ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1977 • $1.50

PLAYBOY

THE FIRST IN-DEPTH INTERVIEW WITH BARBRA STREISAND

LADIES OF THE NIGHT: A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL

"What's a nice Jewish girl like me doing on the cover of Playboy?"

THE BOGUS-MONEY BLITZ: A NATIONAL DISASTER

"BEGGARMAN, THIEF": IRWIN SHAW'S SEQUEL TO "RICH MAN, POOR MAN"

NUREYEV NUDE WITH MICHELLE PHILLIPS

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO GET THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MUSIC OUT OF A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS?

A BEAUTIFUL BIG THING

The recording tape in a cassette is only an eighth of an inch wide.

Crammed into that eighth of an inch may be as many as 64 original tracks mixed down to two. A hundred musicians. Countless overdubbings. Not to mention the entire audible frequency range.

Any cassette deck can reproduce part of what's been put down on that eighth of an inch.

The Pioneer 9191 was designed to reproduce all of it. Superlatively. Without dropouts, unacceptable tape hiss, or noticeable wow and flutter.

Take our tape transport system.

Since the tape in a cassette moves at only 1-7/8 inches per second, even the most minuscule variation in tape speed will make a major variation in sound. To guard against this, where most cassette decks give you one motor, the 9191 comes with two. The first is used only for fast forward and rewind, so the second can be designed exclusively for maintaining a constant speed for play and record.

All of our tape drive components—the capstan, belt, and flywheel—are finished to

LIKE THIS.

incredible tolerances.

Which give the 9191 the kind of wow and flutter figures that no deck in our price range can match.

Of course, having a great tape transport system means nothing if you don't have great electronics to back it up. We do.

The 9191 comes with an advanced three stage direct coupled amplifier that extends high frequency response and minimizes distortion. The built-in Dolby system can reduce tape hiss by as much as 10 decibels in high frequencies.

Our multiplex filter lets you record FM broadcasts without picking up a lot of unwanted noise, or the multiplex signal every FM stereo station sends out.

Even our ferrite solid tape head offers the best combination of accuracy and long life you can get in a cassette head.

There's also a peak limiter that lets you cram as much onto a cassette as possible without distortion. Large VU meters and a peak indicator light that let you know if you do begin to oversaturate the tape and distort. Plus separate bias and equalization switches that let you get the most out of different brands of tape. And an automatic CrO_2 selector.

If all this isn't enough, you'll find that the 9191 comes with a memory that lets you go back to a favorite spot on the tape automatically. And electronic solenoid controls for going from play to rewind, or from rewind to fast forward, without hitting the stop button. And without jamming the tape.

There's also the convenience of front loading. A door over the cassette compartment to help keep the tape heads clean. And a light behind the cassette that lets you see where you are on the tape.

Go slip a cassette into a Pioneer 9191 at your local Pioneer dealer.

You'll find it hard to believe such a little thing could come out sounding so big.

CT-F9191 Specifications:

Frequency Response: Standard, LH tape: 25-16,000 Hz (35-13,000 Hz±3dB); CRO_2 type tape: 20-17,000 Hz (30-14,000 Hz±3dB)

Signal-to-Noise Ratio: Dolby OFF: More than 52dB. Dolby ON: More than 62dB (Over 5,000 Hz, Standard and LH tapes/When chromium type tape is used, signal-to-noise ratio is further improved by 4.5dB over 5kHz)

Harmonic Distortion: No more than 1.7% (OdB)

Wow and Flutter: No more than 0.07% (WRMS)

Motor: Electronically-controlled DC motor (built-in generator) x 1; (4.8cm/s speed drive), DC torque motor x 1; (Fast forward and rewind drive)

PIONEER

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074

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maxell UD XL II C90
A
maxell UD XL II C90

There are some things you never want to change.

Like the feeling you get when you reel in that first big one.

An old familiar feeling. An excitement that never changes.

Like the feeling you get with every single sip of Smooth as Silk Kessler. So consistently smooth. Unchanging. There's no smoother whiskey at any price.

Like Kessler, the best things in America never change.

Thank goodness the best things in America never change.

SMOOTH AS SILK
KESSLER

JULIUS KESSLER CO., LAWRENCEBURG, IND. BLENDED WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

PLAYBILL

IN THE INTRODUCTION to this month's *Playboy Interview* with superstar **Barbra Streisand,** free-lance writer **Lawrence Grobel** describes the six months of work above and beyond the call of normal duty he put into the project, partly because Streisand was so caught up in it herself. But when it came to the provocative notion of having Streisand pose for the magazine's cover, Executive Editor **G. Barry Golson,** who edits the interview and had a hand in setting up the shooting, describes it as "a piece of cake." Photography Editor **Gary Cole** and Senior Art Director **Tom Staebler,** who directed the photo session at the Los Angeles studio of photographer **Mario Casilli,** agree. When the clicking stopped, all five of them gathered for a souvenir photograph that made four of the participants feel like leading men.

Last month, you read the first part of our excerpt from **Irwin Shaw**'s thrilling sequel to *Rich Man, Poor Man* titled, appropriately, *Beggarman, Thief*. If that whetted your appetite, you'll be glad to know that the excerpt, superbly illustrated by **Martin Hoffman,** is concluded in this issue. The whole shebang will be published by Delacorte late this month. Shaw's sequel, by the way, has no connection with the television sequel to *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Which somehow (don't ask us how) brings us to the subject of counterfeiting, a growth industry aided by the advent of the color copying machine. In *It's So Easy, It's a Crime,* author **Hank** (*Peroff, The Super Cops*) **Whittemore** has unearthed some staggering statistics on funny money that will have you nervously checking your wad for bogus bills. If you find you do have any, don't try passing them along to your local used-car dealer, though you might feel he deserves it after you've read the report of **William Neely,** who got a job hawking clunkers at one of the larger lots in L.A. *I Was a Used-Car Salesman—Don't Tell My Mother* is the low-mileage title of his piece. Continuing our product-marketing theme, we have **John Bowers**' inside look at *Ladies of Joy*. Bowers finds the ladies forthright, sometimes funny, rarely bitter and occasionally as quirky as the rest of us. Photographer **Robert Scott Hooper,** with much help from his assistant, **Theresa Holmes,** fills up ten of our pages with some absolutely stunning "working girls." Another lensman, **Phillip Dixon,** had an equally rewarding assignment, this one in the spirit of Halloween, as he photographed *Having a Masked Ball* with seven cryptically costumed Playmates.

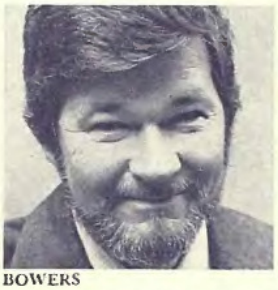
For the home front—your home, that is—**Norman Eisenberg** has put together four music systems to fit four kinds of rooms and four budgets. One of them should match your digs perfectly. As for your bod, you'll no doubt find a pleasing match in *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast,* assembled by Fashion Editor **David Platt**. But if it's not too early for winter togs, it's also not too late for fair-weather sports. Cartoonist **Phil Interlandi** chronicles *Sex and the Singles Man* in a tribute to play on and off the tennis court. The game never had it so funny.

As a public service, we also offer *The Playboy Enemies List*. You'll recall that Tricky Dick once had a crowded check sheet of *personae non gratae*. Well, there are still a lot of bad guys out there, though the tables are turned. We tell you who those villains are and why. Of course, the current Administration has its enemies, too. Among them are the energy sponges who are threatening to turn every night's repast into a candlelight buffet. Miz Lillian's boy Jimmy has given us his ideas on how to cut the fueling. But we think he hasn't gone far enough. In *The Playboy Energy Proposals,* we get down to the nutty-gritty of fuel conservation. (Associate Editor **John Blumenthal** is the high-energy genius behind this project.) And, for those who are going to turn their thermostats way down, we offer Playmate **Kristine Winder.** We can think of no better way to keep warm.

STAEBLER, CASILLI, COLE, GOLSON
STREISAND

GROBEL

EISENBERG



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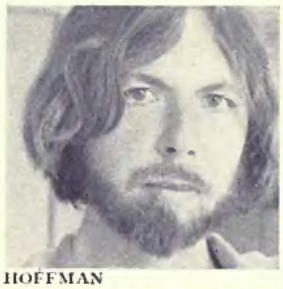

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PLAYBOY

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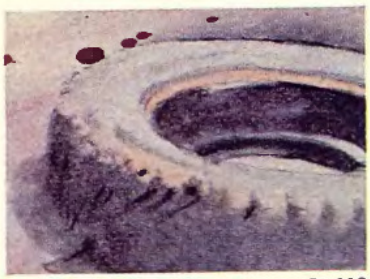

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Check that $20 bill in your pocket. The way the counterfeiting racket is booming, it may be a fake.

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COVER STORY

Barbra Streisand's latest album was released as her *Playboy Interview* was winding up, and the pose she had struck for the album cover caused a stir. A couple of our editors were intrigued by it and asked Barbra if she'd do an even sexier pose—complete with Rabbit T-shirt—for us. She did and became the first female celebrity in 23 years to pose for our cover. During the photo session, she suddenly whipped off her shoes and socks, grinned at the editors and said, "Hey, guys, now you can say I took it off for PLAYBOY!"

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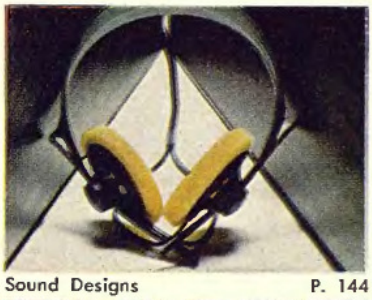

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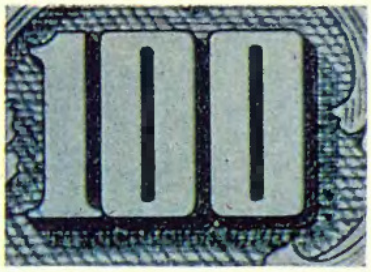

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MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

Style tips from the internationally famous men's fashion authority and designer of Capitán cigars.

How to underpack for a trip and get away with it.

A sense of style is important in everything you do. Capitán cigar smokers know that.

No. 3 actual size

They don't just smoke their cigar, they wear it. Because a Capitán couples good taste with good design.

When you pack for trips, do it with style, too. Decide to *underpack*. And still look good. Here's how: two-day weekend or business trip, wear a blazer and slacks. In a zipper bag, pack a suit.

Hang shirts and ties under the jacket. Roll up sweaters, belts and lay them in the bag bottom. Make sure all clothes match the shoes you're wearing.

Underwear, spare socks, shaving stuff, memos, etc., go in a small carry-on bag. That's it. The lug is out of your luggage, but you're still in style.

Now, there's room for a pack or two of Capitán cigars. Here are truly well-made cigars that are a rare commodity today.

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Aroma alone will tell you this is a very special cigar.

As designer for Capitán, I suggested five slim, face-flattering shapes plus a distinctive maroon pack that color-coordinates to your clothes. Capitán. A great cigar that looks it.

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2. You may enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. All entries must be received by November 30, 1977.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings under the supervision of Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners will be notified by mail. Only one prize per family. All applicable taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winners. The odds of winning are dependent upon the number of entries received.
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the United States who are of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state.
5. Employees and families of National Distillers & Chemical Corporation, its advertising agencies, Marden-Kane, Inc., retailers, distributors and sales personnel of wholesalers in states where prohibited by law are not eligible to enter. Offer void wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local regulations apply.
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

A

Marden-Kane, Inc.
P.O. Box 69
New York, N.Y., 10046

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A. My answer is: ☐

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ADDRESS

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Keith vested suit. 60% wool, 40% polyester

"This 1930 Cadillac Coupe is a pleasure to look at—a work of master styling and craftsmanship. The same should be true of a man's wardrobe. A suit should be a pleasure to look at as well as comfortable to wear. This Briton suit of Today's Dacron polyester blended with wool to keep its good looks unrumpled is one reason why I'm so pleased with my Fall Collection. Another is price: very affordable. They used to say about cars, 'Ask the man who owns one.' Well, ask the man who wears a suit from the Johnny Carson Fall Collection."

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

HEF HONORED

Award winner Hugh M. Hefner with California governor Jerry Brown and Maggie Hathaway of Beverly Hills–Hollywood branch of NAACP at Image Awards dinner.

PLAYMATES PLAY ON TV SHOW

Comely contestants on TV's *All-Star Anything Goes*: four recent Playmates. At right: Look, Ma, no hands! Bumping the ball are Daina House (January 1976) and Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire (November 1976); all wet, below right, are Daina, Susan Kiger (January 1977) and Sondra Theodore (July 1977). The episode, featuring the girls in different athletic events, is scheduled for broadcast this fall on CBS-TV.

PHOTO FLAP AT NORTHWESTERN

Photographer David Chan became a media personality himself when Northwestern University feminists protested his shooting for *Girls of the Big Ten* (September). In their annual Waa Mu musical, NU students spoofed the fuss (inset).

PLAYMATE UPDATE: KRISTINE'S ON THE NEWS

Remember September 1974 Playmate Kristine Hanson (inset)? Well, she's been moving up the video ladder. After doing a stint as weatherperson and co-host of *Weeknight* on KCRA-TV, Sacramento, she recently moved to San Francisco as an environmental reporter for NBC's KRON-TV. Looks like fair weather for the Bay Area.

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YOUNG'S IDEAS

Your interview with Andrew Young (PLAYBOY, July) has convinced me that he is not the incompetent Ambassador I originally thought he was. I must say that I thought he was one of the least qualified people Carter appointed. Your interview has changed my thinking. We need a whole diplomatic corps of Andrew Youngs.

Jack Early, Jr.
Auburn, Alabama

I really got a kick out of the Andrew Young interview. All 13 pages are devoted to Young's calling the Russians, the Swedes, the English, the Americans, our Presidents and everybody else in the world racist. Then he goes on to call the Albany cop a cracker. What a narrow mind, what a hell of an inferiority complex.

John C. MacNeil
Gulf Breeze, Florida

I like an outspoken Ambassador, like Pat Moynihan, but for our side. In comparing Cubans in Angola to Americans in Vietnam, Young indicates we should have gone into Vietnam, held an election and gotten out. Oh, so that's what the Cubans are doing in Angola, setting up an election. Young is correct that Ho Chi Minh would have won such an election, just as Stalin and other Communist leaders always "win" their "elections."

Honorable Robert A. Hall
State Senator
Boston, Massachusetts

The interview with Andrew Young is superb. His tact and intelligence as an Ambassador are far from the old phony covert representation of other Ambassadors, who say one thing in secret conferences and meetings—and then tell the public another.

George W. Gibson
Oakland, California

United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young accurately pinpoints the overwhelming variety of "racism" encountered in this country—not only that of the "bigots" so popularly caricatured but that of the educated, affluent, reasonably aware citizen who is ignorant of his own biases. The type of racism practiced by Ford's Administration could have been more damaging than the "Jewboy-nigger" politics of King Richard.

James H. Ewing
Nashville, Tennessee

Previously, I had thought Andy Young to be a stupid, ignorant, loudmouthed boor. Now I know differently. Now I know he is an educated, articulate, loudmouthed boor.

William Franklin Anderson
Atlanta, Georgia

At last, an American diplomat who can see beyond the tip of his nose and is not afraid to speak his mind.

Ramon F. Miguez
Austin, Texas

Peter Ross Range's interview with Andrew Young is yet more proof that PLAYBOY has raised the interview to a form of journalistic art. It is incisive, personable and to the point.

Rodney Welch
Bolivar, Missouri

When it comes to international politics, the U. S. Ambassador to the United Nations is not only young but also naïve and, to some extent, immature. As a Vietnamese, I find what he said about the Cubans in Angola and the new regime in Vietnam nothing but pure, 100 percent bullshit.

Nguy Truc
Scarborough, Ontario

Come on, America, get off Andrew Young's back. It is about time we had an individual in public life who says what the American people have been thinking for years. Let's not kill our public servants because they are finally acting like human beings. I, for one, have had my share of Richard Nixon–type politics.

Thomas C. Leinbach
Binghamton, New York

I was distressed to read Ambassador Young's statement concerning my father, the late Ralph J. Bunche, that "a lot of his energy went into not being black and trying to assimilate." Such a remark reflects an ignorance of both the character and the career of my father. Throughout his career with the United Nations, he continued to serve on the boards of

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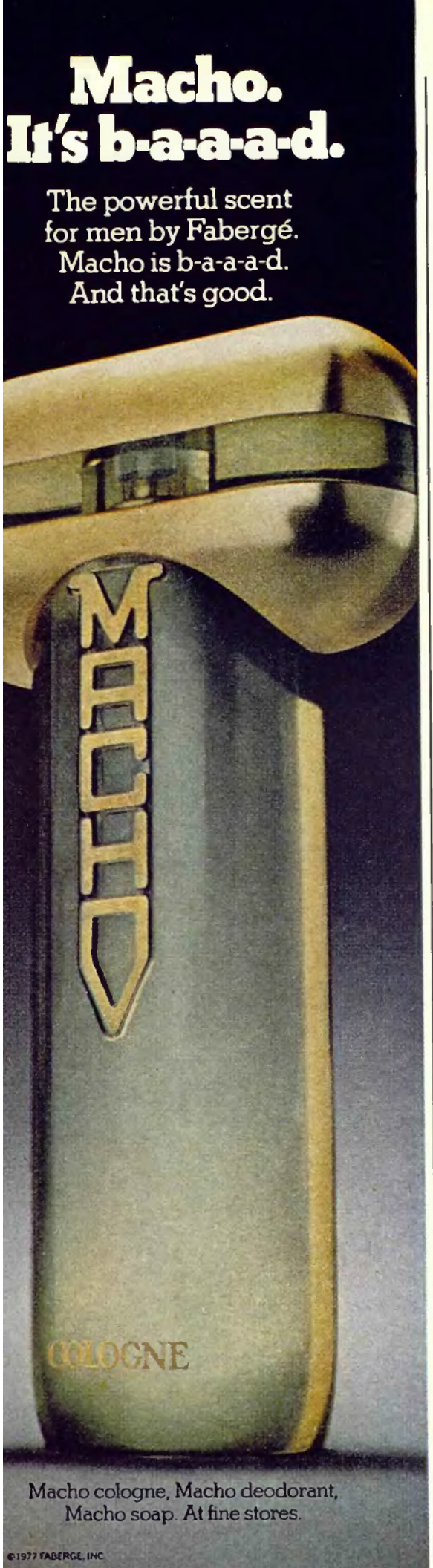

many black institutions, including the NAACP, and toward the end of his life, he marched with Dr. King (and Andrew Young) in Montgomery, Washington and Selma, despite his failing health. While most of his life and efforts were devoted to bringing about peace between nations and peoples, regardless of nationality or race, he never forgot or was indifferent to the racial difficulties in this country or his own unhappy encounters with them.

Joan H. Bunche
New York, New York

The point is that secret, behind-closed-doors negotiations do not enable the American public to form an educated opinion. This kind of national and international policy making has many times in the past resulted in decisions that might not have been made if the background to those decisions had been made public.

J-P. J. Gravell
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

Russia has for some time now had the attitude that the American eagle is a direct descendant of the Kentucky fried chicken and has treated it as such. It's time we had someone like Andrew Young, who will go balls to the wall with another nation if need be. A little polish to his style and Young will be our man.

F. J. Diaz de Leon
Lone Pine, California

He may put his hands and feet into his mouth, but you know where he stands on the issues.

Charles David Haskell
New York, New York

America's voice rings loud and clear once again with Ambassador Young's authorship and President Carter's balls to back him. Harry Truman lives!

Ed Ritter
Miami, Florida

Right on, Young! He tells it like it is. Yes, Nixon is a racist; and, yes, Jerry Ford is a racist. If Ford were from Georgia, Alabama or Mississippi, I could forgive him for not voting for the Civil Rights Act of 1964, but a Congressman from Michigan?

Donald M. Perry, Jr.
Ithaca, New York

Cardinal in understanding Young's attitude in the matter of U. S. foreign policy is that for him, the main danger for the U. S. is not communism but racism.

Leon Kogan
Sacramento, California

Carter relieves a general for telling the truth and looks the other way when Andy spouts his shit. If the general had been black, Carter would have promoted him.

Fred Nesmith
Sunnymead, California

If he doesn't like it here, why the hell doesn't the stupid s.o.b. go back to Africa, where his ancestors are? If it weren't for the Europeans who brought some of his ancestors over here out of the primitive, savage life they had in Africa, where the hell would that jerk be now? Answer me that!

G. F. Landon
Fargo, North Dakota

Blissfully uninvolved in the primitive, savage life in America.

NICKI'S NO MYSTERY

On page 17 of your July issue, it reads, "Take a closer look . . . at this offer." To hell with the offer! (I recently renewed my PLAYBOY subscription for another three years.) I want to know who that unbelievably beautiful woman is.

Marc Olson
Houston, Texas

Who is that lovely lady? Where have you been hiding her?

B. R. Hollis
Beaumont, Texas

You guys either have short memories or just haven't been paying attention. Think way back to March of this year

and you'll probably recognize Playmate Nicki Thomas from our pictorial titled "Top Shape." As you've noticed, Nicki is still fit as a fiddle.

"DATA SHEET" SHUFFLE

The new twist you've added, the "Playmate Data Sheet," is particularly appreciated. Not only does the form give readers a better idea of the young lovely's physical characteristics but her handwriting and word usage help provide an interesting insight into her personality, as well—something that can't always be put into words.

Timothy A. Scott
Dayton, Ohio

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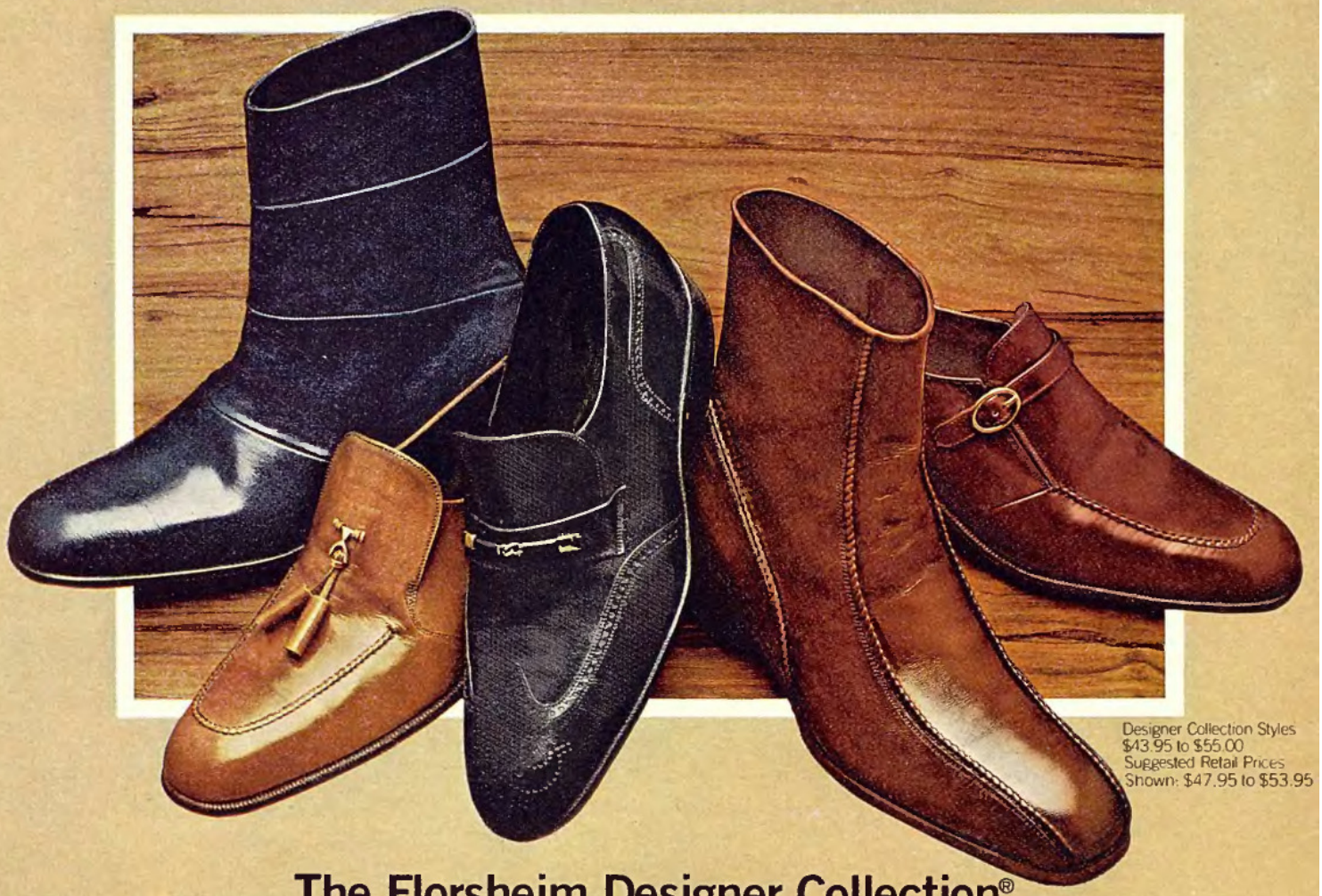

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Your "Playmate Data Sheet" next to the centerfold is a great idea. I don't know who thought of it, but I hope you continue it.

Jeff Wohl
Chicago, Illinois

I would like to encourage you to do more of what you have been doing lately with your Playmates. They have become more personalized and seem more like real people than just sexy pictures. The use of the "Playmate Data Sheet," I think, is super.

(Name withheld by request)
Whitewater, Wisconsin

FORD FUNNIES

I've just finished Ron Nessen's article *Running the World Is Funnier than You Think* (PLAYBOY, July). I was pleased to read that what appeared to the public to be an insensitive and humorless Administration did have its light moments. But Ford took the easy way out when he pardoned Nixon and let the nation down at a time when it needed him. And that, Nessen, ain't funny.

G. Fioco
Nederland, Texas

Nessen's article about jokes in the White House had me rolling on the floor—in pain!

Kevin Koff
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Nessen seems to have omitted the truly funny aspects of the Ford Administration. These include the pardoning of Richard Nixon, the veto of funds for New York City, Ford's veto of countless health and education bills, even Ford's hilarious joke that eastern Europe is not dominated by the Soviet Union. Why, Nessen forgot the biggest joke of all—the fact that Gerald Ford served as this country's President for two years. Come on, Ron, even that is funnier than young girls' pubic hair.

Jeffrey Fink
Oak Park, Michigan

One of the many things that made the recent Nixord Administration such an unpleasantness was its apparent lack of any sense of humor. Ron Nessen's article does little or nothing to weaken that impression.

Barry Gordon
New York, New York

Ron Nessen writes that "dozens of wisecracks that bubbled up in the throats of White House staffers got choked back," but after reading the whole thing, I concluded that *all* of them must have been.

Carl A. Kerr
Glenville, West Virginia

I felt President Ford's famous practical joke of pardoning Nixon was his funniest. I laughed all the way to the polls and cast my vote for Billy's brother.

Keith D. Smith, Jr.
Miami, Florida

THE VERVE OF VIRVE

Maybe it's because I haven't really focused on that particular part of the anatomy before, but your June Playmate, Virve Reid, has the most provocative navel I've ever laid my eyes on. I've never seen such sensuousness emanate from that lovely little orifice. Hats off to Virve, she's in a class by herself, and to Grant Edwards for his photographic skill.

Bo Ridgely
Indianapolis, Indiana

Virve Reid, the girl I've always dreamed about meeting. What a fox!

Dennis Wilson
South Bend, Indiana

Virve Reid is dynamite.

Dan Freeman
Jackson, Missouri

The pictures of Virve Reid were excellent except for the focus on pages 124–128. Man, what happened? I think she deserves a lot more quality.

B. Campbell
Anderson, Indiana

Like The Shadow, Virve Reid has the power to cloud men's minds. To prove this to yourself, just stare at this picture for ten seconds, then try to concentrate on anything else.

PLEASING PAMELA

Pamela Serpe, your July cover girl, is downright gorgeous.

W. C. Pfannerer
Bridgeton, New Jersey

Since Pamela appeared on our cover, she's been deluged with movie and television offers. So chances are you won't have to wait very long for another look.

Pamela Serpe is out of this world. Any possibility of seeing more of her?

Jud Higgins
Winsted, Connecticut

It's so hard for most young actresses to keep their heads above water that we were happy to give her a helping hand, er, head.

STRICTLY THE PITS

The commodities-market article, *You've Really Got to Be an Animal* (PLAYBOY, July), by Asa Baber, is one of the best, and certainly most honest, I have seen on this subject. As an ex–commodity broker, I judge the 90 percent losers figure to be conservative. That is why no one in the business likes to talk about it. The winners are a few substantial professionals, in the pits and out, who have at least $100,000 in the market and who usually trade without "stops." Of course, the big winners are the brokerage firms, which collect yearly commissions that generally equal the size of the account. If you stay long enough, they will "churn your money" until it is gone. If you want to gamble, fine, but your odds are better in Las Vegas. The poor consumer is the big

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loser, through higher prices on commodities. Sugar and coffee would be examples of recent excessive prices caused by commodity speculation.

A. J. Hess
Littleton, Colorado

*PORN*UCOPIA

I would like to compliment you on your feature *The New Girls of Porn* (PLAYBOY, July). The photo layout and the story are excellent. How about showing us more of Constance Money? She has to be one of the most sensuous foxes around.

Bob Rupp
Vineland, New Jersey

If Annette Haven really wants someone as "ambitious, strong, intelligent and creative" as she is, I would be glad to apply for the position (or is it positions?).

Don Dean
Dallas, Texas

THE WEST IS BEST

I don't want to start sounding like the Jules Siegel fan club, but his piece *Sex—California Style* (PLAYBOY, July) seems to be not only a good roundup of what you can buy to satisfy whatever is trembling in your loins but the perfect excuse for us not to have to assign such a piece. The thing I'd *really* like to read, though, is Siegel's expense account for that story.

Lawrence S. Dietz, Executive Editor
New West Magazine
Beverly Hills, California

Unfortunately, Siegel's article represents factual reporting, with scarcely anything really novel being mentioned except, perhaps, the "five different kinds of enemas." Wonder what they might be—hot, cold, orange, lemon and lime?

J. R. Helfer
Mendocino, California

HEARTFELT THANKS

A few months ago, I had an unusual experience involving PLAYBOY magazine. It started when, at the tender age of 36, I developed a heart problem. I ended up at the Cleveland Clinic, and after many tests, my cardiologist decided I needed a pacemaker. The day before the operation, my wife brought me the latest issue of PLAYBOY to cheer me up. The next day, in the operating room, while the nurses were prepping me, I gave the magazine to the doctors. They immediately went to a corner of the room and proceeded to look through the issue. This delayed the start of the operation for about 15 minutes. After finishing PLAYBOY, they came over and, with knives in hand, were ready to begin. At that moment, the telephone rang; and after a few minutes of discussion, I was wheeled out of the operating room. Later, I found out that my cardiologist had changed his mind about the pacemaker and had called to cancel the operation. Had it not been for your publication, the surgeons would already have been well inside me when the phone rang.

D. Dennison Fincke
Hartford, Connecticut

BABY BLUE

July Playmate Sondra Theodore is, without a doubt, my favorite color.

Wayne Jacobs
Atlanta, Georgia

One Saturday morning, I was watching the *Kids from C.A.P.E.R.*—I'm not sure why—and the girl on the show had to have had the most beautiful face ever to appear on my set. If I'm not wrong—and I usually don't forget a beautiful face—that girl was Sondra Theodore. Sometimes it pays to get up early Saturday morning.

Bill Applegate
New Ross, Indiana

Sondra's also got a beautiful body, Bill, or didn't you notice? You can see more of both in the new movie

"Skateboard," in which Sondra appears along with stars Allen Garfield and Kathleen Lloyd.

Miss Theodore is the most beautiful Playmate you've had in recent months.

Dan Abihides
San Jose, California

I really think Sondra is one of the best Playmates you've ever had.

M. G. Nichols
Elgin, Illinois

Sondra Theodore is not only beautiful but very sexy.

Paul Verlison
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

ANIMAL LUST

In your *Sexcetera* section of the July issue (*Playboy on the Scene*), you focus on the duration of coitus for mammals. Being a reptile keeper, I feel it is a shame you didn't include them in your list. Take, for instance, the snake; coitus can and often does last well over five hours. Not only that but the sexy serpents have two copulatory organs from which to choose, each of which is generally shaped like a French tickler. So why not "Screw like a snake"?

Keith Neitman
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

My husband likes to think he is a real tiger when it comes to his lovemaking and, after reading *Are You Finished Yet?* (*Sexcetera, Playboy on the Scene*, July), I can confirm that he definitely is just like a tiger!

(Name withheld by request)
Columbus, Ohio

REST IN PEACE

Philip Nobile's *Dead* or *Alive?* quiz (PLAYBOY, July) proved very interesting, but he apparently has not been very alert in reading the obits. Number 33, General Lewis B. Hershey, is dead, and I also believe that number 14, Lord Louis Mountbatten, died within the past year.

(Name withheld by request)
Williams, Arizona

Right on one count; Hershey died May 20, after we went to press. Mountbatten, on the other hand, is still chipper.

According to an article in *The Cleveland Press*, Gorgeous George is alive and well. He is a trainer of a rasslin' bear named Victor.

Vicky Meany
Brook Park, Ohio

Any George can call himself Gorgeous, but the famous wrestler of that name was permanently pinned on December 26, 1963.

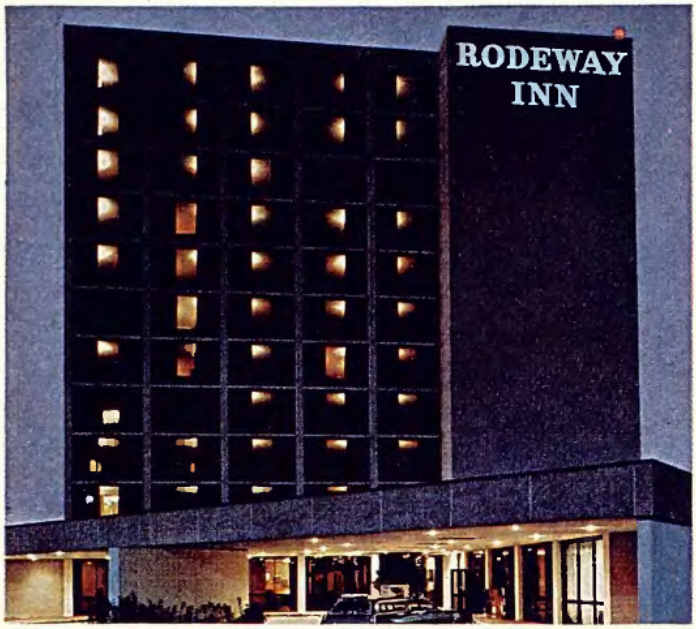
FISH'S-EYE VIEW

About a year ago, I discovered a use for your gatefold that may be of interest to other readers. It seems that a foldout is almost the correct size to use as a backdrop for a ten-gallon aquarium. With a small amount of folding, it fits very nicely and also provides an interesting diversion if you get tired of looking at fish. However, unless you stand the aquarium on end, you have to use a foldout with a horizontal pose. Since I made this discovery, you have published only two foldouts that have horizontal poses! Let's have another horizontal Playmate as soon as possible.

D. R. Anderson
Houston, Texas

The whole thing sounds fishy to us, Anderson.

THAT'S A RODEWAY INN?



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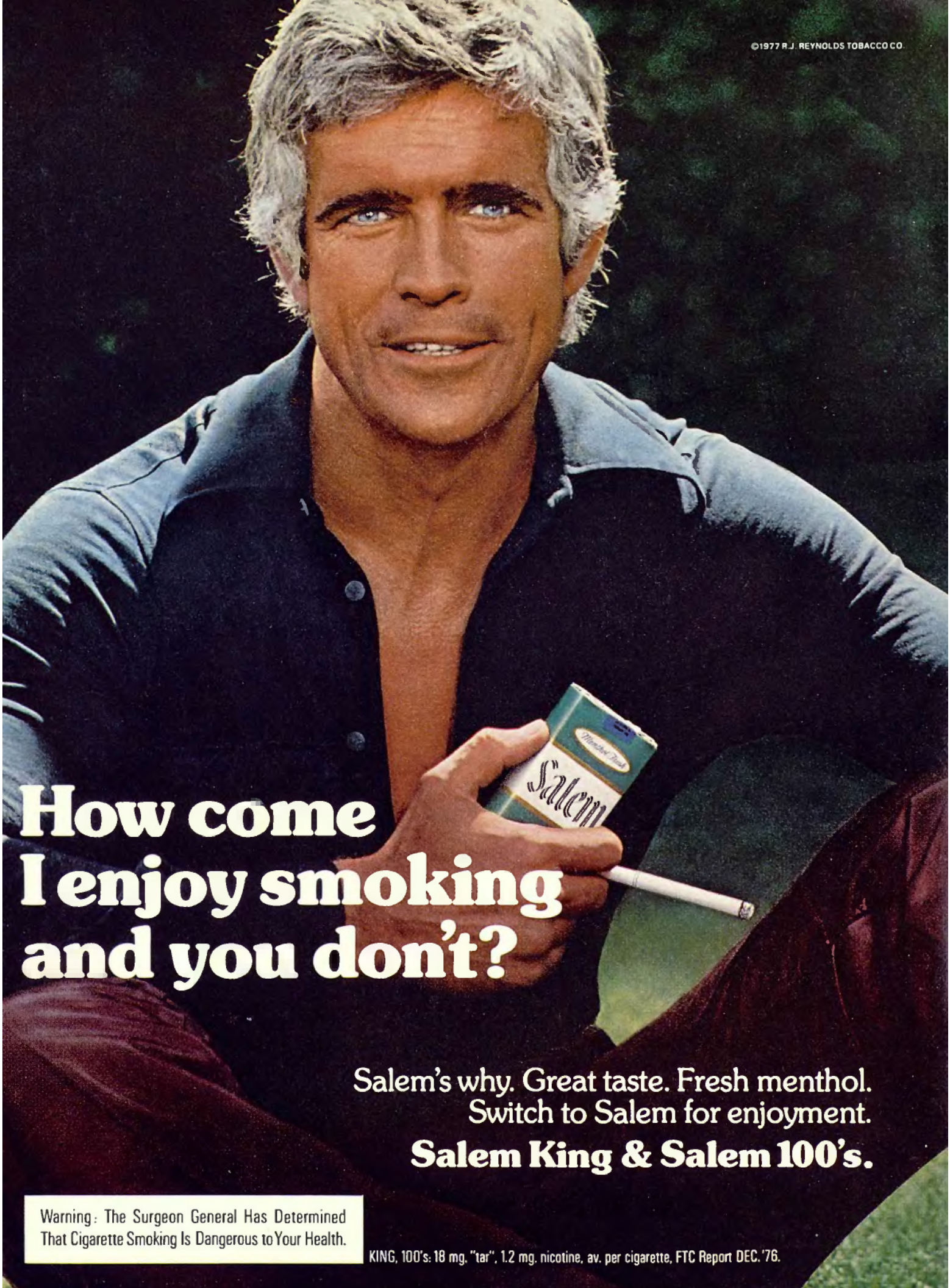
MORE THAN THE REST.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Salem King & Salem 100's.
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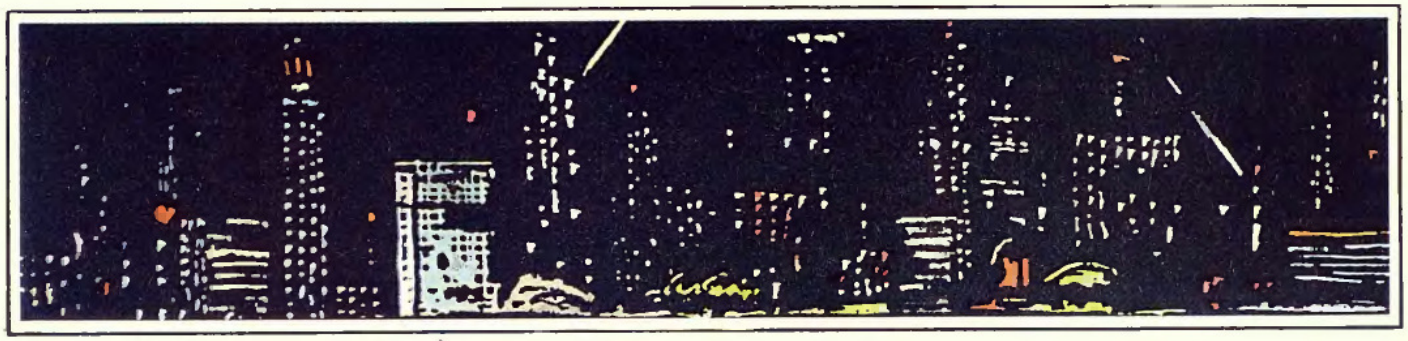
KING, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Yes, and they're calling it Dr. Pecker. China has purchased 1000 deer penises from New Zealand to be used along with the sexual organs of male dogs and seals in the brewing of "most precious three-penis wine," a rejuvenating elixir. Produced by the China Native Produce and Animal By-Products Corporation, the inspiring beverage is touted as "nutritious and roborant [*sic*], promoting the brain and recovering memory, strengthening the organs." Cheers.

•

When an official transcript of one of President Carter's press meetings mentioned the "GNC," everyone figured it was just another Federal-agency abbreviation—until Press Secretary Jody Powell issued a correction the following day. What Carter had been talking about, explained Powell, wasn't the GNC but the Aegean Sea.

•

Leek proof: Britain's *Family Circle* magazine, in an article on leek growing, announced that "Ex–beauty queen and Bunny girl Kathy Carrick won the De La Rue Leek Club show on Tyneside with a mammoth pair" measuring 121.1 cubic inches.

•

Tired of living, a man from Metz, France, decided to commit suicide. In his first attempt, he swallowed all his wife's contraceptive pills with a bottle of wine. Nothing happened. Next, he decided to try gassing himself. After stuffing the doors and windows of his room with rags, he turned on the gas but, before suffocating, decided that he deserved a last cigarette. The explosion leveled the apartment building but left the suicidal Frenchman virtually uninjured. He's been charged with arson.

•

According to San Francisco columnist Herb Caen, a man driving near Oroville picked up a young lady hitchhiker whose arm was tattooed: BORN TO LOOSE. "Was she actually born to lose or born too loose," wondered the driver, "and why didn't I have nerve enough to ask?"

•

What price equality? This unusual recruitment ad appeared in the Dillon, South Carolina, *Herald*: "Taxi drivers needed for Carter's Taxi. Preferably 25–65 years of age. No winos, fishermen or women chasers need apply. An equal opportunity employer."

•

Perhaps she should consider belly dancing: Philadelphia's Troc Burleske Theater (WORLD'S BIGGEST, BEST AND HOTTEST GIRL SHOW EVER) had a stripper billed as "just what the doctor ordered." Her stage name: Mae Lox.

Our Criminal *Chutzpah* of the Month Award goes to the New York man who held up the same restaurant three times in one day. Starting at 7:30 A.M., the robber entered La Tacita China, a Cuban-Chinese restaurant, waved his pistol and escaped with $75. The cops came and left; the robber returned and stuck up the place again for $30. The owner called the cops again, but this time it took them awhile to get there. When they finally arrived, they caught the thief holding up the place for the third time.

•

Tornado precautions from a weather column in *The Cleveland Press* included this safety tip: "In all high-wind situations, stay away from windows. Flying ass can be lethal."

•

We're advised via an A.P. release that guards at a Norwegian beach have prepared black-plastic bags with arm and head holes to put over people who sunbathe nude.

•

Policeman Michael DeOrian was routinely patrolling his beat in El Sobrante, California, at four o'clock one morning, when he spotted a naked couple riding a motorcycle. Pulled over to the side of the road, the man and woman explained they were celebrating their sixth wedding anniversary. The cop settled for ticketing the husband for failure to have a driver's license in his possession.

•

Truth in Advertising, Fair Warning Department: During a trailer for a coming attraction, a Manila movie audience was startled by this announcement: "Do not fail to miss this picture."

•

Standing up for the peepee. The present Peeping Tom law in North Carolina makes it unlawful for a man to peep into a room occupied by a woman, but it's not a crime for a woman to peep at a man, for a woman to peep at a woman or for a

man to peep at another man. So two state legislators have introduced a "peeping persons law" making it illegal for anyone to peep in on anyone.

•

Alabama's *Mobile Press* ran three adjacent editorials not long ago, the headlines of which, when read consecutively, tell an interesting story in themselves. In sequential order, they are: "HOUSE VOTES TO RELEASE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER," "ANITA BRYANT BIG WINNER" and "CONGRATULATIONS TO THE QUEEN."

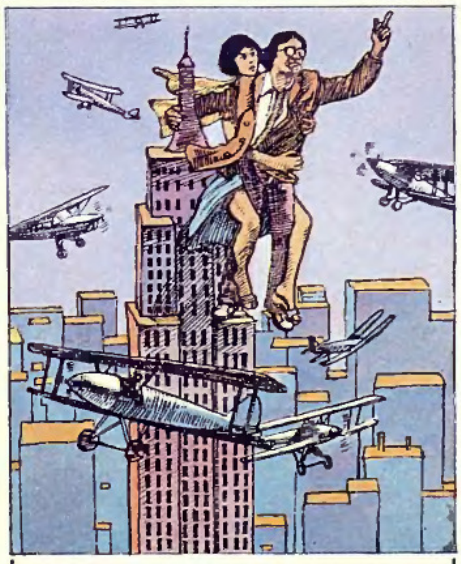
•

We'd have to agree with the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that this pipe organist is, indeed, the focal point of the restaurant where he performs: "Castanets, a player piano and glockenspiel are among the devices hooked up to his mighty organ."

•

The Nevada State Prison is being sued by one of its convicts for $150,000 because the prison guards read the men's magazines to which he subscribed before he got them. What seems particularly to irk the inmate is that the guards allegedly removed the magazine covers, which he considers "harassment."

PLAYBOY'S HALL OF FLEETING FAME



Voted in for successfully scaling the heights of stupidity: a group of Brazilian sociologists who concluded that persons who work on the higher floors of skyscrapers—specifically above the 12th floor—are more likely to fall in love than those who work on lower floors. The explanation of this phenomenon: rarefied air and psychological distances from reality that accompany being at higher altitudes create amorous feelings.

HAIL, PRE-COLUMBIANS!

The number of explorers who probably discovered America before Columbus continues to grow at an alarming rate. Here are the discoveries discovered so far this week:

Saint Manfred the Ambivalent: Manfred, a melancholic Bulgarian monk, may have landed in America ten centuries before Columbus, according to Sir James Clegwort. Sir James plans to prove that the voyage was possible by sailing from Dubrovnik to Daytona Beach in a large wicker basket with a crew of neurotics. Newly discovered diaries reveal that Manfred had confined himself to a monastery cell for 15 years, until, one night, he saw in a shimmering vision a new land of golden promise with liberty for all except those wishing to smoke in elevators.

After months of agonizing over whether the origins of his dream were divine or gastric, Manfred finally set sail to the west in three ships rowed by an order of masochistic nuns. In Florida, he met elderly natives who told him of a fabled city of gold where the citizens had invented the American Plan. Unable to find it, Manfred grew seriously torpid. He was last seen lying down for a nap near a spring that, according to legend, was the Fountain of Perpetual Mid-Life Crisis.

Ulrik the Green: A Norse viking, Ulrik set out from Denmark intending to rape, sack and pillage off the French Riviera. Unfortunately, Ulrik had too much mead at the *bon voyage* party, took a wrong turn at Reykjavik and ended up discovering the region to which he gave the lyrical name Big-land (North America).

Forming a colony that would later become the New Baltimore service area of the New York State Thruway, Ulrik vowed never to return home in order to avoid religious oppression and the continual seasickness that inspired his nickname. After driving all the Indians and ungulates from their neighborhood, Ulrik and his companions became so lonely they were forced to rape, sack and pillage one another.

Jan of Omsk: Trained as an alchemist and dental technician, Jan went on to graduate studies in navigational hygiene at the Omsk Academy of High-Pressure Sailsmanship but was expelled for refusing to recant his belief that the earth was shaped like an endive. He immediately made for the court of Orgfescue the Intense and demanded to be outfitted with a bark, sloop, ketch and yawl. He swore to sail to a new land and return with gems, furs and negotiable securities.

Impressed by the young seaman's bold manner and forceful logic, Orgfescue ordered him buried alive in an anthill with boiling oil poured down his undershirt. But Jan was undaunted. He soon saved enough money to buy a used leather mail sack and, in 1103, sailed it into Boston Harbor, which he mistakenly named Kansas City, an error that caused tragic confusion for five centuries.

Guido Columbus: Jealous and embittered, Guido Columbus felt from early childhood that his older brothers, Christopher and Vinnie, got more attention. He complained that he had learned before Christopher that the world was not flat but wasn't laughed at as hard. The youngest Columbus actually approached Queen Isabella of Spain six years before his celebrated sibling and was given a charter ship, the Santa Marimba, aboard which he hoped to take group tours to India.

After a harrowing journey, during which his crew mutinied and his passengers (a fraternal order of retired inquisitors) lost their will to live, Guido sighted land. He disliked its appearance, however, and refused to drop anchor until reaching what is now Springfield, Illinois, only to find it full of Portuguese navigators planting flags on the beaches. Disgusted, he returned to Spain and reported that the New World was fast becoming a slum. This made it all the more difficult for his brother to receive the queen's backing in 1492, when he made his redundant journey to America.

—LEWIS GROSSBERGER

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BOOKS

Previews: Here's a fall book list that we've been waiting for, because *finally* we'll see some things that have been in the rumor stage for entirely too long. Harold Brodkey's novel ***A Party of Animals*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which has been published piecemeal in magazines over the past six years, will be out this winter. It takes the main character from childhood through college, and Brodkey writes brilliantly and lyrically about sexual awakening. We'll see Tom Wolfe's ***The Right Stuff*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). It's his opus on the astronauts. And then there's Michael Herr. *Esquire* sent him to cover the Vietnam war in 1967. He wrote some extraordinary pieces for the magazine and now Knopf has ***Dispatches,*** his completed vision of those terrible years. Pete Hamill has a new novel, ***Flesh and Blood*** (Random House), about a young Irish heavyweight from the streets of Brooklyn. Random House is also publishing a collection of pieces by Hunter Thompson, the master of Gonzo Journalism, called ***The Great Shark Hunt*** (the title piece was published in PLAYBOY in December 1974). Carl Sagan, popular and accessible, unlike most scientists, has a new book coming called ***The Murmurs of Earth: Science in the Age of Space*** (Random House), a perfect companion to the Tom Wolfe. For the movie buffs, there's ***Big Bad Wolves: Male Sexuality in American Films*** (Pantheon), by Joan Mellen. It's a highly entertaining account of "how Hollywood's mythmaking factory has created the image of the indomitable male and, in the process, shaped and distorted our understanding of male sexuality." ***The Second Ring of Power*** (Simon & Schuster), by Carlos Castaneda, continues Castaneda's journey into the world of sorcery by introducing Doña Soledad, a woman whose powers are turned against the author in a struggle that almost consumes him. Doña Soledad has been taught all her supernatural tricks by Castaneda's famous teacher, Don Juan. Political buffs should be heartened by the news that Houghton Mifflin's coming out with Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s ***Robert Kennedy and His Times.*** Schlesinger was close at hand for all of them.

•

Why, why, why did Judith Rossner write ***Attachments*** (Simon & Schuster), a novel about two women who marry Siamese twins? Granted, freaks are fascinating, but Nadine Tumulty is obsessed with them. She connives to meet the pair, Amos and Eddie, quickly enters into a *ménage à trois* (there's a mind-boggling description of sex with Siamese twins that puts the positions in the *Kama Sutra* to shame) and recruits her good friend Dianne to complete the foursome. Soon they get married and move to the New Hampshire countryside, where, at first, life is beguilingly normal—the men do carpentry, Dianne practices law, children arrive, Nadine takes care of the babies and the house. But the foundation of their relationship soon starts cracking.

What's on the presses: works by Tom Wolfe, Pete Hamill, Hunter Thompson.

Attachments falls apart.

Although Rossner is dealing with the most relevant of issues—the need for attachments—she juxtaposes it against a freak show in a kind of parody of "normal" relationships, and this jarring effect never subsides. Furthermore, although she tries in a rather simplistic way to explore Siamese-twin psychology, Amos and Eddie never become people. They are simply halves of a two-headed monster and, consequently, we can never truly understand the women's motives in marrying them.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar was popular because it touched the lonely longings in all of us; it offered compassion as well as good suspense. *Attachments* has none of those redeeming values; it is an eerie, bewildering and profoundly disappointing work.

•

John Fowles is one of those extraordinary writers who are both popular and literary. He hit the best-seller lists with his novel *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and again with his collection of short stories, *The Ebony Tower*. He will do it a third time with ***Daniel Martin*** (Little, Brown), a vivid, graceful tale of a British playwright turned Hollywood screenwriter. The story is woven around four friends at Oxford: Anthony and Daniel, sisters Nell and Jane. Anthony marries Jane, and Daniel, Nell, and for many years the four are tight friends, until Daniel puts the stories of their lives—with his own fictional embellishments—on stage. Years later, divorced from Nell and living in Hollywood with a young British actress, Daniel is summoned back to England: Anthony is dying and has requested a last meeting. Daniel dreads the confrontation; there are secrets from the past that need to be confessed.

But more important than the physical action is what goes on in Daniel's head: his constant examining and questioning of all aspects of his life, his heritage, his relationships, his art. He is an artist caught between times: "For days now he had been split, internally if not outwardly, between a known past and an unknown future." Above all, Fowles has written an extremely intelligent novel, one that, as you're enjoying the story, forces you to stop, think and marvel at his remarkable prose skill. His characters are well defined and articulate and move in and out of the complex story with admirable ease. *Daniel Martin* is a long, provocative work—one of the important fiction offerings this fall.

•

On the road is one of the main beams in American mythology. It's an idea more metaphysical than descriptive—a separate and special state of being. Daniel Boone walking West through the woods, Huck goofing down the river, the careering

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MERIT
Kings & 100's

asphalt grace of Kerouac and Cassady. . . . These days, the idea of the road still does big spiritual box office, but the cast of characters has changed. Rock-'n'-roll musicians have taken over for Huck and Jack and Neal and the rock journals have become the new keepers of the myth, with romantic loving stories—intended as journalism—about how their heroes on their endless tours go road-mad, trash hotel rooms, screw everything that moves, take every drug that doesn't, etc. After a while, they all begin to sound the same, partly because the writers are usually too young and gaga to be critical and partly because their superstar subjects frequently prove to be borderline cretins offstage.

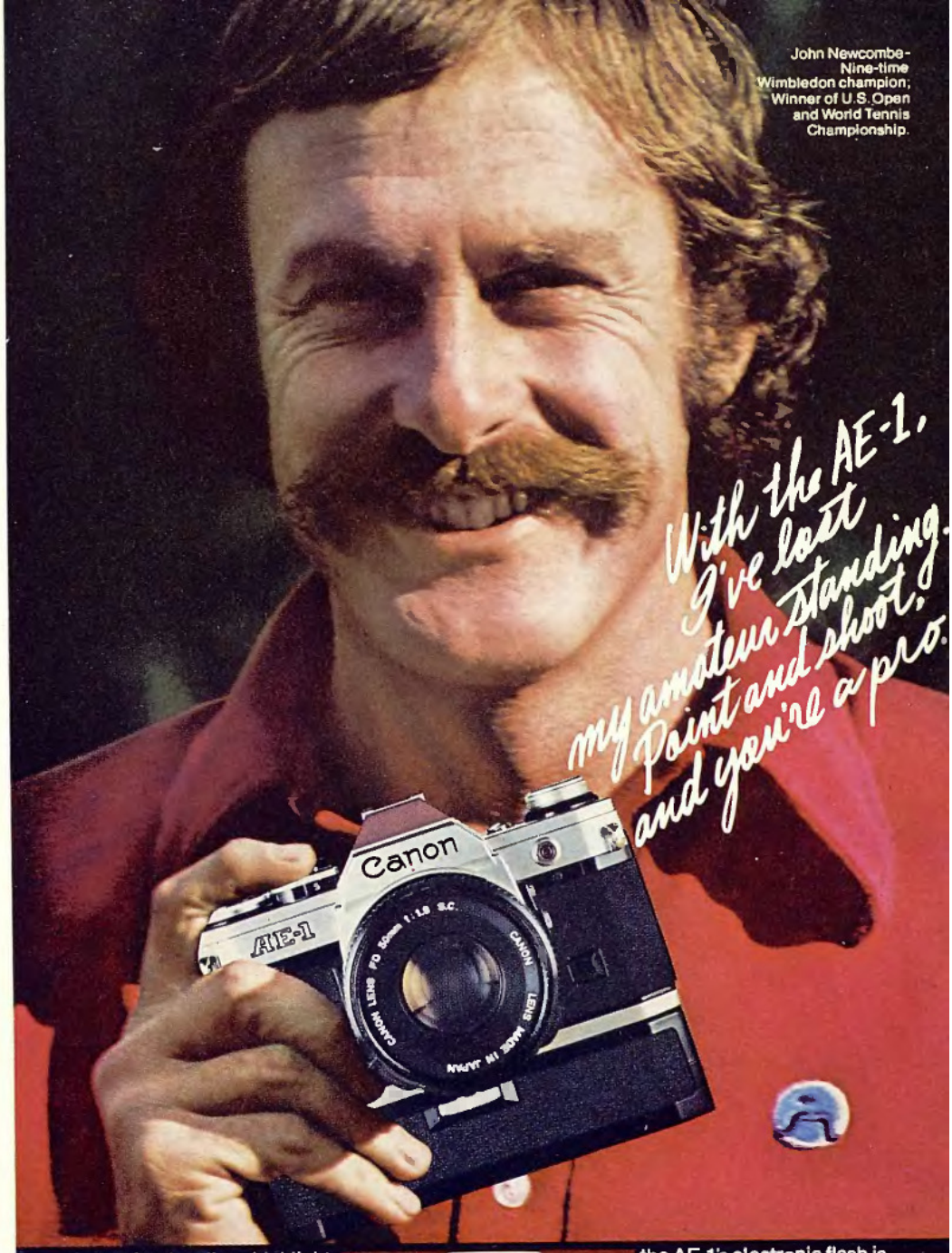
None of which is the case with Sam Shepard's ***Rolling Thunder Logbook*** (Viking). He has a terrific cast of characters to write about—including Bob Dylan, Joan Baez and Allen Ginsberg, among many other crazies. And Shepard himself is an Obie-winning playwright, with a great eye for the right weird detail and an ear for conversation that's even better. Shepard was asked—summoned, really—to join the 1976 tour of the Northeast to provide "additional dialog" for a movie Dylan wanted to make of the whole thing. But the spiraling energy of life on the road rapidly took hold. Some strange scenes were shot, but, as it will, everything started happening at once. Shepard apparently got most of the good parts down in his notebook—including a semi-put-on exchange between Dylan and Baez regarding their days as lovers that crackles like a downed power line after a storm. It's all presented as journal entries—a hit of this, a blast of that, just the way it really happens—and there are even cheery souvenir photos scattered throughout. *Rolling Thunder Logbook* is easily the best book on rock life on the road we've seen lately.

•

If there is a single theme with which white America has been obsessed for the past ten years, it is oddity. Freaks of various sorts run amuck through our films, music and literature, usually cheered on by the masses. But now that the inhabitants of popular freakdom range from politicos to religious fanatics to sexual deviates to chronic manic-depressives, we have reached a freak saturation point. In one way or another, everybody's a freak these days.

That's why Gayl Jones's collection of short stories, ***The White Rat*** (Random House) is so refreshing, so heady. Jones writes about black people with the premise that black life in America is, itself, an aberration of sorts and that any personal oddities that grow out of it are special only in relationship to themselves, and nothing more profound.

Those oddities include a man who is genetically as close to white as one could



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be, save a drop of black blood that seems to produce the strange phenomenon of a black mind in a white body; and a young black man who suffers from paranoid schizophrenia, which he disguises and copes with by doing his damnedest to become Jesus Christ. There's also lesbianism, old women screwing teenage boys, functional illiterates, people who either refuse to talk or make little sense when they do.

But in Jones's book, misfits aren't glorified and elevated to the level of freak chic. They're merely accepted, understood and left where they are, parts of the bizarre mosaic that is black America.

•

The short story is alive and well inside Paul Theroux's new novel, ***The Consul's File*** (Houghton Mifflin). The consul has been sent to a small town called Ayer Hitam about 80 miles northwest of Singapore in south Malaya, to phase out the consulate. During his two-year stay, he writes 20 short stories about the people and events of the place. A number of them have appeared in PLAYBOY and each is a minor epiphany, ending in such a way that you immediately run back through it in your mind, picking up all the clues you missed along the way and saying to yourself, Ah-ha!

Ultimately, the book takes on an odd quality, a mixture of South American Gothic and one of those 19th Century notables who noted civilization—and the lack of it—with a fine eye for the ash that bodies leave when love or lust rubs them together.

•

Dorothy Uhnak writes books—both nonfiction and fiction—about crime. Her latest, ***The Investigation*** (Simon & Schuster), belongs to both categories. It centers on a young woman who, in the throes of Excedrin Headache Number 29, murders her two children. At the end of the second chapter, the police and the district attorney have reached their verdict. Let's see: When you kill your father, it's patricide. When you kill your brother, it's fratricide. When you kill two spoiled-rotten, bothersome kids, it's pesticide. For the next 300 pages, the reader follows one detective who sets out to establish the woman's innocence. (Did we mention that she was beautiful?) The hero nurses an ulcer, gets along with his estranged wife, falls in love with the suspect, plays office politics, determines the truth, is betrayed and learns another lesson in the school of hard knocks. Paramount has already bought the movie rights, and it's easy to see why. Imagine the last scene of *The Maltese Falcon* and you've got the denouement of *The Investigation*. Imagine Bogey with an ulcer (it explains his charm) and you've got Detective Joe Peters. And the role of the killer is perfectly suited to Faye Dunaway—who has long since mastered the Excedrin Headache school of acting.

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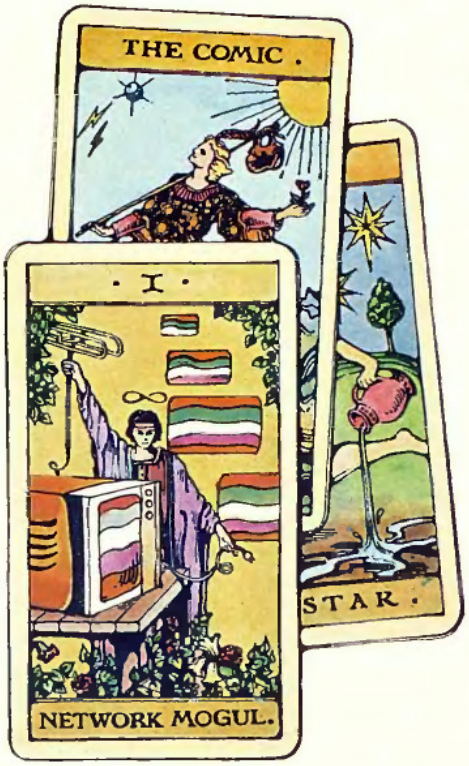
TELEVISION

Previews: Watching a new fall TV season unfold is a bit like squeezing the fruit at a busy open-air market. The producers of this annual entertainment harvest are hooked on hope, forever telling themselves that a few bad apples won't spoil a barrel and that no one will notice if the corn is green. The 1977–1978 season shows dim promise of becoming a vintage one. A sampling of what's new or what's due on the tube as we go to press doesn't suggest many miracles of innovation, either.

You'll have to be quick as lightning to catch a couple of commendable series specials already under way. On ABC-TV, prime time is being saturated (*Roots* style, 9–11 P.M. Eastern time for six nights, September 6–11) with a provocative 12-hour political drama, ***Washington: Behind Closed Doors.*** The show emphatically outshines its source (John Ehrlichman's novel *The Company*) and has three Oscar winners (Cliff Robertson, Jason Robards and John Houseman) leading a rogues' gallery of characters involved in the power struggles of a corrupt Administration.

Over PBS outlets, that old reliable *Masterpiece Theater* has launched its season with ***Dickens of London,*** a BBC production starring Roy Dotrice as the great storyteller in a ten-week saga that runs through October 29. When Mr. Dickens closes shop, Tolstoy's ***Anna Karenina*** will pay the wages of sin through another ten-hour classic beginning November sixth, with Nicola Pagett in the title role. Saving the best for last, perhaps, PBS will follow with ***I, Claudius,*** a controversial 13-week adaptation of Robert Graves's lively study of the Caesars (premiering January 15). The show's sex, nudity and occasional orgies blued the minds of telly watchers in Merry England last year but may be toned down for consumption over here.

In middle America, family affairs lean toward the blue-collar ribaldry of *All in the Family, Maude* and *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman.* ABC's answer to the dear departed *Mary* is a wicked evening soap opera titled, simply enough, ***Soap*** (Tuesday, 9:30 P.M.). If the episodes previewed are a fair example of things to come, *Soap* should slip into audience favor right away. Two sisters—Cathryn Damon as Mary, Katherine Helmond as Jessica—provide a blood tie between the Campbells and the Tates, two reasonably well-to-do suburban families who do their moral backsliding on some of the steeper slopes. Mary Campbell's impotent second husband (Richard Mulligan) probably murdered her first husband, the gangster. Mary's eldest son is an apprentice *mafioso* hit man, with a contract to kill his stepdad. Her younger son keeps trying on Mary's prettiest frocks and wants to have a sex-change operation. Meanwhile, sister Jessica is married to a chronic womanizer, though both Jessica and her nymphomaniac daughter are making it with the same handsome tennis coach. Played tongue in cheek throughout, *Soap* is trendy sitcom with a heart of trash.



Coming soon on the home screen: *Soap*, Watergate and *Godfathers*.

Carter Country, another half-hour weekly series from ABC (Thursday, 9:30–10 P.M.), uses the color bar for verbal acrobatics in the police station of a small town not far from Plains, Georgia. Kene Holliday, as a token black cop and displaced New Yorker, swaps racist jibes with his red-necked fellow officers between local visits (offscreen thus far) from President Jimmy. Some of the gags are so broad that an audience may well wonder whether brother Billy has signed on as script consultant.

The Redd Foxx Show (Thursday, 10–11 P.M., premiering September 15) will have a comedy-variety format and appears to round out ABC's commitment to the notion that black is beautiful, bright and commercially viable as never before. To appease grumbling WASPs with a chuckle or two, ABC will launch ***Operation Petticoat,*** based on the Fifties film comedy. John Astin and Richard Gilliland have the top roles and Jamie Lee Curtis (daughter of Tony and Janet Leigh—how time flies!) plays a morale-boosting nurse.

Yes, Virginia, there *are* two other major networks, though these days the CBS and NBC lads rarely have their debutant shows polished in time for advance screening. NBC managed to permit a peek at ***The Richard Pryor Show,*** a weekly variety hour (kicking off on Thursday, September 22, in the 9–10 P.M. slot). Its humor is black-oriented, with a hip slant on everything from Idi Amin to easy-does-it guests and glitter-rock preachers getting rich on God, and Pryor is fast on his feet, even faster with pungent ad libs. This looms as a best bet in NBC's autumn line-up. ***CHiPs,*** another NBC contender (Thursday 8–9 P.M.), co-stars Larry Wilcox and Erik Estrada as a team of motorcycle patrolmen tooling around L.A. in the line of duty with the California Highway Patrol (CHP spells *Chips*, one way or another). ***Rossetti and Ryan*** (Wednesday, 10–11 P.M.) looks markedly superior to any courtroom drama since *The Defenders,* maybe because it's courtroom comedy—with more quips than dogged casework, plus sharp performances by Tony Roberts and Squire Fridell as a hot-shot team of young criminal lawyers who tend to look at a lady's ankles before examining her alibi. Among the big-event specials from NBC will be ***79 Park Avenue,*** a Harold Robbins potboiler packaged as a six-hour telecast running three successive nights; and, glory be, ***The Godfather Saga.*** Restructured as one huge nine-hour tapestry—in chronological order—Francis Ford Coppola's two *Godfather* films will bring together Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Robert De Niro and all the Corleone kin, along with some footage never before screened, for a television premiere airing on four nights.

CBS, before the season ends, plans to present a four-hour TV drama based on John Dean's Watergate book, *Blind Ambition.* Also on CBS, Paul Newman has reportedly signed his wife, Joanne Woodward, to star in his directorial debut for TV—a dramatic special titled ***See How They Run,*** about a troubled 40-year-old woman who gets her act together by training for the Boston Marathon. CBS faces contemporary life with ***The Fitzpatricks*** (Tuesday, 8–9 P.M.), about a rowdy Irish-Catholic family in Flint, Michigan. Workin', fightin' and lovin' hard, no doubt. Does all that sound familiar?

Think a minute, though, before heaving your TV set out the nearest window. Maybe next year trash will be out and taste will be in.

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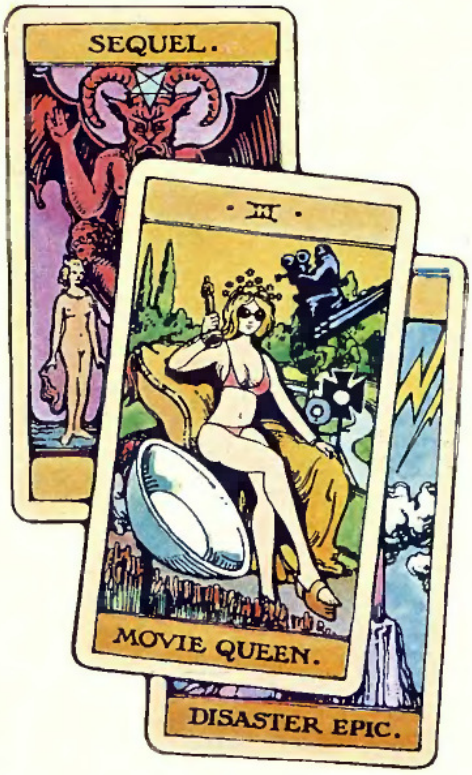
MOVIES



A look at the fall's crop of motion-picture fare: Rip-offs, sure, but some romances, too.

Previews: The more movies change, it seems, the more they remain the same. Even a casual perusal of the lists of upcoming major releases is apt to trigger that old feeling known as *déjà vu*. Amid a slew of predictable sequels and remakes, there *are* some apparent trends—more love and romance, more films about women, more down-with-the-war dramas, more musicals. ***Omen Part II*** and ***Jaws II*** (with Roy Scheider still on deck), plus a looming trifle titled ***Beyond the Poseidon Adventure,*** are the most obvious examples of Hollywood sequelmania, inspired by the simple proposition that if at first you succeed (and get roaring rich), try, try again. Other remakes and rip-offs of various kinds include such promising oddities as ***High Anxiety*** (due early next year, with Mel Brooks & Co. in Mel's spoof of a Hitchcock thriller); ***Which Way Is Up?*** (Richard Pryor starring in an Americanized black comedy borrowed from Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi*); ***International Velvet*** (revisiting *National Velvet*, the cinematic turf where Liz Taylor became a child superstar way back when); and Franco Zeffirelli's new version of ***The Champ*** (in 1931, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper played the punchy prize fighter and his nine-year-old son). We're not sure how we feel about David Lean's projected epic, ***Captain Bligh and Mr. Christian.*** Dubious, maybe. Who needs another *Mutiny on the Bounty*? It's more tantalizing to anticipate Genevieve Bujold and James Caan in Claude Lelouch's ***Another Man, Another Woman,*** a wild Western romance due late this year and not precisely a sequel—just a new twist on a fondly remembered title.

Love finds a way, though it's a rugged way, in director Sydney Pollack's ***Bobby Deerfield,*** starring Al Pacino as a racing driver, with Marthe Keller as his terminally ill paramour. In ***A Night Full of Rain,*** Lina Wertmuller's first English-language work from Italy, Candice Bergen and Giancarlo Giannini come to grips romantically and hope that audiences will be swept away. Gene Wilder takes hold with a lighter touch as director and star of ***The World's Greatest Lover,*** a Christmas release concerning the search for a successor to the legendary Rudolph Valentino. *Primo ballerino* Rudolf Nureyev, of course, will soon make his own major-movie debut in a somewhat straighter bio titled ***Valentino*** (see page 145 for a pictorial preview), by Ken Russell.

Let's talk about women, always an appealing subject. A batch of brand-new movies with dominant female roles suggests that the era of buddy films (Newman-Redford, et al.) has been nudged out of fashion by women's lib. Jane Fonda plays Lillian Hellman opposite Vanessa Redgrave, as ***Julia,*** in a pre–World War Two tale of adventure excerpted from Hellman's *Pentimento* and directed by Fred Zinneman. Under director Herbert Ross in ***The Turning Point,*** Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft portray two former ballerinas who went their separate ways—one to a brilliant career in dance, one to marriage and motherhood. Between rounds of this timely debate, love interest is supplied in a winsome *pas de deux* by Leslie Browne and ballet's newest superstar, Mikhail Baryshnikov. Jill Clayburgh confronts the perennial dilemma of sex and the single girl in Paul Mazursky's ***An Unmarried Woman,*** with England's Alan Bates on hand to complicate matters. In ***Looking for Mr. Goodbar,*** director Richard Brooks leads Diane Keaton through the highs and lows of the best seller about a lady whose identity crisis propels her into a number of strange beds. Any questions? You can probably count on octogenarian Mae West, who knows all the answers, to supply a few in her comeback comedy, ***Sextette.***

Francis Ford Coppola's costly ***Apocalypse Now,*** cursed by jungle rot and sundry natural disasters on location in the Philippines, nevertheless promises to be one of the really big movie events of early '78. Based on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, *Apocalypse* has an impressively *macho* cast headed by Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall and Martin Sheen, all caught up in the meaninglessness of modern war, we suspect. Jane Fonda, an actress ever ready to deliver a message, wrestles with postwar rehabilitation in two films about two wars—in ***Comes a Horseman Wild and Free,*** she is joined by James Caan and Jason Robards, picking up the pieces after World War Two; in ***Coming Home,*** she plays the wife of Jon Voight, a vet returning from Vietnam. Come November, TV's Henry "the Fonz" Winkler will surface on-screen as another Vietnam veteran in ***Heroes,*** with Sally Field. About the same time, Hitler's Germany will be candled through ***The Serpent's Egg,*** Ingmar Bergman's English-language drama filmed in Munich with Liv Ullmann and David Carradine co-starred as solid attractions in a sleazy cabaret.

Please note, you stay-at-homes, that the Fonz is not the only television star planning a splashy return to the big screen. Look for Richard Thomas (of *The Waltons*) in ***9/30/55*** as a James Dean idolater who suffers the first shock waves on the day of the actor's death. And John Travolta, catnip for the youth market since TV's *Welcome Back, Kotter* (and a bit role in *Carrie*), should have every hearthside pussycat dashing out to catch his act as a *disco* king in ***Saturdaynight Fever.***

The young in heart who have already seen *Star Wars* five times can see it once more while waiting for Steven (*Jaws*) Spielberg's ***Close Encounters of the Third Kind,*** opening late this year and widely touted as the next meteoric hit on the far horizons of sci-fi. Those who prefer musical relief may look forward to ***Hair*** (directed by Oscar winner Milos Forman, of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*); ***The Wiz*** (starring Diana Ross, of all people, as Dorothy en route to Oz); ***Grease*** (with John Travolta, again, opposite Olivia Newton-John); and ***A Chorus Line,*** if ever audiences stop queuing up to see the Broadway original. There are also bulletins out on a country Western titled ***Loretta Lynn, Coal Miner's Daughter*** and a new ***Prisoner of Zenda,*** but don't hold your breath.

Instead, just cross your fingers and add ***Superman*** (Hackman and Brando, plus an all-star company led by newcomer

Christopher Reeve) to movieland's roster of great expectations for 1978. Big is not always beautiful, which occasionally leaves room for a smallish dark horse to enter the winner's circle. Remember *Rocky* and Sylvester Stallone? Soon to appear in ***F.I.S.T.***, a drama (which he coauthored) about the organized-labor movement, Stallone will then write, direct and star in something called ***Hell's Kitchen*** while everyone's still rooting for him. On the film scene, sweetheart, nobody loves a quitter.

•

All the important data about ***The Island of Dr. Moreau*** was spelled out in our July pictorial on Barbara Carrera (*Acting Beastly*)—except that they have changed the ending: Barbara no longer changes into a puma in director Don Taylor's humdrum but handsome retelling of the H. G. Wells story. Burt Lancaster unobtrusively walks through the title role as a mad genetic scientist who changes animals into people and vice versa. Richard Basehart plays the leader of the manbeasts, Michael York, the shipwrecked sailor who drifts to Dr. Moreau's wild shores, registers conscientious objections and sprouts quite a lot of unwanted hair before he ultimately escapes with Barbara, who plays a mystery girl named Maria. Carrera is one of a kind, an actress generally far superior to the roles she is given, so blindingly beautiful that she may well become a contender for the title unofficially held by Jacqueline Bisset as Hollywood's number-one love goddess. York's hypertense performance is capable, as usual, well suited to an eerie vintage tale of beauty and the beasts. But with Barbara hovering close by, emitting flares of provocative feline sensuousness from time to time, beauty wins every time.

•

To quote the late Ian Fleming on the subject of his James Bond bonanza: "I write for warm-blooded heterosexuals in railway trains, airplanes and beds . . . the target of my books lies somewhere between the solar plexus and the upper thigh." ***The Spy Who Loved Me***—tenth in the Bond film series, and one of the best—is right on target, though any resemblance between Fleming's novel and the silky excitements concocted by screenwriters Richard Maibaum and Christopher Wood is purely coincidental and mostly a matter of plot improvement. Back in his perennial role as "M," Bernard Lee describes the story succinctly by noting that espionage makes strange bedfellows: "A British agent *in love* with a Russian agent? *Détente*, indeed!" Thus, Roger Moore, firmly establishing his own wry wit and worldliness in the Bond image as never before, and Barbara Bach, scrumptious as a Soviet major named Anya Amasova (for a closer look at Barbara, see PLAYBOY's June pictorial), join forces

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to find out who has the microfilmed blueprints for a dangerous "submarine tracking system" and who intends to use them to hijack some subs armed with Polaris missiles. The chief villains are played with relish by Curt Jurgens, as the evil Stromberg, and Richard Kiel, as his henchman—a monstrous hit man known as Jaws because his bridgework can bite through heavy chains and sever a jugular as if it were fettuccini *al dente*. The extravagant sets—Stromberg's vast undersea lair, in particular—and exotic locations, from Sardinia to Egypt to Scotland, are matched by some dazzling new automotive hardware. Best of show is a Lotus Esprit sports car that can change into a minisub in a pinch, then drive right out of the briny deep onto a beach crowded with gaping sun bathers. Style, humor and an air of absolute assurance make *Spy Who Loved Me* the Bond epic to end them all. Though it won't, of course, for producer Albert R. Broccoli has a couple more up his gilded sleeve.

