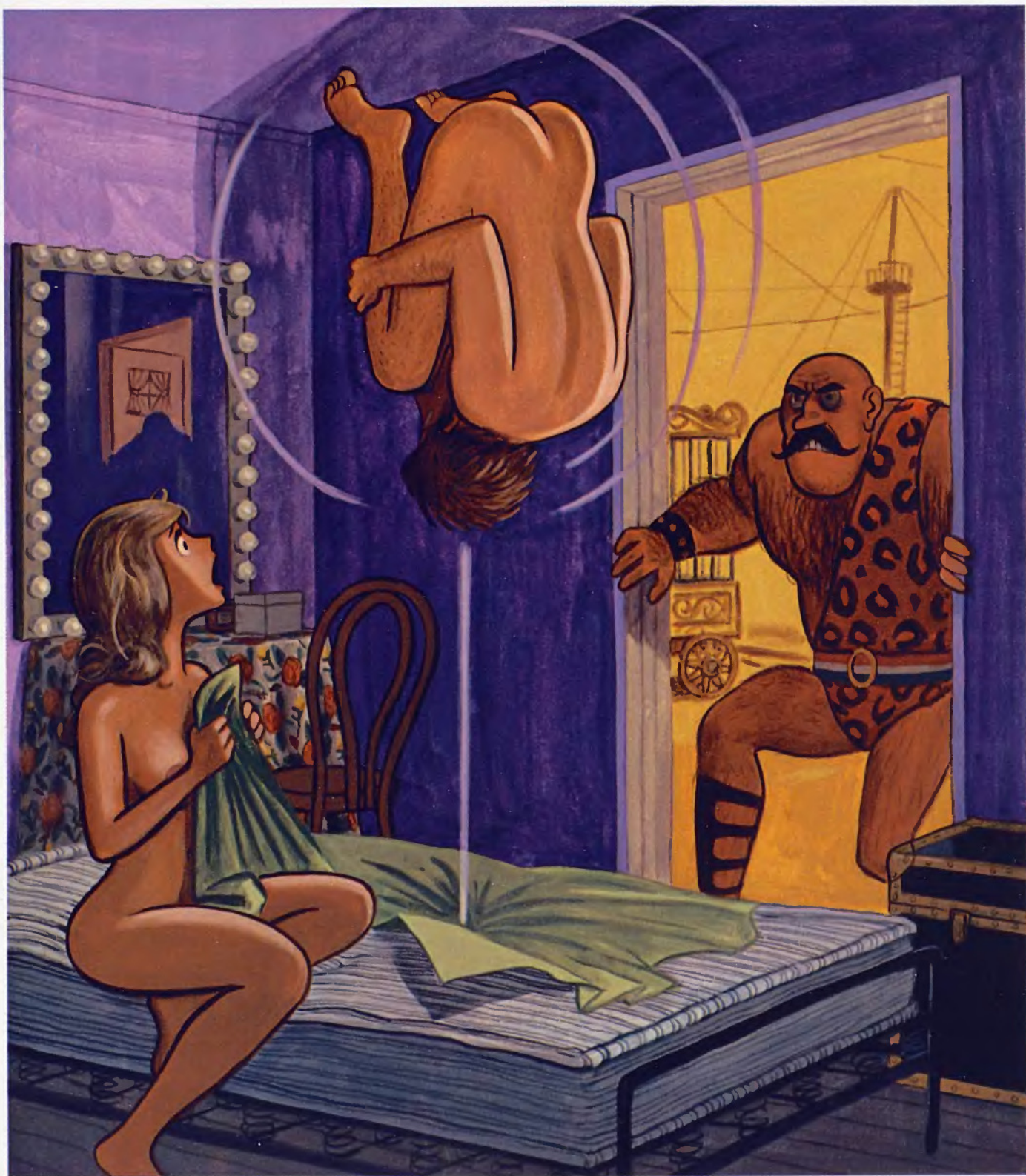
*ground
beef of the world,
arise! you have
nothing to lose but
your fast-food chains*

WITH RONALD MCDONALD and his enterprising buddies taking over the world, the future generations will never know the taste of a real, honest-to-griddled hamburger. Not that we're knocking McDonald's or competitive franchises. They offer a reasonably nutritious package—no extenders, no binders, moderate fat content—at a fair price. And fast! There's

only one drawback—it just doesn't taste like a hamburger. McDonald's tacitly concedes this point. They're most reluctant to sell a burger without its designated garnish, sauce or lubricant. Every Big Mac, for instance, comes with an obligatory lathering of Big Mac Sauce—a sweetish, pickle-flecked (continued on page 158)

food By EMANUEL GREENBERG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AUMA



Buck Brown

"Honest, dear, it's just until his trampoline is fixed!"

Weakness

HOW TO GET IT. HOW TO USE IT.

article By JOHN HUGHES

Weakness corrupts and absolute weakness corrupts absolutely.

—LORD ACTON'S VALET

AS NIETZSCHE was writing about the "will to power," his younger brother, Alf, was writing about the "will to hide under the bed and whimper." Alf Nietzsche summed up the secret wish of all men—to be weak and sniveling. To bend in a moderate-to-strong wind. To shudder and shake like a Jell-O mold. To faint at horror pictures.

With power goes responsibility, and that in itself is frightening. It means being last off a sinking ship, first in the face of enemy fire. To accept power is to accept the imminence of your own destruction. To accept weakness is to accept that you may be called a noodle and have your lunch overturned.

If you want weakness, it is yours. You may have to beg and whine, you may have to become a great big sissy, but once you have it, you'll never have to go down

into a dark basement to check out a mysterious noise.

THE WEAKNESS GAME

Weakness is a game. You don't understand it until the rules are carved on your chest.

—NOEL COWARD'S OLDER BROTHER, BIG COWARD

Weakness is just like any other game. There are rules, (continued on page 168) 121

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA

PART V

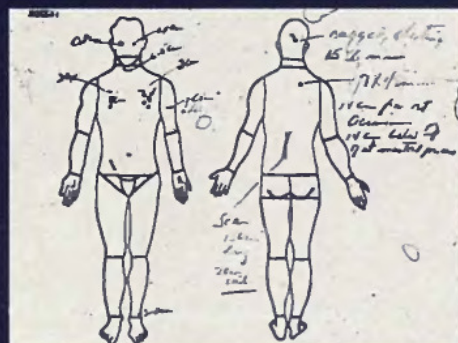
CRIES OF CONSPIRACY

article

By JAMES MCKINLEY

twelve years after the publication of the warren report, three things are apparent: (1) the commission concealed or ignored facts, witnesses and evidence; (2) nearly all of the countertheories proposed by critics of the commission now seem impossible; (3) serious physical evidence remains to contradict the theory that lee harvey oswald fired all the shots that killed john kennedy

THE BULLET'S PATH



According to the Warren Report, a shot from above and behind entered the back of Kennedy's neck and exited just below his Adam's apple. A pathologist's note beside the autopsy diagram supported this. However, the diagram itself shows the wound between Kennedy's shoulder blades and matches up with the shirt and coat he was

wearing when he was shot. This physical evidence shows that a bullet entered Kennedy's back about six inches below the top of his shirt collar, traveled upward and exited just below his collar button, possibly nicking his tie. There has never been an adequate explanation of the conflict between the report and both the clothes and the diagram.

A bad man shot my
daddy in the head with
a rifle.

—JOHN F. KENNEDY, JR.

TWELVE YEARS AGO, just after release of the Warren Report, almost everyone knew who the bad man with the rifle was. Lee Harvey Oswald had killed President John F. Kennedy. According to the report, Oswald, and Oswald alone, had ambushed the President, in the way described in last month's article on the Kennedy assassination. Surely that was clear, documented in 27 volumes that overwhelmed the early tremors of suspicion about a plot and calmed the first wave of rumors launched by the shock of the President's death and by the nearly incredible end of his accused assassin. True, eccentrics like Bertrand Russell might immediately attack the report from abroad, but that was typical of the Old World, where assassination conspiracies had for centuries been common. Not so, most of us thought, here in the New World. With the exceptions of John Wilkes Booth's band of anti-Lincolmites and Truman's two Puerto Rican attackers, our Presidential assassins had proved to be lone, maddened men. They were small, white, young, from disturbed homes and possessed by a murderous

(text continued on page 126)

THE MISSING OSWALDS



The picture at top left is supposed to be of Oswald in Minsk. Center is the official Dallas police photo of him. Above, Oswald is astensibly pictured with Marina, again in Minsk. But at 5'11" he should have stood at least six inches taller than she.



Tap right is Billy Lavelady, mistaken for Oswald at the time of the shooting. Above right, Lavelady is shown in the doorway of the School Book Depository while Kennedy passes by. A case for Oswald's innocence was based on this picture.



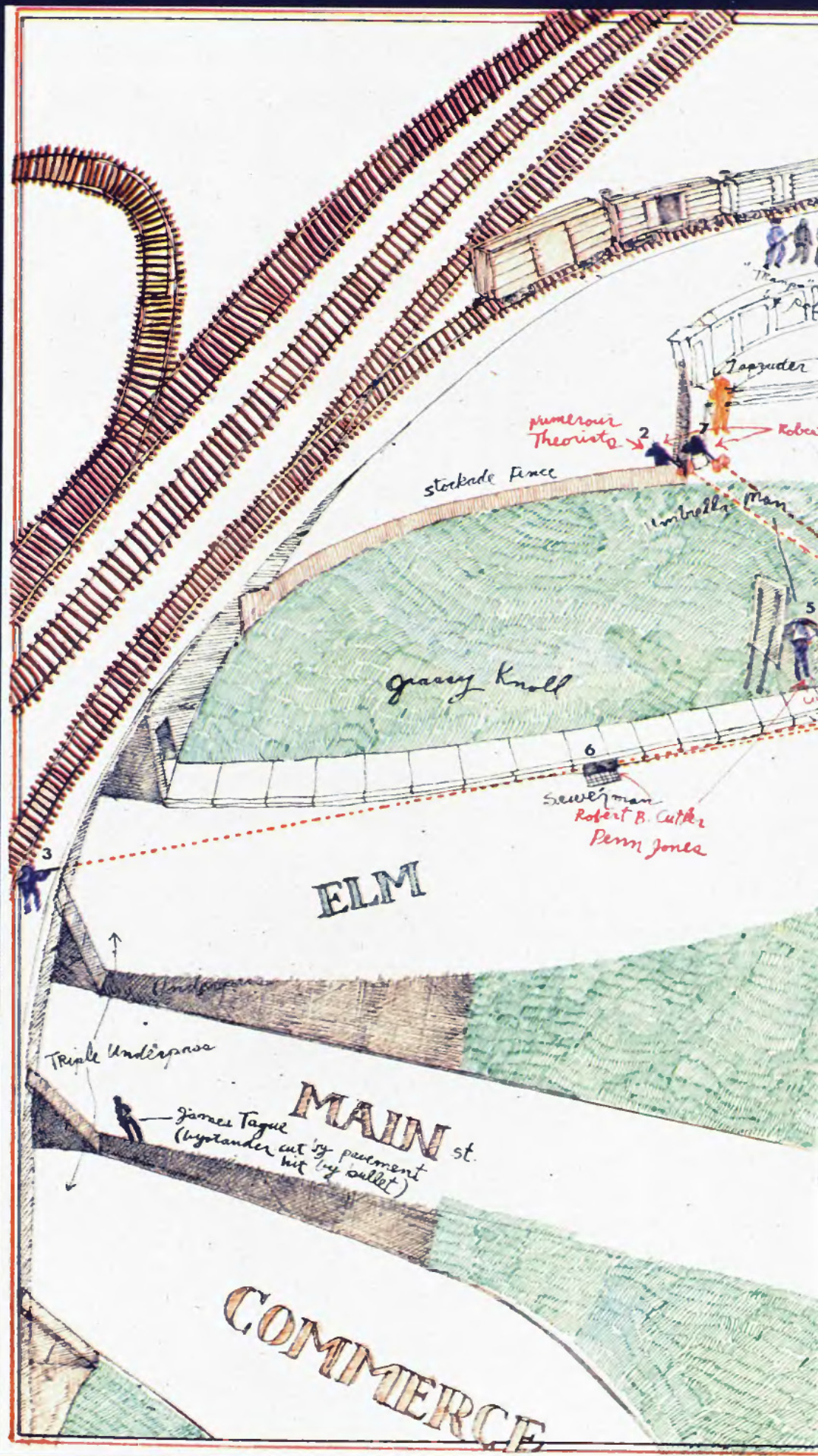
In this Zapruder frame, Kennedy emerges from behind the sign after being hit. Even though the sun was shining, a bystander calmly stood with his umbrella open during the shooting. The umbrella is partially visible in front of the limousine at the right of the freeway sign.



As soon as Kennedy was hit, the man folded his umbrella, watched the motorcade continue down the road and then walked off in the opposite direction. Some people have theorized that he had a gun hidden in the umbrella; others believe it was a signal to gunmen.



The Warren Commission took the discovery of three cartridge cases (above) of the sixth-floor window of the School Book Depository to be proof that three shots were fired, all by Oswald (1). But other theorists, using their own evidence, place a possible 11 additional sniper positions in Dealey Plaza. The most common placement is on the grassy knoll (2) and has been supported, in combination with 1, by Mark Lane. Early speculation placed a gunman on the freeway overpass (3), but no one in the crowd of spectators there saw him. In Hugh McDonald's book *Appointment in Dallas*, Saul (4) confesses that he shot Kennedy from the second floor of the County Records Building. Most mysterious is the man who in bright sunshine had his umbrella open (5) while Kennedy was being shot. Robert Cutler says there was a gun built into the umbrella. With Penn Jones, Cutler believes there also may have been a gunman in the sewer (6). Another explanation of the umbrella is that it was a signal for firing teams initiated by the "communications man" across the street. According to optical technician Robert Groden, shots originated from four locations (2, 7, 8 or 9 and 10); this theory is endorsed by Dick Gregory. Josiah Thompson, author of *Six Seconds in Dallas*, believes there was a gunman in position 1 but also claims two more snipers (2 and either 8 or 11) and a total of at least four shots fired. Forensic pathologist Cyril Wecht agrees with position 1, but his second rifleman is in a different spot (12). Based on the evidence, the shots from behind seem most likely.





GRASSY KNOLL



Many who were present believe that at least one shot came from a fence on the grassy knoll. Above, some people think they can see a gunman behind the fence in this photograph. Right, above, policemen hearing the shot from the knoll dismount and run up the incline to investigate, while people turn in that direction. Right, below, an officer has reached the top but finds no one. One theory has it that the gunman, after firing from that position, got into the trunk of a car and was driven away. Some say he shot from the roof of a car parked behind the fence. Those who believe there was no gunman at that spot say witnesses heard the echoes of the other shots.



cause. Was not Lee Harvey Oswald exactly that sort? Could anyone reasonably doubt he *was* the bad man with the rifle?

Today, seven out of ten Americans believe Oswald was not the only bad man. Since 1965, when the first serious attacks on the report were mounted, skepticism about the Warren Commission's conclusion has risen steadily. Many reasons have been offered. Perhaps the Cold War's climate contributed, with its ceaseless talk of spy conspiracies, with Joe McCarthy finding Reds under every rug. Or maybe, some say, our refusal to believe was born in the exponential increase of madness in the land when the murder of a President was followed by the lacerating atrocities of Vietnam, by more assassinations, by civil riots, by the crippling absurdities of Watergate; finally, by the disclosures of FBI and CIA crimes, until Americans, swirled in cyclones of cynicism, were ready to believe that anything was possible. Perhaps, others suggest, it has from the first been the sheer incongruity of that weak-chinned Oswald's bringing down the hero of PT 109 that galled us beyond belief. But these explanations beg the point.

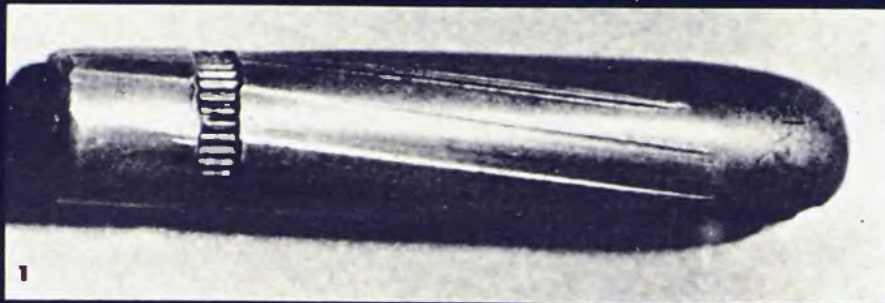
The Warren Report is
(continued on page 130)



Whether or not Ruby was involved in a conspiracy, he was in the corridor of the Dallas Police Department, above, on the 22nd of November, two days before he shot Oswald. Right, the man photographed in Mexico is identified by Hugh McDonald as "Saul." According to McDonald, he confessed to being the hired assassin who killed Kennedy. McDonald claims Oswald was a decay whom Saul was supposed to kill after shooting the President.



PUZZLING EVIDENCE



1



2



5



3



4

The Warren Commission theorized that a single bullet went through Kennedy's neck, Connolly's back and wrist, continued on to lodge in his thigh, and later fell out intact onto a hospital stretcher. The bullet (1 and 2) appears to be undamaged only from one angle. Compare the damage with a bullet (3) test-fired from Oswald's rifle into a cadaver's wrist. An X ray (4) shows the damage to the wrist. A Zapruder frame (5) seems to show Kennedy and Connally being hit simultaneously. An X ray of Connally's thigh (6) reveals a bullet fragment embedded in the bone. Measurements and estimates yielded these figures: The "magic" bullet was missing 2.5 grains of lead. Reports said 1.5 grains were found in Connally.



6

THE FATAL SHOT



The Army claimed it conducted tests with Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano to simulate the final shot, the one that killed Kennedy. Above, a human skull was packed with gelatin and covered with

goat hair. The tests graphically demonstrated that the rifle was not only accurate but also capable of producing the type of massive wound that would leave the victim no chance for recovery.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



Shower Power

at last! there's a way clean living
can be a real turn-on

Clockwise from the top of this page:

Slip under a Body Shaper Pulsating Shower and you'll be pummeled with 7500 water jets per minute; needle spray to full rinse can also be used in combination with the pulsator, by Chicago Specialty, \$24.95.

The Pollenex Dial Massage is four shower heads in one—pulsator, coarse spray, fine spray and waterfall massage; aerator feature mixes air with water for additional stimulation, by Associated Mills, \$39.95.

Logan Manufacturing's 722 big-ball showering head enables the bather to enjoy more than 20 water patterns, from a soft orchid mist to a straight powerful fire-hose-nozzle stream, \$29.50 for head only.

The Shower Massage can be used in the conventional manner or hand-held for facials, soap-offs, etc.; dial adjustment allows for a variety of water patterns, including a pulsating spray, by Water Pik, \$39.95.

Another hand-held unit, the Daisy Flo-Massage, can be tuned to a pulsating body massager, a full spray or a soft flax; also can be used as supplement to a wall shower, by Franklin Metal & Rubber, \$36.95.

CRIES OF CONSPIRACY

(continued from page 126)

doubted because its responsible critics have raised vital questions about the commission's blundering. In what follows, we will look, as objectively as possible, at the key elements of the physical evidence and at the plausible possibilities of conspiracy, with the warning that the enormous amount of data on the Kennedy assassination prevents examination of more than the major elements and theories. For, if you reject the Warren Commission's theories, there are no simple answers. For example, in the matter of where guns were fired in Dealey Plaza, you have a wide choice. Or you can choose conspirators from the Russians, Castroites, dissident elements of the CIA and FBI (with Oswald perhaps an agent for each and all) or the Teamsters-cum-Mafia-cum-CIA, or H. L. Hunt-style Texas right-wingers acting for God, country and L.B.J. You can consider anti-Castro Cubans incensed over the Bay of Pigs, the Minutemen, the Klan, an embryonic military junta (assisted by military intelligence and key industrial leaders), the Dallas Police Force or New Orleans homosexuals connected with organized crime and the CIA (the CIA is, understandably, most often mentioned in speculations on the assassination). You even have your choice of Oswalds. In many instances, the theories overlap in rings of persons and places rippling out from the central incident to encompass so much that one wonders if any conspiracy so huge could remain a secret. Three or four men, perhaps—but many more . . . well, why didn't they just wait and vote Kennedy out?

Yet the fact that the report's critics cannot agree on every specific point (except that Oswald alone didn't do it) should not disqualify their views, especially those buttressed by the persuasive evidence some have unearthed. If some of them are open to charges of being careerists out for a fast buck, or trendy egomaniacs, or paranoids in the twilight of logic, or erectors of vast clockwork systems in which human error does not exist and every act is linked with every other, then they are little worse than the Government itself, which through the Warren Commission failed to answer the question for good and all of who killed John Kennedy. It was, we must remember, the Government that had that responsibility and the resources to discharge it. It was the FBI that, out of guilt or vainglory, decided after Kennedy's death to cover up a threatening note of Lee Harvey Oswald's to agent James Hosty that fateful week in Dallas. It was the FBI, the commission's staff and, to a lesser degree, the Secret Service that, it seems, persuaded some witnesses to agree with the commission's already-conceived view. It was the distinguished members of the Warren Commission who

did not even view, let alone release, the crucial autopsy photos that show exactly how the bullets killed Kennedy. It was the commission's failure to call certain witnesses or to credit only selected others that fueled suspicion of its findings. It was the commission's questionable interpretations of ballistics, its strained reconstructions of the crime, its unwillingness to pick up beguiling threads of inquiry, its seeming blindness to the conspiratorial connotations of Oswald's odd life that aroused the critics.

But before we can talk of conspiracy, or of the one deranged Oswald, we must go back to Dealey Plaza, to the critical physical evidence.

Although it does not mean that Oswald killed Kennedy, there is little doubt that he ordered the Mannlicher-Carcano that did slay the President. The handwriting on the order to Klein's Sporting Goods of Chicago and that on the order for a .38 Smith & Wesson revolver from Seaport Traders, Inc., of Los Angeles have been identified as Oswald's. Both documents bear the name "A. Hidell," which also appeared with minor variations on counterfeit identification found in Oswald's wallet after his arrest in the Texas Theater about 1:50 P.M. on November 22, shortly after Officer J. D. Tippit had been killed with the .38 Smith & Wesson. Both guns were shipped in March 1963 to P. O. Box 2915, Dallas, which had been rented by a Lee H. Oswald, whose signature matched that of A. Hidell. (It is not clear why he used an alias.) In the spring of 1963 in New Orleans, Oswald formed a chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, himself as sole member and A. J. Hidell as president (Hidell had a post-office box there, too).

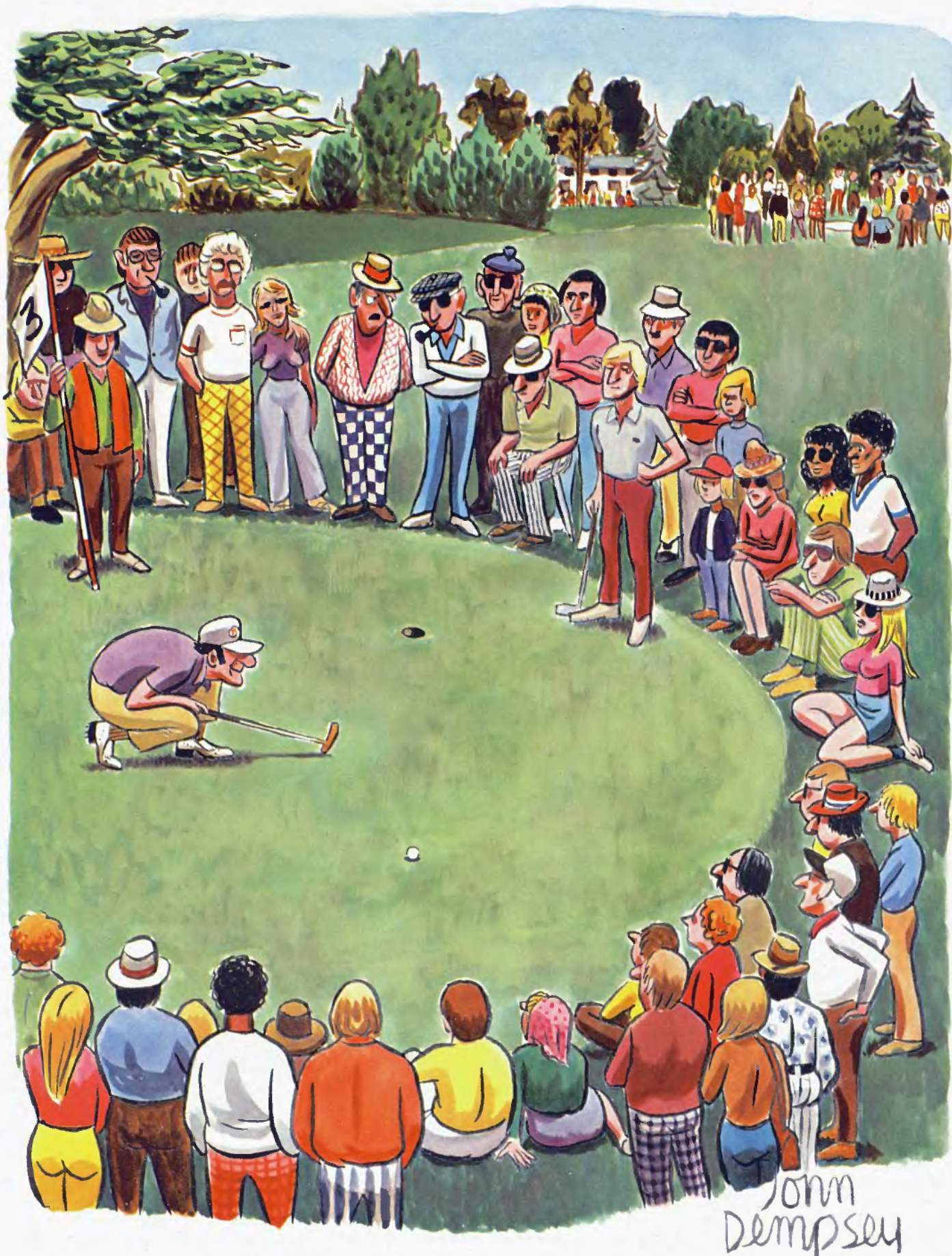
Among the identification cards found on Oswald were two clever bits of forgery, both in the name Alek James Hidell (in Russia, Marina said, Lee was called Alek). They were a draft card and a certificate of service in the U. S. Marine Corps, each made of prints from doctored photographic negatives that were pasted back to back. Oswald knew quite a bit about photography. In the Marines, he analyzed aerial photos and tracked U-2 flights. His best job in Dallas had been as a photoprint trainee with Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall, a graphic-arts firm. Then, too, after he was arrested, he told Dallas police that the photos they'd scavenged from Marina's lodgings in Irving, showing him posed with rifle, pistol and leftist publications, were fakes, that he knew someone had pasted his head on somebody else's body and shot a new negative. The Warren Commission expert said no, but other experts have said yes. (See box, page 204.) But none of that is proof that he killed the President.

For example, did Oswald have the

Mannlicher-Carcano with him that November 22 and did he ever practice with it? Marina said she remembered him working the bolt and squinting through the sight in New Orleans in May 1963. She also said that on other occasions in Dallas, she saw him clean it and work the bolt. Once, she said, he took the rifle concealed in a raincoat, saying he was going to practice shooting. A Russian friend of the Oswalds' (they were often among the *émigrés* of Dallas and Fort Worth) testified that Lee told him of target shooting. One such target, according to Marina, was the virulently right-wing Major General Edwin A. Walker, at whom Lee said he took a shot with the Mannlicher-Carcano on April 10, 1963, after leaving a note in Russian for her with instructions as to what to do if he were caught, along with the pictures of himself with rifle, pistol and *The Worker* in hand. (The gunman fired through the house window, missing Walker's head, not by much, and escaped. The slug was too mutilated to determine if a Mannlicher-Carcano had fired it.)

By far the most intriguing tale, though, is that of Oswald at rifle ranges. On several days in November prior to the assassination, witnesses at target ranges saw a man they said looked like Oswald. That would seem further to incriminate Oswald, were it not that other evidence developed by the FBI for the Warren Commission placed Oswald elsewhere. Were these witnesses simply mistaken, as eyewitnesses often are? Did they want somehow to participate in the crime of the century? Harold Weisberg suggested in *Whitewash*, one of many books he published himself, that they may have been witnesses to the "second Oswald"—the look-alike who acted to attract attention to "Oswald," putting the frame tightly around the decoy. This theory was later supported by Richard Popkin, Robert Sam Anson and others. But serious consideration of that must come after some other matters. For example, did the real Oswald who worked at the Texas School Book Depository have his Mannlicher-Carcano with him at 12:30 P.M. on November 22, 1963?

The Warren Commission was satisfied that Oswald had taken the disassembled rifle to work on the morning of November 22 in a 38-inch-long brown paper bag that he had made earlier of wrapping paper and tape available in the Depository's shipping room. Oswald's right palm print and left-index fingerprint were detected on the bag. Buell Wesley Frazier, who drove Oswald to work that morning from Irving, said Lee had with him a longish, heavy, brown-paper package. Lee said it contained curtain rods. Even though valid questions have since been raised about exactly how Oswald made the bag and got it into the Depository, it seems clear he could have. More



"Now do you see why he's never become a champion?"

important are the constellations of questions surrounding the weaponry and ballistics of the Kennedy murder, the brightest glowing around the famous "magic bullet." The theory of the commission is that the slug hit both Kennedy and Connally and was finally found little the worse for wear on the governor's stretcher at Parkland hospital. But before that wonder can be explored come simpler considerations. First is the number of shots. Eighty-three percent of the witnesses in Dealey Plaza who offered an opinion reported three. Only seven percent said two (though they included Mrs. Kennedy and Secret Service men, notably Clint Hill). Very few reported more than three, tending to dispute investigators who believe there were several assassins.

Accepting the majority opinion becomes easier, if not necessarily correct, when we recall that three cartridge cases were found next to the wall under the sill of the southeast window on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository. There, Dallas police photographs showed, were three boxes stacked to the west side of the partially opened window, allegedly to form a gun rest for the sniper. Other boxes along that side of the building concealed the shooter from anyone else who might be on the floor. According to Dallas police and FBI laboratory reports, only one of the three gun-rest boxes held Oswald's prints—the right-index fingerprint and left palm print. Another small box set back from the window had on it Oswald's right palm print. But, as many observers have noted, Oswald worked in the building, filling book orders from cartons, including those on the sixth floor. Why shouldn't his prints be there? In addition, if he stacked the boxes, why weren't his prints on all of them? Furthermore, there are other photos of the nest that show a different arrangement of boxes. Which, if any, were taken before investigators moved the boxes, and did those square with what people outside saw looking upward? The Warren Commission's best witness to Oswald in the window was Howard Brennan, a steam fitter who was seated on a concrete wall opposite the Depository. Saying nothing substantive about the boxes, he testified that Oswald was standing in the window, with the rifle, leaning against the left sill—a flat impossibility, since the gunman would then have to shoot through the window panes. Still, the testimony of other witnesses, especially that of the 15-year-old schoolboy Amos Lee Euins, suggests that there was at least one man seen in the window—as another witness said, "crowded in among boxes"—and that he had a gun.

When did he fire it, and how many times, and what did he hit? All the theorists including the Warren Commission have been forced to time the shots and to hypothesize about their effect,

based on the film record of the assassination created by Abraham Zapruder, a Dallas garment manufacturer who had stationed himself and his zoom-lens Bell & Howell 8mm movie camera on a concrete pedestal at one end of the Plaza's northern pergola—a structure like a bandstand immediately west of the Depository and next to a grassy knoll that led up to a line of trees fronting a six-foot stockade fence. The fence screened a parking lot next to railway yards. Zapruder's camera, tests later showed, ran at an average 18.3 frames per second. Thus, his film provides both a clock and a visual record of Kennedy's and Connally's reactions during the horror of those six seconds. Indeed, Zapruder's film might have put an end to all the speculations about Kennedy's death had it not been for the traffic sign obscuring the exact location (hence time) of the first shot. As it is, the camera's speed, the sign's obstruction and the rapidity with which the Mannlicher-Carcano could be operated are among the variables that have plagued us. The Warren Commission's staff, as well as conscientious investigators, including Weisberg and Robert Groden, have tried mightily to unravel precisely what happened. But little is absolute except the mathematics. Only the Warren Commission had access to Oswald's rifle. Its tests indicated that it could not be fired and reloaded in less than 2.3 seconds. Our own tests over iron sights at comparable distances with other similar Mannlicher-Carcanos, however, allowed three accurate shots to be fired in as little as 4.4 seconds, though some of the sequences took as long as eight due to the erratic behavior of the weapon.

For a three-shot firing sequence consistent with the Warren Report and the Zapruder film, the sniper must aim and fire the cartridge lying ready in the chamber, bolt a new cartridge in, re-aim, shoot and repeat this—all in less than six seconds (or a second more than the Government's minimum required time). Six seconds was all the time available, because the sniper's view of Kennedy's body from the southeast window of the Depository was obscured by a live oak tree from Zapruder frame 166 until approximately frame 210. Curiously, Kennedy was a fine target before that time, all the way down Houston Street and through the turn just below the window, yet no shots were then fired. There is a moment at frame 186 when a shot might have been fired through an opening in the foliage. Some observers believe one was fired about then, hitting the pavement at the rear of the President's car (several spectators thought, in retrospect, that they saw something splatter) and flinging fragments several hundred yards, one of which may have injured James Tague, who was standing on Commerce Street near the Triple Underpass. More probably, Tague was nicked in the cheek by something—a

bullet fragment or chip of concrete—bouncing up from a Main Street curb about 15 feet away. A section of curbing there, examined belatedly by the FBI, showed under spectrographic testing traces of lead and antimony, two elements common in the lead cores of bullets. No trace of copper was found, meaning the smear could not be from the first impact of one of the Mannlicher-Carcano's copper-jacketed rounds. If from a bullet at all (many articles contain lead and antimony), the smear had to come either from a Mannlicher-Carcano fragment or from another bullet altogether. This last explanation is preferred by those suspecting more than one gunman. Further complicating matters, Mr. Tague thinks he was hit at the time of "either the second or the third" shot, meaning if Oswald was the lone gunman, either what the Warren Commission calls the miss or the fatal head shot. Yet Tague was a long way from the limousine—almost a hundred yards when Kennedy's head exploded. Would a fragment fly that far? Or was there another gun? Do we even know, assuming three shots were fired from the Depository, which of the first two missed? Unfortunately, it's impossible to determine from Zapruder's film, because by the time the President's limousine cleared the oak tree and offered the gunman a good sight picture, the car had also passed behind the street sign. We only know that by frame 225, when the limousine emerges from behind the sign, Kennedy has been hit. His hands move upward toward his throat, his shoulders hunch. In James Altgens' photo taken an instant later at frame 255, we see the Secret Service men crane back toward the unexpected firecracker pop, while Jackie grabs Jack's arm and Connally turns awkwardly to his right. This the commission calls the first shot from the lone gunman and is the magic bullet. The second probably misses, it says. The third, about 4.2 seconds after Kennedy emerges from behind the sign, at Zapruder frame 313, blows out the right side of Kennedy's skull, ending the New Frontier there in the chief city of the old West.

Several quick but significant questions: Could the 1940-vintage Mannlicher-Carcano, which was later found stuck between two rows of boxes near the descending staircase on the southwest end of the building, have all by itself killed Kennedy? Yes. At short range, with the 160-161-grain copper-jacketed bullets, it had more than the necessary penetrating power and accuracy, despite a tendency to shoot high and right (which defect could easily have been compensated for by anyone familiar with the weapon). Is it certain that three shots were fired from that window, as so many witnesses heard? No.

Kennedy may well have been the target of just two shots from there. Even
(continued on page 200)

PICTURING HERSELF

she's taken great pictures of beautiful women for this magazine. this time around, suze has photographed the gorgeous... suze



In addition to photographing two covers for us, right (August 1975 and April 1976), Suze has shot Playmates Lillian Müller, Irene Miller and Miss May, Patricia McClain. Suze is also credited with bringing Norwegian model Müller to our attention. At top, Suze gets close to Jill DeVries for a test shooting.

EVER SINCE we first set eyes on British photographer Suze Randall, we've toyed with the idea of featuring her on the other side of the camera. After all, it's not every day you run into a professional photographer who also happens to have been a model, and a gorgeous one at that. "I was working as a nurse in a London hospital," Suze tells us, "and got into modeling on the side to bring in some extra money. The next logical step was photography." Often, in those early days, she would shoot herself, using a cable release and mirrors behind the camera. Which is precisely how she took the photographs on the following pages. And now... Suze presents Suzel!



"Some models really turn on for the camera; others are shy and need to be coaxed. I'm an exhibitionist myself. I'll drop my drawers any day, anywhere—even if it's in the middle of the street. Being in front of the camera always makes me very horny."

"Sometimes I have to work very hard to get my models to hang loose and relax in front of the camera; so it's a great relief to be shooting myself, because not only do I have a sex bomb for a model, I've got one hell of a great photographer as well."





"I've just finished a book of my pornographic memoirs called 'Sexess.'

I was going to call it 'Pussy Power,' but my publishers were worried that that title would frighten the booksellers.

It's a chronicle of my sexual exploits as a model and a photographer."

"I like to have sex in elevators or anyplace where there's a chance of being caught with my knickers down.

It's the fear that turns me on the most. I've actually done it in an elevator; it was a marvelous one—had an armrest all around, so I could put my feet up."





*"Just think, if my eraser hadn't fallen under your desk,
we might still be strangers."*

WELL, MY DEARS, I often think a procuress—a bawd, that is—lives like a spider. She spins her web and waits patiently all day for the foolish insect to entangle itself. And then she sucks the gold of a man's purse as the spider sucks the blood of the fly.

I had a girl named Amoretta in my employ; she was plump as a partridge and even prettier, and I set her up in a great old house with servants and furnishings so that she looked like a young lady of quality. Along came a merchant from another town, on business here for some months, who noticed her in the street and was smitten. Seeking a way to meet her, he was directed to me.

After a certain amount of haggling about gifts and money, I agreed to present his case to the lady. I came back all smiles and nodding.

"Don't think it is because she wants money," I said, "for she has plenty. It is your grace and your handsome features that have led her astray. But," I warned, "for a good reason I cannot tell you, you must meet her at my house."

All went like a charm and she played to perfection the fine lady reluctantly seduced. And then she tumbled with him in my narrow bed like the adept little whore she really was. How do I know all this? Well, there's a bit of a crack in the bedroom wall...

On the third night, she began to complain, saying that she was used to feather quilts, fine linen, silken blankets and a bed draped with velvet curtains. "I wouldn't have my most wretched maid sleep here," she said. Finally, she allowed him to persuade her to meet in her own bedroom on the next night. "What does it matter if it turns out badly for me?" she asked.

That afternoon, the love-struck merchant sent her lavish gifts of fowl and wine and jewelry. When the clock struck seven, he went to her house, was shown in, mounted the stairs and was amazed by the rich furnishings as he entered her bedroom. They dined well, threw off their clothes, embraced warmly and dropped into bed.

How do I know all this? Well, a certain hole bored in the wall...

First, she began to use her tongue on his body and then, just as he thought marvels were about to happen, a brick was flung through the window with a mighty crash. I must say that the wench had a most convincing scream.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned and clung to him. Just then, the top sheets were snatched from the bed and they were exposed, completely naked. As they reached to pull them back, a fusillade of weird laughs and cackles burst out.

"Could these be ghosts?" asked the bewildered merchant.

Amoretta burst into tears. "I must

confess," she sobbed, "that there is one who cannot even bear to have a fly look at me. When I would not accept his proposals of love, I being a modest sort of girl, he hanged himself in this very house. When I sleep alone, he is perfectly quiet. But, with you, my dearest—" At this point, the little maid, who was hidden under the bed, dragged the bedclothes off once more and let loose a horrible cackle. That girl had enough talent to play in the *commedia*.

The merchant's stiff mast sank to become a limp little rope. With a pale face, he arose and dressed and hurried from the house.

I entered and embraced Amoretta on the success of our scheme. We now had the rich presents and no tiresome merchant to claim his due.

But does the spider always judge every fly correctly? Sometimes isn't there a fly strong enough or shrewd enough to break the web?

The next morning, bright and early, the merchant was back again with three priests in tow. He oversaw them as they blessed and exorcised the house from attic to wine cellar, with 100 signs of the cross and a gallon of holy water. "And now go back and say the Mass of Saint Gregory for the soul of the ghost," he instructed them when they had finished.

And, woe is me, the idea of having had the poor ghost watch him perform with the lady gave him enormous zest and vigor. Night after night, he performed feats of screwing she had never imagined before. I thought we would never get rid of him. —Retold by Carlo Matteo



Below left: Here's a look that's a real gas; a cotton corduroy jump suit with tab-held roll-up sleeves and rear-elasticized waist, by Hathaway Otherwear, \$95, worn over a contrast-collared shirt, by Hothoway, \$22.50.

Below right: A variation on the jump-suit theme; boot-sail cotton drill painter's overalls with adjustable suspenders and pliers pocket, by Lee, about \$14, plus a cotton jersey pullover, by Gant, \$15.

This speed freak, below left, achieves a racy look in a prewashed denim jump suit with angled patch pockets, barrel cuffs and flared legs, by Levi Strauss, about \$43, plus a plaid shirt, by Peter Barton's Closet, about \$25.

More vroom at the top, below right, in striped zip-front cotton denim coveralls with banded waist, snap cuffs and wide straight legs, by Wrangler, about \$20, plus a geometric-print knit shirt, by Nik Nik, \$34.



JUMP SHOTS

ITS ORIGINS MAY
HAVE BEEN UTILITARIAN
BUT THE JUMP
SUIT NOW LEADS A
LIFE OF LEISURE

ATTIRE

By **DAVID PLATT**

The Screaming Eagles
should see you now, be-
low, decked out in a poly-
urethane-treated cotton
jump suit with elasticized
cuffs and ankles, by Beged-
Or, \$135, and a knit pull-
over, by Franck Olivier, \$19.



GOLDILOCKS *(continued from page 103)*

little vanity in his life, it was the watch he bought when he first came to the U.S.A. It was solid gold like Hector himself and would run for a week.

When Hector died at 69 years of age, everybody went to the wake. There were more flowers than you cared to smell and more rosaries than you cared to hear. Finally, just before they screwed down the lid on Hector's coffin, his brother Salvador held up Hector's watch for all to see, wound it tight and slipped it into Hector's pocket to tick away down there in the grave and keep him company. All of us were very taken with the idea, but, as usual, there had to be one critic.

"Better Sal gave me that watch," Casimiro whispered. "Who's going to wind it up down there? While I myself could keep it running forever in Hector's memory."

"Yes," I said, "and you'd run right along with it, all the way to the nearest pawnshop."

"You used to be a nice polite boy," he said. "Up to the age of seven years, you were among the very best."

Casimiro Ortega was Hector's exact opposite in all but age. His main claim to fame was his bald head, which was proof, according to him, that there was no Indian in his pure Spanish blood. His face was the color of the muscatel he mostly drank. His tiny pink eyes peeked out of their holes as sneaky as mice, and I next saw him at the graveyard. The last rites were finished. Hector's coffin perched on its rollers over the grave. The people were headed for home, but Casimiro sat alone under a giant cross of gardenias with his face in his hands like he was crying his eyes out.

"Oh-oh," I thought and patted him down till I found a screwdriver stuck into his left shoe.

"To pick my teeth with," Casimiro explained.

"What teeth?" I asked and took it away from him.

"And besides," he said, "what if Hector wakes up and starts banging on the lid and nobody's here to let him out?"

"Nothing like a faithful friend," I said.

"You and your so-called saints," Casimiro grumbled. "To hear everybody talk, you'd think Hector never once slipped his halo, but I remember the time when he threw it in the gutter. So go buy beer someplace and I'll open your eyes for you."

Curiosity is no doubt my strongest weakness. With the screwdriver safe in my pocket, I made a quick round trip to the nearest liquor store, handed Casimiro a beer and sat down on the grass beside him, careful to keep the rest of the six-pack out of his reach, but his eyes made love to it.

"Fix your attention on 1927," he began. "Brotherhood Week hadn't been invented yet, so people were a lot franker about their feelings. There were no Mexican-Americans back then. You were one thing or the other."

"Already you're stretching it out," I complained.

"This will be a three-bottle story at the very least," he said. "And besides, how would a snot-nose like yourself understand those fine old days unless I painted their picture? Life was honey then or else pure vinegar. It was breezy mountaintops or stinking gullies and not all flat and swampy like today."

"Speak for yourself," I told him.

"Then, with your permission," he said, "we'll pay a little visit to East Fifth Street just below Main, which was a very bad street for saints then, as it is now, and especially at night. It's two o'clock in the morning. The iron screens are locked across the pawnshop windows. Even the all-night missions are closed. Everything was dark and dead except the Acropolis café. It was all white tile inside and glared out at you like your grandmother's last tooth. Dinners were forty cents, the daily blue plate was twenty-five and a bowl of chili, a dime. They gave you a lot to eat there, but to tell the truth, it wasn't very tasty."

"Is this a restaurant guide," I asked, "or what? Where's Hector in all this embroidery? Home asleep?"

"Better for him if he had been," Casimiro said. "But no, your good friend Saint Hector Martinez is standing right outside and he's been there four hours, staring in like a hungry wolf. Because inside is the woman. She was counting her tips now, a very small handful of nickels and dimes and one giant fifty-cent piece. Her stockings were rolled down, which was the style back then, and her naked knees twinkled dimply little smiles at you. But don't think it was her knees Hector was staring at. No, it was her hair, which was as gold as the watch in his pocket. Now the woman comes out the door. She walks up the hill toward Main and Hector quietly follows her. The woman doesn't turn her head, but, like any cow lost from the herd, she knows something's sniffing her tracks. Nobody's in sight. Ahead there's an alley. The man or whatever will be sure to nail her there and drag her off into the dark for who knows what? She makes herself stop and turn around. And there's Hector, wearing the same blue suit they buried him in. There's his dumb ox eyes staring out of his adobe face and his big solemn mouth doing its best to smile politely. Compared with the woman, he stood as tall as a telephone pole, but his big hands hung at his sides like a scolded schoolboy's and

that took the scare out of the woman.

"You're the pancakes and the big tip," she said.

"Hector nodded.

"OK," she said, "so I already gave you a big smile and what more do you expect for your fifty cents?"

"Hector stupidly introduced himself in the Mexican style and explained just what he wanted.

"She said, 'Huh?'

"He searched the sidewalk for splinters of English somebody might possibly have spilled there.

"'Mucho late,' he finally said. 'Many bad mans. Jeas Christ, they touchy you, I kill 'um.'

"He smashed his right fist into his left palm for demonstration.

"OK. Pancakes," she sighed, "you can be my watchdog if you insist, only my feet are killing me, got any money?"

"Hector pulled out a fat roll of bills. The woman's eyes flip-flopped.

"Honey Bunch," she said, "a single's all we need. For take-um taxicab."

Right away I smelled the badger and said so. We argued over who was telling this story. Casimiro won.

"The cab carried them past Pershing Square and up Hope Street onto Bunker Hill. It stopped in front of a three-story house with a tower. Possibly a queen once lived there, but now it had gone democratic. There were seventeen separate mailboxes in front and as they walked down the hall, the smells of all nations came creeping out from under the doors. The woman unlocked the last one and went in waving her hands around in the dark till she found the string that turned the light bulb on. The room was very tall, with two tall windows. It was painted park-bench green, except the ceiling was dark white with brown spots. There was a big iron bed, a washstand and a stuffed armchair, which was full of surprises when Hector sat on it. The woman poured water into a bowl and sat on the bed, soaking her puffy red feet. And they talked, the woman about her boss with his filthy Greek habits and about various smart remarks her girlfriend Ethel had made, but mostly about her feet. She talked in English, of course, and Hector talked in the tongue of his fathers.

"Do you know the golden sun of Mexico when it rises from the black pocket of the night?" he said. "And the tassels of the corn, which give life to the bellies of men, how they sparkle in the rays of that same sun and turn pure gold, which is the same gold as the gold of the hair of thy head—"

"Quit talking like those Mexicans of John Steinbeck," I interrupted.

"Who's John Steinbeck?" Casimiro asked.

"He was a very rich writer," I said.