•

The lady known to most of the world as Ann-Margret has grown a lot in recent years, not in girth—she becomes more gorgeously ripe with the passing seasons, to this observer's eye—but in solid professional stature. While a pair of Oscar nominations (for *Carnal Knowledge* and *Tommy*) bolsters Ann-Margret's claim to fame as a serious actress, it is just becoming clear that she is also a cool and accomplished comedienne. Director Tony Richardson's delectable ***Joseph Andrews*** subjects her to the acid test. As the only American star in a top-drawer English company, performing another

Ann-Margret woos Peter Firth.

Henry Fielding classic by the man who directed Fielding's *Tom Jones*, she ought to be wiped off the screen, right? Instead, she queens it with unruffled authority over a high court of clowns headed by Michael Hordern, John Gielgud, Beryl Reid, Jim Dale and Hugh Griffith. As Lady Booby—a painted, panting former tart who had the foresight to marry above her station—Ann-Margret epitomizes all those *nouveau-riche* 18th Century adventuresses who affect French manners and ludicrous finery while their guttersnipe instincts remain untouched by wealth. Lady Booby flaunts a raging passion for her footman Joseph Andrews, played with marvelous boyish innocence by Peter Firth (one of England's hottest young stars, currently repeating his original stage role in Sidney Lumet's film version of *Equus*). Joseph, in turn, has eyes only for a peasant girl named Fanny (Natalie Ogle), a plump English rose still covered with morning dew. Together or apart, these two quite literally charm the pants off just about everyone they meet. Because the rules governing what can be said and done in cinema have bent considerably since *Tom Jones* became the surprise hit of 1962, Richardson himself has worked with a freer hand to make *Joseph Andrews* twice as bawdy, equally hilarious and far more outrageous than *Tom Jones* in depicting the bare truth of 18th Century morality. Yet Fielding's picaresque tale of true love thwarted by raggle-taggle gypsies, dirty old men, lusting ladies, mistaken identities and narrow escapes from incest is so romantic at heart that its nonstop ribaldry never seems vulgar. A promising speech sets the tone at the very beginning, when our own Ann-Margret stops her carriage to observe some rowdy peasants crowning a May

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queen and haughtily comments to her entourage: "These country pleasures are as coarse as a fart in a First Communion."

•

In the much broader context of Marty Feldman's ***The Last Remake of Beau Geste,*** Ann-Margret is at it again—her breasts squeezed and cantilevered to resemble a baby's bottom. She makes sport of her sexpot image but is no longer the butt of the joke, because she's already miles ahead of us in using that canyon cleavage as part of her act, the way a tramp clown uses baggy pants. With Feldman billed as director, star and co-author of a Feldmaniacal script (one of the choicer excerpts appeared in PLAYBOY's July issue), who can resist calling *Beau Geste* a cockeyed comedy? Marty and Michael York play identical twins, Digby and Beau—"*He's* more identical than I am," explains Digby—in a send-up of every *macho* Foreign Legion melodrama since the beginning of time. Feldman at his wildest even manages to do a bit with Gary Cooper as straight man in a scene from the original *Beau Geste,* cleverly intercut to suggest that Cooper may be passing out on hashish. *The Last Remake* takes a nose-thumbing view of family honor, courage under fire, brotherly love and straight Hollywood hokum. Along with York and Ann-Margret (as the boys' wicked stepmother, who screws around the Sahara while trying to find the stolen Blue Water sapphire and seduce Beau), Feldman recruited Peter Ustinov, Trevor Howard, James Earl Jones, Terry-Thomas, Sinead Cusack (as the fair stepsister Isabel Geste, "an accomplished virgin") and obviously ordered everyone to let his or her hair down and have a hell of a good time. They certainly know how. As a fledgling director, Feldman has a lot to learn about self-discipline. The movie as a whole is messy and uneven, like an old Sid Caesar television sketch stretched out to feature length—a bit strained but full of pratfalls, one-liners and enough inside gags to satisfy even those film buffs who insist there hasn't been a really good movie made since *Citizen Kane.*

•

The basic flaw of *The Last Remake of Beau Geste* may lie in its dead-wrong assumption that such qualities as physical courage, idealism and comradeship, while outdated, are also out of favor with a public flocking to see old-fashioned heroics revived in the futuristic swashbuckler *Star Wars.* Director Dick Richards, a former ace photographer whose movies (from *The Culpepper Cattle Company* to *Farewell, My Lovely*) get better all the time, has a jackpot winner in ***March or Die***—an enthralling Foreign Legion melodrama told semistraight, with flourishes, from a tough-minded script by David Zelag Goodman. While Richards unequivocally condemns colonialist exploiters who would sacrifice a regiment of men to enrich the French

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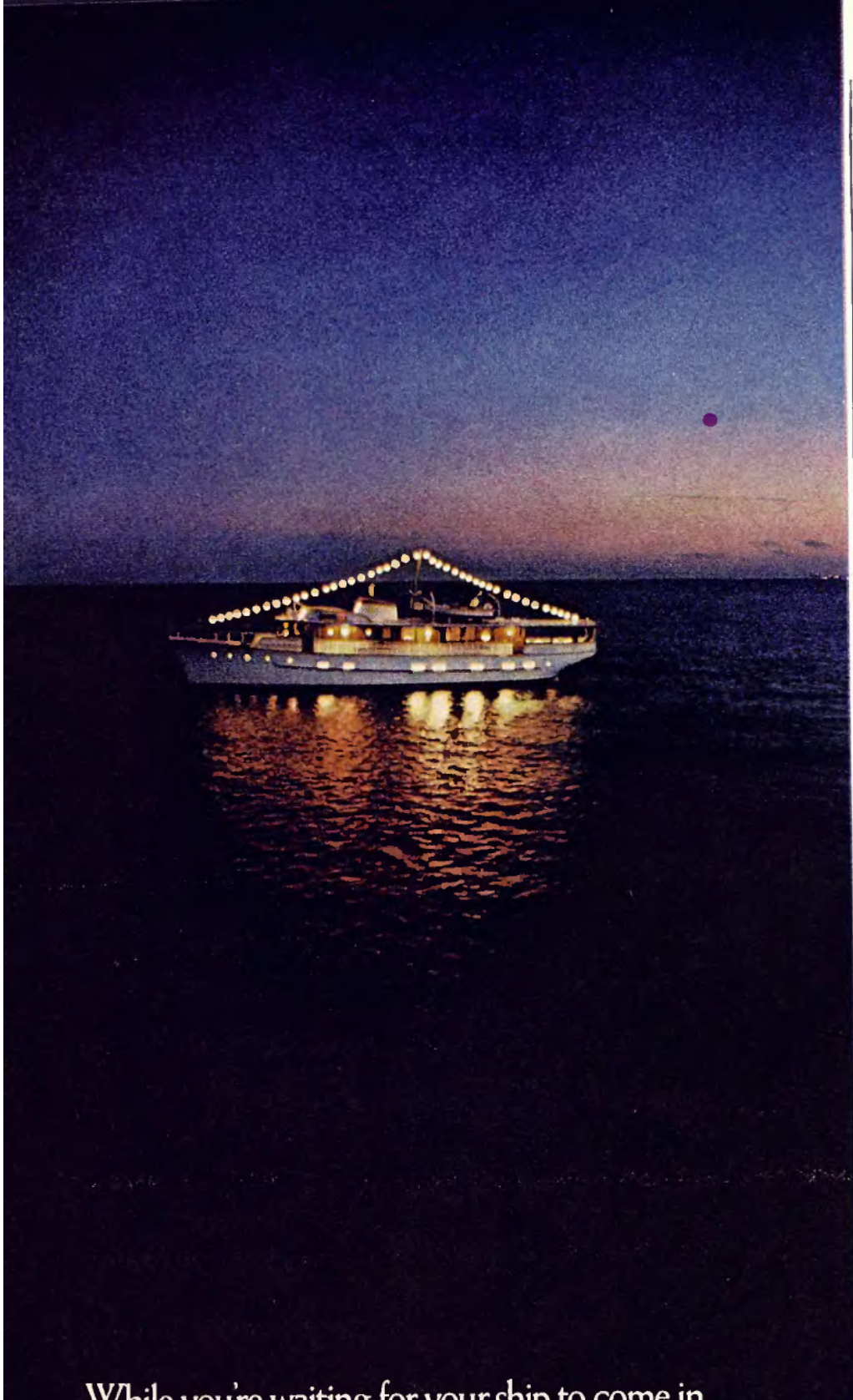

government with priceless art treasures buried in the ruins of an ancient Moroccan village, he never gets so wrapped up in his message that he neglects to deliver a rousing, first-rate tale of adventure that takes you right back to scenes from your childhood when you, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant were young. *March or Die* has bristling battles between enraged Arabs led by Ian Holm as El Krim (a real-life character who was a pioneer in the cause of Arab unity) and a colorful, memorably portrayed band of legionnaires under Gene Hackman, the commanding major whose instinct tells him that his fateful appointment in Samarra may be set for the Sahara. Hackman's performance as an iron man whose harder edges have been dulled by disillusion is a thing of beauty. Max von Sydow plays the heavy, a cold-blooded archaeologist, with Catherine Deneuve—talk about things of beauty—hovering around on some slight pretext to inflame the troops, especially blue-eyed Terence Hill (the Italian-born star known as Mario Girotti before he hit the trail in all those spaghetti Westerns). Speaking his own undubbed, perfectly good English Hill performs manly feats of derring-do with such cocky, boyish charm that he ought to leap several notches on the popularity charts almost instantly. Filmed in Spain and Morocco by cinematographer John Alcott (an Oscar winner for *Barry Lyndon*), *March or Die* has visual splendor to match its romantic sweep and imagination. This is the blue-ribbon brand of popcorn-and-penny-candy moviegoing—never gummy, the kind of stuff that sticks in the mind and lifts the spirit.

•

With a much lower budget, and without laughs, ***I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*** might be described as *One Flew*

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over the Cuckoo's Nest on ladies' day, or maybe *Return to the Snake Pit*. Actually, the girls in the picture based on Joanne Greenberg's best-selling autobiographical

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Ashtabula — Carlisle's
Cincinnati — Steinberg's
Columbus — Diamond's
Lorain — Louis Cohn
Niles — Carlisle's
Painesville — Carlisle's

OKLAHOMA
Altus — Surrey Shop
Shawnee — Moe's
Woodward — Ken's Haberdashery

PENNSYLVANIA
Beaver Falls — Lisle T. Miller
Bridgeville — Carlton Mens
Easton — Lenny's
Erie — Carlisle's
Greensburg — Carlton Mens
Harrisburg — Devid's
Kittanning — Moesta & Yount
Langhorne — Oxford Shop
Latrobe — Mike Hughes
Monroeville — Carlton Mens
Philadelphia — Al Berman
Philadelphia — Fleets
Philadelphia — Morville
Philadelphia — Jacob Reed's Sons
Philadelphia — Scott & Hunsicker
Pittsburgh — Reich/Franks

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Kennedy's—All Stores
Barrington — Hansons
Providence — Outlet Co.
Warwick — Wallachs

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Greenville — Belk-Simpson
Greenville — Heyward-Mahon Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen — Jorgensen's
Sioux Falls — Norman's Mens Wear
Sioux Falls — Weatherwax
Sioux Falls — Wilson's

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Memphis — Beasley Jones-Ragland
Memphis — Goldsmith's
Memphis — Julius Lewis
Memphis — Oak Hall
Memphis — Starnm's

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Amarillo — Blackburn Bros.
Amarillo — Coat's Clothiers
Arlington — Frank's
Austin — Frank's
Corpus Christi — Harris & Frank
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Dallas — Frank's
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Dallas — Sanger-Harris
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Denison — L.O. Hammons
El Paso — Union Fashion
Ft. Worth — Cox's
Ft. Worth — David's King Size
Ft. Worth — Village Squire
Groves — Dryden's
Lubbock — Frank's
Lubbock — Hemphill-Wells
Lubbock — Reed's
Lufkin — Blackstock's
Houston — Frank's
Houston — Leopold, Price & Rolle
Houston — Oshman's
Nacogdoches — Jimmie Simms
Odessa — Melvin's Clothiers
San Angelo — Crowder's
San Angelo — Hemphill-Wells
San Angelo — Mr. Sam's
Temple — Goldstein-Migel
Waco — Cox's
Waco — Goldstein-Migel
Wichita Falls — Muehlberger's

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novel (originally published under her nom de plume, Hannah Green) are incomparable. At least half a dozen actresses tear into the scenery and line themselves up as potential Oscar nominees, helped by the sensitive direction of England's Anthony Page and an equally sensitive adaptation by Gavin Lambert. More than 6,000,000 readers, young and old, have been emotionally shattered by the story of a schizophrenic teenaged girl who is dragged back to reality from a fantasy world of her own creation by a dedicated, unflappable woman doctor. Making any kind of movie from this complex, poetic account of the psychological tug of war between a brilliant young schizo and her loyal shrink was no small task and one that baffled Hollywood for years. But *Rose Garden* catches the shimmering essence of it without lapsing into mediocrity as a mere clinical report or freak show. Swedish star Bibi Andersson—one of Ingmar Bergman's regulars and seldom less than superb—plays the doctor in a confident minor key, as if she had generously decided to come on as a first-rate second fiddle for 22-year-old Kathleen Quinlan's tour de force in the central role. Quinlan's gifted backup team includes Sylvia Sidney and Signe Hasso (both top stars in their time), Diane Varsi, Susan Tyrrell and Martine Bartlett. They all have talent to burn and let it burn at white heat, etching portraits in acid. Look elsewhere for light entertainment. *Rose Garden* promises nothing beyond assurance that you will be moved and shaken by what you see.

FILM CLIPS

Rebellion in Patagonia: Impoverished workers defy the landed gentry of rural southern Argentina back in the Twenties, with predictable results. The landlords win, assisted by a guilt-ridden army commander who metes out the death penalty to insurgents on strike. Director Hector Olivera's quasi-documentary recreation of a shameful episode in Argentine history caused political upheaval at home but captured prizes abroad as an eloquent ode to the underdog under all fascist regimes. If it's fun you're after, forget it. But rank this compelling social drama right up there with such classics as *Z* and *The Battle of Algiers*.

Rabid: Former porno star Marilyn Chambers plays it perfectly straight and comes off surprisingly well as a girl who undergoes radical surgery after a bike accident and discovers that the only remedy for her imbalanced body chemistry is a steady diet of human blood. She also sets off an epidemic of foaming-at-the-mouth vampirism in this graphic and uninhibited horror flick, made in Canada with hard-core violence substituted for sex. Could be a trend.

—ALL REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

X-RATED

Some catchy tunes, combined with sumptuous sets and period costumes, give a veneer of tasteful titillation to ***Cinderella,*** a soft-X musical comedy (not to be confused with the futuristic *Cinderella 2000*, below). Scratch the veneer, however, and you find a flat, vulgarized version of the classic fairy tale, featuring a prince (Brett Smiley) who has problems about sex. "I can't raise a bulge in my tunic . . . perhaps I'm becoming a eunuch" is roughly the way he sings out his dilemma. Of course, the answer to his prayers is Cinderella (Cheryl Smith)—aided and abetted, this time around, by a black faggot godperson who furnishes the usual diaphanous gown, a coach-and-four and that glass slipper, plus a "snapping pussy" to snap His Royal Highness out of his sexual lethargy. Once snapped, the prince, searching for his true love, finds the *shoe* fits a lot of ladies—so he runs himself haggard in the process of finding out whether the pussy snaps. The gag works now and then at the broad level of barnyard humor, and Cheryl is a wide-eyed, outwardly innocent Cinderella who floats through the film's raunchiest scenes as if her rags and flimsy petticoats were impervious to smut. Most of *Cinderella* is performed in a stagy, simple-minded burlesque style, with production values far superior to its low-brow script. Director Michael Pataki has his heroine, her Ugly Sisters and assorted company handsomely dressed up to play the palace. But after they've finished balling, there's really no place to go.

Cinderella, charming prince.

Is nothing sacred? Cinderella turns blue—twice.

•

Moving from the hard-X world of *Through the Looking Glass* (where she was billed as Catharine Burgess) into the soft-X realm of ***Cinderella 2000,*** stunning Catharine Erhardt—formally introduced among *The New Girls of Porn* in PLAYBOY's July issue—brings her starry presence to a passable futuristic fantasy set in the year 2047. By then, life on earth has so deteriorated that sexual intercourse is strictly forbidden without the consent of a rather prudish computer system. Following some clever tunes and seductive foreplay by her cruel stepmother and wicked sisters, this singin' Cinderella—assisted by a flitty Fairy Godfather—gets to ball and beat the rap, bedded down with a licensed stud known as Tom Prince (Vaughn Armstrong). Sluggishly paced and semi-professional at times, producer-director Al Adamson's *Cinderella 2000* isn't a patch on Bill Osco's money-making, musicalized X version of *Alice in Wonderland*. All the movie has, finally, is Catharine—who urgently needs a good fairy to bring her either an Osco or a better script, or maybe both.

•

Harry Reems is back and a half-dozen busty Swedish belles have got him in ***Bel Ami,*** made in Stockholm a couple of years ago, before Reems was hauled away from hard-core to a hostile courtroom in Memphis. Cast as a mild-mannered magazine writer who goes to work for a men's magazine called, uh, *Playhouse*, Harry discovers the joys of unbridled lust with Christa Linder, Maria Lynn and various others. Allegedly based on a De Maupassant novel, *Bel Ami*'s sexual smorgasbord is tangy, smoothly provocative porno.

•

Touted as the swan song of a reigning sexpot who intends to make this her farewell appearance in porn, ***Inside Jennifer Welles*** was codirected by Jennifer Welles—a *summa cum laude* graduate of Minsky's Burlesque—and presumably re-creates episodes from her personal experience. Driving around Manhattan in a chauffeured limousine, Jennifer finds pleasurable memories flashing to mind at every turn—with a taxi driver, a movie projectionist, her dentist, a fat sign painter, two teenaged boys, plus seven suave men about town and four Chinese waiters who service her more or less en masse in a climactic gang bang. The memoirs of Miss Welles add up to a marathon man hunt by a modern-day Mae West doing what Mae used to do only by innuendo. Welles's ego trip turns out, so far, to be the hottest X movie of 1977. —B.W.

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I'm a great believer in following your destiny. People say, 'Well, now that you've pulled off this *Rocky* thing, what do you have scheduled? What are your hopes and aims for the next two years?' And I go into my Krishnamurti bag, slightly, and say, 'Well, I'll just sit down and watch what happens to me.' "

Maynard Ferguson—M. F. Horn himself, bespectacled and silver-haired, with a seemingly permanent indentation over his lip—is quaffing champagne in his dressing room after giving a concert in Chicago's elegant new Drury Lane Theater at Water Tower Place for an audience of the very young, obviously well-off kids who make up his new following.

At 49, almost three decades after his reputation as a monster trumpeter began filtering down from Toronto and almost ten years since he said goodbye to The System and exiled himself temporarily in England and India, Ferguson is suddenly—and surprisingly—the hottest thing in jazz, with two Columbia albums that are breaking all sales records and the first Top 40 single of his career. It's *'Gonna Fly Now*, the theme song from *Rocky*, and it was the brain child of a CBS executive who saw Ferguson live for the first time, then caught a preview of Sly Stallone's movie and decided to put things together. He alerted the singles department of CBS Records and laid the tune on Maynard and his musicians.

"We knew what we wanted to do with it as soon as we heard it," says the fledgling rock star—who admits that a few weeks later, when his daughter told him the record was on the charts with a bullet, he didn't know what she meant. "She thought it was just hilarious that I didn't know what a bullet was." And he laughs with the same *sforzando* energy that characterizes his onstage antics. Once a single-minded soloist—and frequently criticized for it—he now picks his spots while letting the kids in his band, all of them master instrumentalists and all young enough to be his progeny, get the blowing space they deserve. During this night's concert, when he wasn't playing horn, the patriarch was conducting both band and audience, clapping for his musicians, helping out with rhythm instruments, bounding about the stage and, of course, emceeing the show with good-natured banter ("I run a tight ship, that's the kind of leader I am. . . . What do you guys wanna play?").

Ferguson spends ten months a year on the road, playing everything from junior high school gymnasiums to music-trade conventions—averaging, in fact, six and a half concerts a week, which means that every two weeks he gets a night off. "A year and a half ago," he says—breathing, in conversation, with the same side-of-the-mouth gulps that he uses to get air while playing his trumpet or trombone—"I put my foot down. I said that from then on I would go out for only 13 or 14 weeks at a time. Then I would like three weeks off."

Ferguson: happy gypsy.

Backstage with Maynard Ferguson: After three decades, he's making it big.

Most of the traveling is by bus; that is not from any fear of flying but because driving hundreds of miles a day, with his musicians, is Maynard's idea of fun. "This elderly saxophone player was looking at our itinerary and he said, 'Gosh, I don't know how you guys do it.' And trumpeter Stan Mark turned around and said, 'Yeah, man, it's really murder.' Then the bus drove off. It was one cat's birthday—actually, it was mine—and suddenly we were all drinking champagne, and the music was roaring, and everybody was having fun. And Stan turned around and looked at me and said, 'It's really hell on the road, isn't it, man?' You can have a marvelous time—it just requires the attitude of a happy gypsy."

Ferguson has always been a happy gypsy—and, if you will, a bit of a flake. What else can you call someone who hung out with Tim Leary at Millbrook and exiled himself at the height of his award-winning career? But he's cut out for survival. His mesomorphic form suggests great strength. So do his cheerleader actions onstage and his percussive laughter in the dressing room. Despite the hour and his Promethean activities during the concert, he is anything but tired. He has the knack of self-replenishment. He admits that when he's home—which is currently in a little valley 90 miles north of Los Angeles, which he calls a "very spiritual place"—he gets up every morning and does 100 laps in the pool. "Then I work out. . . ."

He is insisting, however, that he is no physical marvel, when we are interrupted by Kim Ferguson, who informs her father that he has another appointment. Kim, who speaks softly but firmly and is very well organized, is her father's manager—and the manager of his band. She is 26. "She joined the band two and a half years ago, as a secretary," says Ferguson when she's out of earshot. "I was being managed by two English brothers I had brought over. But the scene got too heavy for them—they had families over there—and we had a very friendly parting. Which left the manager's job open. Kim had six months' experience, working with us as bookkeeper, secretary and everything else, so I asked her, 'Do you want to take a shot at it?' And she said, 'Sure.' It turns out she has the perfect temperament and balance for the job and loves it. She handles the office and the recording contracts. . . . And she was the only one of my kids who wasn't into music. We just laughed and laughed about it. In fact, she said she was the only person she ever knew who flunked music appreciation, which is a subject *nobody* can fail. You know: 'That is a trumpet—true or false?'

"I think it was just a matter of destiny."

In honesty, we must add that if destiny always appeared in a form like Kim's, fewer men would be reluctant to follow it.

—CARL PHILIP SNYDER

•

Are vinylphiles panting for *another* recording of the *Brahms First Symphony*? *The Blue Danube* waltz? Suites from *Carmen*? If not, then there's trouble brewing for Quintessence, a new budget-priced classical-reissue label. Quintessence's 22-album initial batch of releases includes these (and other) repertory staples—enough war horses to stock a remake of *Ben Hur*.

Masterminding the venture is R. Peter Munves, classical records' recycling guru. As classical A&R man—first at Columbia, latterly at RCA—Munves hit upon the lucrative concept of albums such as *Beethoven's Greatest Hits*, with selections simply plucked from the labels' backlogs. With Quintessence, he has devised a new variation on the old ploy. Appreciating the allure of "expert" advice, he has dubbed 12 of his albums *Critic's Choice*

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Up until now the best way to get protein into your hair was to apply it directly onto the hair. It seems that just about every shampoo and conditioner now claim themselves to have "protein" fortification. That's a step in the right direction, but it doesn't necessarily mean that you're getting all the protein you need. In fact, it doesn't even mean that you're getting the right type of protein. Hair needs certain kinds. They're all in Protein For The Hair.

Hair Needs Certain Proteins.

As you know, hair is constructed almost entirely of certain proteins in exact amounts. These proteins are a combination of amino acids. Among these is the sulphur amino acid cystine, which accounts for just about 25% of the total amount of protein found in each hair cell. Yet, even though it is prevalent in the hair, it is often low in dietary levels. It is one of the ingredients of Head Start's Protein For The Hair.

European Research Points The Way.

French and Swiss researchers have been looking into the protein content of hair for some time. They have been investigating the needs for specific proteins in hair maintenance. According to their conclusions, there is a need for cystine in the diet, and when taken in supplementary form, cystine helps promote healthy hair. Due to these studies there are several products on the European market today that have a cystine base. These findings interested us enough to begin looking into the protein requirements for the hair ourselves. We eventually had to concur with the Europeans. First, there is a definite need for cystine in hair care. Second, there are only certain proteins that are beneficial to the hair. Protein renderings, and synthetic proteins cannot compare with natural proteins in the hair. And lastly, the best way to assure proper amounts of protein in the hair is to take a dietary supplement.

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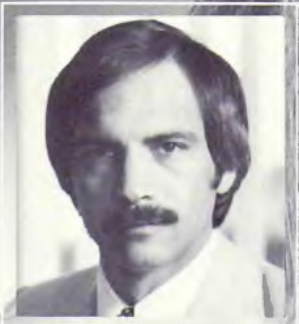

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and plastered them with excerpts from favorable reviews.

And the records themselves? Predictably, there's real dross here: grisly pseudo-stereoized old monos by Stokowski and Fiedler, a hodgepodge choral album, some dispensable light classics. And much is merely of middling interest. But, yes, there's also a solid vein of gold—particularly, a group of nine albums, all recorded in the Sixties and previously available only via mail from the *Reader's Digest*. Sound unpromising? Guess again. Four of them are conducted by the late Jascha Horenstein—not a big name then, but the past ten years have seen Horenstein catapulted to upper-echelon cult status. Put on his *Tchaikovsky Fifth*, hoist the treble and ignore some occasional engineering defects, and you will hear the old chestnut rejuvenated; and the same can be said for his Dvořák, Rachmaninoff and Brahms albums.

Quintessence has reissued some other gems: Debussy conducted by Pierre Monteux, Richard Strauss by Rudolf Kempe, Sibelius by Sir John Barbirolli. For such albums, war horse or no, your vinylphile is always panting.

•

We got some nice hits off ***Lew London: Swingtime in Springtime*** (Philo), an album of Thirties swing nostalgia and Forties bluegrass bebop and boogie western. The title tune, *Crazies*, and especially *Lottery Ticket* prove London's ability to write and sing a fine scat lyric. And his renditions of old standards like *Lady Be Good, Laughing at Life, Home in San Antone* and *Nagasaki* sparkle. In fact, *Nagasaki* detonates. The tune used to be frothy. But nowadays the insouciant lyrics of this old up-tempo favorite contrast so sharply with the grim destiny that awaited that unlucky city that the song cannot be heard without producing an emotional upheaval akin to tragic catharsis. Anyhow, London plays guitar impressively, like Django Reinhardt—although the solos are so brief that they appear more like advertisements for solos than the real thing. Ironically, this comes from the band arrangements' being so tight that they squeeze the life out of the musician. Nevertheless, the boogie western *Gimme That Wine* is rendered with Forties vigor, as is the bluegrass bebop *Jennie's Fault*. Perhaps the most artful song on the album is *Old Movies*, written by rhythm guitarist Mark Josephs. This sensitive ballad about watching old flicks on late-night television convinces us that American existentialism owes more to Doris Day than to Sören Kierkegaard.

•

Make no mistake about it; a lot of good jazz is coming out of Japan. The Japanese have clasped that singularly American idiom to their bosom and the shuttling of musicians between the States and Japan sometimes resembles rush hour in a New York subway. One of the happier get-togethers in the Land of the Rising Sun was that of pianist Mal Waldron and bassist Gary Peacock, both of whom have unimpeachable but somewhat dog-eared musical credentials. Waldron, especially, has been on the jazz scene long enough to have become a major figure, given his talent. But, whatever the quirks of the business, it never came to pass. Peacock, to a lesser degree, has suffered the same fate. ***First Encounter/Mal Waldron & Gary Peacock*** (Catalyst), recorded in Japan with Japanese drummer Hiroshi Murakami, is made up of four pieces—three by Waldron, the other by Peacock—all of which are lovely examples of the state of the art. Waldron's sparse, introspective style plays off beautifully against Peacock's virtuoso skills. We've listened to the recording a half dozen or so times and are still discovering delightful surprises in the subtle interplay between the two. You're in for a treat.

Music men go East.

In Japan, a fortuitous *First Encounter*: Mal Waldron and Gary Peacock.

•

Until recently, you had to go to the Moscow Conservatory to hear a Lazar Berman concert. In January of last year, the phenomenal Soviet pianist made his first American tour, covering 15 cities in 34 days and garnering all kinds of huzzahs from the critics. When asked why it took a man of his talents so long to get to the U. S., Berman reportedly answered, "Because nobody invited me." He won't be lacking invitations in the future. Berman's records began trickling out of Russia in the mid-Sixties and last year Columbia issued his astonishing performances of Liszt (recorded for the Soviet Melodiya label). In September came his first American recording—of the Beethoven *Sonatas Nos. 18* and *23* (*Appassionata*), which left some critics not quite so enthusiastic. Now we have two ***Schumann Piano Sonatas*** (Columbia/Melodiya), which seem more congenial to Berman, who plays these pieces with total authority and pure delight. His piano positively dances through the composite movements of the *F-sharp Minor Sonata*; the more popular *G-Minor Sonata* is a true tour de force. In covering a 1956 Berman performance in Brussels, *Time* magazine noted that he often practiced until his finger tips bled. While your ears will hardly bleed when you hear these discs, you'll understand what a long, difficult path musical genius sometimes has to take.

•

To produce ***Get It*** (Swan Song), British rocker Dave Edmunds threw his rock, country and rock-a-billy influence into a Waring Blender and cranked it up to high; the result is, amazingly enough, one of the most stylistically adventuresome and thoroughly enjoyable rock releases of 1977. The song choices are varied (from Bob Seger's *Get Out of Denver* to Graham Parker's rock-a-billy *Back to School Days*) and the performances are put within wildly different frames (from *My Baby Left Me*'s duplication of the Sun sound to *Where or When*'s delicious Beach Boy–like treatment), but Edmunds' seasoned professionalism lets him make the jumps with ease. And when he chimes in with originals such as the smoothly romantic *Little Darlin'*, which features a thick acoustic guitar arrangement that is a highlight of an album filled with subtle guitar expertise, he shows himself to be an artist worthy of the challenging songs he chose to cover. It's honest, intelligent talents such as Edmunds, players too often ignored in the shuffle of prefabricated new stars, who give rockers a cohesive and mature picture of where the music has come from. And it's performers such as Edmunds who prove that rock 'n' roll will be here for a long time.

•

Longtime stalwarts of the James Brown band, Fred Wesley and Maceo Parker have lately been providing Bootsy Collins and his Rubber Band with some of the toughest R&B sounds ever recorded—and getting an appropriate rush from the fans. Bootsy's albums haven't given his stellar horn men much blowing space, however; on ***A Blow for Me, A Toot to You*** (Atlantic), they and selected colleagues—under the nom de disc the Horny Horns—get their chance. Each side of the album begins with some Rubber Band–ish clowning (*Between Two Sheets* might just as well have been Bootsy's cut). But on each side, the jive gives way to some deep funk—and then, with the help of an augmented horn section, to some real musical adventure (*Peace*

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Fugue, a bit of chamber music that achieves a classicallike serenity, and *When in Doubt: Vamp*, which opens on an incredibly fiery 6/8 figure, then dramatically turns into a down-home strut). Fred and Maceo make the most of the space they get. Both are technically superb soloists, on trombone and alto sax, respectively, their playing absolutely free of arbitrary pyrotechnics. Their ensemble work sounds as if they'd grown from the same cell. Not that there is anything mechanical about what they do; as a matter of fact, their dynamics and off-the-beat accents make their musical textures more organic and three-dimensional than just about anything we've ever heard done in the name of funk.

•

Doris Hays, who plays ***The Piano Music of Henry Cowell*** (Finnadar), is our favorite piano pit mechanic. Her keyboard is dandy, but she does her best work under the hood, where she scrapes and plucks and strums the strings of her concert-grand 88. On the short piece *Sinister Resonance*, composed by Cowell around 1930, Hays damps the strings with her fingers, creating a variable timbre from which the last sonorous shred of 19th Century *Weltschmerz* is gratefully stripped away. On *The Banshee*, she produces, by the rubbing of finger tips, the scraping of fingernails and the strumming of fingers along the strings, an eerie ululation that for sheer horror beats hell out of the sound track of *The Exorcist*. To keyboard compositions such as *The Voice of Lir* and *Tiger*, she applies elbows, forearms and fists; in fact, she does everything to the piano but wrestle it to the ground and sit on it, in order to create what she describes as Cowell's "mystical muddiness of broad piles of massed seconds."

•

Jean Ritchie grew up in the little town of Viper in Perry County in the coal country of eastern Kentucky. Her family had been in the area a long time, and they sang the songs of their heritage, music imported from Great Britain or created from the experience of settling the mountains. Ritchie has been singing the songs of her Appalachian heritage for city audiences for three decades. Her usual accompaniment has been a mountain dulcimer, her style an evocation of homemade music and evenings on the front porch. Her new album, ***None but One*** (Sire), is a departure from her past. She uses a country band on this one and even backup singers on several cuts. Ritchie's restrained, traditional style is what Loretta Lynn and Dolly Parton heard when they were growing up. On this album, it fits beautifully with the modern country accompaniment and with the songs Ritchie has chosen to sing. She does her family's version of the old *Riddle Song* and a suitably mysterious rendition of the ballad *Fair Nottamun*

Town. Most of the rest of the songs are her own. The best of them is *Black Waters*, a protest against the devastation that strip-mining has produced in her native mountains. Ritchie is obviously reaching for a new audience with this record and, with some luck, she might find it. Her work deserves it.

•

Have you seen *Star Wars* yet? You'll have to sooner or later. It's a cultural must, like visiting Disneyland. *Time* proclaimed it movie of the year way back around Memorial Day and the box office has been confirming the choice ever since. Whether or not you have seen the movie, the two-record sound-track album is a great bit of fun. ***Star Wars*** (20th Century) is a return to simpler times, when the good guys whupped the bad guys in every Saturday matinee. The movie has desperate battles, maidens in dire need of rescue, outlandish creatures and lovable robots. To accompany this great old-time movie, composer John Williams has written a great old-time movie score. You'll find no synthesized outer space effects lifted from a Pink Floyd record. You'll find no self-conscious quotes from the classics à la *2001*.

The music is florid, dramatic, extremely romantic. We haven't heard anything like it since Dimitri Tiomkin was stringing hits together in the Fifties. All the principal characters have their own themes. Hero Luke Skywalker is announced by an inspiring, uplifting sort of tune, while wicked Darth Vader is identified by a suitably menacing theme for bassoons and muted trombones.

Music for the battle scenes will have you searching for a swash to buckle and the final triumphal march calls up images of Errol Flynn, forming up the ranks of the Light Brigade.

•

It's about time: For the past few years, Bill Danoff has been a kind of musical play doctor, helping other people get their acts together. He and his wife, Taffy, penned a little ditty called *Take Me Home, Country Roads* and put John Denver on the eight-track highway to success. Later, he helped Emmylou Harris pen the moving *Boulder to Birmingham*. His first effort in his own behalf was the dynamite single *Afternoon Delight*, recorded with the Starland Vocal Band. (The other members are Taffy, Jonathon Carroll and Margot Chapman.) If that one song was almost enough to make you start listening to AM radio again, ***Rear View Mirror*** (Windsong) is likely to complete the process. There's not a song on the album that couldn't make it as a single. Fleetwood Mac, move over. Actually, the group may be the Mamas & the Papas of the Seventies. There's something festive about Starland's harmonies and acoustic arrangements that recalls the catalytic effect of America's first supergroup. Good-time music is upon us. Like we said: It's about time.

•

Al Jarreau may not have a great voice by operatic standards, but it's an incredibly malleable instrument—a great jazz voice. And jazz is what he sings. When he takes off in his unique scat style, his voice seems to shatter into myriads of starry fragments. The dexterity is never for its own sake, either; Jarreau is always singing about something, and his verbal dexterity, as he wraps his unchained melodies around all-too-familiar realities, indicates that his voice is powered by a mind that's just as facile. You may not always know exactly what he's saying—it all goes by so fast—but you know what he means. And the excitement level stays high, because, whatever the subject, whatever the emotion, he's totally into it. Audiences who have caught the Milwaukee singer/writer in the States have been turned on as surely as the ecstatic European audiences on ***Look to the Rainbow*** (Warner Bros.), a four-sided album that's a bargain introduction to a budding superstar.

•

It could be that seeing his wife win an Oscar for *Network* scared Peter Wolf into

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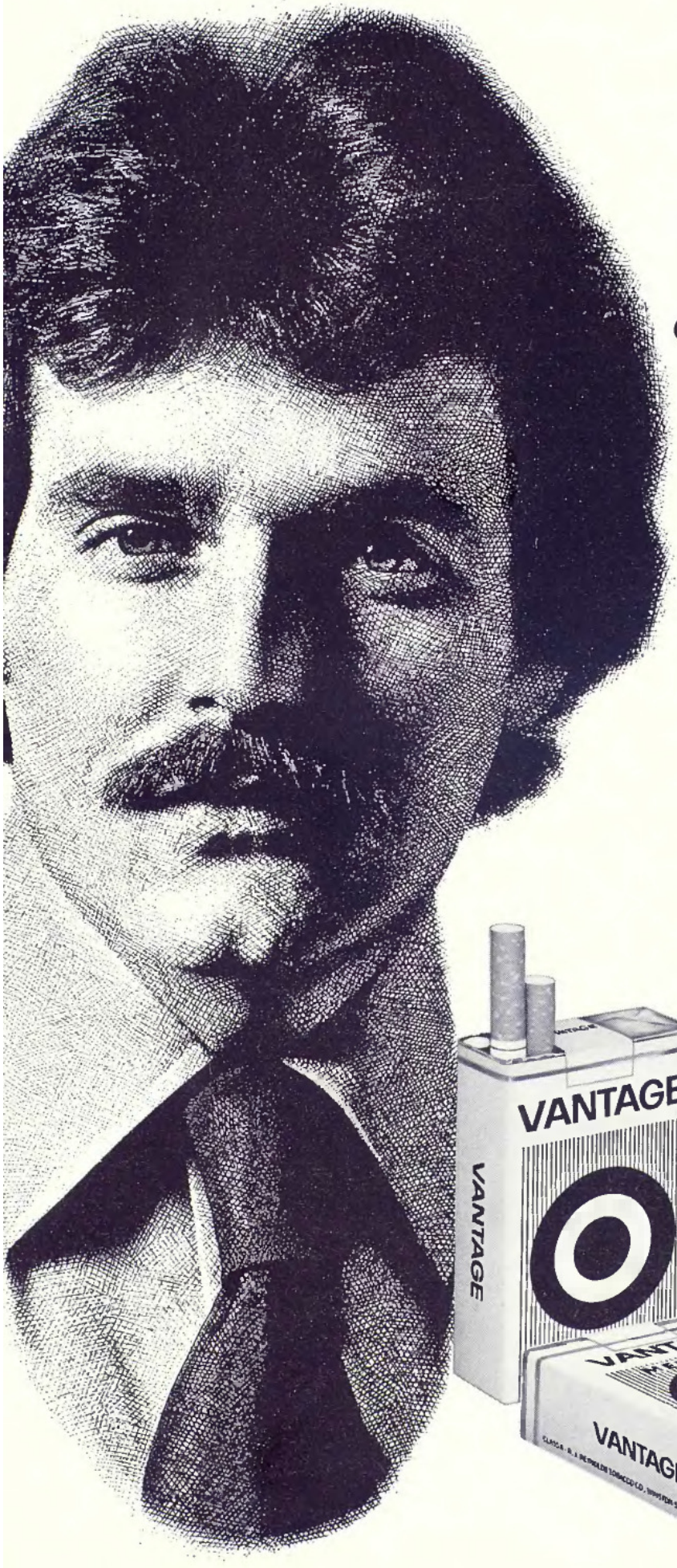
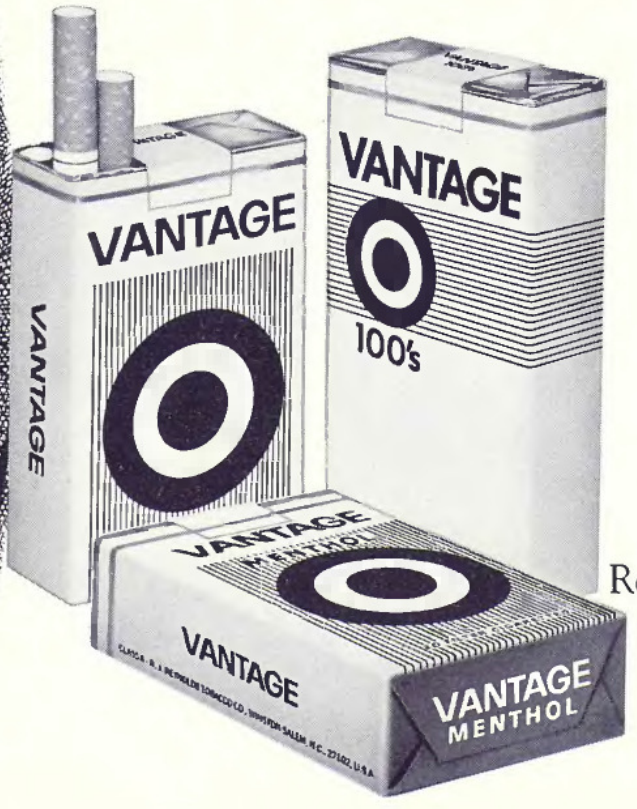


"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana



Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

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action, or maybe it was simply a creative spasm by the J. Geils Band (now called Geils) to slay the vicious barroom-boogie beast that had plagued the group since its early successes. Whatever it is, ***Monkey Island*** (Atlantic) is the best Geils since those first three albums, brimming with sharp instrumental changes (Magic Dick's harp is superb, evoking everybody from Little Stevie Wonder to Louis Armstrong) and characterized by a much stronger and more creative group image. The songs (written by singer Wolf and keyboardist Seth Justman) are particularly strong; and the care of their craft is reflected in the band's patient work in the studio. You see, Geils knew its creative ass was on the line, so it wisely stayed off the road to let its songs mature. The result is a strong amalgam of rock and rhythm-and-blues that lives up to the band's original promise.

•

With ***Max*** (Mercury), The Rumour, Graham Parker's superbly rocking backup band, is out to verify its existence. And with the same instrumental authority that characterizes Parker's albums, it proves it with an unusually strong and mature debut. Naturally enough, the music sounds a bit like Parker's (keyboardist Bob Andrews even sings a bit like Parker), but the interlocking flow of keyboards and guitars gives The Rumour its own funky character. Actually, since the group is composed of members from Brinsley Schwarz (country rock) and Ducks Deluxe (rock 'n' roll), its pedigree ingredients most closely evoke the organic feel that characterizes The Band's best work. On tunes such as *Mess with Love* and *Airplane Tonight*, they make the similarities sound ever so sweet, but the Rumour people are hardly rock clones. Fully seasoned and refreshingly pure, their musical breadth shows that they are keenly aware of who they are. Spread the word.

SHORT CUTS

Gary Bartz / Music Is My Sanctuary (Capitol): An avant-garde saxist goes mainstream, with lots of class.

Aretha Franklin / Sweet Passion (Atlantic): Lady Soul at something close to her fiery, sexy and all-too-rare best.

The Meters / New Directions (Warner Bros.): Actually, the direction is the same—straight for the swamp. What's new are the Tower of Power horns.

Shirley Caesar / First Lady (Roadshow): The symphonic arrangements do not quite drown out this top-notch Gospel singer.

Gabor Szabo / Faces (Mercury): One more comeback for the Hungarian guitarist who has survived revolution, exodus, a stabbing and the musical fad parade.

Raul de Souza / Sweet Lucy (Capitol): The masters of the trombone can all move over one seat.

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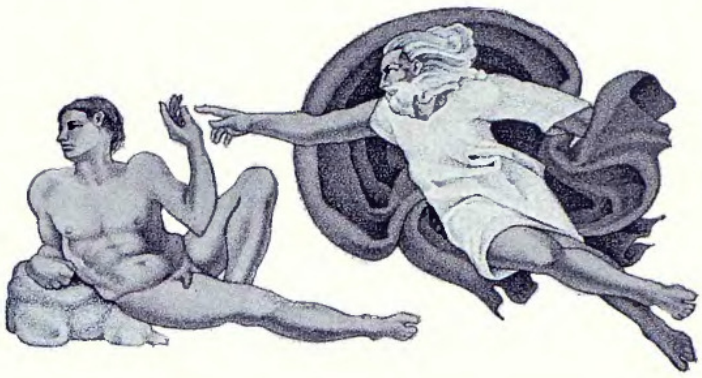
EVENTS

Earlier this year, we learned that the **American Atheist Association** *was to have its annual convention over the Easter weekend at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare hotel in Rosemont, Illinois. Curious to learn what is going on these days with the unbelievers, we dispatched sportswriter Anson Mount, who conducted the October 1965 "Playboy Interview" with Madalyn Murray O'Hair to monitor the event. Herewith his report:*



When the atheists get together during Holy Week, all hell breaks loose.

A hundred or so delegates—mostly, it appeared, middle-aged, middle-class, small-town types—arrived on a bleak and gusty Friday morning to check in at the convention registration desk in the lobby of the 750-room hotel, which, with its open atrium of cantilevered balconies, seemed ominously quiet. It was nearly empty of guests except for the atheists, who stood around in knots, exchanging accounts of personal experiences: large and small atrocities, discriminations and rebuffs suffered at the hands of organized religionists. A small businessman from Belleville, Michigan, told of being boycotted, having his head shaved and being run out of town. A telephone executive from Petersburg, Indiana, reported that skilled laborers had refused to work for him. A bookkeeper from Rockwall, Texas, described how his children were ostracized in school.

•

Late in the day, it happened. Bill Murray tripped, fell down a spiral staircase and lay crumpled and apparently lifeless at the bottom. The assemblage was stunned, devastated. Bill Murray, after all, has had a unique significance to American atheists since 1959, when, as an eighth grader in Baltimore, he had objected to compulsory prayers in the public school he attended. His mother, Madalyn Murray, with the subtlety of a Mack truck and the belligerence of an enraged rhinoceros, joined battle with the board of education, the churches, the courts and the police of Baltimore in a struggle that finally resulted in the Supreme Court's 1963 antischool-prayer decision. During the hostilities, the Murray home was besieged by angry crowds, bricks hurled through windows, the family car riddled by bullets, young Bill beaten bloody several times and his 70-year-old grandmother drubbed so viciously she nearly died. Finally, the family fled to Austin, Texas, where the American Atheist Association, still spearheaded by Bill's mother (now Madalyn Murray O'Hair), was founded.

Now, on this Good Friday evening, nursing nuns scurried about the emergency room at Resurrection Hospital while friends attempted to console the pale and shaken mother. Finally, the word arrived: Bill would be down for about three days, but no unhealable wounds had been inflicted.

Back at the hotel, her steam and vinegar restored, Madalyn (as everyone attending the convention called her) was on the phone with the host of a Chicago television talk show. She was livid, spitting angry epithets as the bewildered host, who had imported Ruth Carter Stapleton (President Carter's faith-healing sister) for a TV confrontation with her, explained that Stapleton refused to sit in the same studio or even be in the same building with a notorious atheist.

"You're goddamned right she's scared of me!" screamed Madalyn. "She's an intellectual coward. I'd eat her alive in an open debate."

The TV host pleaded, trying to save the show. He explained that Stapleton had laid down some stringent ground rules. The two participants were to tape their comments separately, but a Catholic priest was to be present in the studio while Madalyn presented her views, so he could refute them on the spot. Then, after this initial taping, Stapleton was to view Madalyn's segment and make a rebuttal tape. No such rebuttal privilege was to be allowed Madalyn.

Madalyn asked to speak to Stapleton. There was a short silence.

"She won't even talk to you on the phone," said the dismayed TV host.

"Well, I got a message for her. Will you give her a message for me?" asked Madalyn. The flustered television personality promised her he would.

"Tell Ruth Carter Stapleton to go fuck herself," thundered Madalyn, slamming down the receiver.

•

By Saturday, though everyone was still concerned about Bill, things began to pick up a bit. The first business session consisted of reports from the various local chapters. An indignant delegate told of an organized but unsuccessful attempt by gays to take over the Los Angeles chapter. Lloyd Thoren of Washington, Indiana, told of how the Indiana Bell Telephone Company had disconnected his Dial an Atheist inspirational telephone service because "anti-God statements are by definition profane and profane language on telephones is illegal."

The moment everyone had been waiting for finally arrived: the voting for the annual Religious Hypocrite of the Year Award, which last year had gone to the Reverend Billy James Hargis for bedroom switch-hitting with his young followers.

This year, the nominees were:

• Anita Bryant, for spearheading the drive against equal rights for gays.

• The Reverend Oral Roberts, for capitalizing on his daughter's plane-crash death by sending out emotional appeals for contributions.

• Eldridge Cleaver, for making Living Proof commercials for the Southern Baptist Church.

• Sun Myung Moon, for saying that God had sent Richard Nixon to save the United States.

• The deprogramers who debrainwash the Moonies, for rebrainwashing them back to Christianity.

• Ruth Carter Stapleton, for refusing to debate Madalyn in neutral circumstances.

• Jimmy Carter, for failing to make good on his vow to keep church and state separate.

• The Reverend Claudias Ira Vermilye, Jr., the Episcopal priest who ran a rehabilitation farm for teenaged boys in Tennessee, for allegedly using his charges as photographic models in homosexual pornography.

• The nun who gave birth to a baby in a convent, then murdered it.

• The judge who let her go.

In a hotly contested election, Cleaver won the award, with Father Vermilye

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and the nun coming in second and third, respectively.

•

Every national convention needs a celebrity member in attendance, and the atheists' prime showpiece was Butterfly McQueen. Now a pudgy grandmother type, she retains only a faint resemblance to Prissy, but the high, piping voice ("Lordy, Miss Scarlett! I don't know nothin' 'bout birthin' babies!") is unchanged.

Miss McQueen, a spinster who lives with her four cats in Harlem, entertained the group at dinner with poetry readings. Afterward, sitting in the corridor outside the meeting room, she talked with minimal encouragement about her personal values and philosophy:

"Atheism offers the only real freedom—a clean, ungummed mind. Religion is the most dangerous of all narcotics. I believe in America. I'm a Republican. I admire Jews. I've always put them on a pedestal. Did you know that Hitler was part Jewish? I was shocked to learn a while back that some Jews drink. I especially admire Hasidic Jews—they're the clean ones. They want to be separate from other ethnic groups. They object to living with Spanish and blacks because we're such litterbugs. Then I found out some of *them* litter, too. I went to a bingo party in a synagogue and I was shocked at the litter on the floor! Nixon was a great man. They ran him out of office because they were jealous because he was so popular."

•

Sunday morning was a welcome surprise. The gray and chilling remnants of winter had disappeared and the sun was brilliant and warm.

At exactly 11 A.M., the hour when most God-fearing Midwesterners were presumably attending Easter services, part of the ceiling of the atheists' meeting room fell.

"Oh, my God!" yelled Madalyn. "Someone call an ambulance!" Abe Cook, a deaf-mute delegate from Chicago, had been struck on the head by a heavy piece of plastic ceiling tile, suffering a severe cut and, it was learned later, a concussion. Abe was taken away on a stretcher to Resurrection Hospital.

As the ambulance sped away, siren wailing, a reporter walked toward his parked car. Along the banks of the Des Plaines River, just beyond the parking lot, willows were sprouting leaves. In the distance, the bells of Saint Alphonse's church pealed joyfully and from the hotel's Muzak system came Easter music:

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Lift up your hearts and sing.
Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna to the King!

The reporter's head swam. His circuits were overloading. He went home and opened a bottle of gin.

DINING & DRINKING

Los Angeles, it seems, has taken to the ***Rangoon Racquet Club*** at 9474 Santa Monica Boulevard in Beverly Hills with a late-night fervor, since it is one of the few places that aren't membership clubs where one can rub elbows over sturdy drinks with Lotusland's suntanned denizens and catch up on the latest gossip. Like the MGM lion, the bar roars lustily—from sundown to long past midnight—with a racy mix of celebrities (regulars include Mary Tyler Moore, Peter Ustinov, Lee Grant, James Baldwin and Brock Peters) and swells who lap up the last drop. And the smallish dining room dishes up tantalizing tastes, either for luncheon or for dinner, including a famed peanut soup, which has become a signature item, now that President Jimmy Carter has acclaimed his favorite protein to the world. (European visitors love it.)

"Like the MGM lion, the Rangoon Racquet Club bar roars lustily."

Noon offerings include chicken hash omelets, cracked Dungeness crab when in season (marvelous with mustard mayonnaise), Watney's rarebit on toast and delicious burgers topped with gruyère or blue cheese and served with crunchy cottage-fried potatoes. The evening menu highlights curries, such as a breast-of-chicken curry and the Bengal Lancer Special (shrimp, chicken, beef, lamb, pork, scallops), served with numerous sambals and offbeat condiments, such as candied *asam* (an Indonesian fruit) and candied ginger, along with homemade chutney. Chef George Rachlewiecz also will prepare, to order, a steaming crown of curried scampi on saffron rice.

If one yearns to polish off the night in turn-of-the-century Colonial fashion, there's a heaping English trifle, imported Stilton cheese laced with Harvey's Gold Cap Port or fresh strawberries dipped in sweet milk chocolate (as are champagne grapes when available). "Improved" describes the new wine list, which recently received a much-needed goosing. Dependable and reasonable choices are the Jaboulet-Vercherre Pinot Chardonnay, the Muscadet (by Pierre Blanches), both the Beaulieu Burgundy and Louis Martini's Cabernet Sauvignon from California's own Napa Valley.

Aside from the tasty food, what makes the Rangoon Racquet Club inviting for dining is its comfortable size and leather-and-wicker decor. Potted palms whisper in corners, framed sepia photographs of Rudyard Kipling's India are hung in the entryway and throughout the bar and dining areas and antique paddle-wheel fans—imported from New Orleans—hang overhead. Tables are set with cloths sporting regimental stripes and glasses have been etched with the club's particular crest. The waiters wear starched white jackets with gold epaulets. All in all, veddy Gunga Din.

The Rangoon Racquet Club is looked after by transplanted New Yorker Manny Zwaaf, who's so easygoing he's practically a part of the crowd. Zwaaf was the major-domo of CBS' Ground Floor restaurant in Manhattan and also operated his own Town House in the Murray Hill District. Evenings, assistant manager Jay Richard performs a commendable job of juggling seats and guests. The Rangoon Racquet Club is open for lunch Monday through Friday from 12 noon to 3 P.M.; dinner is served from 6 to 11:30 P.M. Monday through Saturday; closed on Sunday. All major credit cards are accepted. Reservations: 213-274-8926.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I don't know if I should brag or complain. My boyfriend, who is very sexy and well hung, enjoys making love in the oddest places. If you have ever been to St. Louis, you are probably familiar with the Gateway Arch. You can take a seven-minute ride up and down the side in a small five-seat capsule. I know it sounds strange, but last summer we made love during one such ride. (There were hardly any tourists.) We enjoyed ourselves immensely. Can you suggest any other sexy sites?—Miss N. M., St. Louis, Missouri.

Are you a brunette, about 5'1", with a mole on your left shoulder? We caught your act. Ahem. Public displays of lust (P.D.L.s) are spreading as more people take the sexual revolution out of the bedroom and onto the boulevards and beaches, where it belongs. Cities have yet to offer obscenic tours, but some of the sites that have—to our carnal knowledge—been hit are the transparent elevators in Hyatt Houses, small gondolas at ski resorts and—perhaps in reaction to the movie hit—roller coasters. (If you thought Sensurround was a treat, try centrifugal force.) We advise caution, as your sport is still very risky. Most people's experience with P.D.L.s is confined to the accepted arenas—drive-in movies, theater balconies and golf courses after midnight. Have fun and keep us posted.

My girlfriend has this great oral-sex technique that makes me climax within 15 seconds to two minutes. Her approach is something like this: While she is sucking my penis, she uses her thumb and index finger in an up-and-down motion on the blood vessel that runs along its underside. Then she uses the same two fingers under the sac of my balls, with each finger manipulating a ball in the same up-and-down motion. It's dynamite: The motion is similar to milking and produces an intense orgasm, which drains my sperm and leaves me moaning. I would like to know if you have an explanation for the success of this technique. I have not found too many women who can duplicate it. I find other forms of fellatio—particularly 69—to be less satisfying. Is this normal?—W. H. C., Mill Valley, California.

Thank you. We have just returned from our test bedroom and, yes, the technique is truly fascinating. We'd give it a 95 (a good beat). If there is an explanation for its success, it is this: The penis is more sensitive on the underside than on the top. (Doctors believe that this is related to the thinner ventral skin.) Aficionados of fellatio have noted that the sexual nerve center of the male is the frenulum—the little flap of skin on the underside of the penis beneath the cleft in the glans. This spot is hard to reach during 69, and, while we are not one to complain of neglect, it can make a difference. When a woman plays skin flute, she should put her fingers where they'll make the most music.

What is your opinion of the vinyl-coated jacket liners sold in stereo shops? One of my friends swears by them and, whenever he buys an album, he replaces the stock paper jacket with one of the 12-for-$1.25 specials. He claims that the vinyl keeps his records cleaner than paper. True?—D. W., New York, New York.

We're not a great fan of paper jacket liners. You may have noticed that one of the first tasks after acquiring an album is the removal of pulp dust that has collected on the record surface. Fail to remove that and your stylus will act as if it were driving through a falling-rock zone. Vinyl-coated liners (available as stock equipment on imported albums) solve the problem. With record prices approaching the point where a disc will be worth its weight in gold, the added protection for slight expense is something to be considered.

I have a rather complex housing problem. For the past few years, I've lived alone. My girlfriend comes over regularly to clean house—she's practically a live-in maid. She's also great in bed: We had a great relationship, in private. The problem arose when an old friend of mine moved to this city and needed a place to stay. I offered him one of the rooms in my apartment and all seemed to be working well. (I needed a break with the rent.) Unfortunately, my girlfriend seems to have fallen for my new roommate. It started innocently enough—she came over to do the floors and we retired to my bedroom for a little sex. It was quite obvious what we were up to and even more so shortly thereafter. When my girlfriend has an orgasm, she screams and becomes uncontrollable. When she calmed down, she said that she felt sorry for my roommate. She left the room, went over to him and kissed to make up. And then went into his bedroom. Now, when she visits, she jumps from bed to bed. Every time I discuss this with her, she gets upset. I am beginning to feel uneasy toward my friend. I wouldn't mind this kind of setup, except that I have strong feelings for the girl. Any suggestions?—A. C., Madison, Wisconsin.

A live-in maid, you say? Good help is hard to find these days, and if she really does the floors, you don't want to alienate her affections. It sounds to us like she comes with the room. The feelings you have for her are jealousy, envy and acute mind-fuck. Not exactly the kind of emotions one cherishes or fights to preserve. Still, if you want to return to a semblance of the good old days, try making out when your new roommate isn't around. Spend the night at your girl's place. Maybe she has a roommate. But consider the other side of the problem: Good roommates are as hard to find as good help. Your friend hasn't done anything unforgivable, such as leave fingerprints all over your Kiss records, right? Or go back to living alone. Sometimes, privacy can be worth its weight in friends.

Have you heard of something called a goat's eyelid? It's supposed to be very sexy, whatever it is. The best I can come up with is what might be a variation on the old butterfly flick (where the male rests his testicles on a woman's eyes and she flutters her eyelashes). But doing that with a goat would be perverted, if not downright dangerous. They eat anything, right? As a master of sexual information, can you enlighten me?—D. P., Nashville, Tennessee.

Close, but no inflatable doll with three operating orifices. According to G. L. Simons (of "Simons' Book of World Sexual Records"), the goat's eyelid, or happy

ring, was a Tibetan version of the French tickler: "After a goat was killed, its eyelids were removed together with the eyelashes. First they were put in quicklime to dry; then they were steamed in a bamboo basket for not less than 12 hours—this procedure was repeated several times. Once completed, the process yielded a sex aid that could be tied around the penis (jade stem) prior to coitus. The goat's eyelashes were supposed to give the woman a pleasant tickling sensation." That is, if she didn't run from the bedroom screaming after her lover described the origins of his new toy. Maybe this was the source of the Old Testament adage "An eyelid for an eyelid." Fortunately, to the great relief of goats, modern French ticklers are made of plastic or rubber. You can pick one up at your friendly neighborhood marital-aids shop.

My wife and I live in a 200-unit condominium complex with a common pool and Jacuzzi. The owners all have different ideas of the proper temperature setting for each. What's your advice—for the common good?—B. F., Fullerton, California.

Next thing you know, we'll be asked to settle the Middle East conflict. Oh, well; here goes: The proper temperature range for a swimming pool is 65 degrees to 70 degrees, for a Jacuzzi or whirlpool, 110 degrees to 112 degrees. That's Fahrenheit.

A few weekends ago, I invited my boyfriend and another couple to my parents' summer cottage. It was a beautiful, sunny weekend. We all spent the time lying on the dock, drinking and water-skiing. The other girl decided to shave her legs; that led to a shaving-cream fight. The next thing I knew, we were all covered in Foamy and the sensation was something else. It just started with all of us rubbing our arms and legs together, but it didn't end up that way. After a while, my boyfriend took off my bikini top and was squirting more Foamy on my breasts. The other couple did the same. The mixture of sun, beer, water and Foamy was enough to make anyone go wild. Not being familiar with swapping, I just sort of stuck with my boyfriend, but the other guy put his hand on my cunt and that was it. We all joined together and did everything under the sun there is to do. It was really something new to me. There's nothing better than falling into the lake after sex. The other girl and I have one question: Some of the shaving cream found its way into areas that never see a blade. We wonder if we were running any risk?—Miss W. F., Atlanta, Georgia.

Not really. Just be thankful your girlfriend didn't use Nair.

I'm a frequenter of singles bars and *disco* dens, so I'm always on the lookout for techniques that attract women. As you probably know, one of the stickier moments in an evening comes when you exchange phone numbers. Napkins, black books and the like seem so gauche, and I think I've come up with a better solution—having matchbooks printed with my name and telephone number on them. Please give me your opinion of this trick.—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Tacky but effective. They might mistake you for a restaurant. To prevent that, you could print testimonials from former girlfriends on the inside cover: "Loads of fun." "Couldn't get enough." "Hubba-hubba." "Great conversationalist." "I nearly fainted when I saw it."

Perhaps you can settle a travel dispute. My girlfriend and I are planning a trip to South America in the near future. We have gone over most of the precautions visitors should take to avoid getting the dread *turista*—don't drink the water, don't eat veggies, etc. She believes that we should be equally careful on the flight home and points out that the food you eat on an airplane is prepared in the country where the flight originates and that, therefore, the same danger is present. Is she right?—R. B., New York, New York.

Your friend is correct. The standards of food care are not as strict in some countries as they are in the U. S. Poor refrigeration can lead to instances of food poisoning. Of course, if you're really smart—airline food being what it is—you won't eat on the flight down. Bon voyage *and* petit appétit.

My lover has become my slave. We are both well adjusted to the fact that I am free to use him or abuse him as I see fit. But my sister is coming to visit me this fall. I want very much to share my slave with her—to give her equal rights to strip him, flog him, order him about. On this, I need your advice. He must obey me in all matters and there is no question of his obedience if I tell him to submit to my sister. I get goose-pimples just thinking about watching him, stark-naked and in chains, submitting to her punishments. Still, I wonder—could I be abusing my authority by turning him over to another?—Miss C. R., Washington, D.C.

Very interesting. Have you considered auditioning for the "Gong Show"? As we understand the ground rules of your relationship, your pussy-whipped bureaucrat will probably enjoy the exchange. But what will you do if she sets him free?

A few months ago, PLAYBOY ran a pictorial called *Bewitched by Older Women.* Although it is not stated, one gets the impression that these vintage ladies would appreciate the attention of young lovers (i.e., your readers) because of the flagging interest of their contemporaries. I'm approaching middle age and am greatly concerned about the decline of the male sex drive. Indeed, some of my friends have made noises to the effect that I should be prepared to go without, that sex can cause heart attacks, etc. Is it that bad?—V. N., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Get new friends. The key to an active sex life is active sex. Use it or lose it. If your friends continue with their forecasts of doom and caution, you can counter with Hugo Black's famous comment on tennis: "When I was 40, my doctor advised me that a man in his 40s shouldn't play tennis. I heeded his advice carefully and could hardly wait until I reached 50 to start again." The sentiment goes double for sex. As for the secret message in "Bewitched by Older Women"—you're absolutely right. We feel that young men should be encouraged to make it with their elders. They have to make it with someone. Dirty old men seem to have a monopoly on sweet young things.

I may be dumb, but it seems to me that the television ads for shower-massage units imply a sexual use for the pulsing water. The instructions that came with my unit are somewhat obscure and I have yet to turn on the water to have the water turn me on. How are the damned things used?—L. D., Los Angeles, California.

Women have discovered that shower-massage units (also called French shower heads) are great for masturbation. Rather than let their fingers do the walking, they've found that a well-aimed water jet can do wonders. It doesn't work as well for solo men (let the E.R.A. tend to that inequality). In fact, one of our editors compares the effect to being mugged in close quarters. However, couples who shower together can double their pleasure. The tub is not the safest place for slipping and sliding in a standing position. The best bet is to remain motionless while letting the water play on target. As we see it, there's only one drawback to the thing: drought. Word has it that the water shortage and subsequent rationing in Northern California have created legions of sexually frustrated women. A few conservationists claim these women are getting their just deserts. What do you think caused the water shortage in the first place?

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

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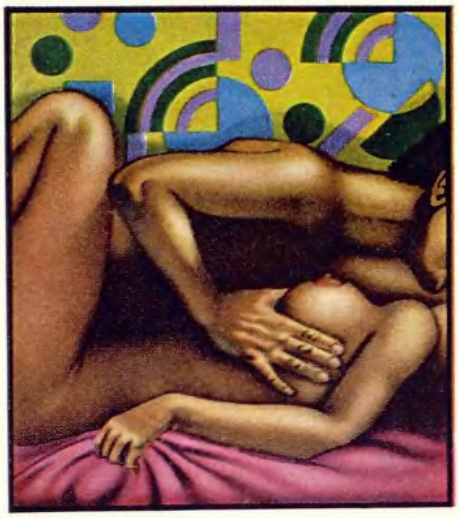
THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Oh, for the days when men were men and women were glad of it. We have heard with increasing frequency the complaint that sex isn't what it used to be, that the changing roles of men and women in our society have left us so confused most of us don't know our ass from our elbow or what to do with either in bed. Then again, there are those who exult. You're damned right sex isn't what it used to be. Thank God. We've gone from the Model T "any color as long as it's black" version of sex to a world spiced by variety. Whatever turns you on.

Society is changing. Have you ever watched the *Late Show* and thought Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable knew what they were up to? If only things could be that simple again. We decided to investigate. Can the veterans of the sexual revolution still wear their old uniforms? Do they want to? We asked 100 men and 100 women if they were satisfied with the traditional sex roles in lovemaking and what they thought their partners felt. Here are the results:



Q:

DO YOU THINK MOST MEN ARE SATISFIED WITH THE TRADITIONAL MALE SEX ROLE IN BED?

(Asked of 100 women)

Sixty-one percent of the women with whom we talked said that most men were not satisfied with their roles in the hay. Some of their remarks follow: "No, of course they're not satisfied. Men want thrills when they're screwing, not the safety of tradition." "At last, enough men have had their consciousness raised to realize we women also want to be aggressive in bed and that it's all fun—not the end of the world." "No, I don't think they are. Most men seem to enjoy working hard to produce my pleasure. They get off on my getting off. Traditional men don't seem to care." "I think men like to be pursued a lot of the time and enjoy being seduced by women." "Not at all. Guys now want to get in touch with the tender, giving aspects of sexuality, rather than just power over my cunt." "Things have switched around so much that lots of the guys I sleep with even tell me they have fantasies of being raped." "Not anymore, they're not. They've seen how much fun it is to just lie back and have a wild woman fuck them silly." "The only guys I know who are still satisfied with the traditional male role in bed are priests, prize fighters, cops and Mafia underlings!"

Thirty-nine percent of the women said that men were satisfied with the traditional male sex role: "People in power never want to get off their throne, even when it's under the covers." "Most men love to dominate. One way a man can do this is by getting a woman in bed and jumping on top of her, never letting her be ready enough before he's ready to enter." "Yes, they like things the way they are, but guys are tricky. Modern men like their women aggressive out of bed, but once in the sack, they want girls to be traditionally passive." "Know how I can tell they're satisfied? Every time I get into sexual fantasies with my partners, they always take the role of the aggressor." "Most men don't like women. They just use us to get off." "Yes, they certainly get off on tradition. Foreigners and Latin men even more so." "Men enjoy having the power of asking and the challenge of a hard pursuit, with the woman as the quarry. And that's the traditional setup." "You better believe they're satisfied with ye olde missionary position. How else to explain a guy's cock going soft the minute I want to ride on top of him? I had one guy tell me the blood rushes down when he is on top, filling his erection, and out when he's not." "Modern man is so insecure that controlling women in bed is about the only thing left that makes him feel masculine." "They all believe I want to be raped by them, so it never even enters their stupid minds that things could be different."

Q:

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THE TRADITIONAL MALE SEX ROLE IN BED?

(Asked of 100 men)

Fifty-nine percent of the men with whom we talked said they were not satisfied with the traditional male sex role in bed. Some typical remarks follow: "I'm not satisfied, because I love variation and getting fucked by adventurous, weird women." "It's not fair. If women want equality in everything else, they should also have to be aggressive when screwing and share the pressure with us guys." "Not only do I encourage aggressiveness in my women, I use drugs to help uninhibit them." "I do not act embarrassed, egotistical or awkward when a girl asks me to fuck. On the contrary, I encourage and expect them to do so." "I'm not satisfied, because I'm generally passive, and so I do my best to make women feel open enough to act out their own trips." "Not at all. I like getting raped by girls." "I prefer an experimenting woman—especially if she comes riding in on a white horse, dressed as a Russian cossack, and whips me all over the place."

Forty-one percent of the men said they were satisfied with the traditional male sex role when making love: "You bet I'm satisfied. I consider myself a super-*macho* man, and I'm proud of it. And the women I ball really dig me, in spite of all their liberation crap." "If I gave up my power over women in bed, I'd be committing sexual suicide." "It's only

Who makes the best jogging shoe?

by Don Riggs

The distance-running coach at San Jose State University examines the new Puma® 'Easy Rider.'

Distance-running coach Don Riggs.

A startling find.

I've tested every major brand of jogging shoe and I've come to a pretty startling discovery: *Puma is the only one that toes-off properly*—that bends the right way under the ball of your foot. Only one other brand comes even close.

Is this important? You'd better know it! Improper toe-off can lead to all kinds of foot and leg problems.

But don't take my word for the way Puma toes-off. You can test it for yourself. Grab hold of the new 'Easy Rider' and bend the sole (see photograph). The bend is exactly where the foot bends, at the head of the metatarsal, and it's rounded the way your foot is rounded.

Now try the same thing with other shoes. Some bend too sharply. Some bend in the wrong place altogether. I've even found shoes that bend right in the middle, which can tear the heck out of your metatarsal.

Puma is the only big-name shoe that toes-off properly, says Riggs.

A 1,000-mile sole?

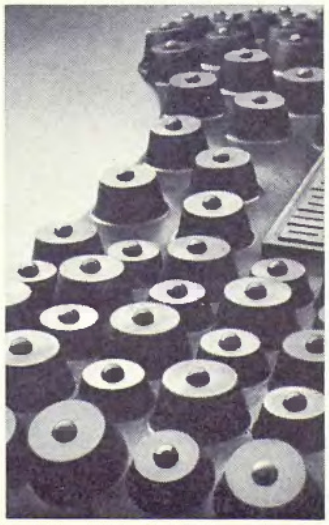
The sole on the new 'Easy Rider' is going to make a few people sit up and take notice. Look closely and you'll see it's covered with rows of truncated cones—*in two different heights.*

The tall cones give you traction and help to cushion impact and insulate your foot from surface heat. The comfort is fantastic, but that's only half the story.

When you run, the tall cones are squashed down. This is when the short cones come into play.

They're placed where the greatest wear occurs in a shoe—at the heel. They act like firm little bumpers to keep the tall cones from mashing down and wearing out too fast.

Going by the three years of testing I've done—and this depends, of course, on weight, running surface, and how hard you run—don't be surprised if you rack up a thousand miles on this sole.



The 'Easy Rider' sole. Note the two different heights of the cones.

Beware of mushy counters.

Another way to spot a first-class jogging shoe is by checking the counter—which is what they call the part that surrounds your heel.

You take a poor shoe and push against the side or back of the counter with your thumb. You'll find it's soft and mushy. When it breaks down, your heel is going to start wobbling around in there, which can cause anything from shinsplints to knee problems. Avoid this kind of shoe like the plague.

Now try the same test with the 'Easy Rider.' The counter is strong, *firm* (like the photograph shows). It holds and protects the calcaneus (or heel bone) and its muscle group all the way down.

I like the way Puma pays careful attention to details like this.

The 'Easy Rider' stays firm when you push here. A poor shoe is soft and mushy.

Should you wear Puma?

Run your hand around the inside of an 'Easy Rider' and you won't find a rough edge anywhere.

Look at the nylon outside and you'll see why the rate of breakdown is so phenomenally low on Puma: all the stretch points are reinforced with leather.

That kind of careful thinking goes into all the other new Puma jogging-running shoes: the soft-leather 'Stud' with its ventilating holes...the less-expensive 'Rocket'...the 9191 'Pavement Jogger' with its traditional herringbone sole...and the 'Whirlwind,' built on the Puma spike last for cross-country competition and interval training.

I'll tell you the same thing I tell my athletes: A good shoe can make a difference in how you run. If you take pride in what you're doing, you've earned the right to wear Puma. You've earned your stripe.

The new Puma 'Easy Rider.'

PUMA

You've earned your stripe

natural to get off on this. We men run everything else, why not sex, too?" "Most of the time, I like her to be on top of me, but only with my permission. So, yes, I still like to be in control." "Every time a chick tries to control how we screw, she fucks it up." "My orgasms are deeper when I initiate sex and stay in control of what happens." "Sure, I'm satisfied. What do you think, I want to be pussy-whipped?" "I love being the one to make the moves. I feel very primitive, sort of like the primal male. And most women dig it—sort of the longing for a cave man to drag them off and fuck the living daylights out of them." "Who needs all these new techniques? I just love screwing when I can get a woman flat on her back, and I'm beween her legs, and we just do as Mother Nature intended us to do, without all this 'modern' stuff." "If God had wanted women to be on top, He would have made them stronger."

Q:

DO YOU THINK MOST WOMEN ARE SATISFIED WITH THE TRADITIONAL FEMALE SEX ROLE IN BED?

(Asked of 100 men)

Seventy-seven percent of the men said that most women were not satisfied with the traditional female sex role in bed: "In this day and age, a man could get the shit kicked out of him just for asking that question." "They definitely must be bored with it. Traditional roles are so routine and mechanical." "How can they be satisfied, since desire in itself is aggressive? There is no passivity in bed." "I think women *hate* the traditional female sex role they used to be locked into. That's why the new activities of exchanging partners, kinky positions and the increase in homosexual exploration are becoming so prevalent." "The fucking feminists ruined everything! No girl gets off anymore unless she tells a guy what to do with his cock." "Thank God they've changed. Screwing is so much better now that so many women don't mind being sexually aggressive."

Twenty-three percent said that most women were satisfied with the traditional female sex role in bed: "Women haven't had enough experience with aggression and controlling the world outside of bed, so they are most comfortable as passive in bed." "No matter how many feminist books say the opposite, my experience proves that women prefer being fucked by a powerful, dominating man." "Know how I know that most women are happy with the way things have always been? Because they still get off on those novels where the man is always the aggressor and the woman the gentle object of desire." "Girls get very confused and nervous if I expect them to take charge of our fucking." "Sure they're satisfied. If not, I wouldn't always wind up touching their cunts before they reach for my cock." "Most of the women I know seem to come with the greatest enthusiasm when they are lying under me and I do everything. So I guess they're pleased with tradition."

Q:

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH THE TRADITIONAL FEMALE SEX ROLE IN BED?

(Asked of 100 women)

Sixty-two percent of the women said they were not satisfied with the traditional female sex role in bed: "No, I'm not satisfied. I'm more assertive and I manipulate my man to give me exactly what I need." "Traditional is boring. Sex for me is experimentation—the stranger the balling, the better the balling." "Fuck tradition—what tradition? Obviously, I'm a bit aggressive and I've always gone crazy in bed, so who knows from tradition? I jump all over my men." "My favorite scene is making it with two or more guys. I pretend I'm a queen and the young studs are my vassals, dedicated to my pleasure." "No way! Because I'm aggressive. So I make sure I come by masturbating at the same time my lover is fucking me." "No, but I'm trapped. Most men become impotent if I get too aggressive." "No, I'm not satisfied, but I can't change things, because men are greedy assholes." "I hate it. I get turned on by seducing young virgin boys. How many? Enough to make me feel incredibly potent and liberated." "If I stay in the regular passive role, I'm lucky if I get off even once. If I turn it all around and use the guy for my pleasure, my orgasms are unlimited." "I get off best when I'm dressed in black leather, wielding a whip, while a strong man licks my boot tops. You call that traditional?"

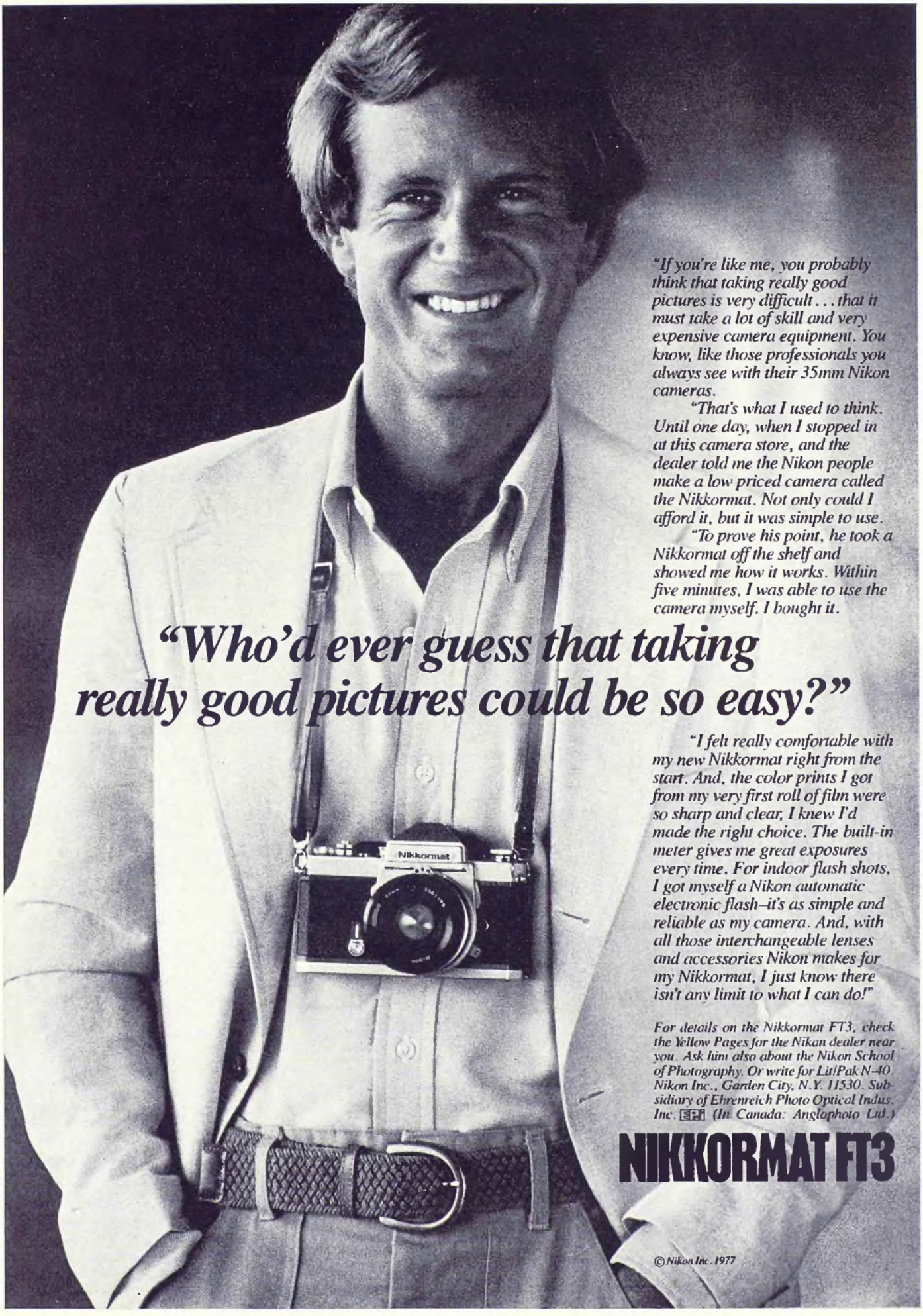
Thirty-eight percent of the women said they were satisfied with the traditional female sex role in bed: "I definitely think the man should be more aggressive. It's the law of nature." "I especially get off on the tradition of men worshiping at my tits." "My best orgasms happen when the man is pounding away on top of me." "Any time I experiment and act the aggressor, I have trouble coming." "I want to be dominated. It makes me feel extremely desirable and feminine to be made to fuck and suck and give him pleasure." "My constant fantasy is that I'm being taken against my will. If I reversed the roles, I certainly couldn't feel raped." "I'm positively medieval. I love being tied up and sexually tortured before my man fucks me." "It's so much more satisfying for me not to have to take responsibility for myself in bed—I have enough as it is on my job." "I guess I'm satisfied. If I weren't, my lover would beat me up." "I much prefer a man to seduce me—then I get the chance to play the helpless little girl I really am."

Summary: We intentionally left our questions vague, hoping that the respondents would define their concept of traditional sex roles in their answers. For the most part, people view the female role as passive, the male role as aggressive, woman on the bottom, man on the top. There was a general submission/dominance undertow, as well as a ripple of guilt, to all of the replies. As you can see from the results, most people were dissatisfied with these sex roles. At the same time, some of the people we interviewed berated themselves for not doing something about their plight. Women who were tired of *submitting* to their men were not always eager to initiate a new sexual program.

One curious highlight of our survey: the effectiveness of feminist propaganda. It appears that men are more inclined to believe that women are dissatisfied than the women are themselves. Seventy-seven percent of the men thought that women were fed up with time-honored roles; only 62 percent of the women actually expressed discontent. The questioning of sexual roles that women's lib started has caused men to re-evaluate their own position. (Usually, the missionary.) They have begun to explore alternatives.

Everyone with whom we spoke was aware that something was going on between the sexes that had never gone on before. One person said that there were now four genders: aggressive men and passive men, aggressive women and passive women. For some, the combinations were not all compatible. Some men felt threatened by aggressive women, for instance, and were unable to meet force with force. Those who were satisfied with the traditional male role often expressed the opinion that it was the "only" role. They found it impossible to get turned on by other than a passive female. As for passive women encountering passive men: "We might as well be in separate rooms." Still a few of the people with whom we talked had developed a playful attitude toward sex roles. The direction of any given sexual encounter could be settled by the flip of a coin: head or tail.

Overall, the results of this survey add up to good news. The traditions that men and women have taken to bed are wearing as thin as the cover on an old straw mattress. They are apparently being replaced by an ever-increasing wave of erotic inventiveness on the part of both sexes. —HOWARD SMITH AND BRIAN VAN DER HORST



"If you're like me, you probably think that taking really good pictures is very difficult . . . that it must take a lot of skill and very expensive camera equipment. You know, like those professionals you always see with their 35mm Nikon cameras.

"That's what I used to think. Until one day, when I stopped in at this camera store, and the dealer told me the Nikon people make a low priced camera called the Nikkormat. Not only could I afford it, but it was simple to use.

"To prove his point, he took a Nikkormat off the shelf and showed me how it works. Within five minutes, I was able to use the camera myself. I bought it.

"Who'd ever guess that taking really good pictures could be so easy?"

"I felt really comfortable with my new Nikkormat right from the start. And, the color prints I got from my very first roll of film were so sharp and clear, I knew I'd made the right choice. The built-in meter gives me great exposures every time. For indoor flash shots, I got myself a Nikon automatic electronic flash–it's as simple and reliable as my camera. And, with all those interchangeable lenses and accessories Nikon makes for my Nikkormat, I just know there isn't any limit to what I can do!"

For details on the Nikkormat FT3, check the Yellow Pages for the Nikon dealer near you. Ask him also about the Nikon School of Photography. Or write for Lit/Pak N-40, Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo Optical Indus. Inc. EPI *(In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd.)*

NIKKORMAT FT3

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

ALL'S FAIR IN FAIRBANKS

Last year, Alaska joined the growing number of states that have decriminalized marijuana. Now people's right to possess pot is actually being *protected* in Alaska: Last spring, there was an item on the Fairbanks police blotter involving marijuana, but not the usual depressing tale of some poor doper's being arrested. On the contrary, it was an investigator's report that someone had broken into a private residence and stolen marijuana plants.

J. Hall
St. Paul, Minnesota

POT AND GLAUCOMA

I would like to thank the Playboy Foundation for its aid at a critical juncture in the effort to establish my right to treat glaucoma by smoking marijuana. The Foundation's grant provided for the testimony of expert witnesses, without which matters might have turned out differently.

On the basis of that testimony, I was able to avoid being criminally prosecuted for marijuana use, and I also gained medical control over my glaucoma.

The marijuana supplied, albeit grudgingly, by Federal authorities has stabilized my condition. Since conventional medications are demonstrably ineffective, it seems certain that it is the marijuana that is helping me. While Federal interference in my medical affairs continues, I feel somewhat comforted by the knowledge that I now have evidence of marijuana's beneficial effect over a period of nearly a year. This data should give pause to anyone who wants to change my status. If not, it should give me a solid footing for litigation.

Critical damage has been done to bureaucratic drug policies and a new, untouched population—people afflicted with glaucoma—has been introduced to the marijuana-reform movement. The bulk of my mail comes from persons in the 40–70 age group. In most cases, these individuals not only desire medical access to marijuana but also lean heavily toward supporting its legalization. That kind of pressure, generated by people in the established social structure, should greatly accelerate reform. The Playboy Foundation's contribution to this effort cannot be overstated.

Bob Randall
Washington, D.C.

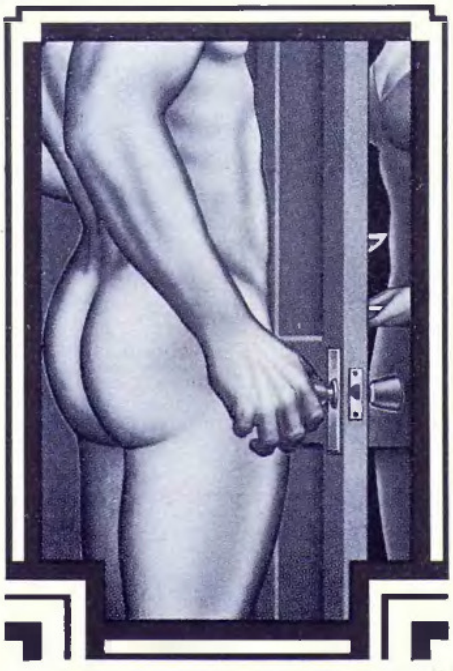
Randall's arrest and subsequent struggle to legalize his self-treatment for glaucoma with pot was the subject of a "Playboy Forum" Report last March.

LEGAL LYNCHING

I'm happy to report that Roger T. Davis, who was serving an unbelievable 40-year sentence in Virginia for possessing and selling about nine ounces of marijuana (*The Playboy Forum*, June and November, 1975), is presently at liberty.

Davis was the victim of two kinds of bigotry. In Wytheville, a small Virginia community, he was a black man who dated white women and even had the audacity to marry one. And he was tried on a drug charge in a town that had been whipped to a frenzy of antidrug hysteria by, among others, the sheriff, who warned, "Illegal drugs and pornography are the biggest and most important problems in the county," and the editor of the area's only newspaper, who published an anti-marijuana editorial two days after Davis' 1974 arrest, declaring, "The use of marijuana by young Americans is of tremendous help to the Communists." People in Wytheville take charges like that seriously. During the 15 months preceding Davis' trial, the paper published no fewer than 55 front-page stories or page-two editorials on drugs and drug arrests; and in the five months before his trial, there were 16 front-page stories on Davis himself. The prosecutor asked for an 80-year sentence and 40 years seemed like a comfortable compromise to the jury. The judge who tried Davis was later quoted as saying, "Marijuana is just as dangerous as a cocked gun." After his conviction and sentencing, Davis appealed to the Virginia Supreme Court, which refused to hear his case. The governor of Virginia would not consider his pleas for a pardon or a sentence reduction. Davis would not be eligible for parole until 1984. His situation appeared hopeless.

"About a year ago, I went to the door nude and found a good-looking brunette in her mid-20s standing there."



The American Civil Liberties Union, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws and a University of Virginia legal clinic jointly filed a petition for habeas corpus in Federal court. Finally, U. S. District Court judge James C. Turk ruled that the 40-year sentence was "so grossly out of proportion to the severity of the crimes as to constitute cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment of the United States Constitution."

Davis, who has always maintained his innocence, is free temporarily, pending the outcome of the state of Virginia's appeal of Judge Turk's ruling.

Walter Bryant
Washington, D.C.

FIRST-PERSON SENSUAL

I'm a habitual nudist in my apartment in a singles cooperative housing development, as are most of the men who live here. Consequently, I often answer a knock at my door without bothering to put on a robe. About a year ago, I went to the door nude and found a good-looking brunette in her mid-20s standing there. I was momentarily embarrassed, but my nakedness didn't bother her a bit and she started to explain that she was circulating a petition for some civic cause. She offered to come in and explain it to me. We discussed the petition, with me still naked, for 15 minutes or so before she left. Nothing actually happened, but the incident started me thinking.

I'm on the road a lot and I usually

don't wear clothes in my motel room. I decided that from then on, I'd remain naked when anyone knocked at my door, just as I do at home. During the entire year, I've never had a housekeeper or a room-service waitress raise a fuss about my nudity. In fact, six of the ten times a female member of a motel staff saw me naked, I ended up in bed with her.

The last time this happened, in a large Alabama city, I called room service for a fifth of bourbon just before midnight, knowing that one of the barmaids would deliver it. I left the door unlocked and lay naked on the bed. When she knocked, I called for her to come in and started pulling on my whang. The barmaid was a well-stacked redhead and she smiled when she saw me playing with myself. I told her the money was on the dresser and asked her to pour a drink for me and one for herself. She did and brought my drink to me and asked if I needed any help with what I was doing. I said, "Help yourself." She lost no time in going down on me and a few minutes later got out of her very few clothes and was astride me for a 69. Finally, I got into the saddle and when we finished our hump, she put on her shoes, blouse and miniskirt and headed back to the bar, telling me she was going off duty soon and would be back. She was, and we spent the rest of the night doing it every way I had ever heard of.

It pays, I've learned, not to be timid about showing off what you've got.

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

Lucky for you the hotel's room service was carried out by an attractive woman and not by a security guard or a 300-pound homosexual sumo wrestler.

Several years ago, my daughter acquired a steady boyfriend who became part of our family. He frequently dropped by during the day for lunch or coffee and he and I had many opportunities to talk alone. We became good friends and we even began to talk freely about sex. I found myself getting very horny during our conversations. On one occasion, he asked what I like done to me, and it made me even hornier to discuss in detail the acts and sensations I enjoy. After he left that day, I went to my room and masturbated to three climaxes, thinking about him doing those things to me.

As time passed, we talked more and more and I masturbated more and more. It was incredibly exciting to discuss my desires with him and watch his trousers start to bulge, though he always tried to hide it. I began teasing him, telling him that he might be able to satisfy my daughter, but I would be too much for him. We admitted that we sometimes masturbated, and although I knew I was the cause of his doing it, he had no idea that he was the cause of my doing it.

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

REDUCING MATE MURDER

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA—*The Colombian supreme court, in an effort to discourage the killing of unfaithful spouses, has*

ruled that such homicides are excusable acts of passion only when the adultery has just occurred and the killer has witnessed it personally.

DIVORCE IN BRAZIL

BRASILIA—*The Brazilian congress has amended the national constitution to permit divorce. After long debate and over strong opposition from the Church in the world's largest Roman Catholic country, proponents of divorce obtained seven votes more than the necessary 212 to change a clause in the constitution from "Marriages are indissoluble" to "Marriages are dissoluble after three years of legal or five years of* de facto *separation."*

NEED FOR SEX TRAINING

Almost two out of every three doctors responding to an American Medical Association poll stated that their medical training did not equip them adequately to treat either the clinical or the psychological sexual problems of their patients, and nine out of ten strongly endorsed better sex training in medical schools. Almost half the doctors reported that more patients nowadays are asking for sexual counseling and 75 percent said that patients are more willing to discuss sexual problems than they were 10 to 15 years ago.

MIDDLE-CLASS ADULTERY

STORRS, CONNECTICUT—*Adultery is a major factor in the breakup of American marriages, according to three researchers in family relations, and too few marriage counselors are soundly prepared to deal with the problem. A survey of professional marriage counselors in 27 states indicates that extramarital activity is the principal issue in nearly half the cases that come to their attention. The study, conducted by Dr. Frederick G. Humphrey and two colleagues at the University of Connecticut, also found that a wife is three times more likely than a husband to continue an affair once it becomes known to the spouse and that the adultery problem is reported most often among middle-class couples in their 30s who have been married an average of 13 years and who have at least one child.*

TRAPPED BY LOVE

LANSING, MICHIGAN—*The Michigan Court of Appeals has rejected the claim of entrapment in the case of a woman whose boyfriend, a police informant, proposed marriage and then set her up for a heroin arrest. The court said that although the "conduct of the informant may be reprehensible," it did not constitute entrapment because the couple's intimate relationship was not created by the police or the informant solely for the purpose of inciting the crime.*

NEW LEAF ON POT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*After five years of litigation, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has forced the Government to consider taking marijuana out of the Schedule I dangerous-drug classification that includes heroin. Ruling on a suit first filed in 1972, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit has ordered the Drug Enforcement Administration to refer the NORML petition to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare for hearings that will permit the re-examination of pot in light of present scientific knowledge about its effects on smokers, potential for abuse and possible medical uses.*

MEDICINAL HEROIN PROPOSED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A newly formed organization called the Committee on Treatment of Intractable Pain has petitioned the U.S. Attorney General to transfer heroin from Schedule I to Schedule II in the Federal drug law so that it can be prescribed for certain terminally ill patients. The petition notes that heroin was "once highly re-*

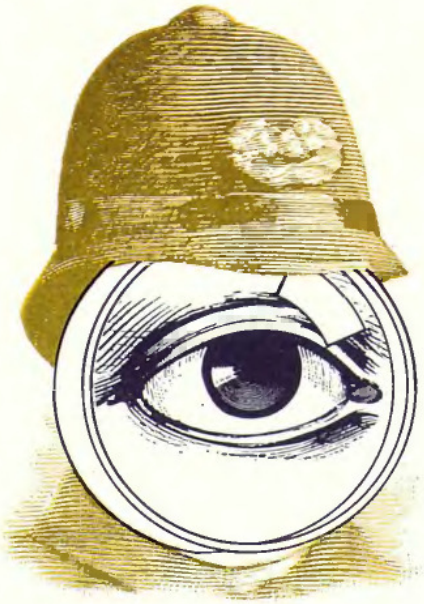
garded by many members of the American medical profession and its gradual elimination from medical treatment seems to have been based more on hysteria and politics than on science." It adds that "No drug in any schedule . . . comes close to heroin in terms of its analgesic and euphoric qualities. [It] is a pain-killing, anxiety-relieving medicine, and a very good one."

LIBBERS' REVENGE

BOSTON—*The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has disciplined four students involved in the publishing of a "consumer guide" in a student newspaper rating the sexual prowess of 36 MIT men. The ratings—from four stars to none—were purportedly based on the personal experiences of the two women authors, both MIT juniors, who named the men and described their sexual techniques, physical attributes and personal hygiene. Despite apologies from the perpetrators, both the writers and the newspaper's editor were placed on probation, and the feature editor who conceived the idea was suspended for three months.*

LETTER OPENERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U. S. Supreme Court has upheld the authority of Customs inspectors to open mail entering the country if there is "reasonable cause to suspect" that the envelopes or packages contain contraband. In a six-to-three decision, the Court accepted the Government argument that such*



inspections do not violate the Fourth Amendment because border searches traditionally have not required a warrant. The dissenting Justices warned that the decision could lead to "the wholesale, secret examination of all incoming international letter mail," even though Customs agents are expressly forbidden to read any correspondence they find. Some 270,000 envelopes are opened by Customs annually.

GARBAGE VS. SMUT

CLEVELAND, OHIO—*Several municipal judges have advised Cleveland mayor Ralph J. Perk that his much-publicized pornography survey won't carry much weight in court because it was so obviously biased. City sanitation workers went from house to house passing out*

some 200,000 questionnaires intended to establish specific community standards for the prosecution of adult bookstores and theaters. But the covering letter, signed by the mayor, contained such a diatribe against "immoral magazines, books and films" that the responses could not be considered objective, the judges said.

BETTER LOOK NEXT TIME

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA—*Police have filed prowling charges against a 22-year-old man and a 32-year-old woman found in a nude embrace in a residential back yard at one o'clock in the morning. The two had met at a local bar, police said, and apparently ended up in a yard the man mistakenly thought belonged to a friend.*

BIBLE-BELT ETHICS

NASHVILLE—*The Tennessee senate has adopted a code of ethics that not only specifies how its members should conduct themselves in office but also includes the Ten Commandments and the golden rule. The latter regulations were introduced by 83-year-old senator Halbert Harvill, who had argued that the code should consist entirely of Biblical injunctions. These, he said, have "stood the test for thousands of years."*

One day I pushed my game to the limit. The kids were off to school and I was taking a shower when he came over. By that time, he was in the habit of coming into the house without knocking. I pretended I didn't know he was there and walked out of the bathroom naked. After he'd gotten a good look at me, I ran to my bedroom, wiggling my ass as I went. When I closed the door behind me, my blood was racing. I had never been so excited before. I put on a housecoat and went out to face him; I was trembling all over. Although we knew it was a turn-on for both of us, I played the embarrassed female and apologized. He said he was sorry, too, and left. I began masturbating the minute he went out the door and didn't stop till the kids came home.

Now he's married to my daughter and we are still good friends, but just about every encounter with him sends me to my room with my hand between my legs.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

He teases you and you tease him, and now you've succeeded in teasing us. Shame!

A MATTER OF TASTE

There is a letter in the June *Playboy Forum* from a woman who douches with diluted mouthwash before her husband performs cunnilingus. As a bisexual woman, I know cunnilingus from both ends. I agree that a cunt doesn't have to smell bad, and I have nothing against mouthwash fetishism, but I prefer to wash my pussy with plain soap and water. The natural smell is earthy, sensuous. All the girls with whom I've had encounters are tremendously excited, as I am, by the beautiful aroma our cunts can produce. It's a little bit ridiculous to disguise it with mouthwash and perfume.

(Name withheld by request)
Greenfield, Massachusetts

Have a care, you ladies who douche with germicidal mouthwash. You can upset the balance of vaginal flora and fauna and end up with a nasty yeast infection. I know; it happened to me. Warm baths and clean-smelling bodies are better.

(Name withheld by request)
Tampa, Florida

ANITA'S ANTICS

Anita Bryant is deluded in believing that the Dade County vote vindicates the laws of God. God had nothing to do with the vicious campaign fought in Miami to discriminate against gay people. Only Bryant and her churchgoing friends are responsible for that crime against justice.

Fred Sparnell
San Francisco, California

Despite the fact that Anita Bryant's forces were victorious in Florida, I hope people won't get the impression that

Bryant represents the majority of Christians. Christianity is a religion of love and forgiveness, and a rational religion as well. Bryant's activities, like the religious wars and persecutions of the past, are not caused by Christianity but are the sad consequence of man's fallen nature.

M. Brown
Salt Lake City, Utah

We no more consider Bryant's antigay crusade to be typical of Christians than we consider child molesting to be typical of homosexuals.

BLUE-MOVIE BLUES

I no longer find X-rated movies interesting or enjoyable. They seem, these days, to be full of too goddamned much cocksucking. The last time I saw one of those movies, I reflected that in them, you really see more of the male organ than of the female's and more male than female nakedness. The last one I saw began with a young woman sitting, with the nicest breasts you'd ever want to see just falling out of her skimpy dress. But when it came to discarding clothes, I saw the man naked but never the woman. All I saw of her was her head, giving head.

I simply don't enjoy scenes of fellatio or, for that matter, the scenes of screwing, with all their grunting and groaning. For me, the vicarious enjoyment isn't that great. Nor do I particularly like huge close-ups of a woman's vaginal lips or anus, into which the blue-movie cameramen seem to have a penchant for looking.

I find much the same sort of thing, by the way, in topless and bottomless bars. If you go in and the girl is going to pay you any attention, she'll sit down in front of you and spread her legs and let you see some pink. The other night, I was in one of those bars; a new girl came on and the first thing she did was turn around, pull down her panties, bend over and show her asshole. I got up and walked out. Who told them that is what men find attractive, for heaven's sake?

What I do like is women in their natural beauty. I loved the early skin flicks in which girls were shown nude from the back or, if from the front, only from the waist up. Occasionally, there would be a flash of pussy, which would add to the fun. Later, there were a few wonderful movies in which women were shown *au naturel* from head to foot. One I remember vividly was of a beauty contest at a nudist colony. I love women walking around naked without coyness and without shame. I found the opening scene of *Carrie*, in the girls' locker room, more stimulating than any fuck-and-suck movie. I could easily be turned on by a film of a naked girl brushing her hair or taking a shower. Hell, even after some years of marriage and despite my age, I still find myself getting an erection when I chat with my wife while she's taking a bath.

I acknowledge that my tastes aren't the same as anybody else's, but I don't think I'm weird, either. I do wonder about those cameramen with their focus on big stiff cocks and fellatio, though. Could it be that they're all homosexuals?

(Name and address
withheld by request)

We can see it now, a new Anita Bryant crusade: Save Our Porn.

NOT SO PATENT

In a five-to-four decision last June on pornography, the U. S. Supreme Court stated that patently offensive material could include depictions of excretion and sadomasochism. The highest Court in the land doesn't know what it's talking about. My dictionary defines patent as meaning manifest, plain, evident. If the nine Justices are divided five to four on this question, then obviously the offensiveness is not manifest, plain or evident.

Jonathan Lee
Riverside, Illinois

PORNOGRAPHY AND SEX CRIME

According to *The Playboy Forum*'s May editorial, *The Cincinnati Hustle*, Larry Flynt "is the victim of a superstition this country should long since have laid to rest." Bull feathers! The simple fact is that the people in the Greater Cincinnati area felt strongly about the garbage being dumped on them and did something about it.

"I love women walking around naked without coyness and without shame."

I call your attention to a heart-rending letter published in *The Cincinnati Enquirer* in which a parent describes her nine-year-old daughter victimized by a sex pervert. The letter reads, in part:

> You want to talk about "rights"? My nine-year-old daughter was confronted by a naked man in a car who displayed himself to her, made lewd remarks and tried to get her inside the car with him.
>
> You want to talk about "rights"? Have you ever seen the agony, ever looked into the eyes of a horrified child who has experienced such an outrage? Have you ever heard the cries, seen the tears, seen the pacing from room to room, heard the screaming, "Mother, I see him everywhere I look"?
>
> People are what they read. As long as filthy magazines and movies and televised filth are allowed to pollute this country, more and more will the sick minds who feed on such trash be influenced to do harm to others!

PLAYBOY should be proud of itself and its contribution to society. Whenever a sex crime is committed, take a bow, because chances are pretty good that your magazine and others like it drove some one over the edge.

Howard R. Watkins
Amelia, Ohio

We question the motives of anyone who puts quotation marks around the word "rights." Is the letter writer truly concerned about her daughter or is she mainly interested in depriving others of their "rights"? If she were concerned, she might have done some research and discovered that erotic materials have no significant connection with sex crime. The available evidence, in fact, suggests that the opposite is true. Consider, for instance, the particular crimes the letter describes: Exhibitionism in Copenhagen dropped 58 percent and molesting of girls under 15 dropped 69 percent after pornography was legalized in Denmark (1959's figures compared with 1970's).

Six years ago, the Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography stated that "Extensive empirical investigation, both by the Commission and by others, provides no evidence that exposure to or use of explicit sexual materials play a significant role in the causation of social or individual harms such as crime, delinquency, sexual or nonsexual deviancy or severe emotional disturbances." This evidence—and we know of no equivalent evidence to the contrary—would appear to settle the question for the present. In fact, the more sophisticated advocates of censorship have long since given up trying to prove that erotic material causes sex crime and now rely on vague allegations that pornography rots the national moral fiber.

The commission's studies of sex offenders also indicated that they tend to come from sexually repressive environments, to have had less exposure to pornography and to be less responsive to it than the average person. The more we learn about the psychosexual development of sex criminals, the more it becomes clear that it is negative attitudes toward sex, the same negative attitudes that inspire demands for censorship, that channel the sex drive into deviancy and antisocial behavior. We oppose censorship, not only to protect our rights (or "rights," if you prefer) under the First Amendment but also because we believe that in a sexually candid society that allows adults access to pornography, sad incidents like the one described would be less likely to occur.

ORGANIZING FOR FREEDOM

I agree with L. Rudnick's letter in the June *Playboy Forum* on the lack of

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organization among anticensorship folks. People who accept pornography, gays and pot are not sufficiently zealous in defense of their liberated views. Conversely, staunch puritans are fired by self-righteousness and blind devotion to their idea of God. There is no fanatic like a religious fanatic, especially one who feels rewarded by his God when he is persecuted, who has a guidebook like the Bible, which can be interpreted to confirm all his prejudices, and who is called to act, to organize, to go out and get the vote, to bring in the sheep. Yes, the puritan Bible bangers certainly have the edge in fanaticism and publicity compared with the modern libertarians.

I do believe, though, that the country is gradually making progress and that PLAYBOY will be regarded by social historians as a positive factor in this maturing process.

J. Johnsen
Hayward, California

LOADED MAGAZINE

A letter in the July *Playboy Forum* quotes a Cincinnati assistant prosecutor as saying *Hustler* is "as much danger as a man with a gun." Well, that isn't much of a danger. According to the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms, out of 20,505 criminal homicides in the U. S. in 1975, 10,457 were committed with a handgun. It is reliably estimated that there are at least 40,000,000 handguns in the U. S. Thus, only .000261 of the handguns in the U. S. were involved in the commission of a homicide.

Ken Bynum
Jay, Florida

WINKING AT HOMICIDE

In case any of y'all's smart-aleck Yankee readers still think Texas courts are unsympathetic to people in trouble, let me pass along this ruling, which came down last year from the state court of criminal appeals. It seems that a 21-year-old fellow from Wink, Texas, got into an argument about money with a 22-year-old acquaintance, drove home to get a rifle, returned and resolved the matter by offing the guy. The killer got 50 years, but the appeals court reversed his conviction on the grounds that "the trial court erred in failing to charge the jury on the appellant's right to arm himself and seek out the deceased in order to obtain an amicable adjustment of their differences."

J. Porter
Fort Worth, Texas

KILLING THE KILLER

I profoundly disagree with PLAYBOY's stand on capital punishment. I feel it's disgusting that a person can walk the streets knowing that he can kill you or me and that even if he is caught and convicted, he won't get the death penalty. And when the victim is gone and his family and friends wonder why, the murderer is patiently awaiting parole.

A1/C James S. Shattuck
March AFB, California

Foes of capital punishment contend that the death penalty incites certain sick people to commit murder. Does that mean we should abolish all punishment because there is a handful of people who desire punishment?

William J. Cooney
Albany, New York

That the death penalty may actually appeal to a certain type of mentally deranged murderer is only one of many objections to capital punishment and not even a major one. But we find this point supported by the examples of Gary Gilmore, Robert Excell White in Texas and Wayne Ritter and John Evans III in Alabama. In court, Ritter and Evans related how they had robbed a pawnshop and murdered the proprietor, and both invited the jury to sentence them to death. Which it did. Most recently, convicted Delaware murderer Donald W. Bates, sentenced to life without parole, filed suit demanding that he be hanged. It seems to us that proponents of capital punishment rightly think that the threat of execution would certainly deter themselves from committing murder but wrongly conclude that murderers behave the way they do.

"'If the parts of love-pleasure be counted as ten, Thrice three go to women, one only to men.'"

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

I am a theology student and do not read PLAYBOY; however, a friend showed me Michael Foster Rivero's letter in the June *Playboy Forum*. Rivero writes that nowhere in the book of *Genesis* does it state that God wants man to wear clothing or to be ashamed of his nudity. That's true, but not the true meaning of *Genesis*.

My own contention is that the forbidden fruit, which God commanded man not to eat, is not an apple but the idea of sex used only for enjoyment. Man has an animal side in his make-up, a crudeness that should not be there. This crudeness comes from Adam's wife's eating the forbidden fruit (mating with the serpent). And once she had experienced sex only as a way of having pleasure, she went to Adam, and that was the Fall. Even though Adam and Eve probably had no idea of what they had done wrong, they panicked and behaved exactly as animals might have behaved.

The curse of the forbidden fruit is a life of doing only what is pleasurable.

Jeff Simonson
Indianapolis, Indiana

Applesauce!

THE CHURCH OF YOUR CHOICE

So about 4,600,000 letters were received by the FCC regarding a rumored decision to ban religious broadcasting (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Who the hell is James J. Hill to belittle citizens of this country for trying to ensure the continuance of programs from which they get inspiration and pleasure? There was no need for Hill to stoop to such defamatory statements as, "Worship at the church of your choice this weekend, if you want to become a bigger fool than you are."

Those 4,600,000 letter writers are moved by belief in a Supreme Being who arranged and fulfilled over 300 Old Testament prophecies and manifested Himself in 290 additional events. On what facts does Hill base his disparagement of those believers?

David L. Wooten
Comstock, New York

YE GODS!

In the May issue, V. W. from Madison, Wisconsin, asks *The Playboy Advisor* whether men or women get more pleasure from sex. According to Robert Graves in *The Greek Myths*, the supreme god, Zeus, got into an argument with his wife, Hera, over the same question. Zeus claimed that women received more pleasure, but Hera disagreed. They decided to ask the one person who should know, Tiresias. Years before, Tiresias had seen two snakes mating and, for reasons best known to himself, he killed the female. As punishment for that deed, he was turned into a woman and became a celebrated harlot. Seven years later, he again saw two mating snakes. That time, he shrewdly killed the male and was immediately changed back into a man. (Transsexual changes were a lot simpler in those days.) Obviously, Tiresias had enjoyed the rare opportunity to experience the best of both worlds. When Zeus and Hera's question was put to him, he answered: "If the parts of love-pleasure be counted as ten,/Thrice three go to women, one only to men."

Aubrey Pilgrim
San Jose, California

But Tiresias was a man when he answered the question; could it be that each sex always imagines the other enjoys sex more?

LIBBER DRIVEL

I think "Mellow Lady" really misses the boat in the June *Playboy Forum*. She states that as a consequence of consciousness raising, many women enter a man-hating stage that often becomes fixated

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HUMAN RIGHTS *VS.* FETAL RIGHTS

the right-to-lifers can't prevent welfare women from having sex, but they can make abortions costly and dangerous

opinion By **WILLIAM J. HELMER**

The U. S. Supreme Court has declared that women on welfare may be denied government funds and medical facilities for abortions, and our public officials are doing just that. Many legislators want to refuse free Medicaid abortions even to indigent women for whom childbirth is medically dangerous. Some want to turn back history to the days when abortions were illegal and consider the Court's decision merely a step in the right direction. Now that our elected lawmakers are back in the abortion business, it's safe to predict that moral posturing will prevail over common sense.

The High Court's decision may be bad from a social standpoint, but its reasoning is understandable: Women have a constitutional right to abortions, but government has no more obligation to pay for them than it does to supply citizens with printing presses under the First Amendment or with guns under the Second. But that doesn't answer some legal and philosophical questions. What good is a constitutional right to the citizen who has no means of exercising it? And how can a government logically use public funds to care for pregnant women but compel them to bear unwanted children by withholding those same funds?

One might think that here at least we have a situation in which the unhappy American taxpayer and the unwillingly pregnant welfare recipient could agree—and no doubt they do. The ghetto teenager or the welfare mother with four or five fatherless children may not want to experience the "miracle of birth" any more than her more fortunate fellow citizens want to pay for it. So what's the problem?

The problem is the Roman Catholic Church hierarchy, masquerading as a nonsectarian Right-to-Life movement with the help of a few Protestant fundamentalists. A clear majority of American citizens and a substantial percentage of Catholics reject the notion that abortion should be illegal. A moral issue, maybe; a personal decision, certainly; but a crime, no. Yet Church leaders have managed to dismantle the basic constitutional principle of a separate church and state by putting elected public officials in the untenable position of either advocating "baby murder" or "protecting unborn human life."

Not that Church leaders find this task easy. The logical alternative to abortion is contraception, and Catholic dogma prohibits even that, creating quite a social and political dilemma for the Right-to-Lifers.

Citing theological doctrine that is about as rational as the Biblical injunction to kill witches, these hypocrites proclaim the sanctity of human life in its unborn form without the slightest regard for the already-born, unwillingly pregnant woman living in poverty, misery and despair. As long as that woman's child is a fetus, these Pro-Lifers (a misnomer if ever there was one) treat it as a sacred cow. But once it lives outside the womb, the fate that befalls that creature is strictly its own responsibility. It can be unloved or unwanted, starved or beaten; and once it grows older, it can be jailed as a criminal, used as cannon fodder in war or ceremoniously fried in an electric chair, with the approval of its former protectors.

It's a grim tribute to the power of organized religion that the anti-abortionists are able to intimidate politicians into sacrificing not just existing human lives but also tax dollars to the myth of fetal rights. The so-called Right-to-Lifers can accept the deaths of any number of poor and largely ignorant women who will go to neighborhood coat-hanger abortionists to save money; God is punishing them for their sins. And our legislators can deny abortion funds to indigent women because they can easily afford safe and legal abortions for their own wives and daughters. (Nobody forces poor people to go out and get themselves pregnant, after all.) But to ask American taxpayers to subsidize the birth and upbringing of hundreds of thousands of welfare babies against the wishes of their own mothers, that takes real righteousness.

What we might seem to have here is a rare historical instance when conscience prevails over economics, but that's hardly the case. The fact is that the moral suasion the anti-abortionists claim to use is nothing more than political extortion, because a religion lobby, like any other special-interest group, can deliver the vote.

At present, it costs about $200 for a safe Medicaid abortion. To finance an unwanted welfare baby from pregnancy through only its first year of bare subsistence costs the taxpayers more than $2000, with the statistical prospect that this child will not only stay on the public dole for much of its life but also engage in a certain amount of crime, prostitution, drug abuse and other sins. It may eventually cost Mr. and Mrs. America maybe 100 grand and some personal grief before it ends up in the morgue or in prison—after having procreated two, three or more welfare babies to take its place. A former HEW official has figured that Medicaid abortions for one year save taxpayers about $500,000,000 initially and a theoretical nine billion dollars over 18 years.

That is putting the Medicaid-abortion issue in the crassest terms possible—the only terms that sanctimonious anti-abortionists might understand. The lawmakers who would deny free elective abortions to poor women are generally the same ones who raise bloody hell over welfare spending, job training and other social programs that might improve life for the living but who salivate over tougher drug laws, new police weaponry and the return of capital punishment. The wonder is that these good law-and-order folks aren't trying to make welfare abortions mandatory.

No doubt what stops them is the anti-abortionist claim that legal abortion will lead to euthanasia for senior citizens, followed by flat-out genocide. This argument is intended to drum up support of non-Catholics by raising the specter of Nazism, but the reasoning is backward. The threat of such atrocities lies not in granting women the freedom to terminate their own pregnancies but in granting governments the totalitarian power to tell them they cannot.

Given the sloganeering level to which the abortion debate has descended, we might ask whether or not the fetus people intend to live up to the principle they proclaim on bumper stickers: ADOPTION NOT ABORTION. Let these highly principled folks demonstrate their sincerity by hurrying down to the human kennels operating in every large city to adopt a fetus once it has been brought into the world and abandoned by its hapless mother or taken from her by the courts. If this were required by law and called the Celebration of Human Life Act, who could oppose it?

because their anger evokes a similar response in males, thus reinforcing the original resentment. She suggests that men learn to react with understanding.

This is liberation? It seems to me that to be truly liberated, one must accept responsibility for one's own actions. Common sense tells us that hate will be returned with hate, love with love. If Mellow Lady's fellow libbers are going to dish out resentment, they'd better be prepared to receive same. Nothing bounces back faster than hostility.

Michael Howorko
Mt. Clemens, Michigan

PLAYBOY THERAPY

I'm a woman and had never read PLAYBOY until recently. Three years ago, I developed a weight problem that I couldn't seem to control, no matter how hard I tried. I started reading PLAYBOY last February. Since underneath all my ugly fat was quite a nice-looking lady, it was agony for me to see those beautiful, thin girls of yours. Lo and behold, I began losing weight. I lost 68 pounds between February and June. I'm going to keep reading PLAYBOY to remind me not to gain it back.

(Name withheld by request)
Toronto, Ontario

CONTRACEPTIVE RULING

We've emerged victorious from battle with New York's anticontraceptive law. The U. S. Supreme Court has ruled, seven to two, that it is unconstitutional for states to prohibit advertising of contraceptives, to prohibit contraceptives to persons under 16 or to insist that nonprescription contraceptives be distributed only by doctors or drugstores. Population Services International, the initiating plaintiff in this suit, is deeply indebted to the Playboy Foundation for crucial support in this action. P.S.I. and a contraceptive mail-order firm, P.P.A., Inc., which specializes in condoms by mail from its headquarters in Carrboro, North Carolina, had been advised by New York officials that they faced prosecution for violation of the law. The favorable decision clears the way for increased informative advertising about birth control and affirms the rights of minors to contraceptive products.

We can all be proud of our part in this. As our attorneys put it:

> It is an important decision which forever puts to rest the claim that a state may prohibit or severely burden access to contraceptives by adults or minors, or the advertising of such products. The decision is a major victory for the family-planning movement. You and P.S.I. are to be warmly congratulated for your foresight and perseverance. The suit which you alone initiated will be responsible for preventing thousands of unwanted pregnancies and will improve the lives of countless young people.

Support from the Playboy Foundation was vital to our success and we are deeply grateful.

Philip D. Harvey, President
Population Services International
New York, New York

We're always pleased to have participated in a successful Supreme Court case, but this one delighted us because it occasioned one of the silliest pieces of judicial rhetoric we've ever heard: Justice William H. Rehnquist's claim in his dissent that the decision would have outraged "those who valiantly but vainly defended the heights of Bunker Hill in 1775" and those "brave men on both sides" who shed blood "at Shiloh, Gettysburg and Cold Harbor." We wonder if Justice Rehnquist really believes that those early American GIs never wished for a good contraceptive.

"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.

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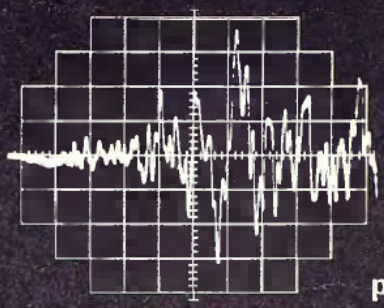

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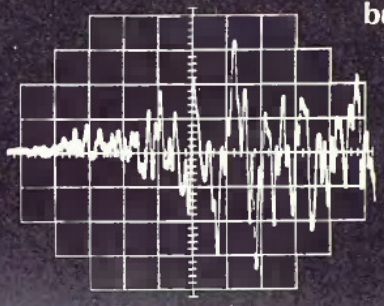

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BARBRA STREISAND

a candid conversation with america's only honest-to-god female superstar

She is one of our few living legends: among the top female box-office attractions in the U. S. and one of the highest-paid and most sought-after singers in the world. At 27, Barbra Streisand became the only person to have won every major entertainment award: the Tony for stage, the Grammy for records, the Emmy for television and the Oscar for film. Her obsessive and independent behavior has also made her a continual target for detractors.

Since her talent burst forth in "Funny Girl," she has been attacked for her manners, her looks, her voice, the men she has dated, the man she currently lives with, the scenes she's been accused of stealing. She has been criticized for being a perfectionist in an art form that necessitates compromise, for not playing more challenging roles as an actress, for having a Brooklyn accent . . . for being a success. From her first Broadway appearance to her latest film, Streisand has developed a reputation as a fighter, arguing with directors, producers and writers over broad concepts and minute details. Her battles have been duly reported in the press, almost as if the writers were scoring sporting events.

Barbara Joan Streisand was born on Pulaski Street in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn on April 24, 1942. Her father, a high school English and psychology teacher with a Ph.D. in education, died when she was 15 months old; she didn't get along well with her mother. She was a delicate, determined girl who suffered from having a nose too large for her face and a body so thin it bordered on the sickly.

Thinking her own background dull, Streisand invented one that sounded more exotic: She dropped an A from her first name and wrote in the bio notes for her first Broadway Playbill *that she was born in Madagascar and reared in Rangoon. Brooklyn, to her, was "boredom, baseball and bad breath," and the farther she could get from it, the greater her psychological possibilities of escape.*

When the opportunity to work as an usher at the Loew's Kings movie theater came up, she grabbed the job. If she could have slept in the theater at night, she probably would have. With the money she earned, she talked her mother into sending her to the Malden Bridge Playhouse near Albany for two summer sessions, though her mother felt she was too thin, too unattractive, too peculiar to ever become a movie star.

After moving to Manhattan, Barbra spent her money for acting classes. When she had free time, she went up for stage auditions but was always turned away for lack of experience. Then a friend told her about an amateur-night singing contest at The Lion in Greenwich Village. The winner would receive $50 and a week's contract. Streisand had never sung before an audience, but she figured she had nothing to lose. Heavily made up and wearing a feather jacket, she stood before the microphone and opened her mouth to sing "A Sleepin' Bee." Need we say who won? Shortly afterward, she met a young theatrical manager, Marty Erlichman, who was to become her manager—a relationship that has lasted, without a contract, for 16 years.

Her first TV appearance was on "The Jack Paar Show" in April 1961. Mike Wallace's "PM East" followed shortly after, and she became the resident kook: brash, offbeat, unafraid to take on more famous guests in verbal jousts that she usually won. Eventually, she landed a small part in a Broadway play, "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," in which she played a homely secretary, Yetta Marmelstein. The star of the show was a 23-year-old actor named Elliott Gould. They fell in love; she stole the show from him, but he still moved into her $62-a-month apartment above a seafood restaurant. Two years later, they were married.

By the time her first album was released, Streisand had appeared on the

"My nightmare is that I'm driving alone and have to go to the hospital. I'd say, 'Please, help me,' and people say, 'Hey, you look like. . . .' And I'm dying while they wonder if I'm Barbra Streisand."

"In my family, sex was taboo. You don't screw anybody until you get married, you don't hold hands, you don't kiss, because you'll get a disease. It was all so awful that I had to develop a fantasy life."

STEVE SCHAPIRO

"A person who's bitchy would seem to be mean for no reason. I am not a mean person. I don't like meanness in anyone around me. Maybe I'm rude without being aware of it—that's possible."

"Dinah Shore Chevy Show" and was earning $5000 a week at New York's Basin Street East. The National Association of Gagwriters gave her the Fanny Brice Award as the best comedienne of 1962. President Kennedy invited her to sing at the White House. Her second album outsold the first and she became the hottest singer in the country.

The time had come for Barbra to make waves on Broadway, and the vehicle she chose was the story of Fanny Brice, the vaudevillian actress/singer/comedienne, whose son-in-law, Ray Stark, owned rights to her life story. Stark was a Hollywood producer and former agent for Marilyn Monroe and Richard Burton. When the curtain came up and Barbra Streisand declared in her opening number of "Funny Girl" that she was "the greatest star," critics and audience—perhaps for the first and last time—seemed to agree.

Named the Best Female Vocalist of 1963 and Cue's *Entertainer of the Year, Barbra appeared on the covers of* Life, Look, Time, Show, Cosmopolitan. *The scrawny kid from Brooklyn now modeled fashions in the pages of* Vogue. *There was a Streisand look, a Streisand manner, a Streisand sound.*

But with fame came anxiety. Her marriage to Elliott Gould was one of constant turmoil; her star kept rising and his had yet to be launched. In 1966, she gave birth to a son, Jason Emanuel. That same year, she appeared in concert before 135,000 in Central Park. When she went to Hollywood to begin her movie career, her husband remained behind. Rumors that she and Gould had separated soon proved correct. By the time they were divorced, Barbra Streisand had achieved her goal: She was a movie star.

In 1968, she and Katharine Hepburn shared an equal number of Academy votes and they became the first actresses to split the Oscar for Best Actress (Hepburn's role was in "The Lion in Winter"). With "Funny Girl" behind her, Barbra's future seemed limitless. She followed it with "Hello, Dolly!," which was then the most expensive musical ever filmed, and then with a third stage play brought to film, "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever."

Wanting to establish more control over her productions, Streisand, along with Paul Newman and Sidney Poitier, formed a production company, which they called First Artists, in 1969. Steve McQueen joined them a year later and Dustin Hoffman signed on after that. The actors agreed they would take no salary and would make their pictures within a certain budget, but they would receive a share of whatever profits resulted from their work.

Before doing "Up the Sandbox" for her new company, Streisand starred opposite George Segal in "The Owl and the Pussycat" and opposite Ryan O'Neal in "What's Up, Doc?" She also became politically involved, campaigning for George McGovern for President, John Lindsay for mayor of New York and her friend Bella Abzug for Congresswoman. She made international headlines in 1970 when she dated Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

Her most anticipated picture since "Funny Girl" was "The Way We Were," which paired her with another top box-office attraction, Robert Redford. In the film, Streisand lives out the fantasy of thousands of women whose features aren't perfect, as she captures the all-American blond-haired, blue-eyed gentile by the sheer force of her personality and wit.

Streisand's own new love, however, was neither blond nor clean-shaven. He was Jon Peters, a volatile hairdresser with a reputation as a street fighter, whom she met while shooting "For Pete's Sake." Streisand had summoned Peters to fix a wig and kept him waiting for over an hour. When she appeared, he told her he didn't do wigs and he didn't like being kept waiting. He also told her she had a great ass. The dynamic between these two headstrong and ambitious people was the subject of jokes and speculation in the press and in Hollywood. Streisand spoke publicly about their love and so did Peters, who divorced actress Lesley Ann Warren and moved in with his new lady. Together they bought a ranch in a secluded area in Malibu and remodeled the grounds, Peters designing, Streisand decorating.

"Why am I so famous? What am I doing right? What are the others doing wrong?"

After "Funny Lady," a picture Streisand didn't want to make, Peters became so involved in her professional life that he gave up his own business to devote full time to producing projects for her. Wanting to update her recording image, he encouraged her to sing rhythm-and-blues, reggae *and rock in an album he produced called "Butterfly." Then, after flirting with the possibilities of either acting in or directing her next movie, the fourth remake of "A Star Is Born," both he and Streisand decided he should produce it, with Streisand as executive producer.*

The picture, a First Artists production, took three years to complete and drained everyone involved. Kris Kristofferson felt its filming was an experience worse than boot camp. Director Frank Pierson, in a controversial article he wrote for New York *and* New West *before the film was finished, detailed the behind-the-scenes behavior of the star and her boyfriend, calling the experience a "nightmare."*

When the film finally opened, in December 1976, it received some of the most scathing reviews imaginable. But Streisand's fans didn't let her down. The movie grossed almost $30,000,000 world-wide and the album sold 5,000,000 copies—millions more than any previous album from a movie score. She received thousands of supportive letters and, though her acting was panned by her peers, she did win an Oscar for composing her first song, "Evergreen," the theme song from "A Star Is Born."

With Streisand virtually the only actress in America whose appearance in a movie guarantees its success, we thought it was time to explore the woman behind the rumors, myths and apocryphal stories. **Lawrence Grobel,** *who was kept very busy this spring interviewing both Henry Winkler (published in the August* PLAYBOY*) and La Streisand, found it was his most challenging assignment ever:*

"When we began our conversations in November 1976, 'A Star is Born' had yet to be released. Streisand told me she was full of fire and wanted to exorcise the feeling she had concerning the way the press had treated her, anticipating a strong backlash against her and the film because of Pierson's article. To her, that was the lowest blow.

"Having tried to get to her for nearly seven months prior to that, I wasn't expecting the phone call from her secretary saying that Barbra wanted to meet me. I was told to go to the Todd-A-O studios, where she was putting the finishing touches on the film.

"The moment I met her, she came out talking. 'Why is the press so hostile to me?' she wanted to know. I began to elaborate—after all, having waited so long to see her, I had plenty of frustrations to vent myself.

"During our first meeting, before our taped sessions, I watched her edit and dub the last seven minutes of her movie. With her screen image in front of us 20 feet high, Barbra fiddled incessantly with an electronic control board, bringing the drums up, the guitars down, her voice out. She would stop the film and have it run backward. She would hear things no one else could—finding fault with a certain beat, a missed stress. And although the engineers wanted to wrap up and go on vacation, she remained and worked until exhaustion overtook everyone.

"That, I was to discover, is how she

works. And how the interview was going to work. I was not just coming to talk for a few hours or even a few days. No, this was going to absorb the next six months of my life: We would meet, talk, argue, laugh; she would call me to add something, to ask me what she had said about someone, to curse me out for being an interrogator, not a friend. I would go to her large home in Holmby Hills and we'd sit in the living room, or in the kitchen eating asparagus soup, or outside by the pool. On weekends, I would go to her and Jon's Malibu ranch and we'd walk in the garden, talk in the little house where she had edited the film or in the main house, sitting at a long table or sprawled on a quilt-covered mattress by the fireplace. We'd continue talking in my car, as I drove her down Pacific Coast Highway to an appointment with her doctor; or in her Jaguar, when she would go to pick up Jason from school. We once even talked in the back of a realtor's car on our way to Gregory Peck's home in Brentwood, which was for sale." (In Peck's study, she looked at his stereo equipment and at the albums on a shelf. One section was devoted to her albums, which touched her. But when she saw that the tag with her name on it spelled Barbra with three A's, she borrowed a pen and corrected it.)

"The interview sessions became, at times, a battle. When I touched on subjects that weren't comfortable for her, she would answer evasively or glibly and I would tell her what I thought of her answers—and get on her nerves. Because she'd always demanded a great deal of control of interviews in the past—including the TV chat with Barbara Walters, for which Streisand had unprecedented first-rush approval—and wasn't getting that sort of control in this case, things often got emotional.

"At one point, when things were apparently too rough for her, Jon called and asked if I'd disappear for a while. I understood and did. Barbra completed her album and called me. We spent another week together, with my arriving about noon and staying to talk for six or eight hours. By the end of the week, we had finished and I was exhausted. I gave her a present, which made her laugh: a pair of boxing gloves.

"I still hadn't heard the last of Barbra. For the next few weeks, she would call regularly to add another thought she'd had. I would fumble for my tape recorder, attach it to the telephone and we'd be off again. 'You know,' she said, as exhausted by then as I was, 'this is like making a film or writing a novel.' I didn't have to be told that. It's the way Barbra is: Anything she's involved in gets her full allotment of energy.

"But she clearly regarded this interview as something special. It was going to be her definitive statement, she said, in which she would talk about subjects that had been rumored but neither confirmed nor denied. Because we talked for so long, some of her lengthier comments—such as those on critics who have constantly attacked her—had to be sacrificed; but what remains constitutes, I believe, the most extensive study of Barbra Streisand—in her own words—in which she's been willing to participate.

"During a break in one of the sessions, Barbra looked at me and asked, 'Why am I so famous? What am I doing right? What are the others doing wrong?' Those are among the questions I hope this interview will answer."

PLAYBOY: You've never before sat for this extensive an interview. Why did you decide to do it?

STREISAND: Because I'm tired of turning the other cheek. I'm tired of reading that I'm in pornographic movies or that cageless birds are flying around my house;

> *"If a man did the same thing I did, he would be called thorough—while a woman is called a ball breaker."*

I'm tired of being a target for absurd lawsuits. I'm tired of malicious articles slandering me. In the past, I never did anything about it, and that can be very frustrating and very painful. I have always laid back and I'm tired of it!

PLAYBOY: Isn't that the price of being what is known as a superstar?

STREISAND: I suppose you're right, and the cliché of the price of fame is correct: You can't have everything. By the way, you have to know that I don't like the word superstar. It has ridiculous implications. These words—star, stupor star, superstar, stupid star—they're misleading. It's a myth, and the myths are a waste of time. They prevent progress. It's like an American tradition: A person gets successful and then he's supposed to change for the worse. It's silly.

PLAYBOY: Since you seem bent on setting the record straight, let's discuss the strong criticism you've received about your reputation for being difficult and the obsession you seem to have for taking control of whatever projects you are involved with.

STREISAND: OK, but first let's clarify the word control, because it has negative implications. Let's just say when I use the word control, I mean artistic responsibility. If you mean that I am completely dedicated and care deeply about carrying out a total vision of a project—yes, that's true. I'm interested in all aspects of my work, down to the copy on the radio commercials. It all fascinates me.

Acting and singing are only facets of what I do. Following through, checking out details can be just as important. Once, after I'd OK'd the photograph for an album cover, I noticed something about it looked funny—only to find out it was my nose. It had been retouched; the bump was removed. Somebody at the lab probably thought, This will please her. I told the lab people that if I'd wanted my nose fixed, I would have gone to a doctor.

Another time, I was listening to a record of mine before it was released. I heard something strange: these dead spaces between phrases. I asked what had happened. I was told with a proud smile, "We cleaned it up, took out the breathing." I said, "Don't *clean* so good! You're cleaning up what is natural, what is right." Well, the breathing was restored, but I was called difficult. It's been that way ever since. For years, I never thought that this was due to the fact that I was a woman; but now I think that if a man did the same thing I did, he would be called thorough—while a woman is called a ball breaker.

PLAYBOY: But after your last experience, making *A Star Is Born*—and everything that was written about you and Jon Peters—do you still feel as strongly about wanting such control in future films?

STREISAND: Not if I am just hired as an actress. But the nature of the deal First Artists worked out is that the actor is held artistically responsible for his film and for that privilege, he does not get paid any salary. Anything over a certain budget comes out of his own pocket. If the movie is a failure, the artist loses, since he hasn't been paid any front money. If it's successful, he stands to gain. Even though *Up the Sandbox*—my company's first film—was an artistically rewarding learning experience, financially it lost. I have been in nine or ten films and never had any control over any of them, including *Up the Sandbox*, where I gave away the control. After that, I said, "On my next film, *I* will be responsible. I'll lay *my* taste on the line."

Warren Beatty and Robert Redford, among others, are responsible for their movies and they don't get attacked for it. What is so offensive about a woman doing the same thing? There is a great burden attached to taking responsibility—it is not an easy position to be in. There is enormous pressure. You become very vulnerable and you can't blame anything on anyone else. *A Star Is Born* was difficult; it was physically and emotionally exhausting; it took three years of my life; but it was worth it. The reward was the work: making it, editing, dubbing,

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scoring. It was something I had to prove.

But, my *God*, the stories! It's like we were made out to be two idiots, the actress and her hairdresser, this journalistic oversimplification of what we were doing: two kids spending $6,000,000. Even though by today's standards, with major films costing up to $25,000,000, ours was a low-budget film—particularly for a musical. Was I flipping my artistic lid hiring my boyfriend to produce it? I hired him because he's an excellent businessman who has great creative instincts. I'm no fool. We brought the picture in on time and under budget, and it turned out to be the most successful movie I have ever done.

So, to answer your question: Yes, I *do* want control. I want to be responsible for everything I do in my life, whether it's good or bad. I have visions in my head—I hear music; I dream. It's very rewarding to have them materialize.

PLAYBOY: How do you answer the criticism that your ego is so large that it puts you into areas of production that are way beyond those of an actress or a singer?

STREISAND: What is conceit and what is ego? And why are they being put down? If I write a song, is that conceit? If I have ideas about sets and the orchestrations and production, is that ego? Why do I have to be ashamed of what I do? What if the range of my talent extends into those areas? It's true that I am a perfectionist. It's true that I have a very healthy ego; anybody who creates does. To have ego means to believe in your own strength. To not have the fear that anyone can take something away from you. And to also be open to other people's views, because they can't take your view away. It is to be open, not closed. So, yes, my ego is big, but it's also very small in some areas. I'm very secure in one way and very insecure in another. I'm consumed with self-doubt, which, I believe, is also necessary. I value other people's opinions, which I mainly use to clarify my own. My ego is responsible for my doing what I do—bad or good.

PLAYBOY: We'll ask the question in a blunter way: Why do you think you have a reputation as a bitch?

STREISAND: It's a very male-chauvinist word, bitch. I resent it deeply. It's an unkind, mean word. It implies uncalled-for anger. A person who's bitchy would seem to be mean for no reason. I am not a mean person. I don't like meanness in anyone around me. Maybe I'm rude without being aware of it—that's possible.

PLAYBOY: So why do you suppose you have that reputation? Why are so many people saying those kinds of things about you?

STREISAND: I think it makes good copy. Bad news sells more magazines and newspapers, and the public sees what the

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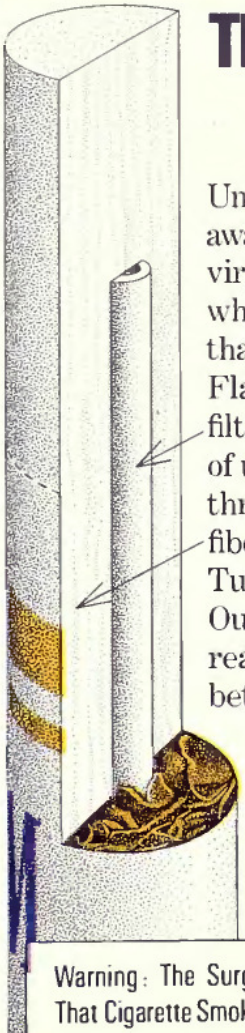

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Two Fingers: Man or myth? His macho tequila may be the only clue.

The dusty, potted roads that lope across the U.S.-Mexican border have seen their share of characters.

But few have been so interesting, or perhaps so strange, as Two Fingers.

That's all. Just Two Fingers.

Oh, some say his last name was Ortega. We can't prove it, though. Everybody just called him Two Fingers because he only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

Seems all he did was drive up from Mexico in the late 30's and sell tequila. His own kind—Two Fingers Tequila.

Tequila Secret. He never cared to go into details about himself. But about his tequila, he would talk all night.

"Ten years it takes to ripen my mezcal plants. Why, with all that time I could run for el Presidente!"

Others liked to tell about his boast: "My boys and I squeeze the tequila out drop by drop. Then the real job is getting the right flavor."

How did he get that "flavor"—the thing that made his tequila so popular with depression folks hard pressed for cash?

Two Fingers never told. Neither did Honey, the woman who always made the trips north of the border with him. "None of your business," she would say. "Just drink and enjoy."

Lost Fingers. Two Fingers kept a lot of secrets. Like how he lost those fingers.

We never could pin the story down for sure and Honey was no help. She was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Two Fingers wasn't too trusting. Especially when it came to sending his tequila with a shipper.

"Good tequila don't have to ride no steam train. It just has to be cared for by good folks."

Our sources say that he started making trips with his own truck twice a year. By the late 30's he was up to six a year.

People as far north as Tacoma, Wash., said they saw his truck.

Vanished. Then right before the end of the decade he appears to have stopped. Cold.

Nobody seems to be quite sure what happened to him. Maybe he retired a rich man to ranch in Jalisco. That doesn't seem too likely, though.

Whatever the case, Two Fingers left his mark. As strange as he was he got respect because he did things the only way he knew how. Right.

His legend is fading fast. But luckily, his tequila lives on.

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(Please don't tell your mother you're going to buy one.)

Once you somehow manage to take your eyes off the car, it's adrenalin time behind the wheel.

The acceleration is rotary-engine quick. The handling is precise and responsive. The stops are provided by power-assisted front disc brakes.

Other RX-3SP credentials include a 5-speed stick shift. Torsion bar stabilizer. A background of over 100 racing victories in international competition. And a price a mother could love— $4290* (or $3945* minus the special appearance package shown here.)

And now, the world's most remarkable engine is backed by the world's longest engine warranty.

Mazda warrants the basic engine block and its internal parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for five years or 75,000 miles, whichever comes first, or Mazda will fix it free. This transferable, limited warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazda sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.

*Based on California and Texas POE prices including dealer prep. Slightly higher for other Ports of Entry. Freight, taxes, license and optional equipment are extra. Automatic transmission not available in EPA high altitude counties.

Mazdas' rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

mazda

editor wants it to see. *The New York Times* did three separate stories on me that were all favorable. They were never printed. I was told they were too nice—not spicy enough—puff pieces. Bad press also acts as an equalizer: "She's got fame and fortune, God forbid she should be a nice person, too."

Rumors, rumors. Did you hear that Jon and I were supposed to have broken up? It's like the press can't stand the fact that not only was our film a success but, perhaps, so is our relationship. If I had gotten pregnant as many times as has been reported from "a very trustworthy source," I could have singlehandedly populated half of New York City.

Take that porno film I'm supposed to be in. When I first heard the rumor, I thought it was a put-on. But these people you never can seem to find were selling a film and claiming it was me. I couldn't resist the temptation to see what the actress looked like—and also to check out her performance—so we got a copy. The film, naturally, is very blurred. The girl has long hair, like I did back in the Sixties, although she was chubby, while I was very skinny. But the dead giveaway came when the camera zoomed in on her hands around the guy's you-know-what. There they were: short, stubby fingers! Definitely not mine. So all you would-be buyers, don't waste your money. Actually, the idea of me in a pornographic film is *preposterous*! Me—right?—who was an usher in a legitimate theater and hid my head so nobody would remember, after I became famous, that I had showed them to their seats!

I don't know why people say these things about me. Maybe it's because I'm a perfectionist, which must drive some people up the wall. On one hand, I'm deeply insecure, so I think, obviously, it's something I've done to make them feel that way; on the other hand, after hearing about some of the horrible things said about myself, I, too, say, Why? Why do they say those things about me?

PLAYBOY: Do you really want to know or is that a rhetorical question?

STREISAND: No, I *want* to know why. When I was nine years old, sometimes the girls would gang up on me in my neighborhood, make a circle around me, make fun of me, and I'd start to cry and then run away. I'm still trying to find out why. It has nothing to do with being a star. What did I do? What did I vibrate? What made them angry at me?

PLAYBOY: The most recent example is what supposedly went on during the filming of *A Star Is Born*. According to an article in *New York* and *New West* by your director, Frank Pierson, you were impossible to work with for a variety of unflattering reasons.

STREISAND: Yes, it was a field day for critics to take that article of Pierson's and review the movie from it. Thank God the

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truth has a strange way of filtering through the trash, 'cause people went to see it. Pierson crucified an unfinished film. Before the article came out, I said to him, "Don't hurt this film, Frank. We've all worked too hard on it. Let it live on its own, let it be born. Give it a fair chance. Don't put a black cloud over it."

When I first heard about it—someone sent me a 43-page article he was trying to sell to magazines—I confronted him with it, and he denied it, saying he only intended it for his friends to read, that it wasn't the article he was going to publish. When I confronted him on all the inverted truths in it, he had no reply. No other article has ever touched off this deep sense of injustice in me. I felt totally helpless and impotent knowing so many people would probably believe what they were reading.

PLAYBOY: What were his motives in publishing the piece?

STREISAND: It's hard to say. I don't like speculating on what he had inside his head. I can't imagine how anyone could be so destructive to a film as well as to himself.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you saw it in print?

STREISAND: I felt like the painting called *The Scream* by Edvard Munch, a scream with no sound. And perhaps like the Africans who felt their soul was being taken away when their picture was taken. All the years that I have been getting this bad press, I have never answered back. I just thought it was really useless. But this was the last straw. He broke the confidentiality of the relationship between a director and an actor, which is a very intimate, private relationship that has a great deal of honor attached to it. I was deeply hurt. He tried to make me look ridiculous and unprofessional. A lot of things are said and done in the heat of passion of the creative experience, and it's all part of the process. It happens on many films.

PLAYBOY: If such things happen on many films, why did Pierson single this one out as being such a nightmare?

STREISAND: It *was* a nightmare. The experience of making this film was a nightmare for all of us. One time I was a little sharp with him and I apologized. I said, "I have a problem with tact. I only know how to be direct. I'm sorry. I don't know how to *shmeikle* you. I don't know how to go around the bush. I just tell you what I feel." He said, "That's OK. I agree with you and then behind your back I do what I want anyway." So we had two different styles, you see. When things got worse, I had to assume more responsibility.

But, look, maybe he's right. Maybe he's this terrific director. Maybe it was the combination of our chemistries that didn't click. In my opinion, he didn't know how to deal with actors. When I asked him one day what he thought of the difference in playing a scene in one of two ways, he said, "I'm neutral." I said, "Frank, if you ever want to be a director, you can never be neutral—lie, make it up, explore your feelings, anything—because the actor has to have some feedback, some mirror, some opinion, even if it's wrong." What I was trying to tell him was that he's got to communicate with the actors, use all their talents, improvise. He didn't try to talk to the actors, give them a sense of their characters, a sense of their own importance in this film. Every extra is important! Every detail!

He put down *my* sense of detail when I made suggestions about the sets or the costumes. He seemed to look on it like, Oh, God, how meddlesome. But he had accepted his position from the start as a collaborator and even seemed to welcome my contributions, since he had never directed a musical before. He knew I was more than just a hired actress, he knew that this was an extremely personal film for me, that my responsibility as executive producer extended into all those other areas. But once we started shooting, he seemed to forget our agreement.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that hiring Pierson, or not firing him, was one of the major mistakes you've made?

STREISAND: Well, that's a very dramatic statement. I have been accused of being

ruthless. And, in fact, it's my problem that I'm not ruthless enough. I *should* have fired him.

PLAYBOY: One of the things Pierson wrote was that you admitted that if the film failed commercially, it would be all over for you and Jon. Did you feel that way?

STREISAND: I find it degrading talking about this. I don't want to defend myself because I said something *like* that, but not that at all. When you put yourself on the line and you invest so much of your life into a project, if it had been a failure, it would have been a devastating thing for me. I had never been so involved in a film before and that's what I was talking about. If the film failed, or Jon did a terrible job of producing, or it went millions over budget, it would have been very difficult for Jon.

But what I resent in this is that when you make a film with somebody, it's like the relationship with a priest or a lawyer or a doctor. In my experience making films or making records or being involved in any way professionally with anyone, my trust was never violated by them nor theirs by me. So for this man to have even discussed these things is completely indiscreet and unprofessional; and I'm not going to defend any private conversations that he distorted and used for his own self-serving purposes.

PLAYBOY: Did you read the reviews of *A Star Is Born*?

STREISAND: I haven't read reviews of my movies since *What's Up, Doc?*, but I was looking forward to reading the *Star Is Born* reviews, because I felt I'd lost some of my objectivity toward the end. I was hoping to learn from the criticism. But then, when I heard the reviews were very personal attacks on Jon and me, instead of focusing on the work, I was devastated. The worst reviews I've gotten were from the New York critics. I heard that when one of them watched *A Star Is Born*, he talked back to the screen. I mean, the New York critics *hated* the film!

I wish I could be like Shaw, who once read a bad review of one of his plays, called the critic and said, "I have your review in front of me and soon it will be behind me." I wish I could be above it all like he was. But now, with some distance, I've begun to care less and less what the critics think.

PLAYBOY: But at the time, the reviews surprised you?

STREISAND: I was in shock. I'd just been hearing good things, like at the previews and from professional people I respected. It was like: Who's crazy? Can people call the movie brilliant and can the same movie be called a piece of trash? Well, the audience is the only one who knows, the only one who can't be bought.

PLAYBOY: We'll return to your experiences with *A Star Is Born*, but what about the more general criticism? Why, for instance, do critics seem to write about you so emotionally?

STREISAND: I don't know. Your guess is as good as mine. I don't have time to worry about those things. Maybe it's because I'm not easily accessible. Maybe it's because they're prejudiced against ex-hairdressers. But with all the important things going on in the world, who really cares? In the final analysis, what I can't understand is, why don't we nurture our artists? Protect them? Support them? Encourage them? Why is it necessary to be so vicious?

PLAYBOY: You've been involved in group therapy for a while. Has it helped you to find out why people think of you as they do?

STREISAND: Obviously, I wasn't too self-aware in the past. This is a whole new kind of world opening up to me, which is acknowledging other people's realities. When people feel that I don't seem to respect them, they get very angry. People care a lot about what I think of them. I notice that. I complain a lot, which is something I'm looking at. And I have a negative approach to things. I see the black side rather than the white. I'm in the process of great change. Instead of being frightened by the world, I'm starting to look at it differently. Instead of feeling only fear when people approach me for my autograph, I'm beginning to feel the love, their vibrations of love, which bring

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out my own vibrations of love instead of just feeling threatened and frightened. What I've found is that I have the power in my life to turn off people who hurt me; it's a defense mechanism that, I realize, covers up a lot of pain in my past.

PLAYBOY: What kind of pain?

STREISAND: I'm still the same person whose father died when I was 15 months old. For many years, I felt like the victim. Why did it happen to me? I wanted to be normal. I wanted to be like all the other little girls who had their daddies come home. Mine never came home. That's why that scene in *A Star Is Born*, about the anger at somebody's death, was so meaningful to me. It was a very personal thing I wanted to express.

As I grew up, I was always missing something. I was resentful. I'm sure it started me off on that kind of track. Whenever I would have an abscess in my tooth, I would go, Why me? I took it all so personally. Who was punishing me? It started off very early and I'm still trying to change it.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself now as a victim?

STREISAND: In some ways. Even my success makes me a victim. It makes me feel guilty. And when people envy me, I think, Oh, God, don't envy me. I have my own pains. Money doesn't wipe that out.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you're a neurotic woman?

STREISAND: If neurotic means having certain emotions based on the past, yes. Most people don't know what neurotic means, so it's like a dirty word. But in the true, literal meaning of neurotic, I think I am.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the childhood memories that get to you?

STREISAND: When I was five years old, my mother sent me to a health camp, because I was anemic. I remember their taking off my clothes and dumping me into this bath like I was a piece of dirt. They scrubbed me and washed me and put this lice disinfectant in my hair, then they put me into their uniform. I befriended a girl named Marie, who was 14. I always hung out with older kids. I remember jumping into a pool of water where I thought I was going to drown and she pulled me out. So I'm afraid of water today.

Until about three years ago, I sometimes had asthma attacks when I went to the country and breathed the fresh air. My association went back to when I was five years old at health camp. I was homesick. Every day I would cry and the kids would make fun of me. I would say, "I'm not crying. I have a loose tear duct that just runs." My possession, my identity, my sense of self was only around my maroon sweater with wooden buttons that Toby Berakow, the lady who took care of me during the day while my mother went to work, knitted for me. The next year, my mother sent me to a Hebrew camp for my health. The food was so awful I used to throw it down to the other end of the table, but they had this great yellow cake on Friday nights, which I'm still looking for. I remember that. When my mother came to visit me with my future stepfather, Louis Kind, I said, "You're not leaving without me. I am not staying here any longer." I was always able to manipulate my mother. I made her pack my bags and she took me home. With Louis Kind in the car. He hated me ever since. I mean, until he died. He was allergic to kids, as my mother said—even though I must have been pretty obnoxious.

PLAYBOY: Were they married then?

STREISAND: I don't think so. After they married, we moved to this new apartment and I slept in the bed with my mother the first night. When I woke up in the morning, I had clicks in my ears. I told my mother and she said, "Well, sleep on a hot-water bottle." She never asked me about it again. From that day, I led a whole secret life. Something was wrong with me—I had these clicks in my ears. Two years later, I developed a high-pitched noise that I have heard all my life. Not a ringing that goes away in a minute or two but all the time. I never hear the silence. When I used to have my ears examined, it turned out I had supersonic hearing. I hear high-range, high-pitch noises off the machine.

"When people envy me, I think, Oh, God, don't envy me. I have my own pains. Money doesn't wipe that out."

PLAYBOY: Can you hear everything in the normal range?

STREISAND: Yes. But I also hear this noise. There were periods in my life when I was very unhappy and it would drive me nuts. When I was a kid, I used to go around with scarves to try to cut out the noise, which only made it worse, because it drives it more inside your head. I had this secret. I never told anybody. I didn't want to be different. I felt totally abnormal.

PLAYBOY: How do you connect that with your musical talent?

STREISAND: Strange connection. It made me listen very carefully to life. I would listen like nobody listened. But it's not good, it's not fun. I'm like inside my body, I hear my body. I'm very aware of my body's functions. It's very frightening. I see many colors.

PLAYBOY: In your head?

STREISAND: In my eyes. When I look at a wall, I don't just see a white wall. I see other things.

PLAYBOY: Textures or colors?

STREISAND: Textures *and* colors. It's like an overemphasizing on the processes of being alive.

PLAYBOY: Is it like being stoned?

STREISAND: I don't know. That's what people talk about. Maybe I'm stoned all the time.

PLAYBOY: What else do you remember from your secret life as a kid?

STREISAND: I remember a whole life when I was five and six in Williamsburg—Brooklyn, not Virginia. My friend Rosalyn Arenstein was an atheist—I was always trying to convince her there was a God—and my other friend, Joanne Micelli, was an Italian. I was the Jew. Joanne went to Saint Joseph's and I went to the Yeshiva of Brooklyn. Joanne used to say, "The Jews killed Christ." And I'd say, "No they didn't." Meanwhile, I had this fascination about wanting to be Catholic—the nuns, the fathers, the costumes, the whole thing. I'd always go, "Hello, Father," and curtsy. I thought it was great. Also, to have a father, that there was a guy named Father, who sort of loved his people. I loved the beauty of the Church. The Yeshiva was very dinky compared with the Church.

I remember being a child lying on my bed and having very opposing images of myself. On one hand, I remember feeling as if I were chosen. I can't be specific, but I could feel people's minds, like I knew the truth, I could see the truth. On the other hand, I thought I had cancer. When I was nine years old, I came across a cancer booklet that had nine symptoms of cancer and I had every one of them. There were two or three years of my life based on dying. I thought that I'd have about six months to live and I didn't want to go to a hospital and be sick, I'd rather just die in my bed and that's it. I had it all figured out. One week I got an enormous pressure on my chest, as if somebody was sitting on it. I told my mother about it. She was so cautious—"Don't go out in the rain, don't do this, you'll get a cold, don't do that." But if anything ever happened to me, she'd say, "I told you so. Now you take care of it." I didn't know what to do. I was afraid to go to the doctor, because I thought he'd say I had cancer of the chest. It took me a week to gather up the courage to go to the doctor. I remember going up the stairs and ringing his bell and he didn't have office hours that day. The pressure disappeared. That was my first psychosomatic illness.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel bitter about that period of your life?

STREISAND: No. I love my mother, but I used to resent her for never encouraging my acting ambitions. She wanted me to

be a school clerk—all those paid vacations. But, in a sense, she's probably responsible for my success. Because I was always trying to prove to her that I was worth while, that I wasn't just a skinny little *marink*.

PLAYBOY: What else went on inside your head as a kid?

STREISAND: I was a strange kid, very shy. I would take my brother's drawing pencil and put it on my eyes. Also, my mother had purple lipstick and I found this white stuff and mixed the colors so I had violet lips, blue eyes, and then I bleached the top of my hair blonde, but I didn't like the color, so I put a rinse on. My hair, being porous, turned blue and green. I wore frilly clothes, because I wanted to be very feminine, but I hung around with the smart kids, who wore glasses and oxfords and no make-up. I was this absolute misfit. I was in all honor classes, yet I looked like the kids who sat on the corner, chewed gum and were always in the principal's office. There were the smart kids and the dumb kids, so can you imagine how peculiar *I* was?

PLAYBOY: Did you have any interest in boys when you were in school?

STREISAND: You know who I had a crush on when I was in school? Bobby Fischer. He was a year younger than me, but I would have lunch with him every day and he would sit there, laughing hysterically, reading *Mad* magazine. Right? And he wore these earlaps on his ears. He was always alone and very peculiar. But I found him very sexy. I was 16 and he was 15. He was a chess champion then.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk about? Did you understand chess?

STREISAND: We talked about *Mad* magazine.

PLAYBOY: Did he seem to be the genius he is?

STREISAND: Oh, yeah. I thought so. He was an absolute nut. An eccentric at 15.

PLAYBOY: And so, it seems, were you.

STREISAND: Well, I didn't consider myself eccentric. I was a poor kid. The wealthy girls moved to Long Island. They had pretty clothes and mothers and fathers and they wore their hair nice, they were well-brought-up Jewish girls. They used to call me Colorful, because I had all this color on me. I was pathetically skinny, in these long dresses. I looked funny.

PLAYBOY: Were you envious of the girls who moved to Long Island?

STREISAND: Oh, my God, yeah. I used to read the obituaries and the marriage columns in the *Times*. All these faces and who they married, where they were going to live and their mothers and fathers. And I always read the apartment ads. Brooklyn apartments in fancy places. New York was the big thing. All I wanted to do was move to Manhattan. "Ma, look, it's $105, why can't we afford it?"

PLAYBOY: How did you feel a few years

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later, when you could afford *any* apartment in Manhattan, and your application for a $240,000 apartment was rejected?

STREISAND: It was a $200,000 apartment and it was the second time. I got very angry at that city for turning me down. I was turned down because I was an actress or because I was Jewish, or both. I took it very personally, to tell you the truth. And I decided to move out. I don't want to live in a city where I can't get a place to live.

PLAYBOY: How strongly do you identify with being Jewish?