(continued on page 116)

NEVER EAT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN YOUR HEAD

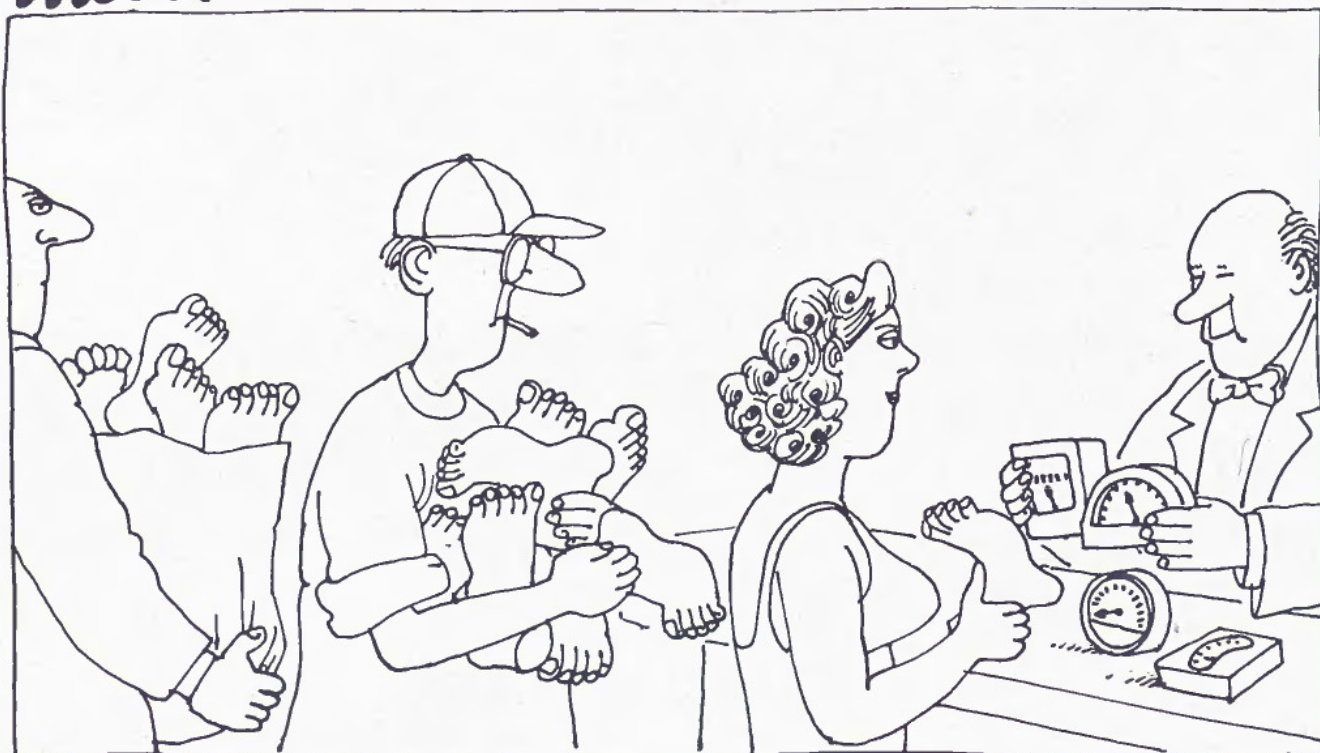
playboy cartoonist kliban continues to move in nutty ways, his wonders to perform

By B. KLIBAN

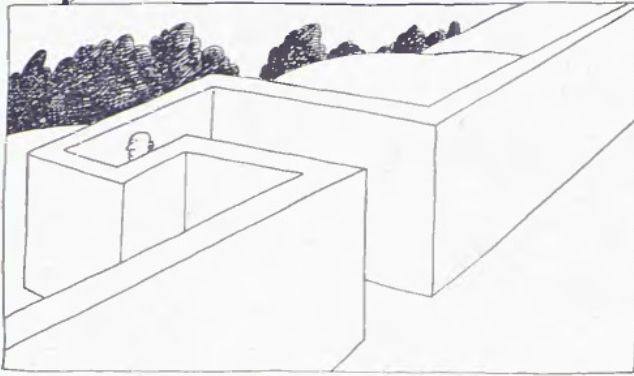
Wanda Among the Bushmen



Math • CONVERTING FEET TO METERS



Simple Maze



Never eat anything bigger than your head.



WRONG



RIGHT

The Mini-Calculator



Downtime at the Mormon Tabernacle



Trends that Slip

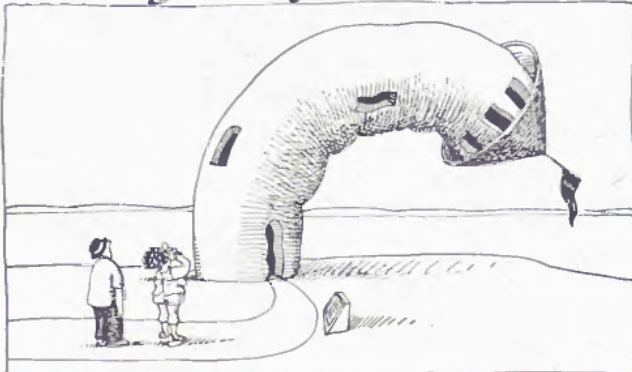




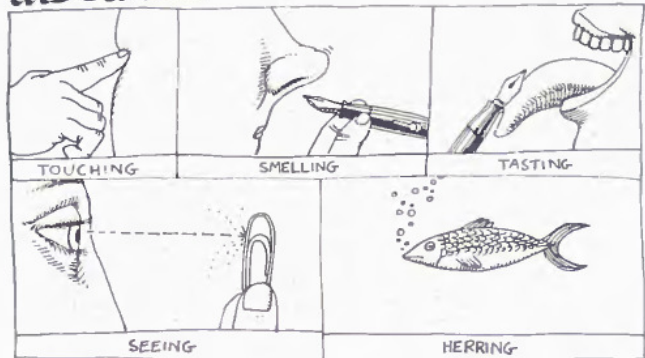
Genghis & Sylvia Khan



The Leaning Tower of Rubber



The Senses



GOLDILOCKS

(continued from page 142)

"And you, too, will be a very rich writer," said Casimiro, "if you set down this story just like I tell it. And what do I get for all my trouble? One miserable bottle of beer."

He turned his bottle upside down. Not a drop fell out.

"What comes next is very romantic," he said in a teasy voice.

I knew I was throwing good beer after bad, but I handed him another bottle.

"By now," Casimiro went on, "the woman's feet were nicely soaked, so her corn plaster peeled off very easily and she held her foot in her hand and inspected the corn quite closely."

"That's very romantic," I said, disgusted, "and quite sexy, too."

"Wait! The woman looks up. What does she see? A giant adobe man is coming at her with a knife. No use to scream. A scream brings no one in that house. It is the usual tone of voice there. The woman waits with scared eyes. Now Hector kneels down before her, knife in hand. He dries her foot on his necktie. Then he shaves off the corn. His knife is so sharp she feels nothing. He snaps the knife shut and gets to his feet.

"Me coming *domingo*, Sunday," he said. "Twelve o'clock."

"He touched the woman's hair, running his fingers through it like a rake through water. Then he put on his hat and left. The woman stared after him with her mouth open and one foot in the bowl of water."

"You bore me!" I shouted. "You and your two A.M. and your wolf looks and your beds and knives, and then nothing happens at all, nothing. And besides, it's all lies, because you weren't even there to see it."

"How do you know I wasn't pissing just outside the window?" Casimiro asked me.

I had to admit that was an old habit of his. He never used plumbing when he could help it.

"OK for this once," I told him, "but you might at least tell me what that woman looked like."

"Didn't I say she was a blondie?" Casimiro asked. "So, naturally, she had to be beautiful. But if you want the details, she had a piggy little nose and very little chin, if any. Also, she had the habit of keeping her mouth half-open, so you could see a jungle of teeth inside sprouting out in various directions. Maybe her face sagged a little, too, and in fact her whole shape, but she had pretty green eyes, except when you looked into them, you could see a long parade of men robbing her of her pay, leaving her for another woman or kicking her in the belly when she was eight months' pregnant. Because, you see, she came

from one of those farmer states back East where blondies are the same small change as dark ones with us. So anyway," Casimiro went on, "there was Hector knocking on her door that next Sunday."

"We going beach," he said.

"They took the big red car that said VENICE in front. They got off where the tracks ended and there was blue ocean as far as the woman could see and white waves breaking on the sand. She had possibly seen rivers back home and maybe even a lake, but though she'd lived three years in L.A., she'd never seen the ocean before.

"It's the cat's pajamas!" she yelled."

"The *which*?" I asked.

"That's what people said in 1927," Casimiro explained. "And a lot of those cool and groovy words you use now will sound very funny and out of date when you get as old as I am. Anyway, the woman swung on Hector's arm while they walked across the beach. There were very few people present, since it was in the month of March, only some kids running in and out of the water and dragging long snakes of kelp behind them. The woman took off her shoes and waded in the water and giggled and screamed when the waves sucked the sand from under her feet. Hector ran in to keep her from falling. The water licked up over his high shoes and wetted his trouser bottoms, but he stood holding the woman's hand while she splashed her feet around and laughed up into his face."

"I'm getting very tired of all those feet," I told Casimiro. "You promised a three-beer story and there they are in Venice and all Hector does is get his pants wet."

"How do you know he isn't going to drown her out there," Casimiro asked, "and maybe rape her, too?"

So, of course, I had to hand him another beer.

"Well," he said, "when the woman got tired of the water, they came out and sat on the warm sand."

"And started counting the grains," I said bitterly. "'one, two, three, four.' I can see this story will go on forever."

"Only to the end of this bottle," Casimiro promised. "So finally they walked back to the arcades, where they bought hot dogs from a little cart. Hector ate one and the woman ate four and they caught the big red car back to town. It was dark now. The woman fell asleep. Hector put his arm around her to keep her little nose from bumping the window. People threw them some very angry looks, the woman with her golden hair nestled against the adobe-face man in the black hat. You didn't see much of that kind of thing back then, but nobody dared to meet Hector's eyes, which

prowled through that streetcar like police dogs.

"At the woman's door, Hector held out his hand to say good night, but the woman took it and moved it across various places on her body, then she touched that giant Mexican flagpole of his and squeezed it in a friendly way. Hector sucked in his breath like a steam whistle and she locked the door behind him.

"We gets married," Hector told her.

"Someday," she said.

"The woman was surprised how slowly and respectfully Hector unbuttoned all her buttons and took off her clothes. It was noon next day before she woke up. Hector was long gone and someone was pounding on the door. The woman grabbed a towel to cover herself and opened up and there was her girlfriend Ethel.

"I seen you and him come in," Ethel said, "and I heard you at it all night long."

"The woman pulled the towel tighter. She felt very naked.

"I'm ashamed for you," Ethel said. "Don't you know what he is?"

"He's a foreign gentleman," the woman said, "and he wants to marry me."

"He's no foreign gentleman, you dimwit!" Ethel yelled. "He's a Mexican and that's the next worst thing to a big black nigger."

"The woman looked around and the first thing she saw was a curling iron, so she threw it at her friend Ethel. And the next thing she saw was the coffee-pot, so she threw that, too, but it only hit the door, because Ethel was already gone."

"Just while it so happened you had to piss," I suggested, "and I hope you spent a nice day in Venice, too, all buried in the sand with only one eye showing."

"Naturally," said Casimiro, "but on Tuesday, I was present in full view, because after work, Hector asked me to speak to the woman for him on account of my superior English, but he made me get a shoeshine first. It was around six o'clock when we walked into the Acropolis café, and very bustling, but the woman left her trays and ran straight to Hector, and her eyes stared up into his big face like little spaniels'."

"Everybody's got dog eyes in this story," I complained.

"I told her," Casimiro said, "how my friend was a sincere and honorable man desiring her hand in marriage, so how could we reach her father to ask his consent? But it seems her father was dead, her mother had disappeared and where any uncles or brothers might be, the woman didn't know, but speaking for herself, the answer was yes. So with all the customers shouting for their blue plates and the Greek jumping up and down, the woman threw her apron on

One of a kind.

He does more
than inhabit. He lives.
Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.
He gets it from the blend
of Turkish and Domestic
tobaccos in Camel Filters.
Do you?



Turkish and
Domestic Blend

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



"You're right, Sedgwick . . . it does look like a Baltimore Oriole."

the floor and we left the Acropolis behind us.

"Around the corner was a jewelry store where Spanish was spoken—very badly, I might add. The Jew was already putting up his shutters for the night, but he seemed quite happy to see us. The first thing that hit the woman's eye was a tray full of diamond rings, very large and sparkly and marked down to nineteen ninety-seven.

"Ooooo!" she screamed, in heaven.

"Falsos!" Hector shouted and shoved them aside. 'Fake lies! Plated garbage!'

"He told the Jew to show us nothing but twenty-four-karat-gold wedding bands. To check the color, he held each one up to his watch and then to the woman's golden hair. Finally, he found a very wide heavy band that satisfied him. The Jew offered easy credit, but Hector paid forty dollars cash, which was real money in those days, and gave the woman twenty more to buy her wedding outfit with.

"We walked the woman home up Hope Street. No need of a taxi this time; she trotted along between us like a deer on her clickety little feet, which had suddenly quit bothering her. And when you looked into her eyes, you could no longer see that big parade of men kicking her belly back there in the past. She was as fresh and new as an eight-year-old on the way to her first Communion. At her door, she begged Hector to come in and spend the night, but he

said no. The wedding was set for Friday afternoon and till then, they mustn't even see each other for fear of committing a sin without a license. The woman couldn't stand to wait. She started spilling tears, so to cheer her up, Hector left her his gold watch for company.

"That was a Tuesday, as you remember. By Thursday night, Hector was as impatient as the woman. He had to see her one more time to prove she was more than just some crazy golden dream inside his head. And he dragged me along to keep him from sin. There used to be a little toy cable car on Bunker Hill that was the quickest way up from our side of town. Angels' Flight, they called it, so we paid our pennies and up we went. The city lights dropped away from under us. When we got out at the top, the stars were all around us and heaven seemed very close. Hector was dancing around with excitement. He ran me down the street to the big house with the tower. We went in and knocked on the woman's door, but there was no answer."

"Oh-oh," I said. "I knew it. She pawned Hector's watch and ran off."

Casimiro showed me a gummy grin that shut me up.

"I wish she had," he said. "Anyway, we knocked again. Louder."

"Go 'way," the woman yelled from inside, but when she heard Hector's voice, she came running to throw open the door with a big happy smile on her face and a towel around her neck. In

one hand she held a toothbrush and in the other a bowl full of nasty white paste. There were patches of paste on her golden head, too, and where it was parted you could see hair the color of mattress stuffing. Hector stared at it like it was a nest of rattlesnakes.

"What's wrong, Sugar Pie?" the woman asked.

"False gold!" Hector shouted, just like at the jeweler's. 'Fake lies! Plated garbage!'

"Honey Bunch," the woman howled, 'I'll never let it slip again. I'll gold it every day of my life for you.'

"But Hector was deaf to her.

"The toothbrush fell onto the floor, and so did the bowl. The woman's face sagged into what it had been before, and so did her shape, and that same ugly old parade came marching back into her eyes. Hector picked up his gold watch. It was on her pillow. Probably she'd been sleeping with it. But as you know, Hector was always quite generous, so he left her the wedding ring for a souvenir, and then we closed the door on the woman and went on home."

"Just because she dyed her hair?" I yelled. "Hector Martinez? You're lying. There had to be another man in there. Or something!"

"Idiot!" Casimiro yelled back. "Snot-nose! What do you know about life? Do the Mexicans got to be saints every time? And the blondies always devils?"

"You're only jealous," I shouted, "because nobody's gonna bring flowers to your funeral, let alone gold watches, when your spongy old liver finally drinks itself to death! That's why you're dragging Hector down. And even if that stupid story could be part-way true," I yelled, "it wasn't Hector's fault! He got poisoned by that color line and it was the blondies drew that line, not us!"

We were still hollering at each other when the gravediggers came.

"Show a little respect for the dead," they ordered.

There were four of them, so we took their suggestion and quietly watched while they lowered Hector's coffin into the hole and filled it in with dirt and stomped it down.

"Give me my screwdriver back," Casimiro said.

I handed it over.

"Why not borrow one of their shovels?" I asked.

Casimiro walked on down the hill. I stuffed the six-pack under a nearby spray of chrysanthemums and drove the old man home to his house. As far as I know, he never went back for the watch, so no doubt it kept on ticking away steady as a heartbeat till the next Thursday, and after that, everything was quiet in Hector Martinez' grave out there at the Calvary Cemetery.



21st CENTURY FLIX

find much of this gear so technically advanced that you could spend weeks trying everything for the first time. Whether to espouse a cause or simply to mark your passage in this mortal coil, you can pick up one of these instruments and, with perfection and pizzazz, shoot almost anything.

Of the 120-odd super-8 models on the market, there are a dozen that in some form will produce spectacular results on your movie screen (or on your TV set if you care to invest \$1695 in the Kodak Supermatic film video player, a piece of science-fiction electronics that displays movies on as many TVs as you care to hook it to). This does not suggest that the remaining horde of cameras is without virtue. But the ones selected here have, in one form or another, a special claim on movie magic.

Several of these cameras can, for example, produce the effect known as the dissolve. It's a form of transition in which one shot gradually grows weaker until it vanishes, while a superimposed shot gradually takes over the screen. Traditionally, the dissolve has been used to mark the passage of time, a form of visual shorthand that deletes the insignificant while we move along to the next major event. But contemporary film makers have found it too attractive to

(continued from page 92)

relegate it to saying "later," so they've used it to characterize certain kinds of moods. It can be almost lyrical as the two shots meld, an exchange of dominance occurring while they are momentarily overlapped. The gentle way one shot leads to the next can reinforce a spirit of peacefulness or love, embellishing and strengthening the point established by the script and other elements of the movie. By caressing the eye and the nervous system behind it, the dissolve demonstrates how the medium can become the message.

Until recently, there were two ways to make a dissolve: with great difficulty and with great expense. Now there are six manufacturers producing cameras that create dissolves at the touch of a button and for free.

While the meaning of the dissolve has gone beyond its original one (its "invention" is often attributed to D. W. Griffith), the fade-in and the fade-out have retained their traditional, rather literary function. They mark the beginnings and ends of episodes within a movie—by turning the screen gradually black during a fade-out and by going from black to full visibility in a fade-in. Their function in filmic narrative is approximately the same as chapters in a novel. Fades

were once cumbersome and costly to produce. Now, in a fair number of super-8s, they require the sliding of a lever at their most complex or the pushing of a button at their simplest.

Consider a device called the intervalometer, the mechanism that creates time lapse. This compresses the passage of time so that the otherwise imperceptible becomes highly visible. Take something as commonplace as the start of a new day. You've probably been aware of that red orb lounging near the horizon and you've known that the next time you turn around it'll be noon. But what about the events that precede and follow the sunrise? Have you seen the sky change from faint blue to vague pink, then to blood red in the portion that finally yields the ruddy ball of the sun; or the change of that sphere into blazing yellow while the field around it becomes enriched? It happens each day, regularly as clockwork. But until you've caught it on time-lapse film, you have probably missed some of it.

Such visual complexities are the outcome of a technically simple premise: When the projector shows things at a rate faster than the camera has filmed them, the result is an apparent acceleration of motion. The intervalometer exposes movie frames one at a time at a rate, let's say, of one per second. If the

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • PHOTO: PEBBLE BEACH, MONTEREY, CAL.

...and now it's time
for a Cutty.

projector runs that film at 18 frames per second (the standard amateur speed), it will present in one second the events that took 18 to occur in reality. Reduce the intervalometer's operation to one frame per minute and in one second you'll see on the screen more than a quarter hour's activities.

Five manufacturers—Bauer, Elmo, Bolex, Minolta and Nizo—produce cameras whose built-in intervalometers can work at rates from six frames per second to one per minute; three are listed on the chart on opposite page. (The sunrise, by the way, generally looks best at a rate of between one frame every five and one frame every ten seconds.) If you're after something a little less cosmic than celestial movement, you can play the intervalometer for laughs. An especially pressured day can be characterized by turning a normal car ride into something that nearly doubles the speed of sound. Or if someone is willing to move with excruciating slowness for the intervalometer, your movie might show a person trapped in a world that goes much too fast for him. As people go whizzing past him, you can make a droll or cynical commentary on anything from science fiction to metaphysics to that old out-of-step-with-the-world kind of feeling.

A technique newer to movies than time lapse is the time exposure, in which the shutter remains open for a longer time for each frame than the usual 1/40th of a second or so. You've probably seen plenty of time exposures in

still photographs, invariably in nighttime shots in which the headlights and taillights of automobiles appear as streaks of white and red etched across the picture. The technique has become practical for movies only in the past couple of years through cameras from Bauer and Nizo, which, by virtue of showing movement, make the technique all the more fascinating.

If, for example, you can get far enough away to view a whole city, you'll find that at night the sky above it is not really black. Instead, it glows with a yellowish halo, lights bounced up from the streets. An exposure of about 20 seconds per frame captures the bubble of light, with the outlines of skyscrapers standing in bold relief. Clouds become a seething, formless mass as they blur on each frame; the sky sparkles with mysterious streaks as aircraft circle; and entire sections of buildings become magically lighted or darkened as unseen custodians move from floor to floor.

The time exposure lends itself to special situations and special effects. But what about plain old everyday conditions in which light is weak? For locations where light is low, manufacturers have created XL cameras. They have faster-than-usual lenses (f/1.4 or better) and a specially designed shutter that somewhat extends exposure time (roughly 1/30th of a second per frame) and they use a high-speed color film that is about four times as light-sensitive as regular

color film. Put all these characteristics together and you can shoot in normal room light or in the faint dawn and dusk illumination that leaves conventional cameras in the dark.

Besides eliminating the bother and discomfort (and occasional danger) of movie lights normally required indoors, XL cameras produce results that look natural and more attractive. Regular room lighting is soft, gently molding the contours that tend to appear harsh and flattened under movie lights. And when not put in the spotlight, people do their thing almost as if they weren't being watched.

Most of the XL cameras are less fully equipped than the other cameras under discussion. XLs were originally designed for people who consider their kids' birthday parties a major source of drama. However, the XL concept is too good to be restricted to such use. One manufacturer—Elmo—has already introduced an XL camera that is as sophisticated as anything on the market. Other manufacturers should soon follow suit.

While the Elmo is the first XL to incorporate extensive visual versatility, others have another capability that has caused a stir in the past few years: sound. These are known as single-system sound cameras, because the sound-recording apparatus records directly onto specially equipped film. The sound tracks are just fine for recording the human voice, easily comparable to what you're accustomed to hearing from a good TV set. Since all these machines have an automatic level control to govern sound-recording volume, making talkies is about as simple as shooting silents; the only extra consideration is where to position your microphone.

Single-system movies are aimed primarily at the mass market, making economy a virtue that teams with their simplicity. While there is a trend toward sophistication in the newer models, the fact is that no present single-system instrument is capable of any of the special effects of the other super-8s. Moreover, while single-system movies are admirably suited for projection in their original form, they do not lend themselves to such extensive postproduction work as film and sound editing or sound mixing and dubbing. Films that are to undergo these ambitious (a.k.a. professional) stages of completion are better made when the sound is recorded by the double-system approach. Here, a specially equipped tape recorder, such as the Optasound 116R unit, is run in synchronization with the camera. If your cinematic plans lean toward the lavish, it will please you to know that all of the more advanced super-8s can make sound movies by this method.

Regardless of their total production



"If there were a girl who met your requirements, she would have been arrested a long time ago!"

capability, the most advanced super-8 cameras still pay homage to the amateur for whom they were invented—someone whose biggest technical hurdle each day is turning a key in a lock. Through-the-lens view finders and electric eyes (with some form of manual exposure override in all the cameras featured here, to handle those conditions that bewilder robots)

make technical imperfections something you almost have to work at to achieve. Film packaged in snap-in plastic cartridges is almost impossible to load incorrectly and is practically invulnerable to accidents.

The outcome of all this is that movies are better than ever. Choose your weapon from the chart below and come out

shooting. Given a few bucks to spend, you can film whatever turns you on—from Keystone Cop humor to making your erotic dreams come true. One thing's for sure: Nobody's going to refer to your creations as (pardon the expression) home movies.



PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO SUPER-8 MOVIE CAMERAS

| | NAME | LENS | DISSOLVE | FADE | TIME LAPSE ¹ | TIME EXPOSURE | SOUND | | XL | OTHER FEATURES | PRICE |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|---|----------|------|-------------------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|-----|--|---|
| | | | | | | | SINGLE SYSTEM | DOUBLE SYSTEM | | | |
| SUPERSOPHISTICATED MODELS | Bauer C-Royal 10E² | F/1.8, 7-70mm (10:1 ratio) macro ³ zoom; focus from 5 ft. | Yes | Yes | Yes | Yes | No | Yes | No | Reverse run; superimposition; variable shutter; running speeds of 12, 18, 24, 54 fps; auto & full manual exposure control | \$829.95 |
| | Canon 1014E | F/1.4, 7-70mm (10:1 ratio) macro ³ zoom; focus from 5 ft. | Yes | Yes | No | No | No | Yes | No | Superimposition; variable shutter; running speeds of 18, 24, 54 fps; auto & full manual exposure control | \$875 |
| | Minolta D12 | F/1.8, 6.5-78mm (12:1 ratio) macro ³ zoom; focus from 5 ft. | Yes | Yes | No | No | No | Yes | No | Variable shutter; running speeds of 8, 12, 18, 24, 32, 54 fps, with high-speed power pack; auto & full manual exposure control | \$924 |
| | Nikon R10² | F/1.4, 7-70mm (10:1 ratio) macro ³ zoom; focus from 5 ft. | Yes | Yes | No | No | No | Yes | No | Reverse run; superimposition; variable shutter; running speeds of 18, 24, 54 fps; auto & full manual exposure control | \$999.50 |
| | Nizo B01² | F/1.8, 7-80mm (11:1 ratio) zoom; focus from 5 ft. | Yes | Yes | Yes | Yes | No | Yes | No | Variable shutter; running speeds of 18, 24, 54 fps; auto & full manual exposure control | \$995 |
| XL MODELS | Bauer C5XL | F/1.2, 8-40mm (5:1 ratio) zoom; focus from 5 ft. | No | No | No | No | No | No | Yes | Running speeds of 9, 18, 24, 36 fps; auto & full manual exposure control | \$469.50 |
| | Canon 512XL | F/1.2, 9.5-47.5mm (5:1 ratio) macro ³ zoom; focus from 4 ft. | No | No | No | No | No | No | Yes | Running speeds of 9, 18, 36 fps; auto & full manual exposure control | \$450 |
| | Elmo 612XL | F/1.2, 7-42mm (6:1 ratio) macro ³ zoom; focus from 4.2 ft. | Yes | Yes | Yes | No | No | Yes | Yes | Variable shutter; running speeds of 6, 18, 24, 54 fps; auto & full manual exposure control | \$799 |
| SINGLE-SYSTEM SOUND MODELS | Beaulieu 5008S² | F/1.2, 6-80mm (13:1 ratio) zoom; focus from 2.8 ft. | No | No | No | No | Yes | Yes | No | Running speeds of 18, 24 fps; auto & full manual exposure control; sound monitor; interchangeable lenses | \$2395 (Double-system sound \$300 optional) |
| | GAF 505XL⁴ | F/1.2, 8-40mm (5:1 ratio) zoom; focus from 5 ft. | No | Yes | No | No | Yes | No | Yes | Running speed of 18 or 24 fps; auto exposure control; back-light compensation; sound monitor | \$485.50 |
| | Sankyo XL-60S² | F/1.2, 7.5-45mm (6:1 ratio) macro ³ zoom; focus from 5 ft. | No | No | No | No | Yes | No | Yes | Running speeds of 18, 24 fps; auto & full manual exposure control; back-light compensation; sound monitor | \$550 |

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of super-8 movie cameras currently on the market; it does not list all models nor attempt to be comprehensive. Camera prices are approximations on some models and may vary depending on locale.

¹Refers to intervalometer built into camera only; with separate accessory intervalometer, all other cameras on this list except the three single-system sound machines can produce time-lapse movies.

²Same camera is available with lower-ratio zoom lens.

³Macro lenses can be adjusted for extreme close focusing; operating a special switch enables them to focus over a range that extends from the edge of the lens itself to about two or three feet away; Minolta D12 macro range extends to 16 feet away.

⁴Identical camera to the GAF 505XL is sold as the Bolex 550XL; only difference is that GAF version is available with choice of 10 or 24 fps running speed, while Bolex version is available with 18 fps only.

TENNIS CON AMORE

(continued from page 94)

heredity was seriously in question because his mother had obviously been one of the great whores of history.

Bertolucci is neither impressed nor disturbed by the female adulation his partner attracts. "Adriano has all the fourteen-year-olds in the world," he says. "What can you do with a fourteen-year-old that will not get you into jail?"

Actually, Panatta's adoring fans are not all 14-year-olds. One Philadelphia matron, who spent the entire tournament trying to run him down, announced to her friends, "Boy, wouldn't I like to have him for a couple of nights!" She was wearing a T-shirt illustrated with crossed rackets over an awesome set of boobs and proclaiming TENNIS IS MY GAME. In Richmond, Virginia, a blonde called up on their last day there and asked for a date. Bertolucci, who answered the phone, told her to pick them up in a white convertible and to bring a friend along. Forty minutes later, a white Cadillac convertible, with two blondes inside, pulled up in front of the hotel.

So it isn't as if Bertolucci has much to complain about; he benefits from the fallout. Especially now, since Adriano's marriage last year to a rich and very beautiful Italian girl named Rosaria. Like Leporello, who grabbed off Don Giovanni's discards, Paolo has inherited more than a few of Adriano's leavings. It saves him the trouble, for one thing, of finding his own, a process that can prove exhausting to a man whose favorite occupations are sleeping and eating, in that order. A couple of Adriano's old girls were two Italian starlets noted for the lack of prudishness with which they publicly display the magnificent physical appurtenances a benevolent nature has so kindly bestowed upon them. "Paolo's only problem," Panatta explains, "is staying awake long enough. *Mamma mia*, what a phenomenon!"

The Stockholm tournament was held in the Ice Stadium, an indoor hockey arena about 20 minutes by car from the center of town. Two bright-green, hard-surfaced courts had been laid out at one end of the facility and the sound of tennis balls being hit very hard by the players at practice exploded between soaring rows of empty seats that Dillon and the Swedish promoters hoped would be filled by the time play finally got under way that evening at six o'clock. The tournament's star attraction there, obviously, was Borg, who was seeded second behind Ashe. W.C.T. had sent out three touring groups of players, of which this one, the Green Group, also included such stars as Tom Okker, Kim Warwick and Buster Mottram.

The major problem in Stockholm, Dillon felt, was keeping the players in-

terested, since by that time Ashe and Borg, for instance, had already, like Hewitt and McMillan in the doubles, earned enough winning points to nail down two of the eight slots available in Dallas for the singles finals and clearly the incentive that drove the players to put out during the opening leg of the tour had faded. The mystery to Dillon was why the Italians had never cared enough to try from the start, especially after they'd done so well in the doubles that halfway through they had seemed certain to make it to Mexico City. "They only really work hard when they're at home," Dillon said, as he glumly watched Panatta and Bertolucci take the court. "They can beat anybody in Italy, and have, but abroad they fool around."

Fooling around, the Italians feel, keeps them sane. The money they can win on the tour is not so important to them, since they both earn much larger sums from endorsements and business investments in Italy, and the pro tour is a grind. Playing tennis day in and day out is a grind. Panatta and Bertolucci have been at it since they were big enough to hold a racket. They first met in the finals of a tournament when they were ten, which Panatta won 6-4, 6-2, thus establishing the basic pattern of their professional and personal relationships right from the start. Neither boy had any choice about what he would do in life, since tennis offered the easiest way out of the modest circumstances of their social backgrounds. Panatta's father was a custodian, a job one step above that of janitor, at the Parioli, a very chic, very snobbish private tennis club for the rich of Rome; Bertolucci's dad was a teaching pro in Viareggio, a resort town on the coast that resembles an abandoned amusement park during the winter months. Italy is overcrowded and poor, not exactly a land of opportunity, and what else could these two kids have done to bust out and make it big?

Dillon was right about the way they played. Watching them on the practice court was a delight, testified to by the eager looks on the faces of the dozen teenage groupies who had somehow wangled their way into the stadium and were clustered at Panatta's end of the court, watching him play. He holds the racket way down at the very end of the grip and strokes the ball with the grace of a large cat, smashing overheads and serves that are as hard and accurate as any in the game. Opposite him, Bertolucci looks immobile and out-classed, until you notice that he seems always to be in the right place on the court and that the ball comes back off his racket with weight and top spin, landing almost always within inches of the base line. His nickname in Italy is

Golden Arm, because he seems to do everything on the court without moving anything but that one part of his body. He looks easy, but he can beat almost anybody when he wants to, and has. His only problem is that he hardly ever wants to and his singles point total on the tour was the lowest of all the players, a distinction that did not in the least disconcert him.

Even in a practice session, Panatta and Bertolucci refuse to work hard. On the court next to them were the other two Italians on the tour, Corrado Barazzutti and Antonio Zugarelli, known to everyone in the group as "the other two." Because they are one notch down in the pecking order, they are more serious about their work, but they, too, can be easily distracted by fun and games. After they'd been hitting away for about 20 minutes of their scheduled hour, Panatta began belting balls into the other court, a tactic that led to exchanges of lobs and eventually to a four-way, two-court practice session that obviously delighted the groupies.

Winning isn't everything, the Italians feel: getting through life with a few laughs and a minimum of anguish is. Panatta and Bertolucci began to put this theory into practice when they were in their teens and at school together in Formia, a small seacoast town between Naples and Rome that has an advanced tennis program and where the country's most promising young players are sent to be trained.

Their crowning achievement was an April Fools' Day caper that suckered the whole town. Ad posters and handbills announced during the previous week that on April first there would be a special aerial display over the town involving a descent into the football stadium by a trained team of daredevil parachutists. By midafternoon of the great day, the stadium was packed with thousands of eager onlookers while Panatta, Bertolucci and their friends hustled soft drinks and candy in the stands. When they'd made enough of a profit and had prudently grouped themselves near the exits, two of the students ran out into the middle of the playing field. They were dressed in old-fashioned two-piece bathing suits and one of them carried a stepladder, the other an umbrella. The student with the umbrella opened it, mounted the stepladder, jumped to the ground and ran out again, after which the stunned public was informed over the public-address system that the daredevils had just done their stuff and the aerial display was over. By the time the startled crowd had begun to turn into an angry mob, Panatta, Bertolucci and their friends were already speeding away from the scene.

The jokes they play on the tour do



Buck Brown

"Your wife just earned one hell of a deal on a set of encyclopedias, fella; don't blow it!"



"Kemosabe, the tribe is saying you wear the mask because you're ashamed of our relationship!"

not always amuse their fellow players. Mottram, the 21-year-old English star, was one of their frequent victims, but then Mottram is a natural patsy. He thinks of nothing but tennis and money and has been known to threaten waitresses and cabdrivers with physical mayhem. In Rotterdam, the Italians persuaded him one night that a blonde, nymphomaniacal groupie named Inge was crazy about him and that she would be contacting him in his room, with fellatio and other elaborate delights in mind. Mottram waited for hours, then descended into the lobby of the hotel, where he found the Italians sitting innocently around. "Buster," Panatta said, "why you did not come down? Inge was here waiting for you, but she has just left with Okker."

The Italians divided their fellow players on the tour into two main categories, the *bravi ragazzi*, or good guys, and the drearies. The good guys can be, like Ashe and Borg, players who take their tennis very seriously but have nevertheless remained bearable human beings, or happy-go-lucky types like Nikki Pilic, whose best days are behind him and for whom tennis is a means, not


a crusade. The drearies, on the other hand, can qualify on any of many counts. Mottram, of course, was a leading dreary. So was Warwick, the young Australian whose court manners were among the worst anywhere. So was Hans Kary, the Austrian who fancied himself a wit. In Johannesburg, he asked Steve Krulvitz, a young American player with an overabundance of hair, how he had managed to escape from Kruger Park, the game preserve, and he liked to remind Okker, whose teeth are widely spaced, to comb them. "Is good yoke, no?" Kary asked laughingly after such sallies. The world, the Italians feel, teems with drearies and they deserve whatever happens to them.

Toward the end of the Italians' practice session, Freddy McNair, one of the younger and least-known players on the tour, paused on his way to the locker room to take in the action. "You know, maybe I should take up Italian training methods," he mused. "I've been working like hell on my game, I don't drink, I don't stay up late, I don't screw around and all I do is lose. I've lost seven singles matches in a row. There's a moral in here someplace."

The dreary Bertolucci disliked most in the Green Group was Onny Parun, the tall, gangling New Zealand player who looks like an aging cart horse and who practices with humorless concentration several hours a day, every day, win or lose. "I hate him," Bertolucci said when he found out he'd drawn Parun in the first round, but he wasn't about to be lured into a real effort to beat him. He tries against Parun only in Italy, where he has trounced him. Elsewhere, he contents himself with making Parun run, drop-shotting to lure him into the net, lobbing to force him back to the base line. Their match in Stockholm was the last one scheduled that night, which caused Paolo to observe, "What the hell am I doing out here, playing at midnight? I'm going to lose, but I'll make him die." Parun won, all right, but at the end of the match, he was in a lather and Bertolucci was bone-dry.

Panatta worked a lot harder than his partner, but he, too, was bounced out in the first round, by another Swedish qualifier who played what turned out to be the match of his life and squeaked by 7-6, 6-7, 7-5. (The qualifiers are hungry, they have the world to gain and they often pull off this kind of upset, only to disappear again forever.) Panatta, however, does not like to lose, even when he's clearly not in top shape, and he worked hard, stamping angrily around the court and swearing in Roman whenever the match turned against him. His antics enchanted the groupies, who squealed and clapped every time their hero made a point. "Adriano is in his element," Bertolucci observed during the match. "You see, his ideal is not to play tennis but to be a star. The high moment for him is when he walks onto the court, dressed in his newest and most elegant clothes." Panatta's favorite American city was Richmond, where an article in a local magazine had described him as "one of the handsomest men in Europe." "They're intelligent here," Panatta had informed Bertolucci. "This is a civilized city. But what would you know? You're a dwarf."

Toward the end of his match, after blowing an easy overhead, Panatta suddenly hit a ball as hard as he could straight up toward the ceiling. As the crowd gasped, the ball soared above the lights, then plunged back toward the floor. With nonchalant grace, Panatta caught it on his racket and walked back toward the base line to serve. The crowd applauded and roared with admiration. It was a stunt he'd first pulled in Richmond, during his match with Ashe, to whom he usually loses. It had wowed everybody there, too, and he'd been pulling it off ever since. What one was liable to remember best from this or any match



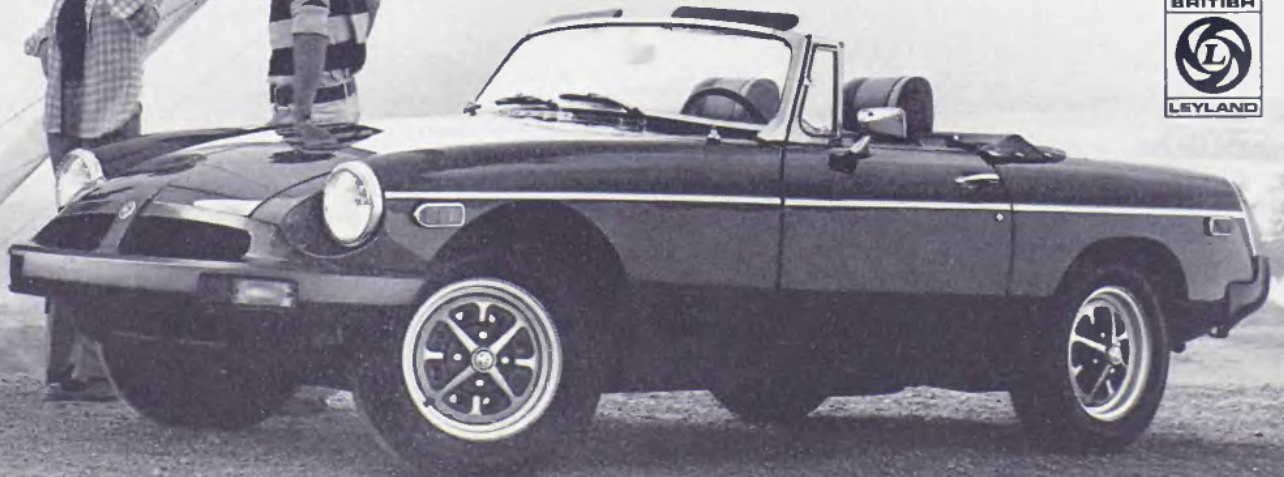
MGB. The wide-open sports car.



To everyone who longs to soar free, we dedicate this 1976 MGB.

Like all the great MGs of the past 50 years, wide-open, wind-in-your-hair performance is built into this newest MGB. This car holds the current Sports Car Club of America National Championship in E Production—as it has for four of the last five years. MGB's lively performance and crisp handling come from radial tires, front disc brakes, sports car suspension, short-throw, four-speed stick, rack and pinion steering and a race-proven 1798 cc engine.

There's a big, wide world out there. And MGB lets you enjoy it all. Just open wide. And say "Ah!" For the name of the MG dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.



was the stunt itself, not the final score, and wasn't that the whole point, after all?

Panatta does have a way of upstaging everyone. At the beginning of the tour, for instance, Borg, a teenage idol, was getting most of the attention. Panatta's technique was to put him on. When Borg was playing, Panatta would suddenly leap to his feet in the stands and shout, "I want picture of Björn Borg!" Or he'd corner members of the press and tell them, "About me, you must only say I am friend of Björn Borg." In Philadelphia, when Borg was trying to sneak out of the arena one night to avoid swarms of autograph hunters, Panatta stood up and shouted, "Not to worry, everybody! I am masseur Björn Borg! I will show you where he is!" Then, pointing dramatically at Borg, who was trying to lose himself in the crowd: "Don't worry, Borg, I come with you, everything will be all right!"

Most players, including Panatta, handle the autograph fiends, mostly kids, with tolerance, but Bertolucci has his own system. He signs himself Aldo Moro or Amintore Fanfani, a couple of prominent Italian politicians, or else Giuseppe Verdi or Garibaldi. At a cocktail party thrown for the players in Richmond, everyone was given a name tag to wear. Panatta signed himself in as Alain Delon, while Bertolucci printed in Italian, under Aldo Moro's name, "I'll pay \$60 for a blow job." He got away with it until late in the evening, when a handsome middle-aged society lady of linguistic ability peered closely at the tag, then clucked sorrowfully to herself and shook her head. "Inflation must be very bad in Italy," she said.

In the locker room, after his match, Panatta bumped into McNair, who grinned at him. "Too bad, Adriano," he said, "but there must be something to these Italian training methods. I was up till four last night, fucking my brains out, and I just won."

The doubles part of the tournament didn't get under way until the third night. The Italians did not train at all for it but spent most of the time in their room or at the movies in downtown Stockholm. They averaged \$100 a day in room service, which now answered their calls with cheerful hellos. Once, when Paolo picked up the phone, the operator simply began laughing when she heard his voice. After all, his last order had been for \$47 worth of hamburgers.

Meanwhile, through the rest of the hotel, a permanent floating party seemed to be in progress. The players clustered about the piano bar in the cocktail lounge, while available girls sat around in bunches, waiting to be picked up. They never had to wait very long. "My God," McNair said, "everything they told me about Sweden was true! I can't believe it!" Obviously, his newly adopted

Italian training methods were still paying off: after another hard night, he won his second-round match in straight sets.

A few of the players stayed out of the action, among them Ashe, who was playing the best tennis of his life. He was avowedly determined to win in Dallas and go on to take Wimbledon. Panatta, newly married and serious about it, hung around but only to watch, leaving Bertolucci upstairs in bed. "Paolo was happiest in the States," he explained, "because there he could lie in bed and watch *Star Trek* and *Mission: Impossible*, which are his two favorite programs." Late one night, just to have a little fun, Panatta spirited a drunken Swedish couple up to their room. The woman, a fading blonde in her late 30s, was game for anything and kept giggling at Bertolucci, who stayed flat on his back in bed; but her escort, between endless bottles of beer, told long, boring stories about what he called "topical Swedish" behavior. "This is a shithed," Bertolucci said. "Give him two dollars and send him away."

Later that same night, just before dawn, two 15-year-old groupies knocked on their door and Panatta let them in. Even this potential bonanza failed to arouse Bertolucci, who suffered in silence through Panatta's teasing banter with the girls, one of whom insisted they were both boys. "You are boys?" Panatta exclaimed. "Ah, then is no problem!" He suddenly pulled down the sheets from Bertolucci's bed, revealing him *flagrant erection*. The girls fled. To Paolo's screams of rage, Panatta answered, "Asshole, the age of consent here is twelve. Are you a pederast?"

In the first round of the doubles, the Italians faced Mottram and Dick Dell, a left-handed American with big, sweeping strokes and a nice net game. They lost the first set 6-3 and were down in the second 5-3, with Mottram serving. "You see?" Dillon said up in the press box. "You can't win if you don't try." As if they had overheard him, Panatta and Bertolucci began hitting winners all over the court. They ran out the match 7-5, 6-1. "We no lose to someone like Mottram," Panatta explained. "Tonight we call room service for him."

The next afternoon, Dillon arrived at the Ice Stadium to find the Italians, all four of them, at practice. But they were not exactly playing tennis. Bertolucci had dreamed up a sort of soccer-game version that involved the use of heads, arms, hips, knees and feet but not rackets. The contest was spirited but not calculated to please Dillon, who was probably beyond pleasing by that time. Borg had also been wiped out in the doubles and people were not overwhelming the ticket booths for the final rounds. Parun was set to face Ashe in the semis and clearly had no chance; like Ashe, he

plays a serve and volley game that Ashe simply plays a lot better. In the other singles, McNair, still sleepless and hung over, was going up against Okker, whose game rarely varies and who beats everyone but the very best. Now, if Panatta and Bertolucci, who were at least colorful, could just make it to the finals of the doubles against Ashe and Okker. . . . But Dillon was skeptical.

With reason, it turned out. Panatta and Bertolucci lost, to "the other two," 7-6, 7-6, for the first time ever. They obviously didn't care and at no point in the match could they get themselves up for it, as they had at the last minute against Mottram and Dell. They came off the court grinning. "Ah, now we can go home," Bertolucci said, "where is the sun. I am never coming to Stockholm again."

On their way to the airport the next morning, the Italians shared a taxi with McNair, who had finally lost to Okker, 6-3, 6-2, in a match that had been a lot tougher than the score indicated. "Italian training methods," Freddy mused. "They're great, but I've got to get some sleep. Where are you guys going?"

"To my wife," Panatta said. "Then later to England, to play Bournemouth. I like England."

"Not me," Bertolucci observed. "I stay in Italy. There's a tournament in Florence."

"I'm going there, too," Freddy said. "After Nice."

"Freddy," Panatta warned him, "don't play Paolo in Italy. No one but me beats Paolo in Italy."

"Fuck this shithed of a tour," Bertolucci said. "Next year I stay home."

"Unless we play for the Stick-It-Up-Your-Ass Cup," Panatta said. "You know what is the Stick-It-Up-Your-Ass Cup? It's Bertolucci's new rules. Tell him, Paolo."

"Is the ideal tournament," Bertolucci explained. "With my rules. First, players must not practice more than ten minutes a day. Second, players must stay up till four A.M. every morning. Three, players must smoke minimum ten cigarettes a day and have wine with their meals. Four, players must sleep minimum twelve hours a night—"

"Five," Panatta interrupted, "extra points are awarded for elegance on court."

"Six," Bertolucci continued, "all matches are played in service courts only. Seven, there is special award for most teenage girls banged during tournament. That is for the Stick-It-Up-Your-Ass Cup."

"I'd play in that one," McNair said. "I could qualify now."

"The most beautiful thing is," Panatta sighed, "that with such a tournament, what does it matter who wins?"

PARKINS' PLACE (continued from page 90)

world today—you're left with tears rolling down your cheeks for a better reason.

"L—mmm, I believe in love. Absolutely. Though I don't always have it, I am involved right now, with a man in business in L.A. You can love things other than people, however. I have a passion for languages but wish I spoke more languages and spoke them better. I dream of getting pregnant and using the nine months to indulge myself, studying. I'm not pregnant at the present time, by the way.

"M has a million and one meanings. Men, because I honestly like them. My closest friends are men. M is for my mother, too, a very special lady, the most important person in my life. And money. Oh, yes. I like money, so I can indulge my pleasures and do the things I want to do. Money is very important today, whether we like it or not.