STREISAND: I am deeply Jewish, but in a place where I don't even know where it is.

PLAYBOY: Are you bringing up your son, Jason, in any kind of Jewish tradition?

STREISAND: I haven't given him religious training yet. I want him to know about his heritage, but it's for him to make up his mind what he believes.

PLAYBOY: What about the ritual of the *bar mitzvah*?

STREISAND: I don't believe in ritual, in that ritual. Because the kids never know what they're talking about. *Ma nishtano halaylo hazeh mikol haleylōs?* That's the only Hebrew I remember—it's from the Passover ceremony. I studied Hebrew. I went to Hebrew classes and could read fluent Hebrew; but I didn't understand what I was saying and I thought to myself, What is this all about? Today maybe they're teaching them what they're saying.

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up wanting to do anything besides act?

STREISAND: I would have loved to be a doctor. Or a biologist. A landscape architect. I would love to plan a perennial English garden. As a matter of fact, I did already. It's fascinating: the mathematics, the science involved in a perennial garden. At all times of the year, something is blooming while other things are dormant as the soil regenerates. Do you know how fascinating flowers are?

PLAYBOY: Do you talk to them?

STREISAND: No. But it's an incredible world, flowers and plants and their Latin names.

PLAYBOY: You know the Latin names?

STREISAND: Some. When I get obsessive about something, I get absolutely nuts. I would wake up in the middle of the night and write down *Pittosporum undulatum* as a species that I forgot to plant.

PLAYBOY: Can you spell it?

STREISAND: You want me to spell it?

PLAYBOY: Yeah, spell it.

STREISAND: You really want me to spell *Pittosporum undulatum*? P-I-T-T-O-S-P-O-R-U-M, I think, U-N-D-U-L-A-T-U-M, I think. I was a spelling-bee champion in school. I love learning. There were so many things to become. I didn't necessarily have to be an actress. What am I saying—I *desperately* wanted to become an actress!

PLAYBOY: Why?

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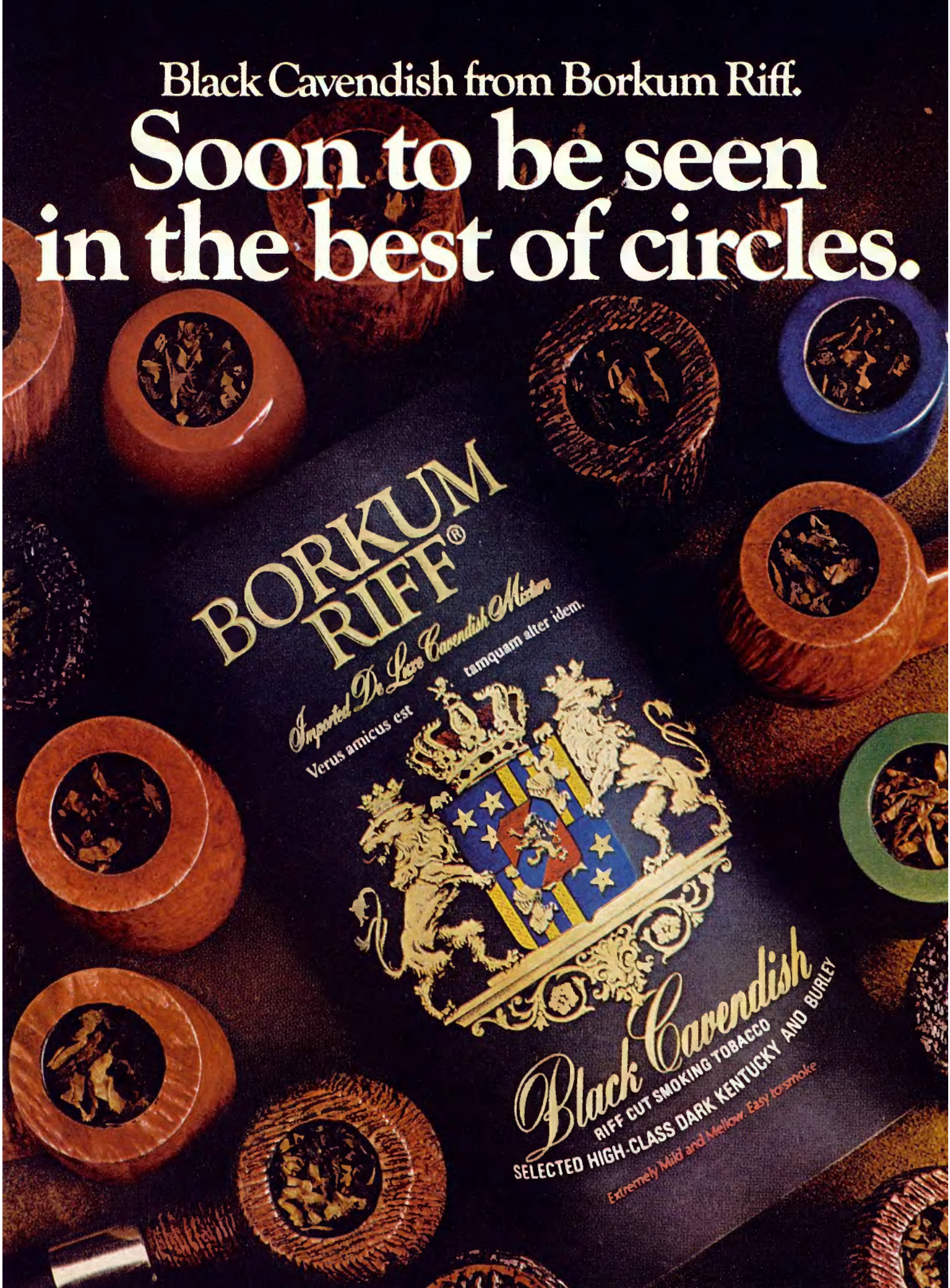

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STREISAND: Because I didn't like the reality of my life. I felt like I knew certain truths. I wanted to be able to express my feelings and have people see themselves and feel that they could identify with me. Do you understand what I'm saying?

PLAYBOY: When did you discover you could act?

STREISAND: When I was about 11 and my mother slapped me for doing something wrong and I pretended I was deaf for four hours and she believed me.

PLAYBOY: When did others start to believe you?

STREISAND: When I was 15 and I did a scene from *The Rose Tattoo*. I played this young girl; it was a scene of sexual exploration. All I did was pick a technical task, which was just physically touching the actor I played the scene with. At one point, he stood up and I stood on his feet; one time I jumped on his back; one time I pretended I was blind and while I was talking, I was touching his face. It was this awkward sexuality. I didn't know what I would do next. I was as interested as the people watching. It was the kind of moment I'm always striving to feel again. It was a case of the conscious self watching the subconscious self. I think it's what they call inspiration—which I've experienced very few times.

In those days, it was all so simple: to find the essence of a scene, the key emotion, the writing beyond the intellect. Further down. It's like meditation, getting down to that center, to the simplest form of being. That was the summer that I learned most about my craft, about acting, about singing, about performing.

You see, until I was 16, the only books I read were Nancy Drew mysteries. I never even heard classical music. Then I became consumed with acting and used to go to the New York Public Library and look up all the plays by Dumas *fils* and other writers that Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse played. I read Russian plays, Russian novels, Greek tragedies. *Anna Karenina* changed my life. I had never been exposed to literature, to painting. I remember hearing Respighi's *Pines of Rome* that summer; *The Rite of Spring*, by Stravinsky. Can you imagine what that's like? To hear that music for the first time? That's a very important part of who I am and where I come from. Most people think that I grew up being influenced by parents who were artistic, but it isn't true. It was a very vivid experience, that first hearing of classical music when I was 16.

On the subway from Brooklyn to Manhattan, I would write letters to Lee Strasberg that I would never send. He was the master, like a Zen master, at the time.

PLAYBOY: What did you write to him about?

STREISAND: My observations in this acting class. I wrote that I heard this actor talk

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today and the teacher said to the actor, "What kind of parts do you want to play?" And the student said, "Parts like myself." I wrote: Can you imagine this actor wanting to reduce the level of art to himself? Which is my feeling today, too. I had the right idea then. I was very lucid when I was 16.

PLAYBOY: What else did you observe in your acting class?

STREISAND: I would see people who I knew would never make it, who had no charisma at all. They would go up on stage and they were very self-conscious; they would twitch, get nervous, be awkward, and all their energy was being channeled out in these spurts and spasms of their bodies, the flickering of their eyes. They couldn't *be*. To be is the hardest thing for an actor. To *be*. To do nothing. When these people were concentrating on doing nothing, they became fascinating; I felt myself absolutely riveted. When the person was doing nothing, a little sigh, a breath, a tiny movement of one's pinkie became interesting. It was a lesson that I learned: that to be alive, to be human is fascinating; you don't have to do much to be fascinating. To me, it was the secret of it all: The secret was the something *in* nothing and the something *of* nothing.

PLAYBOY: Were you auditioning for Broadway plays at that time?

STREISAND: I used to go up for parts. I would read magazines like *Show Business* in which they announced casting calls. I used to look like a real beatnik. I wore black stockings and had this trench coat and they wanted walk-ons for a beatnik. Now, you don't have to be Sarah Bernhardt to do a walk-on as a beatnik! I remember going to this audition and they said, "Well, we have to see your work." I said, "Why do you have to see my work? It's a walk-on; I don't even have to say anything. How are you going to see my work, if you don't give me a chance to do the work?" It was so nuts . . . people in these powerful positions. That's when I got so angry and said, "Screw you, 'cause I ain't comin' back and asking you for no work." I don't know how I'd ever really have gotten a job if I didn't sing, because I entered a talent contest and won it. I hated singing—I wanted to be an actress. But I don't think I would have made it any other way.

PLAYBOY: That's a surprise—you *hated* singing?

STREISAND: When I started to sing, I thought it was nothing. I wanted to be playing Shakespeare, Chekhov; what was I doing in a night club? I was making a living, I was making enough to eat. The first place, The Lion, which was a gay bar, gave me great London broil and $50 a week. Then they took me down the street to the Bon Soir, which was the big-time place, where I made $108 a week. When I auditioned, I forgot that I had gum in my mouth, so I took it out and stuck it on the microphone and it got a big howl. Then I started to sing. They liked it, but they thought I was going to be a comedienne. When I went off the stage, Larry Storch, who was the headliner there, said to me, "Kid, you're gonna be a star." Like in the movies! And Tiger Haynes's girlfriend, whose name was Bea, came over to me and said, "Kid, you got dollar signs written all over you." I'll never forget it. I was wearing my antique vest, my antique Twenties shoes with butterflies on them, and I just looked at her.

PLAYBOY: So while most people thought you were trying to make it as a singer, you were really concentrating on your acting?

STREISAND: Yes. Sometimes when I hear that first record of mine, where I'm *geshreying* and getting so emotional, I think, Oh, my God, how did they ever like me? I'm embarrassed by it.

PLAYBOY: You're embarrassed by the first Barbra Streisand album? With *Happy Days Are Here Again* and *Cry Me a River*?

"I hated singing—I wanted to be an actress. But I don't think I would have made it any other way."

STREISAND: The ending was totally wrong. It was the end of the world, *Happy Days*. It went Oooooo, aaaaaay, my voice cracked, it was nuts!

PLAYBOY: You don't think back fondly on any part of that album?

STREISAND: Not particularly. Although that was my repertoire, those are the songs I did the most work on conceptually. *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?*, *Soon It's Gonna Rain* and my favorite song, *A Sleepin' Bee*, but I never changed the arrangement, so I never sang it again. In a sense, that was the purest me. I was yearning for just so much that you hear it in my voice. It's very young, very high, very thin, like a bird. I think my voice has actually gotten better, warmer, mellower. But I probably lost some of my high notes. I don't think I can sing as high. I don't even know what key I sing in.

PLAYBOY: Here you are, making light of your singing; yet you showed us a letter a priest wrote to you, saying he felt the presence of God when he heard you sing. Aren't you ever a little impressed with your own voice?

STREISAND: No, not often. Sometimes I listen to myself and say, "Oh, God, is that me?" It sounds awful. Like a nasal voice. Other times I'll hear it and I'll think, Jesus, is that my voice? Sounds pretty damn good to me. A pretty sound, like an instrument. Sometimes I'll just love it, sometimes I'll hate it. If I'm just singing in the car or I'm singing with the kids, I have a terrible voice. You would never think that I was a famous singer. I sing that way only when I am concentrating. I don't even think it's that special.

PLAYBOY: You may not think it's special, but how many singers can you think of who can do more with their voices than you can?

STREISAND: Oh, God, lots of them. I'm really inspired by talent, it doesn't threaten me. I wish I could sing like Aretha Franklin. Those fantastic high notes she hits. Joni Mitchell is extraordinary, a beautiful writer and poet, great voice, beautiful voice. What does *more* mean, anyway? Sing higher and lower? I love Lee Wiley, who I guess most people haven't heard of. And Ethel Waters, Billie Holiday.

What's so weird is that I haven't felt part of the music business these past few years, until *A Star Is Born*. Because all these people write their own songs and sell these millions of albums, I just felt so inadequate singing other people's songs. Not being able to write. That's an industry where everyone is so fucking talented and everyone is so rich who makes it that there's just no jealousy. When I think of the industry, I think of Joni Mitchell, Stevie Wonder, Paul Simon. Stevie Wonder, who writes all his songs, orchestrates them and sings like he does—he's a fucking genius!

The talent is just amazing; and, therefore, nobody has to hope that someone else's record fails, like they do in the movie business. "Oh, you're doing another film about that; very good." But thinking: I didn't get the options, I hope it fails. It's a whole other, different feeling in the music business. Everyone in it is functioning at the height of creativity and talent.

PLAYBOY: You say you felt inadequate because you couldn't write, but you recently shared an Oscar with Paul Williams for composing *Evergreen*.

STREISAND: Yeah, that was a real thrill—I still can't get over it.

PLAYBOY: What inspired you to attempt to compose a song?

STREISAND: What happened *really* was that my guitar teacher wrote some songs that she played for me. It made me feel terrible that I couldn't do it. Then I went into the bathroom and started to cry. Jon came in. It was this really lovely moment: he was comforting me and saying, "You can do it. You can do anything you set your mind to. Try to write a song." That's what inspired me to try to stretch myself to write a song.

PLAYBOY: Did you know it was good when you wrote it?

STREISAND: I wasn't sure how good *Evergreen* was—although Jon always loved it. I'm so doubtful and critical of my own work. I'll listen to it and think the melody is a little simplistic at the beginning, then it gets a little arty in the middle with the kind of chord changes that I like. I chose those beginning chords because they were easy to play on the guitar. Then when I started hearing the rest of the song in my head, I had to find out how to play it on the guitar. But the opening thing was because they were easy chords to play, my fingers just slid up the strings. So then I'll go, Eehh, it sounds so *good*. I wonder if they'll know how simple it was to do. When people respond to it, that makes me feel wonderful.

PLAYBOY: Which is easier for you, singing or acting?

STREISAND: Singing is easier. A song is only three minutes long. If you have a good voice, a good instrument, you're halfway home. Three quarters of the way home. Acting is indefinable. It's different. It's also less impressive, unless you have a crying scene or a very dramatic moment. When you sing a song, the sheer musicality of the experience can move people; they don't even have to hear the lyric.

PLAYBOY: Do you listen to your own albums?

STREISAND: Never, ever, ever. And don't play one around me.

PLAYBOY: Really? Why?

STREISAND: I can't stand to hear them.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STREISAND: Because I put so much into them when I'm making them: the choice of songs, working on the arrangements, the cover, the copy, the editing. It's like cooking a meal: You don't want to eat it afterward.

PLAYBOY: Even years later?

STREISAND: Years later, sometimes it's interesting. But when it's too soon, I only hear the mistakes, the flaws; I only hear the parts that could have been better.

PLAYBOY: Do you sing at home?

STREISAND: Never.

PLAYBOY: What about when friends are over and they say, "Come on, Barbra, sing *People* . . ."?

STREISAND: I'm totally embarrassed and shy about singing in front of people. To sing in a room where my friends are—I'll tell you what happens: I feel them listening so hard, I feel my power, and it frightens me. Somehow, in a big place, when the lights are on you and it's total blackness out there, you're singing alone, it seems like it's the place to do it, to do the thing I do. But I no more could sing a song in a room with my friends than jump off a bridge.

PLAYBOY: Is it difficult singing for Presidents, as you did for Kennedy and Johnson?

STREISAND: I sang for Kennedy because I

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loved him. I remember meeting him—it was so incredible; he actually *glowed*! But when I sang at Johnson's Inauguration, it was the most depressing evening I ever had. Kennedy was dead and this man was there because he was dead and it was just awful.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about something happening to your voice?

STREISAND: No. When singers get around me, they ask me about my voice and what I do for it. I say, "Do nothing, pay no attention to your voice, then it shall be yours." They have humidifiers going and I don't know what they do. I feel it's very destructive when people pay too much attention to their voices. They coddle themselves. They take care of themselves too well. I never think about my voice. I never work out, I never exercise my voice. I just use it when I want to.

PLAYBOY: What is it, do you think, that makes your voice so special?

STREISAND: My deviated septum. If I ever had my nose fixed, it would ruin my career.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider having it fixed?

STREISAND: In my earlier periods, when I would have liked to look like Catherine Deneuve, I considered having my nose fixed. But I didn't trust anyone enough to fix it. If I could do it myself with a mirror, I would straighten my nose and take off that little piece of cartilage from the tip. . . . See, I wouldn't do it conventionally. When I was young, everyone would say, "You gonna have your nose done?" It was like a fad, all the Jewish girls having their noses done every week at Erasmus Hall High School, taking perfectly good noses and whittling them down to nothing. The first thing someone would have done would be to cut my bump off. But I love my bump, I wouldn't cut my bump off. All I would want to do is change the tilt of the front and take off a little bit, just a little bit, that's all. I think Silvana Mangano, the Italian actress, has the most beautiful nose there is. An incredible nose. Roman, bumpy, like from an old piece of sculpture. That's what I consider beautiful. I certainly don't like pug noses or little tiny noses.

PLAYBOY: A lot of plastic surgeons must have resented your rise to fame.

STREISAND: Yeah, made business bad. You know, Fanny Brice had her nose done when she was an older woman. I found a picture of her. It said: "Fanny Brice, just having had her nose fixed so that she could play more leading parts."

PLAYBOY: Do you find that sad?

STREISAND: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you played Fanny differently in *Funny Girl* than you did in *Funny Lady*?

STREISAND: In *Funny Lady*, I was trying

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to *act* the character of Fanny Brice—a certain tough veneer that was hiding her vulnerability. Also, I sang Jewish songs like she did, which I didn't do in *Funny Girl*. More attention was paid to the externals, like calling people Kid, because Fanny had a hard time remembering people's names. In *Funny Girl*, I *was* the character. It was scary. I read certain conversations that have never been published and it was very peculiar, we were very much alike in a very deep area, in spirit. I knew that I would do her justice by being true to myself. It didn't interest me to have copied her walk, I was interested in the essence of her. Her essence and my essence were very similar. That is a little spooky, you know?

PLAYBOY: How did Ray Stark come to that same realization when he decided to take a chance with you, a relative unknown, in a major Broadway play?

STREISAND: They were gonna hire Anne Bancroft or Carol Burnett. I was too young for the part. And then a friend of Stark's wife saw me in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* and she told them about me, that I reminded her of Fanny Brice.

PLAYBOY: The part of Miss Marmelstein in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* wasn't a very large role, but you managed to stop the show when you sang. What did it mean to you to stop the show?

STREISAND: I had very mixed feelings: On the one hand, I loved it; on the other hand, I hated it, because I didn't want Elliott to be hurt.

PLAYBOY: Hurt in what way?

STREISAND: By my success.

PLAYBOY: But it was during that show that you met and eventually married its leading man, a marriage that lasted six years. What was your initial impression of Elliott Gould?

STREISAND: He did crazy things, I liked him; he wasn't normal. He saw me audition for *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* and I had just gotten my own phone. So when I auditioned, I said, "If anybody would like to call me, here's my number." When I got home, the phone rang and a voice said, "This is Elliott Gould. You were brilliant," and he hung up. I didn't know who he was.

PLAYBOY: What kind of relationship was it at first?

STREISAND: He was my first real boyfriend, when I was 19.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of him as an actor?

STREISAND: Very creative. I used to have big fights with Elliott, because he imitated Alan Arkin; he really didn't have a sense of himself. And he was the funniest person. He'd go into elevators and do these funny things, and I'd say, "That's who you are. You are you." That was way before he did any films, when we were in theater.

PLAYBOY: Was it a very difficult time

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then, when your career was rising and his hadn't yet taken off?

STREISAND: Haven't you seen *A Star Is Born*? [*Laughing*] It's an age-old theme. Yes, it was difficult. I think our getting a divorce freed him. Freed his creativity, too. It also made him much more ambitious, which I felt was a good thing for him.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he wanted to prove something to you?

STREISAND: I don't know; I suppose so. But it was fabulous: there he was, on the cover of *Time* magazine. He became the antihero. I was very proud of him. I wanted it very much for him and for my son.

PLAYBOY: After the Broadway production of *Funny Girl*, you also wanted the movie part so badly that you signed a four-picture deal with Ray Stark, which you regretted afterward. Why the love-hate feelings about the play and its producer?

STREISAND: When I started to rehearse the play *Funny Girl*, for several months it was great fun. I would eat these huge Chinese meals right before I would go on stage. The more they changed the scenes, the more I liked it. The more I had different songs to try out, the more I loved it. We had 41 different last scenes, the last one being frozen only on opening night. Forty-one versions of a last scene! That was always exciting, stimulating. But once they froze the show, I felt like I was locked up in prison. I couldn't *stand* it anymore. I could hardly even get through the performances. That's what drove me into analysis: *Funny Girl* on the stage. No one knows the truth about it. I was on Donnatal [a prescription drug].

PLAYBOY: Why Donnatal?

STREISAND: To control my stomach. I was *so* frightened. I was on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek* in the same week, or something like that. I thought, What do people expect of me? They hadn't seen me, but they'd heard of me. I felt the pressure. Enormous pressure. I had a big calendar; I would cross off the days. After 18 months, all I wanted was out, out, out.

But when I signed the deal in 1964 to do the movie, I only wanted to do *Funny Girl* and Ray refused to give it to me unless I signed a four-picture deal. I remember my agent saying to me, "Look, if you're prepared to lose it, then we can say, sorry, we'll sign only one picture at a time." I was not prepared to lose it.

PLAYBOY: Were those four pictures to be whatever Stark decided?

STREISAND: In essence, yes. I don't want to hurt Ray. He got so hurt by one line that Pierson attributed to me, I felt terrible. We go through periods where we love and hate each other. He's a real character, an original.

PLAYBOY: In a few of those pictures you did while under contract to Stark, you didn't sing. Is it a myth that when you don't sing in a movie, it won't do as well as when you do sing?

STREISAND: Yeah, it is a myth. Because I did four films in a row that were not unsuccessful: *The Owl and the Pussycat*, *What's Up, Doc?*, *The Way We Were* and, in its own stupid way, *For Pete's Sake*. The only one that wasn't a success was *Up the Sandbox*, which I was really proud of.

PLAYBOY: Whose idea was it to do *The Way We Were*—yours or Stark's?

STREISAND: He sent me a 50-page treatment of it by Arthur Laurents and I decided I wanted to do it. I fell in love with it instantly.

PLAYBOY: If we can get back to the myths for a moment: One of the standard ones about you is that you are considered to be the highest-paid entertainer in the world.

STREISAND: If I worked all the time perhaps, but I don't. In other words, the highest money you can get is in concerts, which I don't do, because they frighten me. For one night, you can make what you would get for a week of acting in a movie. But then, I just read in a magazine—I don't know if you can believe it—that Marlon Brando got $2,000,000 for ten days' work [in the film *Superman*]. You know what that is? Two hundred thousand dollars a day!

"The highest money you can get is in concerts, which I don't do, because they frighten me."

PLAYBOY: Do you think you can get that for ten days' work?

STREISAND: God, I never heard of such things. It's wonderful. I'd probably do it, too, if I could get it. But I don't know. It would depend on the part.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it also a little indecent?

STREISAND: But Marlon Brando, I believe, is the finest actor who ever lived. To me, he's a phenomenon. He was my idol when I was 13 years old. He has done enough good work to last for two lifetimes. What people don't understand is the pain of it all, the pain of performing, the pain of getting up in front of the cast and the crew and delving into your own guts and exposing yourself. And he knows that pain and he doesn't choose to act, except, perhaps, for money now. Which is a very valid reason. I mean, in his position and point in life, where he would like to relax and live on his island in Tahiti and be left alone.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the quality of Brando's work has declined?

STREISAND: Well, I think that his body of work has probably been done. Unless something like *The Godfather* inspires him to come out of semiretirement, stuff his cheeks and do a tape to get a part. There aren't that many parts that one wants to play.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you might ever act with him?

STREISAND: That would be my dream.

PLAYBOY: Does he know that?

STREISAND: Yes. Everything I do, I think: Can Brando play this?

PLAYBOY: It would be a tough set, you and Brando, considering your reputed temperaments.

STREISAND: You would be amazed. [*Laughs*] If you're talking about truly talented people, usually there is no false temperament. Tension is high on sets. You're priming your inner life to be reviewed in front of this camera. All sorts of things are happening—people are yelling, laughing, grips upstairs are just idly reading a newspaper, the lights keep burning out, somebody has to go to the bathroom—while you're, like, in gear. You're very easily set off. You're an emotional charge. Whether you believe it or not, I am not a temperamental person. I constantly am around people who are temperamental—that means they get crazy for the moment, they're going to walk off, and then they calm down and come back. I never do that. I never walk off. I keep my calm. I have to. I don't operate that way, with temperament.

PLAYBOY: But don't you bring out the temperament in others?

STREISAND: Perhaps. Yes, that could be. What I'm talking about is the diva image about me. And that's just absolute bullshit.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people will find your statement that you're not a temperamental person difficult to swallow. For instance, there were a lot of stories about blowups between you and Kris Kristofferson on the set of *A Star Is Born*.

STREISAND: I don't want to discuss all the intimate details, but we had only two major fights during the whole film—and I don't think that's much, considering how difficult it is for people to agree on *everything*. One was before we started filming; the second happened on an enormously tense and emotionally explosive day: We were filming a live concert, which couldn't be reshot. The press was there while we rehearsed it, and it was just unfortunate timing. I was totally petrified and insecure about performing that day. I had to get up in front of 70,000 kids who had come to hear Peter Frampton, and I didn't know whether I'd be booed off the stage. And Kris and I fought that day.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel you overpowered him on the screen?

STREISAND: No, I don't. I wanted us to be

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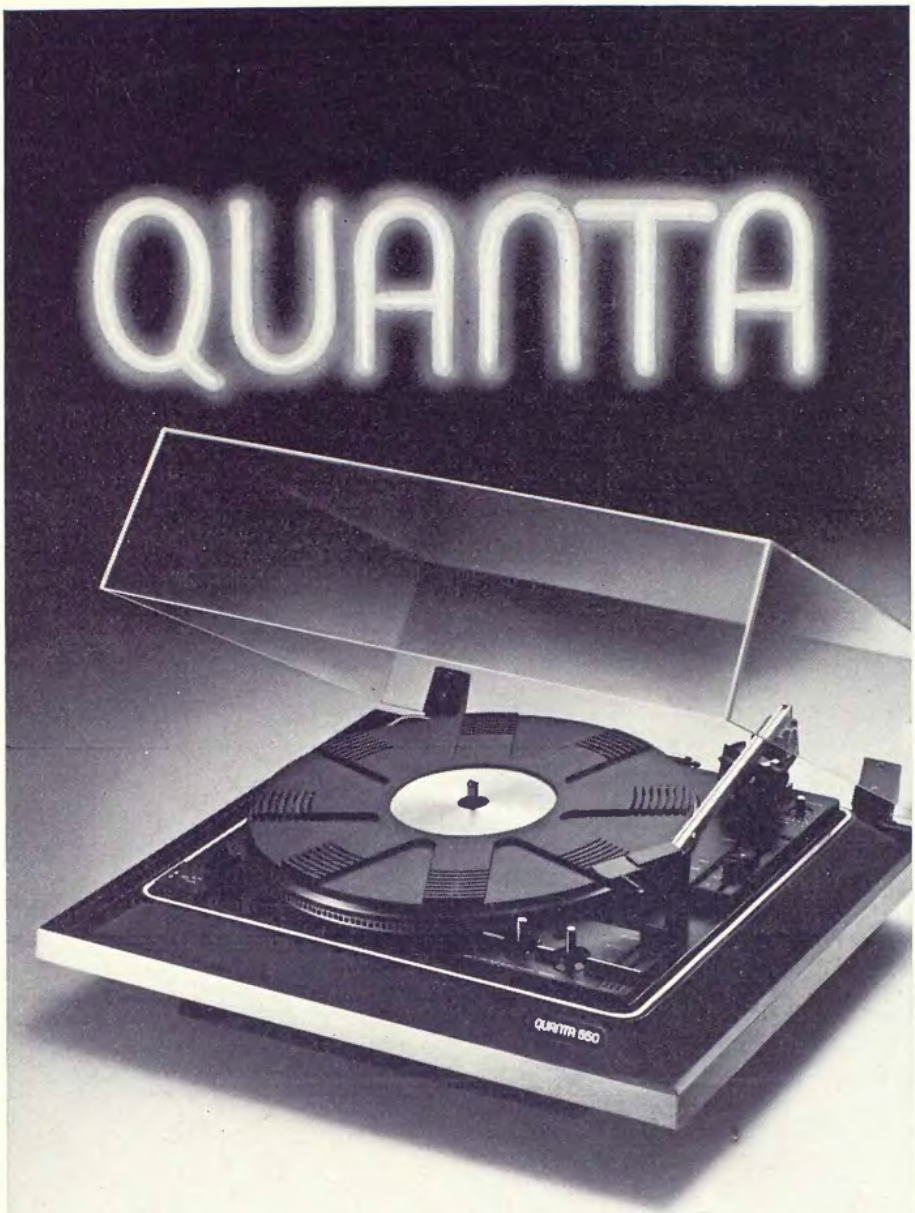

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equal—otherwise, you don't have much of a love story. It was essential to the film that Kris be fantastic.

But what interested me most about the movie was the woman issue. In the old version, the characters never fought or disagreed; the female character was willing to give up her career for her man; she used his name at the end. I wouldn't do that. I don't think women should do that. I was interested in being more sexually aggressive in this film—a different character than I've ever played before. I wanted to portray her as taking what she wants, something that's a big thing for women today, especially sexually. So many women you hear about never have orgasms. It's a matter of taking for your own pleasure. In our first love scene in *Star*, I wanted to be a sort of Clint Eastwood—you know, the guy always takes his belt off. That's why I have her being on top. Why should a man always be the one shown opening his pants first?

PLAYBOY: How did Kristofferson finally feel about the film?

STREISAND: He cried when I showed it to him. He said that it changed his life and he has since given up drinking. I had pushed him in this film and he was proud of his work. That made me very happy.

PLAYBOY: What's your relationship with Kris like now?

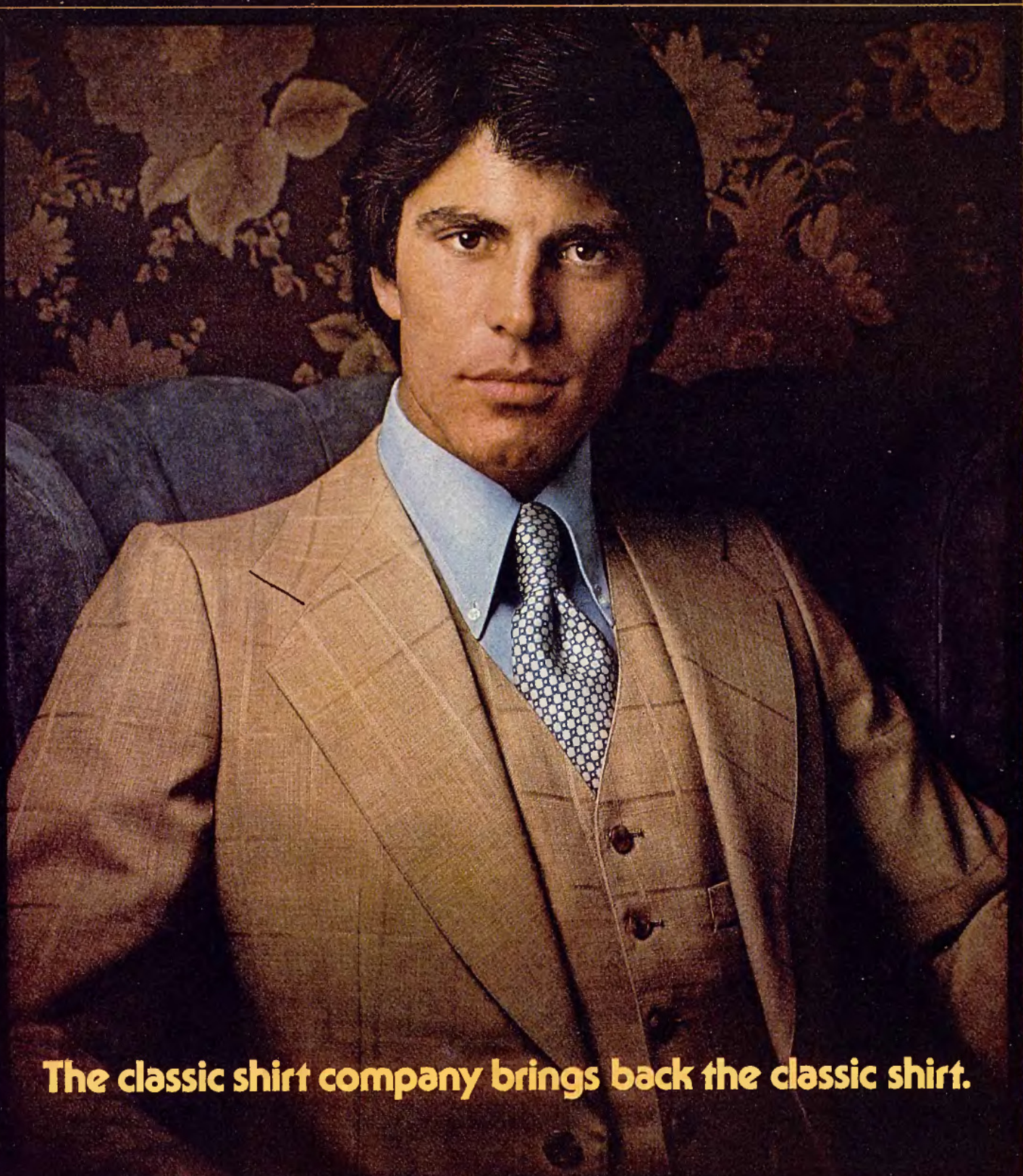
STREISAND: We're good friends. We're closer today than ever before.

PLAYBOY: All told, you appear to be denying many of the stories about flare-ups between you and your co-stars and directors.

STREISAND: Absolutely. Willie Wyler and I had a great relationship. We respected and loved each other, which is contrary to what's been written about us. With Redford, we listened to each other's ideas, we inspired each other, it was fun. It's a wonderful experience to work with someone who's creative. Why don't you ask Sydney Pollack, Irvin Kershner, Peter Bogdanovich if they'd ever work with me again? I hate sounding defensive, but I feel like I'm on trial. I cannot tell you what a pleasure it is to work with a fine director and trust him, to only have to worry about what you're doing as an actress and not the whole film. I like to work with people who know something I don't know. It sounds egotistical, but I don't mean it to be. *I just don't want to be hampered by my own limitations!*

PLAYBOY: What would Robert Altman say? In his *Playboy Interview*, he claimed he once tossed you out of a screening room for insulting him.

STREISAND: Now I know why your interviews are so tough: You're putting me in a position of doing unto others what they've been doing unto me. Let me answer that as concisely as I can. Years ago, I took my son to a screening of his father's



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picture *The Long Goodbye*, which was directed by Altman. I didn't know how violent the film was going to be—totally unsuitable for a five-year-old child. I finally felt I had to take him out of the screening room. Later that day, I called Altman to apologize and explain why we had left. I don't think he ever forgave me or said a nice thing about me since. I wonder why he has the need to put down other professional people as well as myself; I can't understand or respect this.

PLAYBOY: When you get into these hassles with people, how conscious are you of being a woman, rather than a performer? When you were talking about being sexually aggressive in *A Star Is Born*, you seemed to be defining aggression in the sense that feminists have been using it. Are you, in fact, a feminist?

STREISAND: It's funny, I never thought about the women's movement while I was moving as a woman. I didn't even realize that I was fighting this battle all the time. I just took it very personally; I didn't even separate it from the fact that I was a woman having a hard time in a male society. Then they started to burn the bras and I thought it was ridiculous, although I now understand it in the whole picture of revolution—one has to go to these crazy extremes to come back to the middle. Actually, I believe women are superior to men, I don't even think we're equal.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a female chauvinist talking. *How* are women superior?

STREISAND: You would have to read *The Natural Superiority of Women*, by Ashley Montagu, in which he says the biological facts show that emotionally and constitutionally, among many other things, women are stronger than men. What is wonderful about the book is that it is designed to bring the sexes closer together. There is a constant war beween men and women that is largely complicated by ignorance, and Montagu shows statistically that men have more heart attacks, ulcers, nervous breakdowns and suicides. Their façade is killing them. I have enormous compassion for men, which really came into focus with the birth of my own son. This little boy who wanted to be held and comforted and soothed has to grow up in a world where he cannot cry because it is "unmanly." I think women are further along with their own liberation. We accept the fact that women can be weak yet strong, soft yet tough, shy yet aggressive. But there's much to say on the subject, much to discuss; it's an article all in itself. In the end, I think we are two slightly different animals who need the same things—mothering and fathering, love, understanding and respect.

PLAYBOY: If you walked into a feminist meeting, do you think you would be attacked or accepted?

STREISAND: That all depends on what kind of feminists you're talking about. I have no idea. I'm not an intellectual. I'm not as well informed as I'd like to be. I lead a kind of sheltered life, which I'm trying to change.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the way you've projected yourself on the screen has done anything for the cause of women's rights?

STREISAND: I would hope so. I gather from the letters I receive from women that *Star* encouraged them or inspired them to take more control of their own lives, to do something for themselves, to believe in themselves.

PLAYBOY: Before we started talking about the people you've worked with, we were discussing money. Are you as rich as they say?

STREISAND: The myths are big. All those years, people assumed I was making millions, but I was honoring a ten-year contract made in 1964. I have never made as big a salary as many secondary male stars do today. And that's *not* a myth. The things you read in the paper about million-dollar this and million-dollar that, that's all bullshit. That's not true. Now, it might be true in the next ten years, but it was not true over the past ten years.

"I never thought about the women's movement while I was moving as a woman. I didn't even realize that I was fighting this battle all the time."

PLAYBOY: Do you know how much money you have?

STREISAND: Yeah. I know now. And it's one tenth of what everybody thinks. One twenty-fifth! But I didn't for a while. For many, many years, I was like a child—just so focused on my own little work world that all the rest didn't matter. I would earn money and I would lose it in the stock market. I didn't like that hard-earned money being lost. What was I earning it for? I never knew what was really going on. I never really read the contracts. I never understood the deals. I didn't care! Now I'm at another point in my life, where I want to know what's going on. And I want to take responsibility for it, because I see a lot of times it's not handled the way I want it to be handled. In order to feel responsible for your own actions, you've got to take an interest. There's just no other way. A lot of the fights that Jon had with me in the beginning of our relationship were because I wasn't in control of myself enough. He's encouraged me to take more control of myself, not less.

PLAYBOY: You've obviously taken his advice, especially since you virtually co-directed *A Star Is Born*, which involved a great deal of control. How comfortable are you in that sort of situation?

STREISAND: It's a struggle, it's a very big inner conflict. Part of me wants to direct films, because I have a total vision of things I work on and would like to have carried out. On the other hand, I'm very fragile emotionally; I'm not strong; I take it all so seriously, so hard, it becomes so painful to me. I get palpitations, I get ill, I get sick to my stomach, I get terrible headaches. I just become a mess. So then I say, What do I need this aggravation for? It's much easier just to act. If I ever recuperate from my last experience, I might try it again.

PLAYBOY: But you do, in fact, exercise control over your projects. Don't you even control what still photographs may be taken on the sets of your movies?

STREISAND: Of course I've had control over my photographs. Every star, every actor who has his name above a title controls his own still photographs. That's the way it is. If they choose to give that up, that's out of the norm. And just think about it, if somebody was clicking away pictures of you while you were working, wouldn't you want to see them? And wouldn't you want to choose the ones to be shown? These people take pictures and it's your taste against theirs. Do you ever see the pictures *they* think are good? I would rather be wrong but have my own taste on the line.

PLAYBOY: What do you look for when you choose your photographs? What facial features do you think are good and bad?

STREISAND: I know what you're doing; you want me to talk about my looks. But I would feel like an idiot talking about my eyebrows!

PLAYBOY: Well. . . .

STREISAND [*Laughing*]: All right. I think I have a good mouth. And not bad eyebrows.

PLAYBOY: How about your ears?

STREISAND: I think they're cute.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your nose looks better from one side than from the other?

STREISAND: It's better from the left. From the right, it looks much longer.

PLAYBOY: You may be the only one who notices.

STREISAND: Really? To me it's so entirely different. It's not like I have a perfect face and I can be photographed from any angle. Nor, for that matter, could some of the old-time film stars. The difference was, they were carefully lighted. I believe in taking that kind of care myself. I don't think they can afford to pay that much

attention nowadays. It's more realistic. It's not a glamorous era.

PLAYBOY: Your face is among the most recognizable in the world. Does that become a problem when you go out? Or are you able to be anonymous?

STREISAND: It's half and half. Most of the time, people don't know it's me. They think I'm too small or too short, or what would I be doing on a public beach, where I sometimes go? If I were Barbra Streisand, would I be on a public beach? So they look at me kind of funny, or they say, "Boy, you look a lot like her." They don't even ask me if I *am* her. And I say, "Yeah, yeah, I've been told that before." Sometimes I do these elaborate lies: "No, I'm not her. What would I be doing here if I were her? I wish I had her money. Ha, ha, ha." Sometimes it's easier to just tell the truth. "Yes, I am her." But it *is* a pain in the ass to have to sign things.

In my growing-up process, I now admit I *am* Barbra Streisand. Once, I took my son to a gym class and this little eight-year-old girl comes up to me and says, "You look like Barbra Streisand." Feeling mature, I said, "I am." She looked at me for a long time and finally said, "No, you're *not*." I told her, "Kid, you won't believe it, but for years I've been denying who I am. Now that I've decided as an adult to admit it, you come up and tell me you don't believe it!"

PLAYBOY: What's your definition of the word fame?

STREISAND: Not being left alone.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you might have had nightmares about the public and its perception of Barbra Streisand.

STREISAND: Oh, yeah. My biggest nightmare is that I'm driving alone in a car and I get sick and have to go to the hospital. I'd say, "Please, help me," and the people would say, "Hey, you look like. . . ." And I'm dying while they're talking and wondering whether I'm Barbra Streisand.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you've managed to keep hold of yourself under all those public pressures? After all, you weren't much older than Freddie Prinze when you became famous.

STREISAND: You know, it's probably the same thing that makes me not the greatest actress ever. There's a certain lack of control that can lead to a kind of greatness, which can also lead to insanity. And I don't have that. As I've said, I'm too controlled.

PLAYBOY: Do you fear dying?

STREISAND: Yeah. My father died of a cerebral hemorrhage at my age. I'm afraid to ask my mother, it's either 34 or 35. It's a big fear.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll die young?

STREISAND: I don't know. I think that you don't really live until you're not afraid to die.

(continued on page 193)

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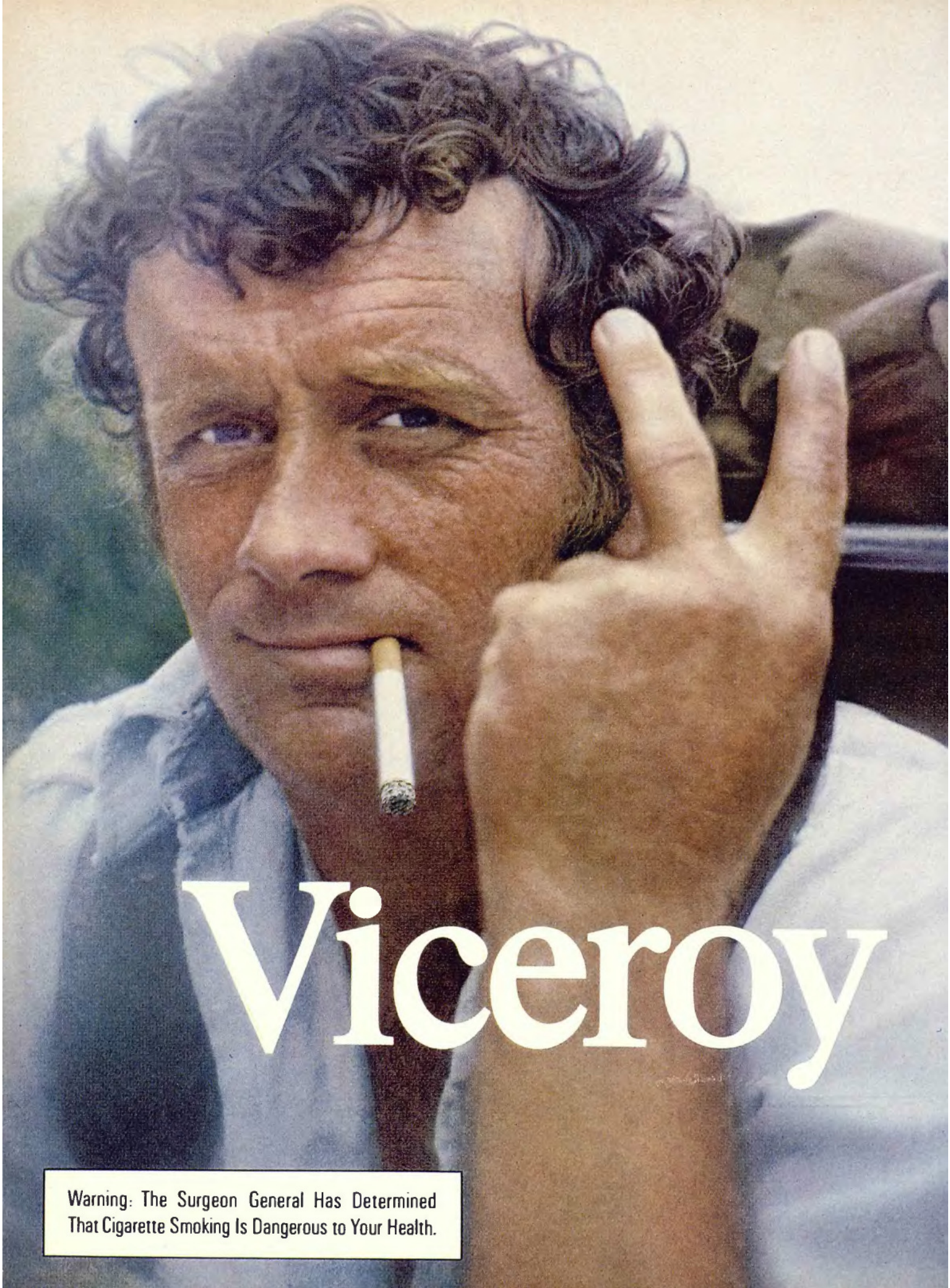
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beggarman, thief

fiction

By Irwin Shaw

"you will take the camera into the festival hall; then you will remove the bomb and hide it," she told him

concluding the dramatic sequel to "rich man, poor man"

SYNOPSIS: Living in Brussels as sergeant in charge of the NATO motor pool, playing a good game of tennis and sleeping with a beautiful NATO translator named Monika was Billy Abbott's idea of the good life. But a few ominous things began to surface into that life.

First, there was the news of his uncle's murder—Tom Jordache had been killed after a waterfront fracas in Antibes; but Billy avoided the funeral, even though his mother, Gretchen, Tom's son, Wesley, and his uncle Rudolph, the family benefactor, were all there.

Then there was the mystery about Monika. One day she revealed to him that she was a secret member of a terrorist group engaged in bombings and murders in various countries and demanded that Billy furnish a truck and weapons. Gradually, Billy became part of the group, directed by Monika and the sinister "George."

Next, as an interruption, Billy's father turned up in Brussels. Divorced from Billy's mother—who was now back in the United States directing a movie—and drinking too heavily, William Abbott hoped to recover stability by setting up a business partnership with his son.

The next day, Billy flew to Paris on an Army assignment but, at the same time, with secret instructions from Monika to deliver a silencer-equipped pistol and 10,000 francs to a certain address. As Billy was approaching the house, it was suddenly invaded by policemen and he heard a flurry of shots from inside. He turned back and decided to hide the gun and the money in a safe-deposit box.

Back in Brussels, he found that Monika had disappeared. Billy decided not to re-enlist but to take a job as tennis pro at El Faro, a resort in Spain.

PART TWO

FROM BILLY ABBOTT'S NOTEBOOK

Back at the typewriter again. Bad habits die hard.

Drove down in the neat little second-hand Peugeot that I got at a good price in Paris. As soon as I crossed the Pyrenees, between the green mountains and the ocean,

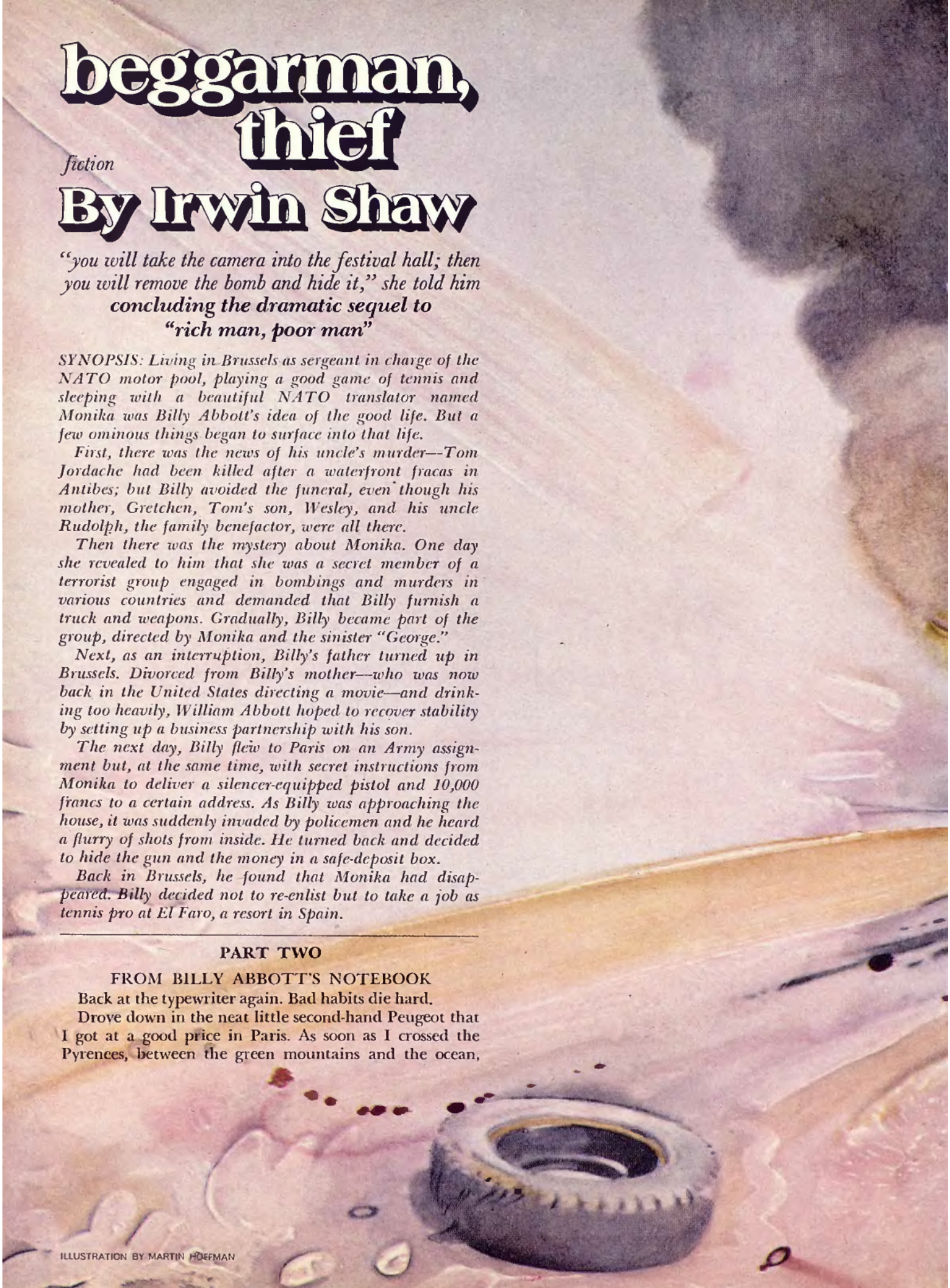


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

I felt a peculiar pleasure, as though I recognized the villages and the fields and the rivers from another life, as though I were returning home from a long journey.

The coast of the Mediterranean is junked up with the usual rash of garish modern buildings inhabited by Germans, English, Belgians, French, Swedes and restless Americans, all of whom decided somewhere along the line that they had had enough of winter.

The hotel I live in is brand new and good for at least a dozen years before it succumbs to wind and tide. I have a comfortable, airy room with a view of a golf course and the sea. Aside from the lessons I have to give to beginners, there are enough good players around for two hours of fast tennis almost every day. A simple man, myself, with simple tastes.

Surprised at how fast I'm picking up Spanish. Can now order a meal or tell a lady to come to the net in that language. Some of the ladies I coach have even gone so far as to say that I have the beginnings of a good accent.

Careful to be most correct with the ladies, accent or no. They're apt to have husbands or escorts in the background who suddenly appear on the side lines during lessons, brooding darkly. I have no desire to be ridden out of town, charged with dishonoring some Spanish gentleman's wife or mistress. For a year, at least, it is my intention to stay out of trouble.

After Monika, the joys of celibacy are to be recommended. Turmoil, in and out of bed, is not my specialty.

My mother has written me several letters, now mellow in tone. She takes it that my decision not to re-enlist had something to do with her protests and represents a new and welcome maturity in me. She now finishes her letters with "Love, Mother." For years, it was just "Mother." I have returned the compliment and signed my one letter to her "Love, Billy."

She tells me that she is enjoying her new career as movie director, which comes as no surprise to me, considering her penchant for bossing people around. She writes with great enthusiasm of the ability of my cousin Wesley as an actor in her film, *Restoration Comedy*. And she adds that Wesley wants to visit me. How should I greet him? "Welcome, Brother Sufferer"?

•

Holy God! Two days after I wrote the above, Monika appeared, accompanied by a middle-aged German tycoon who sells frozen foods. She is in a prosperous period, all decked out in sleek, expensive-looking clothes, with her hair combed. So far, she has pretended not to know me. Thoughts of flight haunt me.

•

She is still here.

She hasn't made a sign that she knows me. Whenever we pass, even when she isn't with the frozen-food manufacturer from Düsseldorf, I feel a glacial current of air, as if I were sailing past an iceberg. Sometimes she stops by the tennis courts to watch for a moment or two. My game is deteriorating daily.

THE NEXT DAY was worse for Billy. Monika came down to the tennis courts with her friend and signed up for a week of instruction, every day at 11 A.M.

Billy gave her her first lesson. She was hopeless. He couldn't say anything privately to her, because her friend sat watching during the entire 45 minutes. She addressed Billy as Mr. Abbott and he addressed her as *Señorita* Hitzman. As he tossed balls at her, which she more often than not missed, he thought, I must get her aside somehow and ask her just what she is up to: it can't be coincidence that she's in El Faro.

The next morning, when Monika came to the courts alone, Billy had to admit that she *looked* like a tennis player, small and trim, with good legs and dressed in a becomingly short tennis dress, with a band around her head to keep her neatly set hair in place.

As they walked out onto the court, Billy asked Monika, "What sort of game are you up to?"

"My name is *Señorita* Hitzman," she said coldly.

"If you want the money I took to Paris and the other—the other part of the package—I can get it for you. But it would take some time."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Mr. Abbott."

"Oh, come on, now," he said, irritated. "Mr. Abbott. You didn't call me Mr. Abbott when we were fucking all afternoon in Brussels."

"If you go on like this, Mr. Abbott, I'll have to report you to the management for wasting valuable time in conversation instead of doing what you're supposed to—which is to teach me how to play tennis."

"You'll never learn to play tennis."

"In that case," she said calmly, "that will be another failure for you to remember when you grow old. Now, if you please, I should like to start the lesson."

He sighed, then went to the other side of the court and started lobbing balls to her racket. She was no better at returning them than she had been the morning before.

When the lesson was over, she said, "Thank you, Mr. Abbott," and walked off the court.

Several days later, he was playing with Carmen, a Spanish girl who was one of his students, when a young man in blue jeans, with streaked blond hair, a backpack on his shoulders, appeared at the court and stood watching the game. After a while, he took off his backpack and sat down on the grass to watch in comfort. Travelers with backpacks were not a usual sight at El Faro and Billy found himself glancing over at the young man with curiosity. The expression on his face was grave and interested, though he showed no signs of either approval or disapproval when Carmen or Billy made particularly good shots or committed errors.

"Do you know who that boy is?" Carmen asked as they were changing courts between games.

"Never saw him before," said Billy.

"He's an improvement on that Hitzman woman who comes to watch you," Carmen said. "I think there's something peculiar about her, as though she's interested in something other than tennis."

"I give her a lesson every morning," Billy said. "That's her only interest."

When the set was finished, Billy put on his sweater and started off the court. The young man stood up and said, "Mr. Abbott?"

"Yes." He was surprised that the young man knew his name. He didn't look as though he could afford tennis lessons at El Faro.

"I'm your cousin, Wesley Jordache."

"Well, now," Billy said, "I've heard a lot about you." They shook hands. Billy noted that his cousin's hand was a workingman's hand, hard and powerful.

"You play a pretty hot game of tennis."

"Rosewall isn't worried," Billy said, though he was pleased at the compliment.

"You've got a pretty good job, if all the people you're paid to play with look like that girl."

"They don't. Where're you staying? What brings you here?"

"I'm on the road and I thought it would be a good idea to see what the other male half of this generation of Jordaches was like."

"What do you think so far?"

"You've got a good service and you're a demon at the net."

"So far, so good," Billy said. "Listen, I'm dying for a beer. Will you join me?"

"You're my man," Wesley said, shouldering his pack.

As they walked toward the hotel, Billy decided he liked the boy, even though he envied him his size and the obvious strength with which he swung his pack onto his shoulders.

"My—*our* uncle Rudolph told me you knew my father," Wesley said as they walked in the direction of the hotel.

"I met him only once," Billy said, "when I was a kid. We slept in the same room for a night in our grandmother's house."

"What did you think of him?" Wesley's tone was carefully noncommittal.

"I liked him. He made everybody else I'd known seem soft. He'd lived the sort of life I thought I would like to have—

(continued on page 128)

"Why do I do everything backward? Mother told me to marry a Republican and screw around with Democrats!"

IT'S SO EASY IT'S A CRIME

article
By HANK WHITTEMORE

On a late Sunday afternoon in October 1974, special agent Robert Powis, in charge of the Los Angeles office of the United States Secret Service, announced on the local *Eyewitness News* that, "just a few hours ago," his agents, "acting on a tip," had arrested four men with $8,300,000 worth of counterfeit $100 bills that had just been printed. It was then, as Powis accurately stated, "the largest seizure of counterfeit money in American history." And, he went on, "It looks as if the intent was for widespread distribution. We're fairly confident, however, that none of the bills got out into circulation." The quality of the fake money was fair, in his opinion. "The printing is good, but they had to simulate the red and blue fibers on the face of the notes. The bills contain flaws, but they're definitely passable." The following day, the *Los Angeles Times*, presumably with further guidance from the Secret Service, reported that the men in custody were "believed to be the leaders of a major Southland conspiracy."

The truth, however, was that, far from *(continued on page 124)*

. . . in fiscal 1975, nearly $50,000,000 in counterfeit bills was produced. . . . every week, $35,000 in bad money is passed in new york alone. . . . color copying machines can produce acceptable bogus bills. . . . if everyone really knew how much funny money was around, our economy could go straight down the tubes

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

PRODUCED BY MARILYN GRABOWSKI / COSTUMES DESIGNED BY RON TALSKY

Having A Masked Ball

seven—count 'em, seven—playmates have staged a special halloween costume party just for you. and you can join the fun by trying to guess who they are

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PHILLIP DIXON

THESE ARE NOT the mystery guests from some bizarre version of *What's My Line?* They're all Playmates from our recent past costumed to conceal their identities and pique your imagination. Your job is to unmask these lovelies via the clues provided in the picture captions on the following pages. Failing to do that, you can just enjoy the pictures. The rules of this masked ball were simple: Come as a fantasy. No, not the ghost and goblin fantasies people scare children with; these are the kind that scare (or score with) adults. Some are sexy, some are weird. Which is which depends entirely on your point of view. Look at it as a kind of human Rorschach test you can take in the privacy of your own home. Nobody is going to know which fantasy turns you on, so no one will make a judgment about your reason or proclivities. However, if you find yourself getting off on all of them, perhaps you should bring it up at your next session. Now you're ready to begin. It's midnight and the guests have assembled.

Once you've made your guesses, you can check them with the correct identities on page 269. Have a ball.

This page: Who knows what evil lurks? In either the covered eyes of our lady awaiting or in the sinister shadow on the wall, coming closer and closer? Is she seductress or victim? Is he aggressor or seduced? Is he really there at all? The mind does play tricks when the view is distracting. You were distracted seven years ago by our Ploymate of the Year.

Opposite: Our fine-feathered friend has been too long captive in her gilded cage. Such a beautiful bird was not meant to be the private joy of any one person. Her frustration has turned to determination and when she escapes, there will be the devil to pay. Make your check payoble to our August equestrienne.

Opposite and above: The leather-bound beauty is as brazen as her garb and demands a man equally bold. The name of the game is Chicken, played at speeds well above the 55-mph limit. If such lawlessness makes you squeamish, feel free to take a pass. If not, climb on and settle in for a long . . . er . . . stimulating ride. In mufti, our bike queen is a recent Playmate and a hard-core *California Girl*.

Right: Careful! The motives of the lady in Saran are not as transparent as her dress. The clue lies in her surroundings. Just as steam is ready to burst forth under pressure that is barely kept in check by the valves, so her sensuousness is barely checked by the Saran. If the pressure mounts, what then? Can you stand the heat? This hot little number was *Factory Tested* in December of 1973.

The lion tamer above and left needs a little taming herself. You're welcome to try; but be careful of that whip. A swift crack could send you howling in pain. But isn't that what you're after? A little pleasure, a little pain. And what's the difference, anyway? You've met our lion tamer before. On a train late last year, remember? Lithe and luscious, our cat is deceiving. Will she purr gently when you scratch her back or will she bare fang and claw? Tamers of inscrutable felines and inscrutable females must learn to take their chances. There's a good chance you'll remember this 1976 Playmate because of her penchant for popcorn.

Opposite: If you think you're safe with our lady bound with chiffon, you'll do well to reconsider. The spider, too, weaves a net that is silky smooth and when the unwary intruder grows bold. . . . But that would never happen to you, would it? After all, this Norwegian beauty wouldn't hurt—a fly?

IT'S A CRIME *(continued from page 114)*

"The spectacle of agents pouncing on amateurs, even before they get started, is no accident."

being notorious criminals, the four men were novices, without any prior experience at counterfeiting. Only one had an arrest record—for petty theft of airline tickets. Moreover, the "tip" had come from an informant who had reported not a counterfeiting conspiracy in progress but the mere fact that those fellows were down on their luck, in need of cash, and that they had expressed interest in printing up a large amount of phony currency to sell for a quick profit. So far, it was a case of amateurs who were daydreaming out of financial desperation. At that point, an undercover agent for the Secret Service, posing as a potential buyer from the New York underworld, stepped in and kept the crime going by supplying the fledgling counterfeiters with the plates, press, paper and ink without which the entire operation would not even have happened, much less the bills' winding up as fair in quality and "definitely passable" for circulation in public. The agent in disguise then encouraged (frightened, the men contend) the counterfeiters into jacking up the size of their print job to its record-breaking, history-making proportions. Only then did the bust go down.

•

The ancient art of counterfeiting, probably mankind's second oldest profession, has steadily grown in volume over the past 20 years and, with the help of new technology, the crime now threatens to break loose and run wild over the ability of the Secret Service to control it. In that context, the spectacle of agents pouncing on amateurs, even before they get started, is no accident. Counterfeiting has always required a curious blend of romanticism and machines, which is precisely the crossroads toward which it has been traveling over the past decade.

At the Secret Service headquarters in Washington, D.C., agents dumped a stack of counterfeit tens, twenties and fifties on the table and declared that all that "trash" had been passed to storekeepers. "Crude," they called it. "Really bad," they muttered, shaking their heads, while I shook my head for exactly the opposite reason: The bills seemed perfect.

"Look closer," the agent said. With guidance, one could see that the serial numbers had been copied from typewritten figures and that there were no red and blue fibers in the paper. Yet some counterfeiters do, in fact, copy the fibers by printing colored lines on their bills; and in many cases, the numbers and the letters are reproduced quite well.

What then? The service has the following advice to those who wish to examine their bills: Look for the lack of a "three-dimensional quality" that the Government achieves for its own currency by forcing the paper at 100-ton pressure onto its press plates; and also check to see if the portrait of, say, Andrew Jackson "stands out distinctly from the fine screenlike background," which should be made up of small squares. Take a real note, fold it in half and match it up with the suspect bill. Counterfeit notes tend to have "lifeless" portraits and the backgrounds are "usually too dark" because the squares are filled with ink.

The trouble, the service laments, is that few Americans take the time to check those fine points.

In 1973, his last year as director of the service, James Rowley warned Congress about "the widespread availability of offset-printing equipment, capable of producing a passable rendition of our genuine currency with little expertise required by the operator." Rowley had been painting that picture of "seriousness but not alarm" for some years. High-speed cameras, automatic engraving machines and ultrasensitive lithographic presses had already enabled the novices to turn out passable counterfeit bills with ease. But now it appears that we are reaching the end of what has been merely a long transition period to a new marriage of amateurism and science that, for want of a better word, we might as well put under the heading of Xerox copying. For those who are charged with keeping our currency pure and strong, it is the ultimate nightmare: a deluge of counterfeiting by Xerox. The scariest vision is that of thousands of fourth-rate dreamers, with larceny in their hearts and color copiers at their disposal, whipping off millions of bogus bills, worth billions of dollars, in an unchecked, unstoppable alliance with progress. Flooded with bad money and wounded by lack of confidence in the currency, the nation's monetary system falters. Panic sets in, chaos builds and the Union itself is unhinged by those novice counterfeiters who, along with the rest of us, can no longer give away their cash, much less buy things with it.

From 1960 to the present, the Secret Service nearly quadrupled its manpower to some 1600 actual agents working out of its 63 field offices and 27 resident agencies in the country. Normally, about 65 percent of them, or about 1000, are assigned to criminal investigations having to do with counterfeiting and forgery of checks and bonds. The budget has moved progressively upward, largely because of growing "protective" responsibilities, to a record $112,650,000.

In the process of "winning" its battle against the tide of counterfeiting, the agency has also become trapped by its own mythology. The over-all myth is that enforcement by itself can continue to block the inevitable march of technology and natural greed. But the sheer output by the counterfeiters has already risen too sharply in proportion to the capability of crime-busting activity alone. During the entire five-year period of 1958 through 1962, the makers of "bad money" produced only $9,300,000 worth altogether. Over the following five years, ending in 1967, they printed up $33,700,000, for a grand total of $43,000,000 in ten years. But in the five years until 1972, the output was $101,000,000, and in just the single fiscal year 1975, it reached a staggering $48,600,000. To cope with this growing volume through enforcement efforts, the service has had to increase its undercover work by leaps and bounds, in a constant, precarious gamble that it can get to the sources of counterfeit production before distribution and circulation take place. Against this backdrop, the behavior of the agents in the Los Angeles case begins to make some sense.

But the myth of enforcement as our sole protection has led to yet another illusion: that if the Secret Service can only maintain its stunning "seizure-versus-passed" statistical rate, all will be well. For some years now, the service has overwhelmed both Congress and the public with the extremely high amounts of counterfeit money that it has seized or blocked from circulation, as opposed to the phony bills actually passed to a losing public. The resulting rate of seizure has been terrific, something like eight or nine bogus dollars to one. It has been a hallmark of the agency's reporting on itself. The trouble, however, is that while the rate has remained rather constant, the actual numbers have multiplied sixfold. The value of counterfeit bills passed in 1965, for example, was only $800,000, as opposed to $4,800,000 in 1972 and $3,600,000 in 1975. The annual worth of bills passed is already exceeding the total yearly amounts *produced* in the early Sixties. In order to maintain their sacred (but deceptive) rate of success, the agents must seize ever-larger quantities of bogus bills at the money-making plants.

That is why the Los Angeles case, while exceptional on one hand, has all the elements of an increasingly familiar pattern

(continued on page 184)

THE PLAYBOY ENERGY PROPOSALS

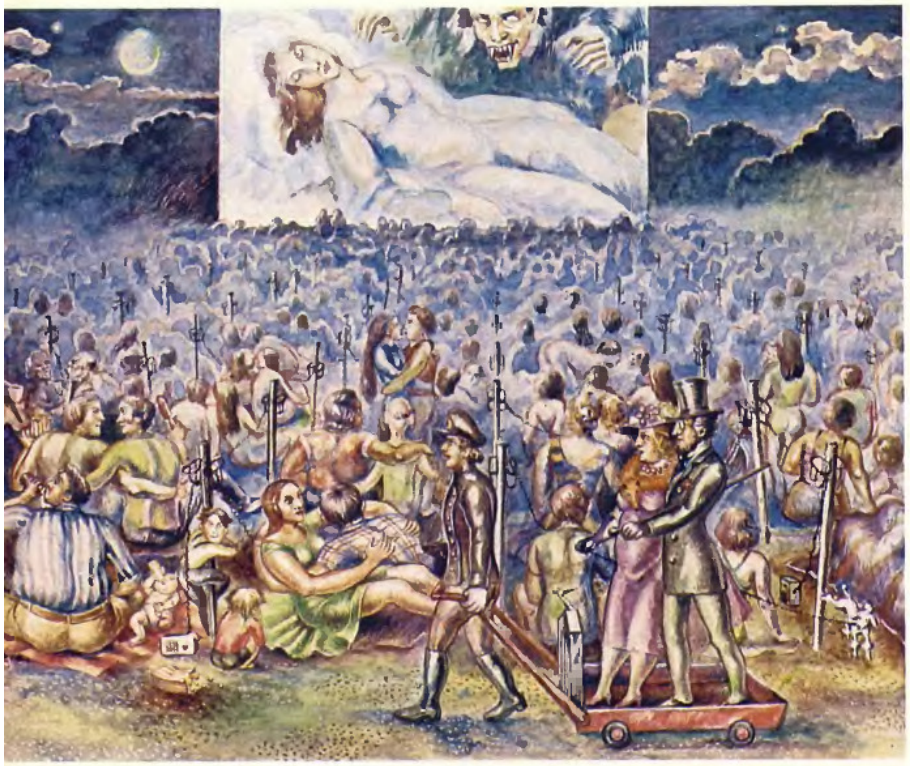
CARTER WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK— BUT HE DIDN'T GO FAR ENOUGH

MONTHS AGO, when President Carter asked the American people for advice on how to save energy, we sent him a letter outlining our own energy plan. The President didn't get back to us, so we assumed he'd put it on the back burner, until we found out all the back burners in the White House had been turned off to save energy. Then again, maybe we forgot to mail it. In any case, we think our energy proposals are far more realistic than Jimmy's, anticipating the day when there just isn't any more fuel left anywhere.

Since the President likes to set examples, let him travel around in a hot-air balloon instead of a gas-guzzling jet. Southern Senators who enjoy filibustering can supply the fuel.

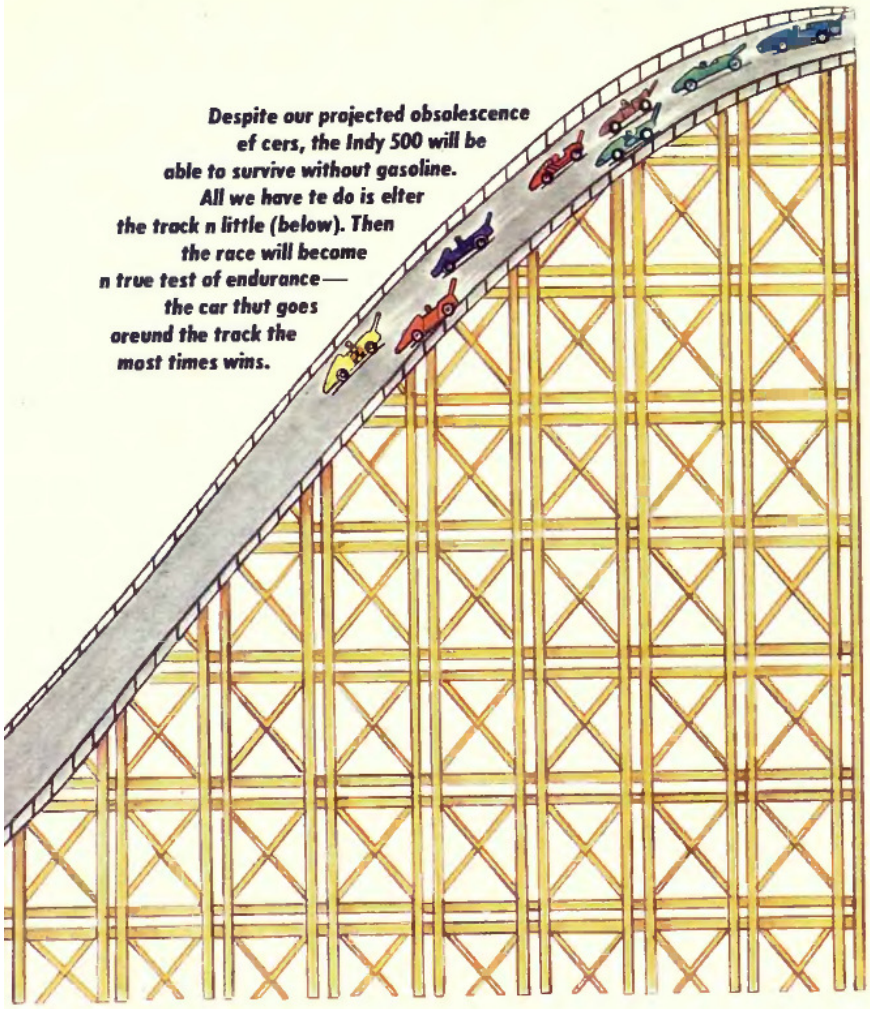
Under our plan, fuel-wasting cars are outlawed and jogging (above) is encouraged. All-out fitness freaks can speed around in Ferrari sport shoes (with radial soles and studs for winter), economy-minded joggers will don VW sneakers, while board-chairman types will display their status with Cadillac wing tips.

With resources such as Howard Cosell, how could we ever run out of natural gas? One hour of Cosell's talking could heat every home in Omaha for two weeks.

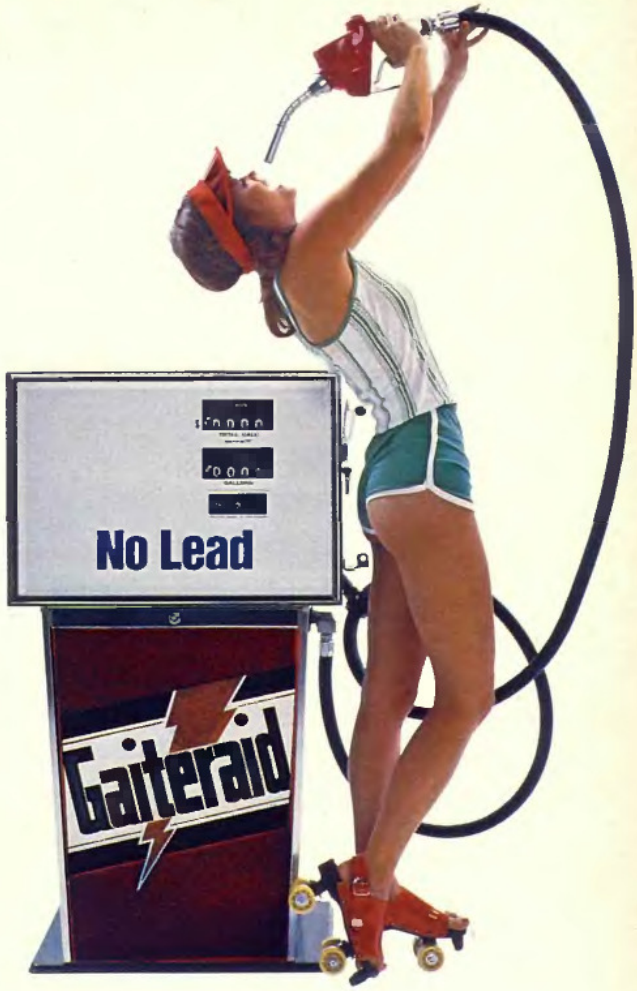


The walk-in movie (above) will replace the drive-in. As usual, couples up front will watch the film, while those in the back will fool around. Not only will this save gas, it will prevent your having to go through the painful contortions required to make it with a girl on a car seat designed primarily for sitting.

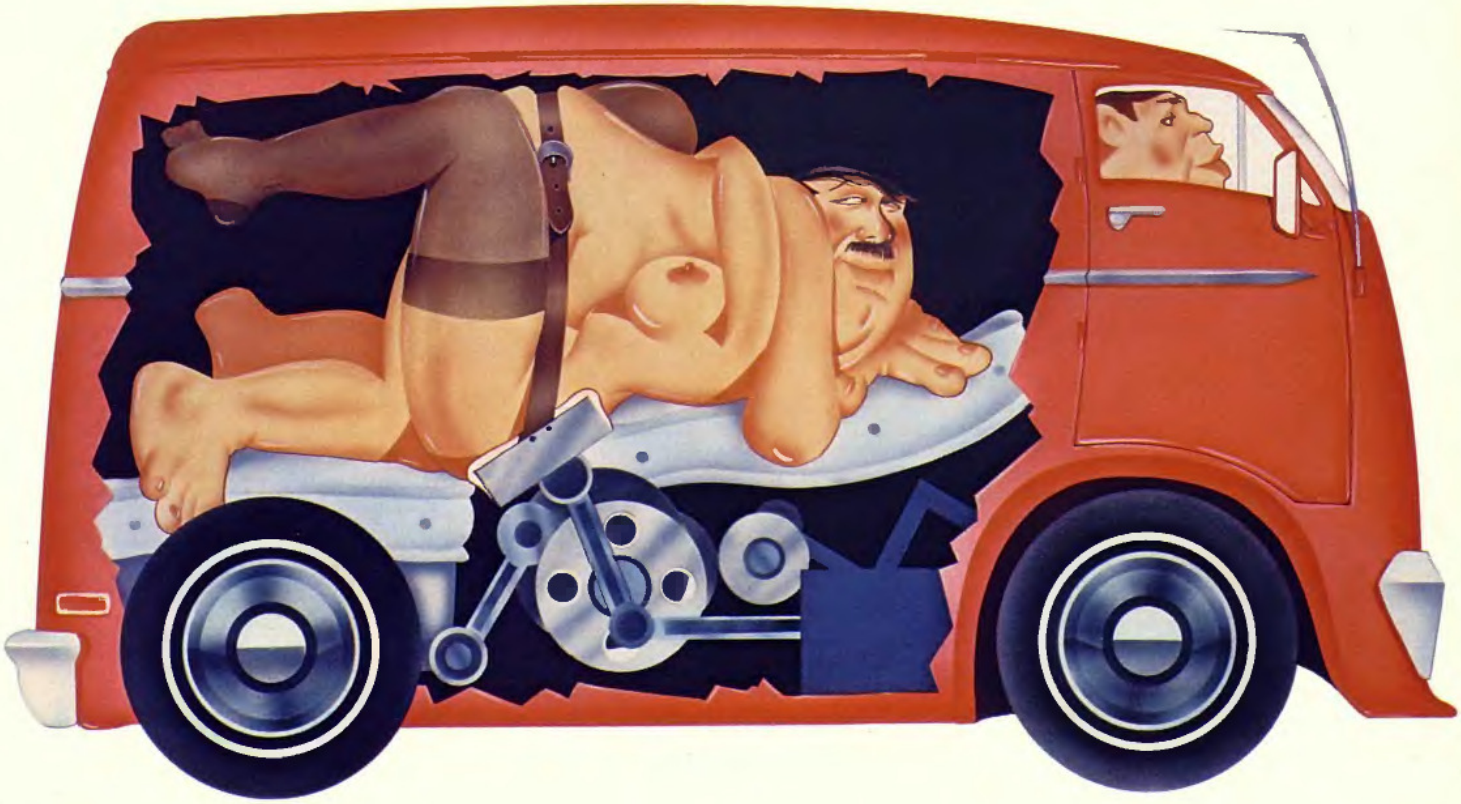
Under our energy plan, cabdrivers (below) won't be so apt to drive you needlessly all over town, they won't talk so much and they won't have enough breath left to insult you for not tipping big.



Despite our projected obsolescence of cers, the Indy 500 will be able to survive without gasoline. All we have te do is elter the track n little (below). Then the race will become n true test of endurance— the car thut goes oreund the track the most times wins.



Gas stations should be converted to human-refueling stations immediately. Attendants would pump energy drinks, check thighs, tune up calves and even clean your fogged glasses.



First came the internal-combustion engine, and now the external come-busting engine is on the way. Based on the reciprocation principle, this engine simply replaces miles per gallon with miles per gal.

beggarman, thief

(continued from page 112)

"He couldn't help hoping she'd give him her room number and ask him to come up after midnight."

fighting, going to sea, seeing all kinds of faraway places. Then"—Billy smiled—"he didn't sleep in pajamas. Everybody else I ever knew always slept in pajamas. I suppose that became some crazy kind of symbol for me of a freer way of life."

Wesley laughed. "You must have been a weird kid," he said.

"Not weird enough," Billy said as they went into the bar and ordered two beers. "The way it turned out, I never had a fight, I never wandered around and I always sleep in pajamas." He shrugged. "One other thing impressed me about your father," he said. "He carried a gun. Boy, oh, boy, I thought when I saw it, there's at least one person in the family who has guts. I don't know what he ever did with it."

"Nothing," Wesley said. "It wasn't within reach when he needed it." They sat in silence for a moment.

"I'm awfully sorry, Wesley," Billy said gently, "about what happened, I mean. What're your plans? I mean, from here on in."

"I don't have any real plans just yet," Wesley said. "See what comes up."

Billy had the impression that Wesley knew what he wanted to do but was evading the question. "My mother," Billy said, "writes she thinks you could have a great future as a movie actor."

"I'm open to offers," Wesley said, "but not just yet. I'll wait and see how the picture turns out."

"My mother writes that it's being considered for the festival in Cannes this year."

"That's news to me," Wesley said. "I'm glad for her sake. She's really something, your mother. If you don't mind my butting in, I think it's about time you were nice to her. I know if she was *my* mother, I'd do everything I could for her. Maybe it would be a good idea, if they really are going to show the picture in Cannes, to visit her there."

"That's a thought," Billy said reflectively. "Would you be going?"

"I guess so. I may have some other business in Cannes, too."

"Maybe we could drive up together," Billy said. "When is it?"

"In May. Toward the end of the month."

"That'd be about six weeks from now. It's a good season for traveling."

"Can you get away from here?"

Billy grinned. "You ever hear of tennis elbow?"

"Yes."

"I feel a bad case of tennis elbow coming on. A crippling case, which would take at least two weeks of absolute rest to cure. What'd you be doing until then?"

Wesley shrugged. "Don't know. Hang around here for a while, if it's all the same to you. Maybe take some tennis lessons from you."

"I have two beds in my room," Billy said. "You could camp in with me."

"Don't you have a girl?"

"Not at the moment," Billy said. "And nothing, as far as I can tell, on the horizon."

"I don't want to be a nuisance."

"That's what cousins are for," Billy said. "To be nuisances to each other."

•

One morning, after the second week of her lessons, Monika told Billy she was leaving the next day. But, she said coldly as she handed him a generous tip, she'd be coming back sometime. "We look forward to seeing you," she said, without saying who "we" were.

"Don't you want to hear what happened on the Rue du Gros-Caillou?" Billy asked as she gathered up her things.

"I know. The wrong man got killed. Among several others."

"I tried to call you," he said.

"You didn't leave a forwarding address. Don't make that mistake again. Do you intend to be a smalltime tennis pro in this miserable country all your life?"

"I don't know what I intend," he said.

"How did you meet that boy I've seen you with?"

"He just wandered in one day," Billy lied.

"He has a good face, strong and passionate. Someday, I must have a long talk with him."

"Keep your hands off him."

"I don't take instructions from you," Monika said. "Remember that."

"I remember a lot of things about you, some of them delicious. How is your memory these days?"

"Very bad. Thank you for being so patient with me on the tennis court. I hope you have more success with your other pupils. That blonde Spanish bitch, for example. How much does she pay you to be her gigolo?"

"I don't have to listen to crap like that," he said angrily.

"You may have to get used to it after a few years at the game," she said. "*Adios*, Johnny."

He watched her walk away. His hands were shaking as he pocketed the tip she'd given him. With it all, he couldn't help hoping she would turn around, come back and give him the number of her room and ask him to come up after midnight. But she didn't turn around.

•

At the beginning of May, Billy and Wesley took the road for France, driving in the sunshine in the open Peugeot. In the past few weeks, Billy had grown fond of the boy and looked forward to the prospect of their trip through the springtime countryside. They went at a leisurely pace, sight-seeing and having picnic lunches of sausage and rough bread with a bottle of wine, sitting on the side of the road, shaded by an olive tree. They had their tennis gear with them and usually were able to find a court in the towns through which they passed and to play a few sets every day.

Wesley seemed less guarded than he had at El Faro and one day while they were on the road, Billy remarked, "You don't seem very happy. You're young and strong and good-looking and, from what my mother writes, with a big career ahead of you. But you don't act happy."

"I'm happy enough," Wesley said evasively.

"Not when you sleep, you aren't. Do you know that you moan practically all night?"

"Dreams. They don't mean anything."

"That isn't what the psychiatrists say."

"What do *you* say?" Wesley's voice was suddenly harsh.

"I'd say that something is bugging you. Something bad. If you want to talk about it, maybe it would help."

"Maybe I will," said Wesley. "Some other time. Now let's drop the subject."

When they crossed into France, they spent the first night in a small hotel overlooking the sea just across the border in Port-Vendres. "I have a great idea," Billy said. "We're not due in Cannes for another two weeks—why don't we tool up to Paris and give ourselves a holiday there?"

Wesley shook his head. "No," he said, "I've got to get to Cannes. I've been avoiding it and now it's time to go."

"Why?"

Wesley looked at Billy strangely. "I'm looking for someone. That's all."

"Can't whoever it is wait a couple of weeks?"

"He's waited too long."

"Who is it?"

"It's a man who's responsible for the way I sleep. He's the man who had my father killed."

Billy felt a cold tingle at the base of his neck at the tone of Wesley's voice. "What are you going to do when you find him?"

Wesley took a deep breath. "I finally

(continued on page 210)

I was a used-car salesman– don't tell my mother

article

By William Neely

playboy's intrepid iron hustler puts on his stripes for a week of chutzpah on the biggest lot in california

THE NICE THING about all this was that there was no way it could fail. I was sitting in the guest chair beside the sales manager's desk, looking straight at him with my faded-blue-denim-colored eyes. I was wearing dun-colored slacks, shoes with laces, a sports coat, a shirt and a real tie. No necklaces, no beads, and I had left all my charm bracelets on the dresser back at the Saharan Motor Hotel in Hollywood. It was the ultimate Los Angeles disguise.

"Want to be a salesman here?" he was saying.

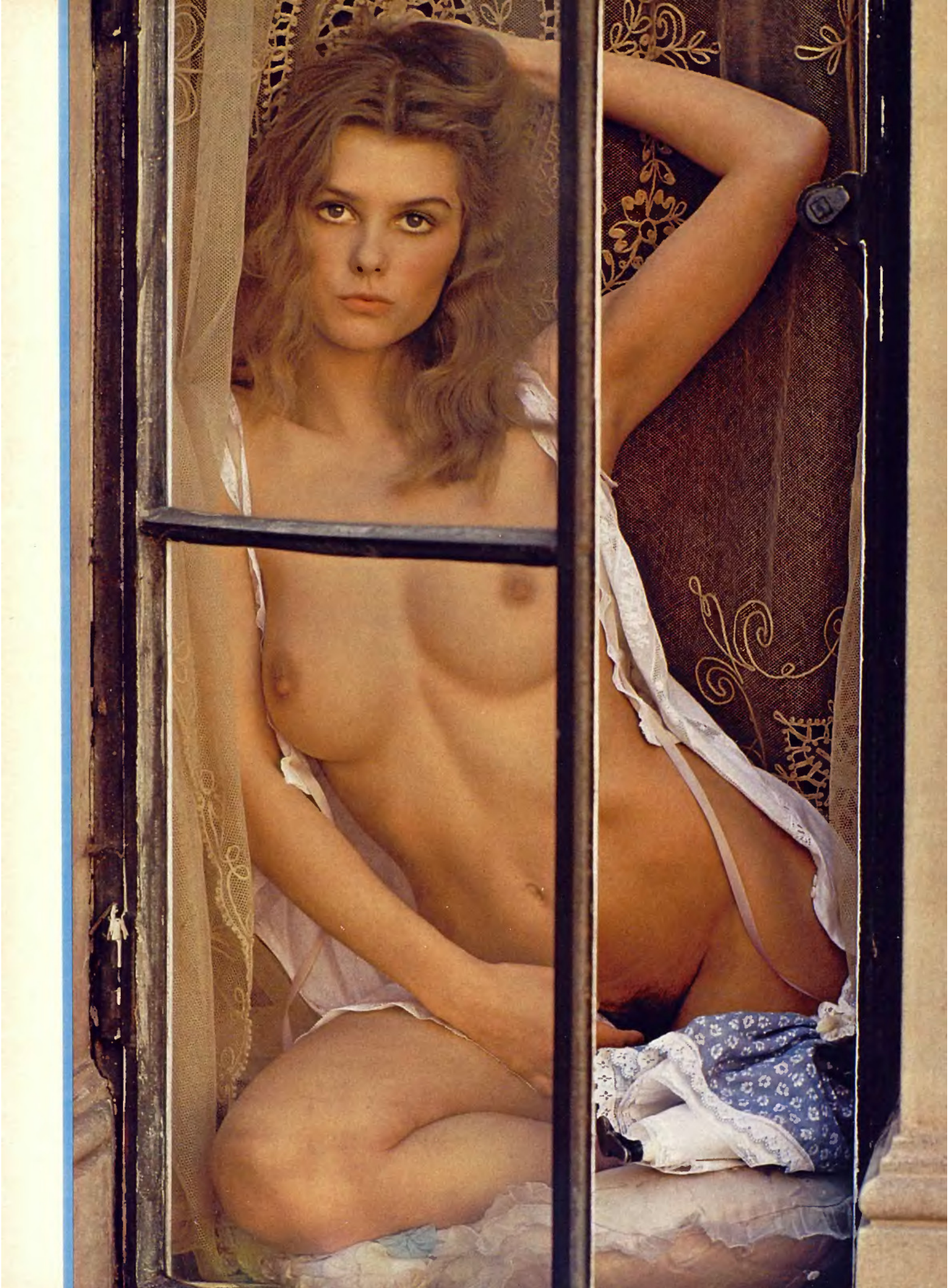
I nodded. "Right. I got all the moves and I know everything there is to know about cars and I figure that I might as well start at the top. I mean, Cal Worthington is the world's biggest automobile dealer, right? Sells more cars than anybody. On television all the time. People flood in here. Listen: I drove in here to apply for a *job* and there's a guy over there right now selling my goddamn car where I parked it."

He shrugged. "I hope you took the keys. They'll have some hay shaker out there road testing it in a minute. But, anyway. You look familiar. Somewhere; I never forget a face. I've seen you before. No? Well, OK. About the job. Look: We've got salesmen up the ying-yang. You saw them out there. This is *commission*, you know. You don't sell any cars, you starve. We pay . . . uh . . . excuse me a second."

He picked up the ringing phone and began to talk without listening. And I glanced at all the stuff on top of his desk. I am very good at reading upside down. Sales orders, car-registration forms, all the usual. A copy of PLAYBOY. Open to the *Playbill* page. And there it was. There was my picture. Understand, now, the picture doesn't really do me justice; I mean, you can't capture these blue eyes on a black-and-white page. But it was me, the billing for the C.B.-radio story I had done. That is what Dashiell Hammett calls blowing your cover.

The thing was, I had been *assigned* to do this. To get this job. On *The Washington* *(continued on page 154)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FRANTZ



Invitation to the Dance

october's kristine winder has spent more hours than she cares to think about pursuing her muse. but, yes, she has had time for other things

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. Pacific seaport. Canada's third largest city. Somewhere in among its 1,000,000-plus population, a young girl danced, straining to release the frustrations of adolescence.

From the time she was old enough to stand at the bar, Kristine Winder spent from two to six hours a day pushing her body to its limits. Each day after school, she would study dance for two hours, then go home and dance some more. Her other desires were submerged in the dance.

"I would put on a record and just go crazy," she says, "for three hours at a time. Dance and dance, then lie on the bed and feel fantastic. I would do that every night because it stimulated me and gave me that release I needed, physically, mentally and morally."

Morally? Yes, there is a deep moral streak in Kristine that she says has resulted in her being called a prude by some men.

"I've never dressed to show off my body or worn seductive bathing suits or that sort of thing," she says, defensively. "It's probably due to the sudden transition I made from being a skinny, shapeless tomboy when I was 15 to filling out with, well, what every woman should have. In fact, there was a time when I became too aware of my body. When I would walk along a street, if I saw a man looking at me, I'd slow down

Whether goofing around a Vancouver lamppost or practicing at a ballet bar, Kristine is the picture of grace. Says she, "When I was an adolescent, dance was like a mystical cure-all for me. Whenever I was angry or frustrated, I wouldn't talk to anybody, because I felt I couldn't communicate with anyone. The only way I could lose myself was to dance until whatever was bothering me was all out."

to make sure nothing was bouncing and look down to see if anything was showing."

Fortunately, she outgrew that extreme self-consciousness, partially because it hampered her dancing.

Before she left high school, she began dancing professionally in Vancouver, but once again, her sense of morality intruded on her aspirations and she finally decided to give up on a dancing career.

"Vancouver is not the greatest city for the arts. There was nothing to do there but old-time musicals. I'd go to these tryouts where four or five people looked you over, some piano player would plunk out a tune all out of time and in the wrong key and you would have to sing and dance. Then, if you got a part and you were

"I like a man who knows when it's time to be gentle, to take me into his arms and be loving and caring. There's a time when a couple has to get together or it's just empty."

"I'm first attracted to a man's eyes and smile. If I like them, then we move into stage two. The second thing that gets to me is how he feels musically. If we can just sit and listen to music together and release ourselves, I find that a strong attraction."

"Making love can be passion and affection at the same time or either one separately. Occasionally, it's just passion. But when it's primarily affection, though I may not feel like I feel when it's all passion, I can be completely fulfilled, because there is love."

young like I was, a lot of times they wouldn't pay you. You were supposed to be happy to get the experience. There were a lot of people who would take advantage of young girls that way. I just didn't have the taste for it.

"I thought about maybe going to a larger city, where theater is really theater, but I knew I just didn't have the kind of ambition it takes to go through all you have to go through to make it as a professional dancer. But I don't regret it. I have myself, and I know myself, and that's what matters."

So she stayed in Vancouver, where she now works as a secretary and receptionist for a grain exporter. She reads Vonnegut, listens to Dylan and studies macramé and photography in her spare time. On weekends, she likes to get as far away from the routine of her work week as possible by going scuba diving, canoeing or hiking.

But the music's still in her.

"I like my job, but I have to sit on my behind all day and I get very frustrated. After 17 years of dancing five hours every day, just sitting takes some getting used to. I have to have some kind of motion."

So, after work, she goes home, puts on a record and begins to move. Somehow, she works it all out.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kristine Winder

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kristine Winder

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 1/2 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 119 SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 10/15/55 BIRTHPLACE: Vancouver, British Columbia

GOALS: To get a degree in English Literature at Simon Fraser University. I'd like to write. I'd also like to see more of Canada and get to know her people better.

TURN-ONS: Being nude on a sunny day. Dancing, music and plays. All kinds of physical activity, especially swimming and running.

TURN-OFFS: Trophy hunters: men who shoot animals for trophies and/or try to get women for trophies.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Cat's Cradle, The French Lieutenant's Woman

FAVORITE PLAYS: Picnic, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Anything Goes, West Side Story

FAVORITE MOVIES: One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Rocky.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Paul Simon, Bob Dylan, The Band, Paul Butterfield, Eric Clapton.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Most non-competitive sports. Bicycling, hiking, swimming.

Age 3, trying on my tutu

Age 13, practising for a recital

Age 18, exploring an old barn.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Bud breasts were just beginning to take shape, so the woman sat her daughter down one day. "Sally, dear," she began, "it's time we had a talk about some things—about, for example, how a tiny baby comes to grow under its mother's heart."

"It sure would be interesting to hear you tell me about that, Mom," said Sally, "but what I really want to know is just how a girl fakes an orgasm."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbator* as a self-made man.

Having flashed his light into the back seat of a car parked behind a burger joint, the policeman gasped, "Are you two actually making love *here*?"

"No, Officer, it's not love," said the girl coolly as the couple disengaged. "This friend is just helping me stay in practice in case I were to meet a handsome cop I could really go for."

A spinster physician named Spock
Carves wood in the shape of a cock,
Which is why it is said
That at nighttime in bed,
She's a hickory dickery doc.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vagina* as a balled spot.

An aging rural type was walking through the airport with a valise in one hand and a Bible in the other when a friend hailed him and asked where he was going. "I'm flying out to Las Vegas to see what it's like," responded the first. "You know, liquor, gambling, striptease shows, showgirls, callgirls, houses of prostitution——"

"But why take that Bible along?" interrupted the friend.

"Well, now, Sam," chuckled the oldster, "if Las Vegas turns out to be as much fun as it promises to be, I just might stay over Sunday."

Would you believe that a drugstore near our office is selling tampon seconds at five boxes for a dollar, no strings attached?

Shortly before a major client was scheduled to arrive, the advertising executive had to step out for an emergency conference. When he returned, he found the client ensconced in his office, but with a very strange look on his face. Stepping quickly outside, he said to his secretary, "Look here, Miss Bushmiller, have you any idea what's happened to Bartlett in there?"

When the girl said she did know and gave him a fast explanation, the adman brightened visibly. "Thank God, thank God!" he exclaimed. "For a moment, when you said you had blown the account, I was afraid that you meant. . . ."

Unbra'd lovely Erin from Hollis
Said "Light?" to a tit man named Wallace,
Who dropped, all excited,
The match he'd ignited!—
No longer will Erin go braless!

She told me she was a marine biologist on vacation," said the young man glumly. "It was only later I found out what she really did for a living was turn tricks outside Camp Pendleton."

Illogical as it may seem, the only women to whom most men are reluctant to throw a bone are the ones they consider real dogs.

What shall we do now?" asked the ill-at-ease youth.

"For my part," purred his sexpot date, slowly spreading her knees, "I'm open to suggestion."

Sir," said the man to a new arrival as he stood at a urinal in a public rest room, "I don't have the full use of my hands, so I'd be grateful if you'd unzip me."

With a shrug, the newcomer did so.

"And pull out my organ."

This was done.

"And now shake the final drops off."

Although obviously highly uncomfortable, the good Samaritan complied.

"Thank you, thank you!" beamed the helped one as he then proceeded to tuck his penis back into his trousers and zip himself up. "I thought my nail polish would just never dry!"

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.*

"The jig's up, sister! I'm Fletcher of the Bureau of Fisheries and Hatcheries!"

THE RIGHT RIG FOR YOUR ROOM

four sound systems tailored to the dimensions of your floor space and your finances

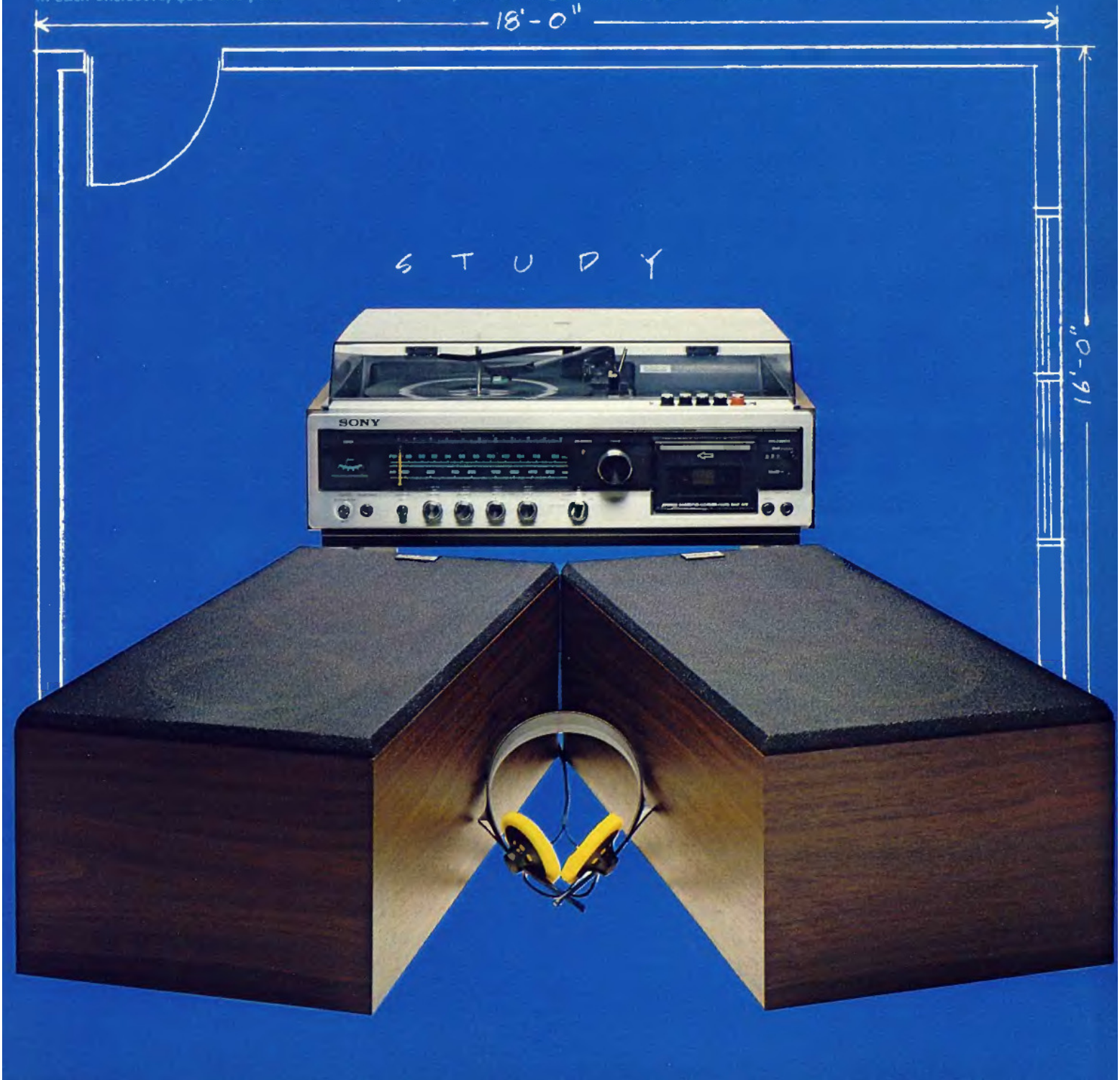
modern living By NORMAN EISENBERG

ROOMS WERE INVENTED, any devoted hi-fi nut will tell you, to house stereo sound systems. Whatever other functions a room has, it happens to be *the* place to install and to enjoy lows, middles and highs (sonic, that is). Architecture exists for the sake of acoustics; decor, for decibels.

Well, not so fast. Leaving aside for the moment such considerations as whether a five-foot-high speaker looks better against a particular part of a wall than an armoire loaded with your collection of porcelain statuettes (even though that may be the best spot for it to do its tonal thing), or

Opposite: Just for the L of it, treat yourself to this sumptuous stereo rig. From top to bottom: a stereo graphic equalizer that helps compensate for aural tone-quality discrepancies resulting from poor room acoustics, etc., by MXR, $200; Model CT-F1000 cassette deck featuring Dolby circuitry, by Pioneer, $600; Sansui's 6060 receiver that puts out 40 watts per channel, $420; Model 981 multiple-play manual turntable, which operates on a belt-drive system that provides damping between motor and platter to help eliminate wow and flutter, by B.I.C., $210; and twin Bose 601 Direct/Reflecting speakers with six drivers (four tweeters and two woofers) in each enclosure, $558 the pair.

Below: This inexpensive yet highly efficient hookup will turn a solemn study into a first-rate music hall. It's all done with Sony's HMK-419 compact unit that contains a three-speed BSR auto/manual turntable that is equipped with a Sony magnetic cartridge, an FM stereo AM receiver with tuning meter, a front-loading cassette recorder with one-button recording system, plus a pair of SS-420 Sensi-Bass speakers that provide a rich bass sound, thanks to their 6½" passive radiators, all for $450, including a hinged smoked-plastic dust cover. And for silent listening, we recommend Sennheiser's HD 400 headphones, as they're tough, lightweight, handsome and they treat your ears to great sound, $33.

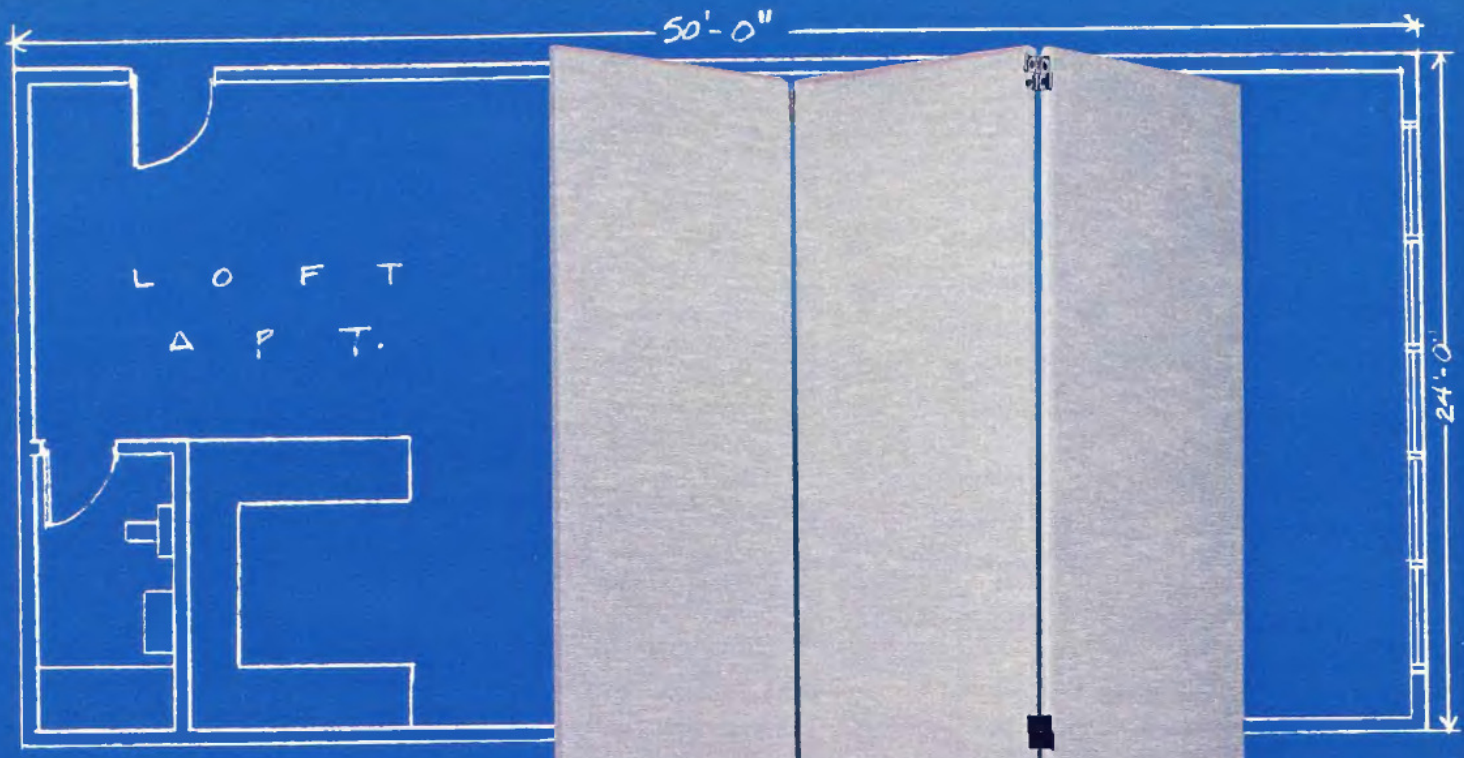


why what might otherwise be a good location for your favorite lounging chair may not be so great for the sound because in that location it blocks the treble dispersion, the fact is that there are rooms, and rooms. They vary in size, shape, proportion and acoustical character; and the variations, strictly speaking, are well-nigh infinite.

Now think of the possible combinations of available audio components to make up a "system," and you come up with a number that also staggers the imagination.

Below: Top sound gear for the lair of your manor includes (top to bottom): dual LS-407A three-way speakers that utilize a lumber-core baffle board for greater sound-propagation velocity, by Kenwood, $360 a pair; Model 201A cassette deck equipped with a Dolby B noise-reduction system, by Advent, $400; Pioneer's SX-650 AM/FM stereo receiver, which puts out 35 watts per channel and features two tuning meters, about $300; plus Philips GA312 electronically controlled manual turntable (33-1/3 and 45 rpm), which electronically eliminates groove jumping and side thrust, $180.

Opposite: For those with lofty ambitions and a well-padded wallet, you can go all out with (top to bottom): Tympani-1D cabinetless loud-speaker in a folding-screen design, by Magnepan, $1395 per pair; Model TCD-330 cassette deck, a three-head, three-motor machine, by Tandberg, $1000; Yamaha's ultrasensitive CT-7000B FM tuner, $1250; Model RT-707 open-reel tape deck, by Pioneer, $575; PRO/4 Triple A headphones, by Koss, $70; Marantz' Model 3600 preamp, $500; Model 2600 amplifier, by SAE, $1350; and a Harman Kardon ST-7 turntable, $460.

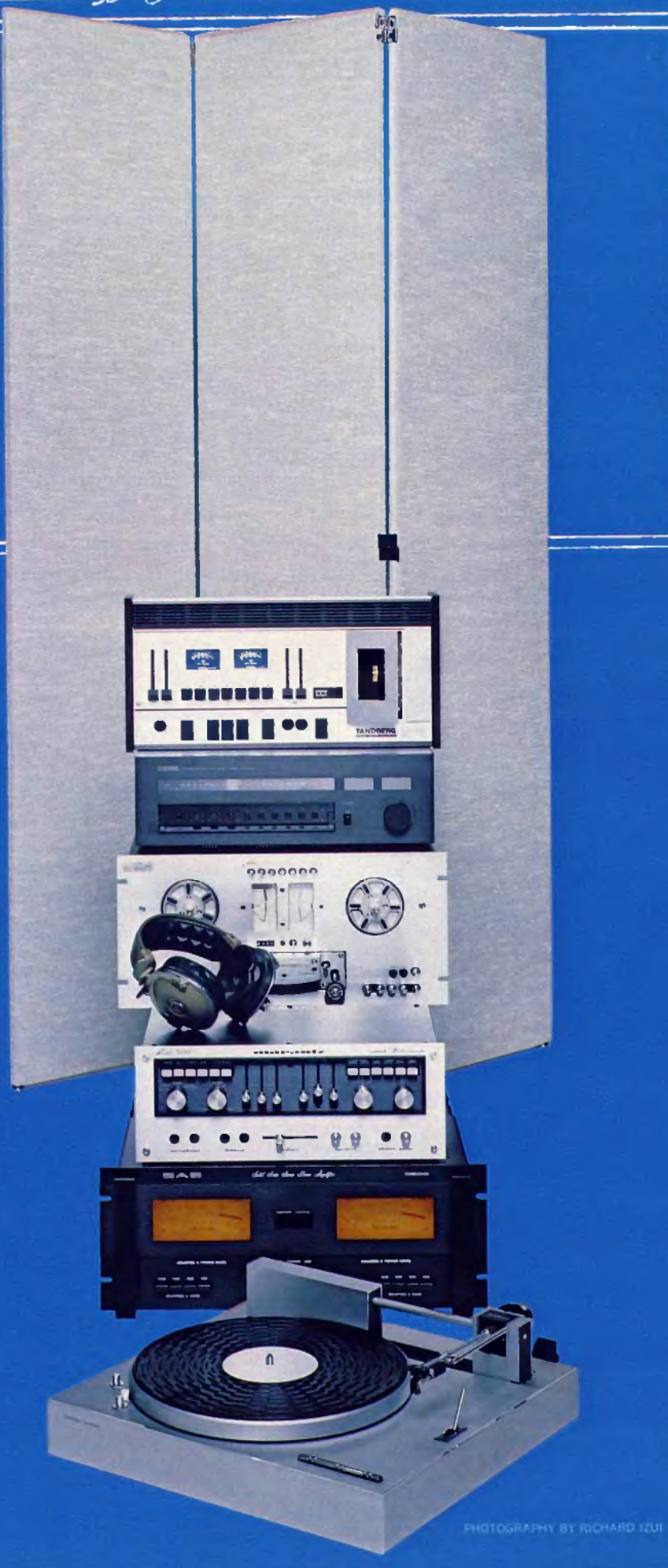


So, is an attempt to suggest stereo setups for only four rooms—which we are doing here—sheer nonsense, consummate *chutzpah*, a reversal of reality? Not at all. Understanding the limits and capabilities of various kinds of rooms and kinds of sound systems, it is perfectly possible to come up with some generalized guidelines for fitting the one to the other. Note that the key word is *suggest*. The line-up of stereo systems that follows is not a prescription (take only so much of this for a specific purpose and over a given time). Rather, it provides an idea of the type of stereo setup that can be assembled from among representative components to fit comfortably (from a physical as well as an acoustical standpoint) into a representative-size room in terms of the realistic capabilities of both.

In playing this game of matching rooms and systems, we followed some ground rules, based on a few well-chosen generalities from the often fuzzy science of acoustics, and also on the more pragmatic considerations of what's going on in the realm of stereo equipment. Since you're going to play with us, you should be let in on those rules:

The first already has been stated: The system must fit the room in terms of the capabilities of both; it must also fit the inclinations and tastes of the person likely to be the denizen of that room.

Second: A small room does not necessarily limit acoustical quality, though, admittedly, a larger room



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

allows more freedom in system design.

Third: Inevitably, newer products are to be considered, though audio savvy and experience tell us that new is not always synonymous with best. So a few of the components suggested here may be all of a few years old but still very much a meaningful part of the hi-fi scene. Without getting stuffy about it, we can say that our criteria were proved performance and reputed reliability.

Fourth: Ancillary devices—such as time-delay, reverb, noise-reduction—are not in any of the line-ups, since they are, to audio fare, more exotic seasonings than basic courses. They can be added if desired, but they do not really relate to the thrust of this project. The one possible exception is a graphic equalizer, which could be employed to advantage in one of the rooms, as described further along.

Finally: All our projected systems are strictly stereo. At this time in the development of the home audio field, any excursions into four (or more) channels of sound must be taken at your own peril. No one knows what the future of four-channel sound will be, what forms it may take or whether, indeed, it *has* a future as a significant consumer item. Be that as it may, if we can believe any of the warring factions in the quadraphonic arena, conversion to and compatibility with four-channel systems are feasible (when and if) in terms of the kind of setups described here.

So let's have a look. . . .

DEN OR STUDY—INEXPENSIVE

For a no-fuss, economy system that not only will be acoustically at home in a small-to-average-size room but also won't make you feel like apologizing when you turn it on, one of the recent compacts or modular stereo outfits is a good bet. Sony, with a good track record in this area, has a new compact that includes FM stereo and AM receiver, plus record changer, plus cassette recorder in one module (model HMK-419). The two speakers (SS-420) are separately housed in cabinets with matching wood finish.

Specifications for the receiver indicate the kind of performance long considered adequate for home hi-fi sound: 15 watts power per channel from 50 hertz to 20,000 hertz with no more than two percent total harmonic distortion. At a one-watt output level (which is closer to the realistic demands likely to be made of this set), the response goes down to 40 hertz at the low end and well beyond 20,000 hertz into the extreme highs—so there is bass heft as well as extended highs. FM performance is ample for normally strong local stations. Tuning meter, separate bass and treble tone controls, channel balance control, stereo indicator light, headphone output jack and the normal inputs and outputs one would expect are all supplied.

The built-in cassette recorder lacks Dolby, but it has all the requisite controls for recording and for playback. It records, of course, from the receiver or the record player and—with its microphone inputs—you also can record live. In our view, the inclusion of a cassette recorder rather than a cartridge (eight-track) model is a distinct advantage for the owner.

Sitting atop the module is the BSR changer, a three-speed model that can be used manually or as an automatic, in which case you can stack up to five records. The arm is fitted with a magnetic pickup (diamond stylus, of course), and a hinged smoked-plastic cover fits across the full width of the module.

Each of the SS-420 speaker systems contains a six-and-a-half-inch woofer and a two-inch tweeter. The woofer's response is aided by a "passive radiator"—a separate six-and-a-half-inch cone that has no voice coil but that is energized, as required, by the pulsations from the active woofer.

All of this lists for about $450 and, in terms of matched component performance, plus features and options and sheer convenience, it seems hard to beat for the price. Headphone fanciers might consider adding to this setup either one of Sony's own low-priced models or a recent lightweight entry that provides remarkably good sound, the $33 Sennheiser HD 400.

Installing this system involves little more than removing the three pieces from their cartons and making some rudimentary connections. Everything is small enough and not so heavy as to preclude experimenting with placement for best sonic results. The speakers will work well when reasonably separated and located against either a short or a long wall.

SAME-SIZE ROOM—MORE EXPENSIVE SYSTEM

You can up the stakes (and the sound level) in a similarly proportioned room with a full-fledged component system that contains more options and refinements, not to mention the potential for wider-range response and higher power output. This kind of system, listing for about three times the cost of the previous compact, remains surprisingly compact itself, despite its enhanced performance capability. It is built around the Pioneer SX-650 receiver, which generally boasts specifications not normally expected in a unit in its price class ($300). Among them: 35 watts (minimum RMS) power per channel from 20 hertz to 20,000 hertz, with no more than .3 percent total harmonic distortion. FM sensitivity at 1.9 microvolts crowds equipment costing considerably more. The SX-650 has two tuning meters, plus all the expected controls and features, including a speaker selector and two tape monitors.

Suitable speakers for this receiver are legion; one model worth considering is the Kenwood LS-407A, newest in this firm's LS series, compact and yet efficient and big-sounding, thanks to the port-aided woofer, a large-magnet and light-mass midrange cone and the dome-shaped tweeter that helps disperse the highs over a wide angle, and costs $360 per pair.

The Philips GA312 turntable brings the professional touch of an electronically controlled manual within reasonable dimensions and reasonable cost ($180). Styling is sleek and contemporary; performance, unimpeachable. As it is fitted with a well-balanced and antiskating compensated tonearm, you can use just about any pickup; likely candidates would be the Shure M91ED (about $65) and the costlier and smoother-sounding Shure V15 Type III (about $90). Operation is fun: feather-touch controls, accurate cuing device, fine-speed adjustments—the works.

Adding tape to this basic system is also a matter of preference. One new unit that makes good sense is the Advent 201A, the third-generation version of that company's 200, which was the original cassette deck to include both a Dolby B noise-reduction system and the option for using chrome tape. At $400, the Advent 201A does not offer some of the fillips of costlier units, but in terms of audio performance, it is right up there.

For listening to all this privately, consider the AKG K-240 headphones ($75), a relatively lightweight model that drapes over your head and ears quite comfortably, presents the full range of sound, from deep bass to sparkling highs, and still lets you hear the phone ring, since it does not block out all external sounds. The sensitivity of the AKG K-240 is suited to plugging into both a receiver and the output of a tape deck.

Putting this line-up of components to work takes more effort and time than you'd expend on a compact, but the chore shouldn't be outside the normal savvy of anyone who can read and follow the simple instructions that come with each component. Speaker placement follows the old rule about adequate separation for stereo spread, but not so much separation as to create a sonic "hole in the middle." The other units may be placed wherever convenient, as long as the turntable is not too close to either speaker system.

THE L-SHAPED ROOM

In this kind of room, good stereo coverage presents something of a problem, since there always is a sizable area that is acoustically out of balance with everything else. Both the lows and the highs can become lopsided vis-à-vis channel

(continued on page 263)

inside tip: it looks like common sense is going to be a big seller this season

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

attire **BY DAVID PLATT**

Above left: Wool double-breosted topcoat with peoked lapels and epaulets, about $185, is worn over tweed double-breosted suit that features peaked lapels and seom pockets, with straight legs, about $200, both by Jeffrey Banks for Nik-Nik; plus pin-striped cotton/polyester shirt, $25, and striped Shetland-wool necktie, $13.50, both from Courchevel.

Above right: Wool double-breasted topcoat with beover collar, by Egon Von Furstenberg, $300; and wool/polyester pinstripe double-breosted suit, by Adolfo for Leon of Poris, $265; plus pinstripe shirt, by John Henry, $18.50; plaid wool tie, by Berkley Cravats, $8.50; wool felt hat, by Mokins Hats, $27.50; ond cherry-wood wolking stick, by Christopher, Peter & Jane for George Grahom, about $10.

Relax. This isn't a scene from *The Godfather, Part III*. It's just autumn in New York and two of the boys, Jim and Phil, are scouting the Garment District for their fall wardrobes. We've a hunch they're being followed.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HARRY BENSON PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

THE SPIRIT OF NEOCLASSICISM continues to be the guiding force in fashion this season. Yet the times are not without whimsy. Overall for fall, you can expect to see considerable freshness in detailing, coloration and, most especially, fabrics. The "French student's coat" shown below in a brown, horse-blanket wool is an excellent example of the welcome new directions designers are taking. Counterpointing it is the resurgence of interest in such classic colors as camel. (There's actually some genuine camel's-hair cloth still around, but it's getting rarer and more costly by the minute.) Camel's appeal is based on its elegant neutrality and adaptability to tone-on-tone color construction. Winter white is also gaining considerable favor and, again,

Above left: Striped wool/acrylic/cotton hooded zip-front blanket porko with potch pockets, by Europa Sport, about $65; plus denim jeans featuring double-pleated front ond flared legs, by New Mon, $65; cotton knit pullover with ribbed collar ond button-through pockets, by Ferrer Y Sentis, $47.50; and wool plaid scarf, by Elliot Gant for Handcraft, about $10.

Above right: Wool reversible "French student's coot," by Doniel Hechter for L'Aiglon, obout $200; bulky wool knit turtleneck with roglan sleeves and kangaroo front packet, $110, plus wide-wale cotton corduroy slocks, $80, both by Bill Kaisermon for Rafael; tortoise-leother cowboy boots, by Dan Post for Acme, $150; ond tweed knit fringed scarf, by Elliot Gant for Handcraft, obout $22.50.

They *are* being tailed, as Jack—who just happens by—whispers to Phil. Jim has temporarily taken a powder—and who wouldn't, when you're being stalked by a lady in black-lace undies with all the trimmings?

it's often put together in various shades. Not all of the forthcoming season's palette is in these soft tones, however. After the recent period of color timidity, richer hues and even some brights are making their way back—particularly the color grape and a number of subtly rich plaids. As for suit silhouettes, we predict a major resurgence this fall of interest in double-breasteds, with lapels narrowing, shoulders lowering and the over-all fit loosening up a bit. To accompany this, shirts will feature somewhat smaller collars in a broader variety than we've seen in the past. (Small, rounded collar styles are especially attractive.) Naturally, ties will take their cue from shirts and will narrow slightly. Believe it or not, the recently buried concept of the leisure suit has

Above left: Wool plaid outershirt with wide-spread collar, gothered front and back yoke and banded cuffs, $55, striped wool slacks with straight legs, $65, wool tweed sleeveless sweater vest with three pockets, $50, and silk/wool knit pullover shirt with contrasting polished-cotton collarband, two-button-placket front and ribbed cuffs and waist, $47.50, all by Pierre Cardin Sport Couture.

Above right: Polyester outershirt, worn with tweed slacks and scarf, $95 the set, all from Linea Italiana Fashions by D'Eva; plus crew-neck sweater, by Collage Man, $20; striped shirt, by Eagle Shirtmakers for Pierre Cardin, $32.50; wool hat, by Richard Steinberg for George Graham, about $17.50; and shillelagh, by Cooper & Sons for George Graham, about $15.

Here are Jack and Jim and, no, they're not going to fetch a pail of water. Maybe Phil's doing that, perhaps to cool off the trio before the next photo. (Who's on first? as Abbott and Costello used to say.)

risen again, this time in a more original form. The best styles come on easy and relaxed, without looking as though they sprang from the assembly line. The total effect is achieved by layering and by varying patterns, colors and even fabrics. Stores may offer you the components put together as an outfit or you can be your own stylist and put the look together yourself. In any case, the concept is welcomed back as a means of individualizing attire. Fortunately, fashion's affair with the suit the past few seasons has skirted the danger of returning to an attitude of regimentation in dress. What you wear, even for a job interview, should reflect the real you, rather than some corporate policy. (Of course, if you show up for an interview at IBM wearing cutoffs

Above left: Comel's-hoir double-breasted jacket, by Society Brond, Ltd., about $225; worn with worsted wool flannel slacks feoturing double-pleoted front, $50, cable-knit sleeveless sweoter vest, $35, and multicolor plaid polished-cotton shirt with long-pointed collor, $30, all from Jones New York; plus fringed poisley coshmere scorf, by Paul Salgo for George Graham, about $25.

Above right: Multicolor houndstooth/window-pone-ploid wool three-piece suit featuring hacking pockets, six-button vest with notched lapels and four pockets, trousers with double-pleated front and stroight legs, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $410; worn over o polyester/cotton pinstripe shirt, by John Henry, $18.50; and a striped silk tie, from Polo by Rolph Louren, $22.50.

"Didn't we dance at Regine's last week?" says Phil. No answer. "How about a table at Elaine's later?" says Jack. Silence. And we can't blame her, not with Popeye, the cleanup man, coming on like Gang Busters.

and a WHAT, ME WORRY? T-shirt, you may be cooling your heels in the waiting room indefinitely.) The key is to develop a style that you're confident will show you off to best advantage. Another area to be aware of is the important finishing touch that such accessories as hats, gloves and scarves give your total look. (After last winter, their functional importance is not to be sneezed at, either.) And we're happy to report that the tradition of sporting a walking stick, à la Adolphe Menjou, is on its way back. (Aside from hailing cabs, it helps keep dogs and muggers at bay.) In short, the fashion scene for this fall and winter is an appealing mixture of old and new—with some lively dashes thrown in that should be precursors of fairly dynamic styling to come.

Above left: Army-type polished-cotton zip-front jacket, by Teikit for Barney Sampson, $85; corduroy slacks with double-pleated front, from Trousers by Barry, $47.50; iridescent wool knit cowl-neck pullover, by Redi for Barney Sampson, $85; calfskin moccasin-style lace-up shoes, by Carber Man, about $38; and pigskin gloves, by Gates Gloves, about $16.

Above right: Lamb-suede jacket with button-front closure, about $145, worsted wool flannel slacks with slightly flared legs, $40, and wool knit V-neck sweater, $37.50, all by Nino Cerruti Sport for Jaymar Ruby; plus polished-cotton shirt with barrel cuffs and straight-point collar, by Eagle Shirtmakers, $23; and cowhide slip-on shoes with rubber soles, by Roots Natural Footwear, $34.50.

All's well that ends well—for the cleanup man. Jack, Jim and Phil—better luck next time. After all, you can't complain too much when you get to rub elbows with a lady in lingerie *and* wind up with some groovy threads.

used-car salesman

(continued from page 129)

"One had greased-down hair; another had an Adolphe Menjou mustache; one wore a striped suit."

Post, they call it investigative reporting and Robert Redford plays you in the movies. At the very least, they get to listen in at the apartment door to the sexual agonies of some Congressman. On PLAYBOY, it's an undercover assignment, secret stuff: I was a male employee in a massage parlor. Or, for nine frightening years, I posed as . . . well, you know the routine. And I was supposed to get this job at Cal Worthington's and tell all.

When the sales manager looked the other way, I got up and walked out, head down.

One of the salesmen got me by the arm and patted it lightly. "I can tell you know cars," he said. "You see this Z-28 Camaro? I can put you into——"

"Screw off," I said. "It's *my* car. I drove it in here."

"Oh," he said. "All right, then. You want to sell it?"

I drove around the corner, composing in my mind the phone call to PLAYBOY. Look, guys, I couldn't get the story. Then I saw the wig shop. I pulled over fast and went in. I walked out wearing my new curly red bangs that made me look like a freshly turned out Miami Beach tart.

•

The sales manager was still on the phone, drumming his finger tips on the open *Playbill* page. He nodded and waved toward the chair. I sat down and adjusted the pucka beads I had found in the glove compartment of my car. I had taken off the coat and the tie and had my shirt unbuttoned down past my thorax. And I had changed into my hand-tooled, high-heeled Lucchese boots.

"What can I do for you, Curly?" he said.

I went through the job thing again and I laid out my salesman credentials. Those credentials are so good that they could get me a job in Latvia; I could cross into East Germany with them. The CIA should only have credentials so good.

"Another guy in here just a few minutes ago," he said. "Looked familiar; I never forget a face. But he got up and left. Probably a phony, got nervous. Now, then. You look sincere enough, I'll say that for you. OK, let's talk about the job. We work on commission. Seventeen percent of the profit. We're open eight in the morning till midnight. Seven days a week. And we have five teams of salesmen. Each one has a sales manager and he closes all deals. I mean, the salesman gets the customer interested and then turns him over to one of us. Any questions so far?"

"Where's the john? And the coffee machine?" I said.

"Over there. Both of them," he said. "We work staggered shifts here. One day you're on eight to eight, next day ten to four, next day noon to midnight. My team gets Tuesdays off and every fifth week you get the entire weekend off. You'll be on my team. Now get out there and *sell*!"

That was my training course. It took about two minutes.

At the office door, McKenzie pointed out across the showroom. "Never mind the showroom," he said. "The battleground is out there. The *lot*, Curly. That's where it all happens, on the *lot*. I mean, that's the Maginot line. . . ."

I was going to tell him that the Maginot line was indefensible; but I needed the job.

"Maginot line. The Thirty-eighth Parallel in Korea. That's *Bastogne* out there, Curly, a goddamn *battleground*. It's war out there. Fight, fight, fight. It's. . . ."

"Valley Forge," I said.

"Valley Forge, for Christ's sake. And out there, there's only one thing you got to learn about. And that's the *point*. The *point*, Curly, is where . . . uh . . . what are you squinting at?"

"It ain't easy seeing through these goddamn bangs," I said.

"Well, get a haircut. Now, listen. The point is where it happens." He was so excited he was shaking. He gestured spasmodically to an area near the front of the lot where three entrance drives converge. There were a lot of salesmen standing there.

"That's it, huh?" I said.

"That's it." And he called to a tall, handsome *chicano*: "Fernando! Take Curly here and show him the ropes."

Fernando was a veteran at Cal's. He had been there nine months. But somehow he didn't fit the image. His dress was California casual. His manner was the same. Hell, he didn't even have on a white-on-white shirt.

He closed one eye, cocked his head and said, "Curly? Where'd you ever get a name like that?"

"I used to watch the Three Stooges a lot," I said.

Out there were 200 used cars, neatly lined up on the square block of asphalt and accented by lines of plastic banners stretched between the towering light poles. And background music. And a dozen or so salesmen, playing grab-ass and wagging their tongues at girls who passed by. The whole thing could have been done by Raoul Dufy, with prints made for motel rooms all over the country.

"Must have to be a hell of a running back to get a deal around here," I said, brushing my bangs out of my eyes and pointing to the gaggle of salesmen.

"Just wait till a car pulls on the lot," he said. And then he squinted toward the Long Beach Freeway off ramp, where a car had just turned onto Firestone Boulevard. "Maybe that one," he said softly.

I was squinting over his shoulder like a baseball umpire. It was still little more than a dot out there, but a dozen pairs of feet began to shuffle as the car headed toward the lot.

"C'mon, turkey. C'mon," one of the salesmen pleaded. It was then I realized that each of them had at least one of the hackneyed characteristics that, if put together in one man, would create the ultimate used-car salesman. One had greased-down hair; another had an Adolphe Menjou mustache; one wore a striped suit. And there in the back, trying to see over the others' heads, was Guido, a short, paunchy Latin with a *white-on-white* shirt.

The car moved closer and they all edged into position like so many horses in a starting gate. And then it happened: The right-hand-turn signal on the 1972 Buick went on and all hell broke loose. They jumped up and down and screamed and waved their arms.

"Over here."

"No, here, man. Here!"

"Hey! Hey!"

Fernando rolled to his right and, with one big, swooping motion, directed the car into a parking space beside the showroom. It was all done with the grace of a Manolete. Or a Jerry West. He looked in my direction and winked. "This turkey's mine, girls," he said with a twinkle in his black eyes.

Half an hour later, the Buick had been appraised and the man was signing papers in the closing room at Worthington Dodge in South Gate, only minutes from the movie lots of Hollywood—the other California institution. The scene at Cal's would be repeated 21 times before the long day was ended. Score: Lions, 21; Christians, 0.

•

The Hollywood Freeway at eight A.M. is a parking lot, so, as I sat there in traffic the next day, I had a lot of time to think about the business of selling cars. For one thing, I thought of the phenomenal difference between Cal Worthington's operation and that of Richard Sammis, who runs a small, straight, repeat-business used-car lot in Cockeysville, Maryland. Sammis' Timonium Auto Sales

(continued on page 252)

the white house had one—now, for the first time, we reveal...

THE PLAYBOY ENEMIES LIST

THE DIFFERENCE between our enemies list and theirs is that the people we name aren't so much our enemies as *yours*. These are the people on the *other* side, the guys in black hats who would like to drag all of us out of the 20th Century and back into the 19th. Come to think of it, if the Nixon White House had had a Friends List, many of the following people would have been on it.

•

God made her do it. At least that's what **Anita Bryant** thinks. Four days before Dade County, Florida, outlawed discrimination against homosexuals in employment and housing, Anita and her daughter narrowly missed involvement in a three-car collision.

"I felt God really had His hand on us," Anita said later. She took it as a message that God wanted her to lead a crusade against the people she calls "human garbage." Since she also credits God with setting her up in a career as a singer and orange-juice shill that earns her an estimated $350,000 a year, she doubtless finds it tough to turn down His requests.

"If homosexuality were the normal way, God would have created Adam *(continued on page 170)*

LADIES OF JOY

in demand through good times and bad, the world's oldest profession attracts some of the loveliest women on earth

article **By JOHN BOWERS**

SHE IS DISCREET. On this balmy evening in Las Vegas, she wears a simple, but quite expensive, white dress with a minimal sliver of cleavage showing. You might take her for a vacationing secretary from someplace like Atlanta. If you met her, you might at first believe that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. You would be wrong.

We have just met and are talking at a secluded back table in the Oriental restaurant of a hotel on the Strip. Her accent is Deep South, the delivery deadpan and backed by a soft, distant chuckle. When you think a moment about what she has just said, it nearly always turns out to be funny. She is 24, has a thin, leggy 5'7" frame and very large breasts. Her hair is wheat-colored, trimmed as short as a boy's. She looks straight at me with blue-green eyes and, after a pleasantry or two, suddenly says:

"I don't rightly like young fellows, you know. Those under 30. They fuck you to death. They get right down there on top of you and fuck you for five hours straight. Ever been fucked for five hours straight? I don't recommend it. They read sex manuals and damn near rupture you with positions. One minute you're on your back, the next you're a pretzel and before you know it, you're over the side of the bed with the blood rushing to your head. They think they're so pretty. I like a man who's been around, who's appreciative. He knows what he wants and does it in short order. He spends money. I'd say most of my tricks are between 45 and 60."

She is, of course, a prostitute—or, as they refer to themselves, a working girl. Before she will say one word to me, she demands $50. Not only that, she composes a legal document—touchingly, as it turns out, on the back of a cocktail napkin—stipulating that I will not use her real name, mention her home state or specify the Las Vegas hotel where she has "juice," meaning where the management permits her to work. Finally, she dictates that I *(text continued on page 161)*

Nevada. Where a man can go to court Lady Luck or one of her lovely handmaidens. The women come from all corners to be as close as possible to the action. Alison Long (opposite) is a Californio girl by trade. Sally Keoth (above) hails from Oregon.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT SCOTT HOOPER

Marie André (left) is a social hostess who likes horseback riding, lovemaking and men with good strong honds. Wanna Indian-wrestle? Carol Johnson (below) ran away from parochiol school to become "a working lady and part-time longshoreman." She likes "rich quickies" and dislikes "folse starts, morathon men, King Kong and cheap skates." She plans to save her money, so that she con open o kennel and breed dogs. Sabrina Dowson (opposite) made one movie, *Desires Within Young Girls*. Her ombition: "I want to decriminalize prostitution. I hate police and political hypocrisy."

Honey Wells (left) is a classic Mississippi miss and the youngest girl in a family of seven. "But only by a few seconds. My twin sister is older. If you think I'm good-looking, you should see her." Honey likes hot weather, people in general, all animals, Southern cooking, sexy bedrooms and the independently wealthy. Her hobbies include piano playing and poetry—she hopes to combine the two in a successful songwriting career. Social hostess Yvette Chemise (right) works the sun-kissed climes of Nevada. If you like what she's holding in her right hand, you should see *its* twin. The hot-blooded Brazilian shown below is Dorothy Davis. She recently worked the Windy City, where she relied on diamonds and furs to keep her warm.

will not tell the name or even the color of her foreign sports car. "Too many people around these parts know me by my car. I got to be careful," she says.

Thus the working girl's classic canniness and paranoia, which are never far from the surface. All the good ones are tough as nails and suspicious: The fee you pay for their services is always hovering at the edge of their consciousness, and no matter how charming a man may think himself, he must pay a prostitute for her time. The price in most of these United States runs from $25 to $100, the simple rule being that a hooker will take as much as she can. This woman I'll call Joanie rakes in between $250 and $400 on most nights.

If you encountered Joanie in Las Vegas as a customer, you would consummate matters in your room. You would never enter her cluttered girlish apartment in a select part of Las Vegas. You would not read the private poetic journal she has

Linda Ching (above) is a Berkeley alumna who works as a masseuse to finance her one true passion—car collecting. She likes "pretty, intelligent men with green eyes" and dislikes "the opposite of the above." A veteran actress, she has co-starred with John C. Holmes in ten films. Deirdre Rhodes (right) describes herself as "cute and sexy. I don't live next door. But maybe I could be the girl down the street." Rinay Ravenna (oppasite) likes "fast cars, fast horses, fast men." She wants "to marry a dead millionaire."

been keeping for the past six years nor hear about the one man she has ever loved—the husband of her best friend back home in the South. You would not learn that her father was quite wealthy and a fairly well-known politician. You would not care.

First, the meeting. She would not make the first move, because you might have a wife nearby or have lost $3000 at the tables and be in no mood. Inside your room, Joanie allows one short embrace, and then she says, "You know, sweetie, I hate to bring this up, but could you take care of me before we start?"

Into the bottom of her "hooker" bag, she crams the take. Already there are a pack of condoms (for the finicky few), a tube of K-Y jelly, pads to dam up unexpected menstruation while still allowing intercourse, a pack of Merit 100s, a police whistle and a conglomeration of make-up equipment. Joanie undresses alone in the bathroom, out of your sight. She washes herself at the sink, no matter if she scrubbed up ten minutes earlier. Like a surgeon. Then she lubricates and perfumes herself. A quick check of hair and lips and she walks out—naked. She likes to be admired. If you have already undressed, she likes to see your penis rise. That is one of the

Our lody in leather (above left) is Countess Anne. "I specialize in the harried businessman, the pressured politician and the weary professional. With my gloved hand and stinging lash, I guide them through the dark world of the bizarre and the forbidden, where life is reduced to pure sensation and desire. Helpless, naked and alone, they atone for their transgressions." She doesn't work at Disney World. Monique (left) is a fly girl who does house calls. Says Bianca (above), "I like a variety of men daily and have strang sexual desires. That's why I like my wark."

highest compliments you can pay her. She also likes to see your eyes scan her body. One of her standard fantasies, when using a vibrator, is that she's stripping in front of 15 men, all of whom are jacking off.

But business first. She leads you to the sink, examines your penis closely and washes you, nurselike. She places her hooker bag under the head of the bed. Then, stretched out beside you, she likes a moment or two of talk. Not much, but enough to get better acquainted. If you have no other plans, she will then begin with an overture of fellatio. After that, it becomes improvisation, with as many positions as you like, until the paroxysm of orgasm. Your orgasm; hers don't count. Then, unless you pay her for more, she will peck you on the cheek, snatch her bag and fly into her clothes. You will not complain about her swiftness; after all, you're satisfied. At the door, she will wave and shut it softly behind her. You will remember her thereafter as that

terrific piece of ass you had in Las Vegas.

•

I recently interviewed over 50 working girls from coast to coast and there are many truths I've come by, some breaking preconceived notions. I used to think hookers weren't really sexual, forever pretending orgasms and being too exhausted to enjoy sex. Many are, of course, but many others, including Joanie, are very sexually oriented; the more outlandish the situation, the stronger their kicks. After Joanie takes the $50 and tucks the "legal" cocktail napkin away, she matter-of-factly talks about a recent vacation, during which she motored through her native South with a boyfriend.

Driving down the highway, they played with each other, Joanie occasionally liking to present a big bare breast to passing motorists and then waving merrily. "I loved to watch their faces," she says. There was a C.B. radio aboard and, with one hand on her boyfriend, the other on the mike, Joanie sent messages through the land: "This is the Nevada Kid. I'm young, 40 miles west of Tupelo and my pussy's hot. Um, umm. Come in, gang, and tell me what to do!" The line crackled back like lightning, truckers bleating out desires. Then a woman's voice broke through: "Hush yo mouth, slut. Who you think you are?"

"A high-priced callgirl from Las Vegas, Nevada, that's who. Ten-four, over and out!"

Hookers have wild senses of humor, usually but not necessarily ribald. Other items: They seldom save money and they seldom admit to ever having had V.D., preferring to blame its spread on secretaries and carhops who don't take precautions. Joanie is an exceptionally honest hooker who admits to four cases of gonorrhea—easily cured in a week's time with a few million units of penicillin—in the past two years. And, contrary to legend, the merest few are hard-line junkies. Heroin ravishes the body, and hookers, like athletes, must have bodies that perform or be out of business. Those I talked to, however, do not turn up their noses at cocaine. Also, not every hooker is a dyke. I would say that roughly one third are straight, one third bisexual and one third gay.

Hookers are everywhere the eye turns, in hotel lobbies, on barstools and on the streets. They advertise. In the back of the prestigious *New York Review of Books*, a whore slips in a pitch from time to time. And in *Screw* magazine, the New York weekly smut tabloid, there are display ads with fetish pictures that leave phone numbers and no doubts in one's mind. I called four numbers from *Screw*, each promising a different kind of sexual delight, and heard four sexually explicit females tell me to hurry over to posh town houses on the Upper East Side for immediate service.

Good pros have lists and Johns get on them by referral. (Every customer, no matter how dashing or well acquainted, is a "John.") Often the pro calls a John when she knows it's all right, meaning there's no wife within earshot. "Haven't heard from you in a while, love. Little worried that you were all right." Lists are sold, much as doctors turn over records of patients to a colleague upon retirement. Girls will send a John to a compatriot if they are not able to treat his special needs—again, as doctors refer patients to a specialist. "Sorry, dear, but I don't do Greek. But I know a dynamite chick who does."

The hardest recipient to find, and usually the most expensive, is a girl on the receiving end of S/M—or bondage, as it's more commonly called in the business. To find a girl on the giving end, however, is as easy as pie.

Successful working girls are usually very young, from a physically mature 16 to a ripe 26. After that, they may lie to themselves or to their Johns about their age. Some exceptional ones last into their late 30s and early 40s. A few become madams and stay in the trade till the grave. I did not talk to any part-time hookers, such as college coeds who turn an occasional trick to pay tuition or housewives who hustle in their spare time to meet car payments. I did not track down those beautiful orchids in their 30s who are available to a handful of very wealthy men and are kept in palatial digs. The women I am writing about are front-line working girls, the troops, from the flashy blonde $500-a-night stripper to the ten-dollar lip artist on New York's 42nd Street who could suck a steer off in five seconds. There is a lot of variety in between, but certain common threads run through all.

•

Five minutes into the world of prostitution, as an observer, and you realize it's a closed society. Prostitutes are outcasts, dwellers in a twilight city. No matter who they are, no matter how much they protest to the contrary, they know they are scorned, even by those who most often seek their services. For this reason, hookers tend to tie up with people who are themselves outcasts. It is not unusual to find a beautiful young hooker living with a man who earns not one penny. They live with far-out druggies. They live with homosexuals. They tire of the ordinary. More than one highly paid prostitute told me she at one time had a very rich man caring for her, setting her up in a private apartment, giving her unlimited money, asking only that she stay out of the business. They all grew bored. Each one backslid, dropping into a bar or a hotel on the sly and picking up the first John she found.

It is a tightly knit underground, the word passing that a certain hair stylist or boutique treats working girls well. In New York, the working girl's dentist is Dr. Arthur Zuckerman, who does a thriving business in a bright suite at Second Avenue and 34th Street. An engaging, fair-haired father of six, Dr. Zuckerman never takes out a fee in trade. His specialty is cosmetic dentistry, and all his patients testify to his high competence. Hookers themselves depend more on a fine row of white teeth than on their bodies in setting the price and type of clientele. It spells class.

"Working girls have peculiar dental problems," says Zuckerman. "If they have bleeding gums, they want to know immediately if it's V.D. Who else would raise that question? I had one girl recently who wanted the edges of her front teeth smoothed down because she'd been receiving complaints on her Frenching."

He jokes with them, listens to their worries, gives them advice, is totally engrossed by their world. It may seem a strange breed for a serious, highly skilled dentist to be taken with—but a clue to Zuckerman's nature is the fact that in his early career, he was the sole dentist with a leper colony in Hawaii.

•

Flashing good teeth, capped or otherwise, are part of a hooker's display, like the right touch of mascara.

Hookers put great store in illusion, their make-up becoming all-important. Hookers do not like to kiss on the mouth, and Joanie at last explains why: "You can taste him that way."

"Pardon me, but if I'm not mistaken, you do not refrain from sucking dicks. Don't you taste a guy *that* way?"

"Oh, kissin' on the mouth is so mushy. It's the most mushy thing you can do. OK, the plain truth of the matter is that it ruins your make-up, all that slobbering."

Joanie has four pictures of herself, each showing a completely different woman. They span a period of two years in her life. One shows her in a long blonde wig and heavy mascara, looking not like a secretary but like a Hamburg Harbor tart. "I started getting only foreign Johns when I looked that way," she says. "Mexicans and Japs. I missed the all-American types." Hookers live by surface appearance and caricature men's fantasies of women. They must attract a John in a split second and give him the strong impression that his deep wishes will soon come true. Hookers are not unlike carnival barkers, enticing those who stroll the midway, cheerfully promising the world from gaudy booths, knowing far more

(continued on page 178)

SEX AND THE SINGLES MAN

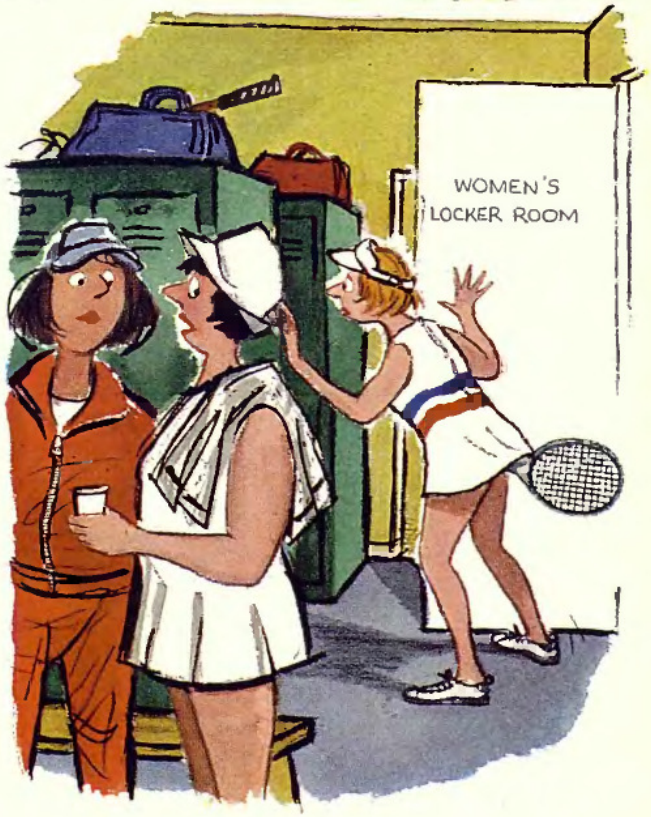
it's not a court game for nothing

humor By

Interlandi

"See here, Finley—some of us on the committee feel you're not taking your job as linesman seriously!"

"I told you a little work on the backboard would do you a world of good!"



"No question about it; a husband and wife shouldn't play together in a tournament."

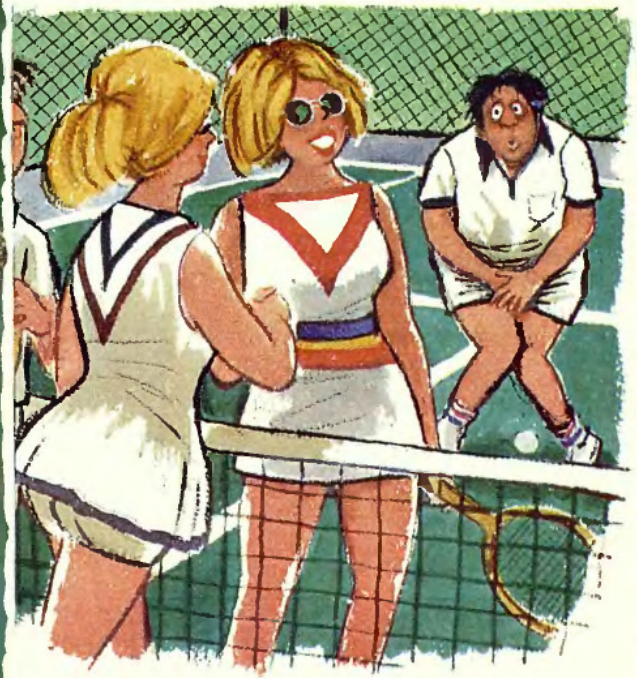
"I just got seeded by the pro—but only for the tournament, I hope."

"Fault!"

"But, Stafford, I thought we agreed—no side bets with the wives!"

"She's perfect! A great serve, a great backhand, a great forehand and she's a nymphomaniac."

"If you don't mind, we have this court booked until four o'clock!"



"Great overhead smash—thanks for the match."

"Why, you double-faulting bastard!"

ENEMIES LIST

(continued from page 155)

"Police Chief Davis put cops at the front doors of 147 massage parlors around Los Angeles."

and Bruce," she announced, and the battle was joined.

Bryant helped found a group called Save Our Children, raised a $200,000 war chest and began spreading the word that homosexuality was the Devil's work. What the human garbage is really after, she said, is the right to recruit our children into Satan's legions. Gay teachers especially got to her. Imagine a football team in pink jerseys.

Things got a bit hysterical before the campaign ended with Anita's smashing two-to-one victory in a referendum that repealed the ordinance. Anita imported evangelists whose usual home is the high numbers on the radio dial and they started ranting about gays' being homicidal. Anita claimed that tolerance for the sin of Sodom was causing drought in California.

And it's all so unnecessary. In her heart, Anita knows they can be "liberated from these chains." If they just get right with God, they won't be homosexuals anymore. The fact that such "conversions" have almost never happened should not discourage us. If God can help Anita Bryant make $350,000 a year singing about orange juice, He can do anything.

•

Chief Ed Davis is an innovator, a man of ideas. As head of the Los Angeles Police Department, he has consistently tried to break out of old patterns into fresh approaches to crime.

He suggested that airplane hijackers be tried and hung right at the airport, a sound economical move that Government hasn't had the sense to adopt.

He put cops at the front doors of 147 massage parlors around L.A. after he found out he couldn't bust the places. He assigned another 100 or so officers to spend five nights at Pink Floyd concerts busting dope smokers.

His rock-'n'-roll patrol managed to arrest over 500 heads in five nights, a feat of detection that is not likely to make anybody forget Sherlock Holmes.

There were those who asked if all those cops couldn't have been spending their time doing something a bit more productive, but Davis has a ready answer:

There is an innate relationship between victimless crimes and more serious offenses, he says. If you want to stamp out crime, you've got to stamp out sin.

Anyway, citizens shouldn't rely on the police department to protect them from dangerous criminals. They should buy guns and do their own protecting.

Davis keeps busy fighting wicked notions such as feminism, a philosophy that produces "swinging mothers" who believe that "you can lie, cheat and steal."

He's also locked in battle with gays, especially those who want to be cops. He thinks they might contaminate his straight men and they might get aroused while searching suspects ("Up against the wall, sweetheart!").

Let gays in, says Davis, and "I could envision myself standing on the stage on graduation day [at the police academy] and giving a diploma to a four-foot-eleven-inch transvestite moron who would kiss me instead of saluting." What has he got against short people?

•

Foremost among those who believe that a woman's place is at the stove is **Mrs. Phyllis Schlafly** of Alton, Illinois. The scourge of the Equal Rights Amendment, she has a comfy six-bedroom hideaway kept by a housekeeper.

"Most women find their major fulfillment in the home," says Mrs. Schlafly, and she is no exception. With only a secretary to help her, she spends her hours around the house preparing lectures—$1000 per—doing a radio program, writing books and publishing a monthly newsletter with a circulation of 14,000. Between times, she studies law at Washington University.

In spite of all this, she is never too busy to try to save her less fortunate working sisters from the horrors of promotion, high salaries and coed johns.

Whenever a state legislature begins to debate the E.R.A., she and her followers turn up to hand out homemade bread and stale testimony.

Standing staunchly behind his spouse is Mr. Schlafly, a successful lawyer who credits their marital bliss to all the things they have in common. "We particularly agree," he says, "on national defense, anticommunism, opposition to *détente*, exercise and good nutrition." What you'd call soul mates.

•

Ernest van den Haag, (A) psychoanalyst, (B) professor, is a (C) list maker. His writings (frequently in the *National Review*) are studded with (A)s and (B)s and (1)s and (2)s.

Dr. van den Haag has a great following (A) among those who believe that censorship is a cornerstone of civilization and (B) among those who believe that prose that is cumbersome (and impenetrable) must be profound.

The doctor starts every argument from first principles and his works are studded with axioms such as this one about the justice of censorship: "Nothing could be lost, for, if something has aesthetic value, by definition it cannot be pornography." It's all so simple. Makes you wonder what we've been arguing about all these years.

His ability to arrive at the truth about the world by deducing conclusions from such axioms is really impressive. Van den Haag could define you out of existence if you started a hockey game in his living room.

However, the doctor does make forays into the real world from time to time, mostly as a witness for the prosecution in obscenity trials. On the stand, he will expertly testify that seeing *Deep Throat* is socially harmful. There is no evidence for that, you say? The doctor's reply is devastating: "Lack of evidence for harmfulness is not evidence for harmlessness."

Question: How many dirty movies does an expert witness have to see before he gets too demoralized to be credible?

•

For too long, public opinion in this country has been dominated by a cabal of libertines who don't like the idea of a bunch of narrow, self-righteous yahoos telling the rest of us what we can read.

It's time for some balance. Time for a fair presentation of the ideas of those who would restore the traditional virtues of terror, guilt and remorse to our sex lives!

Charles H. Keating, Jr., is one such man. A founder of Citizens for Decency Through Law (originally Citizens for Decent Literature), he has devoted his life to protecting us from smut.

As a dissenting member of the Federal Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, he even tried to block publication of the commission's report. He knew darn well that the commission had been out gathering evidence about the effects of porn and he didn't want any part of such shenanigans.

Keating has an answer to the claim that pornography doesn't cause sex crimes: It certainly causes voyeurism, and if that isn't a sex crime, what is it?

And when young men walk out of a theater after seeing *Deep Throat*, what do you think they do? They go home and whack off, that's what. And if you think that's OK, ask yourself how you would like some pea-brained onanist running his hairy palms over your daughter.

It's about time we followed Keating's advice and drove the pornographers back to the "pits of hell from which they have come swarming." You let in dirty books and, the next thing you know, you've got nude bathing. And it won't be long before the cops won't be able to blackmail homosexuals. When that happens, civilization goes down the tubes.