"N—how about nudity? I'm very self-conscious about my nude body. Mostly because I'd prefer to have a wonderful kind of African, catlike body, which is not what I've got. If I had to perform nude on the screen, I wouldn't relish it—though I'd probably agree if the director were someone like Kubrick.

"O—well, I've talked about Omar. So now I'll talk about Ryan O'Neal. Among all the people from *Peyton Place*, he and I have remained best friends. I think Ryan gets carried away sometimes, because he's basically a fighting Irishman. He likes his house at the beach, likes to work out, play Frisbee, have his woman there. But he's a hard worker, very talented, and he's becoming a big star. That's rough to handle in the beginning, until you mellow it all out. Of course, the ultimate O is Olivier—for me, he's the epitome of screen romance.

"P—I guess my pet peeve is snoring. Hearing someone snore. And I don't like pornography, which has become an obsession among movie people. I don't find it sensual or sexy or a turn-on. Though I saw *Emmanuelle* and enjoyed it. I guess because it was very feminine and the bodies were beautiful, which is nice to see on the screen.

"Q—first quarrels, then I'll get to the queen of England. On the personal level, I feel quarreling is very, very important for a relationship—so long as you can talk things out, come back together with tenderness and don't lapse into the madness of physically beating each other. As for the queen, all that's not amusing anymore, since it's been revealed she's one of the wealthiest women in the world. She has no real power or position and she's earning huge sums of money for nothing—except to keep the English people supplied with pomp and pageantry, which costs them a

lot, much more than they can afford nowadays.

"R—I'll take romance, who wouldn't? Life would be very dull without it. I sometimes wish I had lived in Byron's day. When you received a love letter then, it was poetry. I'd like to play old-fashioned romantic roles, maybe a remake of *Wuthering Heights* . . . but they offer me police stories dealing with spies and narcotics. All that Old World romance has gone—to make way for plastics, cubed sugar, salt and pepper sealed in little paper wrappers on TWA.

"S—sex is wonderful, of course. I'm partial to the male sex myself. Sexiness, sensitivity, strength and superiority are all qualities I look for in a man. Not total superiority or domination. But I like to feel a man is stronger than I am, because I don't believe I'm actually a strong person. I may project that image in many ways, but that's basically a front. My protection, no doubt.

"T is for travel, trains. I am just mad about trains. One of the last great romantic voyages must be to take the Trans-Siberian Railroad. I *did* take a train through Russia once, from Leningrad to Samarkand. From England, I've been to Ireland, Finland, South America, Africa, all of Europe. . . . I think my wanderlust will take me to the Far East soon. Looking into the distant future, I suspect I'm meant to be a world traveler instead of an actress.

"U—what comes under U? Unisex? Used cars? They remind me of the worst

of L.A. Used cars I'd rather not think about, since I'll be going to California.

"V—I hate the violence in movies and on television, which probably reflects the horrendous *real* violence on all sides—the Irish terrorists in England, and so forth. I was in Harrods once during a bomb scare, when someone phoned to say they'd planted a bomb in the store. Everyone reacted with a strange kind of calm I don't understand. In America, however, I'm afraid people would get hysterical and start a stampede. . . . I hope I'm wrong.

"W—let me keep away from women's lib, a subject I find tremendously boring. When my agent sends me a script addressed to Ms. Parkins, I tell him I'm Miss Parkins, thank you. Perhaps I'm not that attuned to other women. I don't go to lunch with women; I have very few women friends. I prefer women on the screen, particularly a real *woman*, someone like Simone Signoret.

"X—I am ignorant about Xs. I'm not X-rated. I'm not an ex-anything. I hope.

"Y is for youth. Youth is fantastic and ought to last much, much longer. I want to keep a youthful mind, a youthful figure. . . . In London, I studied at the Dance Center in Covent Garden and work hard at keeping my body young. It's exhausting but important.

"Z—well, we're all in a zoo, aren't we? But zoos are sad. I'd love to run off to Zanzibar. As a matter of fact, I'm sure I will."

(Exit Barbava, laughing—and quite obviously going places.)



"All right, already! It's a beauty! Now let's see what you can do with it!"

TALL 120s

Towers
over
ordinary
cigarettes



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

Filter: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

HAUTEBURGER

(continued from page 119)

mayonnaise-type spread, the constituents of which McDonald's mercifully shrouds in secrecy.

There's general agreement on the criteria for an all-American hamburger. You want it crusty on the outside but not petrified, plump and slightly puffy rather than dense, moist, oozing juices—preferably ruddy juices—and it must have a clean beefy taste and aroma. The degree of cooking and seasoning is subjective, but hamburger purists prefer theirs rare to medium rare and moderately spiced—salt, pungent pepper, perhaps a whisper of onion, a touch of garlic and not much else, or the lusty beefy quality will be masked.

Hamburger is simple food and, like most simple dishes, it is difficult to prepare superbly. Everything depends on the beef and the handling, and there's very little margin for error—no complex sauces or esoteric spices to cover up shortcomings. *Feinschmeckers* in quest of the super-burger resort to expensive meat such as sirloin, round or *filet* . . . a logical move, considering the practice with steaks and roasts. As it happens, chuck cuts are preferable for hamburger. They tend to be more succulent and richer in beef flavor, since they get more exercise and more blood circulation. For that very reason, chuck is also tougher, but that's the point about hamburger; it was devised as a way of making tasty, resistant cuts palatable. Chopping or grinding is the ultimate tenderizer, breaking up the connective tissue and any sinew that hasn't been trimmed away.

An essential of good hamburger beef is freshness. If you buy prepackaged ground meat, you're starting with one strike against you. Regardless of what you may have heard, Federal regulations do not cover fresh ground meat sold in retail shops. Local ordinances are generally based on the U.S.D.A. regulations. Since these are geared to large interstate operators who service institutions and fast-food chains, they're not too stringent, allowing a fat content of 30 percent, which is high.

With rare exceptions, the better hamburger places will run a fat content of around 20 percent. A notable exception is Manhattan's Coach House restaurant, whose hamburger is ground from the triangle, a petite sirloin cut devoid of cover fat but nicely marbled. When ground, it makes a lean, moist mixture. The chef grinds it fresh before each meal—once through the machine, medium fine. Nothing is added; no salt, pepper, eggs or crumbs—and handling is minimal. After grinding, the meat is lightly and quickly coaxed into an oval shape, then broiled at a high temperature for rare or

medium rare. When longer cooking is required, heat is reduced after the surface has crusted, to avoid charring. Its wide diameter ensures a greater amount of pink meat and juices, even when cooked medium or beyond. This is practically a primer on the art of hamburgery and James Beard, along with other members of the food establishment, is partial to the Coach House burger. (He likes it rare.)

The Coach House is an extreme example, but gentle handling is a clue to the quality of all fine burgers. Tom Margittai, co-owner of the Four Seasons restaurant, contends that the spatula is responsible for more ruined hamburgers than a corps of Army cooks. Don't lean on a burger, don't spank it, pat it or flip it back and forth. Short-order chefs often go through such antics to reduce cooking time, but it's bad practice and makes the meat pasty, dense and dry. Margittai, who has done experimental work on chopped beef, says it isn't a burger if it doesn't go on a bun. "The Four Seasons serves a ten-ounce Chopped Steak. We use a different cut of meat and treat it differently than we would for hamburger." His personal burger recipe calls for four to five ounces of chuck, ground once—not too finely—about an inch thick. Season lightly but eschew salt. "Draws out the blood." Chill for about 15 minutes, then grill in a heavy pan at high heat—three to four minutes on each side. Home broilers are not favored by Margittai and other food-service professionals. They don't get hot enough and tend to steam the burger. Microwave ovens are taboo. They cook the meat from the inside out, producing limp, sodden, gray artifacts.

Chefs whose sole experience is with classic cuisine are often perplexed by the lack of subtlety of the American "om-bourger." André Soltner, *Lutèce* *patron*, has never eaten a hamburger at a cafeteria, roadside stand or, for that matter, at a distinguished grazing ground such as "21"—nor does he intend to. But he knows it wouldn't appeal to his palate. His alternative suggestion is Steak Haché, which he considers classically French. Steak Haché starts with a small onion sautéed briefly in a 90-percent-peanut-oil, 10-percent-olive-oil combination. The onion and one half cup of soft bread crumbs moistened with a bit of milk are ground with one pound of beef sirloin, twice, at a medium setting. Combine with a whole egg, a sprinkle of parsley, salt, pepper and a little cold water if it looks dry. Shape into three steaks; sauté in clarified sweet butter, four to five minutes on each side. Serve on a plate with pan juices poured over and a garnish of water cress. No bun or relish, both of which M. Soltner deplures. Well, it's an entirely acceptable product but not quite what you'd expect in a hamburger. Somehow more *hachis*, hash, than *haché*,

chopped—lacking the snap and pure, clean beefy taste of a true burger.

Soltner's approach is quite restrained compared with the contortions other European chefs go through "to add interest and complexity" to the simple burger. *Larousse Gastronomique's* recipe for Bifteck à la Hambourgeoise, subtitled Steak à l'Allemande in deference to the hamburger's German connection, calls for two eggs to three fourths of a pound of ground sirloin or tenderloin, shaped into four cakes, dredged in flour and fried. The result is something reminiscent of a hockey puck.

Eating hamburger is often a matter of time, convenience or habit, but nibbling a burger at "21" is an exercise in chic. The tab is \$8, à la carte, at lunch, \$9.50 in the evening—a buck more if you crave a cheeseburger. This pays for the glamorous, albeit noisy, surroundings, the notables at the next banquet, the book of "21" matches that shows people you've been there, a few green beans and some right fancy eating. The "21" burger has a style all its own, due in equal measure to preparation, presentation and such ingredients as nutmeg and celery. Two pounds of sirloin and sirloin trimmings are put twice through a medium grinder. Add an egg, one fourth cup finely chopped cooked celery, one fourth cup soft bread crumbs, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Combine without overworking, using rapid motions. Shape into three or four cakes (the "21" burger is ten ounces and close to two inches thick), fry quickly in hot oil or shortening until well browned. Finish in a preheated oven, 350° Fahrenheit, about five minutes more for rare—or blue, as they call it. Before it is served, the burger is anointed with Sauce Madeira, *beurre noir* and chopped parsley. On a good day, there may be 80 burger orders at lunch alone, so lots of people, including Howard Cosell, Otto Preminger and Joan Fontaine, must like it this way. But if you dig good, honest fare, you may find the sauce an intrusion. Perhaps the late Aristotle Onassis, a "21" regular and hamburger freak, had the right idea. He had his burger divided into two smaller burgers, each served on half a toasted English muffin, with "21" Sauce Maison. This bold, penetrating, aromatic amalgam of various mustards, tomatoes, horseradish and spices contributes substantially to the renowned hamburger it accompanies.

Originally, condiments or garnishes were used as a counterpoint to the lusty beef, but, as the meat flavor diminished, the assorted relishes increased. Today, it's pretty nearly the whole game to those who habitually order burgers "with everything." A buff doesn't want his burger overwhelmed by the garnish. Other than that, the possibilities are wide.

There's no need to list familiar staples, but if you come across Garden Salad—a crisp, sweet-sour pickle of thinly sliced cukes, carrots and onions—or pickled green tomatoes, try them. Among the more esoteric toppings are bottled Sauce Robert or Sauce Diable, pizza sauce and mozzarella, chili with beans, fried egg, sour cream and caviar (that's a czarburger), pineapple ring and bacon (that's a hulaburger), roquefort cheese (right, that's a Blue Max) and, from California—land of the overdressed hamburger—avocado burgers, nut burgers and bison burgers.

If European chefs are puzzled by the hamburger, there's no doubt about their attitudes toward the bun. They abhor it! And so do most other self-respecting trenchermen. The best thing to do with these cottony, plasticized pads is throw them out. If you have to use them, toast or grill them cut side down for no more than a minute. Much better are Kaiser rolls, English muffins, a segment of French or Italian bread, even fresh sour-rye bread. Leon Lianides, of Coach House eminence, recommends a bun made from brioche dough. Since we haven't tried it yet, we won't knock it.

No doubt you've got the message, but it bears repeating—shun prepackaged ground beef. You can buy a solid chunk of chuck clod or cross rib and have the butcher trim it as necessary, then grind it. Local regulations often require meat to be ground out front, where the customer can see it. If you can, grind your own—it's no trouble at all. A home grinder is almost a necessity for burger buffs. There are three options. One, old-fashioned hand cranks: They work, but *you* supply the power. Should be on the heavy side, with clamp-on feature. Two, unipurpose electric grinders: They do only one job—grinding. The strength of the motor, stall-out potential and ease of cleaning are things to check. Oster and Hamilton Beach are among the better brands. Three, multiprocess machines: Much more expensive than grinders, but they do much more. Cuisinart and Vita Mix chop well and simplify a variety of kitchen chores. There are others. Investigate thoroughly before you buy.

With a proper grinder and a heavy skillet, you can prepare hamburger as good as or better than any a restaurant will provide; that is, if you have the greatest hamburger recipe in the world—which we are happy to provide.

WORLD'S GREATEST HAMBURGER
(Easy does it!)

1¼ lbs. cross rib or other solid cut
from the chuck
1 clove garlic
¼–½ teaspoon fresh Malabar black
pepper
Salt
Trim away outside fat and cut meat

TALL

120s

All those
extra puffs.
Costs no more
than 100's.



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

Menthol: 18 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



"You won't default, will you?"

into strips 1 in. by $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Put garlic through press and rub paste evenly over strips. Sprinkle with Malabar pepper, fine or butcher grind, according to taste. Meanwhile, sprinkle heavy, stainless-steel or steel-clad skillet *lightly* with salt and heat. You'll want a good-sized pan—burgers don't like crowding. Grind meat medium fine, once. Fat specks should be fairly evenly distributed. Shape into 3 cakes, about 1 in. thick, working with 2 forks or hands dipped in ice water. Just coax meat together, don't compress. Grill in heated pan, 3 to 4 minutes on each side, turning once. Free burgers from pan after $\frac{1}{2}$ minute with thin, flexible spatula. If you like your burgers better done, reduce heat and cook longer or form into thinner cakes. Chefs test the degree of doneness with a quick squeeze in the middle—the more it gives, the rarer the meat. It's a trick you can learn with a little experience and it's worth knowing, since cooking times vary so, depending on degree and type of heat, grind and composition of meat, handling, etc. Serve on a light, crisp

Kaiser roll or a section of French bread just large enough to accommodate your burger. You may add additional salt and pepper if you like and relishes of your choice. Thinly sliced sweet onions and a modicum of catsup spiked with Dijon mustard are apt complements. When serving burgers to a group, you might set out an assortment of condiments and relishes and let the customers fix their own.

This is your basic burger. You can modify it to suit your taste with any of the following additions to the meat: finely chopped water chestnuts, sweet onions, parsley, diced mushrooms, minced chives or spring onions, chutney, grated cheddar, parmesan, natural gruyère or smoked mozzarella, tomato purée, bourbon, cognac, dry red wine; seasonings: oregano, cumin, curry powder, chili powder, shallots, nutmeg, Hungarian (hot) paprika, marjoram, dry mustard, Tabasco, Worcestershire sauce, barbecue sauce, soy sauce, hoisin sauce; toppings: cheese (aged emmentaler is hard to beat), smoked ham or Canadian

bacon, side bacon, fried onion rings, fried egg (*à cheval*), espagnole sauce or Bordelaise sauce, piccalilli or any of the standard relishes. James Beard advocates the addition of heavy cream. Outdoor chefs cooking over hot charcoal sometimes enclose ice chips or half an ice cube in a burger to keep it moist and rare. There's only one inviolable rule—no mayonnaise garnish. That borders on the barbaric.

VINO BURGER

Prepare basic meat mixture and shape into burgers, as above. Place in refrigerator until required.

Wine Sauce: Sauté briefly 1 teaspoon finely minced shallots in 3 ozs. butter. Do not let butter brown. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup zinfandel or other dry red table wine and simmer until well reduced.

Grill or broil burgers, brushing frequently with wine sauce. Burgers may be served on buns or open face on lightly toasted slices of French bread. Heat remaining sauce and take to the table with burgers.

BIG SKILLET BURGER

- 1 lb. beef chuck, ground
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, medium grind
- 4 small mushrooms, diced
- $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. potatoes
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil (approximate)
- Salt
- 2 medium onions, coarsely chopped
- 3 English-muffin halves, lightly toasted and buttered
- 3 eggs

Lightly combine beef, pepper and mushrooms. Form into 3 plump patties and place in refrigerator until required. Peel potatoes, slice thin, blot between paper towels. Heat oil in large skillet. Add potatoes and salt; fry 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Move to side of pan; add onions and fry 2 minutes—push to other side of pan. Add burgers and sauté 3 to 4 minutes on each side, or to taste. Turn potatoes and onions occasionally. When onions are golden, put them on top of burgers, so they keep warm but don't brown. Place burgers on English-muffin halves, onions on top. Fry eggs sunny side up. Place on burgers, season to taste. Serve with side of potatoes. This can also be served on a platter, without muffins.

MYSTERY BURGER

- 2 lbs. lean chuck, ground
- 3 ozs. butter
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 shallot
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon fresh black pepper
- Salt

Combine butter, lemon juice and parsley. Divide into 4 portions and place in refrigerator to chill. Put shallot through garlic press; add juice and pulp

Discover What Vitamins Can Do For Your Hair.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair



Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated

vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females!

Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked

to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED.

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." E.H., New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..." E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J.T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work..." Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!"

DISCOVER HEAD START AND OUR UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE FOR YOURSELF

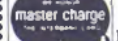
Try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel that the results you receive are not satisfactory in every way, you can return the unused portion and get your money back. Just like that. No questions asked.

Send me _____ bottles of Head Start at \$9.95 each plus 75¢ for handling (30 day supply). Act now and receive a free booklet on hair care.

I enclose my: ☐ check ☐ money order

Please charge to my:

☐ Mastercharge Interbank No. _____



No. _____



No. _____



☐ BankAmericard Account

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Mail to:
Cosvetic Labs
Head Start Division
1937 Briarwood Ct.
Atlanta, Ga. 30329

TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS.

1-800-241-0502 © Cosvetic Laboratories, Inc. 1976

P B 5

along with pepper to meat. Combine lightly. Form into 8 flattish patties. Place lemon-butter mixture on 4 of the patties; distribute as evenly as possible to 1/4 in. of edge. Top with remaining 4 patties. Moisten fingers and pinch patties together along rim to seal. Cook in hot, lightly greased pan about 3 minutes on each side, turning once. Handle gently, so as not to tear. Season to taste. Serve at once.

Variations:

Substitute poached beef marrow for butter in mixture.

Substitute a minced-ham-and-grated-cheese mixture for lemon-butter mixture.

Substitute a slice of tomato between 2 slices of American cheese, trimmed to size, for the lemon-butter mixture.

ORIENT EXPRESS

- 1 lb. lean chuck, ground
- 1 small clove garlic
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 1 teaspoon hoisin sauce

- 1 small green onion, minced
- 3 water chestnuts, finely chopped

Put garlic clove through press. Mix all ingredients lightly and shape into 4 plump burgers. Grill in hot, lightly greased skillet about 4 minutes on each side. Serve on quickly grilled or toasted buns. This may be presented with the usual relish or a sauce made with 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 tablespoon rice vinegar, 1 teaspoon honey—or to taste—a dash of Tabasco, and toasted sesame seeds or minced green onion, if you like.

Despite its Germanic name, hamburger is as American as applejack. The ground-meat patty on a bun made its debut at the 1904 Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis and became an instant hit. It's good eating any time or place—at lunch, dinner or in bed. So get together with the burger of your choice and a suitably appreciative companion—and proceed with relish and gusto!



BEST-KEPT SECRET

(continued from page 102)

on Tobago, or Nisbet Plantation on Nevis, or Rawlins on St. Kitts—and how else would we have met an investment analyst in his handsome early 50s who was writing an epic poem in blank verse about a beige Porsche? Who languished by the pool reading *Paradise Lost* for the fun of it?

WELCOME TO BARBADOS, OR,

GEORGE WASHINGTON CAUGHT A DOSE HERE

Barbados was named by Spanish sailors who thought they saw beards on the fig trees that covered the island. The trees and Spanish sailors are a rarity now. You will notice in your *Exxon X-Rated Bicentennial Guidebook* that it is the place where Washington picked up the smallpox scars that flattering portrait painters tried to hide for the rest of his life.

Barbados is relatively flat, with low rolling hills and valleys, and the soil is rich, so for 300 years most of it has been planted in vast sections of cane. More recently, its edges have been extensively planted with fancy beachside hotels and villas. A drive along the so-called Platinum Coast (no mere gold, this stretch of perfect beach and sumptuous real estate) rapidly convinces you that there are Big Bux in Barbados. Here in high season you can drop that \$200 a day at places where gentlemen are requested to wear a tux to breakfast; and if that's not good enough, there are seriously elegant villas for rent by absentee owners, whose megabucks increase by getting up to \$3000 a week for them in season. But that does include all the servants.

IS THERE A VILLA IN YOUR FUTURE?

Barbados happens to have the most and the classiest, but all of the islands offer houses or villas for rent. The best are clamored over in the dead of northern winter; they're often booked seasons in advance. But in the summer, they usually sit untenanted, which is why they can be had for sometimes less than half their high-season rate. There is a modest palace in the Moorish modern style on Barbados, for instance—four bedrooms, patio facing the beach, cook, maid, sculptures in the garden, the works—that goes for \$1800 a week in season but is \$800 in the summer. And, unlike staying at hotels, you can not only eat—and drink—whatever and whenever you like, you can also behave as shamefully as you do at home. With one or two couples of similar inclination, it can be more stimulating and less expensive than a hotel. Whether it's candlelight and corn oil or shouting all night about Proust is, of course, strictly up to you.

SEX AND VIOLENCE TOUR

For sex, it's Club Méditerranée, hands down. For violence, it's Grenada and Dominica, hands up. To dispose of the rough stuff first: It's kind of a shame to



"I'm not talking about your Abominable Snowman, mister—I'm talking about that diamond tiara!"

steer you away from two of the loveliest islands in the Caribbean. Grenada is a rich collection of spice trees and Easter Parade flowers, Dominica a green swatch of wild and unruly vegetation. But Grenada has its own version of the Third Reich, complete with miniature Gestapo, as Prime Minister Eric Gairy continues to terrorize and dispose of people he considers politically undesirable. Tourists are, in fact, safe there—as they undoubtedly are in Albania—but there's nothing restful about a police state in the sun. Dominica isn't even that restful: A number of tourists have been robbed and a few have been killed there these past couple of years, the result of political agitation. The tourist bureau will insist it's safe now to go backpacking through the underbrush: the government has been rounding up the dissidents and doing God knows what with them. But we'd suggest that a Green Beret would be more useful to you than a green thumb—at least for the next year or so.

As for Club Méditerranée, most of what you've heard about it is probably true, the good along with the bad. There are three club villages in the Caribbean: two on Guadeloupe and one on Martinique. And, yes, two of them are sex factories. (For those of you taking notes, they're La Caravelle, on Guadeloupe, and Buccaneer's Creek, on Martinique. Fort Royal, on Guadeloupe, is family oriented.)

Created in France as a way of getting people inexpensively to exotic climes, Club Méd has a policy of no frills, no tips (plastic beads instead of money), no dressing up, lots of good food and uninhibited socializing. And the tradition of camaraderie between the young, attractive staff and the club members has led to some of the most casual sex this side of a swingers' convention.

But in the Caribbean, either the French have blown it or it hasn't translated well. All three villages appear to have succumbed to their own press hype—and to greed, with gross examples of overbooking (650 people squeezed into accommodations meant for 400, with the overflow put up at adjoining hotels), corner cutting on food and jacked-up prices. Staff smiles have a touch of plastic to them and perhaps, as a result—in contrast to the eclectic Club Méd villages in Europe and Africa—the atmosphere has come to resemble Grossinger's-by-the-Caribbean.

In at least one respect, however, it's still the only game in the West Indies, with topless and nude beaches on both Guadeloupe and Martinique and the sex abundant. Though, of course, there's always the inconvenience of roommates, who are *not* optional.

Club Méd story number one: A pretty secretary from New York boldly accepted the accidental assignment of a male

The Ribbed Condom

765 Tiny Ribs For The Extra Contact A Woman Wants.



Now you can reach a level of sexual pleasure that only months ago was unheard of. A condom delicately ribbed to give a woman gentle, urging sensations. Yet, with a shape and thinness that let a man feel almost like he's wearing nothing at all.

Made with a new "nude" latex that transmits body heat instantaneously, Stimula® is supremely sensitive. It's anatomically shaped to cling to the penis. And SK-70, a remarkable silicone lubricant works with natural secretions so Stimula's scientifically patterned ribs can massage and caress a woman effortlessly.

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of condoms, a million have already been sold in Sweden and France. Send for your sample today.

The Stimula Condom

Stamford Hygienics Inc., Dept. PB-20
114 Manhattan Street
Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me: (Check Box)

- ☐ \$4 sampler of 12 Stimula
☐ \$4 sampler of 3 each of 5 erotic condoms
☐ \$25 super sampler of 120 condoms

Free catalog sent with order.

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O. Enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

Plain Shirts Are For Plain People.

Not for you. Roach custom-makes your own from over 300 imaginative designs. In full color. Get one for a friend and save a dollar.



Please cut out and mail coupon

Dear Roach, I've enclosed a check or money order. (Ohio residents, add 4% tax, Canadians 10%). Send my ladiesfree machine washable selections in 4-6 weeks. Send your new catalog. \$1.00. Thanks for saving me a buck on 2 or more shirts. Design on shirt back \$1.00 additional. Iron-on transfers \$1.50 each or 3 for \$3.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

White T-Shirt \$3.95 Navy Powder Blue Royal Blue Red

Color T-Shirt \$4.95 Grey Black Maroon Yellow Gold

| Style | Size | Color | Quantity | Price |
|-------|------|-------|----------|-------|
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |

Postage & Handling \$.35 per shirt. Sales Tax Total \$ _____

Roach PO 182 Worthington, Ohio 43085



roommate and looked forward to bedtime. He turned out to be gay and she spent two nights listening to him and his lovers going at it. She couldn't stand it anymore and demanded a female roommate, and the club accommodated her. That night, her female roommate tried to crawl into bed with her. She left the next day.

Club Méd story number two: A member asked his new roommate about his habit of sacking out—alone—at seven P.M. each evening. Wasn't he missing out on all that wonderful French food for dinner? He didn't like French food, the roommate said, being from Ohio. Then how about socializing? "Don't like the French, period." Well, some of the staffers were British. "Can't stand the British." Then how about all those horny American girls? "Yeah, but they're Easterners. Hate Easterners." Hm. At least he must have made up for it during the day—snorkeling, volleyball, that sort of thing? "Hate exercise." Well, didn't he get bored just swimming? "Never go near the water. Hate it." (All quotes verbatim.)

Obviously, not all Club Méd members go there for the same reason. And it's a shame we can't say more nice things about it, because it was one of the few fresh travel ideas around before it grew fat on its popularity. So our advice is that if it's sex and camaraderie you're after, try the club—by default—but don't set your expectations too high. A better bet is to take your own and try a hotel.

HIGH SCHOOL FRENCH AND THE CARIBBEAN

The two islands on which your high school French will come in handiest are Guadeloupe and Martinique. While most of the British or Dutch islands are really more West Indian than European, these two are indelibly Parisian. They're both *départements* of France, and for those of you familiar with Paris taxi drivers, it means you can expect traces of Gallic arrogance only somewhat softened by the tropics; outside the hotels and main cities, folks do *not* speak English as they do everywhere else in the Caribbean, and best of luck to you if you put the stress on the wrong syllable.

Their main attraction, in our opinion, is the food. It's French, it's plentiful and it's good. Even a restaurant listed as so-so in the travel guides will offer up a meal that's better than most you can get on other islands. But be warned: Prices are the same as in any large French city; i.e., expensive. A rating of the most expensive islands in the Caribbean would place Martinique and Guadeloupe very near the top.

Physically, Guadeloupe is a drabber and poorer island, but therefore less crowded and a touch less spoiled. It's gone through a building boom in the past couple of years that's ridiculously ahead of its time, so many of the hotels are unfilled even in high season. During

the summer, the island ought to be virtually empty, which could be a plus. Beaches are excellent, the sight-seeing unexciting, the people generally friendly.

Martinique is lusher and more built up, with Fort-de-France a bustling, sophisticated city. It's the birthplace of Napoleon's wife, Josephine, and they don't let you forget it—there are tours, museums and countless other reminders of the lady Bonaparte left behind. Hotels run the gamut from small pensions to giant, first-rate emporiums and night life is lively. Folks on Martinique are not to be patronized; they have a long, proud heritage and don't feel that tourists are their only bread and butter. Truth is, if you're an American traveler of the Instamatic-and-Bermuda-shorts variety, you're likely to feel less welcome on Martinique than anywhere else. On the other hand, if your French isn't terrible and you throw away certain assumptions, you're likely to end up at a café discussing Camus with someone educated at the Sorbonne.

OFF THE BEATEN TOUR TOUR

Jeets roar into Antigua, Barbados and St. Martin every day, direct from New York, London and Toronto. That's one reason they are so wired for tourists—getting there is relatively easy. Getting to other islands, such as St. Lucia or Montserrat, means connecting with British West Indian Airways (BWIA) or Leeward Island Air Transport (LIAT), which can be an uneven experience at best. Although they have fine safety records, their schedules can provoke you to chuckles, if you're the kind that chuckles at four-hour layovers in hot, tiny airports. The soundest advice we can give is that even if you *know* your flight is confirmed on BWIA or LIAT, call ahead and check that they haven't changed the hour and the day. Or the year.

But having said that, and even admitting that all the Caribbean islands are nicer in the summer, there's still a hangover from a spoiled winter that can make the people on the jet-linked islands somewhat snottier than their more insular neighbors. So even if it means lopping a full day off each end of your vacation, why not try our Off the Beaten Tour Tour—featuring:

••Montserrat ••St. Kitts/Nevis ••St. Lucia & St. Barth's ••St. Vincent and the Grenadines & More Special Guest Stars••

Montserrat: The landing, like the one in Dominica—where you come zooming down the mountains 50 feet above thick jungle and clear cascading streams, onto an airstrip scraped from the middle of nowhere—wakes you right up. Your trusty LIAT pilot aims first *at* and then along the shoulder of mountains that

plunge into the sea—a few hundred feet above the water, at least a few from the mountainside—and then drops over rocks onto a landing strip that ends in the ocean if you don't watch out. Nice, huh?

Montserrat is otherwise terrific. It is all of 39 square miles and rather happily remains a British colony, having been settled early on by renegade Irishmen who were busted out of England by Cromwell. People with ears for such things swear they can still hear the trace of a brogue in the Montserrat accent. So not just for the scenery has it been nicknamed the Emerald Isle.

It presently stands ready to take on a travel boom with three entire hotels. Two of them are on the other side of the mountains from the airport, near the quiet capital of Plymouth (population 1200 or so). The drive over is a treat. We did it last in fog and rain, climbing on curving thin roads through high meadows and rain forest, with old stone houses looming suddenly out of the gray, and muted golden ravines disappearing into mist.

In sunlight, Montserrat is tranquil and truly beautiful—and very down home. The Emerald Isle hotel, for example, is a plain little heap of concrete block painted aquamarine, on a hill well above the black volcanic beach.

Every Friday night, the hotel hosts one of the larger events on Montserrat—the weekly crab races. They are emceed by a platformed calypso singer; betting is encouraged and the locals turn out in bunches. A circular green-felt pad with concentric chalk circles drawn on it is put down on the floor. In the center, restrained under a clear Pyrex lid, are the contestants: six hermit crabs with numbers pasted on their backs. After much slick touting by the emcee, the betting closes, odds are given, the lid is yanked up and they are off—some of them, anyway. For variety, an obstacle race follows and later a slow race—which, when we saw it, was slower than expected until someone realized that the favorite had died. The hit of that evening was a splendidly drunk old gent who looked like Chuck Berry and who seemed to believe the green felt meant a crap game—and so kept throwing red Eastern Caribbean dollars onto it, waiting with a grin for someone to fade him, fade the crabs, fade anything. . . .

St. Kitts: Fodor's this year calls St. Kitts exactly right: "The island has little to gain it great acclaim, but a lot to recommend it for a quiet West Indian holiday." Its 65 square miles are like an average of the other islands.

From the water facing Basseterre, the rest of St. Kitts looks like an idealized Indie: gingerbread capital town strung in sun-bleached pastels along the shore, green land behind converging upward



"Not now, Martha—I'm probing the depths of a very disturbed psyche!"

The Yashica FX-1.

For people with imagination.

You're creative. You've got original ideas. And you want a camera that gives you creative, original photographs. The kind you always knew you could be taking.

You want a camera like the FX-1.

The FX-1 is Yashica's new 35mm single lens reflex camera, with automatic exposure control.

All you do is preselect the lens aperture you want, focus, and start shooting. As light changes, the FX-1 electronic shutter adjusts automatically. Through an infinite range of speeds, from 8 seconds to 1/1000 of a second. So each shot you take is perfectly exposed.

And the FX-1 has top-quality Yashica ML coated lenses. The newly designed Contax/Yashica bayonet mount, with internal linkage. Full information viewfinder. Full aperture light metering. And much, much more.

Imagine all you could do with the new FX-1. Then see it for yourself, at your nearest Yashica dealer.



to the dark focus of the *soufrière*, hung with brooding clouds and draped in necklaces of cane—the definitive Norman Rockwell island.

Up close, it's not quite that. Basseterre is plainer than some of its neighbors, devoted entirely to the needs of the islanders; it doesn't sparkle with razzle-dazzle shops and restaurants. Beaches are fairly few and far between.

The only thing really to do on St. Kitts is spend part of a day wandering around Brimstone Hill—but it's one of the genuine wonders of the Caribbean. A majestic 18th Century British fort sprawled over the top of a bluff 700 feet above the sea, it took more than a century to complete and was constructed with an eye for graceful detail that's surprising when you consider the real point of it all. It was called Brimstone Hill because it lies downwind from the sulphurous rumblings of Mount Misery, the best-named volcano we know. Parts of the fort are still pretty much intact and one large section has been restored. The rest is crumbling into romantic Gothic ruins—you half expect to see Lord Byron appear from behind a pillar, limping along in a melancholy mood.

After that, the main attraction on St. Kitts is loafing, best done at the Rawlins Plantation or the Fairview Inn. Neither is anywhere near a beach. They're both restored plantation houses, but Rawlins is like a reincarnation of colonial times, still surrounded by the ancestral plantation, while the Fairview Inn is more out of *Sadie Thompson* and more comfortable if you are, too.

Nevis: There is even less going on on Nevis, an hour's ferry ride south of St. Kitts. It was named by Columbus because the clouds hovering over it reminded him of snow, so long had he been out in the sun, and it's smaller yet than Montserrat. In this Bicentennial year, it is remembered by Exxon and others as the birthplace of Alexander Hamilton, a smart little bastard if ever there was one. Hamilton House still stands, sagging some and painted blue, home every Thursday of the weekly meeting of the Nevis Lions Club. Such are thrills and chills on Nevis.

It's one of the best places to do absolutely nothing we've ever seen. The Nisbet Plantation, especially, encourages cardinal indolence. It is another restored plantation house but with a true 18th Century-style view of the beach 300 yards away, cut in a generous landscaped swath through lofty rows of coco palms. It is so laid back that the bar is do-it-yourself, strictly honor system. The people who run Nisbet, Geoffrey Boone and his colleague Harriet, live there full time with Sammy, their beautiful cat—and that makes it a warmer, more casual place than most. They should at the very least be commended for throwing a

dinner party for 24 every night and not going berserk.

St. Lucia: It's hard to pick favorites, but St. Lucia has to rate somewhere among our top three. Not necessarily because it has more of anything than the other islands but because there's so damn little to fault—except, perhaps, its quiet night life. St. Lucia is still British, as evidenced by the cricket games you see from the road, and the natives are probably the friendliest of any we got to know. And, God, how St. Lucians seem to love their island! A cabdriver with the snappy name of Lord Jackson drove us around the island on roller-coaster roads and serenaded us with calypso songs praising St. Lucia's natural beauty. We felt it was for the delight of singing, not for the tip, and felt good about it.

It's a hilly, luxurious island with a pair of jutting *pitons* at one end that are usually irresistible to photographers who want to start a pictorial on the Caribbean with a smashing panorama (our photographer was no exception). On the road south, you may stop at the world's only drive-in volcano and watch black water boil and steam, gorge yourself at The Still, a rum distillery turned restaurant, then run down to Chastenet beach to snorkel and snoop around the brilliant reefs. The capital village of Castries is usually *not* included on postcards, since it's a rather nondescript collection of buildings that went up after a fire in 1948. But there are wonderful little restaurants, including Rain (with propeller fans on the ceiling and posters of Joan Crawford on the walls) and the Coalpot (built on stilts over the water). You can stay cheap or expensive, but the medium-range hotels (Vigie Beach, the Malabar Beach, for example) are probably your best bet. We'll be going back.

FEAR OF FLYING? CAN YOU TOP THIS?

St. Barth's: It's so good it's the place where people who live on nearby islands go for vacations. But it is also our flaps-down nominee for the hairiest landing in the Caribbean. As in the approach to Montserrat, your plane at first seems insanely to be heading directly toward solid rock; but here it keeps on going, dead at a hill stretched between two higher rock masses like the trace of a web between human fingers. Instead of hitting it, if you are fortunate, you barely skim over the crest—to the right of a large white cross, just for a little cheap Fellini symbolism—so close to the road that cars parked there to gawk scatter when they see you coming, and then hit the hooks as hard as you can, because the landing strip starts *right* on the other side, yes, and goes *downhill* for a time before leveling off and ending too soon in the ocean. A pilot we talked with who's been doing it for

years said he's never landed there without seeing at least one mistake lying lunched and twisted next to the runway.

Why make this kamikaze mission? Because St. Barth's is ridiculously picturesque. Why else would the Rockefellers have a house there? In its eight square miles are great craggy hills, cliffs and upthrust igneous slabs softened in places by trees and tough desert scrub; wheat-colored fields divided by meandering stone fences decline from hills to rocky windward beaches. On the leeward side, miniature cookie-cutter lagoons in turned-up shades of green and blue are fringed by flawless white arcs of sand; and Gustavia, the tiny pink capital, laid out in a U shape around a deep safe harbor, looks so much like a postcard it ought to be mailed somewhere.

St. Barth's was originally Sweden's lone attempt at a New World colony, a fact you still can see in the square features and blond hair of many people living there—the only mostly white population in the islands. But St. Barth's has belonged to France for so long that the local patois, fluid gibberish to anyone but another local, is said to be classic 17th Century French in tropical mutation. But St. Barth's is so small, and so accustomed to day-trippers from St. Martin, ten minutes away, that you can get along better there in English than on any of the other French islands.

The best way to get around is to rent a car—the Volkswagen Things are cheapest—at the airport. Driving is on the right, unlike on the British islands, but there isn't much right. The roads are an existential lane-plus. Some are so steep that the first time up them, roaring nowhere in first gear, you're certain that you're going to flip over backward, hood over ass. But you don't. And it's easy once you get used to it.

The drive up to the Santa Fe Bar and Restaurant is like that. You're ready for a drink when you get there. If you've been on vacation long enough to be suffering hamburger withdrawal, the specialty of the house is a burger-and-fries combination that's like a shot of grease from home. And from the covered porch on a clear day you can see not forever but Montserrat, St. Kitts, Nevis, St. Eustatius, Saba and St. Martin.

ST. VINCENT AND FRIENDS

St. Vincent is one of the poorest of the islands and hasn't really toiled up for tourism, though there's no reason you can't enjoy its dark-sand beaches if you want to rough it a bit. It serves mostly as a jumping-off point for the string of islets that wend their way south known as the Grenadines. They're all small and beautiful but are usually reserved for the yachting crowd, since air service is private and irregular. But St. Vincent offers access to two other delights as well: Young

Island, a tiny, self-contained Disneyland of a hotel, moored like a buoy several hundred feet off the coast of St. Vincent. And, if you're willing to clamber aboard the mail boat for an hour-and-a-half ride, there's Bequia, an impossibly perfect South Sea island we shouldn't even be telling you about. In fact, we won't.

ST. MARTIN COMBINATION PLATE

For the past few years, so many New Yorkers have been blasting into St. Martin that the island is busily altering itself in their image. That makes it a good place to begin or end a trip. If you're just arriving, pale and twitching, it means the culture shock is considerably less than if you were dropping straight into a timeless dream like Montserrat or St. Lucia. And if you're heading back, it will remind you that New York still exists, in case you have forgotten.

That's another way of saying that St. Martin is a place to boogie, not rest. It closes down when you do. You can wear yourself out in all the standard ways during the day, and after dinner there are first *discos* and then casinos to occupy your attention.

Compared with the casinos on Curaçao or even in Las Vegas, the ones on St. Martin look less like palaces than road-houses—but they get the job done. Around closing, at three or so, when they are down to the serious, the drunk and the crazy, they are amazing, indeed—and just like casinos anywhere else. Suntanned honeys kissing the dice of leisure-suited high rollers, painted old ladies and their debutante daughters covering every combination at the roulette table, silent blackjack junkies talking to their dealers with flicks of their fingers. . . .

What makes St. Martin our choice combination plate is, of course, its variety. There are *Bali Ha'i* beaches, quiet and isolated, as well as Miami Beach beaches, bustling and glistening with oiled bodies. There are tiny, exquisite inns such as the Pasanggrahan, medium-sized, frill-filled hotels such as The Caravanserai, a number of Hilton-type behemoths such as the Concord and architecturally unique hotels such as La Samanna and Oyster Pond Yacht Club. But perhaps the main attraction is the coexistence of the Manhattan-Dutch portion of the island with the tropical-French portion. St. Martin is the world's smallest patch of land shared by two countries; you can stay in Holland and eat out in France. Customs consists of a couple of cows grazing by a stone marker as you drive past.

The island may not have the very best of anything in the West Indies, but it seems to have a little of most everything you'd want. If it's your first trip to the Caribbean, there are worse places to start.



REGAL SATIN SHEETS



18 GREAT COLORS

OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE
YES, THE SAME 225 THREAD COUNT

**YOUR CHOICE IN
IN THESE EXCITING COLORS:**
Dark Brown, Bronze, Honey Gold,
Midnight Black, Navy Blue, Royal
Blue, Powder Blue, Silver, White,
Pedal Pink, Hot Pink, Scarlet Red,
Florida Orange, Canary Yellow,
Emerald Green, Mint Green, Deep
Purple, and Lavender.

EACH SET INCLUDES:

- 1 straight top sheet
- 1 fitted bottom sheet
- 2 matching pillowcases
- or
- 2 straight top sheets
- 2 matching pillowcases

All tax, postage, and handling
charges are included in the
following prices:

- TWIN— \$20.00
- DOUBLE— \$24.00 (Full Size Bed)
- QUEEN— \$26.00
- Std. KING— \$30.00 (78" x 80")
- Calif. KING— \$30.00 (72" x 84")
- ROUND 84" fitted— \$45.00
- ROUND 96" fitted— \$50.00

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

50% deposit on C.O.D.'s

Retail sales direct Monday thru
Saturday 8am—4:30pm

REGAL SATINS, INC.
315 Hwy. #35 Dept. P1
Eatontown, N.J. 07724

DELIVERY TIME

Money Orders--Shipped same day
if color in stock
Checks--2-3 Weeks

**FOR RUSH RUSH ORDERS
TELEPHONE..
201-542-8055**

Weakness (continued from page 121)

there are players, there are winners and losers. The games go on all the time, everywhere. You play with your wife (if she lets you), you play with your boss, with your neighbor, with the guy who reroutes your intestine for taking his parking place. How well you play the game will determine the true degree of your weakness.

Hello, I Have Asthma!

The more a person knows about you, the more vulnerable you are to him. The bright weakling will tell all, in detail. He chooses that person who is in the best position to crush him and then he spills the beans.

Moe is a 48-year-old junior executive with a Fairbanks, Alaska, swimming-pool company. He let out all of his secrets to his employer during a three-day speech. "I told Nick about my drinking problem, my mallard fetish, the sodomy rap I took during the war."

In this game, as in life, when the going gets tough, the weak head for the nearest closet. You're a winner if you follow the rules and always kiss and tell or, if you're the adventurous type, probe rudely with the thumb and tell.

Waiter, There Are Only Three Flies in My Soup!

In this game, you must be willing to take whatever you are given. You offer no resistance, no back talk, no complaint. Like a saint, you smile as that mugger takes his time deciding whether to hit you with a brick or with a piece of pipe.

The winners in this game not only take what is given to them but, through projection of their weakness, solicit terrible treatment. As an example, you walk into a butcher's shop and ask for a pound of chicken legs. If the butcher gives you half a pound of last week's necks, you're doing all right. However, if he wrestles a pig knuckle from the dog and wraps it up for you, you're a pro.

THE WEAK SPOT

As important as the work a man does is where he does his work. Is he invisible? Out of touch with other workers? Have the employees set up a memorial fund?

While the ordinary man will seek an outer office, a corner office at best, the weakling looks for that out-of-the-way place—the duplicating room, the freight elevator, the ladies' room.

Once he has found his place, he must work to isolate himself within that space. Sitting on the floor behind the desk is good, wrapping himself in brown paper and lying in a corner is better. Having

himself sewn into the upholstery of a couch is ideal.

WEAKNESS AT THE OFFICE PARTY

Weakness becomes very evident at the office party. In this situation, relationships are more casual, inhibitions are left behind and truer pictures of the office personalities surface.

By observing the positions people take in the room, you can easily assess their weakness. A somewhat weak person will stand in a corner, a weaker person will hide beneath the coats and the weakest will enter through the kitchen and help prepare the hors d'oeuvres.

COME RIGHT IN AND SIT ON MY FACE!

The weak man has the ability to make himself feel uncomfortable and his visitors feel at home. He relinquishes his territory and makes himself the interloper.

This quality is particularly helpful during business meetings and negotiating sessions. Let us say you are involved in a series of important talks concerning a union contract. The union wants a pay increase; your company wants to give them, instead, hats with their names on them. The union leader walks into your office. He is in your territory and at a decided disadvantage. You spring into action, offering the man your chair, desk, telephone and American Express card. You throw yourself onto the floor and roll under his foot, placing it firmly against your neck. Begin your discussions. You are virtually guaranteed a defeat.

THE LOOK OF WEAKNESS

There are those who have a natural propensity for wielding weakness. Some have even been born with the look of weakness.

It isn't necessary to be three feet tall and built like a haberdasher, but there are certain repulsive little signs that indicate weakness—a pair of crossed eyes, wet, cold hands, a presence that suggests you would have trouble competing for attention against a comatose squirrel.

It is possible to develop some of these signs and even to take on the idiosyncrasies that will make you the center of hatred in any group, but nothing can replace that combination of embarrassing lack of self-control and the knack for repelling people that natural weaklings have.

It helps to have one feature of the body that is totally without definition—a lack of chin, an elusive penis, extremely low cheeks (below the neck), tiny piggish eyes. It is also helpful to have skin that resembles oatmeal in tone and texture.

You may not think that there is anything you can do to your face short of running it through a garlic press, but that's not true. You can develop facial expressions. Try looking in the mirror and saying, in a dull pained voice, "She's my gal, but if you insist, you can take her out in the alley. By the way, she likes it if you take off your socks." If your eyes are not blinking, beads of perspiration are not breaking out all over your body and your tongue is not hanging out, you probably don't really believe that you are weak. By practicing, you will, in time, be able to perfect a shifty, timid, nervous gaze that will inspire people to yank your tie and mess up your hair.

THE WEAKLINGS!

Elmer Winkie is the unsuccessful head of a dying division of a near bankrupt conglomerate. He is the son of a billionaire industrialist. He worked his way from the top to the bottom in six short years. While still in his 60s, he took over the reins of his present company and within six months had it operating deeply in the red.

I met Elmer at the Gary Women's Club, of which he is a member. When I waved to him, he dashed into a closet and began shrieking. When I was finally able to persuade him to come out, he shook like jelly on a vibrator. I asked him what weakness meant to him. He fainted. A weak man, indeed!

Nick Spikes is a shell-shocked Marine who came into his weakness after a hand grenade went off in his hip pocket. His home was typical of the weak. Bullet-proof glass, guard dogs (guard-dog guard dogs in the event the guard dogs attack), bowls of dry toast and milk glasses at every angle and a large sandbox. Every few moments, he invited me to kick sand in his face, which I did, with a certain glee. "I don't want to sound immodest, but when I'm around, I bring out the power in people. It's uncanny. I've had preschoolers run me around like a slave. I've been attacked by bread mold. It seems to run in my family. My father was mugged by Gandhi."

I felt the awesome magnetism that Nick possessed. When we concluded our conversation, I could not resist slapping him senseless.

SEX AND WEAKNESS

I kinda like going last at the gang bangs. There isn't so much noise.

—LOW-RANKING MOTORCYCLE-GANG MEMBER

The sexuality of the weak is best described in the erotic classic *The Naked Snack*, when the hero, after bringing his lover to a dramatic climax, forgoes his pleasure to sweep out his lover's basement and wax her car. His pleasure

comes from submission. The weak use sex to deflate their egos. They prefer to roll over and give in.

Sure It's Small, but It's Soft

A weak man prides himself on his body. He uses it not as a weapon but as a shabby defense. His rolls of pink flab, his smooth white chest, his hopelessly tiny penis and blotchy scrotum symbolize uncooked chicken; ergo, weakness.

Chauncey, a slight, green-eyed wimp, boasts of being dominated by a 3'9" female midget. "My enervated member was all but lost in the vastness of her great, moist cavity. She was totally unmoved when that speck of lukewarm liquid of my love almost made it into her!"

Your Place or My Mom's?

Herm haunts the singles bars of New York like an ant at a flamenco-dancers' convention. He plays the mating game. Only, Herm plays to lose. "I cringe all the way to the bar, order a saucer of warm milk and survey the women. When I spot one who could turn me inside out with a flick of her wrist, I make my move. I tell her I am the New York City Cookie Baking Champ. I offer to go halves on a drink for her. When she's about to set fire to me with her lighter, I hit her with my big line, 'Hey, toots, how's about I come over and do your laundry?' It never fails!"

Man on Top, Woman in the Elevator

Gloria Steinem did for the weak what Bessemer did for steel: She got them hot and rolled them. Nothing could be better for the weakling than women's taking an aggressive sexual stance. The weak say, "Let them take the lead. Let them hurt us. Let them smoke cigars afterward."

Leo, a Charles Atlas "before" model, describes an encounter with a new woman. "I'm just hanging around a bar, letting guys throw peanuts at me, when this gal walks up and tells me she's a computer programmer and asks if I'd like to go over to her place and push her buttons. I thought, What the heck. I knew it was a pickup, and although I don't want to get a reputation as one of those easy guys, I went. I was right. There were no buttons. Just a huge naked broad and a gallon of currant jelly. She tied me up and did all sorts of evil things to herself while I (against my will) sang nursery songs. When it was all over, she turned on a ball game and I went to the bathroom and cried. It was great!"

AM I WEAK?

This is an oft-asked question and a fitting final inquiry. But as there are many, many answers, it is best to refer to an ancient Hindu tale.

A young boy asked his father how he might know if he was weak. The father,

in all his wisdom, said, "How should I know? I make my living selling dung bricks!" So it was that the young boy set upon a journey to ask the god Rama how he might know if he was weak.

The young boy traveled many, many miles, climbed many, many mountains and swam many, many seas. Many, many years passed and the young boy was no longer young. He was old and withered and had arthritis and a prostate condition. But he was at the Place of the Gods. "I wish to see the great Rama," the old man said.

A beautiful woman led the old man to the palace of Rama. The old man marveled at the opulence. Then a blinding light struck him in the eyes. When it subsided, Rama was standing before him. "Why have you come?" Rama asked in his great voice.

"I have come to learn if I am weak," the old man replied in a most humble voice.

The great Rama clapped his hands and 100 tigers and a mountain appeared in the great hall.

"Can you lift these tigers and this mountain?" Rama asked the old man.

"No. I can hardly lift a small sack of feathers," the old man confessed.

"OK, so you're weak," Rama said.



Why is Tareyton better?



Others remove. Tareyton improves.

||Charcoal is why. While plain white filters reduce tar and nicotine, they also remove taste. But Tareyton has a two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced...but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. ||Charcoal filtration is used to freshen air, to make beverages taste better. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths, balances and improves the tobacco taste. And that's why Tareyton is better.

Join the unswitchables and see why...

Tareyton is America's best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.



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

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. '75.

THE WEST END HORROR

(continued from page 118)

Dublin University. He's a sometime author—of the frustrated variety—and before he entered Irving's employ, he was a drama critic."

"He must have known Jonathan McCarthy, then?"

"Everyone knew McCarthy."

"And Mrs. Stoker is a friend of Gilbert's?"

Their eyes widened. "And where did you learn that?"

I did my best not to appear smug. "I have my methods." I stood up. "Thank you, gentlemen. I'm afraid that my business takes me elsewhere now."

Leaving them, I hastened to Baker Street, eager to impart the results of my interview to Holmes, but he was not there. I spent a dreary afternoon pacing about the place and trying to reconcile the pieces of our puzzle into a coherent whole. At times, I thought I had mastered the thing, only to recollect some item of importance I had omitted.

At last, I sat down and I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I recall was being roused from an armchair reverie by the familiar knock of our landlady.

"There's a gentleman to see Mr. Holmes," she informed me, "and, as Mr. Holmes is away, he insists on seeing you. He says his business is most urgent."

"Well, show him up. Stay, Mrs. Hudson, what's he like?"

The good woman regarded me cannily. "He says he's an estate agent, sir. Certainly, he's well fed and wine—if you take my meaning." She tapped the side of her nose suggestively with a forefinger.

Presently, there was much huffing and puffing on the stairs and the door opened to admit a gentleman of advancing years and enormous girth. He must have weighed close to 19 stone and his every move was accompanied by gasps of effort.

"Your . . . very . . . humble . . . ah, servant, doctor," he wheezed, presenting his card with a feeble flourish. It identified him as Hezekiah Jackson of Plymouth, estate agent. The place fitted his accent, which was Devonshire in the extreme. I glanced and took in the beefy, corpulent, puffing countenance of Mr. Jackson. His bulbous nose was almost as red as a beet and the veins running over its tip as pronounced as a map of the Nile Delta. They declared Mr. Jackson to be a tippler of no mean proportions. His wheezing breath tended to confirm that declaration, as it was liberally laced with alcohol. His brown eyes had a glazed, staring look as they endeavored to take in their surroundings. Perspiration glistened on his cheeks and forehead, dribbling down from his close-cropped white hair. In another age, he would have been the Lord of Misrule.

"Mr. Jackson?" said I. "Pray, have a chair."

"Thank you, sir, I don't mind if I do." He looked round, swaying on his feet, for a seat large enough to accommodate his bulk. He chose the stuffed leather by the fire that Holmes preferred and squeezed into it so heavily that it creaked alarmingly. I shuddered to think of the detective's response should he return and find it exploded by this obese character.

"I am Dr.——"

"I know who you are, doctor. I know all about you. Sherlock's told me a good deal about you." He said it in a knowing tone that I found vaguely disquieting.

"Indeed. And what can I do for you?"

"Well, I think for a start you might have the courtesy to offer me a drink. Yes, a drink. It's devilish cold out there." He said this with the greatest conviction as he sat before me, sweating like a stuck pig.

"What can I give you?"

"Brandy, if you have it. I most always take a little brandy at this time of day. It keeps up the strength, you know."

"Very well. Tea is about to be laid on, if you prefer."

"Tea?" he gasped. "Tea? Great heavens, doctor, do you wish to kill me? Being a medical man, you must know about tea. The great crippler—that's what tea is. More men my age drop dead as a result of reckless and intemperate consumption of tea than from almost any other single cause save the colic. You were unaware of that fact, sir? Dear me, where have you been? Do you read no other pieces in *The Strand* magazine but your own? Do you honestly suppose I'd be the living picture of health that I am if I took tea?"

"Brandy it is, then," said I, suppressing an overpowering impulse to laugh and fetching a glass for him. Holmes certainly knew the queerest people, though what his connection with this aged toper was, I couldn't for the life of me fathom. "And what is your message for Mr. Holmes?"

"My message?" The brown eyes clouded. "Oh, yes, my message! Tell Mr. Holmes—this isn't very good news, I'm afraid—that his land investments in Torquay are all wet."

"Wet?"

"Yes, wet, I'm afraid. Dropped into the sea, they have."

"I was unaware that Mr. Holmes had invested in land in Torquay."

"Everything he had," the estate agent assured me gravely, picking up his glass and burying his nose in it. He nodded, shaking his massive head from side to side in a despairing attitude.

"Poor man. For years he's been instructing me to buy up property over-

looking the sea—seems to have been an idea with him to build some kind of hotel there—but now, you see, it's all gone to smash. You've heard about the storm we've been enduring there these past four days? No? Well, sir, I don't mind telling you I've lived in those parts all my life and never seen anything like it. Plymouth almost destroyed by floods—and huge chunks of land toppling right into the Channel. The map makers'll have to get busy, make no mistake." He buried his enormous nose in the brandy once more as I digested this information.

"And do you mean to tell me that Mr. Holmes's land—all of it—has been washed into the ocean?"

"Every square inch of it, bless you, sir. He's ruined, doctor. That's the melancholy errand that brings me up to town."

"Great Scott!" I leapt to my feet in agitation as the full force of the catastrophe made itself felt. "Ruined!" I sank into my chair, stunned by the suddenness of it all.

"You look as though you could do with a drink yourself, doctor, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I think perhaps I could." I rose on unsteady legs and poured a second brandy while the fellow broke into a low laugh behind me.

"You find this amusing?" I demanded sternly.

"Well, you must admit it is rather humorous. A man invests every cent he owns in land—the safest possible investment, you'd say—and then it falls right off into the water. Come, now, sir, admit in all honesty that there is a kind of humour to it."

"I fail to see anything of the kind," I returned with heat. "And I find your indifference to your client's plight positively revolting! You come here, drink the man's brandy and calmly report his financial reverses and then laugh at them!"

"Well, sir, put that way——" The fellow began some clumsy show of remorse, but I was in no mood for it.

"I think you'd better go. I shall break the news to him myself, and in my own way."

"Just as you say, sir," he replied, handing me back the brandy glass. "Though I must confess I think you're taking a very narrow view of all this. Try to see the humour of it."

"That will do, Mr. Jackson." I turned on my heel and replaced the glass on the sideboard.

"Quite right, Watson," said a familiar voice behind me. "I think it time to ring for tea."

CHAPTER XI

THEORIES AND CHARGES

"Holmes!"

I spun round and beheld the detective sitting where I had left the estate

Deja Vu?

Anything worth doing is worth doing again. Some folks know that. Some will learn.



One beautiful example is **Sylvia Kristel**. You saw her in *Emmanuelle*. But you haven't really seen her till you see her in May OUI.



The question **Who Killed RFK?**

has been asked before. But with no real answer. Was there a conspiracy? Who is stonewalling?

This looks like a job for OUI! And if you know what stonewalling is, you know what



Watergate Fallout is. Yesterday's newspapers are still with us in language and paranoia. OUI tells you how and why. Then, **The Condom Industry** reluctantly opens its doors for a look at the billion-dollar product that no one used to talk about. Remember? Or do you remember **Rooftops of Rome**

with luscious bodies on display? If you've been there, we know you'll want to go again. And you can. In OUI. At newsstands now!

OUI



©1976, Playboy Publications.



"I told you he wouldn't respect me in the morning."

agent. He was pulling off his huge nose and stripping his head of white hair.

"Holmes, this is monstrous!"

"I'm afraid it was," he agreed, spitting out the wadding he had held in his cheeks to inflate them. "Childish, I positively concur. It was such a good disguise, however, that I had to try it on someone who knew me really well. I could think of no one who fitted that description so conveniently as yourself, my dear fellow."

He stood and removed his coat, revealing endless padding beneath. I sat down, shaking, and watched in silence as he divested himself of his costume and threw on his dressing gown.

"Hot in there," he noted with a smile, "but it worked wonders for me. Still, I'm afraid there are still loose ends that my new data fail to tie up. By all means, let's have tea."

He rang downstairs and Mrs. Hudson shortly appeared with the tray, much astonished to find Sherlock Holmes in residence.

"I didn't hear you come in, sir."

"You let me in yourself, Mrs. Hudson."

Her comments at this piece of intelligence are not relevant here. She departed and Holmes and I pulled up chairs.

"Your eyes!" I cried suddenly, the kettle in my hand. "They're brown!"

"What? Oh, just a minute." He bent forward in his chair so that he was looking at the floor and pulled back the skin by his right temple, cupping his other hand beneath his right eye. Into his palm dropped a little brown dot. As I watched, nonplussed, he repeated the operation with his left eye.

"What in the name of all that's wonderful—" I began.

"Behold the ultimate paraphernalia of disguise, Watson." He stretched forth his hand and allowed me to view the little things. "Be careful. They are glass and very delicate."

"But what are they?"

"A refinement of my own—to alter the one feature of a man's face no paint can change. I am not the inventor," he hastened to assure me, "though I venture to say I am the first to apply these little items for this purpose."

"For what purpose are they intended?"

"A very specific one. Some twenty years ago, a German in Berlin discovered that he was losing his sight due to an infection on the inside of his eyelids that was spreading to the eyes themselves. He designed a concave piece of glass—rather larger than these and clear, of course—to be inserted between the lid and the cornea, where they were held in place by surface tension, retarded the

disease and saved his sight.¹ I read of his researches and modified the design slightly, with the results that you have seen."

"But if the glass should break!" I winced at the thought.

"It isn't likely. Provided you don't rub your eye, the chances of anything hitting it directly are remote. I use them rarely—they take some getting used to and I find I cannot wear them for more than a few hours. After that, they begin to hurt and if a speck of dust should enter the eye, you find yourself weeping as though at a funeral."

He took the little circles back and placed them in a small box, evidently designed to contain them.

"You may be doing yourself an irreparable injury," I warned, feeling obliged, as a medical man, to point out some of the obvious pitfalls to him.

"Von Bülow wore them for twenty years without ill effect. In any event, I consulted your friend Dr. Doyle about them. He is so caught up in his literary whirl that we forget he is also an ophthalmologist. He was extremely helpful in his suggestions for the modifications I had in mind. Zeiss ground them for me," he went on, pocketing the box, "though I fancy they can't have imagined why. Now," he filled his pipe and held out his teacup, "what of Bernard Shaw?"

Doing my best to adjust to these successive shocks, I poured out the tea and recounted in a few words the tale of my meeting at the Café Royal. He heard me out in silence save for an occasional pointed question but otherwise puffed steadily on his briar and sipped his tea.

"He thought it a practical joke, then?" was his comment regarding Shaw's account of the mysterious assailant. "What a whimsical turn of mind he must have."

"I don't feel he thought about it much at all—or wanted to." I found myself defending the critic. "He was in such a hurry to reach Wilde."

"Hmm. I wonder who else has been pressed to sample this tonic."

"You don't think it a practical joke, then?"

He smiled. "Most impractical, wouldn't you say?"

"And what did you discover this afternoon?" I demanded in turn.

He rose and began a perambulation of the room, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his dressing gown, smoke emanating from his pipe as from the funnel of a locomotive.

"First, I paid a visit to Mr. Stoker's clandestine flat in Porkpie Lane," he commenced. "I ascertained, without his knowing it, that he cannot account for his whereabouts during the time of either murder. I learned, as you did, his true

¹This information is entirely accurate. Contact lenses are over 100 years old.

Christian name and his former calling as a drama critic. Next, I called upon Jessie Rutland's former lodgings—off the Tottenham Court Road—and spoke with the landlady. She was guarded but more help than she knew."

"This fits in perfectly with a theory I have been developing all afternoon!" I cried, jumping to my feet. "Would you care to hear it?"

"Certainly. You know I am endlessly fascinated by the workings of your mind." He took the chair I had left.

"Very well. Jessie Rutland meets Bram Stoker. He does not reveal his name or true identity but pretends instead to have recently returned from India, where he has left his invalid wife. He even smokes Indian cigars to bolster this impression. He lets a room in Soho to pursue his intrigue, but somehow Jonathan McCarthy, an old rival from the drama desk—who patronizes the Savoy—discovers his game and threatens the girl with exposure unless she succumbs to his attentions. Fearing for herself and also for her lover, she agrees. Stoker learns of her sacrifice and contacts McCarthy, who feels free to change his game and asks for money. They agree to a meeting to discuss the price of discretion. During their conversation—which begins leisurely enough, over brandy and cigars—tempers flare and Stoker, seizing the letter opener, drives it home. He was perfectly capable of this," I added excitedly, as more pieces of the puzzle began falling into place pell-mell, "because he was not only athletic champion of Dublin University but brother to the well-known physician William Stoker, from whom he had received a cursory but sufficient introduction to anatomy. As you yourself have pointed out, he is the right height and wears the right shoes."

"Brilliant, Watson. Brilliant," my companion murmured, relighting his pipe with a warm coal from the fire. "And then?"

"He leaves. McCarthy is still breathing, however, and he forces himself to the bookshelf. The copy of Shakespeare in his hand was meant to indicate the Lyceum, where the specialty is the Bard. Irving is even now producing *Macbeth*. Stoker, in the meantime, has begun to panic. He knows that when Miss Rutland learns of McCarthy's death—as assuredly she must—there will be no doubt in her mind as to the identity of his murderer. The thought of another living soul with his secret begins to gnaw at him like a cancer. What if the police should ever question her? Could she withstand their enquiries? He decides there is only one solution. The Savoy is no great distance from the Lyceum. He slips backstage and leaves the theatre through the old Beefsteak Club Room, and runs quickly to the Savoy, where he accomplishes the second crime during the



"You might at least take off my panty hose!"

rehearsal of *The Grand Duke*, which he knows is in progress. Then he retreats hastily to the Lyceum again with no one the wiser. There! What do you think of that?"

For a time, he did not respond but sat puffing on his briar with his eyes closed. Had it not been for the continuous stream of smoke, I should have wondered if he was awake. Finally, he opened his eyes and withdrew the pipe-stem.

"As far as it goes, it is quite brilliant. Really, Watson, I must congratulate you. I marvel, especially, at the many uses to which you have put that volume of *Romeo and Juliet*. Why did McCarthy not choose *Macbeth*, then, if he wished—as you say—to point a finger at the Lyceum?"

"Perhaps he couldn't see by then," I hazarded.

He shook his head with a little smile. "No, no. He saw well enough to turn over the leaves of the volume he selected. That is merely one objection to your theory, despite the fact that there are some really pretty things in it. It appears to explain much, I grant you, but in reality it explains nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Well, almost nothing," he amended, leaning over and tapping me consoling-

ly on the knee. "You mustn't feel offended, my dear chap. I assure you I have no theory whatsoever. At least none that will accommodate your omissions."

"And what are they, I should like to know?"

"Let us take them in order. In the first place, how did Jessie Rutland meet Bram Stoker—so that no one we have questioned knew of it? Male company is severely discouraged at the Savoy, as you know. Where, then? At Miss Rutland's former lodgings, whilst in conversation with the landlady, I learned from that reverend dame—who spoke quite highly of her boarder—that she had but once seen her in the company of a man, and it was not a man with a beard. She would not be more specific, but that information appears to rule out either of the two men in question. Now, as to friend McCarthy's engagement calendar. Can you see him, in a mood however jocular, referring to Bram Stoker as a lovelorn jester? Is there anything particularly hapless about Stoker, or feeble? Or amusing? I think not. Say, rather, does he not strike the casual observer as menacing, sinister and quite powerful? And, having said that, are you prepared to explain how our Miss Rutland could fall in love with him any more readily than you reject the idea of her falling

in love with the critic? And granting for the moment that she *did* love Stoker and he returned her affection, how are you prepared to explain McCarthy's incautious behaviour in bringing such a man to his own home, where there were no witnesses to ensure his safety? According to your theory, he had made love to the lady and now proposed to extort money from her true love. Was it wise to leave himself alone with a man he had so monstrously wronged? Would he not consider it flying in the face of Providence? Jonathan McCarthy may have been depraved—the evidence suggests it—but there is nothing in the record to support the notion that he was stupid."

He paused, knocked the ashes from his pipe and began to refill it. The action appeared to remind him of something.

"And what of the Indian cigars? Do you seriously contend they were smoked to convince Miss Rutland that Stoker was recently returned from India? I can't believe her knowledge of tobaccos was sufficient for her to make such fine distinctions. You and I, you may recall, were obliged to visit Dunhill's for a definite identification. For that matter, in the insular world of the theatre, how long could Stoker—if, indeed, it was he—hope to maintain his Indian deception amongst people who knew him so well? You heard today that his wife is a friend of Gilbert's. How long before Jessie Rutland, working at the Savoy, should stumble upon his true identity? And if, by some odd twist of reasoning, the cigars *were* smoked to contribute to the illusion, why bring them to McCarthy's flat? By your account, the critic knew perfectly well who he was. Indeed, how get in touch with him if he didn't? And what about the letter threatening us, its message pasted on Indian stock? Isn't it rather more likely that Jack Point—as I shall continue to call him—is, indeed, recently returned from India, and this accounts for his choice of tobacco and letter paper? Finally, your theory fails to explain the most singular occurrence in the entire business."

"And what is that?"

"The little matter of the tonics we three were forced to down outside Simpson's last night. Even allowing for Stoker's physical strength and his capacity for *outré* behaviour, what can he have had in mind to make us drink whatever it was we swallowed? Until we find out, this affair will remain shrouded in mystery."

His logic was so overwhelming that I was reluctantly obliged to succumb.

"What will you do now?"

"Smoke. It is quite a three-pipe problem—I am not sure but it may be more."

With this, he settled himself down amongst a pile of cushions on the floor and proceeded to smoke three additional pipes in rapid succession. He neither

moved nor blinked but sat stationary, like the Caterpillar in *Alice*, contemplating I knew not what as he polluted our rooms with noxious fumes of shag. Familiar with this vigil, I occupied my time by trying to read, but even Clark Russell's fine stories could not engage my attention as the dark settled over London. They seemed tame, indeed, when compared with the mystery that confronted us—a mystery as tangled and complex as any I could recall in the long and distinguished career of my friend. Holmes had been correct when he spoke of the liquid we had been forced to swallow as the key to the business. Try as I might, however, I could scarcely remember what it tasted like and my inability to recall anything of the persistent host who served it—save for his gloves—teased me beyond endurance.

Holmes was in the act of filling a fourth pipe—his disreputable clay—when his ritual and my impatience were brought to a simultaneous end by a knock on the door, followed by the entrance of a very cocksure Inspector Lestrade.

"Found any murderers lately, Mr. Holmes?" he demanded with a mischievous air as he removed his coat. The man's idea of subtlety was elephantine.

"Not lately." The detective looked up calmly from the centre of his mushroom-like arrangement of cushions.

"Well, I have," crowed the little man.

"Indeed? The murderer of Jonathan McCarthy?"

"And the murderer of Miss Jessie Rutland. You didn't know these crimes were related, did you? Well, they are, they positively are. Miss Rutland was the mistress of the late critic, and they were both dispatched by the same hand."

"Indeed," Holmes repeated, turning pale. It would cut him to the quick, I knew, should this fool manage to solve the two murders before himself. His vanity and professional pride were at stake. Everything he stood for in the way of criminal detection demanded that his methods not be beaten by any so haphazard and clumsy as those of Scotland Yard.

"Indeed," he echoed a third time. "And have you found out why the murderer should smoke Indian cigars?"

"Indian cigars?" Lestrade guffawed. "Are you still on about them? Well, if you must know, I'll explain it to you. He smoked them because he's an Indian himself."

"What?" we exclaimed together.

"That's right, a sambo; a Sikh. His name is Achmet Singh and he's been in England just under a year, running a used-furniture and curio shop in the Tottenham Court Road with his mother." Lestrade walked about the room, chuckling and rubbing his hands, scarcely able to contain his self-satisfaction and glee.

If Sherlock Holmes felt chagrined by

KENWOOD Cassettes

...when quality is your priority

Precision drive systems, 1-micron gap heads, Dolby Noise Reduction* and a host of automatic features. Cassette performance at its impressive best from KENWOOD—the name synonymous with quality in stereo components throughout the world.



(Top to Bottom)
KX-620—Front-Load Stereo Cassette Deck
KX-710—Stereo Cassette Deck
KX-910—Stereo Cassette Deck

*Dolby is the trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

For complete information, write:
KENWOOD 15777 S. Broadway, Gardena, CA 90248

Until Excita I never thought I'd like my man to wear a condom.



Because Excita™ has something to offer me. Its specially ribbed surface gives me gentle stimulating sensations. And it's lubricated with Sensitol® so that the ribs gently massage and caress me. I get pleasure from a male contraceptive I never thought possible. Excita offers more for him too. Its specially flared shape offers more freedom of movement inside the contraceptive for a greater, more natural sensation. Excita, in a light color tint, is a stimulating new experience in male contraception. It's made for the both of you.

Get Excita at your drugstore. For a free sample pack and booklet send 25¢ for handling to: Schmid Labs., Inc., Box EX-2, Route 46 West, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

Schmid Laboratories. Pioneers in family planning.



Specially ribbed surface for her—scientifically designed shape for him

**SENSI-RIBBED
excita™**

ONE DOZEN
PROPHYLACTICS
SENSITOL® LUBRICATED

EXTRA PLEASURE FOR BOTH PARTNERS

Also available in Canada

the policeman's news, he did his best to conceal the fact.

"Where did he meet Miss Rutland?"

"His shop is just down the road from her boardinghouse. The landlady identified him for me, saying he used to call for her there and take her out walking. She was so scandalized by the thought of her lodger taking up with a brown devil that she didn't open up to you about it—" He laughed again. "At least I assume it was you she was talking to earlier in the day." He gestured with his hands, delineating a corpulent belly, laughing some more. "That's where being official police comes in handy, Mr. Holmes."

"May I ask what he was doing with tobacco if he is a Sikh?"

"What's he doing in England? you might as well ask! But if he went to mingle with white folk, he'll 'ave taken to some of our ways, no doubt. Why, the fellow was even attending evening classes at the University of London."

"Ah. A sure sign of the criminal mind."

"You can jeer," the inspector returned, undisturbed. "The point is"—he placed a forefinger emphatically on the detective's chest—"the point is that the man cannot account for his time during the period when either murder took place. He had the time and the motive," the policeman concluded triumphantly.

"The motive?" I interjected.

"Jealousy! Heathen passion! You can see that, surely, doctor. She dropped him and took up with that newspaper chap—"

"Who invited him to his home, where the Sikh drank brandy," Holmes offered mildly.

"Who knows if he drank a drop? The glass was knocked on its side with the drink still in it. He might have accepted the offer of a glass simply as part of his plan to gain admittance to the place."

"He went there, of course, knowing a murder weapon of some sort was bound to be ready to hand—"

"I didn't say the plan was murder," Lestrade countered. "I didn't say anything about premeditated murder, did I? He may simply have wanted to plead for the return of his white woman." Lestrade stood up and took his coat. "He's almost the right height. He's right-handed, too."

"And his shoes?"

Lestrade grinned broadly.

"His shoes, Mr. Holmes, are three weeks old and were purchased in the Strand."

CHAPTER XII

THE SIKH AND PORKPIE LANE

After Lestrade had gone, Sherlock Holmes sat motionless for a considerable period of time. He looked to be in such a brown study that I did not like to disturb him, but my own anxiety was so great that I was unable to remain silent for very long.

"Hadn't we best speak with the man?"

I asked, throwing myself into a chair before him. He looked up at me slowly, his countenance creased with thought.

"I suppose we had," he allowed, getting to his feet and assembling his

clothes. "It is as well, in such circumstances, to go through the motions."

"Do you think, then, they can have apprehended the guilty party?"

"The guilty party?" He considered the question, thrusting some keys into his waistcoat pocket and taking a bull's-eye lantern from behind the deal table. "I doubt it. There are too many explanations, and phrases such as 'almost the right height' give away the holes in their case. However, we'd best take a look, if only to find out what didn't happen." He came forward with the gravest expression I had ever beheld on his face. "I have an inkling about this that bodes ill, Watson. Lestrade has built up a neat circumstantial case in which the hideous spectre of racial bigotry plays a large and unsubtle rôle. Achmet Singh may not be guilty, but the odds are against him."

He said no more on the subject but allowed me to ponder his view of the situation on a silent cab drive to Whitehall. There was no great difficulty in our being admitted to interview the prisoner, Lestrade's visit having included an invitation to see the man for ourselves.

The moment we were shown to Achmet Singh's cell, Sherlock Holmes breathed a sigh of relief. The man we studied through the small window of his cell door was diminutive in stature and wiry of build. He appeared neither large enough nor strong enough to perform the physical feats counsel would have to attribute to him. Moreover, he wore a pair of the thickest spectacles I had ever seen and was reading a newspaper held up to his nose at a 90-degree angle.

Holmes nodded to the guard and the door was unlocked.

"Achmet Singh?"

"Yes?" A pair of dark-brown eyes squinted up at us from behind the glasses. "Who is that?"

"I am Sherlock Holmes. This is Dr. Watson."

"Sherlock Holmes!" The little fellow came forward eagerly. "Dr. Watson!" He made to seize our hands but thought better of it and drew back suspiciously. "What do you want?"

"To help you, if we can," said Holmes kindly. "May we sit down?"

He shrugged and vaguely indicated his meagre pallet.

"There is no help for me," he responded in a trembling voice. "I cannot account for my time and I knew the girl. Also, my shoes are the right size and purchased in the wrong place. Finally, I am coloured. What jury in the world could resist such a combination?"

"A British jury will resist it," I said, "provided we can show that the prosecution cannot prove its case."

"Bravo, Watson." Holmes sat down on



"Kids nowadays! Always in a hurry!!"

the cot and motioned for me to do the same. "Mr. Singh, why don't you tell us your version of events? Cigaret?" He made as if to reach for a case in his pocket, but the other declined it with a distracted wave of his hand.

"My religion denies me the consolations of tobacco and liquor."

"What a pity." Holmes could scarcely conceal a smirk. "Now tell me what you know of this business."

"What can I tell you, since I did not kill poor Miss Rutland and do not know who did?" Tears stood in the miserable wretch's eyes, magnified pathetically by his thick lenses, which almost seemed to double his sorrow.

"You must tell us what you can, however unimportant it may seem to you. Let us begin with Miss Rutland. How did you come to know her?"

The prisoner leaned up against the brick wall next to the door and directed his voice to the corner.

"She came into my shop, which is just round the corner from her room. I deal in curios from the East as well as secondhand² English furniture and she liked to look at the things there when she had some time to herself. I would answer her questions about the pieces she liked and tell her what I could of their origins. Slowly we began to discuss other matters. She was an orphan and my mother had passed away not long ago. Aside from my customers and her friends in the theatre, we neither of us knew many people." He paused and swallowed painfully, his Adam's apple protruding from the tightened muscles in his scrawny neck, as he turned and faced the detective across the cell. "We were lonely, Mr. Holmes. Is that a crime?"

"Indeed it is not," said my companion gently. "Go on."

"Then we began to go for walks. Nothing more, I give you my word!" he added hastily. "Only walks. In the evening before the weather turned cold and she had to leave for the theater, we strolled. And we continued our conversations."

"I understand."

"Do you?" He emitted a laugh that resembled nothing so much as a sob. "That is good. Inspector Lestrade does not. He places a rather different construction on my behaviour."

"Do not concern yourself with Inspector Lestrade for the moment. Pray, continue your narrative."

"There isn't any more. Wherever we walked, people stared at us and whispered as we passed. At first, we paid no attention. We were so lonely our loneliness lent us the courage to defy conventions."

"And then?"

² "Used furniture" and "secondhand furniture" are accepted English synonyms for our American "antiques."

Everything you need to know about CB is in this new book by Radio Shack!

Reg. 1²⁵
25¢
WITH THIS AD *



Contents Include

- Types of radios • Antenna facts
- Methods of installing equipment
- How it works • Distance • Rules
- CB slang • Glossary • More!

Special Introductory Offer!

Our just-published 116-page CB pocket-size book is available now at Radio Shack stores at a "give-away" price of just 25¢, prior to its listing in our catalog at \$1.25. If you're into CB 2-way radio or getting in (as who isn't!) you'll want this book to avoid costly errors.

Edited by the folks who started our famous Realistic® CB line in 1959, it's authoritative and very easy to read. 9 chapters. Over 100 pictures. Written for laymen. *None sent by mail.* *Get your copy for 25¢ by bringing this ad to any nearby participating Radio Shack store or dealer TODAY!

Radio Shack®

LEADING THE WAY IN
CB SINCE 1959

A TANDY COMPANY

840

"If only I had these books when I was single!"

-Bill Appelman



Pick up girls anywhere! In bars, buses, trains, even on the street! It's easier than you ever dreamed possible. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** will show you more than 100 sure fire techniques, including: • How to make shyness work for you • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • Why girls get horny • 50 great opening lines • World's greatest pick-up technique • How to get women to pick you up • How to succeed in singles' bars.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. They tell you exactly what it takes to pick them up. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** costs only \$8.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. It makes picking up girls as easy as tying your shoes! ©Symphony Press, Inc. 1975

Indicate book you're ordering and send check or money order to:
Symphony Press, Inc.
Dept. KA, P.O. Box 515,
Tenafly, N.J. 07670
Both books only \$19.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

Books come in non-identifiable wrapper.



Here's a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover. Women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL**, and it contains over 160 photos just as clear and exciting as the photograph above. They show you how to turn on a single woman. You will learn: • How to get a woman to "let herself go" • "Magic caresses" • Stimulating a woman • The building of sexual power • Special sexual motions • Dozens of erotic positions • How to take off her clothes • Rocking motions • The magic of Warm Baths.

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!!!!!! This book will teach you how to thrill women so intensely, they'll actually see it in your eyes. **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** costs only \$12.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. It'll help you become the kind of lover women can't wait to go to bed with!

(To order see coupon at left.)

He sighed and his shoulders shook.

"And then we began to notice. It frightened us. We tried to ignore our fears for a time, but we were too frightened even to mention them to ourselves. And then——" He hesitated, confused by his own recollections.

"Yes?"

"She met another man." His low voice made it difficult to catch the words. "A white man. It pained her to tell me," he continued, tears rolling freely down his cheeks now, "but our awkwardness together increased. Our fears grew greater. There were little incidents—a word overheard as we walked by a knot of tradesmen—and she became more terrified and reluctant to go with me when I came to call for her. Still, she did not know how to tell me of her fears or about the man she had met. I do not think she wished to tell me." He paused. "So I told her. I said our being seen together so frequently was beginning to excite comment in the neighbourhood and I thought it better that such talk be stopped lest it injure her reputation or get back to the theatre. She tried not to show her relief when I said these things, but I could see a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders. She was a good person, Mr. Holmes, kind and generous to a fault, and it was not her way to abandon a friend. It was then that she told me about the man she had met. The white man," he repeated in a tone so helpless that it wrenched my heart to listen to it.

"What did she say about him?"

"Why, nothing, but that she had met him and come to love him. The rules at the Savoy are terribly strict regarding such things and she was forced to be discreet. Also, I think she did not wish to pain me with the details. That is why we never ventured into neighbourhoods other than our own," he added, "because it would have meant ruin for her at the theatre had she been recognized in my company." He looked up at us from the posture to which he had succumbed on his knees. "That is all there is to tell."

"What are you studying at the university?"

"Law."

"I see." Holmes went over and shook his hand. "Mr. Singh, I beg of you to be of good cheer. The matter stands against you for the time being, but I shall see to it that you never appear in the dock."

The Indian studied him searchingly from behind his thick spectacles for some moments. "Why should it matter to you whether I stand there or not? I do not know you and cannot possibly pay you for any trouble you take on my behalf."

Sherlock Holmes's grey eyes grew moist with an emotion I had seldom seen there.

"To pursue the truth in this world is a trouble we all undertake gladly on

our own behalf," said he.

The Sikh looked at him, the tears still streaming down his face, swallowing and unable to speak.

"The man's vision is hopelessly astigmatic," Holmes observed as we emerged from the gloomy building. "Did you notice how he was forced to read his paper?" His customary detachment of voice and facial expression had been forcibly restored. "To imagine that he can even see clearly across a table the size of the one in McCarthy's flat is as difficult as it is to envisage someone of his size striking a single fatal blow from that distance with a blunt-tipped letter opener."

"What do you propose, then?"

He looked at his watch in the light of the street lamp.

"A little past eight," he noted. "The theatres are busy. Would you care to accompany me on an excursion, doctor? To number fourteen Porkpie Lane, Soho."

"To Bram Stoker's flat? We are going to burgle it?"

"If you've no objection."

"None whatever. But why, if you reject my theory, does the place interest you?"

"We have no choice, in view of recent developments"—he gestured with a crooked thumb in the general direction of the Sikh's cell—"but to eliminate even the outside suspects in this matter. I can emerge with no theory of my own and Stoker taunts us like an apparition. Perhaps we can exorcize his influence on our thinking. For this purpose, I have brought a bull's-eye and some keys that may be useful to us. Are you coming? Good. Cab!"

The cab took us into a part of the West End with which I was not familiar. We threaded our way at first through well, if garishly, lit neighbourhoods, listening to raucous laughter and tinny music, and then passed into an area where even the occasional street lamp provided scant illumination. Looking about in the gloom, I felt little inclined to remain in one place and did not like the thought of being stranded there. Not many folk were about in this quarter of the town; at any rate, not many were visible, but I sensed them behind windows, round corners and in the menacing shadows of buildings. Our cab was obviously a novelty in the vicinity, a distinction keenly felt by the driver, whom I could hear muttering an unceasing string of maledictions above us. The horse's hooves echoed eerily on the deserted cobblestones.

Number 14 Porkpie Lane was a three-storey affair that looked positively squeezed between its neighbours, two seedy constructions on either side of it. Somewhat taller, they leaned towards each other over the roof of number 14, creating a viselike impression.

"Which is it?" I asked, looking up at the queer structure.

"On the second storey, in the middle. The window's dark, as you can see. It has a little ledge beneath it."

"Someone thought of putting a balcony there, once."

"Very likely."

We descended from the cab and made arrangements with the unwilling driver to come back in an hour and fetch us home. He was not loath to go and I could not blame him, for the setting was not in any way appealing. I only hoped he would prove as good as his word and return.

We waited in the shadows of the nearest edifice until the horse had clattered round the corner. Then, looking carefully about, Holmes produced a latchkey from his pocket and held it up to the faint light.

"A very useful item, this," said he softly. "I had it from Tony O'Hara, the sneak thief, when I nabbed him. You recall the case, Watson? It was a sort of parting gift, an entire ring of these little beauties. Each will tackle a great many simple locks of the same make. Or if it fails, you have only to move round the ring."

"You chose only two this night," I pointed out as he inserted the key in the front-door lock and began to fiddle and twist it. "How did you know which to bring?"

"By examining the locks this afternoon."

"I had no idea you were so adept at breaking and entering."

"Quite adept," he replied cheerfully, "and always ready in a good cause. It is always the cause that justifies little felonies such as these." His eyes twinkled in the dark. "*L'homme c'est rien, l'oeuvre c'est tout*. Come along, Watson."

The lock had yielded to his gentle ministrations and now the door opened before us, the small passage on the other side of it leading instantly to a rickety flight of stairs. We ascended without hesitation, judging that the less time we spent exposed to view, the safer we should be. I looked about as we climbed, wondering what sort of place it was. A step or two behind me on the stairs, the detective read my thoughts.

"It's a sort of boardinghouse of the kind that caters for transient characters," he informed me. "Keep moving."

It took rather more time to open the door to the flat, but after some delicate manipulations, this obstacle was also overcome and we found ourselves in the private sanctuary of Bram Stoker.

Holmes opened the bull's-eye and we surveyed the small room.

"Not suffused with romance," he commented dryly, holding the lantern high above his head and turning slowly. The room, though shabby, was nonetheless neat and spare. There were only three

How many times have you decided to give up smoking?

Nobody these days is telling you not to give up smoking.

But if you've given it up more times than you'd like to remember, the chances are you enjoy it too much to want to give it up at all.

If you're like a lot of smokers these days, it probably isn't smoking that you want to give up. It's some of that 'tar' and nicotine you've been hearing about.

So you tried cigarettes which were low in 'tar' and you found yourself checking every once in a while to see if they were still lit. Which drove you right back to your regular brand.

Now, there is Vantage.

Vantage cigarettes, either filter or menthol, deliver considerably less 'tar' and less nicotine than most cigarettes.

But what really makes Vantage special is our special filter which allows the tobacco flavor to come through.

Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette, but it may well be the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

And that's what makes all the difference.



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

FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

articles of furniture to be seen—a desk, a chair and a small divan. On the desk was a lone inkwell and a blotter. The cracked and peeling walls boasted not a single picture or decoration of any sort.

"Scarcely a trysting place," I agreed, looking at Holmes. He grunted by way of reply and moved towards the desk.

"I begin to see the logic of it, Watson. Our Mr. Stoker's secret mistress is the muse of literature. But why all the circumsppection?" He sat down before the desk, setting the lantern on top of it, and began pulling open drawers. I advanced behind him and looked over his shoulder as he drew forth bundles of paper covered with small, neat, surprisingly feminine handwriting.

"Have a look at some of this." He passed me a sheaf and I began to read, standing next to him for want of a chair or other source of light. The man had apparently copied out a series of letters, extracts from diaries and personal notes written or exchanged between people named Jonathan Harker, Lucy Westenra, Dr. Abraham Van Helsing, Arthur Holmwood and Mina Murray.

"This must be some sort of novel," Holmes intoned softly, bent over a portion of it.

"A novel? Surely not."

"Yes, a novel; written in the form of

letters and journals. Does nothing strike you about the name Jonathan Harker?"

"I suppose it vaguely resembles Stoker's real name."

"Vaguely? It contains precisely the same number of syllables and they are distributed between Christian and surnames in exactly the same manner. Stoker and Harker are almost identical, and Jonathan and Abraham are culled from the same source, the *Bible*. Harker must be his literary self."

"Why, then, is there a Dr. Abraham Van Helsing?" I asked, showing him the name. He read it, frowning.

"Name games, name games," he murmured. "Obviously, that part of my assumption was incorrect—or, at any rate, incomplete." He continued reading, turning over the pages of the manuscript in an orderly fashion, his lips pursed with concentration.

"Look at this," he said, after the space of a few minutes' silence. I returned from an idle tour of the room and read over his shoulder again:

On the bed beside the window lay Jonathan Harker, his face flushed, and breathing heavily, as though in a stupor. Kneeling on the edge of the bed, facing outwards, was the white-clad figure of his wife; by her side stood a tall, thin man, the Count. His right hand gripped the back

of her neck, forcing her face down on his bosom. Her white night-dress was smeared with blood, and a thin stream trickled down the man's bare chest, which was shown by his torn open dress. The attitude of the two had a terrible resemblance to a child's forcing a kitten's nose into a saucer of milk to compel it to drink.³

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, looking up and passing a hand before my eyes. "This is depraved."

"And this." He set down another passage before me:

"And you are now to me, flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, kin of my kin; my bountiful wine press for a while." He then pulled open the shirt with his long, sharp nails, and opened a vein in his breast. When the blood began to spurt out, he took my hands in one of his, holding them tight, and with the other seized my neck and pressed my mouth to the wound, so that I might either suffocate or swallow some of the—oh, my God, what have I done?

"Holmes, what sort of mad work is this?"

"No wonder he writes in secrecy," the detective agreed, looking up. "Have you noticed anything else?"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that our Mr. Stoker knows how to induce swallowing." I looked at the two passages again and we stared at each other, horror written on our faces.

"Can we have been forced to drink blood?" I whispered in awed tones.

Before he could answer, we were both made aware of the clip-clop of horses' hooves entering the lane.

"The cab's not due back yet," Holmes observed, snapping shut the bull's-eye and plunging the room into darkness. He peered through the shutters into the street. "Great Scott! It's him!"

"The cabby?"

"Stoker!"

CHAPTER XIII

THE MISSING POLICEMAN

"Hurry, Watson." Rapidly, Holmes assembled the papers and replaced them in the drawers from which they had been taken. As we heard the cab door slam in the stillness, he leapt to the door of

³This passage and the names mentioned in the text make it abundantly plain that the manuscript in question was an early draft of "Dracula," begun in 1895 by Stoker and published in 1897. Ellen Terry's mention of "It happened once before" undoubtedly refers to the publication of Stoker's short stories, "Under the Sunset." Henry Irving was extremely possessive about Stoker's time.



"I can't hire you until I get back from vacation. No point in giving anyone else a head start!"

the flat and locked it from within.

"But, Holmes—"

"The balcony, man! Quick!"

In less time than it takes to report, we threw open the window and passed out onto the precarious ledge, closing the shutters behind us as Stoker's heavy tread was audible on the stairs.

"Don't look down" were my companion's last instructions as we flattened ourselves against the building wall and awaited developments.

We had not long to wait. Within seconds of our gaining tenuous positions of safety, the door to the flat was reopened and Stoker entered the room. He closed and locked the door behind him, then proceeded to his desk, lit the gas and pulled open the drawers. He took out pens, fresh paper and what he had already written, spent some minutes ordering his materials but did not appear to notice anything amiss. Without further preamble, he settled down to work on his ghastly manuscript.

How long we stood on that slender shelf, clutching the bottom of the window frame for support, it is difficult to say. The moon had risen, pinning us like specimens beneath an observation light. We dared not move, for we were so near the clandestine novelist that our merest sound was certain to excite his suspicions. As the time passed and we prayed for the return of our cab, our hands, even in their gloves, began to lose sensation. The stillness round us was broken only by an occasional cough from within.

After what seemed a year, the silence was abruptly shattered by the hoofbeats of another horse. Holmes and I exchanged looks and he signed for me to peer under the shutters. I did so and was able to discern the bending author in pursuit of his story, happily indifferent to any disturbance outside his mad world. I looked again at Holmes, indicating with a blink of my eyes that all was well, and he gestured with a free hand, explaining that we must jump onto the roof of the cab as it stopped underneath.

The poor cabby entered the alley nervously and looked about. Holmes signalled from our perch above and waved him over, placing a finger on his lips in a theatrical plea for silence. The man appeared quite dumbfounded by the sight of us, hanging, as it were, from the moon, but responded to the detective's repeated gesticulations and moved the vehicle hesitantly forward. When he had arranged the cab's position perfectly, we lowered ourselves gingerly to the roof before him, making but little noise in the process. Holmes clapped the cabby on the back when we had landed, in a grateful embrace.

"Baker Street, again," he urged quietly, and we returned to our lodgings, leaving

the fiendish Mr. Stoker to his queer literary efforts.

"Your theory has had another hole punched in it," Holmes remarked as we climbed the 17 steps to our rooms. "Bram Stoker's secret lair is used for his writing, not his rendezvous, and his pastime is one of which his family and employer disapprove."

"I can see why," I acknowledged, "but what about the passages in the book—the ones in which folk are compelled to drink—"

"I've been thinking about them on our way back," he returned, stopping on the stairs. "You will find that if you wish to induce swallowing, there is only one way to go about it. No, Watson, I am afraid matters have come to a very serious pass. We might wish Bram Stoker to be our man, but he is not—no more than that miserable wretch Lestrade has arrested. The only difference between them," he added, opening the door, "is that if we cannot find the true murderer, Achmet Singh will hang. Hullo! Who is here? Why, it's young Hopkins!"

It was, indeed, the sandy-haired policeman, who was just being shown to a chair by our landlady as we entered. He rose awkwardly at once and explained that Mrs. Hudson had told him he might wait for us there.

"Quite right, Mrs. Hudson," Holmes assured her, interrupting her own flow of oratory on the subject. "I know that you don't like policemen standing about in your parlour."

The long-suffering woman referred briefly to the strange goings on of late (by which she meant, I knew, Holmes's appearance in disguise that afternoon) and withdrew.

"Now, then, Hopkins," Holmes began as soon as the door had closed, "what brings you to Baker Street at an hour when most off-duty policemen are at home resting their feet? I perceive that your route here has been a circuitous one and that you have taken great pains to avoid being seen."

"Heavens, sir, how can you tell that?"

"My dear young man, you have divested yourself of every vestige of your police uniform, which means you probably stopped off home, first, and then, look at your trouser leg. There must be seven different splashes there, each evidently from a different part of town. I believe I recognize some mud from Gloucester Road, the cement they are using at the Kensington H—"

"I have had to be extremely circumspect." The youth blushed and looked from one to the other of us uncertainly.

"You may speak before Dr. Watson here as before myself," Holmes promised smoothly.

"Very well." He sighed and took what was palpably a difficult plunge. "I must

New Trojans Plus...

the Ultimate for
the Intimate



New naturally shaped, specially lubricated Trojans Plus condoms are the ultimate in sensitivity. They're super thin and super clinging (body-contoured to hug tight). And they're a saucy golden color to enhance the joy of sex. Look for—ask for Trojans Plus condoms.