(continued on page 248)

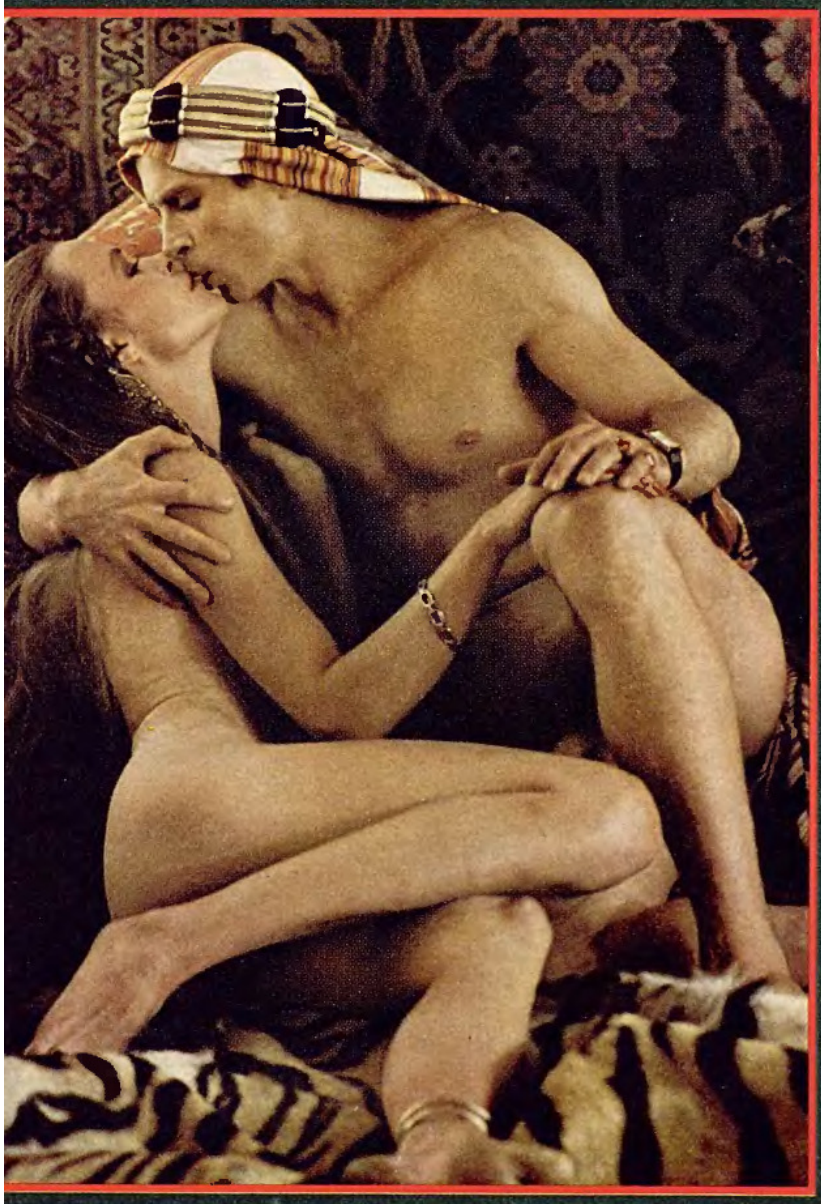
BALLET'S TOP DANCER LEAPS INTO HIS MOST DIFFICULT ROLE—AS THE SCREEN'S GREATEST LOVER

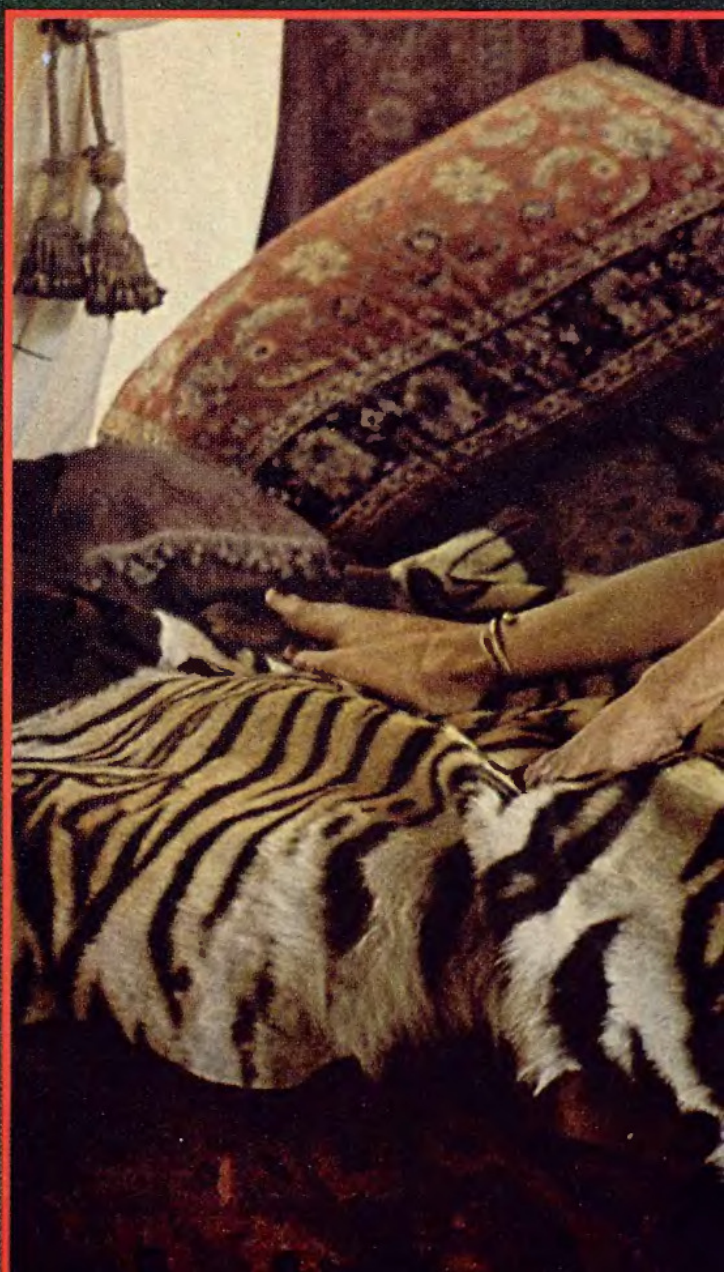
Nureyev Valentino

THE CASTING AT FIRST seems unlikely—Rudolf Nureyev, arguably the world's greatest male ballet dancer, playing the legendary screen lover Rudolph Valentino, he of the flaring nostrils and endearing cruelty. But *Valentino* is a Ken (*The Devils, Tommy, Lisztomania*) Russell film and, therefore, not subject to the usual rules. On the other hand, given his similar name, his foreign mystique, his seemingly effortless grace and, of course, his fanatical female following, Nureyev may give the Sheik a run for his money. In any event, for Nureyev, it's a Great Leap Forward. In his film acting debut, dancer Nureyev, who has never spoken a line onstage, has plenty to say to his *Valentino* co-star, Michelle Phillips.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE SCHAPIRO

Rudolph Valentino, known as the screen's greatest lover, was no slouch off-camera, either. In the title role of *Valentino*, Nureyev gets to re-create his life-style with a succession of beauties, including (left) a mad tongo with Corol Kane, memorable in *Hester Street*, and (right) newcomer Penelope Milford. Far right and below: Nureyev works that old Valentino magic on Michelle Phillips (of The Mamas and the Papas fame), who ploys his second wife, Notocha Rambova. Valentino, who died in 1926 at the age of 31, apparently left little undone. Nureyev, embarking on a new career in this film, seems destined to match him—in the movie boudoir, at least.





"Twelve o'clock and all's swell!"

riddles and night secrets

from *Le Piacevoli Notti*, by Giovanni Francesco Straparola, 1550

IN 16TH CENTURY ITALY, ladies of gentle birth were expected to be well-spoken and modest in all things—at least in company. But there was one license permitted them when, after dinner, the guests gathered for one of the most popular oral games of the time—the telling of riddles or enigmas. Here follow some of those feminine inventions:

FLORIANA

This is a lady's pretty treasure—
Five fingers' span will tell its measure.
Formed of the softest skin outside.
Within, the warmest nooks reside.
The first attempt could cause some pain,
For entrance then is hard to gain.
But, once the fitting's done with care,
Both large and small can nestle there.

Gentlemen! I am really quite shocked at your answers! Even the most common and ill-bred serving maid would immediately guess that a lady's glove is being described.

LEONORA

It's smooth and firm, with pointed tip,
But shaggy round the verges.
In the dark place, it's put to dip
And moistly then emerges.
'Tis sometimes said that only men
Have properly applied it,
And yet it goes more sweetly when
A lady's hand will guide it.

To those ladies who are blushing and those gentlemen who are roaring with laughter, I have this to say—cannot you recognize the description of a goose-quill pen when it is so plainly put to you?

ARIANA

I saw, one day, a pretty lass
Spread-legged on a bank of grass
And tightly gripping at her front
A thing all long and round and blunt.
Then eagerly to work she went,
With warm and passionate intent
To thrust and pound it to and fro
Until she had a pretty glow
And, with the vigor of her beat,
A pleasant savor for her meat.

La, sir, what an indecent interpretation! I swear that such a thought had never crossed my mind. Plainly, this is a pretty village girl in a meadow hard at work with mortar and pestle to grind up herbs as flavoring for the sauce she intends to make.

LUCREZIA

Two twins we are with plural name,
Though labor together with single aim,
Supplying a vital instrument
To service the ladies and keep them content.
When their fitting is ready and all is plumb,
Clapping together, we stoutly come.

That answer, dear husbands, only goes to show the scurrility of your imaginations, for no such unseemly thing as you suggest is intended. How could you mistake a pair of scissors for dressmaking?

CLARA

She takes it in her rosy lips
And gently plies her art.
And, all the while, he sighs and moans
With wildly beating heart.

No, no! You have failed again, what with your beastly notions. A lady is playing a flute while a gentleman listens—but she plays so badly that he is in torment. And that is all.

—Retold by John G. Dickson

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

There's a free case of C.C. waiting for you on one of the Thousand Islands.

These clues will help you eliminate 999 of them:

Scattered along the St. Lawrence River, the Thousand Islands form a speckled boundary between Ontario and New York State. Since the early 1900's they've been a paradise for millionaires and a playground for sportsmen. And on one of them we buried a case of Canadian Club.

To get that C.C. out of the ground and into a glass, start your scenic search at the Shipyard Museum in the turn-of-the-century village of Clayton, N.Y.

Steer to the starboard side of the island that looks like its got a big arrowhead sticking straight up from it. A couple of dozen islands later, you'll pass an anchor that looks like something hauled up from the *Sir Robert Peel*, a steamer that mysteriously went down in the St. Lawrence. As you round a bend, you'll sight a water tower looming in the distance. Head straight for it. If you spot some latter-day Huck Finns swinging far out on a rope cannonballing into the water...you've gone too far!

Now reverse your course and nudge into the second deserted cove you come to. Congratulations—you're now just a good angler's cast from the lightest, smoothest whisky in 87 lands. Walk toward the middle of a field exactly 119 paces (the same number of years people have been enjoying Canada's favorite Canadian). Now...dig!

But before you set out, remember to bring a few glasses and a big bucket of ice. Because the second your shovel smacks into that buried case, you're going to want to settle down and savor some C.C. right on the spot. And if you can't make it up to the Thousand Islands to go hunting for our buried treasure, why not just head down to the nearest tavern or package store and say, "C.C., please."

Canadian Club®

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1977

LADIES OF JOY

(continued from page 166)

" 'After it's all over and I can't turn a trick, I want to be a hit man . . . a hit person.' "

about what makes a mark tick than a mark will ever know about them.

•

April sits behind the reception desk in a massage parlor in Brooklyn. She wears jeans and a blue T-shirt, both two sizes too small. She is a sweet-voiced, slightly overweight honey blonde from Massachusetts. At 24, she manages what is in effect a whorehouse. The light in her establishment is purplish-orange, with a worn wall-to-wall chartreuse rug. There is a heady, ripe scent in the air, one component of which is Lysol, another stale perfume. One hesitates to imagine the other ingredients. As we talk, Johns enter, pay ten dollars for a "membership" card and then disappear through a curtained passage, their eyes straight ahead, as if in a trance. Inside one of the small linoleum-floored cubicles beyond, they are serviced by one of five girls on duty in net stockings, high heels and no bra.

"Do you know," says April in a breathy voice, eyes bright, "that a lot of men come in here and keep thinking it's really a massage place, where you get a real rubdown? With girls dressed like that! Can you imagine such jerks? If somebody's that dumb, no working girl's about to change his mind. When you got around 200 men coming in your mouth every week, you're sure not about to teach someone new how to do it."

The membership card in April's parlor entitles the John to 10 to 15 minutes alone with a woman. Many men, according to April, come in hunched over with a ready-made hard-on in order not to lose a second. It is because of this brevity of operation that massage parlors are called "fuck factories" in the trade. The masseuse, once alone with the John, extracts further money from him, claiming she is really not supposed to go down on him that way, straddle him like a jockey or perform a "half-and-half"—but she'll make an exception because he's so nice and sexy . . . if he'll just kick in $10 or $15. In a 16-hour day, a masseuse in April's house services around 20 men, earning between $100 and $300.

"The one thing I've learned about men since working here," says April, a serious look descending, "is that they're as filthy as pigs. They don't know any better, maybe, but they literally stink. They probably think whores don't matter, that we have no feelings, but you should get a whiff of some of these boys."

April will turn a trick herself if business at the parlor gets too brisk, and she does private call services on the side. Despite the clear brown eyes and the breathy giggle, April has seen it all. "How did I start? Believe it or not, I started off in life wanting to be a hooker. It was my one ambition when I was a little girl—you know, like somebody wants to be a nurse or a stewardess or something. Maybe it was reading Harold Robbins, but it always seemed a glamorous kind of life to me. My father's a businessman and we always had money at home, so it wasn't, you know, out of hardship or oppression that I got turned out. I was working as a waitress in a doughnut shop in Boston, getting bored, and one day I just came out and asked one of the bus boys, a guy who'd been around, 'Say, you know anybody who'd like to pay to fuck me?' He thought a minute and said yes. It wasn't him, incidentally. He didn't have any money. He set me up with an older man and we did it in a hotel room. Like that. I was nervous and embarrassed and I think I got 25 bucks. I can't remember exactly. . . . But that's how I started."

For a while, April improvised the role of a hooker, trying to do what she'd read and heard a hooker did. She got busted in Boston in short order. Her lawyer got her off and, as part of his fee, took a pound or two of flesh. In time, he sent various colleagues her way and she lived fairly well on the money they slipped under her ashtray. But it wasn't New York; it wasn't the jet-set picture Robbins had painted; it was just a bunch of lawyers, in vests and Brooks Brothers underwear, fucking the bejesus out of her. She went to New York for the big time and fell in with a black pimp in the first bar she went to and he really turned her loose—instructed her in every aspect of the trade, made her fall in love with him, the works. "A pimp cannot love," April says. "No pimp can. Never, ever. The best you can hope for is that he will *like* you. Well, he liked me, but that wasn't good enough in the long run."

That pimp, she says, is the only man she has ever loved. But she loves all animals—cats, dogs, strays, anything on four legs and in need. She could never harm an animal nor abide anyone who could. And April has been known to be extremely understanding to Johns. She now and then services a 40ish civil servant who is so threatened by life that he must pretend he's engrossed by a television program while April slyly removes his penis from his pants, plays with it, then mounts him—as he cranes his neck around her bulk to observe a flickering rerun of *Mary Tyler Moore*. She must pretend throughout that they are not doing it or it will fail. "Poor fellow," she says. "His ex-wife sure did a number on him. He hardly has confidence enough to pee. I hope I'm helping him."

That is what might be called her nice side. Now comes a shocker, the curve ball that all working ladies eventually throw your way. Her eyes still clear, the smile still there, April says:

"Hey, you know what I want to do when I'm finished in the game? After it's all over and I can't turn a trick? I want to be a hit man . . . a hit *person*. I want to snuff people out."

"Why?"

"Somebody's got to do it, because certain people have to be killed. The Mob needs it done. I would be cool and no one would ever suspect me. Would you suspect me? I could knock off damn near anybody . . . it would be exciting!"

•

I find Ronald in a café-bar on Third Avenue in New York, a sweet spring wind wafting through its arched brick windows, a plethora of green hanging plants throughout. Ronald is outfitted in a cream-colored suit with vest and flared trousers. His boots are of a soft black leather, a shade darker than his sharp-featured, mustachioed face. Two women sit on either side of him, both blondes, both mute and unsmiling. They are almost interchangeable. At Ronald's feet lies an Afghan hound that turns a wet muzzle up occasionally for Ronald to toy with. Ronald orders Remy-Martin for himself, tall iced drinks for the ladies, who remain silent. His eyes roam. Black men pass in leather jump suits and similar distinctive apparel, giving slaps on palms and commenting on distant cities and memorable parties, as if this were Newport and they were kicking off the social season. Outside, parked illegally, is Ronald's maroon Jaguar. I first met Ronald in the early Sixties, when I had just moved to New York. He was the superintendent-janitor of my apartment building.

As I approach him now, his face takes on a menacing cast, his slightly bloodshot eyes hard and unblinking. He stares me down, making me feel I had better have nothing in mind to disturb his afternoon peace. I have to keep reminding myself that I have been seeing him sporadically over the years, the last time being when he was in a fistfight with a truck driver out in the middle of the intersection of Sixth Avenue and Greenwich. Before I can speak, his face breaks into a wide smile and I see in the back of his mouth the familiar gaps where he used to have teeth. "Oh, man, yes! Some time! How are things?"

(continued on page 202)

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE...

. . . there's a wide range of succulent eating if you've got one of those new self-basting barbecue-type units

food
By EMANUEL GREENBERG

THE UNITED STATES Surgeon General notwithstanding, smoking is not dangerous to your health—*unless* you're on a regimen that restricts your intake of calories. Because food prepared in one of the smoke cookers introduced on the market recently is irresistibly tender, with a savory woodsy tang and an inviting burnished hue.

These nifty contrivances, perhaps the greatest boon to outdoor *toques blanches* since asbestos mitts, are a definite departure from previous smokers, barbecue pits and the newer domed grills. For one thing, they cook and smoke at the same time; for another, they provide a low, steady, moist heat. Even tougher cuts of beef and lamb are invariably tender when cooked by this method. A smoke cooker is also extremely versatile, accommodating a gratifying range of fare, from trout and game birds to a lusty New England clambake. And it's a rig for all seasons. Come Thanksgiving and Christmas, big, buxom, smoke-scented

Far left: For indoor/outdoor smoke cooking, there's Smoke 'N Pit's electric model that plugs into any 110-volt outlet, by Brinkmann, $99.95. Middle: Here's Brinkmann's standard Smoke 'N Pit; just load it with food, charcoal and liquid, light, and the self-basting process begins, $59.95. Near left: Cook'n Ca'jun's smoker features a heat indicator in handle for correct cooking temperatures, by Bosmon, $70.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

turkeys will grace the menu of many a household; and not just in the South.

What startling revolutionary concept, what technological breakthrough accounts for this great leap forward? Behold, ladies and gentlemen—a simple water pan! Or, more precisely, a pan of water or some other liquid cunningly placed *between* the food and the fire. The secret, it seems, was discovered by studying the techniques of ancient Chinese culinary wizards. Be that as it may, the liquid moderates the heat and generates vapors that slowly cook the food to a marvelous, melting tenderness.

Drippings, herbs, spices, vinegar, wine, cider, beer, bourbon, cola, lemon soda, juices—anything that goes into the pan—lend zest to the vapors that continuously baste the food. Several wood chips on the coals are, of course, the ultimate benediction, adding a tantalizing outdoorsy aroma. Hickory is the most popular wood, but *aficionados* are partial to the nuances of pecan, lemon, apple and cherry. Southwesterners lean to mesquite, Kansans to corncobs and Eric Miller of New York State's Benmarl Winery recommends vine prunings, particularly for fish. Almost any hardwood will do except oily mountain mahogany. And resinous timbers such as pine, fir and cedar should not be used under any circumstances. Sticks about four inches by one inch, or fist-size chunks, burn well. Green wood can go directly onto the fire, but seasoned timber needs presoaking in water—a half hour to an hour is sufficient. Dry pieces and fine sawdust burn off too quickly.

There's a tendency among neophytes to oversmoke, so remember that the wood you choose is a flavoring agent, not a fuel. With experience, you'll learn the degree of pungency agreeable to your taste and it will vary with the item—heavier for trout, lighter for chicken and just a whiff for shrimp. You'll also get the knack of regulating the smoke. For instance, spacing wood chunks across the fuel pan results in a more even, lasting and, therefore, heavier smoke.

While not completely effortless, as the sales hype suggests, smoke cookers need little attention after they're loaded. They can be left untended for long stretches, once you're familiar with the variables and the predilections of your unit.

Charcoal is also a sometime thing, even varying from bag to bag within a single brand. Those made from hardwood, a point indicated on the label, are more dependable. Some instruction manuals advise letting the charcoal burn to gray ash before adding hickory and commencing to cook. It's not a mortal sin, but the cooker gets too hot, too quickly, evaporating the liquid prematurely. As soon as a core of coals is ignited, lay on the drained wood, assemble everything, working rapidly, and cover. The manuals also warn of dire consequences should you uncover during cooking. Lifting the hood every ten minutes is certainly counterproductive, but the penalties of an occasional peek appear to be overstated.

Recipe booklets with tentative cooking time and quantities of coal and liquid required come with each cooker, but they are less than precise. As a very rough rule of thumb, figure that one pound of charcoal will cook one pound of food in one hour. The major brands, Smoke 'N Pit and Cook 'N Ca'jun, both perform well. Cook 'N Ca'jun's segmented design permits easy access to the coal pan and its capacious coal and water pans are a distinct advantage, especially when doing a large roast or a turkey.

A variety of models is available with electric heating units instead of the basic charcoal. There's something to be said for them, particularly if you're performing on a terrace or another relatively enclosed stage. The electrics are cleaner and faster but lack the charisma of the charcoal units. Stackers and rib racks, available as extras, effectively double the capacity of a cooker and are worth buying. While smoking is the unique attraction, smoke cookers can easily be converted to other uses. You can steam a lobster, grill a steak, roast by dry heat, even bake bread in them.

For some reason, the scent of wood smoke brings out the Escoffier in backyard cooks, inducing all sorts of innovative turns. One enthusiast uses his smoke cooker as the theme for a noon-to-night jamboree—pulling a Merlinlike assortment of gastronomic delights out of the magic pot. Over the course of a day—ribs, sausages, onions, ripe olives, oysters, cherry tomatoes, a block of cream cheese or gruyère, mushrooms, almonds, hard-cooked eggs, chicken breasts or legs, a roast or a leg of lamb, a pan of clams, kabobs of all kinds, stuffed ported prunes—everything but the kitchen sink, which, fortunately, doesn't fit.

CHINESE TEA DUCK

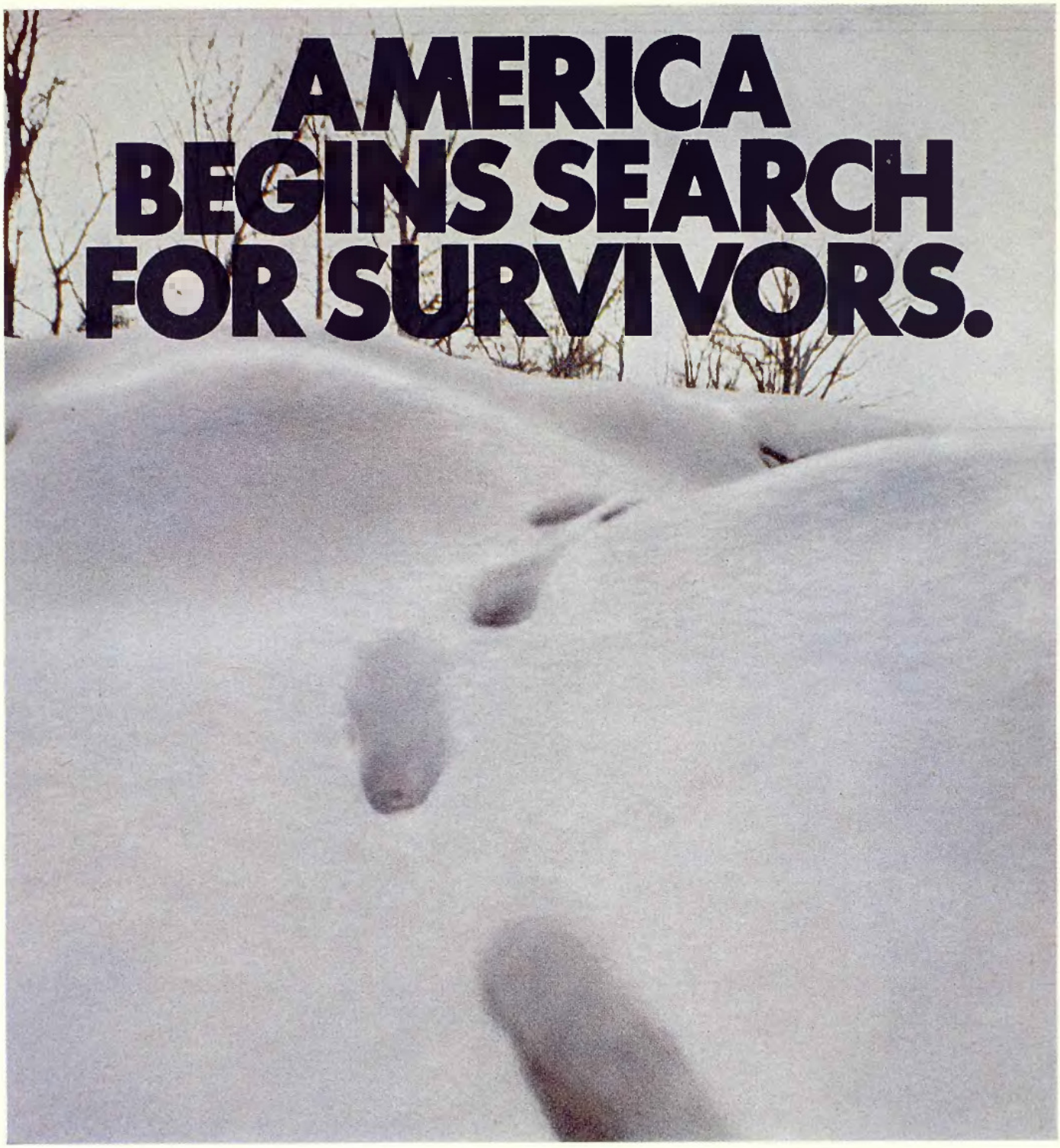
- 4-to-5-lb. duckling (completely thawed, if frozen)
- 2 tablespoons salt
- 1 tablespoon Szechwan peppercorns (or 2 teaspoons black peppercorns), cracked
- 3 tablespoons medium-dry sherry
- 4 slices fresh ginger
- 2 scallions, including green part, cut into 2-in. pieces
- ½ cup tea leaves, black or oolong

Rinse duckling inside and out; wipe dry. Heat salt and pepper in small pan, stirring until salt darkens slightly. Add sherry. Rub mixture into duck, inside and out. Put ginger and scallions in cavity. Place duck in deep plate and cover with dish towel. Place flat plate on top and place something heavy (such as a weight) on it. Refrigerate for 1½ to 2 days. Remove duck from refrigerator, wipe well inside and out with wet cloth. Pat dry, return ginger and scallions to cavity. Start fire in smoker with 6 to 7 lbs. charcoal. When briquettes are ignited, sprinkle with ¼ cup dampened tea leaves. Fill water pan with water and add remaining ¼ cup tea leaves. Put duck on rack. Cover; cook about 6 hours.

Option one: If you like fuller smoke, lay 1 stick hickory or fruitwood on coals.

Option two: Lightly rub duck inside and out with mixture of 1 tablespoon

"That's all very well, but will it kill crab grass?"



They used to be easy to spot.

But today's fashion trend toward the "utilitarian" look has produced a whole new crop of boots designed to look like our Herman SURVIVORS®.

So you'll have to look a little harder for the original SURVIVOR quality, craftsmanship and never-say-die durability that identifies the fine line of boots we've been making in Maine since 1879.

And when you can examine SURVIVORS firsthand and experience the pure, protective comfort they afford your feet, you'll know they were worth the search.

We'll tell you where to find them if you'll write for our color catalog. Joseph M. Herman Shoe Co., Inc., Dept. 61, Millis, MA 02054

HERMAN SURVIVORS®

Boots that never say die.

honey and 1 tablespoon water, or with orange juice, about ½ hour before cooking.

COLD SMOKED TROUT

6 trout
Peanut oil
Salt, pepper, paprika
3 lemons, cut in wedges

Gut trout; wipe dry. Rub inside and out lightly with peanut oil or whatever type you prefer. Sprinkle cavity with salt, pepper and paprika. Place about 3 lemon wedges in row down cavity of each trout. Place fish, belly down, on grill. Cover and cook about 1 hour. If you like heavy smoke, use 3 good-sized sticks hickory with 4 lbs. charcoal and half a pan of water. When slightly cooled, refrigerate. The skin is not particularly appetizing and should be removed before serving. It comes off easily when fish is chilled. To bone, place trout on dinner plate, head facing left and backbone away from you. Remove head and tail. Steady fish with spoon and run fork or fish knife along entire length of backbone. Gently flip top fillet over with spoon and fork or knife and lift away bone structure. Garnish plate with water cress and lemon. Serve with horseradish sauce.

BUTTER-BASTED SMOKED SHRIMPS

(Delicious with cocktails or white wine and as the first course for a fine dinner.)

1 lb. large shrimps, shelled and deveined
¼ cup butter, melted
1 clove garlic, crushed
½ teaspoon dried thyme
Juice of ½ lemon
2 dashes Tabasco

Arrange shrimps in single layer in large piepan or improvise pan from heavy-duty aluminum foil. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over shrimps. Place pan on rack in smoker. Be careful not to overcook or oversmoke: 35–40 minutes should be sufficient and 1 stick hickory will generate enough smoke. For very delicate smoke, let hickory burn about 20 minutes before placing shrimps in cooker.

Neat trick: You can also cook shrimps on grill. First, marinate them in seasoned-butter mixture about ½ hour. Cross two grills, with rods running at right angles to each other, to form mesh. Lay marinated shrimps on top and proceed as above.

STUFFED GAME HENS

2 Cornish game hens or squabs
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 teaspoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons Scotch whisky (preferably single malt)
Salt, pepper to taste
2 tablespoons butter
1 small onion, chopped
2 game-hen gizzards, sliced
1½ cups diced white bread
4 mushrooms, chopped
4 water chestnuts, sliced
⅔ cup milk
Salad oil

Marinate birds in mixture of soy, brown sugar, Scotch, salt and pepper for about 1 hour. Baste inside and out with mixture several times during the hour. Let dry in air while you prepare stuffing: Heat 2 teaspoons butter and sauté onion and gizzards until browned. Add remaining butter and when just melted, remove pan from heat. Stir in bread, mushrooms, water chestnuts, milk, salt and pepper. Stuff hens lightly with mixture; close openings; skewer or tie legs together. Brush skins with oil. Add remaining marinade to water pan with about 4 quarts water. Cooking time is about 3½ hours and requires 5 to 6 lbs. charcoal and 2 to 3 sticks hickory.

GOLDEN BUTTERFISH

8 fresh butterfish, heads and tails on
3 tablespoons salt
4 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon sugar
2½ cups cold water
Oil
Fresh rosemary or dill (optional)
2 lemons, in thin slices

Combine salt, vinegar and sugar with water; stir until dissolved. Immerse fish in brine cure; refrigerate 24 hours. Before cooking, pat dry inside and out and rub lightly with oil. Tuck sprig fresh rosemary or dill and couple of lemon slices in small cavity. This small fish takes to smoke, so try it first time with 3 sticks hickory or combination of hickory and vine prunings, if available. Cook about 1 hour. Serve with lemon wedges and green mayonnaise.

HICKORY-SMOKED BEAN CASSEROLE

6 ozs. cooked ham, diced
3 1-lb. cans beans in tomato sauce
3 to 4 tablespoons mustard
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
2 dashes Worcestershire, or to taste
3 dashes Tabasco, or to taste
4 tablespoons chopped scallion greens or onions
1 tablespoon dark molasses

Brown ham quickly in skillet. Combine with other ingredients in heatproof casserole. Smoke-cook for 1½ to 2 hours while doing something else, such as beef roast, pork loin, chicken or pastrami.

Note: Manufacturers' brochures suggest placing casseroles on bottom rack, below roasts. This is not recommended, as you just might end up with your beans swimming in grease.

Operating a smoke cooker has been compared to a religious experience. "You just take it on faith." Happily, your trust is amply rewarded, because most things seem to work out beautifully. We'd say those venerable Chinese hash slingers were really on to something good.

"What's it gonna be, mister, head or tail?"

TOM MIX WOULD HAVE LOVED IT!

COLORADO SAGE. BOLD, HONEST, HEROIC. A GENUINE FRAGRANCE OF THE AMERICAN WEST.

For the name of the store nearest you that sells Colorado Sage, call toll-free: (800) 321-9985. For a 22" x 28" blow up poster of Tom Mix, plus a sample of Colorado Sage, send $1.00 with your return address to: Jess Bell, Inc., P.O. Box 39789, Denver CO 80239.

IT'S A CRIME *(continued from page 124)*

"Reasonably good imitations can pass in public, but they won't escape detection for long."

on the other. In raid after raid on counterfeiting plants, Secret Service agents arrive in the nick of time—because, after all, they have been there all along, with informants and undercover agents (of late, even with concealed TV cameras)—and whopping numbers of bogus bills are confiscated before a single note hits the street. In this recurring scenario, the hapless crooks are standing beside their piles of freshly printed currency with egg—or ink—all over their faces. We are left to conclude, by the headlines, that (A) the Secret Service is doing a swell job, (B) most counterfeiters are bunglers and fools and/or (C) enforcing the law successfully is easier when you orchestrate the breaking thereof. There is truth in all conclusions, but not enough of it.

You might say that we have entered the realm of unreality. In the Los Angeles case, the seizure-versus-passed rate was exactly $8,300,000 to zero. Fine, wonderful; except that this large seizure of fake money along with scores of other, similar biggies—had absolutely no chance of becoming part of the mass of bogus currency actually sold or passed. While Americans are getting stuck for millions of dollars because of counterfeit bills, our "major Southland conspiracy" came and went with no effect on anything but the reputation of the Secret Service.

The reality is that new counterfeiting operations spring up almost every day (between 200 and 300 per year) and that, despite the high seizure rate, many rings get their bills into the hands of suppliers and passers without being caught. The most professional backers, who hire and finance the printers, get away free. The situation is a tug of war between the agents and the counterfeiters in which effective enforcement is inexorably losing ground. With color copiers by 3M and Xerox making their appearance, the rope seems destined to snap, leaving us in new, unchartered territory for what has been, historically, a first-rate national menace.

•

Accepted wisdom has it that no counterfeiter can make a perfect bill to match those issued by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Reasonably good imitations can pass in public, but they won't escape detection for long. It is said, therefore, that counterfeiting is one crime whose fruits all flow back to the Government, so that the extent of its damage can be measured. A fake note might change hands a few times, but if it slips through detection at one of the commercial banks, it then goes to one of the 37 offices of the Federal Reserve System through which much of our currency keeps flowing. At the New York Federal Reserve Bank, where more than $70,000,000 in cash is handled daily, counters pick out about 80 bogus bills per day, mostly fives and twenties. Says Jack Holtzhower, in charge of the Secret Service Counterfeit Division: "The people in those Federal offices are very good at spotting bad bills. It's almost impossible for any amount of counterfeit money to go undetected by them and get back into circulation."

So the Secret Service's annual passed figure is extremely reliable, unless you listen to those who think it's only the tip of the iceberg and that, in fact, our currency is polluted with as-yet-undetected, quality counterfeits. If so, there has been no damage from them yet. Once they are discovered, however, all holders of such spurious notes would suffer the losses. Vast quantities of them could create a massive, sudden calamity with at least grave psychological consequences. Whether or not that potential disaster has already been set in motion by some ultraperfectionist counterfeiters, using some miraculous technique, cannot be known for a fact. If it ever comes to light, however, the Federal Reserve has a large, undisclosed amount of currency locked away in a vault in Culpepper, Virginia. This money is stored as part of emergency planning for war or nuclear attack —so why not for an unexpected counterfeiting blitz?

Counterfeit money is like a hot potato changing hands until the last passer gets stuck for its amount. If you wind up with, say, a bogus $20 bill and the cashier of a supermarket spots it as you hand it over, the cops are called and the Secret Service interviews you and, of course, you're out the 20 bucks. If the cashier accepts the bill, the local bank will probably pick it out and the store, as last passer, loses. Local banks also find themselves with the hot potato if they accept counterfeit money without knowing who gave it to them. (Some cynics insist that banks seldom admit to getting stuck and somehow "find" the bill in someone's night deposit.)

And with that kind of damage growing each year, there are signs now that the service may be considering a new, more comfortable yardstick: measuring the counterfeit money passed against genuine currency in circulation. Ah, relief. Let us listen to Holtzhower:

"We don't like to use seizures as a barometer of counterfeiting activity. The important factor is how much money is actually passed to the public. It's a very serious problem of enforcement"—that word again—"but if you put it into perspective, as to its impact on you as a citizen, I'm not sure you've got a story. There's something like 85 billions of dollars in real money out there, while last year the counterfeiters successfully passed only $3,400,000 worth of bad bills in this country. Now, that's really a small percentage. We're talking about an average daily pass of only $9000 in counterfeit currency. Compared with that portion of the 85 billion dollars that changes hands each day, that's nothing. So I don't think the average citizen has to worry about it. For example, when is the last time you heard the word counterfeiting in your social or business circles? Have you ever heard of anybody who got stuck for having counterfeit money? Do you bother to look at your cash to tell if it's good or bad? The average citizen would answer no, I think. So if you're trying to show that this is a criminal conspiracy with tremendous impact on the American public, I don't think you can. I'd say that we're suffering more losses from stolen hubcaps."

(Another argument might be that the 85 billion dollars in currency still represents only a fraction of the nation's money supply—that an additional 238 billion dollars is in checking accounts. If you include other forms of savings, a broader definition of money supply would give you a figure of 774 billion dollars, making the currency factor even more insignificant. On the other hand, as long as we're back in the world of illusion, why not include the gross national product and get up in the trillion zone? We could eliminate all real money altogether and fake our way along.)

But Holtzhower's position tends to overlook the regional nature of counterfeit money's harmful effects. In the late Sixties, for example, the black population of Watts in California was targeted for distribution (by black counterfeiters) for the first time. Bogus tens and twenties began to appear in bank deposits of local merchants, who got charged for the value. A group of store owners then voted to refuse all $20 bills. For them, the losses were severe and, soon after, the currency in Watts was in crisis. Faith in its integrity had been lost while $300,000 worth of the phony bills had been passed in that area alone. For operators of small businesses, especially in low-income neighborhoods, such beatings can spell disaster.

"That's where it hurts," says Carmine Motto, the legendary undercover agent for the Secret Service who retired in 1970, after more than 20 years of anticounterfeiting work. "Sure," he argues, "they give you that line about the billions of good currency in circulation and how a few million bucks' worth of counterfeit is too

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diluted to make an impact—but it's like arsenic. Put a drop of poison in a tub of water and it won't do any harm, maybe, but how about that same drop in a small glass? Well, it'll kill you. So, for the poor slob who gets stuck with a counterfeit note, it's not diluted at all. That's the key here. It can really do a number on a small area. Once a batch of bad bills starts flooding a town, or one section of a city, the whole place is in an uproar. Ten counterfeit notes can be an epidemic. Because, see, the merchants stop accepting people's money. Or they become so cautious—they want to examine each bill—that business slows down to a crawl. Now, to the store owners, every $20 bill looks bad. They've lost faith in the currency; they don't want to get stuck. So now they're getting their customers angry, one way or another.

"And let's say the storekeeper thinks he spots a counterfeit bill. OK, so he holds the customer until a cop arrives. Now the cop is no longer on the beat, fighting crime the way he should be. The storekeeper says, 'Officer, this person here just handed me one of those queer bills that've been going around.' Well, the cop looks at the note and tries to see for himself. And if he's like most cops, he doesn't know a damn thing about counterfeit. He has no way of knowing for certain if it's good or bad. But the more he examines it, the more suspicious it seems. So he hauls the customer down to the police station and the Secret Service goes over. Suddenly, it's determined that the bill is, in fact, a *good* one. So now the customer sues the cop for false arrest! Multiply that situation by a dozen others and you've got a panic situation. All from the concentration of activity in that one area.

"What did you say the passed figure is now?—$3,400,000? I remember when the amount passed was under 100 grand. That so-called insignificant figure is an awful lot of arsenic if it's dropped in specific places. It's dangerous."

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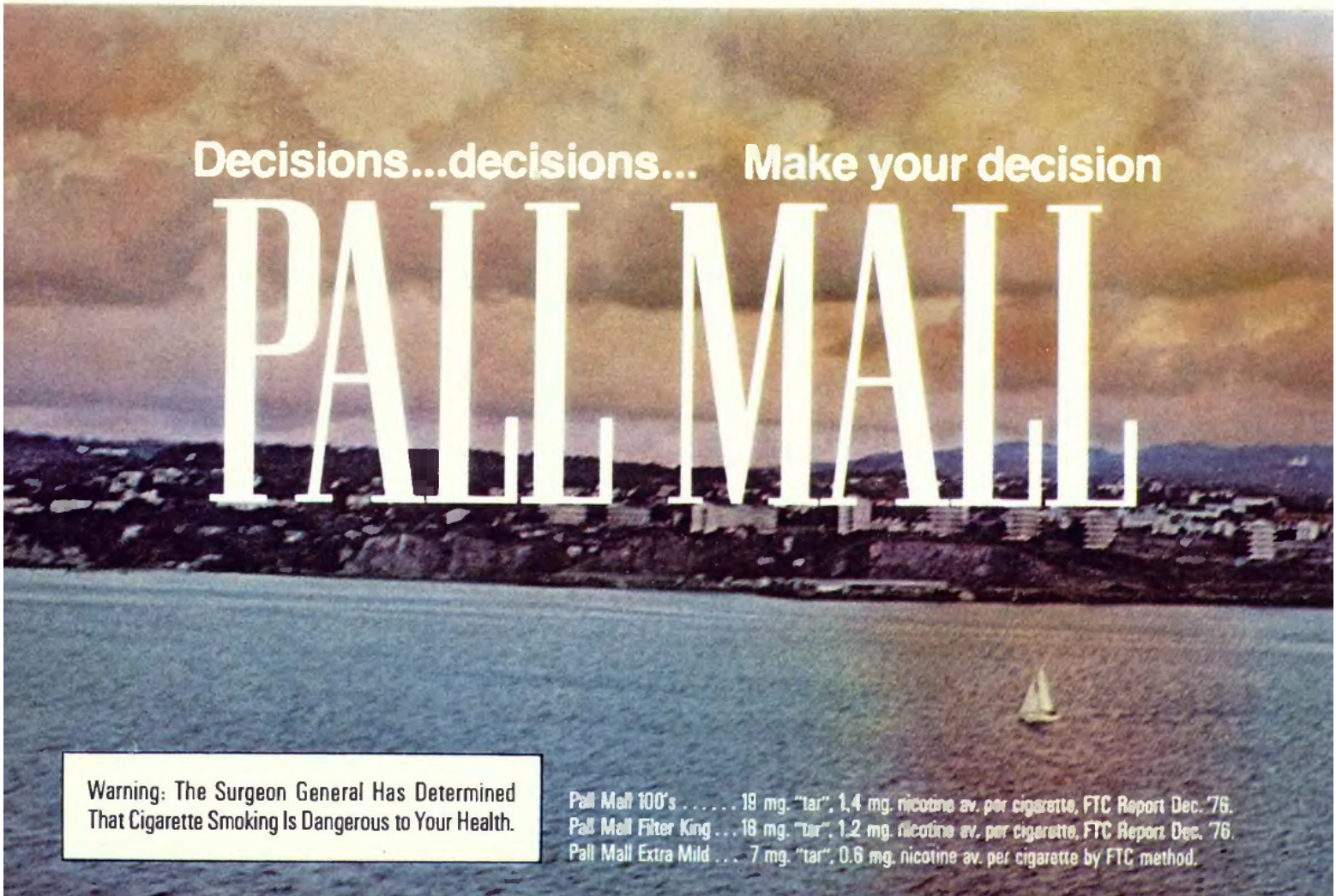
Over the entire decade ending in 1958, Carmine Motto was virtually the sole Secret Service undercover agent assigned to major counterfeiting cases in all of the United States. Working out of the New York office, he was farmed out to colleagues who needed his services. He was always catching planes to Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit and points West, dropping into the area where bogus bills were circulating, doing his thing as a roper who could pose as a bad guy, make a deal for purchase of fake money and split just as the bust was going down. Motto knew all the criminal talk, the right language, and he even could find people back East to vouch for him as a hoodlum to be trusted. Mostly, though, he simply played his role to the hilt and convinced his victims by himself.

"I never did anything they wanted me to do," Motto says. "If they asked to see my money up front, I'd say, 'What, are you crazy?' Also, I'd play down my own importance. They'd say, 'What are your connections? Give us names.' I'd say, 'Oh, you want names? Well, let's see—Lucky Luciano, Frank Sinatra, John Wayne. . . .' And they'd come back with, 'What are you, a wise guy?' My answer was, 'Look, I'm 90 percent legit and ten percent a thief.' Most of the time they bought it."

(An agent often poses as a con man or wheeler-dealer type who can use large amounts of counterfeit currency for bank frauds in the United States or abroad. A typical conversation involves the counterfeiter's challenge, "What are you gonna do with $500,000 worth of bad bills?" And the reply, "Oh, I got a crooked banker, see, and he can put it in a vault. We'll pull a switch, so I get some good cash in return. So whatever you print, I'll take it off your hands." Motto says that his best line was to say the counterfeit was going overseas, because that meant the bills would never surface in this country. He would come on with a story that he was working a deal for diamonds in Africa or narcotics in Marseilles—in other words, he supposedly was



going to swindle other crooks.)

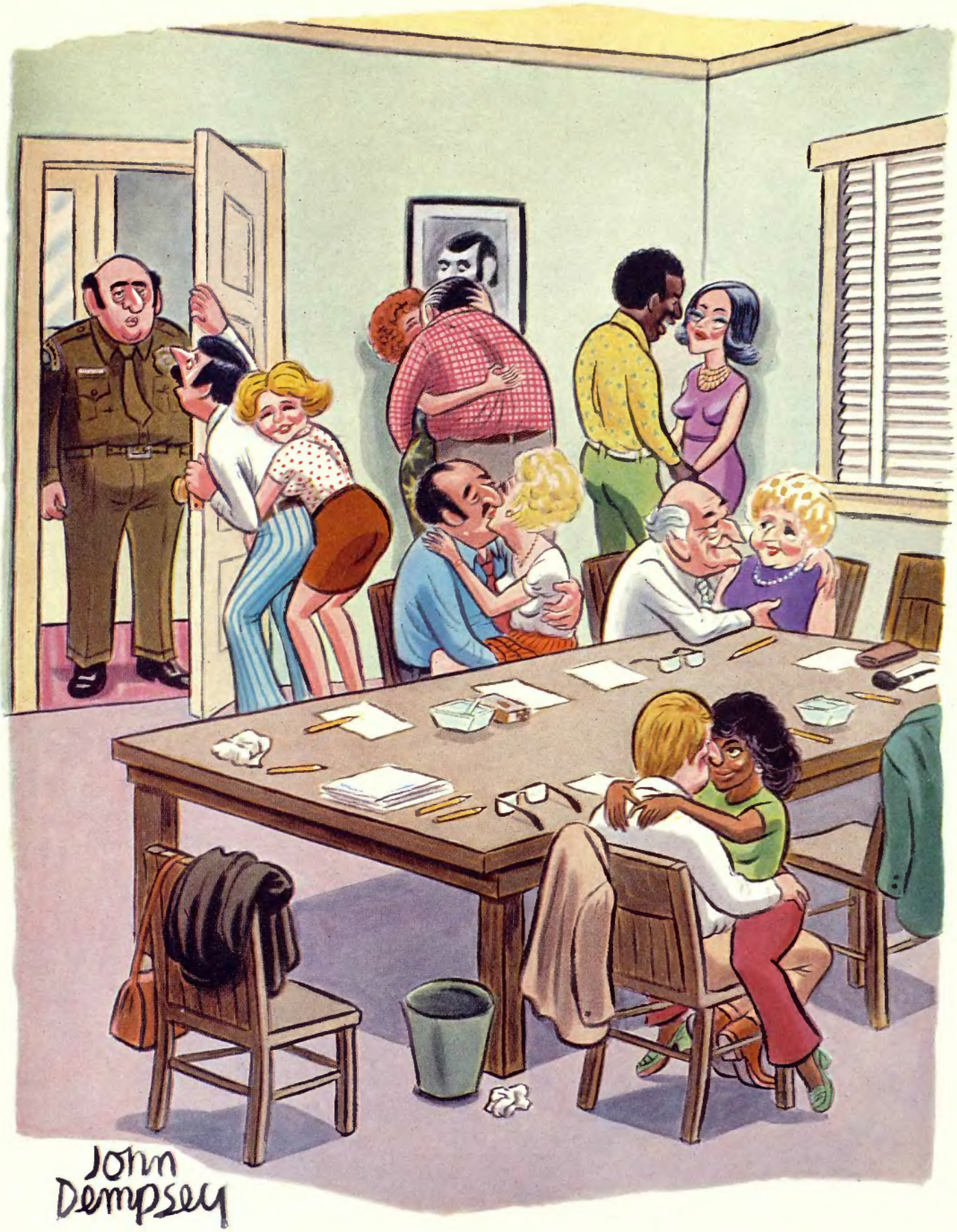
But in the Thirties and Forties, before counterfeiting began to run wild because of photoengraving breakthroughs, only a few craftsmen could turn out passable bills, using magnifying glasses and painstakingly etching their designs onto steel plates. One error meant they had to start over. A skilled man needed about six months to prepare a suitable plate. Then, without high-speed presses, it took him weeks to print substantial amounts. His style as an artist could be recognized at the Treasury and his distribution channels tended to be localized. He dealt only with a small circle of known crooks as his middlemen, to whom he could unload the bills with safety. For Motto, therefore, the job of working his way into those circles was equally painstaking. "I sweated blood to make a $10,000 buy," he recalls. "We once made a case for $500 and the boss threw a party. Now the figures are astronomical."

The entire production of counterfeit money in 1953, for example, was less than $300,000. By today's standards, that's a minuscule figure for a single seizure. In the late Fifties and early Sixties, the first stage of the new technology began to have an immediate impact. Almost anyone could make phony bills that could get into circulation.

It could be done during a lunch hour. A counterfeiter photographed the bill in two sections, attached the negatives to chemically presensitized plates and inserted the result into a duplicator. He then set a timer, pressed his developer button and, five minutes later, he was ready to print any number of notes. The equipment was easily purchased for a few thousand dollars or rented for just hundreds. There were some 28,000 small offset shops in the country, including more than 400,000 individuals employed by the printing trade, all of whom had become potential counterfeiters overnight and whose services could possibly be bought. Most printers could not resist the temptation to "shoot a bill" to see how it would come out. It almost always came out well. The phrase doing money became a standard part of the printer's lingo: "If business goes bad, we can always do a little money on the side." A joke, of course—but many did do some money. They used their own shops or rented storefronts with secondhand machines, copying cameras and plates. All they needed in addition was some good-grade bond paper along with black and green ink. Their work was not ultrahigh in quality. But many of the defects that had plagued earlier craftsmen—amateurish lettering and unrealistic portraits of Lincoln and Jackson—were avoided. The explosion came.

In 1961, Congress approved about $5,000,000 extra to add 38 Secret Service agents. That same year, Motto was involved in the first $1,000,000 seizure, in Detroit. Counterfeiting spread so sharply in the Northeast that a special detail of agents was formed, with Motto himself in charge for nine years. More and more men were required. Agents made buys from middlemen, while ringleaders often dismantled their machines and fled. One operation flooded New York City with ten-dollar bills in the fall of 1961. Within two months, several thousand notes were passed at a rate of $4000 to $5000 a week. Grayish in color, printed on poor paper, the bogus currency was still good enough to deceive even bank tellers. Finally, an agent managed to buy $25,000 from a wholesaler who then led the service to a Brooklyn apartment with a stash worth $2,000,000. The following year, agents confiscated $3,000,000 printed by amateurs who had used the basement duplication center of a small California college.

A new era had begun. With mass air travel, bogus currency could appear overnight all across the country. One Cleveland-based ring printed up only $250,000, but 35 distributors were carefully recruited. Each was sent to a different city, with instructions to find smalltime peddlers who would sell the bills again, on commission, to passers. By the time the Secret Service was able to catch up with the organizers, some $74,000 had been



"No verdict yet. By the way, when do we get locked up for the night?"

circulated in 33 states. Director Rowley would later warn Congress that "the counterfeiter has become more business-oriented than his predecessor. He has decided that to obtain a higher and quicker profit, he must accept a higher risk. He now deals directly with more people upon whom he has collected less background data than the more provincial counterfeiter of the past." This has led to a complete change from the super-sleuth days of Motto. Now, according to the Secret Service, almost any agent with ingenuity can go undercover. Arrests have steadily grown in number, as well, simply because more people have become willing to try to pass bad money. In 1965, the service made 723 arrests (mostly for passing); the figure was 1785 for 1975. (Sentences range from a few days to 30 years. The conviction rate is above 90 percent. One complaint of the service is that the passer often gets a stiffer sentence than the printer, because the former tends to have a prior arrest record, while the printer, as Holtzhower puts it, "might be a white-collar guy who never did anything before—no black marks on him. He's an upstanding citizen, and so forth. So he's liable to get probation. But the number of people arrested for passing the notes that this guy made and the total sentences that all those people got are often startling. It seems unjust. You might have 40 people in jail, serving time for passing stuff produced by a guy who never sees the inside of a cell.") In all, over the past decade, the counterfeiters of America have produced $242,000,000 worth of fake currency, of which $31,000,000 has been successfully passed—and, therefore, lost—to individuals, merchants and banks. It is no wonder that the strain of enforcement has started to show.

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Incredible as it may seem, the Secret Service calculates that only three or four major counterfeiting conspiracies—plants operating with effective distribution—are in business at the moment. That handful doesn't sound so small, however, once you hear some agents insist that "if there were just 25 or 30 plants like those, we couldn't cope with the situation. There'd be trouble flaring up all over, out of control." In the field of counterfeiting, then, distribution separates the men from the boys. Under that guideline, the Los Angeles plant, with its $8,300,000, was just a baby. As Holtzhower admits, "A high percentage of the counterfeit we seize is produced by those who don't have the ability to get it off the ground." Lots of small, unsophisticated operations print far more than they can unload, which is where so many big raids and confiscations come into the picture. But those aren't the significant cases. The dangerous conspiracy, Holtzhower readily acknowledges, is one that gets its bills sold to wholesalers and then to distributors and, finally, down to passers on the street, before the plant can be suppressed. Once a ring has got its notes into circulation, the agents have to start with the passers whom they arrest and try to work backward, often through a labyrinth, to the source. (A typical pattern: Wholesalers buy from the counterfeiters at 12 percent of face value; the notes are resold, in turn, to distributors for 25 percent; and then consignments to street-level passers are made for 35 percent.)

At the present time, an average of $35,000 per week is being passed in the New York City area alone, about $7000 per week in Los Angeles. (In one night a while back, at least $3400 in counterfeit $100 bills was wagered at Yonkers Raceway in New York.) For any one counterfeit operation, the Secret Service might arrest hundreds of passers and suppliers before getting to the source. "One successful operation can upset the whole apple-cart," admits Al Whitaker, former longtime agent in charge of the New York office.

It is no wonder, then, that in the late summer of 1974, agents of the Los Angeles office reacted (overreacted?) when word came that some men were discussing just the *possibility* of making counterfeit $100 bills in large bulk. The trick is to move fast. As director Rowley noted a few years back, "There haven't been any marked improvements in the recent techniques of counterfeiters, except that they can produce bogus money much more rapidly by using today's high-speed presses. They can turn out a finished product, in some quantity, almost overnight." Presses now produce up to 5000 impressions per hour.

(In the spring of 1976, New York agents kept watch on a printing plant in the Bronx while five amateur counterfeiters labored to make a huge amount—$18,000,000 in $100 bills—over a single weekend, in rented quarters. By early Sunday morning, when $3,000,000 worth of the bills had been completed, the men sold their first $100,000 worth to a distributor. At that point, the Feds couldn't let the press keep rolling any longer—thereby missing out on a new, all-time seizure record—and moved in.)

By the early Seventies, $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 seizures were common. In 1971, one edition of ten-dollar notes began appearing up and down the East Coast. The service threw in a dozen undercover agents. A deal with a supplier yielded $400,000 and one man's arrest. By the time agents got to the press, only scraps of evidence remained. Eight men were charged with manufacturing, financing and distributing the notes and 144 others were arrested for passing them; but in two years' time, some $523,000 worth of those ten-dollar bills had been spent. A plant in Philadelphia, that same year, introduced $434,000 worth of $20 bills into circulation. And in 1972, the service reached a new seizure record with $6,200,000 at a plant in Soddy, Tennessee.

It was clear, once and for all, that novices with good distribution could become major conspirators in a hurry. Organized crime has little to do with it, either, one reason being that the Mob itself is a business, dealing in genuine currency, with no more interest in deflating the value of the dollar than the President has. As a result, counterfeiters are still loners. The most effective group hires a printer who does the manufacturing job for a flat rate. The group then offs its product and gets out after a one-shot killing. In those cases, the service relies heavily on the graphic-arts trade for early information in the form of tips. Suspicious purchases of machines, paper and ink—especially those paid for in cash—are often reported. But the agents are like firemen trying to get to the fire before it starts. In the Los Angeles case, they even helped strike the match.

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"The bad guys were strictly amateurs," agent Powis admits. "They were up against it and were looking to make the big score just once."

An informant apparently walked into the local FBI office, reported the potential counterfeiting crime and was referred to the Secret Service. The undercover agent who was assigned to the case has been described by Alex Loebig, a Federal Public Defender, as "their ace in Los Angeles. He's made a whole career out of duping counterfeiters. He's a smooth operator, a sly fox who stays right in this area. He just goes on and on, from one operation to another."

The agent asked the informant for an introduction to one of the potential counterfeiters. When the meeting took place, the informant backed into the woodwork and disappeared. According to Bernard Winsberg, a defense attorney, the agent then "came on like a big man from the East, and from then on, he called the whole shot. He said, 'My people want more.' But the counterfeiters didn't *want* to make more."

According to Holtzhower in Washington, "We naturally wanted to be the sole buyer, so we put in an order for all they could supply."

"I think that in this instance, the Secret Service really created a case," Winsberg asserts. "It's true that these clowns were ready, but I doubt very much if, in their wildest imagination, they had ever thought about making that much counterfeit money. They said, 'We don't have any paper.' The agent said, 'My people will get you the paper.' They said, 'We don't have the printing press.' He said, 'All right, we'll get you that, too. And if you don't have the ink, we'll get you the ink.' When the group wanted to see the bread up front, the service flashed

FUNNY MONEY

Overblown stereotypes often contain a kernel of hard, and amusing, truth, and those that pertain to counterfeiting are no exceptions. The bumbling counterfeiter who makes the most obvious mistake imaginable is typified in the 1950 movie *Mister 880*, in which Edmund Gwenn portrays a "generous and guileless old man who eks out a very modest living" by printing just enough highly dubious one-dollar bills, complete with misspelled "Wasihngton," to buy bread. The movie, however charming, was based on a real-life incident in which Emerich Juettner (880 was his Secret Service case number) actually did mint atrocious homemade fakes and elude the Feds for years.

But compared with Mr. 880, some other counterfeiters seem like retarded chimpanzees. It's been estimated that a third of all the paper money in circulation back in the 1850s was fake, a lot of it so bad it became known as shinplasters, because Civil War soldiers used the bills for bandages. New York State bank notes with the seal of Michigan turned up. Reversed letters and mismatched serial numbers abounded.

Perhaps the ultimate in *chutzpah* was the New Yorker who put out a circular advertising the fact that he had fake money to sell. He went on at great length about its high quality and concluded by listing his address.

In more recent days, half dollars have appeared with all the letters in reverse order and engraved rather than embossed. Collectors also cherish examples like the ten-dollar bill with an extra zero penciled in and passed for a hundred.

Francis Leroy Henning is another story. A prosperous engineer, he invested over $30,000 in equipment to make counterfeit nickels, even going so far as to get a job servicing vending machines so he could explain all the nickels that went into his bank account. Not only would it have taken him over half a million nickels just to break even but he omitted a mint mark and a bank teller spotted the error early in Henning's career.

Even the oldest joke in counterfeiting, that of the man who made such bad copies that a judge ruled that no one could mistake them for real money, is true. In a 1971 California case, charges were dismissed against Rondal Leroy Nobles, who had passed a $1000 novelty note with UNITED STATES OF ANEMIA across the top. The judge said that the notes "did not have a likeness of U. S. currency."

Some counterfeiters just can't stand prosperity. Some funny-money men were nabbed recently with $400,000, which they had refused to sell to a wholesaler (who could have got rid of it in small batches). Instead, they drove into dusty farm towns buying tubes of tooth paste with new 20s and finally bought several rounds of drinks in a bar with three identically numbered bills. The bartender, becoming suspicious, asked the half-plastered paper passers where they were staying and they obligingly gave him the name of their motel to relay to police.

Finally, there is the man in the early 1900s who turned out perfect copies of 1899 silver certificates—perfect except for the dot he put on the ear lobe of the Indian on the front of the bill. "Why," asked the Secret Service after his capture, "did you make such an obvious error?" "Well," he said, "I wanted to make sure I didn't get any of my own money back by mistake."

—TOM PASSAVANT

Counterfeiters come and go, but ineptness is eternal. An 1860 dollar bill (right) was altered to become a 100.

But the words ONE DOLLAR remain on the kited note (left). Maybe the intended victims were limited to other illiterates.

Whea Secret Service director H. Stuart Knight appeared before Congress in January of 1975, requesting appropriations, $250,000 worth of real money. So they printed, the Secret Service busted them, then went on television."

But Holtzhower explains, "We were told by the first suspect with whom we came into contact that the bills were being printed by a printer unknown to us, who was seeking buyers. We had to either offer a proposition that allowed us to keep control of all the counterfeit or step out and wait for it to happen. They wanted $25,000 for the printer to set up a plant. Our undercover agent said, 'No, we're not going to front that amount for anybody. But my people *will* supply a printing press and the paper.' So he got a rented press. When it was installed, we could set up surveillance."

"My feeling," says Loebig, "is that they never would have gotten off the ground without the Secret Service."

In the pretrial motion heard in January 1975, in U. S. district court in Los Angeles, the four men maintained that they tried to back out of the crime, but the agent "threatened retribution." They also said that he asked for $8,000,000 "in order to make history." Both points were denied by the service.

After all of the defendants pleaded guilty, Judge Matt Byrne sentenced three of them to five years but suspended all but six months. The fourth man got ten days. "Judge Byrne really agonized over it," Winsberg says. "It came down to the fact that these guys had been willing to do it." In April 1976, the Supreme Court ruled five to three that it is constitutional to convict someone for selling contraband, such as drugs, even when undercover agents supply it and then purchase it, as long as the suspect was "predisposed" to making the transaction. In dissent, Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., wrote, "Where the Government's agent deliberately sets up the accused by supplying him with contraband and then taking him to another agent acting as a potential purchaser, the Government's role has passed the point of toleration. The Government is doing nothing less than buying contraband from itself through an intermediary and jailing the intermediary."

The Secret Service, of course, can argue that it never supplied the "contraband" but just the tools and ingredients, all of which can be legally purchased, for the production of counterfeit money. But if our "predisposed" counterfeiters in Los Angeles had never received all that assistance or got such a huge purchase order from the agent, would they have gone ahead with any of their daydreams? Does not the case reflect more on the state of "enforcement" of counterfeiting laws than on the crime of those bungling paupers?

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SAMPLES OF THE COUNTERFEITER'S ART

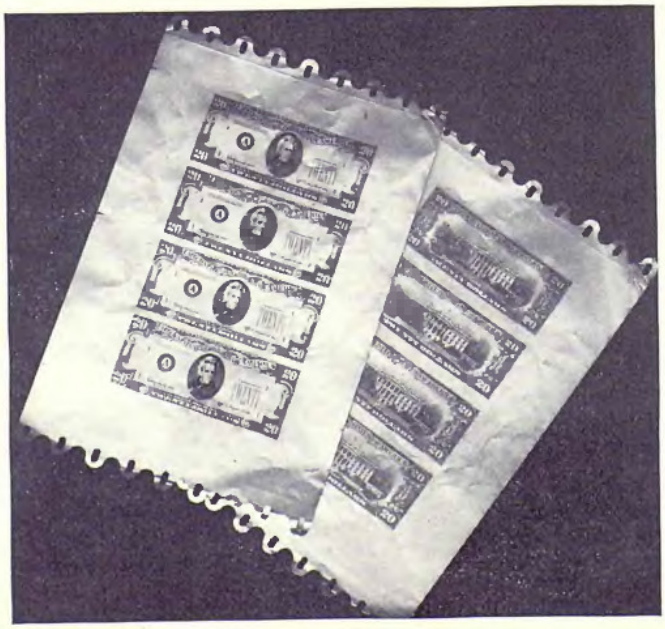
This 20 was made with honey, lampblack and Jack Daniel's. A single bill sometimes took an entire day to produce. As the Secret Service would say: Why bother?

Another classic case of art imitating the United States Treasury Department: This 100 is an original drawing, honest. (P.S.: The other side had to be drawn, too.)

This forger was more pragmatic but no less inventive. This was a single, which he bleached white, then printed the new denomination over the old to get excellent quality.

Though easily recognizable by the trained eye as fake, bills produced by offset lithography are quite passable. Below are some plates that were seized by the Secret Service. They were made by a simple method involving photographs of real bills.

The $250,000 below is considered of poor quality. At first glance it may seem real, but a close look at seals and portrait backgrounds reveals blurred and uneven printing. Comparison with a genuine bill shows a remarkable difference in "depth."



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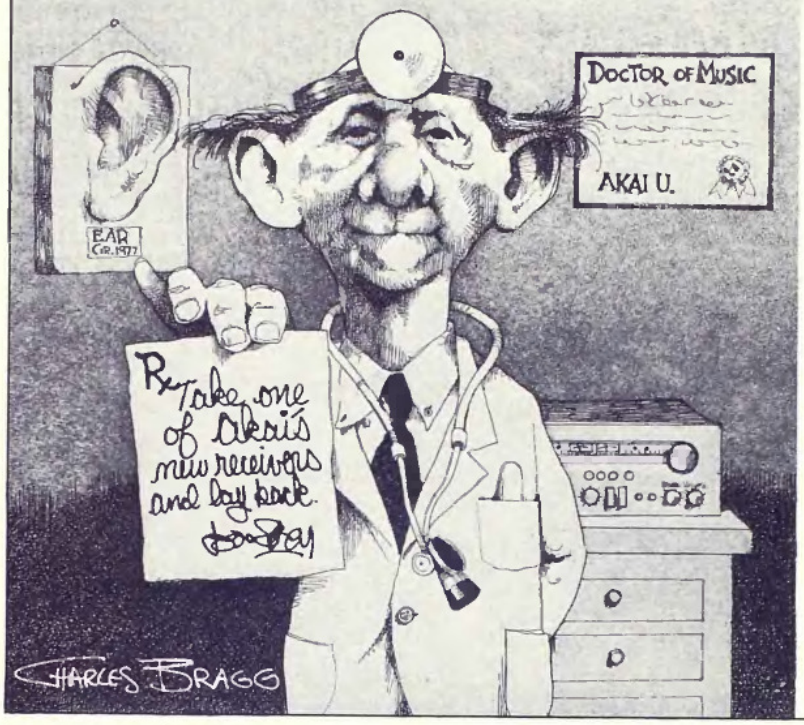

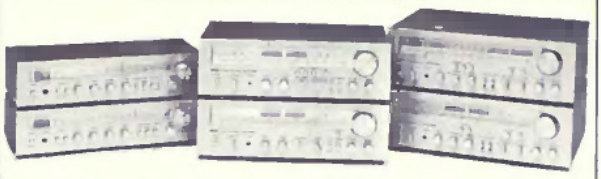

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he was asked very little about counterfeiting. The only significant exchange involved the fact that while the $20 bill was still the counterfeiters' favorite denomination, the $50 note has replaced the ten-dollar note as the second most popular. It was also noted that 30 percent of the loss to the public was from $100 denominations. Inflation had made it easier to pass them.

Ho hum. . . . But two months later, in March, another milestone in counterfeiting history was reached. In Southfield, Michigan, an unemployed pharmacist sneaked into a Xerox Corporation building and, using the color copier, printed up $1,031,097 worth of bills in all denominations. And so it has happened. It took him several nights and much tiptoeing past the guards; he used regular Xerox paper instead of rag bond ("I saw it," Whitaker says, "You'd have to have a lot of balls to pass it"); and when he went to spend one of his bills, he was caught by the store clerk; but in the grand scheme of things, this culprit can be entered into the almanac as a certified pioneer.

The Secret Service stays in touch with both Xerox and 3M, but Holtzhower wryly observes that "the time is going to come when you can drive a four-door Pontiac through one end of a Xerox machine and get two four-door Pontiacs out the other end." Companies do have a natural inclination to keep building bigger or better machines (a do-it-at-home kit for copying $50 bills?); and the color copiers are getting more sophisticated all the time, even to the point where they can use any sort of paper. (No counterfeiter uses the real paper, anyway. Only Crane & Company of Dalton, Massachusetts, is authorized to make the paper for U. S. currency. The U. S. Government uses a special blend of rag bond: three fourths cotton, the rest linen. There is no wood pulp involved and no brighteners are used, giving the paper an off-white color. Still, there is some paper being made—in Cuba, according to one report—that also avoids the telltale brightness. If modern counterfeiters using color copiers begin to employ that stock, it may be difficult or impossible for even detecting machines to spot. But even without the Cuban paper, the use of bond paper in the color copiers marks a significant new advantage for the counterfeiter.) "There's no question that a Xerox note could be passed," Holtzhower says, mainly because a few attempts have already been successful, "but it doesn't present a significant problem yet."

If (or when) it does, what will be the solution? "It's something our organization will certainly have to deal with," comments Powis in Los Angeles.

"They should make colors run all through our bills," Motto feels. "Why not do it *before* we're in trouble?"

Mike Landress, a counterfeiter who published his memoirs (*I Made It Myself*) in 1973, thinks that catching the crooks "only slows down the rise of production" and that the best deterrent lies "in the currency itself—unless we intend in the next five or ten years to be swamped with more bad money than our entire Secret Service can handle." He suggests, without even mentioning the advent of the color copier, that some more identifiable watermarks or pigments be embedded in the bills, so that the public can readily tell the genuine from the false. (As for detection machines, they are generally used *after* bills have been passed, so that the economy is protected but not the citizen.)

The conclusion is that the potentially dangerous strain on enforcement will be eased only with an eventual elimination of paper money in favor of some new material, perhaps a special, thin plastic. That suggestion was made by Federal Reserve people back in the early Sixties, when the photo-offset era had begun. "I think that maybe we've come to the end of the line on paper," one official said at the time. "We may just have to make it so expensive for the counterfeiter that he'll simply decide it's not worth it anymore."

The color copiers may yet prove him right.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 107)*

PLAYBOY: Then a lot of people aren't really living.

STREISAND: That's right. Until you're not afraid to lose life, I don't believe that you can really live it. Live it to its fullest.

PLAYBOY: How would you live your life if you weren't afraid to lose it?

STREISAND: I would travel all over the world and live in all societies. I would go every place. My dream is to be the girl at 15 who got on that freighter. That was my dream: to go on a freighter and land in Morocco or Algiers for $135. I talked to a girl who said that when she was 19, she had traveled around the world, and I thought, What a fascinating life she's led and what did I do? And my friends say to me, "Barbra, what were you doing at 19?" Oh, yeah, I was on the verge of big success; I mean, I was a big success in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. But, to me, that's not the same as that girl traveling all over the world.

PLAYBOY: There's a quality of dissatisfaction in a lot of what you've described about yourself. Do you feel you have yet to achieve on the screen a performance you can truly be proud of?

STREISAND: Yes. Although there are moments I like in *Funny Girl*, *The Way We Were* and *A Star Is Born*. You know what I think is the best thing I have ever done? It was a scene from *Romeo and Juliet* at the Actors Studio two years ago. Two years ago, I said to my agent that I wanted to play *Romeo and Juliet*, would she call up the networks and see if they were interested in a special? They weren't! They said, "Does she sing in it? Who's playing Romeo?" How big a star do you have to be before you can play *Romeo and Juliet* on TV? I was so discouraged.

PLAYBOY: You've been claiming since 1963 that you'd like to play Juliet. Realistically, do you think you will ever do it?

STREISAND: I don't think I'll ever play her. Where am I going to do it? I was talking to the Shakespeare Company in Connecticut for years and the one in England, but I always chickened out. Maybe because I had such a terrible experience on the stage in *Funny Girl*.

PLAYBOY: How do you see Juliet?

STREISAND: She was a spoiled brat. She was 14, she was in love with love but knew nothing about it. I know what it was like. I used to dream and cry in my pillow. I used to be Medea and cry in my room; it was fantastic! And that's the kind of love I think Juliet had for Romeo. It's not real, that's why it's so passionate.

PLAYBOY: How do you think she was sexually at that age?

STREISAND: She was probably a real horny kid. Romeo probably had had other girls, but it was her first time. She was like a little animal. When I played Juliet at the Actors Studio and the nurse finally tells me she's set up a meeting with Romeo, I actually froze. Uh, oh, my God, married? Really? Could I cope with that? Onstage, I became numb, and I believe that was the right feeling.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to relate to that part because of your own sexual frustrations at that age?

STREISAND: In my family, sex was taboo. You don't screw anybody until you get married, you don't hold hands, you don't kiss, because you'll get a disease. It was all so awful that I had to develop a fantasy life. Unfortunately, growing up like that sometimes creates problems with the idea of sex and love as being one thing rather than two. I was very sheltered.

PLAYBOY: Where did you learn about sex?

STREISAND: When I was 11 years old, I used to baby-sit for Muriel Choy. When I was 12, I started working in her Chinese restaurant in Brooklyn. I was a cashier. Also, I showed people to their tables. Muriel Choy used to tell me about things. About love and life and sex.

PLAYBOY: What did she tell you?

STREISAND: I can't tell you! I remember asking her, "Is the man always on top?" And she said, "Not necessarily." And I

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said, "What?!" I would ask her things that my mother never told me. Just about being a woman.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you had your first sexual experience?

STREISAND: Eighteen.

PLAYBOY: Was it anything like you expected it to be?

STREISAND: Yes and no.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember it at all?

STREISAND: A lot, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a lot of sexual fantasies?

STREISAND: Sure, don't you?

PLAYBOY: Absolutely. You tell us yours, we'll tell you ours.

STREISAND: Oh, no! My private domain.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the Kinsey Report is accurate, that women reach their sexual peak around 30?

STREISAND: I'm no authority, but I think it should even get better. That's another thing—you could never imagine your parents screwing. I hope *our* children can. It's a nice thing, it's not anything to be hidden.

PLAYBOY: When did you become a sexually aggressive woman?

STREISAND: In just the past three years. With my relationship with Jon. When you have a relationship that really has love and trust, trust to be yourself, with your bad and good qualities, that's a very liberating thing. To be yourself. With no images. I was always playing games with men. That image game. And I never even thought that I counted. I was always trying to please them. In the song *Lullaby for Myself*, the lyric says, "Your aim becomes to please yourself and not to aim to please."

PLAYBOY: How innovative are you sexually?

STREISAND: *What?* Well . . . I do have some erotic art books!

PLAYBOY: Do you learn from them?

STREISAND: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: How often are you the one to initiate sexual activities?

STREISAND: We're equal, honey, we're equal.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seduced a man?

STREISAND: I think all women seduce men. But just to be sexually aggressive, to call a guy up for a date, I don't think it would work. I think most men couldn't handle it. They couldn't get behind it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there could be a female Warren Beatty, whose image——

STREISAND: Absolutely. I think I know one.

PLAYBOY: Could she be accepted the same way Beatty is in this society? In other words, could Barbra Streisand cavort with men the same way Beatty supposedly does with women and still be accepted by the public?

STREISAND: You mean like a Doña Juana? It would be very interesting. She could probably get away with it nowadays.

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although be terribly frowned upon. But so is the Warren Beatty character frowned upon. Even though the other guys envy him.

PLAYBOY: You were once romantically linked with Beatty, weren't you?

STREISAND: One of my flings.

PLAYBOY: How many flings have you had?

STREISAND: Just a few.

PLAYBOY: What about your relationship with Canada's prime minister Pierre Trudeau before his marriage? He escorted you to the Arts Center in Ottawa once and jumped from the limousine to open the door. Did you ever think a prime minister would be opening doors for you?

STREISAND: No. It happened to be overwhelming.

PLAYBOY: Did he ask you to marry him?

STREISAND: I don't want to answer that. But he's an extraordinary man. He's a wonderful leader and a very young-minded, spirited, hip figure who goes to parliament in sandals.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever reflect on what it would be like to be first lady of Canada?

STREISAND: Oh, yeah, I thought it would be fantastic. I'd have to learn how to speak French. I would do only movies made in Canada. I had it all figured out. I would campaign for him and become totally politically involved in all the causes, abortion and whatever.

PLAYBOY: What made you change your mind?

STREISAND: Certain realities.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever have considered getting him to change *his* career?

STREISAND: No, I would never have wanted him to. His life was too important to a whole country, to a world. I don't feel mine is that significant. It's significant in that it gives people a fantasy life or some pleasure, but it's not like being a prime minister of a country.

PLAYBOY: Do you still have any contact with him?

STREISAND: No, not anymore.

PLAYBOY: When you meet men, are you able to be yourself or do you present a front until you feel comfortable?

STREISAND: I used to always play parts with men—I had to be sweet and nice and all that, but I always found that all the men who really had crushes on me were the ones that I was totally myself with. While I didn't respond, they always seemed to like me when I was just *me*. Crude at times, frightened, sweet, tough.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you see yourself?

STREISAND: I was always confused about myself. I was never in the middle. People thought I was either ugly or beautiful, fantastic or nothing; they loved me or they hated me. I was on the Best Dressed list at the same time I was on the Worst Dressed list. It's always been that way. When I was 15, 16, I was very serious at times and then very stupid and funny and giggly; fickle and yet devoted; childish but very mature. I used to fight it, then you realize that you're all those things and it's all OK. Now I accept it.

PLAYBOY: What part of your personality do you prefer?

STREISAND: I like it when I'm not so serious. When I can have more fun.

PLAYBOY: How much of your time are you serious?

STREISAND: Too much. I wish I could lighten up a little.

PLAYBOY: Do actors, in general, like themselves?

STREISAND: No, I don't think so. That's why they always want to play parts, to hide behind the lives of other people.

PLAYBOY: Do you?