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Mail \$1.00 for
Trojans Plus
Sampler of Three
or \$3.00 for a
Dozen. Send check or money order made out
to Youngs Drug Products Corp. Then buy
future needs from your pharmacist.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Youngs Drug Products Corp.

P.O. Box 649
Dept. PB5 Piscataway, N.J. 08854

tell you gentlemen straight off that my appearance here tonight puts me in a very awkward situation—with the force, I mean." He eyed us anxiously. "I've come on my own initiative, you see, and not in any official capacity."

"Bravo," Holmes murmured. "I was right, Hopkins. There is hope for you."

"I very much doubt if there will be at the Yard if they learn of this," the forlorn policeman replied, his face falling further at the thought. "Perhaps I'd best be—"

"Why don't you pull that chair up to the fire and begin at the beginning," Holmes interrupted with soothing courtesy. "There you are; make yourself quite at home and comfortable. Would you care for something to drink? No? Very well, I am all attention." To prove it, he crossed his legs and closed his eyes.

"It's about Mr. Brownlow," the sergeant commenced hesitantly. He saw that Holmes's eyes were shut and looked at me, confused, but I motioned him to go on. "Mr. Brownlow," he repeated. "You know Mr. Brownlow?"

"The police surgeon? I believe I passed him on my way downstairs at twenty-four South Crescent yesterday morning. He was on his way for McCarthy's remains, was he not?"

"Yes, sir," Hopkins ran a tongue over his dry lips.

"A good man, Brownlow. Did he find anything remarkable in his autopsy?"

There was a pause. "We don't know, Mr. Holmes."

"But he's submitted his report, surely."

"No. The fact is," Hopkins hesitated again. "Mr. Brownlow has disappeared."

Holmes opened his eyes. "Disappeared?"

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. He's quite vanished."

The detective blew air soundlessly from his cheeks. With automatic gestures, his slender hands began nervously packing a pipe that had been lying near to hand.

"When was he last seen?"

"He was in the mortuary all day at work on McCarthy—in the laboratory—and he began acting very strangely."

"How strangely?"

The sergeant made a funny face, as though about to laugh. "He threw all the assistants and stretcher-bearers out of the laboratory; made all of 'em take off all their clothes and scrub down with carbolic and alcohol and shower. And you know what he did while they were showering?"

The detective shook his head. I found myself straining to catch the sergeant's low tones.

"Mr. Holmes, *he burned all their clothes.*"

My companion's eyes grew very bright at this. "Did he, indeed? And then disappeared?"

"Not just yet. He continued to work

on the corpse by himself, and then, as you know, Miss Rutland's remains were carried in and he went briefly to work on them. He grew excited all over again and again summoned the stretcher-bearers and his assistants together and made them take off all their clothes once more, scrub with carbolic and alcohol and shower." He paused, licked his lips and took a breath. "And while they were showering—"

"He burned their clothes a second time?" Holmes enquired. He could not suppress his excitement and rubbed his hands together with satisfaction, puffing rapidly on his pipe. The young man nodded.

"It was almost funny. They thought he'd started to play some sort of prank on them the first time, but now they were furious, especially the bearers. They all had to be wrapped in blankets from the emergency room and in the meantime, Mr. Brownlow'd barricaded himself inside the laboratory! They brought Inspector Gregson down from Whitehall, but he wouldn't open the door to him, either. He had a police revolver with him in there and threatened to shoot the first man across the threshold. The door is quite solid and has no window, so they were obliged to leave him there all afternoon and into the night. Now he is gone."

"Gone? How? Surely they had sense enough to post a man outside the laboratory door."

Hopkins nodded vigorously. "They did but didn't think to post one outside the back of the laboratory."

"And where does that door lead?"

"To the stables and mews. The laboratory receives its supplies that way. The door is bigger and easier to lock, so that they never thought to challenge it. You see, Mr. Holmes, it never occurred to any of us that his object was to *leave* the laboratory. Quite the reverse. We assumed his purpose was to make us leave and remain in sole possession. Besides, they could hear him talking to himself in there."

Holmes closed his eyes and leaned back once more in his chair. "So he left the back way?"

"Aye, sir. In a police van."

"Indeed. Have you checked at his home? Brownlow's married, I seem to recall, and lives in Knightsbridge. Have you tried him there?"

"He's not been home, sir. We've men posted by it and neither they nor his missis has seen hide nor hair. She's quite worked up about it, needless to say."

"How very curious. I take it none of this activity at the morgue has had the slightest effect on the consensus at the Yard that Achmet Singh is guilty of a double murder?"

"No effect whatsoever, sir, though I venture to suppose there must be a connection of some sort."

"What makes you suppose that?"

Young Hopkins swallowed with difficulty. "Because there's one other thing I haven't told you, Mr. Holmes."

"And that is?"

"Mr. Brownlow took the bodies with him."

Holmes sat forward so abruptly that the sergeant flinched. "What? Miss Rutland and McCarthy?"

"That is correct, sir." The detective rose and began pacing about the room as the other watched. "I came to you, sir, because in my limited experience, you appear to think much more logically about certain matters than . . ." he trailed off, embarrassed by his own indiscretion, but Holmes, deep in thought, appeared not to notice.

"Hopkins, would our going over to the laboratory and having a close look at things there place you in an awkward position?"

The young man paled. "Please, sir, you mustn't think of doing it. The fact is, they're all of a dither down there and don't want anyone to know what's happened. They've got it in their heads this thing could make them a laughing-stock—the idea of the police surgeon burning all those clothes and then absconding with two corpses—"

"That is one way of looking at it," Holmes agreed. "Very well, then. You must answer a few more questions to the very best of your ability."

"I'll try, sir."

"Have you seen the laboratory since Brownlow abandoned it?"

"Yes, sir. I made it my business to have a look."

"Capital! Really, Hopkins, you exceed my fondest hopes. Now tell me, what was left there?"

The sergeant frowned in concentration, eager to continue earning the detective's effusive praise.

"Nothing much, I'm afraid. Rather less than usual, in fact. The place had been scrubbed clean as a whistle and it fairly reeked of carbolic. The only thing out of the ordinary was the pile of burnt clothes in the chemical basins, where he'd set fire to them. And he'd poured lye over the ashes."

"How did you know what they were, in that case?"

"Some of the buttons still remained, sir."

"Hopkins, you are a trump." Holmes rubbed his hands together once more. "And have your sore throat and headache quite vanished?"

"Quite, sir. Yesterday, Lestrade said it was probably just—" He stopped and gaped at the detective. "I don't recall mentioning my illness."

"Nor did you—which doesn't alter the fact of your recovery. I am delighted to learn of both. You haven't left out anything? A little nip of something on the side?"

A way to save hours in blood transfusions when there aren't even seconds to waste.

A massive accident.

An emergency ward scrambles as ambulances begin to roll in. Dozens of people have been seriously injured.

To save lives, blood transfusions are needed for many. And speed is critical to prevent shock, falling blood pressure, even anoxia in vital nerve centers.

Precious time lost.

Before stored blood can be transfused, it should be filtered.

And until recently, this filtering process was a potential for a lethal bottleneck. Caused by as seemingly simple a thing as the casing for the filter element.

The casings were made of stainless steel. Sturdy, unbreakable, but far too expensive to throw away after use, so they had to be cleaned, sterilized and re-used. And sterilization meant several hours of boiling, or long exposure to cobalt radiation.

But when the sudden need arose for immense quantities of blood in a hurry, the hours spent in sterilization became desperately unaffordable.

New casings cut delays.

The solution was found in filter casings made of K-resin®, a clear, virtually unbreakable plastic that provided the same vital qualities of durability and asepsis as stainless steel casings, but eliminated delays.

Because of their relatively low cost, casings made of K-resin plastic could be packaged sterile, used once and thrown away. So the time lost was reduced to just the time it took to discard a used



Disposable filter casings, made possible through the use of a strong clear plastic, save precious time.

casing and filter and unpack fresh, sterile replacements.

The new casings have even helped hospitals save money, by spending more efficiently.

The valuable time of hospital employees is no longer taken up in the time-consuming handling of the stainless steel casings.

A need creates a solution.

Today, casings made of K-resin plastic are used in hospitals all over the country.

And the crucial hours once spent on the sterilization of casings have now become scant minutes.

A time-saving, life-saving new procedure made possible by an innovation in plastic.

A plastic developed by the same people who make fine products for your car.

The people of
Phillips Petroleum.
Surprised?



The Performance Company



Fitness is my business

**I RECOMMEND BULLWORKER®
BECAUSE IT'S FAST, IT'S EASY
AND IT REALLY WORKS!**

Aside from keeping many of the stars you see in the movies and on television in top shape, Mike Fretault, at 40, is still one of the most sought-after stunt men in the business.

Most men know they're not getting enough exercise to keep their bodies in shape.

Twenty years as a fitness coach has taught me one important fact: most men will not stick with a training program long enough for it to do them any good, unless the training is fast, easy and shows results right away.

Bullworker gets a top score on all three counts: —it's fast: each exercise takes only 7 seconds and the complete workout can be done in about five minutes

—it's easy: any man between 15 and 65 in good general health can perform the full program without getting tired

—you see your results right from the very first day on the built-in Power-meter gauge. After two to three weeks of regular training, most men can expect to measure an extra inch or two of muscle on their shoulders, chest and biceps—and an inch or two less flab around the middle.

And that's just the start: there are specialized exercises for building-up or trimming-down any part of your body you

want to. What's more since Bullworker training is progressive, you perform better each time. Yet the training always seems easy since with every workout your strength increases by about 1%—that's an increase of up to 50% in just three months, and I've seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength. For my money, Bullworker is the most advanced home trainer on the market. I use it and recommend it to any man who wants to get back in top shape fast.

For free details about Bullworker Fitness Training, recommended by fitness experts, champion athletes and nearly two million enthusiastic users the world around, mail coupon for FREE BOOKLET today. No obligation, no salesman will visit.

BULLWORKER SERVICE, 201 Lincoln Blvd., P.O. Box 20, Middlesex, N.J. 08846

239

FREE BOOKLET



24 pages of action photos in full color show you how to build a powerful body in just five minutes a day

BULLWORKER SERVICE, Dept. BW2367
201 Lincoln Blvd., P.O. Box 20, Middlesex, N.J. 08846

Please send me my FREE full color brochure about BULLWORKER 2 without obligation. No salesman will visit.

Name _____ Age _____
please print

Street _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Canada: Home delivery duty paid. Ask for FREE booklet.

Hopkins looked at him uncertainly. "Nip? No, sir. I don't know what you mean, I'm afraid."

"Doubtless not. Lestrade feels fit, too, now, does he?"

"He is quite recovered," the sergeant answered, giving up all hope of learning the detective's secrets. Holmes scowled and cupped his chin in thought.

"You are both luckier than you know—"

"See here, Holmes," I broke in, "I seem to see what you are getting at. There's some matter of contamination or contagion involved—"

"Precisely." His eyes gleamed. "But we have yet to discover what is in danger of proliferating. Watson, you saw both bodies and conducted a cursory examination of each. Did their condition suggest anything in the nature of a disease to you?"

I sat and pondered while they watched, Holmes barely able to conceal his impatience.

"I believe I stated at the time both throats were prematurely stiff—as though the glands were swollen. But any number of common ailments begin with a sore throat."

Holmes sighed, nodded and turned once more to the policeman. "Hopkins, I very much fear a discreet visit to the back of the mortuary laboratory is inevitable. The stakes are too great that we should hesitate to trifle with the dignity of the metropolitan police. We must see how one man carried out two corpses. We already begin to know why."

"To dispose of them?" I asked.

He nodded grimly.

"And it would be as well to put out a general alarm for that missing police van."

"That has already been done, Mr. Holmes," said the young sergeant with some satisfaction. "If it's in London, we'll lay hands on it."

"That is exactly what you must none of you do," Holmes returned, throwing on his coat. "No one must go near it. Watson, are you still game?"

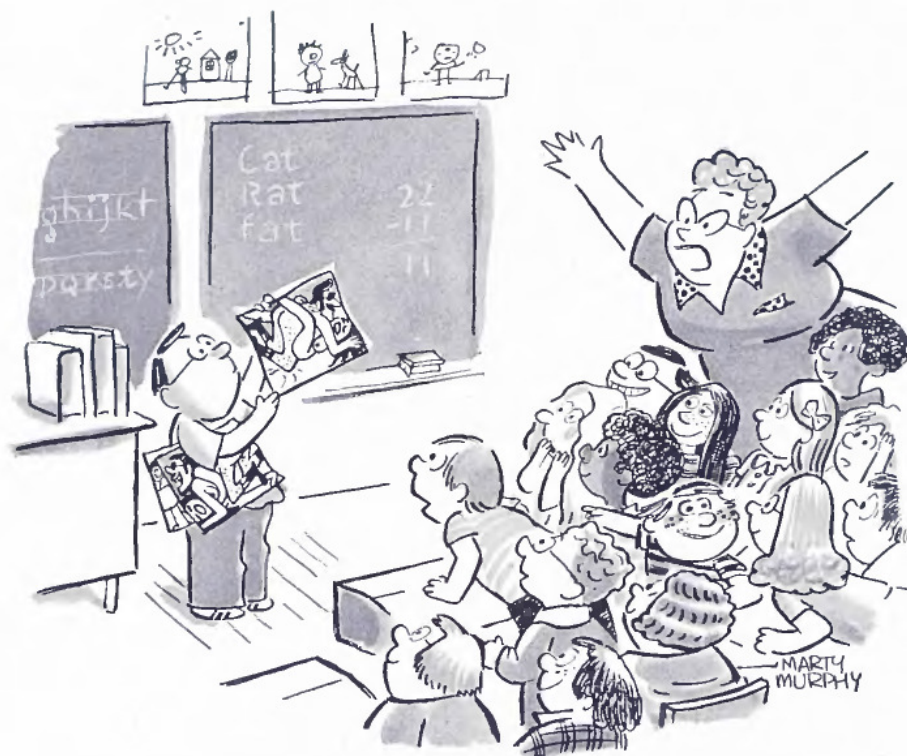
CHAPTER XIV

THE SCOURGE OF GOD

Moments later, we stood in the company of the anxious sergeant on the stretch of pavement before 221B, in search of a cab. Instead of a hansom, however, I beheld a familiar figure dancing down the street towards us in the glare of the lamplight.

"Have you heard the latest outrage?" Bernard Shaw cried, without so much as shaking hands. "They've pinned the whole thing on a Sikh!"

Sherlock Holmes endeavoured to inform the volatile Irishman that we were aware of the turn events had taken, but at that moment, Shaw recognized Hopkins and turned upon that unfortunate young man the full force of his sarcastic vitriol.



"Eddie! Folk heroes! Your report is supposed to be on folk heroes!"

"Out of uniform, eh?" he commenced. "And well you should be if murder is being contemplated. I wonder you've the face to appear in public at all with your hands so red! Do you seriously believe, Sergeant, that the British public, which I agree is gullible beyond credence, is going to swallow this particular connivance? It won't go down, believe me, Sergeant, it won't. It's too big to pass the widest chasm of credibility. This isn't France, you'd do well to remember. You can't divert our attention with a xenophobic charade!"

In vain, as we waited for our cab, did Hopkins attempt to stem the tidal wave of rhetoric. He pointed out that it was not he who had arrested the Indian.

"So!" the other eagerly seized the opportunity for a literary analogy. "You wash your hands with Pilate, hey? I wonder there's room at the trough for so many of you, lined up alongside with your dirty fingers. If you suppose—"

"My dear Shaw," Holmes remonstrated forcefully. "I don't know how you can have learned of Mr. Singh's arrest—the newsboys are hawking it, very likely—but if you have nothing better to do than rouse mine honest neighbours at a quarter past twelve, I suggest you come along with us. Cab!"

"Where to?" Shaw demanded as the cab pulled up before us. His voice lacked any trace of contrition.

"The mortuary. Someone appears to have made off with our two corpses."

"Made off with them?" he echoed, getting in. This intelligence succeeded in doing what Sergeant Hopkins could not and the critic fell into a reverie as he tried to determine its significance. His shrill imprecations were reduced to a stream of mutterings inside the cab as we threaded our way to the mews behind the mortuary laboratory. A block or so before the place, Holmes ordered the driver to stop and we descended from the cab. In hushed tones, the cabby was instructed to wait where he was until we should return.

There was no one about as we entered the mews, though the voices of the ostlers were audible from the police stables across the way. We proceeded cautiously on foot, our path being lit by the yellow lights of windows overhead. Sergeant Hopkins looked fearfully about as we advanced, for obvious reasons more apprehensive about discovery than ourselves.

"This door leads to the laboratory?" Holmes enquired softly, pointing to a large, wooden, portcullislike affair, whose base was some four feet off the ground. Hopkins nodded, stealing an anxious glance over his shoulder.

"You can see the wheel marks where the wagon was backed up to it." The detective knelt and indicated the twin tracks, plainly visible in the meagre light from above. "Of course, the police have examined it," he added with a weary sigh, pointing to all the footprints running in every direction all round the place.

"It looks as if they danced a Highland

fling here," I commented, sharing his indignation.

He grunted and followed the wheel marks out of the dirt to where they disappeared on the cobblestones.

"He went left, that's all we can say," he reported gloomily, returning to the door, where we waited. "Once he departed the mews, there's no telling where he was bound."

"Perhaps we should fetch Toby," I suggested.

"We haven't the time to go to Lambeth and back, and besides, what could we offer him as a scent? He's not as young as he used to be, you know, and the stench of carbolic would be insufficient. Blast! Every second gives this thing—whatever it is—more time to spread. Hullo, what's this?"

He had been speaking bent over and almost touching the ground as he inspected it inch by inch. Now he dropped to his knees once again, directly beneath the laboratory door, and rose with something held gingerly in his right hand.

"The noose round Achmet Singh's neck begins to loosen, or I am much deceived."

"How so?" Shaw enquired, stepping forward.

"Because if the prosecution contends that the Sikh smoked these Indian cheroots, they will be hard put to explain the presence of this one outside the mortuary laboratory whilst Singh himself was incarcerated in a private security cell at Whitehall."

"Are you certain it is the same cigar?" I hazarded, not wishing to question his abilities and yet, for the sake of the prisoner, feeling obliged to do so.

"Quite sure," he returned, without seeming to take umbrage. "I took great pains to recognize it should I ever see one like it again. It's in an excellent state of preservation, as you can see. Notice the distinctive square-tipped ends. Our man simply threw it aside when the other opened the laboratory door for him."

"The other?"

Holmes turned to Hopkins. "I take it Mr. Brownlow did not smoke Indian cheroots?"

"No, sir," the youth replied. "In fact, to my knowledge, he did not smoke at all."

"Excellent. Then there was another man here and it is that other man who concerns us. Brownlow was not talking to himself but conversing with our quarry."

"But what of Mr. Brownlow?" Hopkins demanded, his honest features revealing his perplexity.

"Hopkins," the detective put a hand upon his shoulder, "the time has come for us to part company. Your position here becomes increasingly delicate as this night progresses. If you will be guided by me, I suggest that for your own good you go home and get a good night's rest. Say nothing of what you have seen and heard here tonight to anyone, and I, for my part, will endeavour to keep your name out

of it—unless, of course, Achmet Singh comes to the foot of the gallows, at which point I will have no alternative but to take drastic steps."

Hopkins wavered, torn between his own curiosity and his sense of discretion. "Will you tell me what you find, at least?" he implored.

"I am afraid I cannot promise that I shall."

The sergeant hesitated a moment or so longer and then departed with evident reluctance, his personal impulses outweighed by the obligations of loyalty he felt he owed his superiors.

"A bright young fellow, that," Holmes observed when he had gone. "And now, Watson, every minute counts. Whom do you know able to tell us about tropical diseases?"

"Ainstree⁴ is generally regarded as the greatest living authority on the subject," I replied, "but he is in the West Indies, at present, if I am not mistaken."

"What have tropical diseases to do with this?" Shaw demanded, raising his voice.

"Let us return to the cab and I shall explain. Only keep your voice down, like a good fellow."

"I think we had best pay a call on Dr. Moore Agar of Harley Street," he resumed when we had regained the cab. "Watson, you've frequently recommended him when I was suffering from overwork and fatigue."

"I did not envisage your calling upon him after one in the morning," I hastened to point out. "In any case, the man's not a specialist in tropical diseases."

"No, but he may be able to direct us to the leading available authority."

"In heaven's name," Shaw exploded as the cab rattled off for Harley Street, "you still haven't said why we need a specialist in tropical diseases!"

"Forgive me, but I hope to make all plain before the night is out. All I can say at present is that Jonathan McCarthy and Miss Jessie Rutland were not killed to prevent their living but rather to prevent their dying a more horrible and more dangerous death."

"How can one death be more dangerous than another?" Shaw scoffed in the dark recesses of the cab.

"Very easily. Different kinds of death pose different hazards to those who continue living. All bodies become sources of infection if they are not disposed of, yet a body that dies a natural death, or even one that has been stabbed, is less dangerous to other people than a corpse that has succumbed to some virulent disease."

"You mean these two were slain vio-

⁴Watson had urged Holmes to consult Ainstree in his capacity as tropical-disease expert in "The Adventure of the Dying Detective" (1887).

lently in order to prevent their suffering the ravages of some malady?"

"Just so. A malady that would have made off with them as surely as a bullet, given time. Their corpses were stolen from the mortuary laboratory to prevent further contagion and we three who were most prominently exposed to them were forced to imbibe some sort of antidote."

"Antidote!" the critic cried out, his voice rising an involuntary octave. "Then that practical joke outside Simpson's—"

"Saved our lives, I shouldn't wonder."

"If your theory is correct," Shaw returned gruffly. "But what is the malady we are speaking of?"

"I have no idea and hesitate even to make a guess. Since all the evidence points to someone recently returned from India, I take the liberty of postulating some tropical disorder, but that is the best I can do with such insufficient data. The bodies were probably stolen, as well, to prevent any autopsy from revealing what would have killed them had the murderer permitted them to live."

"What of Brownlow, then? Did he collaborate with Jack Point?"

"He opened the door to him, that much seems certain. The evidence suggests he had come upon the truth—why else scrub down the laboratory and force his assistants and the stretcher-bearers to shower whilst he burned their clothes?"

"Where is he now, then?"

Holmes hesitated.

"I very much fear that Mr. Brownlow is dead. If the murderer's purpose was to contain a spreading epidemic, the police surgeon, by virtue of his occupation, was more contaminated than any of us."

Next to me I could see Holmes's jaw tighten and in his expression, I beheld that which I had never seen before in all the years I had known him. I beheld fear.

It was almost two o'clock when the cab deposited us before Dr. Moore Agar's imposing residence in Harley Street. Remarking that our intrusion was not likely to be rendered less irritating to Dr. Agar by our waiting, Holmes proceeded up the steps and rang the night bell vigorously several times. It took some moments before a light appeared in one of the overhead windows, followed shortly thereafter by another on the floor above. In another few moments, the door was opened by the housekeeper, an elderly woman, half-asleep, who stood upon the threshold in her nightcap and dressing gown.

"I am extremely sorry to disturb you," the detective informed her briskly, "but it is absolutely essential that I speak with Dr. Agar at once. My name is Sherlock Holmes." He handed her his card.

She gaped at us, her eyes blinking away sleep.

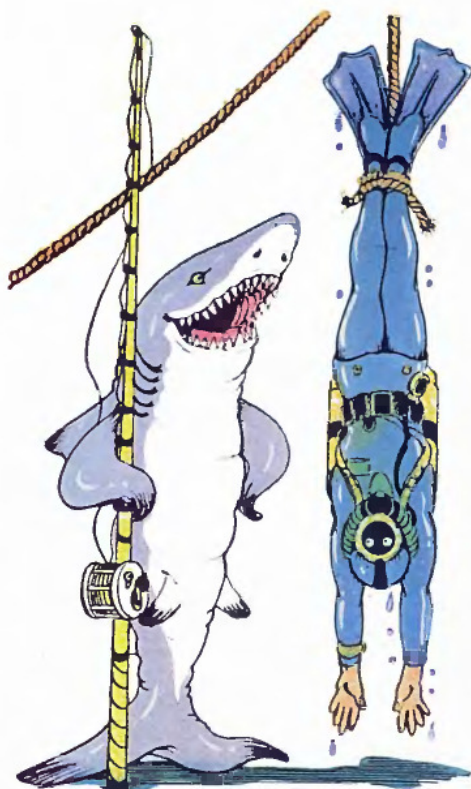
"Just a moment, sir, please. Won't
(continued on page 188)



"Man, pajama parties went out with Bing Crosby."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

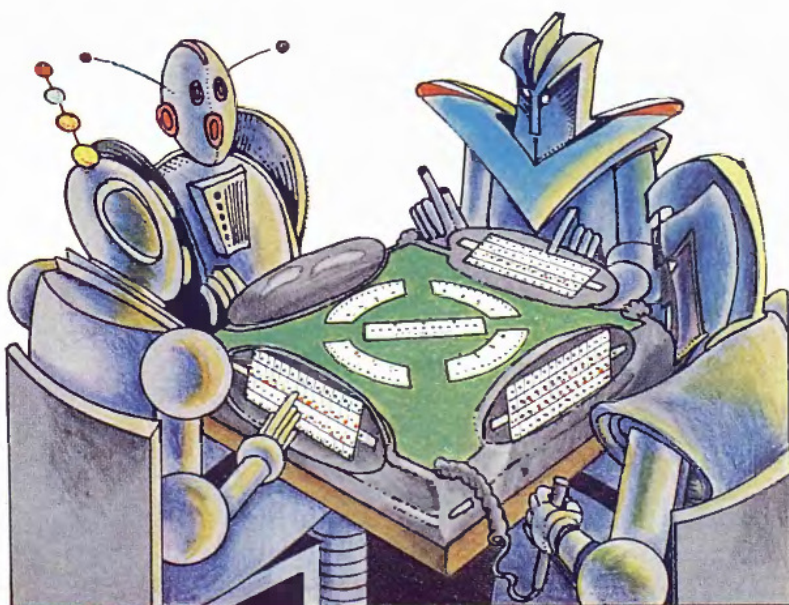


SHARK BAIT

After seeing *Jaws*, most people would probably think twice before confronting anything more treacherous than a goldfish. But for well-heeled scuba divers, opportunities to rub noses with a Great White exist. See & Sea Travel Service, Suite 340, 680 Beach Street, San Francisco, California, for example, is offering a two-week shark expedition off Australia for \$4000, not including air fare. The 1977 expedition features such thrilling adventures as photographing Great Whites from steel cages (just like in the movie). It may cost you an arm and a leg, but it's well worth it. Glub.

TAKING A FLYER

No doubt about it, the Bob Clarke Slap Shot mechanical bank is unique. After all, only 2000 cast-iron copies will be made (at \$250 each from the John Wright Company, North Front Street, Wrightsville, Pennsylvania). But the best part is old Bob, star center of the Philadelphia Flyers. No matter how many penny pucks he belts at the hapless goalie, he never misses! It'll do wonders for your bank account and Bob's ego. Not that he needs it, of course.



BRIDGEWORK

Playing bridge has never been particularly strenuous, but now comes Bridgmaster, an electronic bridge game that allows players, using a light bank instead of cards, to deal hands in split seconds, plus score and recall from memory every card played. Furthermore, Bridgmaster records the number of tricks taken and reveals the same hand when desired for kibitzing. Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th Street, New York City, will deal you in for \$350. Own one and you'll never be called a dummy again. Lazy, yes, but never dummy.

HI-YA! GGGGGAAAAAAAAA!

You're a karate expert and every time you bust a hunk of lumber, you have to go out and buy more. Gets pretty expensive, right? Well, Mr. Tough Guy, for a mere \$26 postpaid, you can own a rebreakable karate board (Focus/Board, Inc., 6033 Monona Drive, Madison, Wisconsin 53716). You bust it and put it together, bust it and put it together . . . well, you get the idea. All you need is a rebreakable hand and you'll be set.



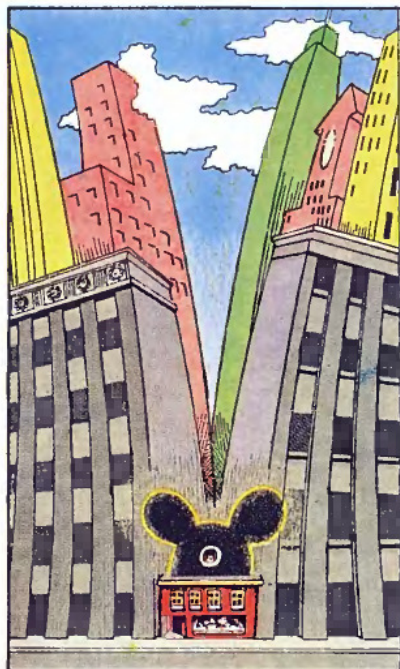
POLISHED BRASS

There's an old saying that goes something like this: "The way to a man's heart is through his belt buckle." Well, maybe it doesn't go *quite* like that, but in our neck of the woods, you are what you hold your pants up with. And what better way to buckle up than with a Playboy Rabbit brass buckle (no belt) from Playboy Sales, 919 North Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60611, for \$6? No, it's not delivered by a Bunny.



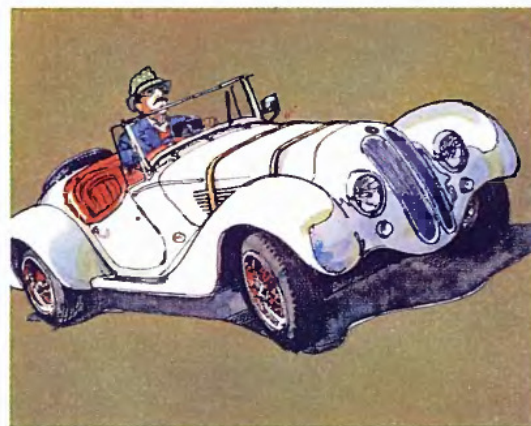
MOUSE HOUSE

Anybody for a Pinocchio plaque? A set of Snow White dishes? A 25-cent Pooh ring? Not even in the souvenir shops at Disneyland in California or its younger brother, Walt Disney World in Florida, will you find the variety of memorabilia carried by Russ Phelan in his tiny Old Friends shop at 202 E. 31st Street, New York City. Phelan, a dyed-in-the-celluloid Disney freak, has stuff dating as far back as the early Thirties—including an original 18-inch Snow White doll, for \$75, and an 18-inch Donald Duck celluloid figure tagged at \$400. Phelan, yours is a real Mickey Mouse operation.



CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

The dinosaurs are gone forever; so are the 1927 Yankees. But one champ that's literally come back from the dead is the Sbarro BMW 328, one of the meanest racing and road cars of the late Thirties (also one of the rarest; only 462 were made). The Sbarro Corp.—7615 La Mesita, Tampa, Florida 33615—is selling a replica of the original (a replica in style only; the materials and performance are strictly 1976) that goes for \$19,900, base price. Now you can cruise like Grandpa did, with the windscreen down—now if the air would just make a comeback, too. Vrooom!



UDDERLY FANTASTIC

The folks at Dairy Association Company, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851, point out that their Bag Balm is made to soothe bossy's tender udders. But farmers, their wives, sailors and other outdoorpersons swear this teat ointment is also a dandy skin cream—or boot waterproofer, for that matter. And, as an added attraction, for your \$1.75, you get the stuff in a 1905-vintage ten-ounce tin from which you should be able to milk a lot of coffee-table conversation. Mooooo!



ON WITH THE SHOE!

What's pictured here is one of the bounciest items to hit the sidewalk athletic scene since the invention of the sweat sock. It's Famolare's basketball sport shoe—an all-leather upper on a sole of air tunnels that exhale hot air as you press down and inhale cool air as you step up. Write to Famolare at 4 West 58th Street, New York City, for where to buy. At \$37 a pair, you'd better step on it.



THE WEST END HORROR

(continued from page 184)

you gentlemen step into the hall?"

We were obliged to stand there while she closed the door and went upon our errand. Sherlock Holmes paced furiously in the confined space of the vestibule, gnawing at his knuckles.

"It is staring us in the face, I know it," he cried in exasperation, "but I cannot fathom it, cannot for the life of me!"

The inner door of the hall opened and the housekeeper, somewhat more alert now, admitted us and showed us to Dr. Moore Agar's consulting room, where she turned up the gas and closed the door. This time we had not long to wait. Almost at once, the doctor himself, tall, spare and distinguished, swept into the room, tying the belt of his red-silk dressing gown but otherwise appearing wide awake.

"Mr. Holmes, what is the meaning of this? Are you ill?"

"I trust not, doctor. I have come to you in a crisis, however, for a piece of information upon which the lives of many may well depend. Forgive me if I do not take time for introductions, though I suspect you know already Dr. Watson."

"Tell me what you need to know and I will try to help you," Agar informed him without standing on ceremony. If he was in any way discomfited by the lateness of the hour or perturbed by our unannounced arrival, he gave no outward sign of it.

"Very well. I need the name of the leading specialist in tropical diseases here in London."

"Tropical diseases?" He frowned, passing a graceful hand across his mouth as he considered the request. "Well, Ainstree is the man who——"

"He is not at present in England," I pointed out.

"Ha. No, indeed not." The physician suppressed a yawn that was meant to attribute his lapse of memory to the hour. "Let me see, then——"

"Every minute is of the utmost urgency, Dr. Agar."

"I understand you, sir." He thought a moment longer, his blue eyes unblinking; then suddenly he snapped his fingers. "It comes to me now. There is a young man who might be able to assist you. His name escapes me, but I can look him up in my study and it won't take but a minute. Wait here."

He took a piece of paper from his desk and disappeared from the office. Holmes continued to pace restlessly, like a caged animal.

"Just look at this place," Shaw growled, taking in the plush surroundings with a sweep of his small arm. "Fancy bound books and gadgets galore! The medical profession could easily compete with the theatre as a house of illusion if it wanted to. Does any of this paraphernalia really assist in curing folk of their ailments, or

aren't these all a collection of stage props designed to impress the patient with the majesty and power of the shaman?"

"If they are cured by illusion, that is no less a cure," I protested, whereat he regarded me with a curious stare. I confess that once again I was nettled by the fellow's caustic observations, but Holmes, seemingly oblivious to the exchange, continued to pace about the room.

"So," Shaw went on, "if a man contracts the plague and goes to see a physician about it, by your argument, a roomful of books and instruments, such as these——"

"Plague!"

Holmes spun round, his face dead white, his hands shaking. "Plague," he repeated in an almost reverential tone. "That is what we are dealing with."

Never had a single word struck such terror to the very roots of my soul.

"Plague?" I repeated faintly, suppressing a shudder of dread. "How can you know?"

"Watson, invaluable Watson! You held the key in your own hands from the first! Do you remember the line you quoted from act three, scene one, of *Romeo and Juliet*? 'A plague on both your houses!' He was being literal! And what did they do when the plague came to London?"

"They closed the playhouses," Shaw interjected.

"Precisely."

At that moment, the door opened and Agar returned, a folded piece of paper in his hand.

"I have the name you asked for," he informed the detective, holding forth the paper.

"I know already what name it is," Holmes responded, taking it. "Ah, you have included his address. That is most helpful. Ah, yes, before me all the time and I was blind to it! Quick, Watson!" He stuffed the paper in the pocket of his Inverness. "Dr. Agar," he grabbed the astonished physician's hand and pumped it in passing, "a thousand thanks!" He tore from the room, leaving us no alternative but to pursue him.

The cab was waiting for us as ordered and Holmes leapt in, yelling to the driver, "Thirty-three Wyndham Place, Marylebone, and don't spare the horse!" We had barely time to clamber in after him before the vehicle was tearing through the nocturnal city of London with an echoing clatter of hoofbeats.

"All the time, all the time" was the insistent litany of Sherlock Holmes, intoned again and again as we raced through the deserted streets on our fateful errand. "When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. If only I had heeded that simple maxim!" he groaned. "Watson, you are in the presence of the greatest fool in Christendom."

"I believe we are in the presence of the greatest lunatic," Shaw broke in. "Pull yourself together, man, and tell us what's afoot."

My companion leaned forward, his grey eyes flashing like lighthouse beacons in the dark. "The game, my dear Shaw! The game's afoot and such a quarry as I've never been faced with yet! The greatest game of my career and should I fail to snare it, we may all very well be doomed!"

"Can you not speak more plainly, in heaven's name? I think I've never heard such melodrama outside of the Haymarket!"

Holmes sat back and looked calmly about him. "You don't need to listen to me at all. In a very few minutes, you shall hear it from the lips of the man we are seeking—if he is still alive."

"Still alive?"

"He can't have toyed with the disease as much as he has done without succumbing to it sooner or later."

"Sometime in the mid-Fourteenth Century, three ships carrying spices from the East put into port in Genoa. In addition to their cargo, they also carried rats, which left the ship and mingled with the city's own rodents. Shortly, dead rats began appearing in streets everywhere, thousands of them. And then the human populace began to die. The symptoms were simple: dizziness, headache, sore throat and then hard black boils under the arms and around the groin. After the boils, fever, shivering, nausea and spitting blood. In three days, the victim was dead. Bubonic plague. In the next fifty years, it killed almost half the population of Europe, with a mortality rate of ninety percent of all it infected. People referred to it as the Black Death and it must easily rank as the greatest natural disaster in human history."

"Where did it come from?" We found ourselves talking in whispers.

"From China, and from thence to India. The Crusaders brought it home with them and then the merchants—it destroyed Europe and then disappeared as suddenly as it erupted."

"And never returned?"

"Not for three hundred years. In the mid-Seventeenth Century, as Shaw recalled, they were forced to close the playhouses when it reached England. The Great Fire of London appeared to have ended it then."

"But it's not been heard from since, surely."

"On the contrary, my dear Watson, it has been heard from, and only as recently as last year."

"Where?"

"In China. It erupted with an old vengeance, sprang out of Hong Kong and is presently ravaging India, as you know from the papers."

It was difficult, I owned, to associate the bubonic plague that one read of in

After all I'd heard I decided to either quit or smoke True.

I smoke True.



King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

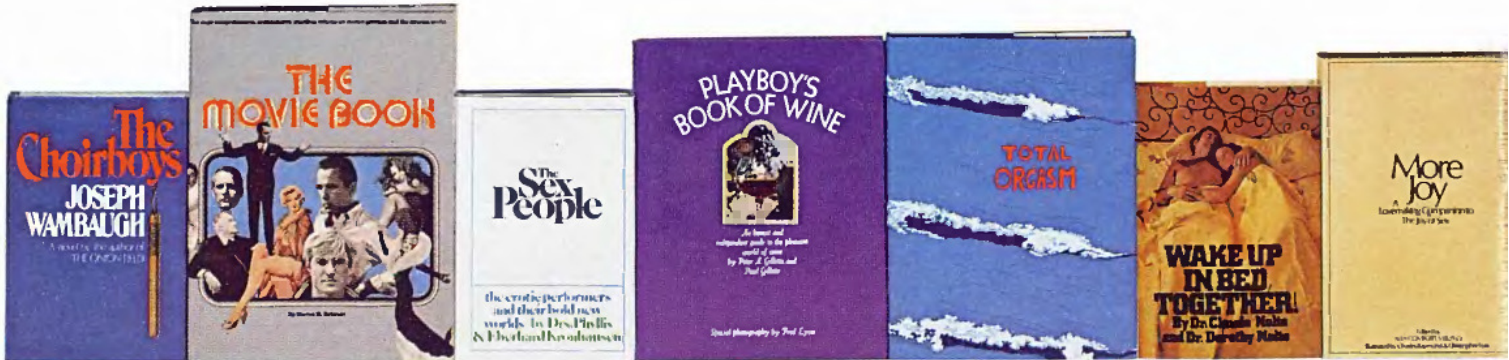
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette.
Think about it.

© Lorillard 1976

Playboy Book Club

Join *Playboy Book Club* now and select four choices from the books shown (some deluxe volumes count as two choices) for only 2.95!



183
Pub. Price \$8.95

993
Pub. Price \$19.95
(counts as
two choices)

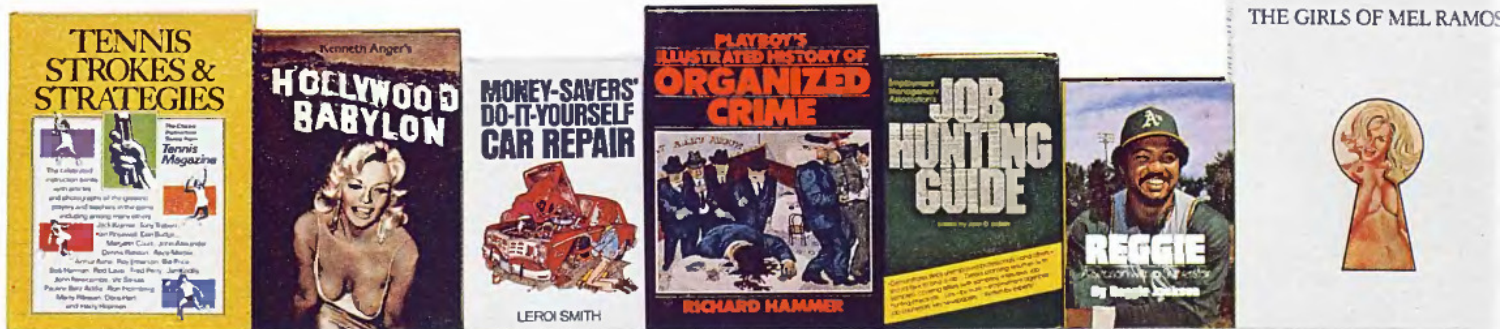
181
Pub. Price \$8.95

107
Pub. Price \$17.95
(counts as
two choices)

901
Pub. Price \$7.95

154
Pub. Price \$7.95

131
Pub. Price \$12.95
(counts as
two choices)



201
Pub. Price \$9.95

143
Pub. Price \$14.95
(counts as
two choices)

155
Pub. Price \$10.95

124
Pub. Price \$18.95
(counts as
two choices)

200
Pub. Price \$10.95

191
Pub. Price \$9.50

190
Pub. Price \$17.95
(counts as
two choices)



120
Pub. Price \$19.95
(counts as
two choices)

156
Pub. Price \$11.95

188
Pub. Price \$8.95

959
Pub. Price \$10.95

180
Pub. Price \$8.95

128
Pub. Price \$7.95

160
Pub. Price \$13.50
(counts as
two choices)

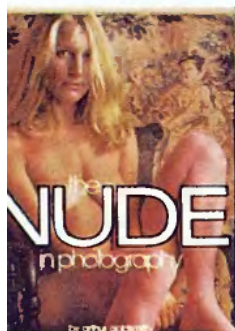
Club Benefits

In addition to the dramatic saving on your enrollment books (value up to \$48.65 for only \$2.95), plus a free surprise book, you will save substantially on most of the books you buy later.

Playboy's Choice, the Club publication that tells you all about each Selection and the many Alternates, will be sent to you 15 times a year—without charge, of course. If you want a Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. If you do not want a Selection, or want a different book, or want no book at all that month, simply indicate your decision on the

knows what you like!

The total value can be as high as \$48.65
And, in addition, we will send you still another book—
a surprise chosen by our editors—absolutely FREE!



186
Pub. Price \$19.95
(counts as
two choices)



133
Pub. Price \$7.95



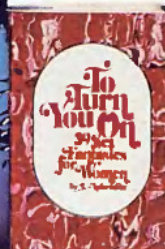
174
Pub. Price \$6.95



182
Pub. Price \$8.95



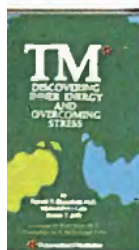
997
Pub. Price \$16.95
(counts as
two choices)



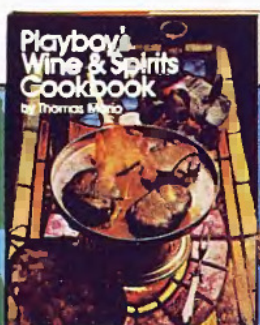
162
Pub. Price \$8.00



863
Pub. Price \$9.95



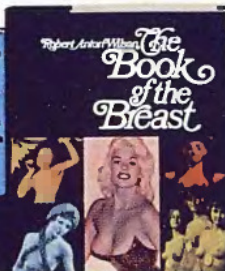
178
Pub. Price \$8.95



127
Pub. Price \$17.95
(counts as
two choices)



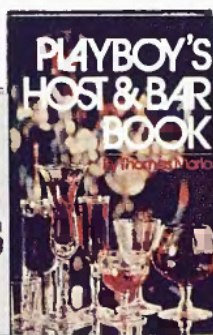
150
Pub. Price \$8.95



101
Pub. Price \$10.95



189
Pub. Price \$8.95



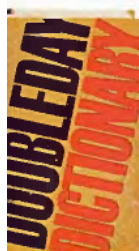
809
Pub. Price \$15.95
(counts as
two choices)



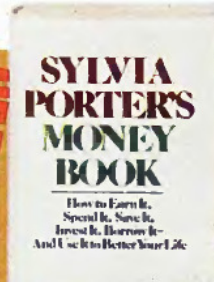
176
Pub. Price \$9.95



758
Pub. Price \$7.95



199
Pub. Price \$6.95



184
Pub. Price \$14.95
(counts as
two choices)



157
Pub. Price \$25.75
(counts as
two choices)

Playboy Book Club

Lemoyne, Pa. 17043.

Yes, enroll me as a new member and send me the books whose numbers I have listed in the boxes. In listing them, I have allowed for the fact that some deluxe volumes count as two choices. You will bill me only \$2.95 for all of them.

You will also send me, free of charge, a surprise bonus book, hard-bound, publisher's price at least \$6.95.

I agree to purchase at least four additional books from the many hundreds of Club Selections or Alternates that will be offered to members in the coming year, most of them at special members' prices. I can cancel my membership any time after I buy those four books. I have noted that a shipping charge is added to all shipments.

| | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Name _____ (please print) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | Address _____ Apt. # _____ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | City _____ State _____ Zip _____ |

reply form enclosed with *Playboy's Choice* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified on the form.

Our guarantee: If you should ever receive *Playboy's Choice* late, so that you have less than 10 days to decide on the Selection, and the Selection is sent to you, you may return it at Club expense.

AB04-05

the newspapers with something as primitively awesome as the Black Death—and even more difficult to envisage another onslaught of the fatal pestilence here in England.

"Nevertheless, we are now facing that possibility," Sherlock Holmes returned. "Ah, here we are. Hurry, gentlemen!" He dismissed the cab and dashed up the steps of number 33, where we discovered the door to be unbolted.

Cautiously, Holmes pushed open the door. Almost at once, our nostrils were assailed by the most terrible odour.

"What is it?" Shaw gasped, reeling to the front step.

"Carbolic in enormous concentrations. Cover your noses and mouths, gentlemen. Watson, you haven't your revolver with you? No? What a pity. Inside, please." So saying, he plucked forth his own handkerchief and, pressing it to his face, moved into the house.

The lights were off and we dared not light the gas for fear of disturbing the occupants, though how anyone should have passed a decent night in that pungent atmosphere I could not imagine.

Gradually, making our way back along the first floor, we became aware of a rasping, rhythmic sound, rather like the pulse beat of some piece of machinery in need of an oilcan.

Instinctively, we made our way towards that pumping sound and found ourselves in a darkened room, almost on top of it.

"Come no nearer!" a voice rasped suddenly, very close by. "Mr. Holmes is it? I have been waiting for you." I was aware of a shrouded figure slumped in a chair next to a desk and lamp across the room, by the windows that faced the street.

"I hoped we would find you in time, Dr. Benjamin Eccles."

Slowly, the figure moved in the dark and, with a groan of effort, managed to turn up the gas.

CHAPTER XV JACK POINT

It was, indeed, the theatre doctor who was revealed to us by the faint light of the lone lamp.

But so changed! His body, like that of a wizened old monkey, sat shrunk in its chair, and I should scarcely have recognized his face as human, let alone his, had Holmes not identified him for us. His countenance was withered like a rotten apple, covered with hideous black boils and pustules that split and poured forth bile like dirty tears. The stuff ran down his bumpy face and made it glisten. His eyes were so puffed and bloodshot that he could hardly open them—the whites rolled horribly round, glimpsed beneath the lids; his lips were cracked and parched and split with bleeding sores. With a chill shock shooting through my bones, I realized that the rasping, pumplike sound we had been listening to was his own laboured breath, wheezing like the wind

through a pipe organ—and the knowledge told me that Dr. Eccles had not another hour to live.

"Come no nearer!" the apparition repeated in a husky whisper. "I am going fast and must be left alone until I do. Afterwards, you must burn this room and everything in it, especially my corpse—I've written it down here, in case you came too late—but whatever you do, do not touch the corpse! Do you understand? Do not touch it!" he croaked. "The disease is transmitted by contact with the flesh!"

"Your instructions shall be carried out to the letter," Holmes answered firmly. "Is there any way we can make you more comfortable?"

The putrescent mass shook slowly from side to side, a black, swollen tongue lolling loosely from what had once been a mouth.

"There is nothing you can do for me and nothing I deserve. I am dying of my own folly and merit all the pain my wickedness has brought me. But God knows I loved her, Mr. Holmes! As surely as a man ever loved a woman in this world, I loved Jessie Rutland, and no man since time started was ever forced to do for his love what fate made me do for mine!" He gave a choked sob that wracked all that remained of his miserable frame and almost carried him off then and there. For a full minute, we were obliged to listen to his dreadful sounds, until at length they subsided.

"I am a Catholic," said he, when he could speak again. "For obvious reasons, I cannot send for a priest. Will you hear my confession?"

"We will hear it," my companion answered gently. "Can you speak?"

"I can. I must!" With a superhuman effort, the creature hoisted himself straighter in his chair. "I was born not far from here, in Sussex, just over forty years ago. My parents were well-to-do country folk and though I was a second son, I was my mother's favourite and given an excellent education. I was at Winchester and then at the University of Edinburgh, where I took my medical degree. I passed my examinations with flying colours and all my professors agreed that my strength lay in research. I was a young man, however, with a head crammed full of adventurous yearnings and ideas. I'd spent so much time studying, I craved a little action before settling down to my test tubes and microscope. I wanted to see a little of life before I immured myself within the cloistered walls of a laboratory, so I enrolled in the course for army surgeons at Netley. I arrived in India in the wake of the Mutiny and for fifteen years I led the life I had dreamed of, serving under Braddock and later Fitzpatrick. I saw action in the Second Afghan War and, even like yourself, Dr. Watson, I was at Maiwand. All the time, I kept notebooks and recorded

the things I found in my travels, mainly observations on tropical disorders I encountered in my capacity as army doctor—for I was determined, eventually, to follow my true calling and take up research."

He stopped here and broke into a series of heaving coughs again, spitting some blood upon the carpet. There was some water in a glass and a carafe just out of reach on the table beside him and Shaw made to move it nearer.

"Back, fool!" he gasped. "Can you not understand?" With an effort of will, he seized the glass and greedily gulped down its contents, the water gurgling through his distended intestines so that all could hear it.

"Five years ago, I left the army and settled in Bombay to pursue research at the Hospital for Tropic Diseases there. I had by this time married Edith Morstan, the niece of a captain in my regiment, and we took a house near my work, preparing ourselves for a happy and rewarding future together. I don't know that I loved her the way I came to love Jessie, but I meant to do right by her as a husband and a father and I did it, too, so far as it was within my power. Up until that time, Mr. Holmes, I was a happy man! Life had smiled upon me from the first and everything I had touched had turned to gold. As a student, as a soldier, as a surgeon and as a suitor, I always had my efforts crowned with success."

He paused, remembering his life, it seemed, and something very like a smile played upon what remained of his features and then vanished.

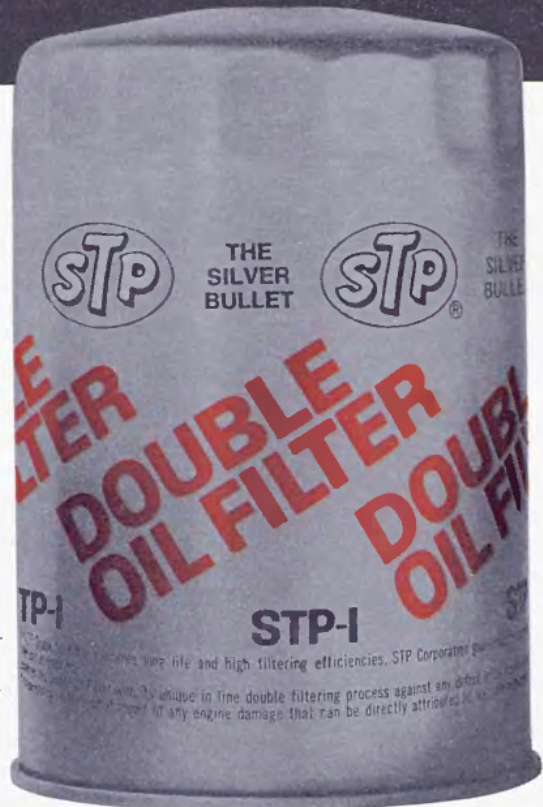
"And then it all ended. As suddenly and arbitrarily as though I'd been allotted a store of good luck and used it all up, disaster overtook me. It happened in this way. Within two years of my marriage, my wife, whose heart condition I had known of from the first days of our courtship, suffered a stroke that left her little more than a living corpse, unable to speak, hear, see or move. It happened like a thunderbolt from the blue. I had seen men die in battle or lose their limbs, but never before had catastrophe blighted me or mine. There was nothing for it but to put her in the nursing home run in conjunction with the hospital, she who only the day before had been my own dear girl.

"At first, I visited her every day, but seeing that my visits made no impression on her and only served to rend my own heart, I reduced their frequency and finally stopped going altogether, satisfying myself with weekly reports on her condition, which was always the same, no better or worse than before. The law precluded any question of divorce. In any event, I had no desire to marry again. It was the last thing on my mind as I continued my work in the hospital laboratory.

"For a time, my life took on a new routine and I came to assume that I was

Introducing The Silver Bullet.

STP announces a significant advance in filter technology...a new Double Oil Filter that actually filters every drop of oil twice on every filter cycle. In lab tests, following SAE Oil Filter Test Procedure J-806a, it delivered a better combination of long life and high efficiency than any of the 5 other best-selling filters. Read why it's the oil filter you should buy.



The outer filter: a 6 foot phenolic impregnated cellulose element. The inner filter: a fiber strand more than 60 feet long, wound on a steel core. Your oil goes through both approximately once every 30 seconds!

An oil filter has an incredible job to do. In average driving it filters all the oil in your crankcase approximately once every 30 seconds! In other words, in 7500 miles of driving (at average speed 40 mph), over 28,000 gallons of oil pass through your oil filter.

To handle this tremendous task, STP now introduces a new Double Oil Filter that gives you a better combination of long life and high efficiency than the 5 other best-selling filter brands.

The problem with filters.

Grit, sludge, and microscopic bits of metal find their way into every engine's oil. Left there they can play hell with the guts of an engine and can seriously shorten its life.

So good filtration and long filter life are both important. And that's where the problem lies.

Historically, lab tests have shown long-life oil filters to be relatively short on efficiency, while the highly efficient ones have tended to clog up relatively quickly.

Once a filter becomes sufficiently clogged, its by-pass valve opens and oil begins to circulate freely without being filtered at all.

In either case you may have a problem. A filter that isn't filtering with high efficiency. Or a filter that isn't filtering at all.

Why The Silver Bullet is superior.

The engineering ideal is to get both long life and high efficiency out of an oil filter.

And none of the 5 best-selling filters comes as close to the ideal as STP's new Silver Bullet.

It contains two filter elements made of different filtering media. One filter nests inside the other and all your oil goes through both filters on every pass through the canister.

This may sound elementary. But the fact is, no other leading filter manufacturer builds a filter this way.

Laboratory tests, certified by The American Standards Testing Bureau, Inc., prove The Silver Bullet delivers a better combination of long life and high efficiency than any of the 5 other best-selling brands.

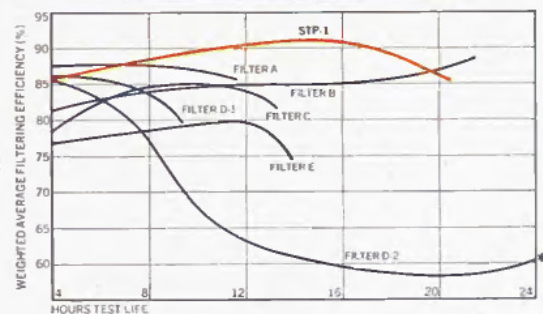
Can a better oil filter save you money?

Like life insurance, good oil filtration is a long term proposition. And we at STP definitely do not recommend that you use a better filter as an excuse for skipping filter changes or as an excuse for extending oil change intervals.

But certain facts can't be ignored. Your car represents a big investment. Dirt and abrasives are bad for its engine.

Install The Silver Bullet and you can be sure you've given your engine the protection it deserves. How much is that assurance worth?

You'll have to be the judge of that.



Test results, certified by The American Standards Testing Bureau Inc. For a more complete test report write: The Silver Bullet, c/o STP Corp., 1400 W. Commercial Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33310.

*Test terminated at 24 hours. Lack of pressure build-up was abnormal indicating internal leakage.



New from STP

finished with disaster. But disaster had only begun with me! My father wrote to say he was not well, but I hesitated to return home, fearing to leave my wife. Thus, he died without seeing me again, and my elder brother succeeded to his estate. After my father's demise, my mother wrote, begging me to return, but again I refused, saying that I could not leave Edith—and soon my mother died, herself. I think she died of double grief—my father's death coupled with my refusal to come home.

"And then, last year, as if all that had gone before it were but a foolish prelude, a lighthearted glimpse at things to come, there came the plague from China. It tore through India like a veritable scourge of God, sweeping all before it. By the millions people died! Oh, I know you've read it in the papers, but it was quite another thing to be there, gentlemen, I assure you! All the Asian sub-continent turned into one vast charnel house, with only a comparative handful of medical men to sort out the situation and fight it. In all my experience as a physician, I had never before beheld the like. It came in two forms—bubonic, transmitted by rats, and pneumonic, which infects the lungs and is transmitted by humans. By virtue of my previous research in the area of infectious diseases, I was one of the first five physicians named to the Plague Board, formed by Her Majesty's government to combat the epidemic. I was put in charge of investigations into the pneumonic variety of plague and set to work at once.

"In the meantime, the plague raced through Bombay itself, killing hundreds of thousands, but my ill luck stayed with me and my wife remained untouched. Do not misunderstand me. I did not wish her to die like this—he gestured feebly to himself—"but I knew what a burden her life was and I prayed for her to be stricken and put out of her misery. May God forgive me for that prayer!" he cried fervently.

He paused again, this time for breath, and sat there panting and wheezing like some ghastly bellows. Then, summoning reserves of strength I did not expect remained in him, he leaned forward, seized the carafe and drank from it, holding it unsteadily to his face and dribbling much water down his chin and onto his open collar. When he had done, he let it fall to the floor, where the carpet prevented its breaking.

"The Plague Board decided to send me to England," he resumed. "Someone had to continue research while others actually fought the disease. I had had some slight luck with a tincture-of-iodine preparation, provided it was applied within twelve hours of exposure, and the board wished me to experiment with the possibilities of vaccination based upon my formula. It was decided that the work could better be continued in England, as

the ravages of the malady itself severely limited facilities and equipment, as well as making it more difficult to ensure absolute control over the experiments.

"This decision was by no means painful to me. On the contrary, it saved my conscience with a real excuse to quit that pestilent place, which contained so many bad memories for me, including a wife I could neither cure nor destroy. For years, I had contemplated abandoning my life in India, and now the legitimate opportunity had been afforded me. All due precautions were taken and I brought samples of pneumonic-plague bacillus with me to Saint Bartholomew's Hospital here in London, where an emergency laboratory was placed at my disposal. I continued my investigations with a vengeance, studying the plague, its cause and cure, relying heavily on the work of Shibasaburo Kitazato, director of the Imperial Japanese Institute for the Study of Infectious Diseases, and Alexandre Yersin, a bacteriologist in Switzerland. Last year, both these men isolated a rod-shaped bacterial microorganism called *Pasteurella pestis*, vital to the progress of my work.

"I laboured long and hard to integrate their findings with my own but found that when evenings came, I could stand it no longer. My mind was stagnating for lack of recreation or other occupation. I knew virtually no one in London and did not care to speak with my brother, so it was hard for me. And then I heard of the post vacated by Dr. Lewis Spellman, the theatre physician on call in the West End, who was retiring. I visited Dr. Spellman and ascertained that the work was not really difficult and would serve to occupy my evenings in a pleasant and diverting fashion. I had never known any theatre people and the job would certainly provide me with some human contact, sadly lacking in my life of late.

"Upon Dr. Spellman's recommendation, I was given the post some months ago, and it made a considerable difference to my life. The work was scarcely exacting and I was seldom called upon to treat more than an untimely sore throat, though I once had occasion to set a fractured arm suffered by an actor during a fall in a duel. All in all, it was a distinct contrast to the desperate search I was engaged upon at Bart's. I would scrub myself down at the end of every day, using the tincture-of-iodine solution, and eagerly proceed upon my theatrical rounds. When I had finished my tour of an evening, I returned here to my lodgings, pleasantly enervated and mentally refreshed.

"It was in this way that I came to meet Jessie Rutland. It had been years since I had thought of a woman, and it was only by degrees that I noticed and became attracted to her. In our conversations, I made no mention of my wife or her condition, as the subject

never came up. Later, when it was relevant, I feared to tell her of it.

"That was the beginning, gentlemen. All was perfectly correct between us, for we had not acknowledged the depth of our feelings and were both aware of the rules governing contact between the sexes at the Savoy.

"Yet slowly we came to love each other, Mr. Holmes. She was the sweetest, most generous creature under a bonnet, with the most loving and tender disposition. I saw in her love the chance of my soul's salvation. It was then that I told her of my marriage. It caused me agony for weeks beforehand, but I decided I had no right to keep the facts from someone I loved as dearly as her and so made a clean breast of it."

He stopped to catch his breath, the whites of his eyes winking madly at us, rolling about in their sockets.

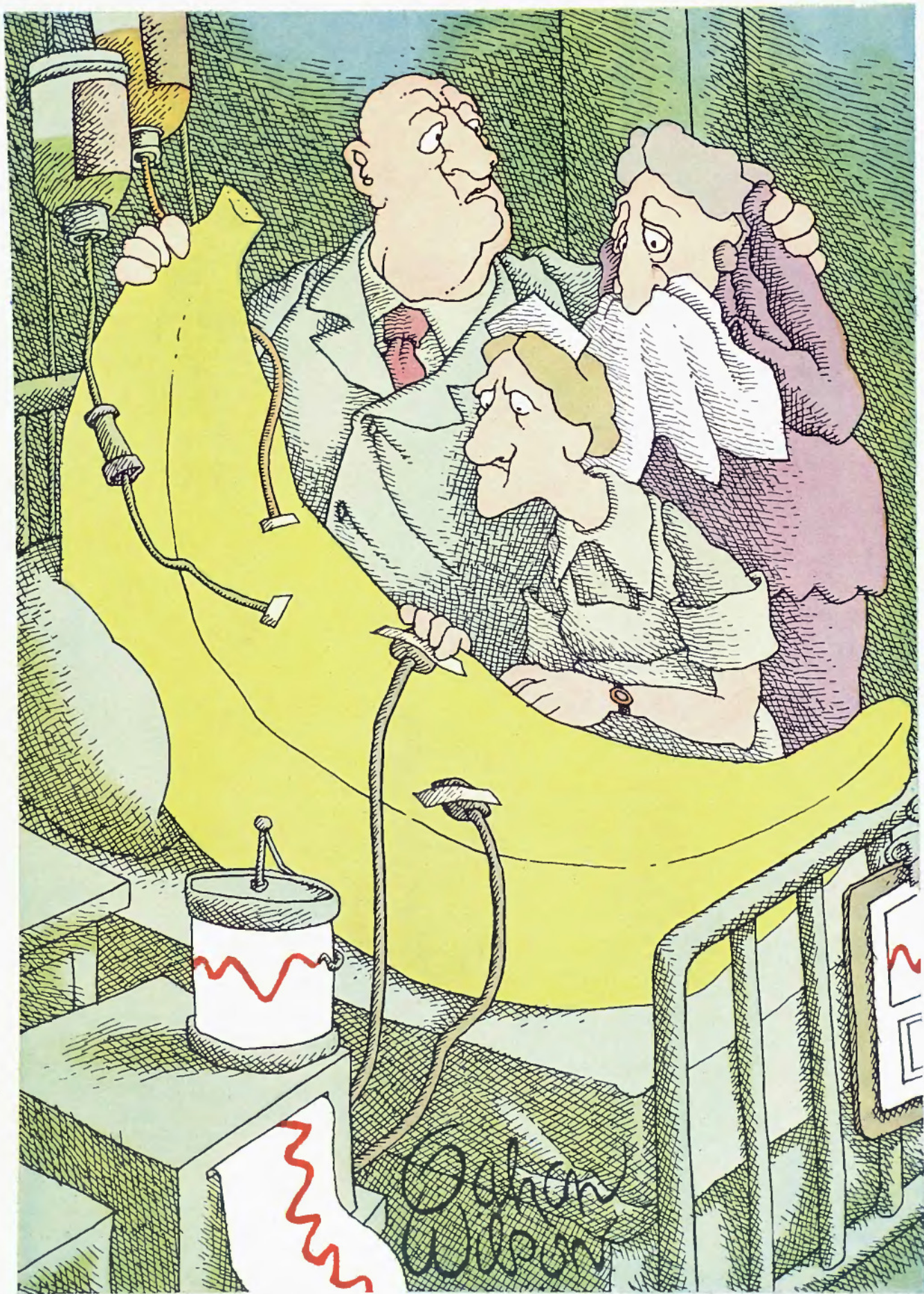
"She was very distraught at first, and I thought my first conclusions had been right all along. For three days, she refused to speak with me, and during that time, I thought I must become lunatic. I was ready to do away with myself, when she relented and told me that she loved me still. I cannot tell you into what transports of joy that knowledge put me. I felt there were no obstacles that could not be overcome, nothing I could not accomplish with her at my side and her love in my heart!

"But fate had not yet done with me. And, as it had done in the past, it struck at me not directly but through the woman I loved. A man—an ogre, I should say—approached Jessie without my knowing of it and told her he knew of our intrigue. He had made enquiries of his own and told her he knew I was married. He twisted our love into something sordid and terrifying. His whispers were without shame and without remorse—and she succumbed to them. She acted partly for my sake as well as for her own in submitting to his lecherous fancy, for he had played upon her fears in that respect, and she told me nothing of what she had done, lest she compromise us both and add my ruin to her own.

"But she couldn't keep secret her emotions, Mr. Holmes. That intuitive bond that exists between two people in love had already sprung up between us and, without knowing what had happened, I knew something was wrong. With many sighs and tears, I pried the tale of her humiliation from her, promising beforehand that whatever I heard, I would take no action.

"But it was no use my making such a promise! What she told me was too monstrous to be believed, let alone endured. There was something so incredible about such casual, yet total malevolence that I had to see it for myself.

"I went to his house and spoke with him." He paused, coughing slightly and shaking what was left of his head. "I had



"I'm afraid we'll have no chance of curing your husband until we find out why he changed into a banana."

never met such a man in all my travels. When I confronted him with his shameful deed, he laughed! Yes, laughed to hear me throw it to his face and said I didn't know much about the ways of the theatre! I was so taken aback by the colossal effrontery of the thing that I found myself pleading with him, yes, *begging* him to return to me my life, my world. And still he laughed and patted me jovially on the shoulder, saying I was a good fellow but warning me to stay clear of actresses as he escorted me to the door of his flat!

"For the entire night, I walked the streets of London, venturing into places I didn't know then and couldn't name now as I forced myself to digest my own damnation. During that interminable odyssey, something snapped in my mind and I became mad. It was as though all my ill luck had resolved itself into one crystalline shape and that shape belonged to Jonathan McCarthy. On his shoulders, I heaped my catalogue of misfortune and travail—my wife's illness, my parents' deaths, the plague itself and, finally, that for which he was truly responsible, the debauch of the woman I loved. She who was all in the world that was left to me. To picture her in the arms of that bearded Lucifer was more than flesh and blood could bear, and a horrible thought came to me in the early hours of that morning as I stumbled about the city. It had all the perverse logic of the truly insane. If Jonathan McCarthy were Lucifer, why should not I let him wrestle with the scourge of God? I chuckled madly at the notion. Gone were thoughts of science, responsibility, my work; the implications of my fantasies, even, did not exist. All my thews and sinews were bent upon vengeance—horrible and terrible retribution that knew neither reason nor restraint.

"It scarcely matters how I did it; what matters is that I exposed Jonathan McCarthy to pneumonic plague. I know how you are looking at me now; I know full well what you must think of me, gentlemen—and, in fact, as the hours ticked by, afterwards, I came to share your opinion of the deed. No man was worthy of such a death, in addition to which, having come to my senses, it was now borne in upon me with a rush the full import of what I had done. The terrible forces I had unleashed must be contained before they could wreak havoc on a scale unknown in modern times. All England, possibly all of western Europe, had been threatened by my folly.

"My conversion to sanity lasted roughly twelve hours. At the end of that time, I rushed to McCarthy's flat to warn him of his danger and do what I could for him—but he was not there. In vain I searched all London for the man, stopping at the theatres and restaurants I

knew were frequented by members of the literary profession. None had seen him. I left a message at his flat, finally, and he sent word that he would see me that night. I had no choice but to wait for him, while every hour took him further and further from my power to save him and increased the danger to the world. My tincture-of-iodine solution I had now perfected for induction by mouth, but it still depended on being administered within the first twelve hours.

"I found him at home that evening, as he had promised to be, and in halting but urgent sentences, I told him what I had done."

He began to cough again and spat great quantities of blood as we watched, our handkerchiefs still pressed to our mouths and noses to avoid the stench of carbohc and putrefaction, our minds numb with horror. He fell back in his chair, exhausted, when he had done, his breath coming more painfully now at every inhalation. Were it not for the noise he made breathing, we should have thought him dead.

When next he spoke, his words were slurred, as though he couldn't form them with the muscles remaining at his disposal.

"He laughed at me, *again!* Oh, he knew what my real work was, but he didn't think me capable of such an action. Jack Point he called me and laughed when I tried to make him swallow my tincture-of-iodine solution with a little brandy. 'If I am infected,' he chuckled, 'you must be sure and call upon Miss Rutland with your potion! She'll be in a worse way by far!' He laughed again, long and hard this time, until I knew and understood why I had been unable to find him for the past twelve hours; and when I *did* comprehend, comprehend that my actions and his had doomed all three of us—and perhaps millions, besides—I seized a letter opener from his desk and stabbed him with it."

He sighed with a noise like kettle-drums and I knew the sands of his clock were running quickly out.

"From then on, events unfolded with the inevitable precision of a machine built to destroy itself. Jessie was doomed. My antidote would have no effect by this time. The only question was whether I could prevent her suffering. I waited for her in her dressing room and sent her to heaven when she walked into my arms. I did it as painlessly as I could"—real tears were rolling down his cheeks now, in addition to the pus—"and then walked round to the front of the theatre and entered as though on my evening rounds. Stunned, as though that was, in fact, the truth, I performed an autopsy on the woman I had just slain, while the bloodstained scalpel nestled in my bag under all your noses."

He covered his face with swollen black hands that now resembled claws, and seemed unable to continue, overcome not only by the ravages of his disease but by his own emotions.

Sensing this, Sherlock Holmes spoke quietly. "If you find it difficult to talk, doctor, perhaps you will allow me to take up the story as I understand it. You have only to say yes or no, or merely shake your head if you prefer. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Yes."

"Very well." Holmes spoke slowly and distinctly, so that he might hear and understand every word before responding. "When you came through the theatre to perform your autopsy, you discovered Dr. Watson and myself already at the dressing room, exposing ourselves to contamination. From our presence there, you could not but infer that we were already involved with the case."

"Yes."

"Mr. Gilbert and Mr. D'Oyly Carte stayed outside the dressing room during our examination; hence, they ran no risk, but Watson and myself, as well as you, were now in danger. You heard me say we were going to Simpson's and you followed us there, waiting for us outside with your antidote."

"Yes."

"While watching us through the window, you perceived that we were joined by a third gentleman"—he gestured to Shaw, but Eccles' eyes, closed now, could not see him—"and, wishing to take no chances, you gave him the antidote to drink, as well, as we left the restaurant, happily one by one, which simplified your task."

"Yes. I didn't wish to kill anybody."

"Anybody else, you mean," the detective amended sternly.

"Yes."

"Then you sent a note, warning us out of the Strand."

"I didn't know how else to stop you," Eccles gasped, struggling to open his eyes and face his confessor. "There was nothing for it but to threaten. I would never have done anything."

"As long as we didn't expose ourselves to the plague. For those, like Brownlow, who did, you had no choice."

"No choice. His job killed him, for I knew he must discover my secret. Having been a doctor in the army, I knew that only the coroner would have direct contact with the corpse of a murdered man and so counted on him to deal with his assistants and stretcher-bearers. Certainly, I could never have managed to deal with them all. But he settled my mind on that score. And we scrubbed down the lab together."

"Then you left together?"

He nodded, his head moving like a drugged man's.

"I knew when he recognized the symptoms he would dismiss the others and



WHAT A TRIP. I've been bellhoppin' part-time about a year now, and I never saw a guest roll up on a motorcycle before. It blew me out because he was ridin' what I've been wantin' to buy—a new KZ900. And, man, that bike really looked classy, like it belonged right out front.

Anyway, I got to the curb about ten steps ahead of the other guys and said, "Welcome, let me take your things and how do ya like your bike?"

"Super," he said. And all the way up to his room I asked him everything I could think of. Is the KZ900 the same as a Z-1? (Yes and better.) What's it got new on it? (New set of matched carbs, audible turn signals, safety flashers, cushier seat — those kinds of nifty touches.) What's the engine like? (You can't do better than the Z's 903cc DOHC Four.) Where's he been? (Touring half way across the country.)

Then I stalled around, showing him how to open the curtains and turn on the lights, so I could ask more questions. Like, what was the best time he's had so far? (On the bike, having no place to go and lots of time to get there; off the bike, in Santa Cruz with a very together lady named Linda.)

And after we talked about performance—I mean the bike's—I figured I'd better split. And goin' down the elevator, I decided when I buy a KZ900, somebody's gunna carry my things into a place like this, and he's gettin' two bucks like I did. I mean, that's class.

Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.



"It moved! The earth moved!"

make them scrub. That left only him. My time was limited now, as well. I had already begun to turn into this." He gestured feebly with a talon to himself. "I went round to the back of the laboratory and spoke to him through the door, telling him that I knew of his predicament and could help him."

"You helped him to his Maker."

The other did not move but sat like a grotesque statue of mouldy clay. Suddenly, he began to sob and choke and scream all at once, struggling to rise from his chair and clutching wildly at his abdomen.

"Oh, God have mercy on their souls!" He opened his mouth again, wanting to say more, but sank slowly to the floor in a crumpled heap. There was silence in the room as the light of dawn began to filter through the curtains, as though to dispel the end of a nightmare.

"He prayed for them," Shaw murmured, the handkerchief still pressed to his face. "The human race surprises me sometimes in a way that confounds my philosophy." He spoke in an unsteady voice and leaned against the doorframe of the room, as though about to faint.

"*In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti,*" said Sherlock Holmes, drawing the sign of the cross in the foetid air. "Has anyone a match?"

And so it was that in the early-morning hours of March 3, 1895, a fire broke out at 33 Wyndham Place, Marylebone,

and mingled with the rosy-red and gold-tongued flames of dawn. By the time the fire brigades reached the spot, the house was almost consumed and the body of the lone occupant was found burned beyond all possible recognition or preservation. Sherlock Holmes had poured kerosene over it before we walked out the door and into the new day.

EPILOGUE

Achmet Singh walked across the narrow confines of his cell towards Sherlock Holmes and peered at him from behind his thick spectacles.

"They tell me I am free."

"And so you are."

"You have done this?"

"The truth has set you free, Achmet Singh. There is some concern for it yet in this reeling world."

"And Miss Rutland's killer?"

"God has punished him more harshly than any jury would have done."

"I see." The Sikh hesitated, indecisive, and then, with a mighty sob, fell upon his knees, seized the detective's hand and kissed it.

"You, Sherlock Holmes—breaker of my shackles—from my heart's depths, I thank you!"

Indeed, he had much for which to be grateful, though he would never know how much. Securing his release from prison, and having the charges against him dropped, was one of the more difficult feats of Sherlock Holmes's long

and surprising career. He was obliged to make Inspector Lestrade appear ridiculous in public—something he was at pains never to do—and he did it with the full knowledge and cooperation of the inspector, first swearing him to secrecy and then divulging the entire truth behind the closed doors of the latter's office. They sat closeted together for over an hour while the detective explained the implications of what had happened and the need to prevent the truth from becoming generally known, lest the panic that would inevitably follow prove worse than the plague itself. The detective managed to suppress all reference to Sergeant Hopkins' nocturnal initiative and his superior, preoccupied with the meat of the case, never thought to ask how Holmes had learned of Mr. Brownlow's disappearance with the corpses before knowledge of it was made public.

In addition, we spent an anxious week waiting to see if Benjamin Eccles had accomplished his mission and truly managed to murder everyone who had contracted pneumonic plague and to dispose of the bodies. There was some question as to the health of the Savoy chorus and both Gilbert and D'Oyly Carte were ordered to have intensive medical examinations, which, happily, failed to reveal a trace of the disease.

Bernard Shaw, as most people know, continued working as a critic but remained true to his promise and kept writing plays until they made him rich and famous. His curious attitude towards social reform and personal wealth persisted as long as we knew him. He and the detective remained eccentric friends to the last. They saw each other less as Shaw grew more in demand, but they maintained a lively correspondence, some of which is in my possession and which includes the following exchange of telegrams:

TO SHERLOCK HOLMES:

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND TWO TICKETS TO OPENING NIGHT OF MY NEW PLAY, "PYGMALION." BRING FRIEND IF YOU HAVE ONE.

G.B.S.

TO BERNARD SHAW:

UNABLE TO ATTEND OPENING NIGHT OF "PYGMALION." WILL ATTEND SECOND NIGHT IF YOU HAVE ONE.

HOLMES

Holmes and I returned to Baker Street later that day as though we'd just come back from the moon, so long had we been gone and so singular had been our experiences while away. The last few days had seemed like aeons.

For a day or so, we sat round our rooms like automatons, unable, I think,

to fully digest the terrible events in which we had taken part. And then, bit by bit, we fell into our old ways. Another storm blew silently outside our windows and Holmes found himself again immersed in his chemical experiments; and, finally, his notes on ancient English charters were once more in his hands.

It was a month later when he threw down the paper at breakfast one morning and looked at me across the table.

"We must definitely go to Cambridge, Watson, or I shall not accomplish anything constructive by my research. How does tomorrow strike you?"

He stalked into his bedroom, leaving me to the coffee and paper, where I discovered his motive for leaving town so abruptly.

Speculation was rife that Oscar Wilde would shortly be charged with offences under the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885.⁵

The subject of Wilde brought back memories of our adventure the previous month and I followed Holmes into his room, the paper in my hand and a question that had never occurred to me on my lips.

"Holmes, there is something that puzzles me about Dr. Benjamin Eccles."

"A great deal, I shouldn't wonder. He was a complicated individual. As I have said before, Watson, a doctor is the first of criminals. He has brains and he has knowledge; should he care to pervert either, there is great potential for mischief. Will you hand me that brown tie? Thank you."

"Why, then, did he allow himself to die?" I asked. "Had he taken his own antidote with the zeal with which he pressed it on others, he might have survived."

My companion paused before replying, taking a coal from the fire and lighting his pipe with it.

"We shall probably never know the truth, Watson. It may be that he had taken the potion before and in so doing had exhausted its curative properties. Or it may be that he had no wish to live. Some people are not only murderers but judges, juries and their own executioners, as well, and in those capacities they mete out punishments far more severe than their fellow creatures could devise." He rose from a bootlace. "Do you think it too early in the day for a glass of sherry and a biscuit?"

⁵Wilde was charged on April 6, 1895. His first trial ended in a hung jury on May first. On May 20, a second trial was held and on May 25, 1895, Wilde was found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour.

This is the second and final installment of a condensed version of "The West End Horror."



Why your bartender always makes a great Gimlet.



Because he uses Rose's Lime Juice. As a matter of fact, practically every good bartender in the world does. So if you want your gimlet to taste as good as your bartender's, always use Rose's.

Here's how he does it: Stir together one part of Rose's Lime Juice and 4 to 5 parts gin, vodka or white Puerto Rican Rum. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks. Rose's Lime Juice. For great gimlets.

★ For Sale PLAYBOY Back Issues ★

1966-'76 ea. \$1.50 (Jan&Dec. ea. \$2.50)
 1962-'65 ea. \$3.00 (Jan&Dec. ea. \$5.00)
 1960&61 ea. \$5 (Jan&Dec. ea. \$7.50)
 1956-'59 ea. \$7.50 (Jan&Dec. ea. \$10)
 Price list to Vol 1 #1 including Penthouse, D.U.I., etc. free with \$5 order.
 For price list only send \$1.00

• CHEROKEE BOOKS • BOX 3427 •
 • HOLLYWOOD CA. 90028 •

FOR ACCENT



Playboy's handsome cuff links with our Rabbit head in silvery rhodium. JY0427, \$12* plus 50c shipping and handling.

Send check to:

Playboy Products, Dept. PP95
 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.
 No C.O.D. orders. Playboy Club credit key-holders may charge (please include Key number). *Ill. residents—add 5% tax.

ALL YOURS, ALL YEAR.
SEE PAGE 33.



share
with
the
one
you
love...

SATIN SHEETS

Nationally Advertised — Now At
Manufacturer's Low Mill Price

MACHINE WASHABLE. 225 thread count with 150 denier acetate thread. 11 colors: Black, Red, Sunflower, Royal Blue, Purple, White, Avocado Green, Orange, Bronze, Gold, Silver. Each entire set includes:

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| A. 1 straight top sheet | B. 2 straight sheets |
| 1 fitted bottom sheet | 2 matching pillowcases |
| 2 matching pillowcases | |

Twin Set - \$19.50 Queen Set - \$25.00

Full Set - \$23.00 King Set - \$29.00

3 LETTER MONOGRAM ON 2 CASES — \$2.50

WE PAY POSTAGE.

Send Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Use Credit Card. IMMEDIATE DELIVERY on Credit Card and Money Orders.

Direct to Factory Phone: 212-564-1167

| | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|------------|
| Size _____ | Color _____ | Set A or B |
| <input type="checkbox"/> American Express | <input type="checkbox"/> Mastercharge | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BankAmericard | <input type="checkbox"/> Diners Club | |
| Card No. _____ | Exp. Date _____ | |
| Signature _____ | | |
| Name _____ | | |
| Address _____ | | |
| City _____ | State _____ | Zip _____ |

DIRECT RETAIL SALES: 10-4, Mon. thru Fri.

Royal Creations, Ltd.

Dept. P5 330 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001

CRIES OF CONSPIRACY

(continued from page 132)

though three expended cartridges were found, one casing was dented at the neck in a way occurring commonly when dry-firing a weapon. It is conceivable that Oswald took the rifle to the Depository with an empty hull in the chamber and a clip containing three live rounds in the magazine. Since one live round was in the rifle when it was discovered, that would mean only two shots were fired from the window, both hitting their mark, one maybe going on to Connally. Interestingly, no other ammunition for the rifle was found among Oswald's possessions.

The 6.5mm Mannlicher-Carcano found in the Depository (at first mistakenly identified as a 7.65mm Mauser, an error that fueled suspicions about a conspiracy, since it suggested two weapons) was directly tied to Oswald by only one palm print, lifted from the underside of the barrel, under the stock's wooden fore-piece. No usable prints were found on the cartridge cases. Thus, the assumption that Oswald used the rifle that day rests as much on his ability and opportunity as on the weapon itself. Was Oswald a good enough shot? Certainly, for a trained marksman, the distance was not great—about 175 feet when the President's limousine first came from behind the oak tree. Through the scope, it would look no more than 50 feet. Oswald had been trained by the Marine Corps, which boasts of producing the finest marksmen in the world (Charles Whitman, the "Texas tower sniper," was one such). Lee qualified as a sharpshooter with the M-1, though later he dropped to the lowest end of the Marksman scale. Nelson Delgado, a Marine buddy, testified that he was a very poor shot. A stronger malediction came from a strange quarter. In February 1964, a Russian K.G.B. agent named Yuri Nosenko abruptly defected. One of his statements concerned Oswald, who, Nosenko said, while living in Russia was such a bad shot that when he went hunting, somebody had to go along to provide him with game. Nosenko also assured the CIA that Oswald was not a Russian agent, a possibility that Oswald's own defection to Russia and his espousal of left-wing causes since his return had raised—especially with Lyndon B. Johnson, who initially feared he was President by virtue of a Communist conspiracy (L.B.J. also feared a nuclear war should Oswald turn out to be a Russian spook). Exactly why Nosenko defected when he did is unknown, although from a Soviet viewpoint he went at an opportune time, just after Kennedy's death, bearing assurances that the K.G.B. had nothing to do with it. Anyway, the verdict is mixed on Oswald's

marksmanship prior to the Kennedy killing. Certainly he was a trained shooter at distances of up to 500 yards. An additional aid to his speed and aim, if he was in that window, might have been simple adrenaline. Could he have fired the weapon three times within six seconds? In tests run for the Warren Commission's investigation, three National Rifle Association masters shot Oswald's weapon at stationary targets positioned at distances corresponding to Zapruder frames number 210 (175 feet), about number 252 (240 feet) and number 313 (265 feet). These experts even with the inferior rifle succeeded two of six times in getting off three shots in less than six seconds. They hit the first and third targets consistently but often missed the second, because the aiming movement from first to second target required a change of firing position. In 1967, CBS News, as part of its first "inquiry" into the Kennedy assassination, had a tower and a ramp constructed, complete with moving silhouette, to simulate the heights and distances between the Presidential limousine and the Depository window. Marksmen in those tests, conducted with a rifle like Oswald's and ours, could get the three shots off in time, and several hit the silhouette two or three times. Almost half of the tests, though, were invalidated because the rifle malfunctioned. In our own tests conducted with a Mannlicher-Carcano of the same type used by Oswald, malfunctions (either jamming or misfires) occurred more than 50 percent of the time. In sum, all we can suppose is that if Oswald had a good day and the rifle was working, he could have made the shots. We can suppose, too, that the bullet fragments, and the magic bullet, came from the Mannlicher-Carcano. Two good-sized fragments, one from a bullet's nose and another from a base, were recovered from the limousine. Several other tiny pieces were retrieved from the automobile and Connally's wrist (X rays showed more minuscule pieces in Kennedy's skull and in Connally's femur and chest). These fragments, the nearly pristine bullet found at Parkland and the cartridge cases were said by the FBI to have been fired from the Mannlicher-Carcano. Spectrography revealed only that the slugs had similar metallic composition—not surprising, since all were made in 1944 by the Western Cartridge Company of similar materials. Even these facts have been questioned by critics of the FBI investigation (the Warren Commission had no investigative staff and was forced to rely on Hoover's men). One asks why tests were not done to see if the magic bullet went through human tissue, both Kennedy's and Connally's. Or if conclusive neutron-activation analyses were done, for example, on Kennedy's shirt and coat, through which the magic bullet supposedly passed, to determine if metallic residues found on the

back of the garment marked that passage all the way through and, if so, whether the residue was identical in elemental composition with the bullet. Similarly, the spectrographic tests linking Connally's wrist fragments with the wondrous bullet were challenged in another book by Weisberg, *Post Mortem*.

Was Oswald on the sixth floor and did he have access to the window? The commission's witness on that crucial point was Charles Givens, a worker in the Depository who said he saw Oswald about noon November 22, walking from the southeast corner of the sixth floor toward the freight elevators that are on the building's north side. Surely such testimony would be beyond debate, were it not for the fact that Givens first told the FBI that he had seen Oswald on the first floor before the shooting—a story he stuck to until April 1964, when intensive interrogation by commission lawyer David Belin brought forth the new version. Also, since Weisberg obtained documents showing that Mrs. R. E. Arnold, a secretary at the Depository, told the FBI she thought she might have caught a glimpse of Oswald on the first floor around 12:25, Givens' revised testimony is questionable.

Can it be *proved* that Oswald was on the sixth floor, in or near that window? Three eyewitnesses—Brennan, Euins and an Arnold Rowland—had good long views of a man with a gun there. But eyewitnesses are frequently mistaken. Predictably, such witnesses offered contradictory stories; e.g., as to just which floor the gunman was on, how tall he was, how long the rifle was, even as to whether he was alone. Rowland, for example, later told the FBI and the commission he'd seen two men, a rifleman in a southwest window and an elderly black man in the southeast (three black men did watch the motorcade from the fifth floor below the nest and after the shooting pointed up at the southeast window above them). Another witness, Mrs. Carolyn Walther, whom the commission never called to testify directly, said she saw the gunman and, beside him, another man with a shorter weapon, but they were on a floor lower than the sixth. This point, whether or not Oswald was accompanied, cried for proof. For a time it seemed that photography would produce an answer. Twenty-two photographers stood in Dealey Plaza with film in their cameras that might be invaluable in solving the murder. One was Robert Hughes, who stood a block away from the motorcade shooting an 8mm movie. As the fateful turn onto Elm Street began, Hughes's camera recorded the southeast window of the Depository. Could close examination of those frames reveal how many waited in ambush? One answer came in the recent CBS reinquiry into the killing. Computer studies of the shape, contrast and depth of the



One beautiful experience deserves another. Like an A&C Saber. Long, slim and stylish. It tastes as good as it looks. Imported and domestic tobaccos are blended to reward you with smooth, rich flavor. In light or dark natural wrapper.

A&C.
One beautiful smoking experience.

THE CUBAN CONNECTION

Just as we were going to press, we were presented with the first plausible motive we'd heard for the killing of John Kennedy. It came in the form of a book by Robert D. Morrow, *Betrayal* (Henry Regnery). It seems Morrow (an electronics engineer), an artist and Mario Garcia Kohly (a prominent Cuban exile who was head of the Cuban government in exile) conspired in 1962 to ruin Cuba's economy by flooding it with \$50,000,000 in phony pesos. That was the only way they could accomplish what Kennedy had refused to do: save America from communism. According to the story, Kennedy learned about the plot and had them busted after they'd worked on their scheme for over a year. Clay Shaw, who was also in on the deal, was infuriated and decided Kennedy had to be killed. In the conspiracy that evolves from this, we have Jack Ruby, Lee Harvey Oswald, David Ferrie and indirectly Officer Tippit, and Morrow, who buys three Mannlicher-Carcanos for firing teams in Dealey Plaza.

Then our research turned up a *New York Times* story of October 3, 1963, in which Morrow, Kohly and others actually were busted in possession of "excellent" plates and large sums of counterfeit Castro pesos. When Morrow told us that he had "shocking" evidence, including a film of a man who was a dead ringer for Oswald training at a paramilitary camp on Lake Pontchartrain, we went to view it.

However, Morrow's film showed no one who looked remotely like Oswald. He had no documents or photos linking Tippit, Oswald, Ruby, Ferrie, Shaw and himself—or any combination thereof. Though Morrow claims in the book to have participated in adventures with Ferrie, he was unable to describe the man accurately. In addition to Morrow's wildly imaginative reconstruction of events leading up to the assassination, a deathbed tape of Kohly, which we heard, has the Cuban saying that *Castro* had Kennedy killed, in direct contradiction of Morrow's claim that his men had done it. ("He was just wrong," Morrow explained.) Presumably as wrong as Morrow's many fudged dates and simple misstatements of a set of facts that have become the foundation for the conspiratorial superstructure.

tiny images (a fraction of a small frame, taken 100 yards away) by the Itek Corporation showed yes, there was movement (hence the gunman) and no, there was no other human being there. But Itek's findings generated skepticism. Itek has as its president a former CIA man, and is it not the CIA that, we learned, hires news correspondents as informers, including Sam A. Jaffee, once of CBS, who said it seemed to him quite possible that the CIA had got him hired by CBS in the first place? If the CIA could get people hired at CBS, could it not also influence the content of broadcasts? If the head of Itek was with the CIA, could Itek's report to CBS have been influenced, particularly since 60 percent of Itek's business was for the Government?

Another movie, this by Orville Nix, aroused high excitement because it seemed to show a rifleman perched on a car parked directly behind the concrete wall bordering the pergola near the grassy knoll. Edward Jay Epstein, whose book *Inquest* best illuminated the commission's procedural inadequacies, brought this theory to national prominence in *Esquire*, while another critic, Jones Harris, who'd discovered the malevolent figure, proceeded, with U.P.I.'s help (U.P.I. had bought the Nix film for \$5000), to subject the film to the greatest possible scrutiny. That's right, they sent it to Itek. Its conclusion was that, because it lacked depth, the figure was really a shadow and the car was parked far back of the pergola. Harris then decided that Itek and U.P.I. had collaborated to suppress the discovery of the real assassin. To answer this, Nix's poor-quality 8mm movie was once more analyzed, this time at Caltech. The results received in February 1975 supported the Itek findings but did not rule out the possibility of a grassy-knoll assassin. As of today, some theorists see three assassins aligned on a walk descending from the knoll toward Elm Street. Two of these, it's said, resemble Watergate plotters E. Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis.

In an Altgens' photo of the motorcade, if we look past the puzzled Jackie and the President just reacting to his first wound, we see peering out of the Depository's broad entranceway, hard on the right, a face that mightily resembles Oswald's. As soon as the picture was released, people asked if it was Oswald, for, if so, Oswald could not be the killer. Thorough investigation, however, established that the man was Billy Nolan Lovelady, an employee of the Depository. Lovelady himself said "Yes, sir," when asked if that was he. But this was questioned, because an FBI photo of Lovelady showed him in a red-and-white-striped short-sleeved shirt, quite unlike the dark, long-sleeved shirt seen on the man in the doorway. But Oswald, when arrested, was wearing a shirt very like the one on the man in the doorway. Eventually,

Lovelady said he did wear the dark shirt on November 22 but wore the striped shirt for the FBI picture. However, a different photo seems to show him in the doorway wearing yet another dark checked shirt, again raising suspicions about who was where. All this illustrates how any given piece of misinformation can awaken suspicions of startling longevity.