STREISAND: I like myself sometimes and other times I don't. It's getting better. I used to really dislike myself. Now I'm getting to like myself more. My whole life I was always concerned with being looked down upon as an actress. I always felt that certain people thought, Oh, you're an actress, ah. Cheap. Vulgar. Loose. Immoral. Amoral. A kind of Victorian way of thinking. It was something I always felt, reading about Bernhardt or about Duse. In our society, people want to be friendly with actresses, they're so *charming*, so *amusing*. It's all so condescending, like having a clown, having this toy.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of toys, didn't you once consider a role opposite King Kong?

STREISAND: That was Jon's idea. He had this funny idea of an erotic *King Kong*. And I thought, Yeah, the ad could be great: "No Leading Man Big Enough!" Isn't that funny?

PLAYBOY: Along those lines, Vincent Canby in *The New York Times* wrote that you are often too big and aggressive for most of the films you appear in and for most of the men who play opposite you. How do you feel about that?

STREISAND: Maybe I *should* have done *King Kong*! I don't know what the fuck he's talking about, do you? Look, you're the questioner—you could make me look good, you know. You could say, "But isn't it interesting, Barbra, how every one of your leading men has gone on to become a big star after working with you? Or practically all of them? You know, they don't seem to *catapult* to fame until they do a picture with you."

PLAYBOY: Would you say that's been the case with Kristofferson?

STREISAND: Wait a minute. I was only joking.

PLAYBOY: No, you weren't. Don't play modest.

STREISAND: Well, I don't like tooting my own horn, but I think you could say it was true.

PLAYBOY: At the same time, you were accused of being a camera hog in *A Star Is*

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Born, cutting Kristofferson out of a lot of the movie.

STREISAND: Another accusation—and another falsehood. I don't come in till halfway through the second reel. Kris has about six scenes without me at the beginning. Then, during the movie, he has at least eight more scenes that I am not in. Many of the scenes I cut out were *my* scenes. I studied the guitar for a year so I could play it in the movie, then I cut out the scene. And yet, it's true, after he dies as a character, I'm in the last three scenes alone. If that's hogging the camera. . . . It's just not true.

PLAYBOY: Back to your leading men catapulting to fame after working with you. Would you make that claim for Redford? Jimmy Caan? Ryan O'Neal?

STREISAND: I think they all would have become big sooner or later.

PLAYBOY: And you made it sooner?

STREISAND: [*Shrugs*]

PLAYBOY: What about another of your leading men, Walter Matthau, who said that working with you in *Hello, Dolly!* made him physically ill?

STREISAND: I don't like talking about him. And, again, I don't want to get caught up in speculating on what other people may or may not have gossiped about me. Anyway, it was a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he felt threatened by you?

STREISAND: Perhaps. It was like he was this pro and I was this kid who didn't have any right to any opinions. I had come to Hollywood with a four-picture deal and I had never had a screen test. It obviously infuriated him as well as a lot of other people in Hollywood.

PLAYBOY: As has your desire for perfection, it seems.

STREISAND: It's stupid. It's like ego and conceit. To be a perfectionist sounds like an insult. It's only striving for perfection, it's not perfection itself, that is important.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever done anything you thought was perfect?

STREISAND: I don't think so, and probably if I did, I wouldn't like it, because it would be too sterile, too inhuman. Because what I believe is perfection is imperfection.

PLAYBOY: Well, what *is* perfection to you?

STREISAND: Perfection is like a wine-velvet snapdragon or a tuberous begonia, the smell of a gardenia or the texture of a just-ripened avocado. A Gallé blown vase. A piece of Walter or Argy-Rousseau *pâte de verre* glass. A painting by Van Gogh. A child when it's born. Perfect is too small a word for it, it's a miracle. It's God. It's mind-blowing, it's more than perfect. And yet it shits and pisses. There's no such thing as perfection, because everything seems to fall apart sooner or later.

PLAYBOY: Including us. Does aging bother you?

STREISAND: No. I mean, I don't like the idea of having a big double chin or anything, but I don't care about lines, wrinkles or playing the parts. I want to be able to control my body—that's my goal—so it doesn't control me.

PLAYBOY: When *does* your body control you?

STREISAND: When I get really frightened, I literally pee in my pants.

PLAYBOY: Does that still happen?

STREISAND: Yeah. The last time it happened was when I got caught in Customs. I didn't report a pair of boots I bought, and the guy went through my purse and found the slip for the boots. I couldn't believe it. I was dumb enough to have the receipt in my bag and he found it and said, "What's this?" I peed in my pants.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

STREISAND: How old was I? It was last year, what are you talking about? By the way, I claim everything now, even a pack of Japanese gum.

PLAYBOY: Are you planning to get involved in another project soon or are you still coming down from your three-year involvement with *Star* and the album, *Superman,* you've just finished recording?

STREISAND: I want to have the luxury of doing nothing. I'd like to take the same energy that I put into my work and put that into my life. I'm interested in a growing self-awareness that will help me

"You remind me so much of my niece. She's a social worker, too."

touch and be touched by people. I want to become more involved with the world around me. Grow as a person, a mother, an unmarried wife, a lover, a friend. There is definitely an art to living and I want to study it. I want to be able to spend time with my son. Concrete blocks of time. I'd like to go back to school someday. Also, I haven't seen many of the old classical films. I would like to study some films now. I want to cook and learn to crochet; I want to have the time to sit down on an afternoon and read a book.

PLAYBOY: What books would you like to read?

STREISAND: I'm into Krishnamurti and books on health foods; I'm reading about the mind, meditation, the body, physical fitness—all forms of self-improvement. But when I'm sitting on a plane and I'm nervous about flying, they don't help me much. So I love to read great dirty novels.

PLAYBOY: What about watching television? Is there anything you like to see?

STREISAND: I don't like TV. I don't like violence. Every show is violent. I like the news at night, except I can't stand the first minutes, when, to get your attention, they give you the horror stories. It sickens me.

PLAYBOY: What about newspapers? Do you read them?

STREISAND: No.

PLAYBOY: So, if you don't read newspapers, you're seeing only the television version of what's going on in the world.

STREISAND: Yeah. I don't like to read newspapers. Also, I've talked to so many people in the political world who give totally different accounts of what's supposedly happening, so I don't believe what I read. You read about oil embargoes and killing cattle to raise the prices of meat. I can't fathom this stuff. All these people going hungry in the world and they're killing the cattle? I can't understand that. And it totally depresses me. Just thinking about the weather, the motion in the oceans, the air pollution, the chemicals in the food we eat, the inevitable destruction that nobody seems able to stop, it's just so frightening to me.

PLAYBOY: How much thinking do you do about that?

STREISAND: It bothers the hell out of me. When I think of people freezing to death in their cars. What is happening to the world? Haven't the scientists said that we're being drawn away from the sun? What is the explanation for this? Is it the nuclear bomb? Pollution? Is it the ozone in the atmosphere from the spray cans that don't seem to be outlawed? What *is* it? And where is the good part of the news? We're all animals and we have these violent instincts; why nurture those? Why not nurture the better ones, the more positive, more progressive, more intelligent instincts? Not lose our animalistic passions but channel them into the proper niche—sex or something.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is that you'd like to see some changes in what we see and read, perhaps some changes in our values, less negative, more positive.

STREISAND: Krishnamurti says the only thing constant is change. It *is* important to change. I wish people understood that.

PLAYBOY: How well do *you* understand that?

STREISAND: I'm always changing; that's why I confuse people. It's so important to me to have no image. None. And if you look at my career, I always try to break my own image. My big fight has always been: Don't put me into a mold, 'cause I'm not going to go into it. Just when you think you can imitate me when my hair's long, I cut it short; when you think my hair's brown, I make it red; when they imitate me with long nails, I cut 'em off. I don't want that kind of success. I want to grow as an artist. As a human being. I'm not interested in images or in being imitated. That's the person who just wants to be a big star, to be imitated, to have a constant image. That is not me.

PLAYBOY: How, then, would you like to be remembered?

STREISAND: I'd like to be remembered as a person who took chances. One of the reasons I care about being a movie actress is to *be* remembered, to be slightly immortal; because I think life is so short that by the time we get to see things with some sense of reality and truth, it's all over. So I'm sure that's why I care so much about making movies: It prolongs your life.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a sense of immortality?

STREISAND: Not in a physical way.

PLAYBOY: But you do feel that 100 years from now, you will not be forgotten.

STREISAND: I hope not. If the world is still around and there's still an entertainment business, I'd probably be in a book or two.

PLAYBOY: If you could change anything in your past, is there anything you would have done differently?

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STREISAND: I would have started therapy earlier.

PLAYBOY: But you went into therapy right after *Funny Girl*.

STREISAND: Yeah, I was already 22 years old. Too late.

PLAYBOY: What's next?

STREISAND: Well, I'm at a place in my life where I'm almost realizing my dreams. The other day, I was so anxious about it I started to cry when I said the words, "Oh, my God, I'm almost getting everything." It was a total emotional experience. Because I am so used to complaining, to being negative, that to be in a happy place is a whole new way of life for me.

PLAYBOY: Without feeling guilty?

STREISAND: Yeah. I've lived so many years feeling guilty. Jewish guilt. And I'm finding out about life, talking to people, hearing what they feel and think. They've got the same *mishigas* I do; it has nothing to do with my being an actress. People are afraid of their own feelings. Their own sexuality. We're just so laden with guilts. The other day, while I was driving to the doctor's, I was having an anxiety attack. Couldn't breathe. I was in a rage about several things that set me off. I was feeling miserable, upset, like I was going insane. Like, maybe I *am* insane. I'm such a terrible person and maybe I really am these awful things you read about and how do I deal with that and live with myself?

But in my therapy group, these people are psychologists, work in offices, on computers, from all walks of life—and we're all alike. And here's this person saying that he's feeling like he's going insane. And I think, You mean, it's not just show business? And then the therapist said, "Look, you're all mad, and so am I; there's only one difference: I respect my madness." He stripped half of my anxieties away. Because it was OK to be crazy, we're all crazy, and if you can respect your own madness—far out.

PLAYBOY: OK, we've brought up a lot of the accusations and a lot of the rumors that have surrounded you. Let's give it one last try: How would you summarize the Barbra Streisand behind all the conflicting images?

STREISAND: I am very flawed, very imperfect. I am my own worst critic. I put far more demands on myself than I do on anyone else. As strong as my will can be at times, I can be easily swayed by the last person I talk to. I operate on instinct, and when my instinct says go, I go like a horse with blinders on, like a Taurus bull who sees red. But I can also be as wishy-washy as the next guy. When my vision's not clear about something, I can be queen of the definite maybe. I am a mass of contradictions. I am constantly changing, so that by the time this interview appears, I shall be in a different place.

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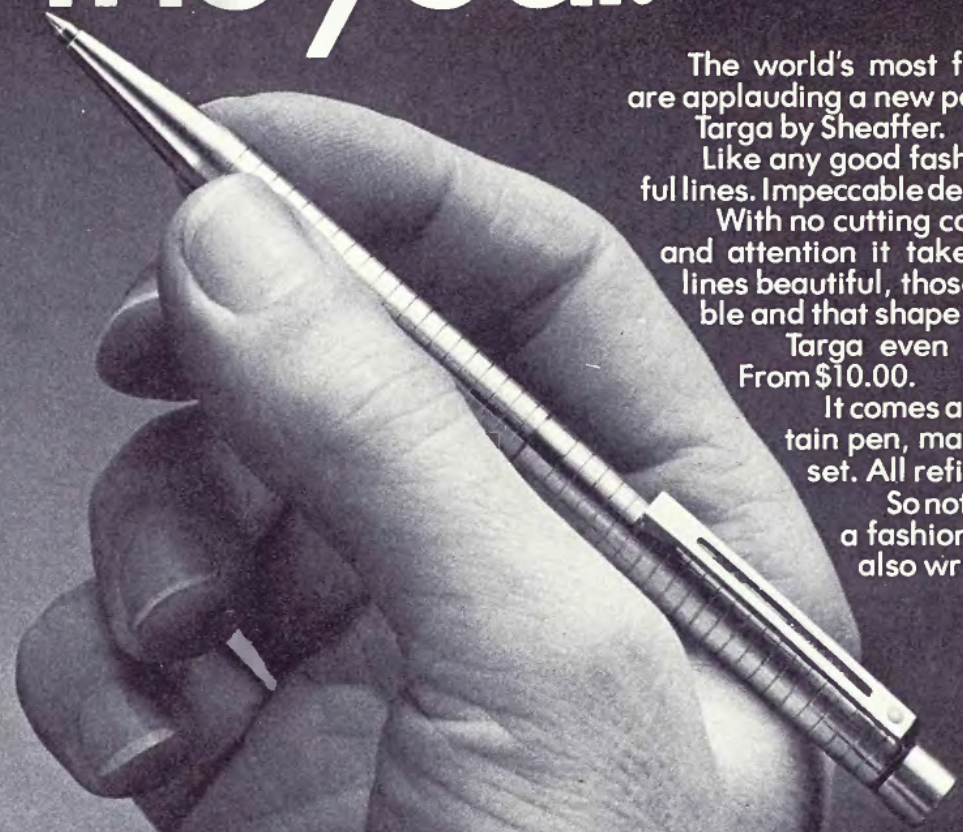

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LADIES OF JOY *(continued from page 178)*

"On a recruiting trip to the provinces, a pimp cruises bars, night clubs, parties and the street."

"Look, Ronald, I'm doing some research on prostitution and I'd like——"

"You heard about me, didn't you, man? You read the *Daily News*, don't you?" His face takes on a pleased, half-shy look. "They hauled me in for shooting a dude on 28th Street. But they couldn't make it stick, 'cause I'm too cool. I got respect, man. That's important in life. Respect. My mother was proud to see me written up in the papers."

He does not introduce the blondes. It's as if they are not quite physically there. Ronald will not call his profession by name. He says he is a businessman who does a lot of traveling. He talks about "mind control" over those in his employ, how "the essence of my viability is to consummate to the highest degree possible the usage and the subservience of those who it might be uttered are born to do their duty on their backs. Do you follow me, brother?"

It brings a tightening of the scalp trying to unravel what Ronald says. But interpreting him, and corroborating the facts with others, the following picture emerges:

A girl who serves a pimp must turn over the money from every trick to him. Not just a percentage—everything. He keeps her in an apartment, feeds her and gives her a few bucks for cigarettes or even hands back a large chunk. He teaches her to hook. There are differences in pimps, as there are in policemen. A few pimps have only a "main lady" and comport themselves as if in a married state. Some beat their ladies and never show up in court with bail or a lawyer when they're in the slammer. Street girls who are out on the firing line, there for all to see and possibly abuse, must have a pimp. A pimp is usually quite *macho* and will physically defend his property. A girl who works out of a house or a hotel may have a pimp—for various psychological reasons—but he is not absolutely necessary, as he is for the street girl. In New York, police estimate that 95 percent of the pimps are black, 60 percent of the hookers are white and 55 percent come from out of town. On average, a pimp will have a main lady and three or four others. There are turnovers, as in any business, and much of a pimp's time is spent in recruitment.

Ronald travels. He knows pimps and their hangouts in Akron, Milwaukee and Montreal. Information about hooker sources and the latest police tactics is pooled among them. In New York, Ronald keeps two apartments, one with his main lady, the other with three to five of his working girls. He claims he can spot a hooker or a potential one anywhere, even if she's in curlers and kneeling in church. For recruiting hookers, Minnesota turns out to be a resource for women the way Texas is for oil. Ronald says this, the police say it and one walk on New York's Eighth Avenue near Times Square will confirm it. One stretch of pavement above 42nd Street is so populated with big, rawboned blondes of such obvious Scandinavian stock that it is called the Minnesota Strip. Minnesota produces remote cold, wind-swept places—Sinclair Lewis' Main Street—where girls must still marry at 18 or leave home, where they dream of the romance and drama of the big Eastern city.

On a recruiting trip to the provinces, a pimp cruises bars, night clubs, parties and the street. He uses any number of devices to woo the girl into his life—outright sexual seduction is common. Then he tries to dominate her in a Svengali manner. If first turned down, a pimp may play on racial guilt. "What's the matter, baby? You don't like black people? You prejudiced?" He is a master of street psychology. Cops, bartenders and all others who have peeked into the hooker's world say that hookers usually have father complexes—having had one too harsh, or one too weak, or one who was too absent. To many hookers, a pimp is a surrogate father.

As Ronald inquires into my possible need for coke or a firearm, a plump, somewhat haughty brunette ambles by on her way to the ladies' room. Her blue-silk blouse is too tight in the wrong places, her dark slacks without style. She wears bangs. The look is unmistakable: It says out-of-town or far into Brooklyn. Ronald's companions chuckle, but Ronald's face breaks into a beatific smile; his conked hair seems to glow. He becomes larger than life. "Hi, there," he says. "You sure make that blouse look pretty."

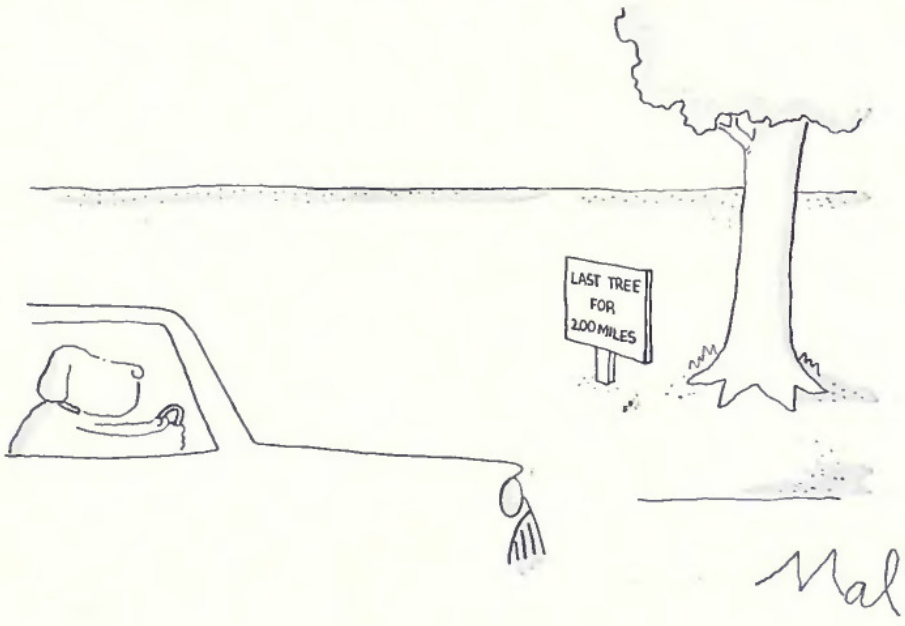
She doesn't answer, eyes riveted on the ladies' room. Coming back, her eyes still do not turn, her gait quick, impervious. She sits at a far table with a girlfriend. Half an hour passes. Just when I've forgotten about her, she suddenly appears beside Ronald. She shakes a Kent up out of a pack and places it between her fingers. "Have you got a light?" she says.

"You know, baby," Ronald says, "I knew one of these days you were going to come to me for a light."

•

Not every hooker gets turned out by a pimp. At the back table in Las Vegas, long legs crossed daintily, Joanie says: "I think I got the idea of being a hooker from watching Miss Kitty on *Gunsmoke*. Everybody knew she was some kind of whore. Had to be. How'd she get her dad-gum money, otherwise? I liked her independence. I liked the way she took no shit. That's me—I take no shit. I never liked goody-goodies. Even back in high school, when I still had my cherry, I always fell in with girls who were known to give out a piece or two. I liked the girls with hot pants. They were more fun, more human."

Joanie was at loose ends in Las Vegas two years ago, having just left a male traveling companion, when she turned



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her first trick. She did it by simply putting on a long white gown and going dancing at Caesars Palace. The first man who twirled her on the floor also took her to bed for the evening and gave her $75 in the morning. It seemed a lot for such an easy act. Now she says, "He was $425 short. These days, I get $500 a night."

•

In San Francisco, Angelica and her roommate, Bridget, live in a penthouse that overlooks the bay. It has a view as if from an airplane, with the cloud-enshrouded Bay Bridge stretching to Oakland below, tiny boats and barges moving slowly past one's vision and rows of sun-washed dwellings gracefully sloping down to the blue. If you have business on your mind, it costs $100 just to step into this apartment, and the price escalates depending upon how long and how varied your business is. Angelica is a classic 27-year-old Italian beauty, with thoroughbred nostrils that quiver, greenish eyes that can turn incredulous, fierce or naïve by turns and soft, rich caramel-colored hair. Not to mention an ass, in the words of a 50ish Hollywood producer, "that won't quit." San Francisco!

Four years ago, Angelica was broke, in trouble and without a job. She had a dead-end affair going with a drug addict. She went to one of the city's finer and better-known hotels on Nob Hill to apply for work—anything, secretary, waitress, charwoman. She had always heard that hotels were quick to hire. The personnel director was kind. He said there was no position available, but would she care for coffee? She looked as if she needed it. Scarcely had they settled back in the hotel coffee shop than he leaned forward and said, "How would you like to make 50 bucks?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, *think* about what I mean. I'll be back in half an hour."

She thought about it and she called some of her girlfriends to hear what they thought about it. All advised her to take any money anyone ever offered, what the hell. She nodded shyly to the personnel director when he returned. He zoomed her up to a vacant room and immediately demonstrated what he had in mind. She couldn't believe how easy it had been. Regardless of who they are—young, fat, pretty or plain—all working girls say that they can't get over how *easy* it is.

Angelica became a working girl and left her drug-addict lover. In due course, she was introduced to a lively madam named Brandy who taught her some refinements of the trade. "She talked me into going to Reno to party with a group of businessmen," Angelica says over lunch in a vast, clattering restaurant on Fisherman's Wharf. She wears clock-sized tinted glasses and a revealing soft gray sweater. "I thought, Gee, swell, I'll have a nice vacation in Reno and get paid, to boot. Brandy said, 'Pay attention to what I do. Don't do anything on your own.' Well, we laid one or two of the guys right away and took $1200 from them. At least, Brandy gave me six bills and said she was giving me half, I don't know. Then I thought, Get set, we're going to have to screw all night to earn this kind of dough. But Brandy tells them, 'Well, good night, boys, we gals got to get our beauty sleep.' I couldn't believe it.

"In the middle of the night, they began banging on our door, wanting to come in, and Brandy told them to go away. Nicely, you know, but firmly. When they kept doing it, she told them if they didn't knock it off, we would never party with them again. That did it, and they left. The next morning, I was scared to face them. I thought they would be furious or renege on paying our bills. Not at all. They were almost courtly, acting *guilty* as hell, and couldn't do enough for us. It was hard to believe but true. Brandy taught me. The firmer you treat a John, the better he'll treat you. You must make him value you. Make him pay a lot for a little, never a little for a lot. He'll keep coming back that way. Those Johns were always wanting to party with us, begging."

We are now in her lofty penthouse apartment. It has sliding, floor-length windows, soft, deep chairs and some provocative, rather expensive artwork on the walls. Bridget is there in a bathrobe and barefoot, her short blonde hair frizzy from a fresh shower. Until recently, Bridget, 25, was secretary to a well-known San Francisco attorney. She was weary of office work and tired of being chased around desks by every Tom, Dick and Harry; so she asked a friend, a sybaritic man about town, for advice. The friend's counsel was to accept the passes but demand a fee. It was only sensible. He introduced her to Angelica and soon the two women were living together. Bridget, who holds a master's degree in political science and a private pilot's license, is now being turned out under Angelica's guidance. Just an hour before we arrived, she had turned a trick.

"How'd it go?" Angelica asks sternly.

"Oh, beautiful," Bridget says, patting her wet hair. "We talked and talked. He's got such an interesting head. It was a trip."

Bridget likes to think of herself as a courtesan from the Madame de Staël era. She delights in conversation and wants to be admired more for her companionship than for her body. After all, most Johns take only minutes with sex.

"Well," Angelica asks, "how much did you get?"

"Oh, fifty. It was all he had. He wrote me a check."

Angelica smacks her forehead. "*Mama mia*, I don't believe it!"

•

A prostitute's primary grief in life is the law. Joanie has been busted by the Las Vegas vice squad—she calls it "the vice"—six times, or every fourth month that she has been in business. Prostitution per se is illegal in Las Vegas. It is also illegal in San Francisco and in New York and virtually everywhere else in America. In effect, however, it is *regulated* in all those communities. Nothing is written down in black and white, but the regs are known to the letter by every hooker and every cop. On Las Vegas' Strip, the casino-hotels allow a few first-class hookers to work the bars near the tables. The house receives no percentage from the girls. Management views it as a service provided for gamblers and guests—like a newsstand or a shoeshine concession—but not something it wants to get out of hand.

"My mother won't let me play doctor with you unless your nurse is in the room at all times."

The casinos want above all else for the delicate machinery of gambling to be finely tuned, never jarred and always flourishing. If the girls turn over money to anyone, it is to bartenders who look out for them and are nice to them. A tip of ten percent of a girl's take is usual at the end of the evening.

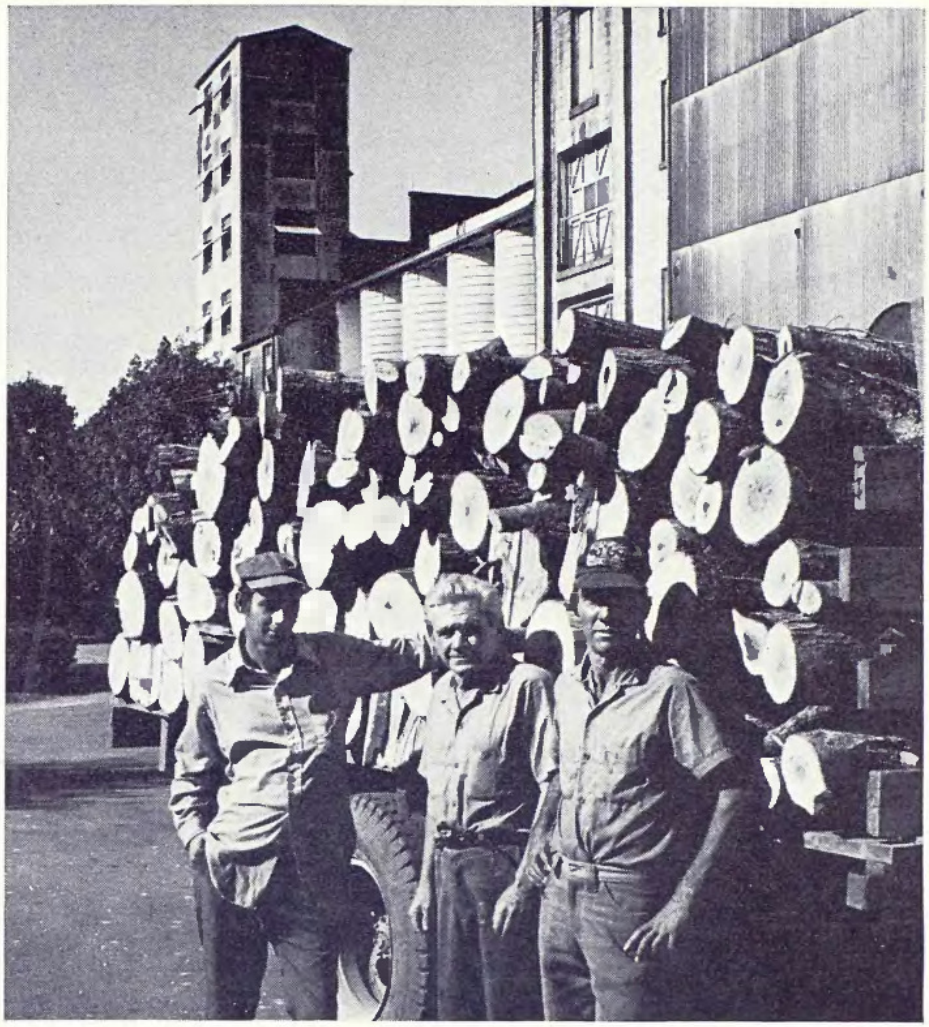
The vice of Las Vegas collar a few hookers from the casinos every so often, perhaps to justify their jobs and to keep the girls on their toes. It is done capriciously and at random. And nobody seems to mind but the girls. "I've learned to spot the vice," Joanie says. "For one thing, they either wear these crazy Hawaiian sport shirts—something no real tourists wear anymore—or else they're dressed real cool, much nicer than anybody else." The problem for the nabbed hooker is the shame attached to being arrested and the terror of a jailhouse booking. The inevitable fine is $150—for vagrancy or loitering, never for prostitution, which is harder to prove.

In New York, you know a campaign for mayor has begun when the incumbent begins a headline-grabbing fight against porn and prostitution. Last spring, as the latest campaign for mayor of New York opened, a crackdown on street prostitution—the visible kind to the ordinary voter—heated up. The New York police, who stay from administration to administration, understand human nature and the way the world is run as well as the next man. Deputy Chief William F. Fitzpatrick of the New York City Police Department, a blunt, graying man with Jimmy Cagney mannerisms, says, "We're not trying to regulate sex, tell people how to act just because we are offended. We don't raid places until we get complaints from neighbors or someone who's been taken. What we really object to is the violence and the thievery that go along with prostitution. No one likes that."

Apparently, some working girls are not above some pretty rough stuff. In New York massage parlors, there is "creeping." A John is spread back happily on a cloth-draped table. One girl distracts him from above while her hidden accomplice creeps from beneath the table and picks his pocket. There are also Lolitas who roam Las Vegas parking lots, entreating through innocent-looking lips, "Hey, mister, wanna get your dick sucked? I'll do it for five dollars." His pocket is picked, if not his throat half-choked, by a pack of Lolitas who suddenly spring out a second after his fly is unzipped.

But Vegas casino ladies are not prone to violence or hanky-panky. One slip and they would be handed permanent walking papers into the desert.

All working girls say—and the police agree—that the safest, if not the "best," hooker is the one who has a telephone number and an address. "That way," says Fitzpatrick, "she can be traced. If



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any funny business happens, the man can return with the police. Girls in massage parlors and hotels tend to fade away."

Prostitution can also be a dangerous business for the girls. Listen to Delores, a pretty, dark-haired Vegas stripper who earns $200 a trick: "When I was first in Vegas a few years ago, I was hungry. A bunch of conventioneers came up to me and said they'd give me $600 to take on all of them. There were 15. Well, the challenge appealed to me. Besides, $600 seemed like a fortune. I said OK. So I go in a hotel room, put the bills inside my purse and begin to do one after another. Fourteen I did, sucking off most of them on my knees. Well, number 15 strolls in and I do him. Only he doesn't leave. He takes out a .38, puts it to my head and says, 'All right, whore, give us back the $600.' I tell you I was scared. I was so terrified I peed in my pants. And I couldn't complain. Who could I complain to? But those guys . . . to do that to a girl who'd just sucked their joints . . . boy, oh, boy. It still scares me to think of it."

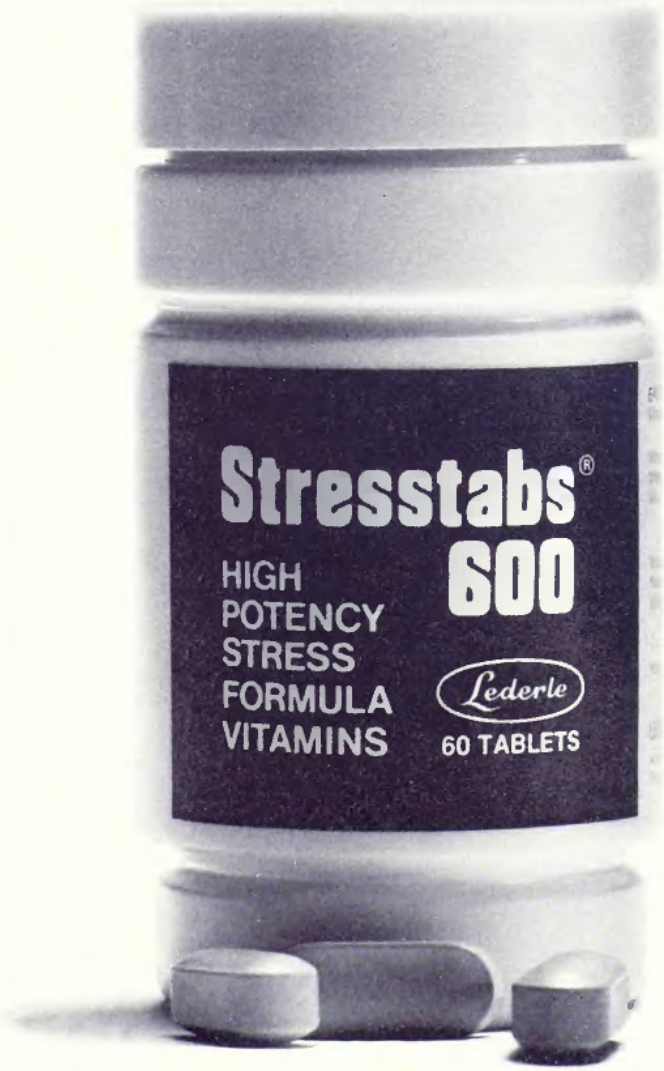
•

Nevada has a long history of sporting houses. Gold-rush miners, cardsharps and ranch hands all have found the whorehouse, as Dr. Johnson found the London tavern, a place where nothing else contrived by man has produced so much happiness. Today, in certain counties in Nevada, prostitution is still "legal," but consider the restrictions placed on the prostitute: In Humboldt County, a prostitute has to register with the law within 24 hours of entering, is allowed on the street only between ten A.M. and five P.M., must never talk to a man, including a relative, on the street. She cannot visit a bar, a casino or a hotel. If she has a legitimate date with a man, she has to meet him outside the county. Boiled down, it means a whore has to stay in the whorehouse. But it must be said that the whorehouses themselves treat their working girls like princesses.

I find this out when I journey 63 miles from Las Vegas to Sheri's Ranch, where prostitution is legal. At the cutoff to route 93, there is a configuration of skid marks where clients have overshot the turn. The ranch, well off the road, seems to shimmer in the desert heat. A lone horse neighs by a tiny stable. There is a minuscule airstrip, a swimming pool and a long, one-story building. As the car halts in a puff of dust, a team materializes by the porch banister to check me out. One of the girls is Sheri, the owner, who is a small, compact brunette with wide eyes and hair drawn back tightly. She gives me a long, hard stare, like a pitcher gazing down on a .250 batter, and then invites me in with a jerk of her thumb. We have talked earlier by phone.

To one side is a frontier-type bar; to the other is a much larger space, one furnished in late Holiday Inn decor and designated simply GIRLS. After the fierce

Stress can rob you of vitamins



Stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble vitamins. Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat, fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by stress, your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your usual daily meals provide. During times of continued stress—when your body may be affected in many ways—a vitamin deficiency can develop.

What is stress. Severe injury or infection, chronic overwork, too many martini lunches, fad dieting—any condition that places an unusual demand upon your body constitutes stress and may cause B and C vitamin depletion, if the diet is inadequate.

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sunlight outside, the interior of GIRLS is as dim as a mine. A jukebox glows in one corner and 14 heavily made-up hookers in abbreviated wear sit on couches that ring the room. At the sight of potential business, they rise as one, as if the national anthem had just come on, and I see tits through gauze and puffed hair under postage stamp–sized panties. It's some sight to see after a drive through the desert. They smile and twist, and a redhead comes my way extending her hand. "Got a quarter for the juke, mister?"

I hand over a couple and am privileged to observe an ample behind in white hotpants wiggle toward the machine. "You like it, eh?" says Rochelle, who has taken a seat beside me on a couch. She is five feet tall, gray-eyed, and is in her underwear and high heels. "We call it parlor tax, the way you pay to watch a girl walk away."

If I weren't listening closely to Rochelle (or witnessing her in her underwear), I might think she were a down-home girl one step past the loss of virginity. She laughs easily, her voice sweet and girlish. As we chat, I remark that she seems in great shape. "Do you exercise here at the ranch, swim or ride the horse?"

"No, I keep in shape by fucking."

Her home is in Reno and she goes there on her one week off each month. She will not discuss the particulars, but she says her life has been fairly ordinary. She enjoys the close communal life at Sheri's, the boardinghouse meals, the fellowship of her working sisters. Before signing up at the whorehouse, she was immersed in the communal life of Scientology. She could be talking about her first year at Vassar, and it makes me feel a little awkward to bring up certain matters. I ask what her specialty is. "I'm good at *everything*. As long as it's not really harmful, I'll do it."

"Tell me an experience you've had."

"We had a man and his wife in here last week," she says, not hesitating. "She'd never had a woman go down on her and we had a ball. I was licking her, the husband was into me from behind and everybody was looking in the mirror to see it from different angles. But threesomes aren't *that* unusual here," she goes on in her sweet trill. "There was a high roller here the other day who kept wanting one more woman. He had five in there before it was over, but it got to be more confusing than sexy. He didn't know where to put his dick after a while."

Rochelle shows me her small, compact room in back, where she both lives and works. Pinups grace one wall. Mirrors are strategically placed by the bed, and up near the ceiling is what looks like a radio speaker from the Thirties. "That's the holler box," Rochelle says. "It unnerves some Johns to see it up there, but we got to have it. If a John goes berserk, we can holler in it and someone will come running."

There is a large timer outside the door, there to record how long a John takes. It will cost him $20 for 20 minutes alone with Rochelle, with the rate changing for additional time and more than missionary-style services. Rochelle says, "The truth is that it costs $100 to have a good time. You know, get some frills in the act and not rush anything."

I take tours of other rooms that are similar to Rochelle's in size and paraphernalia. Jeanette, a large, delicate-faced woman, lumbers ahead of me in tiny shorts and halter. She taught gymnastics in Texas, her native state, before entering the life, and has been at Sheri's on and off for five years. In her room, there are the standard mirrors, the oils and the creams. There is also a large valentine on the wall, browning from age, a present from a client. "We do not refer to these men as Johns," Jeanette says sternly, sensing that I might. "They keep us in business and must be treated respectfully." Her manner is brisk, orderly and poised to reprimand, like that of the teacher she once was. I wonder if her specialty is bondage. She says she enjoys the life at Sheri's, which is similar in ways to a college dormitory, with plenty of good companionship. "We have a great bunch of gals here," she says. "Shoot, when somebody snags a client, nobody gets mad. It just means there's one less girl around when the next fellow shows up."

After an hour or two in the dim, perfumed GIRLS, I step to the sunny plainwood bar. Behind the counter stands Mike, a scowling heavy-set man, sleeves rolled up past several tattoos. To be polite, I remark, "You have some job."

He wipes the spot in front of me, stares moroscly through the open door at a distant purplish horizon and says, "You want to know something? I'm sick of pussy. Night and day, that's all I see. Pussy, pussy, pussy. On my night off, I go to Vegas and catch the fights. If I want any leg myself, I have to go up the highway to another whorehouse, where I don't know anybody."

•

Hookers may be scorned, they may not be granted credit cards, but in America, there is at least one man who has a soft spot in his heart for hookers. Years ago, I made my way before a blonde spread-eagled on a sagging bed in the Dixie Hotel in Johnson City, Tennessee. Up until that moment, aged 16, I had never even seen a naked woman; I had thought I was going to have to travel to France to do it. But there she was, those magnificent items that I'd seen only in pictures, verified and *available*. I flew at her like a halfback, trying to feel everything I could before it was taken away, hardly able to insert what rose before the fluids leaped and the show stopped.

Almost simultaneously, my buddy burst into the room, buttoning his pants, proud of himself for, in his words, "fucking the daylights" out of a stooped brunette down the hall. He had the reputation of being the meanest boy in town and I was desperately trying to keep up with him in competition. "Hey, Blondie," he blasted, "did he know how to do it? Was his whang big enough for you?"

To this day, I remember her exact look. She ran a forefinger across her lower lip, smiled and said, "He was great."

Is it any wonder that prostitution has existed through the ages?

"Naw, you want The Shadow. He's the one with the power to cloud men's minds."

THE OPTIMUM.

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OPTONICA THE OPTIMUM.

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beggarman, thief

(continued from page 128)

"He had no intention of letting Wesley kill anybody. What he knew he had to do was stall for time."

have to tell someone," he said, "and it might as well be you. I'm going to kill him."

"Oh, Christ," Billy said.

They sat in silence, looking out at the sea.

"How do you plan to do it?" Billy said finally.

"I don't know." Wesley shrugged. "I'll figure it out when the time comes. A knife, maybe."

"Have you got a gun?"

"No."

"Is *he* likely to have one?"

"Probably."

"You'll get yourself killed."

"I'll try to avoid that," Wesley said grimly.

"And if you do manage to knock him off," Billy said, "you'll be the first one the cops would come looking for, don't you know that? Listen, Wesley," he said, "I can't let you go charging ahead to your doom. You've got to let me help you."

"How?"

"I have a gun stashed away in Paris, for openers."

Wesley nodded gravely. "That would be useful."

"I could help you plan it. The . . . the murder." Billy stumbled over the word. "After all, I was trained as a soldier. I speak French a lot better than you do. I know how to handle guns. I'm going to tell you something that you've got to keep absolutely to yourself—while I was in the Army, I joined a cell of terrorists in Brussels——"

"You?" Wesley said incredulously.

"Yes, me. I was in on a job in Amsterdam, on the Spanish tourist office. I know how to put together a bomb. Sonny, you couldn't have found a better partner for the job." Billy tried to sound as tough and competent at murder as possible, though he had no intention of letting Wesley kill anybody. What he knew he had to do was stall for time, put Wesley off, until somehow he could be dissuaded. If necessary, he thought despairingly, I'll do it myself. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he went on. "While you head for St.-Tropez, I'll go up to Paris and get the gun and I'll meet you in either St.-Tropez or Cannes, whichever you say. Fair enough?"

Wesley looked at Billy consideringly. "Are you hustling me?"

"Oh, come on, now, Wesley," Billy said, sounding aggrieved. "I wouldn't do anything like that. What have you got to lose? I'll be back down south in a few days. With the gun. And enough ammunition so that you can practice using it. Does that sound like a hustle?"

"I guess not," Wesley said, but he seemed reluctant to say it. "OK. You let me know where you're staying in Paris and I'll call you and tell you where you can find me."

•

The next day, they drove together to Nimes, where Billy would turn north toward Paris. Billy sat at the wheel in silence under the shade of a poplar while Wesley got his backpack out of the car and slung it over his shoulder. They had agreed that Billy would send Wesley a telegram poste restante in St.-Tropez to let him know in what hotel he was staying in Paris.

"Well," Wesley said, "take care of yourself."

"You, too," Billy said. "You're not going to do anything foolish while I'm gone, are you?"

"No. I promise." They shook hands. "I'm going to miss the tennis," Billy grinned.

"You'll remember," Billy said, "that they play very little tennis in French jails."

"I'll remember," Wesley said and stepped back.

Billy started the motor and waved as the car, built for holidays and sunshine, spurted onto the road from beneath the shadow of the poplar tree. In the rear-view mirror he saw the tall, lean figure start trudging in the direction of Cannes.

•

When he got to Paris, the first thing Billy did after checking into a hotel on the Left Bank was put in a call to America. When Rudolph came to the phone, Billy said, "Uncle Rudolph, this is Billy Abbott. I'm in Paris at the Hotel d'Alembert. I need help. Bad. Something awful is going to happen to Wesley—and maybe to me, too, unless——" He stopped.

"Unless what, Billy?" Rudolph said.

"Unless we can stop certain things from happening," Billy said. "I can't tell you over the phone."

"I'll be in Paris tomorrow," Rudolph said.

"God," Billy said, "those're sweet words."

He lay back on the bed wearily and a minute later he was asleep.

•

"Now," Rudolph said to Billy as they drove onto the autoroute that led from the airport toward Paris, "explain."

"It's Wesley," Billy said, driving carefully. It was raining and the headlights of the late-evening traffic glared off the wet surface of the road. "He's down in the south of France now, looking for the man he says was behind the murder." He pulled at the wheel to swerve into the right lane, because the car behind him was blinking its lights impatiently at him. The car passed in a whoosh, throwing up a curtain of water that made the windshield opaque for several seconds. "Bastard," Billy said, grateful to have

"When you say you don't want to hear about it if I have any other woman, does that mean, if you have another man, I'm not going to hear about it?"

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Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

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something else to worry about, even for a moment.

Rudolph pushed his hat back on his head and ran his hand across his forehead, as though relieving pain there. "How do you know all this?" he asked, his voice dull.

"He told me," Billy said. "We became very close in Spain. I was glad we could become such good friends. He shared my room with me. He slept as though he was in a foxhole, with artillery hitting nearer to him all the time. I could see something was psyching him out and it worried me and I finally asked him and he told me."

"Do you think he's serious?" Rudolph asked. He sounded as though he couldn't believe what Billy had just revealed.

"Absolutely," Billy said. "There're no jokes in that kid's repertoire. There's even something scary about the way he plays tennis. He's not like any other boy I've ever known. Or man, for that matter."

"Is he sane?"

"Except for this," Billy said.

"Do you think a psychiatrist would help?"

Billy thought for a moment. "It wouldn't do any harm," he said. "If you could get him to sit still for it for maybe a year or so. Only you couldn't get him to do it."

Rudolph grunted. "Why didn't you stay with him?" He sounded accusing.

"Well . . ." Billy said uncomfortably. "That's another part of the story. I said I'd help him."

"How?"

Billy shifted uneasily in the bucket seat and changed his grip on the wheel. "I said I'd try to figure some way of our doing the job together," he said, "some way of getting away with it without being caught. What with my training as a soldier and all."

"Are *you* sane?" Rudolph's voice was sharp.

"I've always thought so."

"Did you *mean* what you said?"

"I don't know what I meant, really," Billy said flatly. "If it comes to the sticking point, I guess I mean it now. You don't have to sound like a cop interrogating a prisoner, Rudolph."

Rudolph made an exasperated noise. "Two nuts," he said, "two young nuts off the same tree."

"All in the family," Billy said, offended by Rudolph's estimate of him. "Welcome to Nutsville, European division, Uncle."

"Why're you in Paris while he's down there getting into God knows what kind of idiotic trouble?" Rudolph's voice rose in anger as he spoke.

"I told him I had a gun in Paris with a silencer and that I would bring it to him," Billy said. "And I do have one."

"Goddamn it, Billy," Rudolph said, "what the hell have you been messed up with these past few years?"

Again Billy shifted uneasily in the bucket seat. "I'd rather not say. And it's better for you—and for me—if you don't know."

Rudolph took a deep breath and then sighed. "Are the police after you?"

"No. At least not that I know of," Billy said, glad that he had to keep his eyes on the road so that he couldn't see the expression on his uncle's face.

Rudolph rubbed his face wearily, the gesture making a rasping sound on his unshaven cheek. "You'd better give me that gun," he said.

"I told Wesley I'd bring it down to him in a day or so," Billy said.

"Listen, Billy," Rudolph said, trying to keep his voice even, "you asked me to come over here to help. I took the next plane. Either you're going to do what I say or——" He stopped.

"Or what?" Billy asked.

"I don't know. Yet," Rudolph said. "Something. Just exactly where is Wesley now? Today? This minute?"

"St.-Tropez. We agreed I'd send him a wire telling him where he could call me in Paris and arrange for where and when we'd meet down south. I sent the wire this morning."

"What was your rush? Why didn't you wait until I got here? Maybe it would be better if he didn't know where to find you."

"He's suspicious enough of me as it is," Billy said, defending himself. "If I don't come through with my half of the bargain, he'll just go off on his own and that will be the end of Wesley Jordache."

"Ah, maybe you're right," Rudolph said. "Maybe. Has he called you yet?"

"No."

"All right," Rudolph said. "When he does call, don't tell him I'm in Europe. And tell him it's taking more time than you thought to lay your hands on that goddamn gun."

"What good will that do?"

"It'll give me some extra time to come up with something, that's what it will do," Rudolph said angrily. "And you could use some time to do a little thinking, too. Now don't talk for a while. I'm

"It might interest you to know, madam, that I have just experienced an involuntary ejaculation."

Opel, with the biggest engine (1800cc) of all five cars, showed 27 miles per gallon* (based on EPA combined estimates: 55% city/45% highway). But it wasn't good enough.

Opel's bigger gas tank helped it do well when we measured Range (or how far a car can go on a full tank of gas), but not as well as Subaru and Toyota, who tied for first. And when we compared recommended maintenance schedules for 37,500 miles of normal driving, Opel (8 recommended visits) finished behind Rabbit (6 visits), and Datsun and Toyota (7 each).

All of which adds up to a first-place tie between Toyota and Datsun, with Opel—ahem—bringing up the rear, and dropping to third overall after three showdowns. As we said, this was not our favorite event.

Rabbit and Opel outrun the pack.

This, however, could very well be our favorite event. Because the first thing most people want to know about any car is, "What'll she do?"

How fast does it accelerate? How's it corner? How sensitive is the steering? And—for Opel—the answer to all of these questions is, "Quite well, thank you."

So well, in fact, that our surprising little Opel was barely nosed out by a car much ballyhooed for its prowess and (2) calculating the resultant circle eter (per 100 degree steering wheel angle @ 30 mph)

AND THE WINNER IS...!

Let's put it this way: we didn't win. Well, alright, if you insist, we'll put it this way: Rabbit won.

But not by much. As you can see in the final point totals, the VW only beat our Opel by three points (with Calif. emission equipped cars: four points). And Opel did finish ahead of three highly regarded opponents in the areas we tested.

So if the point of this whole 5-Car Showdown was to convince you that our Opel could hold its own against better-established competitors . . . that Opel should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop . . . well, we think we've made it.

Results will vary in California.

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PLAYBOY

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We took comparable, top-of-the-line models—the Look N77 and the Salomon 555—and we had them tested by an independent laboratory.

The Look N77 absorbs twice as much shock.

The most important thing a binding can do—to the skiers we asked, anyway—is absorb shock and not release at the wrong time.

The laboratory found that, over the range of its release settings, the Look N77 absorbed more than twice as much shock as the Salomon 555.

This means that Look can keep you securely on your skis longer when you're skiing aggressively.

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Next, the Salomon 555 was boosted to its absolute maximum release setting, which provides 7 lb-ft more torque than the Look N77. Even then, the Look N77 provided the same amount of anti-shock but at a 30% lower setting.

This is important because, as any binding safety expert can tell you, the lower the setting, the greater the margin of safety in the slow, twisting kind of fall that can injure you.

Look has turntable heel.

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The complete wisdom of Look, with all the cold, hard facts, is in our brochure. And in the test results. For copies, write: Look Sports Inc., 50 Executive Blvd., Elmsford, N.Y. 10523.

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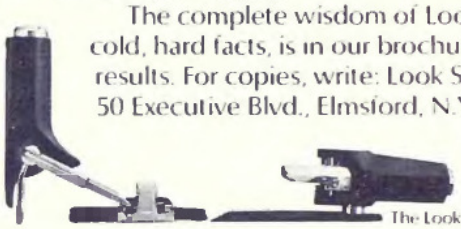


The Look N77 turntable binding

bushed from the trip and I want to close my eyes for a few minutes and hope that either you or I will be struck by lightning or at least one single useful thought before we get to the hotel."

Just before they said good night, Rudolph said, "Remember, I want that gun tomorrow. And one thing is sure—Wesley's never even going to *see* it."

"Then he'll use a knife or a club or maybe his bare hands," Billy said. "You don't know what he's like."

"That's true," said Rudolph. "And I'm sorry I'm finding out now."

"Listen," Billy said, "if you don't really want to get mixed up in this, I'll try to handle it myself. You can always forget what I've told you, you know."

Rudolph looked thoughtfully at Billy, as though he were considering the advantages of forgetting, the disadvantages of not forgetting, then shook his head. "Maybe," he said, "I should have been the one to go looking for Mr. Danovic. Long ago. Only it never occurred to me until tonight. No, I don't think forgetting is the answer. Good night, Billy."

He wiped his face with his hands again and walked slowly and heavily toward the elevator.

•

The next morning, they had breakfast together in the hotel dining room. Rudolph looked haggard, with puffs under his eyes, and he ate without speaking, drinking one cup of coffee after another.

"You go get the—the object this afternoon," he said finally, "and hand it over to me. I don't want any more arguments."

"OK." Billy said. "You're the boss." He felt relieved to be able to say it, the responsibility for decision no longer only in his hands.

The concierge came into the dining room and approached Billy. "There's a telephone call for you, Mr. Abbott," he said in French. "In the hall booth."

"Be smart about how you talk to him," Rudolph said. "Make everything sound plausible."

"I'll do my best. I'm not guaranteeing anything when it comes to that boy," Billy said and started out of the dining room. The coffee he had drunk suddenly tasted sour in his mouth as he went into the hall and entered the booth and picked up the phone.

"Billy," Wesley said, his voice thin over the wire, "can you talk?"

"Not really."

"I'm at Les Pinèdes in St.-Tropez. When will you get here?"

"Not for a few days, I'm afraid, Wesley. There've been some complications about getting the stuff." His own voice sounded fake to him as he spoke.

"Are you going to get it or aren't you going to get it?" Wesley said harshly.

"I'm going to get it, all right. It's just going to take a little time. Four, five days."

"If I don't see you in the next five days, I'm going on to Cannes," Wesley said. "Alone. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Keep your cool, Wesley. I'm doing the best I can."

"I think you're stalling, Billy."

"I'm not stalling," Billy said. "It's just that certain things have come up."

"I bet," Wesley said and hung up.

Billy walked slowly back into the dining room. "He's at Les Pinèdes in St.-Tropez," he said as he sat down at the table opposite Rudolph. "And he's not happy. He gave me five days."

Rudolph nodded. "You didn't tell him I was here, did you?"

"No."

"I'll take the train down to Antibes tonight," Rudolph said. "I don't want to go through the check at the airport. I'll be at the Colombe d'Or at St.-Paul-de-Vence, if you want to reach me."

"Did you come up with any ideas during the night?" Billy asked.

"Maybe." Rudolph smiled grimly.

"Do you want to tell me what they are?"

"It's better for you and for me if you don't know."

"We're a great family at keeping secrets from one another, aren't we?"

"Up to a certain point." Rudolph stood

up. "I'm going to enjoy the city of Paris today. I may even go to the Louvre. I'll meet you back here at five o'clock. Don't do anything foolish until then."

"I'll try not to," Billy said. "Until five o'clock."

After his uncle had gone, Billy took a taxi to the bank on the corner of the Rue St. Dominique. He didn't want anyone noticing the convertible Peugeot and perhaps taking down the number on the license plate. He took his tennis bag along with him and when the attendant in the vault had turned the two keys and had gone back to his desk, Billy slipped the gun and the extra clips and what remained of the 10,000 francs into the bag and went upstairs and told the clerk he was giving up the *coffre-fort* and handed over his key.

Then, carrying the bag, he took a taxi back to the hotel and put the bag on the bed, which had been made up in his absence. He sat there looking at it until five o'clock.

•

Rudolph got off the train into the southern morning sunlight at Antibes. He had ordered a car from Hertz and it was waiting for him at the station. As he signed for it on the hood of the car, he kept one leg pressed against his locked bag.

He drove up to the Colombe d'Or and carried the bag with him into the hotel. After checking in, he followed the porter, who took the bag from him, to his room.

After the porter had left, he telephoned the old lawyer in Antibes, who expressed his pleasure at hearing from Monsieur Jordache again. The old man asked Rudolph what he wanted to see him about, but Rudolph said he'd rather talk to him in his office than over the phone. They made a date for 11 o'clock and Rudolph shaved and had a bath, in which he drowsed for a long time. It was two o'clock in the morning in New York and his body knew it. He moved lethargically as he put on fresh clothes and ordered a big cup of coffee to be sent to his room.

At 10:30, he locked his bag and went down to the rented car and drove carefully to Antibes.

The old man was waiting for him at the large polished table, with the sunny blue sea framed in the big window behind him. They shook hands and as they sat down, the lawyer said he hoped Monsieur Jordache had had a pleasant trip.

"Very pleasant," Rudolph said.

"And now, dear monsieur," the lawyer said, "what can I do for you?"

"It's safe to talk in here, isn't it?"

"Completely," the lawyer said.

"I mean, there are no tape recorders in the desk or anything like that?"

"There is one," the lawyer admitted, "but it is not turned on. I only use it when the client demands it."

"I hope this doesn't offend you, sir," Rudolph said, "but I would like you to put it on the desk, so that we both can be sure it is not recording."

The old man wrinkled his face into a frown. "If you wish, sir," he said coldly. He pulled open a drawer and put the little machine on the desk, to one side.

Rudolph stood up to look at it. It was not turned on. "Thank you, sir," he said and sat down again. "I would also appreciate it," he said, "if you didn't take any notes, either now or after I've left."

The old man nodded. "No notes," he said.

"The matter I'm here for is a very delicate one," Rudolph said. "It concerns the safety of my nephew, the son of my brother who was killed."

The old man nodded again. "A sad affair," he said. "I trust the wounds have healed somewhat."

"Somewhat," Rudolph said. "My nephew is in the south of France. He doesn't know that I'm in the country and I would prefer it if he didn't learn about my presence for the time being."

"Very well."

"He is here to find out where he can reach Mr. Danovic."

"Ah," the old man said gravely.

"He intends to kill the man when he finds him."

The old man coughed, as though something were stuck in his throat. He took

out a large white handkerchief and wiped his lips. "Forgive me," he said. "I see what you mean when you say it is a delicate matter."

"I don't want him ever to find Danovic."

"I understand your position," the lawyer said. "What I don't understand is how I can be of any help."

Rudolph took a deep breath. "If Danovic were killed—by other means, let us say—before my nephew learns of his whereabouts, the problem would be solved."

"I see," the old man said thoughtfully. He coughed again and once more produced the handkerchief. "And just how do you believe I can help achieve this desirable result?"

"In your time, sir," said Rudolph, "you must have handled cases that involved members of the milieu along this coast. . . ."

The lawyer nodded. "In my time," he said softly, "yes."

"If you would introduce me to a man who knew where Danovic could be found," Rudolph said, "and who could be persuaded to undertake the job, I'd be prepared to pay very well for his—his services." He paused. "Naturally, I'd be prepared to deposit a considerable sum in your Swiss account for *your* services."

"Naturally," the lawyer agreed. He sighed. Rudolph could not tell whether it was because of the risks that might have to be run or at the thought of the considerable sum in the Swiss account.

"It would have to be done very soon," Rudolph said. "The boy is impatient and foolish."

The lawyer nodded. "I sympathize with your position, Monsieur Jordache," he said, "but, as you can imagine, it is not something that can be arranged overnight, if at all. . . ."

"I'm prepared to go as high as twenty thousand dollars," Rudolph said steadily.

Again the lawyer coughed. Again he wiped his mouth with the handkerchief. "I have never smoked in my life," he said, almost petulantly, "and yet this cough pursues me." He swung around in his chair and looked out at the calm sea, as though some fruitful answer could be found there to the questions that were troubling him.

There was silence in the room for a long moment. In the silence, Rudolph reflected painfully on what he was doing. He was committing an evil act. All his life he had believed in goodness and morality and he was now committing an evil act. But what was he doing it for? To prevent an even more evil act. Morality can be a trap, he thought, just like a lot of other noble words. The question is—what comes first, your principles or your own flesh and blood? Well, he had answered the question, at least for himself. He would suffer for this later, if he had to.

The silence in the room was broken when, without turning to face Rudolph, the lawyer said, "I will see what I can do. At the very best, I can only hope to communicate with a gentleman who might just possibly be interested and have him get in touch with you. I hope you understand that would have to be the beginning and the end of the matter for me."

"I understand," Rudolph said. He stood up. "I am staying at the Colombe d'Or in St.-Paul-de-Vence. I will be waiting for a telephone call."

"I promise nothing, dear monsieur," said the lawyer. He turned around and, with his back to the sea, smiled wanly at Rudolph. "To be perfectly honest with you, I would prefer it if you could persuade your nephew to abandon his rash scheme."

"So would I," Rudolph said. "But I doubt that I could do so."

The lawyer nodded somberly. "Young men," he said. "Ah, well, I shall do what I can do."

"Thank you." As Rudolph went out of the room, the lawyer was looking at the sea again. They had not shaken hands as they said goodbye.

When Rudolph got to the Colombe d'Or, he called the Hotel d'Alembert in Paris. Luckily, Billy was in.

"Billy," Rudolph said, "there's a ray of hope. I can't tell you about it, so don't ask what it is—now or ever. But it's there. What we have to do is buy time. What you have to do is keep Wesley pacified. Can you hear me clearly?"

"Too clearly," Billy said. "What am I supposed to do to keep him pacified?"

"Get to St.-Tropez on the fifth day. Make up some story—any story. Just hang in there with him," Rudolph said. "I don't want him disappearing into the blue. We've got to know where he is at all times. Got it?"

"Got it," Billy said without enthusiasm.

"If necessary," Rudolph said, "you can tell him where I am. I'd rather he didn't know, but if that's the only way we can put him off, I'll chip in on the holding process. And keep me posted."

"How long do I have to keep him pacified?" Billy asked.

"As long as it takes."

"That's a nice round figure," Billy said.

"No witticisms, please," Rudolph said severely. "I'm doing my share; you do yours."

"Yes, sir," Billy said. "I'll spend the next couple of days making up a story. But making that crazy man believe it is another story."

"Get lucky," Rudolph said and hung up.

•

On the afternoon of the fifth day after he'd phoned Billy, Wesley was entering his hotel when he saw the Peugeot standing in the parking lot. He hurried into the hotel. "There's a gentleman waiting for you in the bar," the concierge told him as he gave Wesley his key.

Billy was sitting alone in the empty bar, sipping at a beer and staring out at the inlet of the bay on which the hotel was built. He looked small and disconsolate, slumped in his chair. His clothes were rumpled and he hadn't bothered to comb his hair, which had been whipped by the wind on his journey. The long trip to Paris and back in the open car had made his normally dark complexion two or three shades darker. He looks like a shifty little Arab, Wesley thought as he went up to him. Billy stood up as Wesley approached and they shook hands.

"Well, Cousin," Wesley said, "it's about time."

"For Christ's sake," Billy said querulously, "are you going to start like that?"

"Let's go to my room," Wesley said, looking over at the barman, who was peeling lemons at the other side of the room. "We can talk there."

"You might let me finish my beer," Billy said. "And you look as though you could use one yourself."

"There're a lot of things I could use more," Wesley said. "Drink up."

Billy looked around him. "This is a pretty fancy place," he said. "It must cost a fortune."

"I thought I was only going to be here a couple of days," Wesley said. "I didn't think I'd have to stay here for the whole season. You finished with your beer?"

"I suppose so," Billy said and he followed Wesley out of the bar.

In his room, Wesley turned on Billy. "Have you got it?" he asked harshly.

"You have to let me explain," Billy said. "The man who was holding it for me is on the lam. He wasn't in Paris and his girlfriend said she didn't know where he is. But she said he would call her and——"

"When?" Wesley asked. "When is he going to call her?"

"She couldn't say. Soon, she thinks."

"Soon? The Fourth of July? Christmas?"

"Jesus," Billy said aggrievedly, "there's no call for you to talk to me like that. I did my best. It's not like going into a store and buying a box of candy."

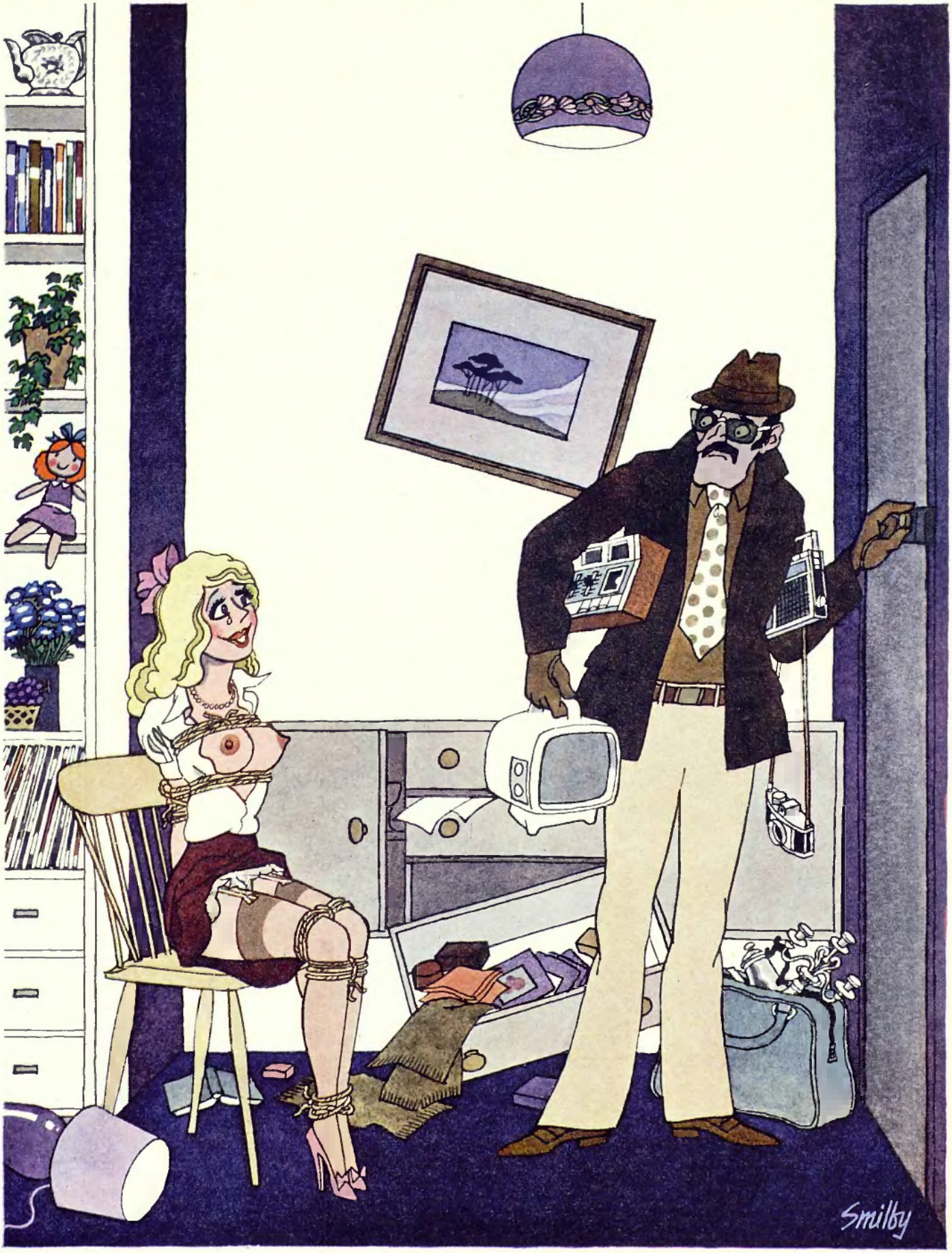
"You know what I think, Billy?" Wesley said levelly. "I think you're lying to me."

"Don't be so goddamn suspicious. I volunteered, didn't I, for Christ's sake?" Even as he spoke, Billy knew that Wesley didn't believe a word he said. "Nobody put a gun to my head. All I was doing was trying to help."

"Balls," Wesley said. "You know where that gun is—if there ever was a gun. . . ."

"There's a gun," Billy said. "I swear it."

"Then you're going to tell me where



"Before you go, would you mind tightening my ankles a little?"

it is. And you're going to tell me right now." With a sudden, feline motion, Wesley leaped at Billy and began to choke him. Billy struggled, clawing at the hands around his throat and trying to use his knee to Wesley's groin. But Wesley outweighed him by 40 pounds and was ferociously strong. Soundlessly, they struggled around the room. Billy slipped and was on the floor, with Wesley kneeling on him, his face calm, his hands pressing maniacally on Billy's throat, making it impossible to cry out. Just before Billy was about to black out, the hands relaxed.

"You going to tell me or not?" Wesley whispered.

"Christ," Billy gasped, "you could have choked me to death."

"Highly possible." Wesley's hands began to press a little harder.

"Rudolph . . ." Billy said brokenly. "He's in St.-Paul-de-Vence . . . the Colombe d'Or. Now will you get off my chest?"

Slowly, Wesley released his grip and stood. He helped Billy up and Billy fell into a chair, feeling his throat with his hands. "You're too fucking strong for your own good," he said.

Wesley stood over him, still threatening. "How did Uncle Rudolph come into the picture?" he asked. "And no more fairy tales, Billy."

"I called him in New York. I thought if anybody could help you, he could. I did it for you. You don't think I did it for myself, do you?"

"You chickened out," Wesley said contemptuously. "And you called in Santa Claus. I should have known. What the hell would you expect from a tennis player? Go back to your fancy ladies, you bastard. What a royal fucking runaround."

"You go to St.-Paul-de-Vence, you murdering idiot," Billy said, "and you try to choke your uncle Rudolph."

"Maybe I'll try just that," Wesley said. "And now you get out of my room. And out of town. If I see you around, I might be sorry I ever let up on you."

"The next time I see you," Billy said as he stood up, "I'm going to have a knife on me. I warn you."

"Thanks," Wesley said, "I'll keep that in mind."

At the door, Billy turned. "One last word," he said. "I'm your friend, no matter what you think."

Wesley nodded somberly and Billy opened the door and went out.

When he got downstairs, he called St.-Paul-de-Vence. When Rudolph came to the phone, Billy told him what had happened.

"Oh, Lord," Rudolph said. "He's as bad as that?"

"Worse," said Billy. "Demented. You'd better move to another hotel, if you don't want another choking session in the family."

"I'm not moving anywhere," Rudolph said calmly. "Let him come."

"Just don't see him alone," Billy said, admiring his uncle's serenity. "With that boy, you need plenty of witnesses."

"I'll see him any way he wants."

"Have you come up with anything?"

"Maybe," Rudolph said. "We'll see."

"If I can give you some advice," Billy said, "I'd get rid of the thing before he gets there. Throw it in the sea."

"No," Rudolph said thoughtfully, "I don't believe I want to do that. It may come in handy. In the not-too-distant future."

"Good luck," Billy said.

"I'll see you next week in Cannes, at the festival," Rudolph said. "I've reserved rooms at the Hotel Majestic for all of us. I put you in a room with Wesley. Given the circumstances"—he chuckled, oddly—"given the circumstances, I think I'll put you on another floor."

"You think of everything, don't you, Rudolph?" Billy said sarcastically.

"Almost everything," Rudolph said.

Billy hung up and went over to the concierge's desk and said, "Please put the call on Mr. Jordache's bill."

•

Wesley didn't call that day or the next, but the lawyer from Antibes did.

"I may have some news," the lawyer

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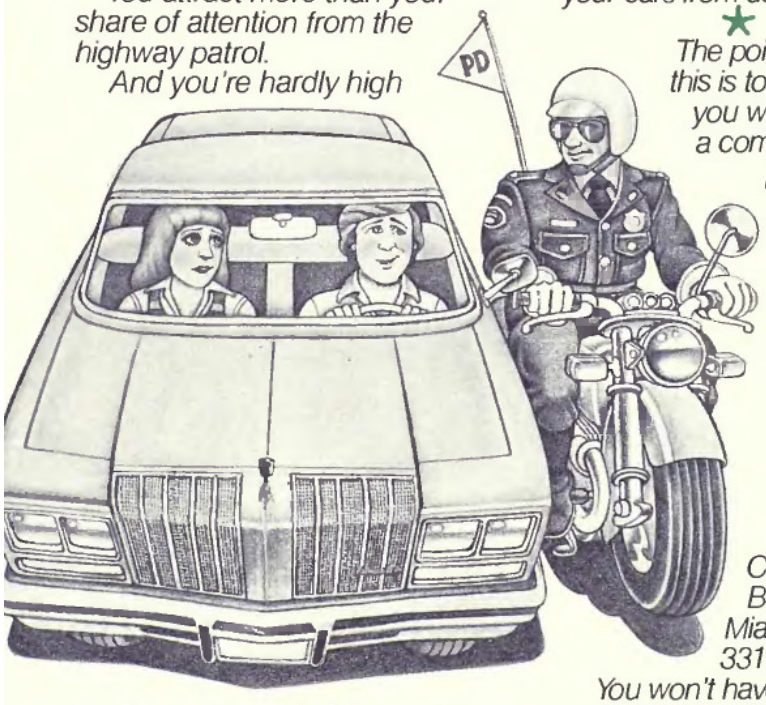

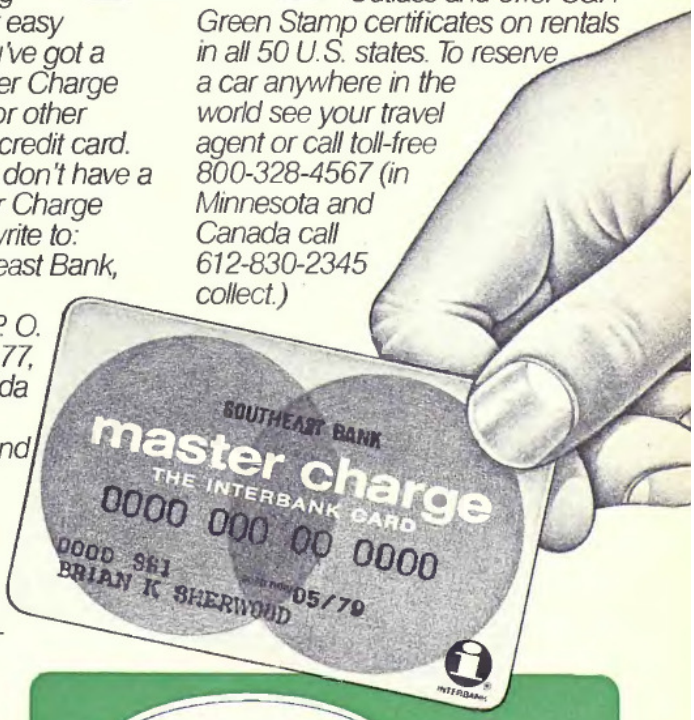

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THE BIG GREEN TEAM

said. "The gentleman I have in mind to apply for the position you spoke to me about the other day is not available for the moment. He happens to be in prison in Fresnes. But he is due to get out in two weeks and he is expected at his home in Marseilles shortly after that. I will be in touch with him and will tell him where he can reach you."

"I'll be at the Hotel Majestic in Cannes," Rudolph said.

"I'm sorry about the delay," the lawyer said.

"It can't be helped," Rudolph said. "Thank you for your trouble. I'll be expecting the call."

It can't be helped, Rudolph thought as he hung up. That would be a good title for the story of my life. It can't be helped.

•

Simpson, the publicity man at the festival for Gretchen's movie, had put out a story about the woman whose first picture as a director had been chosen as one of the American entries to be shown in Cannes, so there were photographers at the Nice airport when Gretchen's plane came in. The photographers took pictures of Gretchen getting off the plane and then again as she greeted Billy and Rudolph after going through customs. She was near tears as she kissed Billy and hugged him, hard. "It's been so long," she whispered.

Billy was embarrassed at the show of maternal emotion with the flashbulbs popping off and extricated himself, gently but firmly, from his mother's embrace. "Mother," he said, "why don't we save the reunion scene for later?" He didn't like the idea of a photograph of himself being clutched in a domestic strangle hold appearing in the papers, publicity or no publicity.

As Gretchen stepped back, Billy saw her lips set in the cold line that was all too familiar to him. "Billy," she said, her tone formal, "let me introduce you to Mr. Donnelly. He did the sets for our picture."

Billy shook hands with the red-bearded young man. "Glad to meet you, sir," he said. Another one, he thought. She never gives up. He had noticed the possessive, protecting way the man had held his mother's arm as they came through the small crowd grouped around the exit from the customs. He had intended to be warm and responsive at this first meeting after the gap of years since they had last seen each other, but the sight of his mother, as beautiful as ever in her smart blue traveling suit, being squired ostentatiously off the plane by a man who seemed not much older than himself had disturbed him.

Then he felt ashamed for allowing himself to be annoyed. After all, his mother was a grown woman and what she did on her own time and her taste in partners were none of his business. As he walked beside her toward the chauffeured car that had been sent for her, he squeezed her hand affectionately to make up for the remark about the reunion scene. She looked at him, surprised, then smiled widely. "We're going to have a great two weeks," she said.

"I hope so," he said. "I can't wait to see the picture."

"The omens are good," she said. "The people who've seen it so far seem to like it a great deal."

"A lot more than a great deal," Rudolph said. "People're raving about it. I've already been offered a hundred percent profit on my share of it and I've turned it down."

"Faithful brother," Gretchen said lightly. "He puts his money where his heart is." Then she frowned. "Rudy," she said, "you don't look well. You look as though you haven't slept in weeks. What's the matter?"

Rudolph laughed uneasily. "Nothing. Maybe I've been staying up too late at the casino."

"Have you been winning?"

"As always," Rudolph said.

As the porter and the chauffeur were putting the bags into the car, Gretchen said, "I'm a little disappointed."

"Why?" Rudolph asked.

"I'd hoped that Wesley would come to meet me, too. Isn't he staying at the hotel with us?"

"No," said Rudolph.

"He's in Cannes, isn't he? After the picture's shown, he's going to be mobbed by the papers and TV people for interviews. He's got to *behave* like an actor, even if he doesn't think he is one."

"Gretchen," Rudolph said softly, "we don't know where he is. He was in St.-Tropez the last we knew, but he's disappeared."

"Is there anything wrong?"

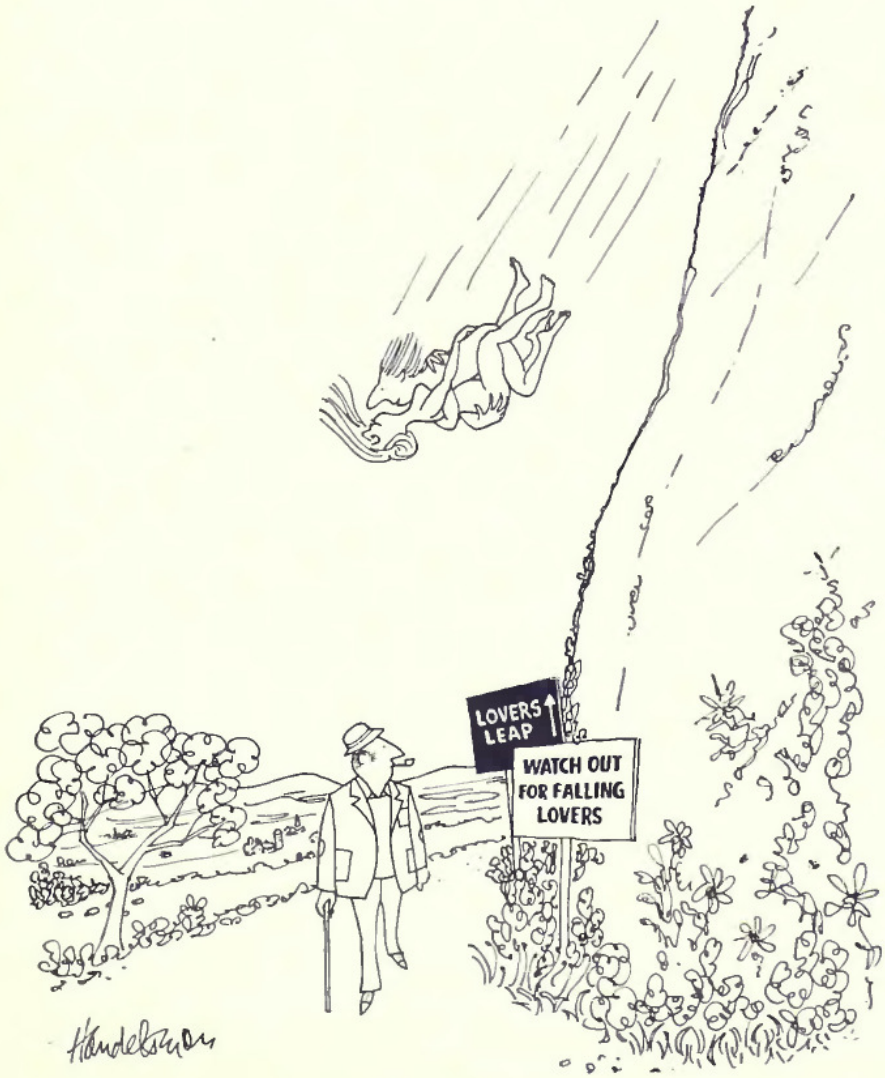
"Not that we know of," Rudolph lied. "Don't worry, I'm sure he'll turn up."