No suspicions in the assassination have had a greater or more deserved life span than those surrounding the next mystery—the magic bullet. The thesis, as formulated by commission attorneys Arlen Specter and David Belin, was simple if farfetched. A bullet penetrated Kennedy's neck, transited the muscle layers, exited at the throat, went on to punch an elliptical hole in Connally's back, there shattering the Texan's fifth rib, before exiting below the right nipple to tear into the back of the right wrist, exit at the palm and finish the remarkable odyssey by lodging in the left thigh and finally falling out to be discovered on Parkland's stretcher. All this with only moderate flattening and the loss from its base of no more than 2.4 grains of metal. (That is possible if unlikely: Only about 1.5 grains of metal either were removed from Connally's wrist or seen by X ray to be still embedded in his chest and femur. But Weisberg maintains the metal missing from the bullet's base was cut out by the FBI for testing and was thus *never* in Connally.) When the wild theory of the bullet's path was proposed, responsible investigators howled. How could it be? More importantly, *why* must it be? Did not the initial FBI and Secret Service assassination reports themselves clearly say that three shots were fired, the first hitting the President in the back, the second striking Connally and the third slamming into Kennedy's skull? Why must there be a magic bullet at all? The answer again came from Zapruder's camera. Quite simply, given the time needed to fire the Mannlicher-Carcano, the film showed that unless one bullet struck both the President and the governor, there had to be more than one assassin. Had to be because between Zapruder frame 225, when Kennedy clearly has been hit, and frame 237, when Connally unmistakably reacts to his wound, there isn't time to reload and fire Oswald's carbine. What was more perplexing, there seemed to be too much time between the reactions of Connally and Kennedy for a single bullet to have penetrated both men. Never mind the bullet's physical condition. Here was scientific proof of conspiracy, not to mention duplicity by the commission, such as ignoring the FBI and Secret Service and saying that Connally had suffered a "delayed reaction" to the bullet marauding through his body. The contention again brought sophisticated optical analysis to

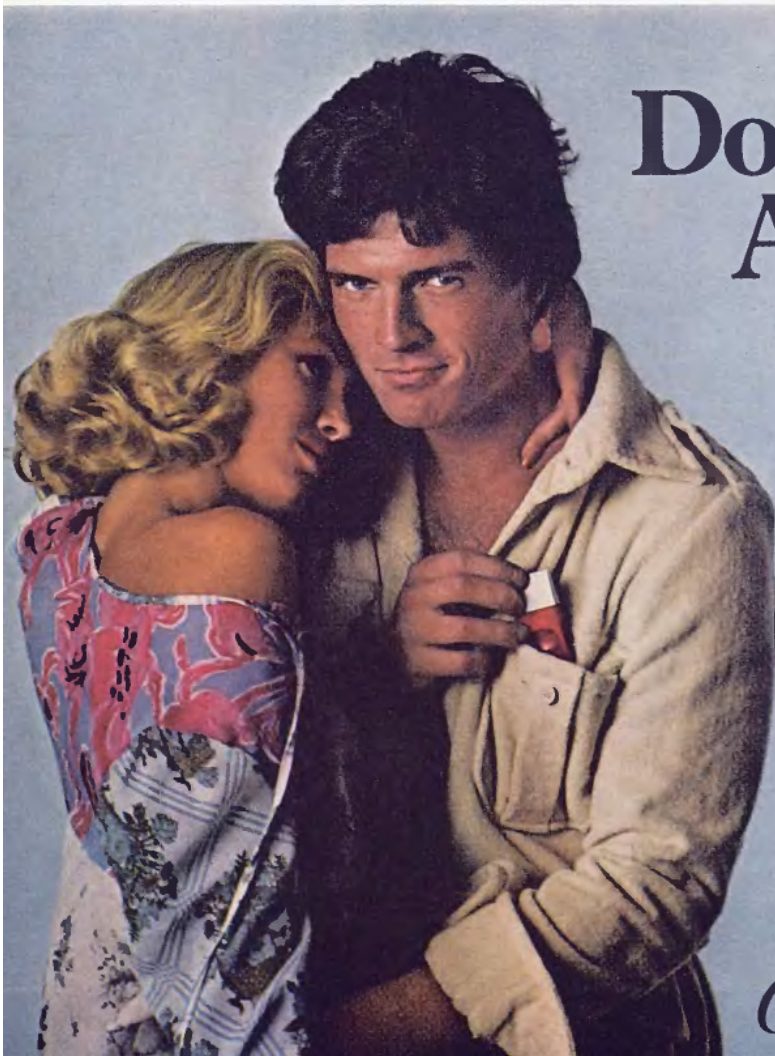
bear on Zapruder's movie. The latest, conducted by the ubiquitous Itek, indicates that Connally may be reacting to his wound as early as frames 223-226, a sixth of a second in which a flipping motion begins in the right hand, with which he holds his Stetson. Other theorists ridicule the suggestion, saying they see no sign of distress in Connally until almost a second after Kennedy is seen reaching for his throat. And how can he still be holding his Stetson in frame 235 if a bullet was coming out of his palm? No firm answer can be given. Men in combat often react late to wounds. Deer run through by high-powered arrows often look up quizzically, then return to grazing before they realize they've been mortally wounded. Yet Connally himself has always vowed he was hit by the second shot, because he heard the first before feeling his wounds (you can't hear the bullet that hits you, since sound travels at only 1100 feet per second, half the speed of the 6.5mm rounds). It is "inconceivable" that he was hit by the same bullet that hit Kennedy. His wife agrees, saying she heard the shot and she and Connally started to turn toward the wounded President, and then the governor was hit. Of course, this also implies two gunmen, for even if a first shot from the Depository missed the car and that was what Connally heard, how then was the President hit *before* Connally

ly unless by another gun? Certainly, it could be that the Connallys are mistaken. In that case, return for a moment to the physical evidence. Could the notorious bullet do all that the commission asks of it?

Numerous ballistics tests have been made with 6.5mm Mannlicher-Carcanos to determine if any bullet could do so much and yet end up mostly un mutilated. The Army fired Oswald's carbine at blocks of skin-covered gelatin and chunks of animal flesh to simulate Kennedy's neck wound. It concluded that the projectile lost little velocity or stability (good penetrating power is characteristic of these quarter-inch slugs), thus accounting for exit holes only slightly larger than the entrances. Testers also fired through a goat's chest cavity, producing back and rib wounds similar to Connally's and slugs a bit more mutilated than the magic bullet. Another test on a cadaver's wrist yielded a much more mutilated bullet but also a much more damaged wrist, which indicated to the commission that the Parkland bullet struck Connally's wrist at relatively low velocity. One would expect that from a bullet that had already transited two bodies, just as, the commission held, the elliptical and ragged entry and exit wounds in Connally argued for a bullet that had begun yawing due to striking Kennedy first. These results at once were

attacked. For example, if the exit wounds in the neck tests consistently were larger than the entry holes, how did that fact square with Dr. Malcolm Perry's insistence right after the shooting that the wound in Kennedy's throat could have been an entry hole? But Dr. Perry had enlarged the "puncture" wound in a futile tracheotomy.

Inevitably, more tests were staged and most of them reaffirmed what we've known since the beginning of firearms: Bullets can do funny things. But this point is crucial and efforts to fathom its mystery continue. Dr. Milton Helpert, the former medical examiner of the city of New York and one of the most experienced forensic pathologists in the world, says, "I cannot accept the premise that this bullet thrashed around in all that bony tissue and lost only 1.4 to 2.4 grains of its original weight." A reasonable analogy is that if you drop someone out of an airplane, he will die when he hits the ground. On the other hand, we know that some people have survived just such falls. And we consider those events miracles. Dr. Cyril Wecht, forensic pathologist and coroner of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, believes not only that the bullet would have been more deformed but that the trajectory of the shot as projected through Kennedy, given the positions of the two men as adduced



Do it again. And again. And a

Get the fresh scent of your cologne anytime you want it with OLD SPICE® POCKET COLOGNE™ Flasks. A trio of sexy fragrances in miniature pocket flasks that go wherever you go.

There's deep mysterious Musk, fresh, green Herbal and the great classic fragrance of regular OLD SPICE. All travel easy in pocket, glove compartment, briefcase... you name it.

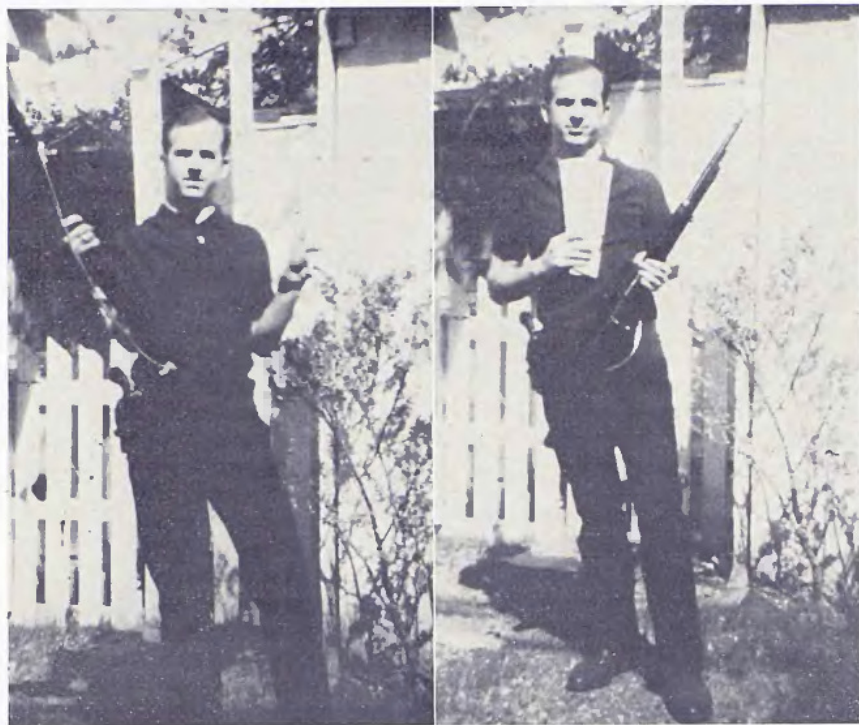
So when the cologne you put on in the morning fades into the day and night, you can do it again, and again, and again with an OLD SPICE® POCKET COLOGNE™ Flask.



SHULTON

Old Spice® POCKET COLOGNE™ FLASKS

PASTE-POT JOB?



Two photos of Lee Harvey Oswald. His wife, Marina, said she took them. Oswald claimed they were fakes, composites of his head on somebody else's body. The FBI agreed with Marina. Other theorists say the shadows under the nose are inconsistent with the other shadows, that Oswald's head in the photo at left is the wrong size for the body and that close examination of the photo at right reveals lines where the head was glued on for rephotographing. Some say Marina lied when she said she took them in March, because the shrubs to the right of the figure do not bloom that early. The Warren Report insists these are of Oswald. They do clearly show a scope-mounted Mannlicher-Carcano, the weapon said to have killed Kennedy. The pistol is allegedly the one Oswald used to kill Tippit.

from Zapruder's film, makes it impossible for it to have hit Connally. Instead, Dr. Wecht says, the bullet that transited the President went over the limousine driver's shoulder and beyond (maybe fragmenting and hitting Tague), then another gunman hit Connally an instant later. Other noted pathologists claim it's quite possible the bullet did all that the report specifies, and besides, it is impossible to deduce precise trajectories from studying wounds.

Gun buffs have long been curious. Suppose one of the 1944 cartridges had lost some zip, was in effect "downloaded." That could cause low velocity and strange ballistics. For their part, scientific folk wonder if neutron-activation tests on Connally's clothes might show if that bullet struck him, leaving the telltale residue. Such tests would reveal in parts-per-million accuracy if the copper traces matched the magic bullet. Unfortunately, Connally's clothes were washed or dry-cleaned before such tests could be made. What about Kennedy's bloody shirt and jacket, two evidentiary items of paramount importance? The Government's reports on them—extract-

ed through Weisberg's Freedom of Information suits—confirm that spectrography revealed traces of copper around the rear holes, indicating that a copper-jacketed bullet had pierced them. The report insists it was the superbullet. Yet, it seems, *no* tests tie those copper traces to the magic bullet. Nor are there, according to these documents, any traces of copper or lead alloys at the front of the shirt collar where, according to the report, the bullet exited. Finally, it seems to Weisberg, based on recently obtained reports, that sophisticated neutron-activation tests were done on the magic bullet and other recovered fragments—but that the FBI, for whatever reasons, has suppressed or distorted the results to conform to the single-bullet thesis. So there remain unanswered questions about the magic bullet—and, as we'll see, about Kennedy's clothes. For now, all we can know is that if that bullet did what the report's theory requires, it was, indeed, a magical projectile.

So magical that one theory maintains it never was fired through anything but cotton, was instead part of a plot calling for the deceptive bullet to be planted at

Parkland Memorial Hospital—the better to incriminate Oswald, the patsy. Didn't the respected journalist Seth Kantor and a witness named Wilma Tice swear they saw Jack Ruby there just after the shooting? He could have done it and, as part of a plot, would deny it later at his trial. Penn Jones, a Texas newspaper editor who has followed a skein of mysterious deaths befalling witnesses, was at the hospital, too, and he has said that in the chaos there, a lot could have happened. Thus, there is debate over whether the bullet really was found on Connally's stretcher. A hospital engineer named Darrell Tomlinson was not sure it was Connally's. Some people theorize that the bullet fell out of a shallow wound in Kennedy's back, a wound that has been covered up by the Government because its existence would again prove the conspiracy the report had to dismiss for reasons of domestic tranquillity and world peace.

For those convinced of conspiracy, however, easier hypotheses were at hand. Some of them *knew* the fatal shot came not from the Depository but from the right front, from the grassy knoll. First, they say, more than half the witnesses in Dealey Plaza who had an opinion on the direction of the shots said they came from the knoll or the stockade fence. Wilma Bond's photographs showed people reacting as if shots had come from there. These included motorcycle policeman Bobby Hargis, who charged the knoll, and Presidential aides such as Dave Powers and Secret Service men such as Forrest Sorrels, who was riding in the car ahead of Kennedy's, and numerous ordinary citizens. These opinions have been bolstered ever since the assassination by photos and statements, most of which were debunked by the commission, whose members in several instances failed to question the witnesses or to investigate in detail the evidence advanced for an assassin on the knoll.

For example, Zapruder frames 313–316 unmistakably show the President's head moving backward and to the left as he suffers his killing wound. Groden's blowups and intensifications of these frames have convinced many people, particularly among college audiences who see the film under the auspices of some assassination careerists called the Assassination Information Bureau, that unless Newtonian laws of motion have been repealed, the shot had to come from the right front. This evidence is a staple for knoll-assassin believers. They are not persuaded otherwise by Itzk's recent conclusion that Kennedy's head (and most of his brain matter) is first driven forward, very fast, then backward much more slowly. They do not believe that Jackie pulled him leftward and backward, thus changing the head's direction. They do not accept the fact (established in tests

with skulls packed with tissue simulants) that a "jet" effect, a hydrostatic propulsion due to the skull's explosion, threw Kennedy's head back. Rather, they point out that Officer Hargis, who was riding escort to the Presidential car at its left-rear fender, was splattered with blood and brain. That Officer James Chaney, looking at Kennedy from his motorcycle near the right fender, said he saw "the President struck in the face." That Deputy Sheriff Seymour Weitzman found part of Kennedy's skull, perhaps the same piece that Jackie had scrambled onto the trunk of the Lincoln to try to recover, on the south (left) side of Elm Street. That Secret Service agent Clint Hill and eyewitness Charles Brehm saw what they thought was impact debris flying to the left and rear of the car (it seems to have been recorded, too, on Nix's film). That agent Hill and his colleague Roy Kellerman, who was riding in the right-front seat of Kennedy's car, said the fatal shot sounded funny, like a double bang-bang (and Hill thought there had been only two shots, the second in the head). No, they think the shot had to come from the right front, from another kind of gun, perhaps one loaded with explosive bullets (eerily, there is a report that in early 1963, some members of the CIA asked a research-and-development man to sketch an exploding round for a 6.5mm Mannlicher-Carcano).

Other photographs, too, conjured men on the grassy knoll. Groden has to his own satisfaction identified two shadows in the Zapruder film as more snipers. We have seen the speculations based on the Nix film. Another photograph, taken by Mary Moorman, who stood about 15 feet from the President's car, seems to show a man with a gun standing behind the stockade fence about 14 feet from its corner. The Moorman photo, taken approximately one fifth of a second after Kennedy's head exploded, has been studied intensely. Some experts say the figure is a shadow, others that it is an assassin.

S. M. Holland, a railroad switchman, was standing on the Triple Underpass when the shots were fired. He hotfooted it to the parking lot and found muddy footprints behind the fence. It looked to him like one or two men had paced back and forth behind a car. Holland is positive he heard shots coming from the knoll (others think it could have been echoes).

Holland's story, which he told repeatedly to sundry assassination buffs, including the Warren Commission, fits nicely, if circumstantially, with that told by Lee Bowers, who was ensconced in a railroad switching tower. Before the assassination, he saw what he took to be strange movements of cars and people in the lot and then "a flash of light or smoke or something" that caught his eye.

The claims of Holland and Bowers

excited other investigators, even if they failed to convince the commission that something strange might have been afoot.

The railroad yards themselves inspired another grassy-knoll speculation, for it was from them that the three famous "tramps" were rousted after the murder and marched across Dealey Plaza, where they were photographed (see below).

Other theories include the suggestion that conspirators had hollowed out the grassy knoll and then cut down the President from there. Former New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison and Penn Jones say a gunman lurked in a sewer and on signal plugged the President. Much more intriguing is the "umbrella man." Although the day was warm and sunny, a single neatly dressed man stood and watched the President being murdered, while holding an open umbrella above his head. After the killing, he stood watching the motorcade, trailing the dying President, disappear down Elm Street, then folded his umbrella and walked calmly away. He was the only person so shielding himself. Could that have been a signal for shooting to begin? Or did the man have a gun built into his umbrella? Was he acting in concert with a man one assassination theory calls a "com-

BIT PLAYERS



The clearest picture of the "tramps" ever published. Theorists say the two men at right are Frank Sturgis and E. Howard Hunt, both with the CIA and thus in Dallas to assist in killing Kennedy. Nixon was also in Dallas the morning of November 22, and so may have had an early relationship with the men later hired as White House "plumbers." Others say the tramps are Americans who trained Cuban commandos and then, when the President turned away from liberating Cuba, they killed him. No proof exists for either theory, and since the men don't look like Sturgis and Hunt, and no soldiers of fortune have yet been identified, they may just be well-dressed, well-groomed tramps.

munications man," another figure in a photograph who appears to have a "two-way radio" in his back pocket (and who has been identified as a man now a patient in a mental hospital)? It's possible that he was just an eccentric, but the Warren Commission never looked into this.

It did, however, look into and dismiss as meaningless a story three witnesses told of two men, seen at different times. One man, heavy-set, was said to be in a Depository window, then hurrying away from the Depository and finally entering a station wagon driven by a young black man. The other, younger, was seen by Deputy Sheriff Roger Craig, running out of the Depository's Elm Street entrance, down the gentle slope and into a light-colored Rambler station wagon (easily identifiable by its rooftop luggage rack). The driver of the wagon, according to Craig, was "very dark complected, had real dark short hair and was wearing a thin white-looking jacket." Craig said he tried to reach the car to question the men, but the crush of people prevented him, and then the wagon took off down Elm.

Many people believe these witnesses are describing other assassins, even by the Warren Commission's lights, because they could not be Oswald. He was, the report says, taking a bus and a taxi toward his rooming house. The heavy-set man could be the "Saul" who has confessed in Hugh McDonald's recent book, *Appointment in Dallas*, that he killed Kennedy for money, with Oswald as a patsy. The younger man could be the second Oswald, out on his appointed rounds again, this time as a killer in the Depository. The driver of the station wagon could be a Cuban exile or, if you prefer, one of Castro's men avenging the assassination plots the CIA-Mafia connection concocted for the Cuban leader in the early Sixties. Or they could have been part of a Texas right-wing plot. H. L. Hunt's son Nelson Bunker Hunt partly paid for a scurrilous anti-Kennedy ad that appeared the morning of November 22, and Jack Ruby had driven one of his strippers to Hunt's office the day before, and Mrs. Paine had a light-colored station wagon. Craig himself now is dead, under strange circumstances, as are more than 50 people who allegedly knew something about Kennedy's death. (The actuarial odds against that were calculated at 100 trillion to one.) So huge a conspiracy probably would come apart in time, Joe Valachi-style. But two or three men would need only their anger and a gun. Is there any hard evidence of a second gunman?

The ultimate evidence was the President's body, but the autopsy was botched from start to finish. At Bethesda Naval Hospital on November 22, a team of pathologists conducted the autopsy under



"Remember, folks, more commercials recommend it than any other toothpaste."

conditions of stress, shock and pressure, which apparently caused them to omit some valuable procedures (e.g., dissecting the neck—or back—wound). Two FBI agents named James Sibert and Francis O'Neill observed the autopsy. Their report said of the President's wound, "The distance traveled by this missile was a short distance inasmuch as the end of the opening could be felt with the finger." The agents also called it a "back" wound rather than a neck wound and said the downward angle was 45 to 60 degrees, a trajectory inconsistent with the 20-degree angle from the Depository's sixth-floor window. Secret Service man Kellerman, also present, said the wound was probed and Lieutenant Colonel Pierre Finck, the forensic medicine specialist, told him there was no outlet. How, then, could the same bullet have hit Connally? Furthermore, the FBI men said the doctors were puzzled because they could find no bullet in the back wound, and so Finck and another pathologist, Commander Humes, said "it was entirely possible" the bullet had worked its way out and fallen on a stretcher. How did the report's defenders answer this? The same way they answered so many other things that didn't fit: They said it was a mistake. The FBI and Secret Service agents were laymen, after all. Besides, by morning the autopsy physicians had conferred with the doctors at Parkland and confirmed that the tracheotomy had obliterated Kennedy's throat wound. That gave them the exit wound for the bullet, though it ignored the possibility

the wound marked a bullet's entrance. The fact that the wound couldn't be probed was explained by saying the muscles had closed, a contention strongly resisted by pathologists like Wecht. To those critical of the commission, the conflicting reports smacked of ex post facto reasoning.

Another puzzle was the sketch of Kennedy's wounds made by the third physician, Commander Boswell. There the wound is shown not in the neck, about two inches right of the spinal column, but well down on the back (Secret Service agent Glen Bennett, riding in the backup car, said he saw Kennedy hit "four inches down from the right shoulder"), so low that to exit at the throat, piercing the shirt collar and nicking the tie, the bullet would have had to go upward. Weisberg still maintains that the front of the shirt and the tie were damaged by surgeons, not by bullets. Is Boswell's sketch mistaken? The doctors say yes, as to location. The sketch was merely a rough. The measurements are found noted on it, placing the wound 14 centimeters (5.6 inches) down from the right mastoid process (the bony point behind the right ear) and 14 centimeters from the tip of the right shoulder. Right in the neck. In any event, the report's supporters say, we have X rays and photographs of the body.

Surprisingly, these visual records were never seen by the members of the Warren Commission. In 1968, awash in criticism of the report, Attorney General Ramsey Clark secured permission for three

pathologists and a radiologist to examine the X rays and photos. They confirmed that the President was shot twice from above and behind, the one bullet most probably going through his neck and out his throat, and the other blowing a large hole in the right side of his skull. A few years later, Wecht examined the materials, the first alternate-theorist to do so. He grudgingly accepted that finding, while reiterating that there might be fragments from other bullets in Kennedy and that the finding did not per se preclude another gunman. Wecht also wanted, during later surveys of the material, to examine Kennedy's brain, which should have been preserved for sectioning so a pathologist could trace the exact paths of all bullets and fragments. So it was we learned the ghastly fact that the President's brain is missing or hidden. Even without that cerebral aid, Dr. James Weston—the newly elected president of the National Academy of Forensic Sciences—has said he has absolutely no doubt after examining all available autopsy materials that John Kennedy was hit by only two shots, both from above, behind and slightly to the right. One went through the neck. The other entered the skull, distinctly beveling the bone inward. It seems most likely that two shots from above and behind caused Kennedy's death.

Except for the jacket and shirt. Consider first that, as anyone with a jacket and shirt can determine at home, in order for the holes—about five and a half inches down from the collar top—to align with the wound in the neck, the garments would have had to ride up about three inches. In simulating the situation, it is difficult to cause a shirt—let alone a heavier suit coat—to ride up that far. Also photographs of the President at the instant matching the magic-bullet shot show Kennedy's shirt and jacket seemingly unbunched. And even if the clothes had ridden up that far as the President waved, they would have doubled over, which means that a bullet would have perforated at least one garment three times. It didn't. Then there is the disconcerting fact that the holes *do* line up with the wound shown on Commander Boswell's sketch. Finally, one must note the peculiar holes beside the shirt collar's button. They are sharp-edged and elliptical, not ragged or puncturelike, leading people to guess that they, perhaps the tie's nick, too, resulted at Parkland from cutting away the President's clothes to give him air. Then there would be no magic bullet coming out at the throat and there would be another gunman—something even Weston's unequivocal statement does not eliminate. The shirt and jacket alone justify a new investigation. They constitute physical evidence that contradicts the Warren Commission's theory. For that matter, we

have seen several other questions—such as, was Oswald on the Depository's sixth floor?—that a skillful defense attorney could have used to challenge the Government's case against Oswald. And beyond the physical evidence lie hints that make him more than the report would have him, more than the desperate little youth who grabbed for glory.

Thus, to arrive at the end with any understanding of the Kennedy riddle, we need a brief summary of the chief conspiracy suppositions, if only to judge how believable they might be.

The Oswald-Ruby-Tippit Connection: This theory holds that Ruby and Tippit knew Oswald and conspired with him, maybe on behalf of right-wingers in the Dallas police department. Evidence for this theory is skimpy. Unverified tales place Tippit and Oswald in a diner near Oswald's rooming house, and Tippit and Ruby, and maybe Oswald, huddling at Ruby's Carousel Club. Could be. Ruby cultivated cops, but it was probably because he had a long rap sheet. But what if Acquilla Clemons was correct in saying she saw on November 22 two men approach Tippit and then the shorter shoot the cop? The Warren Commission didn't believe that and nine other witnesses put Oswald at the scene or fleeing it (and we know his gun did kill Tippit). Did the cops try to kill Oswald in the theater as a part of a plot? A dick was heard during the struggle to subdue Oswald. It may have come from Oswald's gun, which still contained a discharged cartridge case. Or it could have been a cop's gun. No one checked their service revolvers. In any event, Oswald was not killed by the police but by Ruby. How did Ruby accomplish that? It's claimed that one of his many police friends tipped him off when Oswald was going to be moved from police headquarters to the county jail. But the precise moment of transfer kept changing, due to epidemic confusion up to the time of the move. Probably Ruby just took the notion about 11:20 A.M. Sunday, November 24. Anyway, there is no firm evidence that Tippit, Ruby and Oswald were conspirators.

The Clay Shaw-Jim Garrison Carnival: Nothing had ever aroused the demi-monde of assassination buffs like the announcement in February 1967 that Garrison had solved the case. The assassination had resulted from a conspiracy involving Clay L. Shaw, a retired managing director of New Orleans' International Trade Mart, a respected citizen of liberal views, a homosexual and the man who plotted with Oswald and one David Ferrie. Assassination theorists—even a man who believed the world was run by a conspiracy of intellectuals called the Illuminati—descended on New Orleans. This time they would see the truth.

What they finally saw was the Dien

Bien Phu of official assassination inquiries. Here was a big man with a staff, the power of subpoena and all the things the theorists had said they needed, but all he did was to fall from high seriousness to low farce, taking a passel of legitimate and illegitimate speculations with him. The trouble was that many of the witnesses who testified about Shaw turned out to be either crazy or dishonest. Even gruesome repetitions of the Zapruder film (designed, it appears, to make the jurors want to convict somebody) failed. Shaw was acquitted. Garrison lived on to become an ex-district attorney and the cause of finding conspiracies suffered a monumental setback. A shame, many felt, because some worthwhile leads surfaced, such as a possible CIA link. But the Shaw trial aborted any further official investigation, and it wasn't until later that we learned Shaw and Ferrie had been contract employees of the CIA. Coupled with Ferrie's affection for big Mafia figures and with the CIA-Mob alliance to assassinate Castro, we then had the makings of more plots.

The CIA-Mafia-Big Labor Connection: In addition to being a pilot, Ferrie was a homosexual, a gun enthusiast and was said to be involved in training anti-Castro commandos. An active little man afflicted with a disease that had caused all his hair to fall out, Ferrie also worked for a lawyer who handled the business of Carlos "The Little Man" Marcello, the alleged godfather of Mafia operations throughout Louisiana's Jefferson Parish and environs. It was Ferrie who reportedly flew Marcello home to New Orleans from Guatemala City after Robert Kennedy had Marcello deported.

Understandably, Marcello detested Robert Kennedy. He also hated Jack Kennedy, who had blown the Bay of Pigs, losing the brotherhood's Havana casinos, whores, numbers and dope to the puritanical socialist Castro. Marcello's distaste for the Kennedys was shared by Jimmy Hoffa and probably neither was grieved by Jack's death.

Ferrie was anti-Castro. Oswald pretended to be for a spell during his stay in New Orleans. Could Ferrie have met Oswald? There is no hard evidence. Ferrie was found dead, reportedly of natural causes, only days after Garrison's investigation became public. We can assume Ferrie might have heard of Oswald. Lee was on television and radio during August 1963 as a sane and articulate defender of Castro. The publicity resulted from Oswald's leafletting in behalf of his Fair Play for Cuba Committee in front of the old International Trade Mart. Did anything weld all this to the events in Dallas?

Maybe Ruby did. He was involved with big labor and, through it, with organized crime and, through that (some say), with killing John Kennedy. The

The Pro Shop.



SCINTILLA! For 22 years, we've been making the finest satin sheets in the world. We use only 225x78 thread count acetate satin, the softest. Our sheets are completely MACHINE WASHABLE. 12 dazzling colors for regular or round beds. Hot Pink, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pale Pink, White, Mint or Orchid. Try the satin sheets made by pros. You deserve the best! P.S. We pros even monogram, slightly extra. SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

| | | | |
|---------------|---------|---------------|---------|
| Double Set | \$23.98 | Queen Set | \$27.95 |
| Twin Set | 22.98 | King Set | 32.50 |
| Round 84" Set | 48.50 | Round 96" Set | 54.95 |

3-letter monogram on 2 cases—\$2.50
For fitted bottom sheet, add \$2.00 to double or twin price; \$2.50 to queen; \$3.00 to king price. Round bottom sheets are fitted. Odd sizes on request. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA, INC. Chicago, Ill. 60640

FREE 40-page Color Catalog of All Our Satin Fashions With Every Order.

Nationally Advertised Brands!

CONDOMS BY MAIL

Sent First Class in Unmarked Wrappers.

End using sensation deadening condoms. Get gossamer thin sensitive condoms designed for sexual pleasure.

☐ 30 Executive Pack* \$10
☐ 12 for \$3
☐ 24 for \$6
☐ 100 for \$20

☐ 15 Fourx \$10 ☐ 36 Ramses \$10
☐ 48 Stimula \$12 ☐ 24 Natural
☐ 36 Fiesta \$12 ☐ Lamb \$13.75



Shipped in 24 hours. ☐ * EXE-CUTIVE PACK — THIRTY of the top ten most SENSUOUS, GOS-SAMER THIN, condoms \$10: (Fourx, Natural Lamb, Sheik Sensi-Creme, Guardian Lubricated, Nulorm, Ramses, Featherlite, Fiesta, "STIMULA", Lubricated Trojans.)

☐ 12 condoms (4 different brands) only \$3. ☐ Deluxe package (6 different kinds) 24 condoms \$6. ☐ Super Deluxe package 100 condoms (8 different kinds) \$20. For air-mail add \$1 postage.

W.P.C., Dept. 136

P.O. Box 90, Newark, New Jersey 07102
Sold on Money Back Guarantee

IT'S SUPERKEY!
SEE PAGE 51.

BACK ISSUE MAGAZINES

OVER 200 TITLES, 1890 to 1976: Time, Life, Look, Ebony, Newsweek, Nat'l Geo., Fortune, People, Esquire, Playboy, Penthouse, Ms., Gourmet, Vogue, Oui, Photo, Movies, Art, Sports, Sci-Fi, Western, Pulp. Send stamped env. w/issue date for price & free list.

EVERYBODY'S BOOKSHOP Dept. P, 317 W. 6th L.A., Calif. 90014

line begins in Chicago, where he was secretary of the Scrap Iron and Junk Handlers Union, later indirectly allied with Hoffa. He next turned up in Dallas. Had not Ruby spent ten days in 1959 in Cuba with Lewis J. McWillie, a gambler with Mob connections? He also supposedly visited some of Marcello's business associates, the renowned Lansky brothers. Throw in the presence on November 22 in the Dal-Tex building of Eugene Hale Brading (a ridiculous connection, since he went in only to use the phone). Brading had dropped by the offices of H. L. Hunt the same afternoon (November 21) Ruby had and, like Ruby, had a long criminal record. Could he have collaborated with Ruby and Oswald? The possibility is there. The skein of circumstances is stretched. Marcello/Hoffa to Ferrie/Shaw to Ruby/Oswald. And all perhaps aided by the CIA, as part of the unholy alliance of Mafia and CIA. All these suggestions have been made at one time or another, but little, if anything, supports them.

The Agent Oswald Question: No theory has received greater play than that Oswald was somebody's secret agent. No amount of caviling can make it go away. Rather, just go down the list and come to whatever conclusions seem warranted. Lee went to Russia with minor radar secrets. Marina Oswald's uncle lived in an apartment building reserved for MVD employees. Lee reportedly associated with Cubans during his stay in Minsk. The Oswalds had less trouble than one would expect leaving Russia, but it did take more than a year; and Yuri Nosenko's defection seemed designed to convince the U. S. that Russia had nothing to do with the assassination. So maybe Oswald was a Russian agent. Arguing against any of that is the sheer insanity of Khrushchev's ordering Kennedy killed. If discovered, that plot could leave the world a smoking rubble.

There is no evidence, physical or otherwise, to support the Castro-agent theory, except Oswald's huckstering in favor of Havana. Lyndon Johnson, not long before his death, opined that Castro might have been involved. But killing Kennedy, had it leaked, would have sparked an invasion making D day look like a yachting exercise.

There is some evidence that Cuban exiles did away with Kennedy. But it's fragile stuff. A woman named Sylvia Odio, the daughter of Cubans imprisoned by Castro, told the Warren Commission that on September 25, 1963, three men had visited her in Dallas. They said they had come from New Orleans. Two looked like Mexicans and the other was "Leon Oswald." One of the men suggested that "Oswald" could help in the

underground activities against Castro. Mrs. Odio's testimony was corroborated by her sister and she unhesitatingly identified photographs of Oswald as the man who had visited her. But that couldn't be. Oswald was supposed to be on a bus from New Orleans to Mexico on September 25. The riddle remains.

What about Oswald as a CIA agent? Sober analysts assume that if the Russians, as Nosenko said, thought Oswald was an American "sleeper" agent, then maybe he was. More than that, though, the visa stamps in the passport Oswald carried when he defected show him getting from England to Finland at times when there were no commercial airline flights. What about the fact that Oswald's recorded height and eye color vary widely at different times? Likewise, theorists point out, the official Dallas police photo of Oswald shows a man quite different in facial structure from the chubby-cheeked youth pictured in Minsk. Further, one photo of Marina and Lee in Russia shows him very little taller than his 5'3" wife, although that Oswald's passport has him 5'11" and the Oswald measured in the Dallas morgue was 5'9". Were there two or more Oswalds, one a CIA man? Or is it simpler? Clerks make errors, people do fib about their size, photo angles can be deceptive and a face's fatness or thinness can change. But ear shape does not change, and the ears of the Dallas Oswald, the Marines Oswald and the Russian Oswald all match. What else? Oswald went to Mexico in September 1963 to seek a visa for Cuba and permission to re-enter Russia. He was refused. The CIA provided the FBI with photos of a burly man, about 35, who looked nothing like Oswald. But through a mistake, later corrected, they said it was he. The CIA theorists pounced. The man had to be (A) another Oswald, (B) the mysterious assassin named Saul, (C) Oswald's CIA contact, or "baby sitter." The CIA vehemently denies this, saying it sent a picture of an unidentified man who *might* have been Oswald, but it didn't know. All of this still leaves only the possibility but no absolute proof that Oswald worked somehow for the CIA. Given his background, it's entirely possible, but it doesn't mean the CIA killed Kennedy.

How about the FBI? Only two verifiable items link Oswald to the FBI. One is that the name, phone number and license number of Agent James Hosty was in Oswald's notebook (but Hosty was assigned to interview Marina). And Oswald sent a note to Hosty (but the FBI had it destroyed; so we'll never know what it said). The real question is why, after the note, the FBI didn't lock Oswald up while the President was in town, a normal procedure with nuts who might try something.

So, while some of these leads need reinvestigation, nothing now proves Oswald was an agent. That may be anticlimactic. But the proper ending to the story can come only if we learn what the CIA, for example, really knows about Oswald. The FBI should open *all* its files on the Oswalds and their acquaintances. There should be a new investigation conducted by a panel with no sins to cover up and no case to prove. Only then would these serious speculations and suspicions be confirmed or confounded. We might then be free of the more idiotic notions that distract us from the plausible alternatives to the Warren Report.

Free of George O'Toole's contention that "psychological stress evaluations" of six words of Oswald's show he was not guilty. O'Toole was, after all, once with the CIA.

Free of Fletcher Prouty's belief in a gigantic plot in which the CIA, FBI, Secret Service, Teamsters, Mafia, Defense Intelligence Agency, National Security Agency and the Warren Commission itself are "all pawns" of a gigantic cabal.

Free of Hugh C. McDonald and his Saul, that unnamed, unavailable, unverifiable killer who may well have sprung from McDonald's head, along with his belief that the Russians are all the time giving us the flu by firing small germ-infested rockets into the jet stream.

Free of Gore Vidal's supposition that Oswald's notebooks and diary were, like Sirhan Sirhan's and Arthur Bremer's, written by E. Howard Hunt, and of the cynicism in William Kunstler's statement that the deaths of John and Robert Kennedy ended a danger to the country.

Free of all the nut stuff, of all the paranoia, of all the fantasizing about the malevolent forces that control our destiny. *We* control our destiny, or should. We can find out if Oswald truly was a pitiable young man who took history by the horns or we can learn if he truly was an agent of some kind.

We need to know, and we can. The Texas statute of limitations for conspiracy has expired for any conspirators still resident there. Someone who knows about a plot to kill Kennedy can now come forward without fear of prosecution. We have the physical evidence. We have the other important leads. The necessary legal and investigative staff could quickly be assembled. To these ends we believe there should be a new investigation by an impartial, representative panel of Americans, dedicated only to discovering the facts and destroying the fictions about the murder of our 35th President. We cannot abide less.

This is the fifth in a series of articles on political assassination in America.



JERRY FORD (continued from page 84)

Gettings was a bear of a man, a model of athletic deportment. You showed up on time for his practices; you got a lap to run for every minute you were late. Gettings remembers being ten minutes late himself one day and the team made the old man run his laps, too, all heart-pounding ten of them, and guess who chalked up each lap as he ran?

Wearing a coat and tie when his high school classmates wore sweaters, remembered as serious and shy and entirely without interest in girls. Junie played football like a maniac, played center in an era when to center the ball was to throw a difficult, upside-down, ass-backward pass. "I must have centered the ball 500,000 times in high school and college," he recounts. He was a roving linebacker on defense, a 60-minute man. He made All-City three years in a row. He played hard. He played to win. He learned to be a team player, a man among equals—a lesson he never forgot.

He was nevertheless a local hero, and it is not an exaggeration to say that his first sweet taste of local success determined his career. In the autumn of 1930, during his sparkling senior year, a Grand Rapids theater held a contest, part of a promotional scheme in 50 Midwestern cities, to identify the most popular high school seniors. Kids sauntered down to the old Majestic in droves and filled out their ballots and dropped them into the ballot box. All-City center Junie Ford won. The prize was a trip to Washington, D.C. To get to Washington, all you have to do is please the folks back home.

But 1930 brought another event, an event that preceded the popularity contest and must have confirmed its message beyond inner debate: The former Leslie Lynch King, Jr., met his real father for the first (remembered) time.

Ford tells the story to all his biographers, repeating it like the Ancient Mariner to drive its homiletic tragedy home. He told it best to Hersey:

"I was, I think, a junior in high school in the spring, 1930. I worked at a restaurant across from South High called Skougis'. It was a 1929, 1930 hamburger stand with counters—a dilapidated place. Bill Skougis was a shrewd Greek businessman and he hired as waiters the outstanding football players. He paid me two dollars plus my lunch—up to 50 cents a meal—and I worked from 11:30 to one, through the noon-hour class periods, and one night a week from seven to ten. [Ford makes much of his modest, even impoverished, childhood, but notice that his take for part-time work, counting the lunches, was forty-five a week at a time—the empty belly of the Depression—when Dad Ford had been forced to reduce the wages he paid the family men at his factory to five dollars a week. Dad Ford himself took

home no more.] . . . I was standing there taking money, washing dishes and . . . this man came in and stood against the candy counter for ten minutes. Finally, he walked over to where I was working. 'Leslie,' he said. I didn't answer. He said, 'I'm Leslie King, and you're Leslie King, Jr.' Well, it was kind of shocking. He said, 'I would like to take you to lunch.' My father took me out to his car, which was parked in the front—a brand-new Cadillac or Lincoln—and he introduced me to his wife. So we went to lunch. He was then living in Wyoming with his wife and they had come out to buy a new Cadillac or Lincoln, which was a beautiful car for those days, and they had picked it up in Detroit and were driving back to Wyoming, and they wanted to stop in and see me. [Hadn't come to see him, the long-lost son, had come all the way from Wyoming to pick up a car and on the way home stopped by for lunch.] Which he did. And after we had finished lunch, he took me back to the school. I said goodbye. He said, 'Will you come out and see me in Wyoming?' I said I'd think about it."

But not think too hard. At lunch, Ford told biographer Jerald terHorst, "I

thought, here I was, earning two dollars a week [sic] and trying to get through school, my stepfather was having difficult times, yet here was my real father, obviously doing quite well if he could pick up a new Lincoln. . . ."

That's one of two Leslie King stories the President tells, and perhaps before we consider it you should hear the other one as well. It's briefer but even more to the point. "My junior year at Ann Arbor [Ford went to the University of Michigan after South High], which would be '33-'34, when my stepfather's business had long gone to pot, he was hanging on by his fingernails, my father—my real father—had been ordered at the time of the divorce to pay my mother child maintenance, and he never paid any. I was having a terrible time. [But consider this terrible time.] Sure, I was earning my board and I saved some money working for my stepfather in the summer. But it wasn't enough. I wasn't able to pay my bills—the fraternity [Delta Kappa Epsilon, Deke, the jock fraternity], the room where I lived. And I wrote my father and asked him if he could help. And, as I recall, I either got no answer or, if I got an answer, he said he couldn't do it. I felt that, from what I understood, his economic circumstances were



such that he could have been helpful. I had that impression. From that Lincoln or Cadillac I'd seen that he'd bought. And then after I graduated from Michigan, I went to Yale, of course. And then one time, out of the blue, I got a letter, a phone call or something, saying that he was coming with his wife, the woman I had met, with his son by the second marriage—he was really my stepbrother. And they were trying to find a school in the East for him, and could they stop by and maybe I could give them some advice. So they stopped. I did meet the son. And I went to dinner with them and gave them some thoughts about schools in the East and never saw them again."

Do still, angry waters run deep? The antagonists of these tales are wealth, fine cars, a second, younger wife, a second, cherished son and Cinderella in the food-stained sweater of a letterman, but their secret agony is unrequited love. Part of Jerry wanted to be a King. Or at least a prince: 20 or 21 years old, he asks for child support. "Had King arrived now," TerHorst asks melodramatically, paraphrasing Ford, "so he could go back to Wyoming and brag about seeing his son, the football star?" The crowds loved Junie; why didn't his father, the Cadillac man? And why didn't he prove it by bailing him out?

Obsessed with success, Gerald Ford has never loved money, which must seem paradoxical in a man who picks his friends (and his Vice-President) from among men of wealth, until you consider that the dad who loved him never made much of it and the father who abandoned him had it—in Ford's imagination, at least—to burn. So Ford the Congressman, in the first moments after his public nomination to the Vice-Presidency, expressed awe over the increased pension benefits his elevation would bring. And so Ford the President chose Nelson Rockefeller as his side-kick, followed the revelations of Rockefeller's enormous wealth with unabashed glee and later, the tables turned, left the archetypal rich man turning slowly, slowly in the wind until he removed himself from the ticket. Money, Rocky, money don't buy love.

To a greater extent than most of us like to admit, parents make us what we are. Presidents in particular have been mother-driven men, driven by mothers so intensely curbed in achievement themselves that they inculcate a psycho-historical hunger for fame in their sons. The Presidency is ultimately Oedipal, almost literally so. A man born from the vast continental land and nurtured there returns as husband to honor and enlarge its great affairs. Ford was an only child for five long years and in that Eden might have nourished a huge and healthy egotism, but the conflicts of his paternity, conflicts his mother inadvertently introduced, embedded anger, vanity and insecurity instead.

It took him years to piece together the reasons for that confusion, the double paternity, the double juniors, the father who abandoned him, the stepfather who took him in. He matured correspondingly late. In the curious, half-literate book that Ford co-authored with his Grand Rapids friend John R. Stiles, *Portrait of the Assassin*, a book about Lee Harvey Oswald that Stiles and the Warren Commission largely wrote, occasional sentences and paragraphs appear that clearly came from Ford's hand. One of them propounds a hypothesis so contrary to the traditional assumptions of psychology that it fairly shivers on the page. Apologizing for Marguerite Oswald's insistence that her son was a normal child, Ford writes: "As intimately as a mother feels she knows a son, what happens to a young man in the critical years 17 to 21 can obscure everything in the past." One to five, certainly; 12 to 15, possibly; but 17 to 21? Seventeen to 21: from the year Leslie King announced himself to the year he refused to acknowledge and aid his son.

The approbation Ford couldn't find in Wyoming he found on the football field, where crowds cheered his plays. It proved to him that he should seek vindication in public life. He sought that vindication with silent bitterness. Instead of a lover, he became an absentee husband; instead of a man of compassion, he became a man hard of heart; instead of a potential statesman, he became, in Lyndon Johnson's brilliant phrase, "one of the wooden soldiers of the status quo." He was always, would always be, a diligent worker, but he worked in the wrong direction, to the easier and more immediate end. He was a handsome, naïve football star and, like too many stars, he became an unwitting victim, missing the slow but solid passes that came his way because he thought he already had the ball and was running down the field.

The captain of Michigan's winning 1933 team remembers Ford as "a player who had no fear," but off the field fear clocked its hour. One of Ford's Michigan teammates was a black named Willis Ward. Ford liked Ward and sometimes roomed with him when the team traveled, which you must understand to have been an act of some bravery in the overtly racist America of the Thirties. Early in the 1934 season, Michigan was scheduled to play Georgia Tech when the word came up from Dixie that there'd be no game if Ward appeared on the field. The Michigan administration capitulated despite the efforts of the school's more liberal football coach. Jerry was agonized and considered protest: What if he refused to play? The night before the game he called Dad Ford, but his stepfather declined the privilege of making up his 20-year-old son's mind. Ford balanced the weakness of the team

against the strength of his conscience; the team won. He was still stinging when a Georgia Tech lineman jeered "Nigger" over the centered ball, and Ford and a guard blocked the lineman so viciously he had to be carried off the field. The story is cited in Ford's biographies as proof of his early dedication to liberalism. It's not. It's proof of his early dedication to scapegoating. "Thanks to my football experience," he would tell an audience years later, "I know the value of team play. It is, I believe, one of the most important lessons to be learned and practiced in our lives." The Georgia Tech game was not the last time Ford's loyalty to a team took precedence over his moral judgment.

Ford's intelligence has long been a matter of dispute. When he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, there were those who recalled Lyndon Johnson's famous remark about Jerry and his missing helmet, and others who remembered Johnson's scoffing, "Jerry's so dumb he can't fart and chew gum at the same time." Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Washington's aging resident wit, worked up her Ford material to nothing better than "poor, dull Jerry"; John Ehrlichman cracked, "What a jerk Jerry is," which, considering the source, must be counted an expert opinion; and the leader Ford most idolized and deferred to, Richard Nixon, is said to have laughed hysterically at the notion that Congress would depose him in favor of Ford. "Can you see Jerry occupying this chair?" are the words usually attributed to the man who nominated him for office a heartbeat away. Ford's defenders hastened to point out that Jerry earned a good B average at every school he attended—at South High, at Michigan, at Yale Law. The curiosity of these grades—if B's at Yale Law, why not A's at Michigan or South High?—has even engaged the attention of Ford himself. He performed respectably against one of the most distinguished Yale Law classes ever graduated. Ninety-nine of that class of 125 were Phi Beta Kappas on admission, and among them moved such future notables as Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart, Sargent Shriver, Congressman Peter Frelinghuysen and Governor Raymond P. Shafer. "I seem to have had a capability of competing with whatever competition there was at each level," Ford told Hersey, after which he added a sly little turn of the screw: "And yet I could have enough outside activities to enjoy a broader spectrum of day-to-day living than some of them."

Women were among the "outside activities" that Jerry enjoyed, though not many of them. He applied his universal solvent of caution to women, too, and his rakish friend Stiles once injudiciously blurted to an interviewer, "I think I know every girl Jerry ever slept with,"

implying that there have been no more than five and possibly as few as three in all Ford's 63 years. The President whose voice breaks when he speaks of his close and devoted family is also the Congressman who regularly averaged 200 out-of-town trips a year and left his wife at home to raise the kids, skirting alcoholism and incipient nervous breakdown along the way. Ford fell head over heels for a woman only once in his life, and her name wasn't Betty Bloomer, and for all her charms, her hard credentials were precisely suited to his ambitions in the days when he was a fledgling golden boy.

Phyllis Brown was a student at Connecticut College in New London when Ford turned up at Yale. Everyone who knew her in those early days remembers her as a raving beauty with a sparkling personality and a mischievous wit (she "seemed to have the kind of personality that Ford admired and missed in himself," TerHorst writes with unintentional cruelty). Ford pursued her eagerly, and after Connecticut, when she went to the Big Apple and became a Powers model, she even persuaded him to invest \$1000 of his savings from his Yale coaching salary of \$2400 a year in a modeling agency her friend Harry Conover was opening in New York. The \$1000 made him a silent partner; it also bought him a flash of limelight that his sensitized vanity could well have done without. The public learned of the Phyllis Brown-Jerry Ford courtship in a 21-picture spread in *Look* magazine in March 1940, a spread Conover and Brown probably placed, a spread displaying the Beautiful People cavorting through a skiing weekend at Stowe, Phyllis and Jerry schussing down the 400-yard slope, Jerry rubbing Phyllis' back on a flowered couch in the lounge at the inn, Phyllis and Jerry falling asleep on the couch afterward discreetly head to foot. Jerry kissing a blanket-wrapped Phyllis goodbye as the train pulled into New Haven on Monday morning. With the coyness that in 1940 passed for titillation, the photos and captions imply that Phyllis and Jerry spent their nights together as well as their days, and no doubt they did. Later, they turned up on the cover of *Cosmopolitan*, Jerry in his Naval uniform, to signify that Beautiful People also go off to war.

Phyllis and Jerry went steady for four years, and he was obviously keen to marry her, because he took her back to Grand Rapids and up to the Ford cottage on Lake Michigan to check her out with the folks; but something soured the match along the way and, unhappy with its profits, Jerry withdrew from the agency and presumably from Phyllis as well. "I only had one serious romance," he told Hersey, "other than the one I had with Betty"—the phrasing of the statement awards Betty a qualified second place—

DEAR PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Please settle something. My friends say that instead of buying PLAYBOY every month at the newsstand I should simply buy a subscription. Then, they say, I'd be sure never to miss an issue. And I'd save money because a one-year subscription is just \$10, a \$6.00 saving off the single-copy price. Can they be right?—J. D.

Lucky is the man with wise friends. Yes, it's all true. And it's so easy to subscribe. Just complete and return this coupon.

PLAYBOY

7E05

P.O. Box 2420, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please enter my subscription to PLAYBOY for:

☐ 3 years \$24 (save \$24.00—50% off \$48.00 single-copy price)

☐ 1 year \$10 (save \$6.00—more than 37% off \$16.00 single-copy price)

☐ Bill me later.

☐ Payment enclosed.

☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
| | | | | | | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|

Name _____

(please print)

Address _____

Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.

A REAL MAN Shares his sexual pleasure

BE MORE THAN MASCULINE — BE SENSUOUS. Thin, sensitive condoms are available, privately by mail at attractive prices. Our large selection includes all nationally advertised brands like **Trojan**, **Stimula**, plus exciting new condoms: **Nacken**, textured so that the ribbed surface massages and caresses the woman. **Profil**, from Sweden—preshaped for maximum sensitivity. **Jade**, comes in warm inviting colors and is now contoured.

The sooner your order is received, the sooner you can be sampling our large selection in the privacy of your home. All orders are shipped in a plain unmarked package. We sincerely believe our samplers to be of the highest quality available anywhere. If you are not completely satisfied, return unused portion for entire refund.



Population Planning, Dept. DPBZ-7
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush the following in a plain package:
☐ Sampler of 12 assorted condoms, \$3.00
☐ Deluxe sampler of 25 assorted condoms, \$6.00
☐ Super 100 Sampler of 100 condoms, \$20.00
☐ Illustrated catalogue alone, 25c

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

AMERICA'S LARGEST RETAILER OF
CONTRACEPTIVE PRODUCTS

OVER 250,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.

©1976, PPA

"but it didn't work out. So I just forgot about being too much interested in marriage." Which recalls Mark Twain's story about the cat that learned its lesson too well. It got up on a hot stove one time, Twain said, and got burned, and scatted right down, and so it learned not to get up on hot stoves—but after that it wouldn't get up on cold stoves neither.

Ford spent the summer of 1940 working in New York for Wendell Willkie's Presidential campaign. Like Jerry, Willkie was an isolationist in those cautious prewar years, but his campaign seems to have attracted Jerry for reasons of strategy more than philosophy; Willkie was a Midwestern Republican with boyish good looks and a hearty, energetic style who was taking on no less formidable an opponent than Franklin Delano Roosevelt, an entrenched behemoth whom all good Republicans despised who was seeking an unprecedented third term. Ford claims he wasn't seriously interested in politics until after the war, but his experience with the Willkie campaign probably confirmed his political ambitions and precipitated the split with Phyllis. Ambitious for her modeling career, she wouldn't have wanted to give up New York for Grand Rapids, Jerry's logical political base; and confronted with a choice of politics or love, Jerry chose politics hands down. He watched Willkie beat Roosevelt in Michigan by 7000 votes of more than 2,000,000 cast, and in 1941 he packed up and went home to open a Grand Rapids law office with his old friend Philip Buchen, and Phyllis lost the chance she might have had, assuming she was equipped to survive the 33 leaden intervening years, to become the First Lady of the land. What Jerry thought of New York, and New York ambitions, and people who take his investment money but fail to return him unqualified love, the nation found out later, when the city slickers went down to Washington crying imminent default and the President coldly offered them bankruptcy in return and would have given them no aid at all but for more reasonable counsel from his advisors. The primary fuel of his indignation was probably conservative prejudice, but who can say what influence his memories of Phyllis and his distaste for Rockefeller's wealthy authority may have had?

Back from the war, Jerry moved immediately to enter politics. By 1947, he was ready to challenge isolationist Republican Bartel J. Jonkman for Michigan's Fifth Congressional District seat. The primary results proved Jonkman's vulnerability: Ford won the Republican nomination 23,632 to 14,341. He went on to win the general election by more than 27,000 votes.

So Jerry Ford became a Congressman, matriculating with the freshman class of 1948. There are 435 Congressmen in the House of Representatives, and on a

national scale theirs are no more than the outer slums of elective and appointive office, but the House was the culmination of Jerry's ambition—he dreamed of becoming Speaker one day—and secure within its crowd, a team player first and last, he took no risks whatever with his seat or his seniority.

Ford's strategy for keeping his job was a masterwork of pure defense. Like Gaul, it was divided into three parts:

1. Please the folks back home.
2. Please fellow Congressmen.
3. Vote the party line.

To please the folks back home, Ford set up one of the most efficient district-serving systems Washington had ever seen. It kept him in office through decades of political tumult and national catadysm, even after the grateful citizens of Grand Rapids and its environs had moved far to their Pre-Cambrian Congressman's political left. "The conservative record is Grand Rapids," Ford told reporters when he became Vice-President. "Forget Grand Rapids." Not so. As soon as he unglued himself from the Fifth District, its voters elected a Democrat.

Ford was the resident House expert on the fine print of Defense budgets, a useful assistance but hardly an example of statesmanlike watchdogging, because Jerry was, and is, so bloodthirsty a champion of national defense that he is the last person likely to have led a movement to cut the budgets he so assiduously studied, and never did. In 25 years in the House, in fact, he introduced not one piece of major legislation of any kind, a record with double and doubly dreary significance: that he never felt the necessity or the conviction to do so and that he let other legislators take the credit, earning for himself the resulting favor chits.

When Congress studied confirming him for the Vice-Presidency, Ford produced gentle reminders of his virtues tailored to the tastes of each body. "I said over in the Senate that truth is the glue that holds governments together," he told the House Judiciary Committee. For the House's benefit, he added, "Compromise is the oil that makes governments go."

So in addition to compromise, Ford campaigned. He stumped tirelessly, helping party and fellow Congressmen and himself, speaking wherever and whenever anyone asked him to. His record was 238 trips in one season, but he averaged hundreds every year. Ford biographer Bud Vestal reports his typical schedule:

Rise early, go to the Capitol at seven A.M. or so and do office work, receive visitors, confer with Republican associates, attend committee hearings. Noon: Attend convening of the House, stay awake during debate or confer with cronies in the hall on upcoming major business. At 2:30 or 3 P.M., grab a briefcase

with work papers and a speech text, a plastic garment bag with a change of suit and shirt, and rush to Washington National Airport to fly to the speaking engagement. Make speech. Fly home, arrive at one A.M. Take a relaxing swim in the pool. Sleep five or six hours, then repeat.

Loyalty and good fellowship had their slow rewards, extending finally to the Presidency itself. Richard Nixon alone didn't put Jerry Ford in the White House, his confirmation required the complicity of the Congress in which he served. Some of us laughed when Jerry Ford sat down at the piano, but was any man better placed to receive the first Presidential *appointment* in the history of the United States? His "lifestyle of deference," as Representative Michael Harrington described it to the House committee, paid off slowly, but ultimately it paid off big.

He was elected chairman of the House Republican Conference because Republicans thought him a deserving, harmless nice guy; he became House Minority Leader by the same default. "The pragmatic reason was that Ford was electable," said Representative Robert Griffin of the first occasion: "Jerry got along with all segments of the party."

"It wasn't as though everybody was wildly enthusiastic about Jerry," said Representative Charles Goodell of the second; "it was just that most Republicans liked him and respected him. He didn't have enemies."

"I had nothing to lose," Ford told biographer Richard Reeves. "I could have kept my House seat, and I was careful not to get anyone mad at me." Nixon nominated Ford for the Vice-Presidency to a more nefarious purpose, knowing a nasty joke when he saw one, but his estimate of Congress' sense of humor was for once set too high. And even Congress had its doubts. Consistently, in testimony before its committees, Congressional leaders expressed their embarrassed hopes that Jerry would somehow grow in office. Which implies that in their experienced opinions the man had a lot of growing to do.

"Oh, I am sure I made some mistakes," Ford told the House committee touchily near the conclusion of his testimony, when Democrat Don Edwards pushed. "I said [to the Senate] I was no saint and I will repeat it here." Meaning push me only so far. "But no serious major mistakes." Meaning push me no farther.

A new text for civics classes, then: no serious major mistakes. Cover your sweet ass and lie low.

If Gerald Ford were no more than a mediocre, calculating politician in a field of similarly disfigured men, we would still have reason for revulsion. Because, good football player and eagle scout that he is, he has run his scrimmages from first to last dutifully by the playbook our officialdom



"For gosh sakes, Alice, the prohibition amendment only refers to alcohol."

prescribes. He believes himself to be, and thousands of pages of raw FBI files got up for his Vice-Presidential confirmation attest him, a completely honest man within the limitations of the rules. He never fudged his campaign receipts, never bought or sold inordinate influence, never took bribes, never called the plumbers, never cheated on his taxes, never even screwed the secretaries and the political groupies whom crowds of Congressmen and lines of Presidents have augured to their fill. His conservatism, in its origins at least, is as philosophically respectable as the conservatism of many more rational men.

Like many other men in American history, Thomas Jefferson included, Ford professes his faith in the natural man and his suspicion of government. He believes in the untrammelled virtues of the profit motive. He believes success rewards hard work. He believes that men are everywhere better than they should be. More coldly, he believes that poverty is a mark of laziness and race a disadvantage any ambitious man can overcome. It is a philosophy that congealed in America in the years before 1920, about the same time that the nation was viciously disenfranchising the American Negro and shutting off immigration of the less than lily-white populations of southern Europe and Asia, and it has changed hardly at all in the cataclysmic years since. Specifically, and despite his subsequent education and experience, Ford has changed hardly at all since childhood; the only one of his childhood canons he has given up is isolationism, and even today he favors a cautious internationalism at best, coaxed to that by his war experience and by the tutoring of Henry Kissinger.

He is, as Congressman Donald Riegle gently labels him, an "ideologue." A fanatic, to be less gentle than Riegle can afford to be and more precise. A true believer. Ford believes furiously and his reflex of belief is automatic. "Nixon," Riegle says, "was in many respects an evil man. Ford is a kind man. But Ford is an ideologue, and Nixon was flexible. Ford's not a problem solver. He's more of a traffic cop. He has a boxed-vision problem. He's not in touch with that huge part of American life different from what he's known."

No, the President is in touch, but the route of his contact runs down through the psychic basement, where the contraries crawl. Much as he craves its honor, its love, its obedience, its troops of friends, Gerald Ford thinks America an evil place and, to his bewilderment and frantic inner turmoil, it terrifies him.

These are painful regions to enter, deserving more of pity than of contempt. Let's descend slowly, putting the personal evidence before the general.

The high office that I hold is *not* the most important thing in my life.

This is a great responsibility and a glorious privilege. And I love the political life. But the most important accomplishment of my life, as I see it, is being the husband of my wife and the father of my children.

What should we make of such confession? Knowing that Jerry Ford *does* believe his high office to be the most important thing in his life? Knowing that he sacrificed his wife's health and his children's well-being to it for 25 years? The words are unaccountably turned around. "Love" Ford applies to "the political life"; "accomplishment" he applies to marriage and fatherhood, which are hardly accomplishments, which almost any poor mortal can arrange. Is he expressing guilty gratitude that his family stayed the long and unrewarding course or merely politically acceptable bushwa, or is there subtler stuff here?

There is. Imagine the statement to be a dream that asks interpretation. In his dream, this ordinary man is transported without announcement or campaign to the Presidency, and appearing before the cameras on the White House lawn, in the surreal Washington dream light, he proclaims to the world that he's glad to be President, love won him that, but his greatest achievement is to have been a husband and a father. We'll have to run that through the decoder, turn it back around. It means, among other things, that Ford can't believe he's man enough to be President and fears we can't, either. He proposes to display the credentials of his manhood, and since propriety won't allow him to flash the crowd, he moves on to credentials more socially acceptable: An adult woman once consented to marry him and upon her he has fathered children. There, you disbelievers (and there, you soprano voice of disbelief within the dreamer, you child forlorn), how's that for proof?

Elizabeth Bloomer was born in Chicago on April 8, 1918, making her not quite five years younger than her future husband Gerald Ford. Her father was a traveling salesman who moved his family to Grand Rapids when Betty was two. Nothing about her childhood survives in the record except the signal notice that she began studying dance when she was eight and gave it her undivided attention until she was at least 25. Her father died when she was 16. During her adolescence, she spent two summers studying dance at Bennington, met Martha Graham there and so idolized her that she wanted to go directly to her New York dance group from high school. Martha Graham at one extreme, Betty's mother, Hortense Bloomer, at the other, were the two poles of her youth. Martha Graham meant dance, a career in New York, possible fame—at the cost, the great dancer told Betty, of giving up marriage and family. Hortense Bloomer meant the values of

marriage and family, Grand Rapids security but no professional dance, no career and no apparent fame.

Hortense convinced her daughter to detour through two years at Bennington. Betty did, but after that, she went to New York and the Martha Graham Concert Group and work as a Powers model and friends in Greenwich Village and performance at Carnegie Hall. The time came to make up her mind. Her mother suggested she return to Grand Rapids for six months and think it over. Betty did and chose, at what cost only she knows, to forgo her career. She married a man named William Warren, a traveling salesman as her father had been. She went to work as a fashion coordinator for a department store and did her dancing on the side. The marriage failed, the divorce becoming final in the autumn of 1947. She decided never to marry again. Not more than a month or two later, Jerry Ford asked her out. She liked his positive attitude and his reassurance, she said later, which might indicate that she was depressed. People usually are after a divorce. She liked his "drive to perfection," a drive she compared to Martha Graham's, "only for him it was first football, then his work." Impulsively, she changed her mind about marriage. "So far as I was concerned, that first date was it." Jerry, in turn, certainly saw her as another Powers model and accomplished beauty, a replacement for Phyllis Brown who had already made the decision Phyllis Brown refused: who had gone back to Grand Rapids and given up New York. Betty and Jerry were married a year later, on October 15, 1948, between Jerry's primary and general Congressional elections. He waited until after the primary because he was afraid Betty's past would become a campaign issue: She was a dancer and divorced.

What did Betty Ford expect of her second marriage? She seems to have expected a marriage of convenience—not celibate but not passionate, either—that might lead to position and acclaim. She didn't know, when Jerry proposed to her, that he was planning to run for Congress, but she knew he had financial promise and political ambitions, might possibly become famous someday, and she knew she was the smarter of the two. She must have noticed his reticence about women, sensed she wouldn't be dominated by him. She was "provoked" when she found out he'd kept his Congressional ambitions from her but delighted at the prospect, nonetheless. "You won't ever have to worry about other women," brother Tom Ford's wife told her, "because Jerry is married to his work."

Jack Stiles put it more bluntly: "If you can accept the idea that politics will come first and your marriage second, if you can live with that, then I think you'll have a good marriage; you'll make a good team in Washington." The

advice was redundant: She already knew. Those were the terms of the emotional contract they signed. Jerry and Betty were married on a Friday afternoon. The next day, Jerry took her to a University of Michigan football game. Then they drove 75 miles to a Republican reception and another 75 miles to a Detroit hotel. On Sunday, they drove all the way back to Grand Rapids, 150 miles on 1947 highways, so Jerry could resume campaigning on Monday morning. Such were their honeymoon days.

She became a loyal and dutiful wife, but as the years ground on without fame or fortune, the arrangement rankled. The man was never home, the children were hard to handle, the Fords were unknown. She drank too much, popped tranquilizers, developed a psychosomatic pain in her neck. Too tough to collapse, she went to see a psychiatrist. What her husband couldn't win by diligence he then won by default, but the Vice-Presidency still left her stuck at home. "I want him to retire from one office to another," she told an interviewer during the Vice-Presidential days, "not even come home for lunch and bother the household." And again: "I can't see the two of us going off alone. We'd probably kill each other. We'd get so bored with each other. I wouldn't know how to act."

Finally, the Presidency brought reward. She turned it to good use in the historic and important cause of feminism, speaking out at last for her lost career. She also turned it to advantage with her husband, using calculated indiscretion to bend him to her views. "Clearly intrigued with a plus she never knew before," wrote Myra MacPherson in *McCall's*, "she mentions the word 'power' more than once."

"If he doesn't get [the message] in the office in the day," Betty said, "he gets it in the ribs at night." She claimed credit for Carla Hills's promotion to the Cabinet; she worked on a female appointment to the Supreme Court. Knowing she is finally in a position to do him great political mischief, the First Lady flicks at the President in public interviews as a confident trainer might flick at a reluctant bear, though lately, during the Presidential campaign, she has kept her opinions to herself. They sleep together, she told *McCall's*, shivering her husband's toes, "as often as possible." If her daughter didn't save her virginity for marriage, she would understand. Ford said that one could cost him 20,000,000 votes. She has campaigned, to his great discomfort, for the ERA and abortion on demand. She made a point of moving their bed into the White House and insisting that they share the same bedroom, but it isn't the king-sized bed the press reported. It's two twins pushed side by side. Separate sheets and blankets, separate estates. In photographs, we see her jumping onto his lap and

Alive with pleasure! Newport



*After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*



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

Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine;
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1975.

aggressively mussing his hair, pushing him fully clothed into the family pool, stepping in front of him when he stands to speak. She's not engaged in blackmail. She's collecting reparations for the atrocities of neglect he committed along the way.

She and Martha Graham finally got together again. It's refreshing; it's also a measure of Jerry's vulnerability to any open discussion of sexuality, an indication that he is an inhibited man. "Eating and sleeping," he likes to repeat manfully, referring to two of the most important rituals around that men and women share with intimacy, "are a waste of time." Which is a position even a missionary might find dull.

If there is comedy in the spectacle of a President so skillfully manipulated by his wife, there's no comedy at all in Ford's iron self-control.

Only once in that long career did Jerry's anger come out publicly, and the caldron thus uncovered was witch's brew. The occasion was a speech delivered from the floor of the House of Representatives on April 15, 1970, calling for the impeachment of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. Ford has claimed since that he was primarily offended by Douglas' moonlighting as director of a Las Vegas-based organization called the Parvin Foundation, but his real motives he explained to Hersey last year. "Bill Douglas," he told Hersey, "had made some decisions, and his married life was different than most. . . . And then this famous *Evergreen* publication came out, a very ill-advised article by the Justice in a magazine that I think is pornographic by any standards. And that upset me. . . . I suspect it was the one thing that was a bit out of character." Ford meant attacking a public figure directly and being upset were out of character. His hostility toward Douglas, and what Douglas represented, was not out of character. It was consistent with his record.

The Douglas attack has been over-reported and understudied. Ford is usually charged with playing patsy or clever hod carrier for the Nixon Administration, which was seeking revenge because the Senate refused to confirm two of its Supreme Court nominations. Judges Clement Haynsworth and Harold Carswell, and the charge is partly true. The Justice Department under John Mitchell fed Ford raw FBI files that implicated Douglas, through paranoid, thrice-removed connections, with the gambling world of Las Vegas godfathers, files that were incorporated almost verbatim into the House speech, implications that were later thoroughly discredited. But Ford's own memory demonstrates what really bothered him about Justice Douglas: Douglas' liberal Supreme Court decisions, his habit of marrying women decades younger than he and his appearance

as an author in *Avant Garde* and *Evergreen Review*.

If these are crimes, they are crimes of a remarkably personal nature, and surely they are adequately covered by the Bill of Rights, which William O. Douglas as much as any man in the history of the Court had labored to defend. Yet they incensed Jerry to the point of throwing off, for the first and so far the only time in his long career, his mask of bonhomie. The three foundations for his attack were sex, money and corruption in the West. Do those themes recall to you something in Jerry's past? What other angry stories of a man from the West who prefers younger women and who seems to have money from mysterious transactions does Jerry tell? Liberalism, sexual or civil, enrages Jerry Ford; the Douglas attack in all its clumsy viciousness registers outwardly the inner violence of his response.

So now at last, knowing as much as we have come to know of this cleverly dull, seemingly ordinary man from Grand Rapids, this sharp undercover politician, Gerald Rudolph Ford, the President of the United States, we are ready to ask the central question: What does Jerry fear?

He says he fears Big Government. "A government big enough to give us everything we want would be big enough to take from us everything we have"—Jerry's favorite aphorism. But his votes as a Congressman and his positions as President belie his concern, revealing instead a carefully divided commitment. He's not against Big Government. He's vehemently in favor of Big Government in its police and military garb. He's opposed only to Government beneficence. He doesn't think Government should help people out.

Ford is cautious when he speaks of the poor. He no more desires to offend them than he desires to offend anybody. "I happen to think," he told Hersey, "that we should have great opportunity for people in this country to get ahead. Hard work should be rewarded. I don't think people who have had bad breaks should be penalized, but I don't think you can reward people who don't try." Which is mild enough censure, though simple-minded. More interesting was his response at his confirmation hearing when asked how he would eradicate poverty. With the exception of "those people who are mentally and physically handicapped," he said in so many words, there are only two excuses for poverty: not enough jobs and not enough education. That some are poor because they are black or yellow or brown or female, because they are victims of discrimination, because in poverty they are deprived even of the ability to learn, because they live in a despair so pervasive that whatever ambition they may once have had has withered to bitter fatalism, the man who was about to become President of all the people was unwilling to admit.

What Ford has refused to say, his record says for him. He has not only voted to weaken the weak; he has also voted further to strengthen the strong. The record of this man carries an ugly load of hatred: hatred of the poor, hatred of the weak, hatred of the disadvantaged, hatred of races other than his own.

That hatred, in turn, is a product of fear. Sustained, lifelong fear, because to despise the poor and the weak, who hardly need despising, is secretly to despise what is poor and weak in oneself, which, in Jerry's case, is the forlorn and lonely and angry child he once was. The child is the very model of weakness, with Big Government in parental form bending over his head; parents may give the child everything he wants, but they may also take away from him everything he has; and his release from their benevolence and their domination comes through growth and independence, by standing on his own two feet, getting an education and getting a job. So in the child within himself, Jerry found his metaphor for Government: in the struggles waged between his desire to be adult and his unresolved resentment, founded more on fantasy than on fact, that he was inadequately nurtured and inadequately loved as a child. Without this hidden catalyst, his vision otherwise makes no sense, because as even he knows, Government isn't a parent and the poor aren't children. The welfare system that Jerry coldly works to sabotage pays the lowest 8.4 percent of our population a grand total of \$35 per person per week. Disarming our defense budget by even one third would do wonders to improve that bare subsistence.

But the poor crowd Jerry's fences like a threatening mob. As he attributes to them the dependency of the child he once was, so also does he attribute to them the anger he once felt and still feels, and thus he conceives the need for protection. Once he kept a child from his cherry tree by brutally standing on her hand; once he found support at the center of a football team; in Congress he fussed with the minutiae of the Defense budget, as if he feared to find there one last gate left open, one last decisive weapon overlooked; always he has championed defense, violent response, overkill, and no mere firing of the uncongenial Schlesinger signals that he has defused more than to the slight degree necessary to ease further *détente* and make himself appear a Nixonian peacemaker. When even Lyndon Johnson tired of Vietnam, Jerry called for holy cause to Americanize and win that war, and he was the last man to give up when it failed. Today he warily performs *détente*, but woe unto the nation that touches an American merchant ship: He'll trade two of our guys for one of theirs.

Since he despises a considerable portion of the American population, it isn't

surprising that he is perpetually uncertain of our love. Thus his devotion to campaigning—devotion dampened hardly at all by the continuing threat of assassination—as if only by almost daily excursions to the hustings can he restore his flagging self-esteem. If an otherwise normal man broke off work to run and wash his hands 50 times a day, we would understand him to be peculiar; Jerry Ford's campaigning is peculiar, too. Garry Wills has called him a campaign junkie, and he is, and his fix is the smiling, cheering crowd, the same crowd that loved him back when family and father and fraternity dues were lost. Except for sports, which absorb his anger, campaigning is apparently the only thing he enjoys. He hates to be alone; he hates to sit at a desk and work; conflict burdens him, opposition burdens him, disagreement burdens him, decisions burden him; and his idea of a meaningful dialog with America is moving at a sharp clip down an endless line of proffered hands. He can't bear to eat, he can't bear to sleep, he can't bear to read and apparently he can't even bear to think. When he took office as President, he ordered the action memos to be simplified. In Nixon's time, they arrived with brief lists of options. Ford requested a different scheme, two slots on the bottom line. "Approve____," he

could—then check, quickly passing through, or "Disapprove____."

Bearing such hardships, braving such internal foes, he is easily cowed and easily duped. During his Congressional years, Ford was the unwitting victim of a two-bit slicker out of New York named Robert Winter-Berger, who borrowed Ford's good name to decorate various acts of slapdash chicanery and later rewarded his mark by publicly announcing that Ford took bribes, which he doesn't, except when the bribe is the Presidency and the payoff is a pardon for his criminal predecessor. The House committee found the relationship between Ford and Winter-Berger disturbing, and Representative Jerome Waldie asked Ford: "If a fellow with such modest abilities as Winter-Berger can persuade you and compel you to do that which you did not want to do, what assurances can you give us that we can be comfortable that that seeming weakness won't display itself when you are representing this nation in foreign affairs with people from other countries?"

Since he had no assurances to give, Ford's answer was lame, a general appeal to the record. "Well, you know, Mr. Waldie," he said, "if that is the only mistake I have made in 25 years, it is not a very serious one."

There are far slicker men in the White

House now than Winter-Berger, and to the extent that they are also competent we may be grateful. Nixon's economic advisors hang on, determined to prove that the proper life of American man is poor, nasty, brutish and short; Rockefeller runs domestic affairs, Rumsfeld runs defense, Kissinger runs the world; while in the stillness of the Oval Office, one on each shoulder, bathed in unearthly light, Philip Buchen whispers angelics and Robert Hartmann whispers diabolics into the sturdy Presidential ears.

He sleeps little, but sometimes while sleeping he dreams. When he was Vice-President, he dreamed and cried out, and by his side Betty heard him and reported, as for reasons of her own she is wont to do. "One night I woke up," she said, "and Jerry was talking in his sleep. He kept saying 'Thank you, thank you, thank you.' He was in a receiving line." Eternally grateful, eternally unsure, numb without and angry within, Ford blows along that perpetual line in sleep and waking, stormed by childhood cares.

"I didn't vote for him," people laugh these days at parties. We took him for little enough—for a gift horse—and he is not even that. *Haven't you sometimes seen a cloud, asked scandalous Aristophanes, that looked like a centaur?*



Jock itch?

Chafing? Rash?

Cruex.

Aerosol Spray or Squeeze Powder



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 80)

banned from radio stations, why they were being drafted into an Army when they didn't want to go out and fight. It was a school of the streets, a school of protest and a technique for communicating through the mass media so that people would go to the demonstrations in Chicago, during the 1968 Democratic Convention.

PLAYBOY: But didn't the Yippie movement become a sort of Frankenstein's monster for you? Didn't the myth become bigger than the reality?

HOFFMAN: Yeah. I would show up in Seattle and there would be 30 Yippielettes greeting me at the airport with FUCK written on their foreheads. I made a speech in Lincoln Park at the end of the Chicago demonstrations, saying that Yippie was over. It was a technique, not something I wanted as a movement. But the media image was so strong that it stuck. And then the trial brought us back onto the same stage, in a sense.

PLAYBOY: You've said you were glad you were indicted with the Chicago Seven. Why?

HOFFMAN: I thought the Government made a serious mistake in giving us a forum through which we could mobilize cross sections of the population, including the A.C.L.U. element, in opposition to the conspiracy law itself. It's still on the books and it's still the most unjust law in the United States. I'm sorry our case didn't knock it out; our conviction was thrown out because we had a loony judge

and there were wire taps and all kinds of other reasons.

We were in the perfect setting. Chicago to me was just another Southern town like the ones I had worked in my civil-rights days. This time the enemy became the court system and we wanted to expose its hypocrisies and brutalities. The system radicalizes the person. It happened to me, it happened to Tom Hayden, it happened to everybody. Things pile up and first thing you know, you are being blamed for a police riot.

PLAYBOY: You participated in every Democratic Convention from 1964 on, didn't you?

HOFFMAN: Yeah, '64, '68, '72.

PLAYBOY: What was '72 like?

HOFFMAN: Let's talk about '76.

PLAYBOY: Why do you want to skip '72?

HOFFMAN: I was lost. I didn't know what I was doing.

PLAYBOY: You expect us to believe that?

HOFFMAN: I'm always lost. You haven't driven around with me on a dark night. I get lost a lot; I'm an absent-minded fugitive.

In '72, I thought that supporting McGovern was the quickest way of ending the war in Vietnam. Well, the Eagleton affair was an unfortunate accident that showed a lack of idealism; from then on, it was all downhill. McGovern was so bitter, so wiped out by the defeat, and who wouldn't be? He knew things the American public didn't know. He said that dirty tricks were being used, that

Nixon's was the most repressive Administration since Hitler's. Some people thought he was a fucking nut. A year later, he was a Jeane Dixon.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to make it to the 1976 Democratic Convention?

HOFFMAN: I'll accept a draft. Me and Hubert Humphrey. I met him once in Miami in 1972. He said to me, "You made some good points there in Chicago," and I replied, "You were the point." I also asked him what drugs he liked—he was a druggist, you know.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Gerald Ford?

HOFFMAN: He's a fucking bimbo. All that flashes in my mind is pictures of him falling down and bumping his face. Even in that famous picture of him, where he posed cooking his own breakfast, I don't know if you noticed, but he was marmalading the wrong side of his English muffin.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he'll be elected?

HOFFMAN: Sad choice. Reagan certainly has a chance to knock him out. I think it will be Reagan versus Humphrey.

PLAYBOY: Who do you pick to win?

HOFFMAN: Humphrey. Tell me again about American democracy, run it down. After 200 years, one of the world's greatest criminals is shooting golf in San Clemente with more estates than the king of France had. And the second-in-command now is the butcher of Attica, Rockefeller. I think the person who wins is the one who gets the most money. It's a buy-in. The United States has the same percentage of millionaires as the Roman senate had. Everybody grew up to be president.

PLAYBOY: What does the Roman senate have to do with anything?

HOFFMAN: Just that the people of the Third World are going to be the Visigoths to the Holy U.S. Empire. The fall of Saigon was the end of the American Empire. It lasted 199 years and that's enough. When an empire falls, it's at its most brutal. Almost all the Jews Hitler killed were from 1944 on. They wanted to get rid of the evidence.

PLAYBOY: We're not sure about the analogy, but let's talk about America's future and your role in it. Assuming you stay underground, what purpose will you be serving?

HOFFMAN: I want to help create a government that serves the needs of the people, not only in this country but throughout the world. I don't believe change is going to come peacefully in the United States, not without conspiring with anti-imperialist forces abroad. We need a true Communist Party in the United States—one that knows how to reach people. And because of infiltration and harassment, we have to build that party secretly. There's no other choice. American democracy serves those who don't need it. People yell



"But our secret ingredient is large quantities of Hilberg beer."

about taxes and about cutting welfare, but 102 billion dollars went to the Pentagon this year. That's more than all the people in South America earn.

So I'm helping to build an underground network in the United States that will last a number of years and will be used in different ways, depending on the political climate. War is built in to this society and as each war comes along, more and more progressive people will resist it. That's why an underground will be needed.

PLAYBOY: Are you really a Communist, Abbie, or is that just another label to provoke people?

HOFFMAN: I'm a full-fledged Commie; better Red than dead. I think everybody oughta say they're a Communist. Like my grandmother, she's a great Commie. Anybody who can keep a secret for 50 years is a good Commie. But it ain't no secret anymore; I'm telling. The people who should come out of their closets now are the Communists. If Picasso was a Communist, what is Dave Dellinger? If Vanessa Redgrave is a Communist, what is Jane Fonda? It's here, why hunt for it all over the world?

PLAYBOY: How about you? How good a Communist are you?

HOFFMAN: As a Commie, I'm not that good. Like I say, it's my upbringing. I've had a *macho*, gambler, hustler American upbringing. Nobody's perfect. I'm also white. With blacks you say, Look, there are 16 of you niggers sitting there in a bathtub and there's this guy up on the hill living alone with 16 bathtubs. That's how you organize black Communists. With whites you need psychoanalysis. You say, You want happiness? A worthwhile life?

PLAYBOY: If you're not great as a Communist, how are you as a revolutionary?

HOFFMAN: I'm a little queasy about using the word revolutionary about myself, because it has so many implications. I'm a social activist. Most people—especially the intellectual community—call you a revolutionary only when you're dead. A social activist can be alive and, more than that, he can be a personality.

PLAYBOY: Would the Weather Underground agree with that?

HOFFMAN: One of my criticisms of the Weather Underground is that it hasn't been personalized enough. It draws its models from abroad—such as the Vietnamese—and downplays the individual in favor of the collective. You can't apply that to America. America is a land of soap operas and the Weather Underground should become a soap opera. The S.L.A. did it, but the S.L.A. wasn't strong enough to withstand the pressure and got sucked into the soap opera itself.

Of course, it's dangerous, putting forth your personality the way I do, because it

opens you up to incredible criticism on the part of your comrades on the left. Most of them wouldn't do an interview for *PLAYBOY*—they'd have to go through all sorts of things, such as, What does it mean and how does one justify it? The Weather Underground has a correct analysis of American history, but it has to broaden it to the masses. The members have to start translating their communications into the American language. They can't speak in a foreign language and they can't speak with foreign experience.

PLAYBOY: Won't these remarks get you into trouble with other people on the left? Isn't it considered bad form to criticize other radical leaders in public?

HOFFMAN: It used to be considered bad to criticize movement leaders and, in fact, there was a strong antileader trend. I don't have that view now. I believe there are leaders. I remember Bob Dylan's line, "Don't follow leaders/watch the parkin' meters." Well, that's a pretty fucking dumb thing. You follow a parking meter, you get a bump on the head. It wasn't until recently that I accepted the fact that I was a leader.

Leaders have a responsibility and that's to lead. But being a leader doesn't make you any more important than being a dishwasher. The left will succeed only when it develops more anger for the system than it does for the people who happen to be sitting in the same room. I think that was the major fault with the movement, though I think it's changing now.

PLAYBOY: How is it changing?

HOFFMAN: The underground has gone through a faddish phase. There have been movies about it and certainly there's great fascination with Patty Hearst. That should be capitalized on to put forth the political message—and I think it will. They should take advantage of it. I didn't come here with a set dictum that was thought out by my group. I don't have set answers. I answer questions as they come to me, right on the spot, and people can sense that. It makes good reading, it gets the message out, and I think there are other fugitives who are capable of doing it even better than I am.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but one of your chief strengths has always been your ability to use, and often manipulate, the media. Even though you're underground, aren't you still doing that—by doing this interview, for instance?

HOFFMAN: You know, you have to render unto Caesar when you deal with the press. When I did that show for public television, I viewed myself as the director and controller. In this interview, I don't. But it's a chance I have to take. Someone else will direct this, and it's me who may be used. As far as my being successful, I can't count the number of times I

Send Us Any Photo... We'll Put It On A Shirt!

- Full Color or B/W
- Picture Will Never Wear Off
- 50% Polyester, 50% Cotton, Fine Quality Shirt

- Machine Washable
- ANY PICTURE ACCEPTED—All Pictures Returned
- A Most Creative Gift For Anyone



Send us any picture (photo, drawing, clipping, slide, etc.) and we'll enlarge and reproduce it in beautiful full color (or black & white if you prefer) on a fine quality T-Shirt for you. What would you like to wear? A picture of your wife/husband, girlfriend/boyfriend, children, grandchildren, favorite pet, class or team picture? Be Creative—your car, boat, vacation memory, anniversary picture, something exotic—anything or anybody you're proud of and want to display. An exciting conversation piece and a truly imaginative gift. Image and shirt are machine washable—Picture will never wear off. Only \$9.95 (plus \$1 shipping per shirt). Sizes: Adult—S, M, L, XL Child—S, M, L.

Satisfaction Guaranteed—2 Week Delivery
Send Check, Money Order or use Charge Cards. Please give Account No., Bank No. (if any), Expiration Date, Signature. Illinois residents add 5% sales tax. PB-5/76

Contemporary Marketing, Inc.

790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Ill. 60106
312-595-0461

THE MOST UNIQUE NEW CONDOM IN THE WORLD

Scentuals™

by Protex®

exclusively from Federal

SCENTUALS are the first condoms in the world to stimulate ALL the love senses. SCENTUALS heighten the natural aura of lovemaking with the mystery of nature's most arousing and pleasing scents... in provocatively colored condoms that are as natural as a "second skin". You and your partner will experience a new lovemaking "high" with SCENTUALS. The delicate scents include MIDNIGHT MUSK, STRAWBERRY SECRET, BOLD BANANA, and LUSTY LIME.

Federal, the leader in variety of brand name condoms at money-saving prices for over 30 years.

Federal Pharmacal 1976

ORDER YOUR SAMPLER TODAY

Federal Pharmacal, Inc. Dept. P576
6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago, IL 60645

Please send me:

- \$4 Protex Sampler (6 Scentuals and 9 other erotic Protex condoms)
- \$10 Treasure Box (50 condoms—27 brands incl. Scentuals)
- 50¢ Catalogs Only (included Free with order)

Enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

STATE ZIP: _____

All orders shipped in plain wrapper
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

was censored and ended up on the cutting-room floor.

PLAYBOY: But still, whether or not you are censored, it draws attention to you.

HOFFMAN: Sure, it's the Zen technique that's so popular in motorcycle repair shops. You stimulate the opposition to react so that it overpowers itself, becomes its own enemy, and you escape in the process. It's the same technique we used in Chicago during the demonstrations. And it's true that I've studied the technique. You have to learn to communicate. You study your environment—in this case, the electronic jungle of the United States—just the way a Latin-American revolutionary studies the back streets of Buenos Aires or a Vietnamese studies the jungles of Indochina. You learn your terrain and how to use it.

PLAYBOY: When do you think you've been used by the media?

HOFFMAN: They tried. When I did that Merv Griffin show—the one where they cut me off the screen for wearing a flag shirt—they got so many complaints they wanted to get off the hook. So they offered me \$2000 to sit in the audience a couple of nights later. The idea was that Merv was going to say something and get blipped, then the camera would pan to me in the audience, laughing. They were going to make a joke out of the whole issue. Of course, I rejected that; it would have been co-optation. It's an illustration of repressive tolerance, as Herbert Marcuse described it, which means that America maintains the illusion of freedom of speech. But I wanted to make the point that the Merv Griffin show was an example of electronic fascism—and let it lie there. [A spokesman for Merv Griffin denies that any such offer was made.—*Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: So even with the splash you've made in the media, you don't think there's freedom of speech or of the press?

HOFFMAN: Well, there's that old saying that there's no truly free speech because you don't want someone yelling "Fire!" in a crowded theater. And I always said that free speech is yelling "Theater!" at a crowded fire. But that's one of those things that's fun in college discussions, not in real life. There's an illusion that the press is free because it gives equal time to liberals and conservatives and every once in a while you throw in an extremist for human interest. But the press never really gives you a debate. It's never defined in terms of communism versus capitalism, or of imperialism versus the anticolonial struggle. We watched the Vietnam war for ten years not as the ruling class in America versus the Vietnamese people but as our culture versus the evil force of communism. So it was always loaded. It is still loaded—in Angola, for instance. The madmen who run the Pentagon will do anything to prevent the spread of communism and the

media tag along like it was 1964 and the Gulf of Tonkin. The M.P.L.A. in Angola is *always* referred to as "Soviet-backed." The two other groups are termed "pro-Western" when, in fact, both contain Socialist elements.

The media manipulate everything from start to finish. Take the selection of news: What makes news in America? I turned on the TV set and some guy in Kansas had murdered his family and blown his brains out. Now, I *know* America makes people crazy. That's the one thing I've learned, going around the country—that people are miserable, unhappy. Why should it be news that someone kills some people? That's to keep the population on edge, anxiety prone. I better not take a risk, I better stay alert, I better stay off the streets, because look how crazy my neighbors are. Why isn't there news that helps people psychically, that builds spirit and optimism instead of cynicism and despair and anxiety?

PLAYBOY: How about you? Are you anxiety prone, paranoid?

HOFFMAN: No. But fear is different from paranoia. I have a realistic fear. If I open the wrong door, I'm gonna end up in a cage in Attica.

PLAYBOY: But suppose there were three FBI agents outside your door and they were pounding on it with rifle butts—what would you do?

HOFFMAN: Well, you have to be specific with these kinds of questions. First of all, there wouldn't be three. They're like nuns; they come in pairs.

PLAYBOY: All right, two FBI agents. What would you do?

HOFFMAN: Hmmmm. Have they eaten?

PLAYBOY: Come on, seriously, Abbie. They burst in on you—what action do you take?

HOFFMAN: Well, I think the terms of their release could be negotiated. First thing we do is jump them and tie 'em up in a bag, you know.

PLAYBOY: You are armed, we presume, for self-defense.

HOFFMAN: I'm armed. I have two arms . . . two feet. . .

PLAYBOY: What we're getting at is the possibility of your being taken. Would you rather die than go to jail?

HOFFMAN: Depends on how much time I'd have to spend there.

PLAYBOY: How about ten years?

HOFFMAN: Oh, my God. No, ten is out.

PLAYBOY: Five years?

HOFFMAN: You're getting closer. Any chance you could become governor of New York in the next decade or so?

PLAYBOY: Not likely. If you could choose your way of dying, what would it be?

HOFFMAN: I used to imagine Richard Nixon losing his temper and strangling me on national television. But I think

Eric Sevaroid would be a better choice, because he stands for all that's true and rational. If he blew his cool and leaped over his desk to strangle me, everyone in America would find out what I already know—that he's always naked from the waist down. I've been to the CBS studio and seen it. So if I could make him show his pecker and hairy white legs on television while he strangled me—yeah, he'd be much better for the role than Nixon.

PLAYBOY: Are your fantasies of death different now?

HOFFMAN: My fantasy today is to die in some sort of struggle, but preferably at the age of 110. Of course, if that door opens just now and it ain't room service. . .

PLAYBOY: What would you say to people who claim that because you were driven underground, the Government won and you lost?

HOFFMAN: To me, the issue has always been defined in terms of hide-and-seek—and I'm on the loose. You know what Ché Guevara said, that he was looking for one person to carry the flag, just one person. And Ché is *the* saint of Latin America. After the Virgin of Guadalupe, that is—at least it's *some* virgin. I get my Latin-American virgins mixed up.

PLAYBOY: And you feel you're that one flag carrier? Aren't you romanticizing this underground life of yours?

HOFFMAN: It's sure not as glamorous as an old George Raft movie. Well, I've gotten a new life, which most people don't have a chance at. But I don't advise just anyone to go underground. The secret to staying underground is to avoid your own lifestyle, to avoid your own heart. There're two parts to living underground: for people like me who have to go under, it is a different choice than for people who go under voluntarily. And there are a lot of those people around. They perform an incredibly valuable service. But look, here's why I did this interview: The media, the system tell you, "Go back to sleep, America, nothing can be done about anything. Just go back to sleep and maybe if you're lucky, you'll wake up and things will be a little better than before."

Shit. This going underground can be done. This is nothing. You got to have been chased by the Ku Klux Klan through Mississippi at five A.M. without a road map, trying to play someone from Tennessee who's just visiting. *That's* trouble. That's what the media don't know about me. Nobody knows that about me. Most people just think I appear on TV as a radical clown who throws money around and has long hair and acts crazy. This underground stuff isn't glamorous, but what most people don't know is that I've been practicing for it all my life.





Duck Brown

PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below. Please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

| | |
|--|----------------|
| American Tourister Luggage | 40 |
| BIC Venturi Speakers | 12 |
| BMW Autos | 77 |
| Johnny Carson Apparel | 7 |
| Craig Electronics | 60, 62, 64, 66 |
| Dual Turntables | 50 |
| Fiat Autos | 36 |
| Honda | 21 |
| Jantzen Sportswear | 73 |
| Jarman Shoes | 52 |
| Johnston Murphy Shoes | 52 |
| JVC Electronics | 40 |
| Kawasaki Motorcycles | 197 |
| Kenwood Electronics | 175 |
| Lee Sportswear | 19 |
| Levi Strauss Sportswear | 27 |
| MG Autos | 155 |
| Minolta Cameras | 6 |
| Olympus Cameras | 54 |
| Pioneer Electronics | 42-43 |
| Playboy Book Club Card Between 190-191 | |
| Playboy Club Card | Between 50-51 |
| Radio Shack | 177 |
| Shakespeare Antennas | 61 |
| Sperry Top-Siders | 64 |
| Subaru Autos | 65 |
| Tretorn Tennis Shoes | 41 |
| Triumph Autos | 14-15 |
| Yashica Cameras | 166 |

Use these lines for information about the above and other featured merchandise.

5-76

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

**SEND
PLAYBOY
EVERY
MONTH**



☐ 3 yrs. for **\$24 (Save \$24.00)**

☐ 1 yr. for **\$10 (Save \$6.00)**

☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:

name (please print)

address

city state zip code no.

Mail to **PLAYBOY**

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

7E04

NEXT MONTH:



JENNY'S GUNNER



HEALTHY SEX



WHALE WAR



TOP PLAYMATE

SARA JANE MOORE, ONCE A MILD-MANNERED SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE/ACCOUNTANT, TELLS THE REAL REASON SHE TRIED TO KILL PRESIDENT FORD IN A CHILLING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"SEX IS GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH"—A LOOK AT THE MEDICAL FACTS SUPPORTING THAT OLD SAYING "USE IT OR LOSE IT." YOU MAY LIVE LONGER, AND YOU'LL CERTAINLY HAVE MORE FUN—BY **EDWARD M. AND JEREMY BRECHER**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—TUNE IN NEXT MONTH AND LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE PAST YEAR'S TOP PLAYMATE

"55 BE DAMNED!"—IS ANYBODY STAYING UNDER THE SPEED LIMIT? IF SO, WHY? TIPS ON HOW TO GET AROUND THAT NONSENSE (AND DRIVING GEAR TO HELP YOU DO IT)—BY **BROCK YATES**

"IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?"—IN THE GRAND TRADITION OF *SAPS IN CINEMA*, TEAR SHEETS FROM THE YEAR-BOOKS OF THE FAMOUS—BY **RALPH KEYES**

"INDY"—A FORMER RACE DRIVER PROVIDES A REVELATORY INSIDE ACCOUNT OF THE RITUAL THAT IS THE NEAREST THING AMERICA HAS TO ROLLERBALL—BY **DAN GERBER**

"GREENPEACE"—FACING DOWN THE RUSSIANS, AN UNUSUAL CREW STALKS THE GREAT WHALE WITH SYNTHESIZER, SEAMANSHIP AND *I CHING*—BY **JACK RICHARDSON**

"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA, PART VI"—THE DEATH OF MALCOLM X MAY HAVE BEEN A GANGLAND HIT, BUT THE KILLING OF MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., REMAINS THE MOST SUSPICIOUS OF ALL—BY **JAMES MCKINLEY**

"JENNY AND THE BALL-TURRET GUNNER"—THE LADY WAS IN THE MARKET FOR A KIND OF—WELL—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—BY **JOHN IRVING**

"PRIVATE EYES"—EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SCOPES, EXCEPT THE NAME OF THE REDHEAD ON THE 37TH FLOOR OF THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET



Nobody's ever handed you anything on a silver platter.
You've earned this.



JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

How the English keep everything dry.



**Gordon's Gin not only makes a better dry martini, it makes a better everything.
Largest seller in England, America, the world.**

FREE RECIPE BOOKLET: Shown above are just 11 of over 100 delicious-tasting Gordon's Gin recipes. All are yours for the asking. Send name and address to Gordon's Gin, Box 5723, Dept. P, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 86 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.