"He'd better," Gretchen said as she and Donnelly got into the car. "Or I'll send out a missing-persons alarm."

With all the baggage, there was no room in the car for Rudolph. He and Billy went toward where the Peugeot was parked. "We'd better cook up *some* kind of story for her about Wesley," Rudolph said as they got into the car.

"*You* cook up the story this time," Billy said as they drove out of the parking lot. "The last story I cooked up nearly got me killed."

"Maybe when he sees Gretchen's



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picture in the papers, he'll come around," Rudolph said. "He grew very fond of her while they were shooting."

"I know. He told me so. Still, I wouldn't be too hopeful. What he's really fond of these days is finding a certain Yugoslav." Billy turned his head and peered curiously at Rudolph. "Anything new on your front?"

"I won't know for a few days yet."

"You still don't want to tell me what it might be?"

"No." Rudolph said decisively. "And don't pry."

"Have you still got it?" Billy asked. "The gun?"

"Yes."

Billy chuckled. "I bet you're the only one at this festival with a gun with a silencer in his hotel room."

"It's a distinction I would gladly renounce," Rudolph said bleakly.

When they drove down the Croisette in Cannes, Rudolph saw that among the posters advertising the movies to be shown in the next two weeks, there was one for *Restoration Comedy* and Gretchen's name was prominently displayed.

•

Billy got back to his room at dusk. He had patrolled the old port all afternoon, peering at the boats and going into the bars and restaurants. Wesley had not been on any of the boats nor in any of the bars or restaurants. He called his mother's room, but the operator said that she was not taking any calls. Probably in the sack, he thought, with that fellow with the beard. Best not to think about it.

He undressed and took a shower. It had been a long, hot day and he luxuriated under the needle-sharp cold spray, forgetting everything but the delicious tingling of his skin. When he got out of the shower, he heard a knock on the bedroom door. He wrapped a towel around his waist and, leaving wet footprints on the carpet, went to the door and opened it. Monika stood there, smiling, in one of the pretty cotton gowns he had seen her wearing in Spain.

"Good Lord," he said.

"I see you're dressed to receive guests," she said. "May I come in?"

He peered past her into the corridor to see if she was alone.

"Don't worry," she said. "This is a social visit. There's nobody with me." She brushed past him and he closed the door. "My," she said, looking around at the large, handsomely furnished room, "we're moving up in the world, aren't we? This beats Brussels by a mile, doesn't it? Capitalism becomes you, laddie."

"How'd you find me?" Billy asked, ignoring what she had said about the improvement over Brussels.

"About your conjugal visit: Your wife called and said she had a headache."

"It was easy," she said. "This time you left a forwarding address."

"I must remember never to do that again," he said. "What do you want?" He felt foolish, standing there soaking wet, with the towel precariously draped around him.

"I just wanted to say hello." She sat down and crossed her legs and smiled up at him. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

"I'll put some clothes on," he said. "I'm not used to entertaining strange ladies naked." He started past her toward the bathroom, where his pants and shirt were hanging.

She dropped her cigarette and reached out and held his arm. "No need," she said. "I'm not as strange as all that. Besides—the less you're wearing, the better you look." She took her hand off his arm and reached around and held him, encircling his legs. She tilted her head and looked up at him. "Give me a kiss."

He pulled against the pressure of her arm, but she held him tight. "What're you up to now?" he said harshly, though he could feel the familiar stirrings in his groin.

She chuckled. "The same old thing," she said.

"It wasn't the same old thing in Spain," he said, cursing the sudden erection that plainly bulked under the towel.

"I had other things on my mind in Spain," she said. "And I wasn't alone then, if you remember. Now I'm alone and on holiday and it's the same old thing. I think I told you once that orgasms are few and far between on the New Left. That hasn't changed." With a swift motion, she reached under the towel and put her hand on his penis. She chuckled again. "I see this hasn't changed, either." She caressed him gently, her hand moving with remembered deftness.

"Oh, Christ," he said, sure that he was finally going to regret what he was saying, "let's get into bed."

"That was my general idea," she said. She stood up and they kissed. "I missed you," she whispered. "Just lie down while I get these clothes off."

He went over to the wide bed and lay down, the towel still draped around him, and watched as she pulled the pretty dress over her head. She wasn't wearing a brassiere and the sight of the lovely small breasts made him ache with pleasure. He closed his eyes. One last time, he thought, what the hell. His mother was probably doing the same thing one floor above. Like mother, like son. A big evening for the family. He heard Monika moving barefooted toward the bed and the click of a switch as she turned off the light. He threw off the towel. She fell on top of him with a low moan and he put his arms around her.

•

Later, in the warm darkness, he was lying on his back, his arm under her

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neck, as she snuggled against him, her head on his shoulder, one leg thrown across him. He sighed. "The best," he said. "The very goddamn best. All in favor say aye."

"Aye," Monika said. "From now on, always remember to leave a forwarding address."

"Aye," he said, though he wasn't sure he meant it. He had been through too much with her and the only place he felt safe with her was in bed. "What's *your* address now?"

"What do you have to know that for?"

"I might just happen to be passing your hotel," he said, "and be suddenly overcome with an irresistible urge."

"I'll see you here," she said, "when *I* happen to be overcome with an irresistible urge. I don't want to be seen with you. You'll see me often enough. But only in this room."

"Damn it," he said, wriggling his arm free from under her neck and sitting up, "why do you always have to be the one who calls the signals?"

"Because that's the way I like to operate," she said.

"Operate," he said. "I don't like that word."

"Learn to live with it, laddie," Monika said. She sat up, too, and searched for the pack of cigarettes she had put on the bedside table. She took out a cigarette and lit it, the small flare of the match illuminating her face and eyes. "I'll see you here," she said, inhaling smoke, "same time tomorrow."

"Bitch."

"I've always been amused by your vocabulary." She got out of bed and began dressing, the glow of her cigarette the only light in the dark room. "By the way, I saw your cousin, the boy you used to play tennis with, this afternoon."

"You did?" Billy said, speaking carefully. "What hotel?"

Monika hesitated. "Don't you know? Isn't he staying here with you?"

"No. What hotel? We have to find him."

"Who's we?"

"What difference does that make to you?" Billy tried to keep his voice down.

"You never can tell what difference it might make to me. Who's we?"

"Forget it."

"Actually," Monika said, "I don't remember the name of the hotel."

"You're lying."

She laughed. "Perhaps. Maybe if you're here, like a good boy, tomorrow evening, I might remember it."

"Did you talk to him?"

"No. I'm interested in another member of the family."

"God," Billy said, "you know how to make sex complicated."

"Sex?" she said. "Once upon a time, you used to use the word love."

"Once upon a time," Billy said grimly.

"Have it your own way, laddie," Monika said lightly. "For the moment. One last compliment—you're better in bed than on a tennis court."

"Thanks."

"*Pour rien*, as the French say." She threw away her cigarette and went over to the bed and bent and kissed his cock, briefly. "Good night, laddie," she said. "I have to go now."

As the door closed behind her, Billy lay back against the pillows, staring up at the dark ceiling. Another problem. He had to decide whether or not to tell Rudolph that Wesley had been seen coming out of a hotel in Cannes that day but that he didn't know the name of the hotel, though he might find out tomorrow. But then he'd have to explain how he had heard it and why he had to wait for tomorrow. And he couldn't explain anything without at least mentioning Monika. And then he'd have to explain something, at least, about Monika. He shook his head irritably against the pillow. Rudolph had enough on his mind without having to worry about Monika.

The phone rang. It was Rudolph to tell him that they would all meet at the bar downstairs in a half hour, before going to dinner. After he hung up, Billy went in and took another shower. He didn't want to go to dinner smelling as though he had been in an orgy. He wondered if his mother were upstairs now also taking a shower.

•

The phone was ringing when Rudolph, coming back from dinner, unlocked the door to his room. He hurried over to the phone and picked it up to say hello. "Monsieur Jordache . . . ?" It was a man's voice.

"Yes."

"*L'avocat d'Antibes*," the man said, "*m'a dit que vous voulez me parler. . . .*"

"Do you speak English?" Rudolph said. If it was the man he thought it was, he

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had to understand every word he said. He might just barely be able to arrange a murder in English but never in high school French.

"A leetle," the man said. He had a hoarse, low voice. "The lawyer of Antibes, he say per'aps we do a leetle business together. . . ."

"When can we meet?"

"Now," the man said.

"Where?"

"*A la gare*. Z' station. I stand by the bar in z' buffet."

"Ten minutes," Rudolph said. "How will I recognize you?"

"I am dressed the following," the man said. "Blue *pantalons*, jacket brown, I am small man, w' z' grand belly."

"Good," Rudolph said. "Ten minutes." He hung up. Blue pants, brown jacket, big belly. Well, he wasn't picking the man for his beauty or his taste in clothing. He unlocked his bag, peered in. The gun was still there. He closed the bag, locked it and went out of the room.

Downstairs, he went into the cashier's room behind the desk and had his safe-deposit box opened. He had had $10,000 sent over from his bank in New York and had converted it into francs. Whatever was going to happen, good or bad, he knew would cost money. He looked down at the neat bundles of bills, considered for a moment, then took out 5000 francs. He put the remaining bundles back into the box and locked it. Then he went out of the hotel and got into a taxi. "*La gare*," he said. He tried to think of nothing on the short trip to the station. He fumbled as he pulled some ten-franc notes out of his pocket and his hand was shaking as he took the change and tipped the driver.

He saw the fat little man in the blue pants and brown jacket standing at the bar, a glass of *pastis* in front of him. "Good evening, monsieur," he said as he went up to the man.

The man turned and looked soberly at him. He was dark, with a fat face and small, deep-set black eyes. His lips were thick and wet. An incongruous baby-blue-cotton golf hat that was too small for him sat back from his domed and wrinkled forehead. It was not a prepossessing face nor one that in other circumstances Rudolph would have been inclined to trust. "Per'aps we go for walk," the man said. He had a strong Provençal accent. "Z' light here bad for z' eyes."

They went out together and walked away from the station and along a narrow, dark, deserted street. It could have been 1000 miles away from the bright, crowded bustle of the festival.

"I listen proposal," the man said.

"Do you know a man called Danovic?" Rudolph asked. "Yugoslav. Smalltime hoodlum."

"'Oodlum?" the man said. "What z' 'oodlum?"

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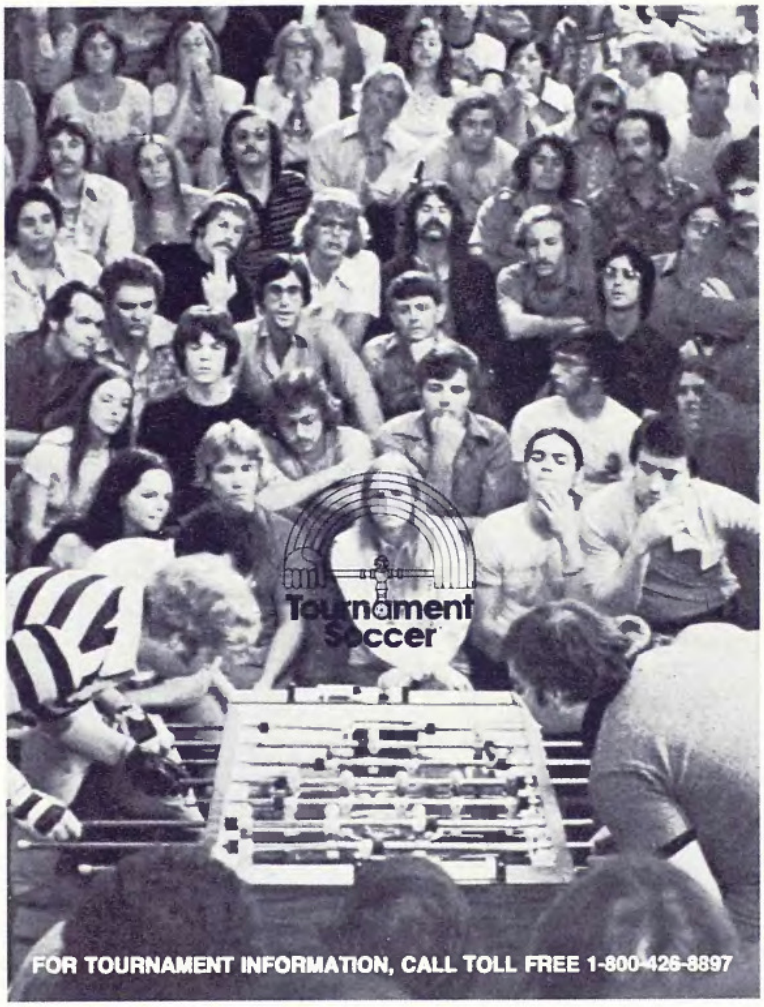

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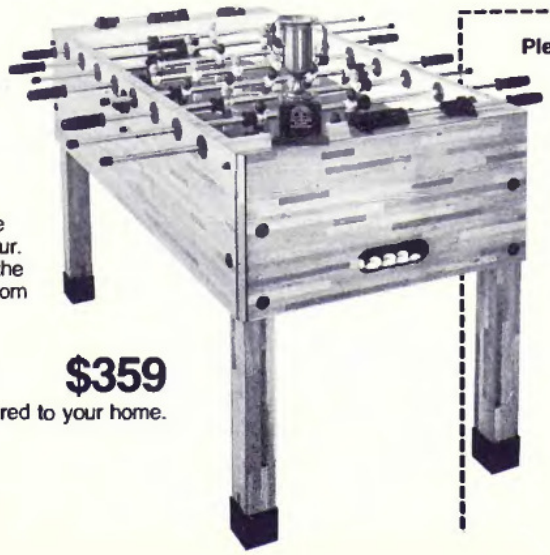

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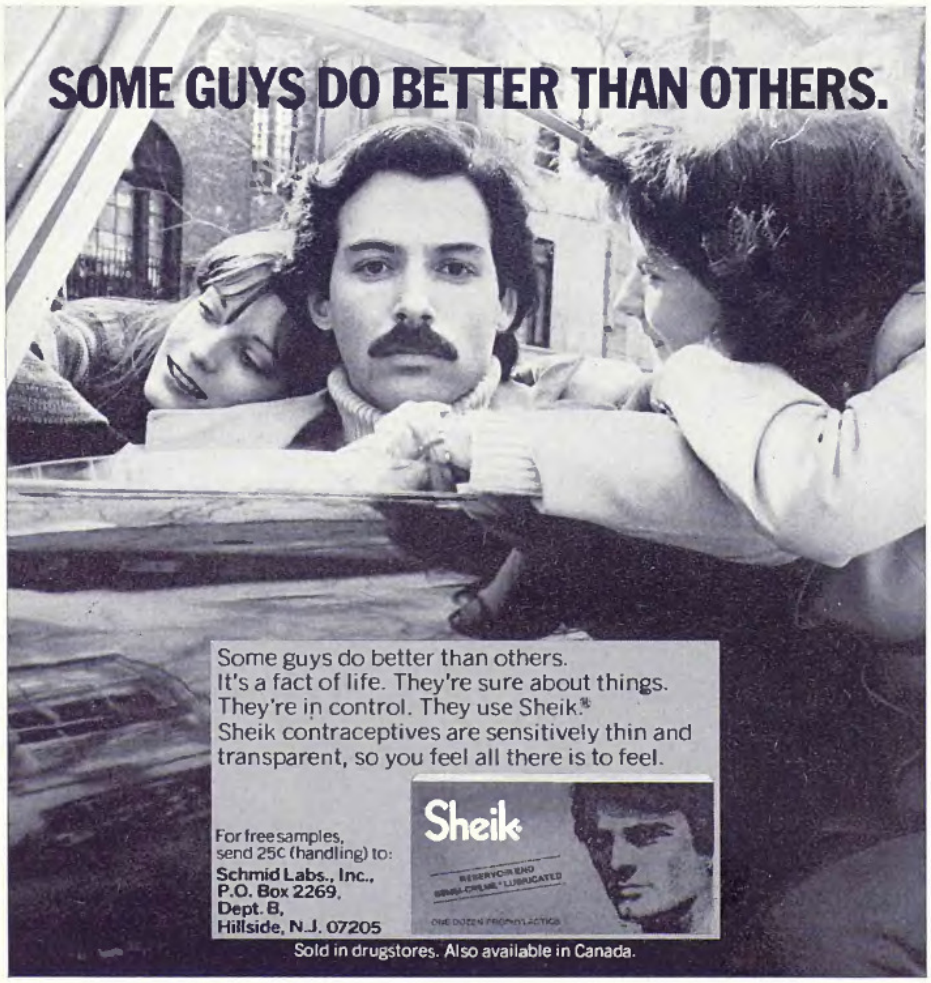


"*Voyou*," Rudolph said.

"Ah."

"Do you know him?"

The man walked ten paces in silence. Then he shook his head. "Per'aps under different name. Where you t'ink 'e z'?"

"Cannes, most likely," Rudolph said. "Last time he was seen, it was in a night club here—La Porte Rose."

The man nodded. "Bad place," he said. "Varry bad."

"Yes."

"If I find him, what 'appens?"

"You will get a certain number of francs if you dispose of him."

"Dispose?" the man said.

"Kill." Good God, Rudolph thought, is it I who is saying this?

"*Compris*," the man said. "Now we talk money. What you mean certain number of francs?"

"Say—fifty thousand," Rudolph said. "About ten thousand dollars, if you want it in dollars."

" 'Ow much advance? Now? To find z' man?"

"I have five thousand francs on me," Rudolph said. "You can have that."

The man stopped. He put out a pudgy hand. "I take money now."

Rudolph took out his wallet and slipped out the bills. He watched as the man carefully counted them by the dim light of a street lamp 30 feet away. I wonder what he would say, Rudolph thought, if I asked him for a receipt. He almost laughed aloud at the thought. He was dealing with a world where the only guarantee was vengeance.

The man stuffed the bills into an inside pocket of his coat. "When I find him," he said, " 'ow much I get?"

"Before or after the . . . the job?"

"Before."

"Twenty thousand," Rudolph said. "That would make half the total."

"*D'accord*," the man said. "And after, how I make sure I am paid?"

"Any way you want."

The man thought for a moment. "When I say I find him," he said, "you put twenty-five thousand in hands of lawyer. The lawyer read in *Nice Matin* he is . . . what word you used?"

"Disposed of," Rudolph said.

"Dispose," the man said, "and a friend of me go to lawyer office for rest of money. We shake on deal?"

Rudolph had shaken hands on a variety of deals in the past and had celebrated afterward. There would be no celebration after this handshake.

"Stay near z' telephone," the man said and turned and walked quickly back in the direction of the station.

Rudolph took a deep breath and started walking slowly toward the Croisette and his hotel. He thought of the two men who had ambushed him in the hallway of the house in New York and who had been so furious that a man who

looked as prosperous as he did had only a few dollars on him to reward them for their trouble. If anybody mugged him tonight on the dark streets of Cannes, he'd probably leave him for dead after he'd searched his pockets. He didn't have much more than cab fare left.

•

Billy was awakened by a knocking on his door. He got sleepily out of bed and, barefooted and in pajamas, went over to the door and opened it. Monika was standing there, smoking a cigarette, a raincoat draped over her shoulders like a cape. She came in quickly and he closed the door and switched on a lamp.

"Hello," Billy said. "I was wondering when you would turn up." It had been four days since her visit.

"Did you miss me?" She threw off her coat and sat on the rumpled bed, facing him, smiling.

"I'll tell you later," Billy said. "What time is it?"

"Twelve-thirty," Monika said.

"You keep some weird office hours."

"Better late than never," she said. "Wouldn't you agree?"

"I'll tell you later about that, too," he said. "The fact is, I like afternoons better."

"How European you've become."

"What the hell do you do with your afternoons?"

Monika smiled demurely up at him. "Curiosity killed the cat," she said.

Billy grunted. "I see this is your night for clichés," he said. "Did you remember the name of the hotel where you saw my cousin yet?"

"I am trying hard," Monika said. "Sometimes it seems to be almost on the tip of my tongue."

"Oh, balls," Billy said.

"What a nice word," she said. She threw her cigarette to the floor and ground it into the carpet. Billy winced. Her manner of dressing had improved considerably, but her housewifely instincts were still at the Brussels level. She stood up and went over to him and put her arms around him and kissed him, her tongue sliding softly inside his mouth. His erection was immediate. He tried to think of other things, whether it was time to have the oil changed in his car, whether he wanted to play tennis the next day or not, whether he had to get his dinner jacket pressed for the evening performance of *Restoration Comedy* two nights from then, but it was no good. "Let's get to bed," he muttered.

"I was wondering how long it was going to take you to say that." She chuckled, sure of the hold she had on him.

An hour later, she said, "It's not too bad at night, either, is it?"

He kissed her throat. She wriggled out of his arms and slid from the bed and stood up. "I have to go now," she said.

"Why the hell can't you stay the night?" he said, disappointed. "At least once."

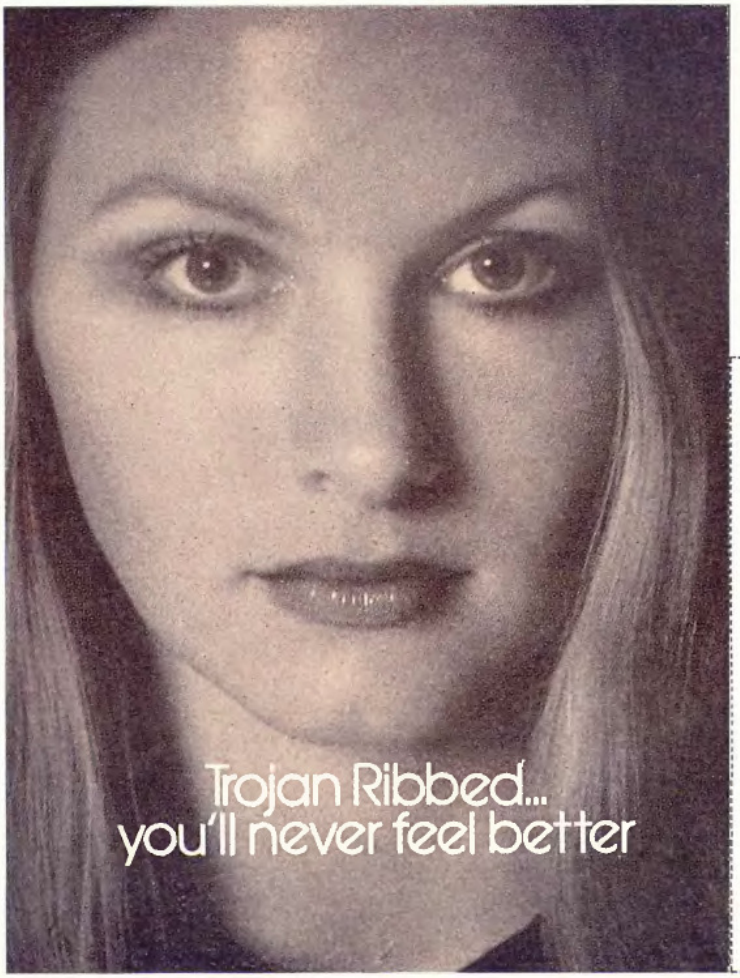
"Previous engagements." She began to dress. It didn't take her long. She put on her panties, girlishly plain and white over her tan, shapely legs, and slipped her dress over her head. He watched her, feeling deprived, as she pulled on her ballet slippers and combed her hair in front of the mirror. "By the way," she said, "we decided to call in our debts."

A cold chill went over him and he drew the blankets over him. "What do you mean by that?" he said, trying to keep his voice calm.

"The Paris debt," she said, still combing her hair. "You remember that, I imagine."

He said nothing and lay absolutely still.

"I'll tell you what you're going to do," she went on, tugging at her tangled hair with the comb. "Two nights from now, you're going to go to a bar called the Voile Vert on the Rue d'Antibes at six P.M. There will be a man there waiting for you. He will have two magazines with him, *L'Express* and *Le Nouvel Observateur*. He will be reading *L'Express* and the *Observateur* will be on the table in front of him. You will sit down at the table with him and you will order a glass of wine. He will reach under the table



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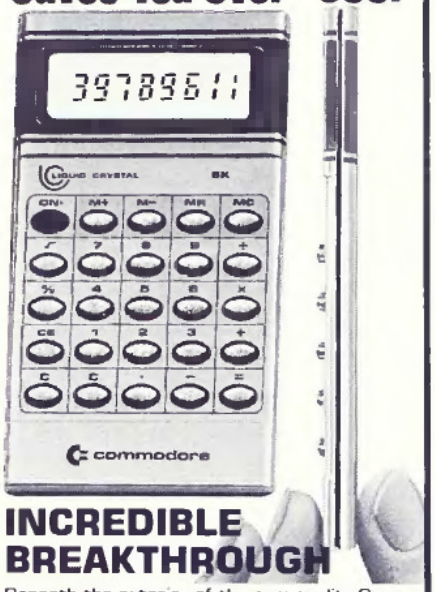

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and will pick up a sixteen-millimeter movie camera."

"Only it won't be a sixteen-millimeter movie camera," Billy said bitterly.

"You're learning," Monika said.

"Will you, for Christ's sake, stop combing your hair?" Billy said.

"You will take the camera and when you go into the Festival Hall that evening, you will open it and take out what you find in it and hide it in an inconspicuous place. It will be timed to go off at nine forty-five." Monika finally put the comb down and pushed at her hair with her hands, twisting her body so that she could look at her reflection from the side.

"You must be out of your mind," Billy said, still with the blankets pulled up under his chin. "At nine forty-five, they'll be running my mother's picture."

"Exactly," Monika said. "No one will suspect you. There will be dozens of photographers with all sorts of cameras. You can wander all over the building without anyone questioning you. That's why you were chosen for the job. Don't worry. Nobody's going to be hurt."

"You mean it's going to be a nice, harmless, friendly type of bomb."

"You should know enough by now not to be sarcastic with me." Monika turned away from the mirror and faced him. "The police will be called at nine o'clock and told there is a bomb somewhere in the building. They'll clear the place in five minutes. We're not out to kill anybody. This time."

"What *are* you out to do?" Billy was ashamed of the quaver in his voice.

"A demonstration," Monika said evenly, "a demonstration that will have the greatest kind of publicity, with newspapermen, television crews all over the place and internationally famous people falling all over themselves to get out of there. If anything represents the rot of the whole system better than this disgusting fat circus, we haven't heard of it."

"What if I say no, I won't do it?"

"You will be dealt with," Monika said quietly. "When it is done to our satisfaction, I believe I'll remember what hotel your cousin is at. In the meantime, I trust *you'll* remember—the Voile Vert, the two magazines, six P.M. Good night, laddie." She picked up her bag, threw her raincoat over her shoulders and went out the door.

•

As Billy went up the steps of the Festival Hall with Gretchen and Donnelly and Rudolph for the morning showing of *Restoration Comedy*, he said, "I think I'd like to sit downstairs in the orchestra with the peasants." The others had reserved seats in the balcony. He kissed his mother and whispered, "*Merde*."

"What's that?" Gretchen asked, surprised.

"It's French show business for good luck," he said.

Gretchen smiled and gave him another

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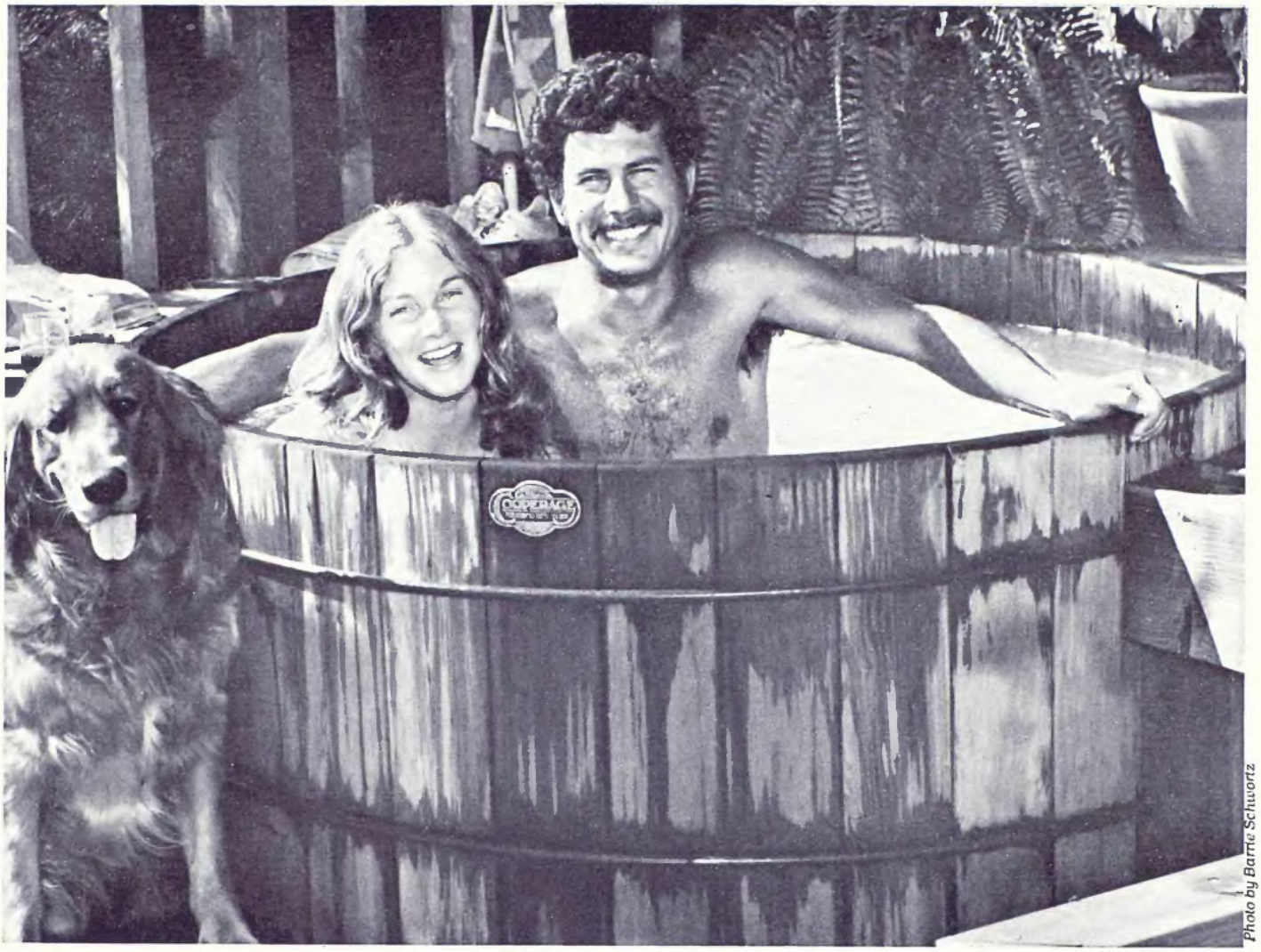

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quick kiss. "I hope you like the picture," she said.

"I hope so, too," he said gravely. He showed his ticket to the man at the door and went into the auditorium. It was already crowded, though the picture was not scheduled to start for another ten minutes. An inconspicuous place, he thought, an inconspicuous place. Everywhere he looked seemed like a highly conspicuous place to him. He went to the men's room. At the moment, it was empty. There was a trash basket for paper towels. It would be possible, given 30 seconds alone, to open the back of the camera, take out the bomb and hide it. If he could manage 30 seconds alone.

The door to the men's room opened and a man in a flowered shirt came in and went over to the urinals. Billy ostentatiously washed his hands, pulled out a paper towel and dried them. Then he went out and found a seat near the front of the auditorium, where there were still a few vacant places. In the state he was in, he didn't know whether or not he would be able to sit through the picture, which was another reason for not sitting beside his mother for the showing. But when the picture started, he found himself immediately engrossed and even laughed with the rest of the audience at the humorous scenes. And Wesley's performance astonished him. It was Wesley, all right, but a Wesley who had somehow blended someone else's character with his own, to become a boy hidden and besieged, revealing bits and pieces of himself at rare, emotional moments, by a glance, a movement of his head, a mumbled monosyllable, and through it all looking brutally handsome while suggesting sweetness and vulnerable sensitivity, even when the script demanded violence and cynical behavior from him.

After the final fade-out, the applause was loud and sustained, greater than that at any of the other movies Billy had seen since the festival opened. Then people began turning around and applauding and he saw that they were applauding his mother, who was standing, smiling tremulously, at the railing of the balcony. Billy, near tears himself, clapped with the heartiest of the people around him. As he filed out of the hall, moved by his mother's accomplishment, he wondered what had driven him to be such a bastard to his mother for all those years.

Outside, on the Croisette, he saw a cluster of young people getting autographs from a man who was standing with his back toward him. Whoever it was, he was almost obscured by a tall, bulky boy in blue jeans. Curious, Billy went toward the group. Then he stopped.

The man who was autographing programs and notebooks and scraps of paper was Wesley. Billy grinned. The ham, he thought, I should have known he couldn't resist seeing himself. He pushed his way, as politely as possible, through the little crowd around Wesley, who was bending over, signing a notebook held out to him by a short girl in a gypsy skirt. "Mr. Jordan," Billy said, lisping in a high, feminine voice, "will you sign my program for me? I think you're just wonderful."

Wesley looked up from the notebook. "Go fuck yourself, Billy," he said. But there was a pleased smile on his face.

Billy took Wesley's arm firmly. "That's all for the moment, boys and girls," he said loudly. "Mr. Jordan has to go upstairs for the press conference. Come with me, sir." He started off, still holding Wesley's arm. Wesley held back for a moment, then walked beside him. "You're just what my mother needs today," Billy said, "and you can't let her down."

"Yeah," Wesley said. "Jesus, she's a wonder, isn't she?"

"A wonder," said Billy. "And you're going to tell her so. You were pretty wonderful yourself in there, too, you know."

"Not too bad," Wesley said complacently, the smile now permanently glued on his face.

As they waited for the elevator to take them up to the conference room, Billy said, in a low voice, "Any luck in finding the man?"

Wesley shook his head.

"Don't you think it's about time you forgot all about it?"

Finally, Wesley stopped smiling. "No, it's not time."

"Movie stars don't go around murdering people," Billy said.

"I'm not a movie star," Wesley said shortly.

"Everybody in Cannes knows your face by now," said Billy. "You won't be by yourself long enough to swat a fly without witnesses, let alone kill a man." Then he had to keep quiet, because two other people joined them waiting for the elevator.

Gretchen was just beginning to speak in the conference room, crowded with journalists and cameramen, as Billy and Wesley went in. She saw them immediately and broke off what she was saying. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, her voice not under full control, "I have just had a most pleasant surprise. One of the most promising young actors I have ever seen has just walked into the room. Wesley, will you come up here, please?"

"Oh, Christ," Wesley muttered under his breath.

"Get up there, idiot." Billy pushed him toward the raised platform where Gretchen was standing. Slowly, Wesley made his way through the crowd and stepped

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onto the platform. Gretchen kissed him and then, addressing the room, said. "I have the honor to introduce Wesley Jordan."

There was hearty applause and flashbulbs going off everywhere and the smile, now a little glassy, reappeared on Wesley's face. Billy slipped out of the room. He could hear the applause continuing as he walked quickly toward the elevators.

Outside, he left the Croisette and went into a café and ordered a beer, took a sip, asked for a token for the telephone, then went downstairs to where the booth was located. He looked in the directory for the prefecture of police, found the number and dialed it. A man's voice said, "*Allô.*"

"This evening at six o'clock, at a café called the Voile Vert, on the Rue d'Antibes," Billy said in French, with a harsh *Midi* accent, which he had used before only to amuse people at parties, "you will find a man sitting at a table with a copy of *L'Express* in his hands and a copy of *Le Nouvel Observateur* on the table in front of him——"

"One moment." The policeman's voice was excited and he stumbled over the words. "Who is this? What do you want?"

"On the floor under the table," Billy went on, "you will find a bomb."

"A bomb!" the man shouted. "What are you saying? A bomb for what?"

"It will be timed to go off at nine forty-five tonight," Billy said. "Six this evening, the Voile Vert."

"Wait a minute. I must . . ." the policeman shouted more loudly.

Billy hung up the phone and went up to the bar and finished his beer.

•

They were in Gretchen's *salon* after the evening showing of the picture, drinking champagne, and Simpson, the publicity man, was saying, "We're going to take home everything—Best Picture, Best Actress, Best Supporting Actor. I guarantee it." He was a tall, gaunt man and he shook his head wonderingly, as though the immensity of the treasure entrusted to him were beyond his comprehension. "As for you, young man," he said, turning to Wesley, who was sitting on a sofa in a borrowed dinner jacket that was too small for him, "as for you, I'll bet my left nut you're going home with a prize."

Wesley just sat there with a glass of champagne in his hand, a glassy smile on his face. Billy got up and poured himself more champagne. He had sat through the first part of the picture staring blankly at the screen. The images had made no sense to him and the dialog had come out of the actors' mouths in spurts of nonsense syllables. He had kept looking at his watch until 9:45 and then had slumped in his seat and closed his eyes.

Gretchen looked pale and drawn. She had not touched her champagne and had said hardly a word all evening.

"Tomorrow," Simpson said, "is going to be a big day for you, Gretchen and Wesley. Everybody, but *everybody*, will be wanting to talk to you and take photos. I'll give you the schedule at nine in the morning and——"

"If so, I think we'd better leave Gretchen alone now," Rudolph broke in. He leaned over and kissed her cheek and she smiled wanly up at him.

As they were going, she said, "Wesley, you're not going to disappear again, are you?"

"No, ma'am," Wesley said. "I'm just two floors down, if you need me."

In the corridor, Rudolph invited his two nephews to his room for a final bottle of champagne to finish off the celebration.

When they'd gone inside and Rudolph was wrestling with the bottle's cork, he noticed Wesley eying the locked bag on a chair by the window. As the cork popped, Wesley said, "I'll bet it's in there."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Drink your champagne," Rudolph said.

Wesley put his glass down and reached into the pocket of his dinner jacket and brought out a small pistol. "I don't need yours anymore. Keep it as a souvenir." He put the pistol back.

"So," Rudolph said, "you were sitting there in the hall and then taking your bows with that thing on you?"

"Yep. You never know when a target will turn up."

Rudolph paced around the room, frowning. "Wesley," he said, "what if I told you that the matter will be taken care of without your having to do anything? What if I said that right now, as we sit in this room, a professional killer is looking for your man?"

"I'd say that I don't want anybody else to do the job for me," Wesley said coldly. "I don't want any more gifts from you or anybody else."

"I intend to stay the ten days until the end of the festival," Rudolph said. "If the job isn't done by then, I'm going home and calling it quits. All I want is a promise from you that you won't do anything before then. After that, you're on your own."

"I'm not promising anything," Wesley said.

"Wesley——" Billy began.

"You stay out of this. You've meddled enough already."

"Calm down," Rudolph said. "Both of you."

"Look," Billy said, "it might be a nice

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idea for the two of us to drive up to Paris for the next ten days. We could stop along the way for a few feasts and some tennis."

"I'll play tennis with you down here," Wesley said. "And now, good night, pal."

•

The next morning, Billy awoke early and sent down for the newspapers. Along with the special sheets put out for the festival, the bellboy brought a copy of *Nice Matin*. On the front page, there was a photograph of a man who looked familiar. He was wearing dark glasses and was between two policemen. It was Monika's frozen-food friend from Düsseldorf. In the accompanying story, Billy read that he had been arrested on an anonymous tip over the telephone and that he had been caught with a bomb in his possession hidden in a motion-picture-camera case. The man who had phoned in the tip, the article continued, had spoken in a pronounced *Midi* accent.

Billy smiled as he read that. Wesley, he thought, was not the only actor in the family.

•

They played tennis the next morning, driving over to a quiet club in Juan-les-Pins in the little open car, Wesley, in blue jeans and faded cotton shirt and a tweed jacket with frayed cuffs, not looking much like an actor who had been acclaimed in the press as a man with an exciting career ahead of him. Billy had touched the little bulge in the pocket with distaste and had said, "Can't you leave that damn thing at home even when you play tennis? It gives me the willies. I have the feeling you'll take it out and shoot me if I ace you once too often."

Wesley smiled benignly. "Where I go, it goes," he said. And when they went out to the court, he wore the jacket over his tennis clothes and before they started to play, laid it carefully over a bench near the net, where he could see it at all times.

That first day, Wesley played with the same old wild abandon, hitting the ball savagely, more often than not into the net or to the backstop. After two hours of that, Billy said, "That's enough for today. If you *acted* like that, they wouldn't let you as much as *see* a movie, even if you paid for the ticket."

Wesley grinned. "Youthful high spirits," he said, putting on the tweed coat over his soaked shirt. "I promise to reform."

"Starting when?"

"Starting tomorrow," Wesley promised.

When they went in to take their showers, though there was nobody else in the locker room, Wesley insisted that Billy stay in the room and watch his jacket while he took the first shower.

"I've done some foolish things in my time," Billy complained, "but this is the first time I've hired out as a coat watcher." He sat down on the bench in front of the lockers as Wesley stripped, the big muscles of his back standing out clearly, the long legs heavy but perfectly proportioned. "If I had a build like yours," Billy said, "I'd be in the finals at Wimbledon."

"You can't have everything," Wesley said. "You have brains."

"And you?"

"None to brag about."

"You'll go far in your chosen profession," Billy said.

"If I choose it," Wesley said as he went into the shower room.

A moment later, Billy heard, over the splash of the water, Wesley's voice, singing, "'Raindrops keep falling on my head. . . .'" He had a strong, true voice and an accurate talent for phrasing the lyrics. That, too, Billy thought, along with everything else he has. There was one sure thing, he thought, if anyone came into the locker room and saw and heard him, as though he hadn't a care in the world, he'd never guess in a million years that he carried a pistol around with him day and night.

As they went to where the car was parked behind the clubhouse in the shadow of the trees, Billy said, "If you piss it all away, my mother will never forgive you. Nor will I."

Wesley didn't say anything but just plumped himself down in the bucket seat, whistling a melody from the score of his picture.

•

The next day, Wesley kept his promise and played more calmly. Suddenly, he seemed to have found a sense of the tactics of the game and mixed up his shots, playing the percentages and not trying to kill every ball. At the end of the two hours, Billy was exhausted, even though he had won all four sets. Wesley wasn't even breathing hard, though he had run twice as much as Billy. And, once again, he made Billy watch his coat while he took his shower.

The third day, they could play only an hour, because Billy had promised to get back early, so that Donnelly and Gretchen could have the car to drive to Mougins for a quiet lunch. Since the showing of the picture, there had been no chance of even a quiet 15 minutes in Cannes for Gretchen and she was showing the strain.

It took the whole hour just to play one set and Billy had to fight for every point, even though he won six–three. "Whew," he said as they walked toward the locker room, "I'm beginning to feel sorry I asked you to calm down. You'll wear me down to the bone if you keep this up."

"Child's play," Wesley said complacently.

They were dressing after their showers when they heard the explosion outside.

"What the hell was that?" Billy asked.

Wesley shrugged. "Maybe a gas main," he said.

"That wasn't any gas main," Billy said. He felt shaky and had to sit down for a moment. He was sitting there shirtless when the manager of the club came running into the locker room. "Monsieur Abbott," he said, babbling, his voice high and frightened, "you'd better come quick. It was your car. . . . It's horrible."

"I'll be right there," Billy said, but he didn't move for a moment. In the distance, there was the sound of a police siren approaching. Billy put on his shirt and meticulously and slowly began to button it as Wesley rushed into his jeans. "Wesley," Billy said, "don't you go out there."

"What do you mean, 'Don't go out there'?"

"You heard me. The police'll be there in a few seconds." Billy spoke swiftly, biting out his words. "You'll be all over the papers. Just stay right here. And hide that fucking pistol of yours. In an inconspicuous place. And if anybody asks you anything, you don't know anything."

"But I *don't* know anything . . ." Wesley said.

"Good," said Billy. "Stay that way. Now I have to go and see what happened." He finished buttoning his shirt and walked, without hurrying, out of the locker room.

People from the nearby apartment buildings had begun to stream toward the trees behind the clubhouse where the car had been parked. A small police car, its siren wailing, sped through the club gates and squealed to a halt on the driveway. Two policemen got out and ran toward the car. As Billy approached, he saw that the car was torn apart, its front wheels blown off and the hood lying some feet from the body of the car. Billy's view of the scene was blocked by the people standing around it, but he could see and hear a woman gesticulating wildly and screaming at the policemen that she had been walking past the gates and had seen a man bending over the front of the car with the hood up and then a few seconds later, after she had passed the gate, had heard the explosion.

In the high babble of excited conversation, Billy could hear one of the policemen asking the manager of the tennis club who owned the car and the manager answering and turning to point at Billy. Billy pushed through the crowd and only then saw the body of a man, mangled and bloody, lying face down, next to what had been the radiator of the Peugeot.

"Messieurs," Billy said, "it is my car." If the manager, who knew he spoke French, had not been there, he would have pretended he spoke only English.

As the two policemen started to turn the dead man's body over, Billy turned his head. The people in the crowd recoiled and there was a woman's scream.

"Monsieur," one of the policemen said

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to Billy, "do you recognize this man?"

"I prefer not to look," Billy said, with his head still turned away.

"Please, monsieur," the policeman said. He was young and he was pale with fright and horror. "You must tell us if you know this man. If you don't look now, you will be forced to go to the morgue later and look then."

The second policeman was kneeling over the dead man, searching what remained of his pockets. The policeman shook his head and rose. "No papers," he said.

"Please, monsieur," the young policeman pleaded.

Finally, turning his head slowly, conscious first of looking at the stricken faces of the onlookers, of the tops of trees, of the blue of the sky, Billy made himself look down. There was a gaping red hole where the chest had been and the face was torn and there was a crooked grimace that bared broken teeth between charred lips, but Billy still could recognize the face. It was the man he had known as George in Brussels.

Billy shook his head. "I'm sorry, messieurs," he said, "I've never seen this man before."

•

Six months later, Billy was sitting at his desk in the almost-deserted city room of the *Chicago Tribune*, staring at his typewriter. It was late at night and he had done his work for the day and he was free to go home. But home was a nasty little one-room studio near the University of Chicago and there was no one there to greet him. Since Juan-les-Pins, he had avoided company of all kinds.

On his desk, there was a letter from his uncle Rudolph, from Cannes. It had lain on his desk, unopened, for three days. His uncle wrote him too many letters with descriptions of the fascinating life at high pay for bright young men in Washington, where Rudolph now spent a good deal of his time doing some sort of unpaid but seemingly important work for the Democratic Party.

Billy was reaching for the letter when the telephone on his desk rang. He picked it up and said, "Abbott speaking."

"Billy, this is Rhoda Flynn." There was a sound of music and conversation in the background.

Rhoda was a cub reporter on the paper, a pretty girl who already had a by-line and who tried to flirt with Billy whenever they bumped into each other in the office.

"We're having a little party at my house and we could use some extra men. I thought, if you aren't doing anything. . . ."

"Sorry, Rhoda," Billy said. "I'm still working. Some other time, maybe."

"Some other time, then." She sounded disappointed.

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machine broke the echo of gaiety and companionship that still sounded in his ears as he put the receiver down. He would have liked to go to the party, talk freely to a pretty girl, but what he really wanted to say he couldn't say.

This state of his had begun with the interrogation by the French police. Two detectives had questioned him for hours, first politely and then with open hostility. He'd held out against their threats because he knew they were bluffing, and had said over and over, "In answer to your questions, I can only say that I am here in Cannes to see my mother's movie and that I never saw the man before. I can only guess that he made some kind of tragic mistake."

If he could have told the whole truth to the cops, they would have given him the Legion of Honor. After all, he had been instrumental in depleting a gang of assassins that had been terrorizing Europe. He'd done it by accident, of course, but accidents counted, too, maybe more than anything else. The entire history of his family, he reflected, was one of accidents, good and bad. Maybe of all families.

All of them—his mother, his uncle and he—had tried to get Wesley away from the Côte d'Azur after that, but Wesley had refused and had stayed on in Cannes as a deck hand on a yacht. Even the festival had turned out to be a disappointment. Contrary to what the publicity man on the picture had predicted, nobody had been voted anything by the jury and it was lucky for Simpson that no one had taken him up on the bet of his left nut that Wesley would go home with a prize. Then Billy had left for Chicago to take the *Tribune* job his father had found for him through one of the editors he knew.

The French police, according to Rudolph's earlier letters, had never found out what George's real name was or where he had come from. But even six months later, Billy was still haunted by the feeling that one day he would look up from his desk and see Monika standing there. He dreamed about her constantly. The dreams were erotic and happy, but they left him feeling desperate when he woke up.

At last, Billy stood up and put on his jacket. He was about to leave when he glanced down at the bulky envelope his uncle had sent him from Cannes. Might as well, he thought. I'll have to read it *sometime*. He tore open the envelope. There was a note pinned to a page of newsprint that had been folded many times. There was a second note pinned to the back of the newsprint page. "Read the item circled in red," was written in his uncle's handwriting, "and then read the note on the other side."

Billy shook his head annoyedly. Games, he thought. It wasn't like Rudolph. He sat down again and put the newspaper under the light. It was an inside page of a Marseilles paper and the red-marked column was headed *Faits Divers*.

"Last night," he read, "the body of a man later identified by the police as that of Janos Danovic, a Yugoslav national, was found on a quay in the Vieux Port. He had been shot twice through the head. He was known to belong to the milieu along the Côte d'Azur and in Marseilles and was arrested several times for pimping and armed robbery, though he was never convicted of the crimes. Police believe that it was another incident in the settling of accounts that has been keeping them occupied in Marseilles in recent weeks."

Billy slowly put the paper down. Christ, he thought, Rudolph must be crazy to send something like this through the mails. If it had gone astray or if it had been opened accidentally, some curious bastard would have wondered why an advisor to an American Senator would be interested in the murder of a smalltime murderer in Marseilles and started to make unpleasant inquiries. He was about to tear the page into small pieces when he remembered the note on the back.

He turned the page over and slipped the note out of the clip. "Look at the date on the newspaper," his uncle had written. Billy looked at the top of the newspaper page. "Marseilles . . . October 24, 1970," he read.

Nineteen seventy. Danovic had been dead more than a year before Wesley had gone back to Europe. Billy leaned over his desk, his elbows on it, and put his head in his hands. He began to laugh. The laughter grew hysterical. When he finally could make himself stop, he picked up the phone and asked the night operator for Rhoda Flynn's phone number. When she answered the phone, he said, "Hi, Rhoda, is the party still on?"

"If you can make it," Rhoda said, "yes."

"I'm on my way," he said. "What's the address?"

She told him the address and he said, "Ten minutes. Make me a stiff drink. I need it tonight."

As he walked out of the Tribune building and went along Michigan Avenue, looking for a taxicab, he had the feeling he was being followed. He turned around and looked, but there were just two couples half a block behind him.

Maybe, he thought, it would be a good idea if I asked Rudolph if he still has that gun. It might come in handy.

Then he saw a taxi and hailed it and got in and went to the party.

"You're sure this is it? This is your erogenous zone?"

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BASIC BACKPACKING

THE BACKPACKING BOOM

It used to be that you outfitted yourself for backpacking by hiking into your local Army-Navy store. But times have changed. Backpacking and the purchasing of equipment for it are booming.

That isn't necessarily all good. In what was once an industry populated by a handful of eminently reliable manufacturers, some equipment is now being offered by the same sort of no-talent entrepreneurs of schlock that brought you the Bicentennial.

Fortunately, it's possible to make wise decisions about backpacking equipment before you leave the trail head. Start with a copy of the sport's acknowledged bible, Colin Fletcher's *The New Complete Walker*. Subscribe to *Backpacker*, an informative bimonthly that conducts impartial equipment tests (Box 2946, Boulder, Colorado 80302, $12 for a six-issue year).

Get the catalog of the big backpacking mail-order houses. They're loaded with basic information and comparative specifications. Try Eastern Mountain Sports, at 1041 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02215; Recreational Equipment, Inc., a cooperative at 1525 11th Avenue, Seattle, Washington 98122; Moor & Mountain, 63 Park Street, Andover, Massachusetts 01810; Kreeger & Sons, a small but growing shop at 16 West 46th Street, New York, New York 10036; and the old granddaddy of woods walking, L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine 04033.

You don't have to get your equipment all at once, and often you can rent it. Just remember: Everything you get, you must carry. In this situation, less is better.

BOOTS

Go to a store with an inclined-plane device that simulates walking down a hill; you can batter your toes into intense pain in boots that allow your foot to slide forward. Practically everybody agrees on lugged soles and heels of Vibram. Some still like Army combat boots, others prefer L. L. Bean's great old Maine Guide Shoe. Most backpackers won't wear sneakers.

PACK

The by-now-classic backpack—a lightweight, tubular-metal frame and attached bag of canvas or nylon—can cost from $40 to $100. Eastern Mountain Sports sells some fine ones under its own name; Kelty is considered one of the best. Rucksacks, without the rigid frame, haul lighter loads. A perfectly fine one for light backpacking and day hiking (which is a good way to start out) is J. C. Penney's contoured nylon rucksack, which costs only $17.

SLEEPING BAG

You want insulation without weight and bulk, and a bag filled with waterfowl down and tapered to fit your body (a "mummy bag") is perfect. Synthetic fills with the same insulating powers are

bulkier and heavier but cost less and aren't as troublesome when they get wet. Down bags cost from $60 to $150.

Soft cityfolk will want some sort of mattress. Try a three-eighths-inch-thick pad of Ensolite, a foam that smooths out some of the rocks, keeps body heat from escaping into the ground, rolls up into a cylinder and weighs next to nothing.

SHELTER

Many sleep under a tarp ($10 or less). If you buy a tent, it's likely to be your biggest single investment—from $50 to $200 for a two-person shelter. Most are now made of lightweight but strong nylon. They aren't waterproof, since that would confine your body moisture inside, but "breathe" and are covered by a waterproof rain fly.

FOOD AND SANITATION

Get a stove ($10–$50). Controversy rages over those that run off pressure cans of butane (Gerry, Bluet) and those that operate on white gasoline (Optimus, Svea). Butane is easier to get started but no good in really cold weather, and efficiency drops as the can empties. Gasoline stoves take longer to get going but don't have the other problems and are beautiful little machines.

You'll want Sigg spun-aluminum cooking pots, utensils (a large spoon is sufficient, and you don't need a hunting knife: Gerber makes a pocket job that unfolds to eight inches), flasks for carrying water and fuel, a hard plastic trowel to dig your toilet, and food. Dehydrated and freeze-dried backpacking food, some think, is worse than airline food. You can do much better by spending a little time at your supermarket.

CLOTHING

Several layers of clothing are best. Remember that out in the woods, and at higher elevations, it gets pretty cool at night, even in midsummer. A down vest and a cotton or nylon shell are probably the best all-round combination. Of course, everybody will get a down parka for Christmas. Carry a high-quality poncho (coated nylon, not plastic), a wool watch cap and gloves. Light cotton gloves are handy while cooking and help, along with the cap, to prevent heat loss at night.

MISCELLANY

Maps (the U. S. Geological Survey jobs are handsome enough to frame and useful enough to save your life), a compass and knowledge of how to use it, a small flashlight, bug lotion, a first-aid kit of your own manufacture, packaged inside a Baggie (Baggies, you will find, are indispensable), a homemade repair kit with some plastic tape, rubber bands and lightweight nylon cord. Lots of things besides film and killer weed can be carried inside 35mm film canisters: a needle with a length of thread wrapped around it, a dime or two for a pay phone, a single-edged razor blade, a piece of Dr. Scholl's moleskin for blisters, a spare flashlight bulb. Austrian plastic bottles of varying sizes are helpful. You'll need a shrill police whistle in case you get lost or disabled. But remember that everything weighs something and that you've got to carry it on your back. It's amazing what you can do without. —FRED POWLEDGE

Panasonic in-dash AM/FM stereo systems. Our kits make them easy to install. Everything else makes them tough to beat.

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SORTING OUT VITAMINS

VITAMIN VIGOR

Would you like to be free from all diseases—forever? Would you like to grow old more slowly? Would you like to wake up each day saying, "I feel great"? According to scientists involved in a new field called orthomolecular medicine, vitamins may be the answer.

Vitamins are the keys to the biological pathways. Without them, your body cannot function. Vitamin deficiencies degrade the working of the mind and can cause irritability, depression and tension. Long-term deficiencies can result in such terminal diseases as beriberi and pellagra. That's what minimum daily requirements (M.D.R.) are established to prevent. But there are other levels of vitamin intake now being explored—optimum daily requirements (O.D.R.). Orthomolecular medicine men suggest that those dosage levels may free you from illness and slow the aging processes. Supposedly, your hair won't turn gray, you'll never have rheumatoid arthritis or become senile and your heart should stay strong.

Are they right? Many doctors don't think so, but they do agree that vitamins are essential to the body's health. They also agree that there is no better source for vitamins than fresh food.

JUNKING THE JUNK FOOD

Orthomolecular demigod Dr. Abram Hoffer was vehement when he told us that no vitamin supplementation can make up for a "junk-food diet." Sugar, alcohol, frozen pies, instant potatoes and canned foods are nutritional junk. Every form of food storage, processing and packaging destroys vital nutrients. One should eat fresh fruits, vegetables, dairy products, nuts and grains raw or lightly cooked. Meat, poultry and fish should be served rare. If people followed that regimen, they would probably not have to take vitamins in any other form. Everything required to make the vitamin work is present in such food. C is an exception. The body doesn't make it and your food doesn't supply enough.

Vitamins, unlike miracle drugs, do not produce instantaneous effects. The fresh-food diet requires three to six months to produce good health. But there *are* some people for whom this fresh-food diet is not enough. They have specific problems that can be solved by the correct vitamin/mineral formula. Every person's vitamin needs are different. Dr. Hoffer suggests two methods for determining what extra vitamins are required for a particular problem after switching to a healthy diet. If you try it, systematically examine your body's need for each vitamin in turn. Take vitamin A for a month or two, or B1, and so on. This takes time and patience, but eventually you'll know what vitamins you particularly require. Much quicker is the shotgun method. Start with ten or more, until your problem is solved. Then begin withdrawing one vitamin at a time. If your problem returns, you have found the vitamin or vitamins you need.

ORTHOMOLECULAR DEFENSE

Let's say you have poor skin or bad night vision, are susceptible to infections or have dry, brittle hair. Vitamin-A supplementation is probably indicated. Is asthma your problem? Emphasize A, D3, pantothenic acid, calcium and phosphorus.

Do you feel like you're getting old too fast? Vitamin E slows the aging rate of cells, will stop and reverse the graying of your hair. If you are eating a lot of polyunsaturated fats, you need much more E than normal. Paradoxically, that diet may be accelerating the very process it was designed to prevent, arteriosclerosis. The body degrades polyunsaturates into toxic materials. Vitamin E retards that process.

If you want to avoid senility, emphasize B3 (niacin and niacinamide), B6, C, E and zinc. Niacin is the cornerstone of the orthomolecular movement. It's used for schizophrenia, rheumatoid arthritis bad LSD trips, calming children and increasing their learning power. In the U. S., it is considered by the FDA to be an effective substance for lowering the cholesterol and triglyceride levels in the blood. It has been found to be vital to the restoration of good mental and physical health to ex-P.O.W.s. Like niacin, vitamin C reduces blood-fat levels. It can also help you lose weight, counteract the effects of smoking, prevent viral infections, cure your constipation. It is used by the body in huge quantities during healing.

Need extra energy? B6 is the answer. Combined with zinc, it works with B3 against arthritis, schizophrenia and kidney stones. It is a vitamin diuretic.

Wonder where your sex drive went? You probably need folic acid. It's the most widespread deficiency in North America. Insufficient amounts also produce symptoms very much like B1 deficiencies. B1 is one of the central-nervous-system vitamins. Lack of it can cause depression, moodiness, fatigue, loss of memory and concentration. If you consume a lot of sugar or alcohol, you will have a B1 deficiency.

CAUTION SIGN

Those are just a few of the claims being made for the better-known vitamins. But all the research hasn't been done yet and the claims are at best hypotheses. New vitamins, such as pangamic acid, B15, are still being discovered. Your O.D.R. can't really be determined until all the nutritional factors are known.

Most doctors' training rarely includes human nutrition. If you intend to take vitamins in addition to eating good food, therapeutic doses are like medicines and it's probably a good idea to seek the advice of an orthomolecular physician. If you can't find one, write to the Huxley Institute, 1114 First Avenue, New York, New York 10021. And for the technical-medical viewpoint, read Hoffer's new book, *Orthomolecular Medicine.*

The taking of vitamins is a very personal area of medicine. You may reach good health simply by throwing away the canned vegetables, Pringles and other garbage food. Or you may require a vitamin/mineral formula tailored to your special needs. Only your sense of well-being and good health can tell you when you've hit your optimum balance.

—EMMA STEVENS AND STEPHEN HOLMES

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LONDON PRICES FALLING DOWN

IN SEARCH OF CLOTHES

I almost had life down to three sets of tennis clothes with a flowered kimono for off-court time. But it finally caught up with me: I was doing business in one shining Pierre Cardin suit circa 1969 and two pairs of jeans that showed my baby fat where the hip pockets used to be. Time to buy some clothes.

Lord, where had I been? The price of the most modest, ill-fitting jeans in Chicago and New York was $23 and up. Nice shirts, $30. Winter suits on sale after Christmas bottomed at $180. I admired a photographer's slacks until he told me they cost $70 at a neighborhood boutique.

I like sharp clothes that, say, could cut cheese with their seams. Shoulders molded in Paris and jeans from the same place. In short, clothes that I can't really afford at today's stratospheric prices. What to do?

Relief is not only in sight, it is here. Go to London. With the precipitous fall of the pound sterling to $1.73, London has become Europe's bargain basement and the traveling American's tailor. Paris prices are still out of sight and the only thing you can trust in Italy is the shoes. Generally, the Continent is a more expensive ride than vacationing in the U. S. But not so the men's shops of London. You can go there with American money and feel like it's 1958 again, when a dollar was worth a buck.

AMORTIZING YOUR THREADS

With round-trip charter fares to London down to $300 (and the Laker-led revolution may drive them down even farther), you can fly to London, spend $300 on clothes (including alterations) and come home with a wardrobe equivalent to one that costs at least $600 in the U. S. American duties are levied on the wholesale value of your loot and usually amount to less than ten percent of the purchase price.

Consider some of the following buys I made last spring during a week in London: a three-piece, all-wool suit of medium quality, in a close-fit Continental cut, for $60.40. I know this figure is hard to take, but I have a receipt to prove it. All three pieces of the suit, bought at the Take Six shop on Kensington Church Street, needed alterations: They were done in 24 hours and cost exactly $5.16.

I was wearing a sweater when I walked into Take Six, so they gave me a shirt to wear while trying on suits. It fit so well I bought it and four more—solid-color dress shirts in cotton and polyester with perfectly tailored, tapered backs, for $6.85 each. For sheer madness, I also bought a pure-silk shirt there for $19.50 and an extra pair of gray light wool slacks for $11. Then a corduroy two-piece suit for $50.

Are you getting the picture?

Remember, we're talking only about European cuts, not banker pinstripes. I concentrated on the boutiques and small

shops in King's Road and Oxford Street. The more conservative stores are Aquascutum, Austin Reed and Simpson's around Piccadilly Circus, where a stockbroker can feel at home. Here, even the finest wool suits were well under $200.

BARGAIN HUNTING

I also stumbled onto bargains in unlikely spots such as Hampstead, the village within the city that is something of a writers' and artists' colony on the fringe of Hampstead Heath. At Selective Eye, an Indian shop on Roslyn Hill, I came away with two pairs of fancy jeans on sale at $4.95 and $8.65, respectively. And two hand-printed Indian plaid shirts at $2.50 each.

And, again, a surprise on Charing Cross Road, a few blocks east of Piccadilly Circus. The street is a clutch of old bookstores and army-surplus outlets. In one surplus store, I bought a battleship-blue heavy wool crewneck sweater with shoulder and elbow patches for $17. And, remembering the Chicago winter of 1977, I priced the world's heaviest wool greatcoat—surplus British Civil Defense—at $19 (they sell for $47 in New York).

You'd be wise to concentrate on King's Road and Oxford Street. Take the tube to Sloane Square and proceed west on King's Road, which has become a rather international bazaar flush with Arab money, fake Italian pizza and American hamburgers, served up by Swedish and German girls working their way into the English language. But also to be found there are English clothiers such as Lord John and Cassidy's, again with great buys in shirts and suits. (Forget about shoes: They cost as much as most American shoes.)

Then take the tube to Oxford Circus and forage in either direction on Oxford Street. This street includes Selfridge's, the huge department store, and many women's boutiques, so it is the busiest shopping area in all the realm. Men's stores are everywhere; Take Six has five branches on this street alone. And the prices are stunning: If you spend over $100 for a suit, or $20 for pants, you're spending too much.

IT ALL ADDS UP

You've saved 17 percent off last year's prices (when the pound was still worth $2.10) just in flying over the Atlantic. Then you'll get eight percent off the listed retail prices by applying for your foreigner's value-added tax (V.A.T.) refund. Simply tell the clerk from whom you buy to give you the forms. He will fill them out and you will turn them in at the V.A.T. customs counter at Heathrow Airport (turn right after passport control in the international departures lounge). A couple of months later, you'll receive a sterling check worth eight percent of all your purchases. So that's a 25 percent saving, just for starters. And the English, though they may have mismanaged the Empire, are still paragons of thrift, hence the lower over-all prices.

I finished the trip with two suits, eight shirts, two woolen sweaters, one pair of wool slacks and two pairs of jeans for $227, or barely more than the cost of one suit at home. I figure I saved almost the full cost of a charter fare, and spent a week to boot in what is still the world's most civilized city. —PETER ROSS RANGE

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PUTTING SOL TO WORK

SUNNY FUTURE

Solar-powered heating devices seem to have everything going for them. The Arabs don't control the supply of solar energy and we aren't scheduled to run out for another four billion years or so. Unless someone finds a way to put a tax on the sun's energy or America adopts some of *The Playboy Energy Proposals* (see page 125), the future of solar energy looks, uh, bright.

But the industry that produces the equipment is still in its infancy. A company with four years' experience and 1000 units installed is considered a veteran. Often, the machinery is relatively untested, and poor design, shoddy workmanship and haphazard installation are all too common. A survey in progress of solar water heaters in 100 New England homes shows that 50 percent of them suffered major malfunctions; and the savings on electric bills won't pay for the equipment until many years later than the makers have estimated. Despite these problems, one large Florida dealer says he expects industry sales to double every six months for the next two years, and there is no doubt that capturing the sun's heat is an ecologically sane way to give power to the people.

TWO SYSTEMS

There are basically two types of solar heating systems on the market right now: those that heat water and those that heat air. Both use large panels to collect the sun's rays and transfer the heat to the circulating water or air. Either method provides heat for swimming pools, home hot-water tanks or space-heating systems, but, as of now, water is more efficient (and therefore less expensive) and more popular than air. Costs range from under $1000 for simple pool or home hot-water units to over $10,000 for elaborate space heating. And you have to figure another $200 to $600 for installation of the hot-water units (though you *can* do it yourself) and as much as $3000 for the space-heating systems.

When you set out to buy, the first thing to look for are units that the Government has chosen for its own tests. Despite the aforementioned failure rates, they all meet basic standards set up by the Department of Housing and Urban Development and should carry a five-year minimum warranty. You can get the names of these products (and the dealers in your state who sell them) by writing to or calling the National Solar Heating and Cooling Information Center, P.O. Box 1607, Rockville, Maryland 20850. (Telephone toll-free, 800-523-2929; in Pennsylvania, 800-462-4983.) As an alternative, ask the salesman in the showroom for test results from someone other than his own company.

The second thing to do is to go out and see the unit you want to buy in action and ask the owner a lot of questions. Any reputable seller will be glad to give

you some names. Be especially wary of any dealer who claims he's received Government money to rebate to the customer who buys his products (such money, actually Federal grants, available in only 11 states and only for domestic hot-water systems, goes to individuals who apply for it, not to companies) or promises he can get the money for you.

CONSIDER THE COST

The cost of your system will be determined by the amount of hot water you use daily and how much sunlight your area gets. A family of four with a dishwasher and a washing machine may need 120 gallons per day heated to 120 degrees. If you need more, it requires more collectors on the roof and the cost goes up. If you live in Chicago, you'll need more collectors than if you live in Florida and your system will be a closed one requiring antifreeze and an extra tank, which will add to the cost. If you want to install it yourself, look for a manual written by the most experienced company you can find. Don't forget to make the collectors face south and set them at the correct angle to the ground (your latitude plus ten degrees is the formula). Be sure they aren't in shade part of the day. It's surprising how many do-it-yourselfers overlook the obvious.

As you learn about different units, you'll notice that a critical factor in their design is the quality of the controller. This device monitors the amount of sunlight striking the collector panels and turns the system off when it gets cloudy and available heating power drops. A poor system will continue to circulate water but won't heat it, since the rays just aren't there. Look as well for collector panels that have been independently tested and certified by state agencies, such as the Florida Solar Energy Center at Cape Canaveral. Another clue to quality is the absence of steel or iron parts that rust easily.

LOCATION COUNTS

Before you buy, consider the time necessary to make up the cost of the unit. Solar-heating equipment will pay for itself rapidly in places such as Florida, where the cost of electricity is very high, but it lags behind natural gas in areas where that increasingly scarce commodity is still available. But that last point may soon be moot, since states such as California and New York are beginning to ban gas hookups for all nonessential heating (pools, gas lamps). You must remember that you almost always need a conventional heating system as a backup to solar power, so what makes sense in Palm Springs, with 325 days of sunlight per year, may not be so practical in Seattle or Boston.

Finally, you should keep a sharp eye on the many tax proposals that would give income-tax credits to buyers of solar-powered heaters. California, for instance, already offers tax credits for a percentage of the purchase price of solar pool heaters and President Carter's energy program contains substantial incentives for homeowners who install solar-powered water heating. What will emerge from Congress is anyone's guess (it has already started to tinker with the tax credits), but it does merit watching. —TOM PASSAVANT

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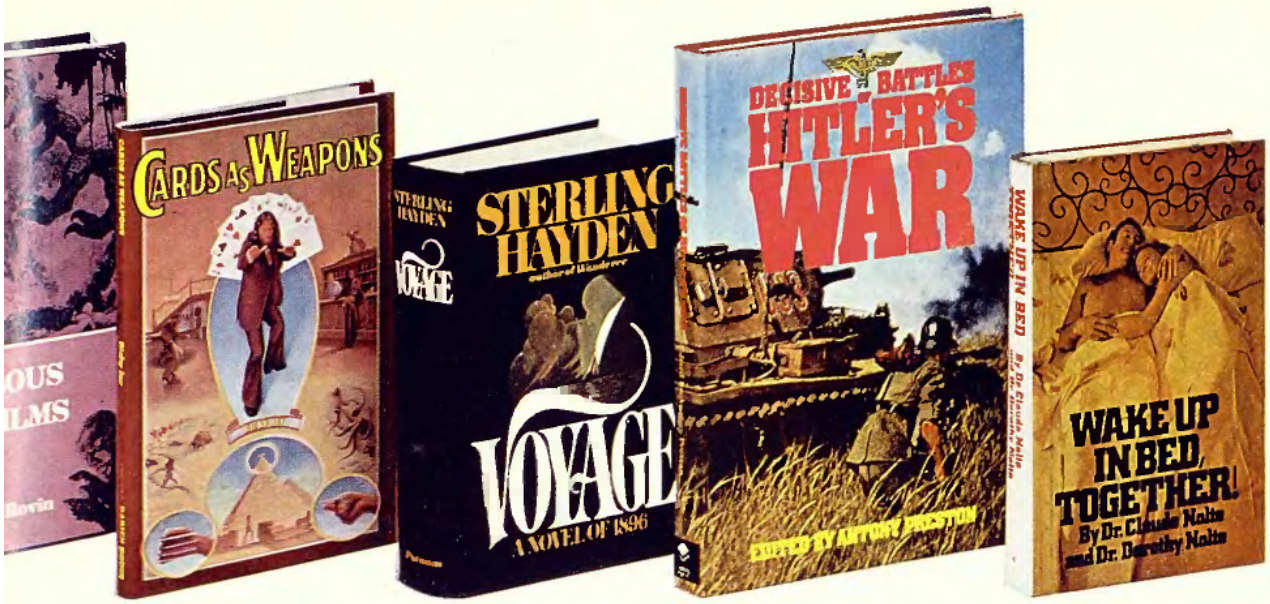

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I agree to purchase at least four additional books from the many hundreds of Club Selections or Alternates that will be offered to members in the coming year, most of them at special members' prices. I can cancel my membership any time after I buy those four books. I have noted that a shipping charge is added to all shipments.

Name_____
(please print)

Address_____ Apt. #_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

G10

ENEMIES LIST

(continued from page 170)

"The Reverend Moon even said that God chose Nixon as President of the United States."

George Gilder is a great admirer of women. He thinks that women are biologically more independent, more inclined to nurture and care for others, more concerned with the future and more stable than men.

Women, Gilder implies, would be less likely to charge eagerly into bloody crusades for stupid causes, less likely to regard bombing a hospital as essential to their sense of honor.

Therefore, he favors keeping the ladies locked up in the house, where they won't do any harm.

A woman's role is to try to civilize her man—like Maureen O'Hara always tries to do with John Wayne. Without her, he would get suicidal, violent, depressed, crazy, alcoholic and eventually dead after a short but miserable career washing dishes and pumping gas.

If she forsakes the hearth for a carpeted office, the inevitable result will be rampant homosexuality and a social breakdown.

Fortunately, Gilder says, most women aren't really interested in careers. Their low wages prove that. They aren't suffering from discrimination; they just aren't paying much attention. Anyway, women have a natural sense of filing.

Gilder has expounded his notions in two books (*Sexual Suicide* and *Naked Nomads*), numerous magazine articles and talk-show guest shots past counting. Before inspiration descended on him, he had devoted himself to liberal Republicanism, which is rather like deciding to become a whooping crane. Now his *Kinder, Kuche, Kirche* message has made him something of a star on the right. Even the *National Review* has given him a cautious *nihil obstat*. He has just recently married, and we wish him and his better half all the best.

•

Imagine if a friend had said to you in 1967, "Within ten years, a South Korean evangelist who doesn't speak English and whose followers claim that he is Christ's successor on earth will have founded a church in America that will cause thousands of young people to leave their families for lives of monastic dedication."

You would have thought he was crazy. Even today, you might think so. Isn't it strange hearing Walter Cronkite talk about **The Reverend Sun Myung Moon?** How could such a thing happen?

The Reverend Moon's followers are ubiquitous and all alike. They are neat, clean, closely cropped, smiling. They would never harbor a rebellious thought, because the reverend holds all authority sacred. He even said that God chose Nixon as President of the U. S. So much for blaming the Republicans.

The reverend looks forward to the coming of the kingdom of God. In the meantime, he is living the life of a religious leader: buying real estate and building up his portfolio.

He gets a ridiculous amount of attention from the press and the Government, which leads to wonderfully silly headlines such as this one from *The Washington Post*: "U. S. MOVES ON MOON ALIENS."

The IRS is also looking into his ministry; deprogrammers are snatching disciples from under his very nose. It looks like Civilization as We Know It will outlast even this menace.

•

There is nothing like a good, strong slogan to help a candidate win a campaign. Running for re-election as mayor of Philadelphia in 1975, **Frank Rizzo** announced that if elected, "I will make Attila the Hun look like a faggot." It doesn't have quite the ring of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," but it gives you a better idea of where a man stands.

Frank Rizzo is into kicking ass and taking names. If you have trouble with gangs, he says, go after them with a ball bat. If laying a Louisville slugger on the head of the kid next door gets you in trouble, Rizzo will go into court to testify for you.

In his days as a cop, Rizzo had a reputation for leaning hard on people. He once beat a man blind in one eye while making an arrest. Reporters called him the Cisco Kid and wrote admiringly of his exploits.

When he got into the mayor's office, he found that the papers weren't automatically friendly anymore, and the discovery seemed to upset him. He called a satirical column in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* that poked fun at his august person "treason" and threw the word faggot (apparently, that's one of his favorites) at one of the Philadelphia *Bulletin*'s editors.

Just after the column ran, about 250 construction workers forcibly blocked the doorways to the *Inquirer*'s offices and managed to delay two editions of the paper. Oddly enough, the police didn't seem too concerned about clearing the hard-hats out of the way. Wonder why?

Rizzo almost faced a recall election over that episode, but he survived the challenge and it is just possible that he is thinking of a run for higher office. Attila for governor!

•

James Oliver Eastland has been gracing the Senate with his courtly presence since before Pearl Harbor. That is important, because "the greatest deliberative body in the world" looks on the ability to get re-elected as the surest proof of great wisdom.

By managing to hang around this long, Eastland has got himself the chairmanships of the Senate Judiciary Committee, the Internal Security Subcommittee and the Subcommittee on Immigration and

"We came in at this orgasm, didn't we?"

When is an ad worth $20,000?

(When it's a Windsor Canadian ad and you enter it in Windsor's Smooth Canadian Sweepstakes.)

This Windsor advertisement may make you $20,000 richer. There's nothing to buy, and it's easy to enter. Here's all you do:

One: Cut out this ad or any Windsor Canadian ad from any magazine or newspaper. **Or** cut out any liquor store's newspaper ad that features a Windsor Canadian bottle.

And while you're cutting out the ad, why not sip some Windsor Canadian. And savor the taste of the smoothest whisky ever to come out of Canada.

Two: Print your name and address clearly on the ad or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. Attach it to the ad and send it in an envelope to: Windsor's Smooth Canadian Sweepstakes P.O. Box 87 New York, N.Y. 10046

Sweepstakes rules: Enter as often as you like. No purchase is necessary. However, each entry must be mailed separately and postmarked by December 31, 1977, to be eligible for the drawing. Photocopies of Windsor ads are not acceptable. The winner will be notified by mail after February 15, 1978.

- **Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states.**
- This sweepstakes is void in those states where prohibited by law.
- The winner will be selected by random drawing under the supervision of Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final.
- All applicable taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner.
- The Windsor Canadian Sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of National Distillers and Chemical Corporation, its advertising agencies, its wholesalers, retailers, all liquor licensees, distributors and their salesmen, and Marden-Kane, Inc., are not eligible.
- All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.

Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. The more times you enter, the greater your chances to win.

Name_____
Address_____
City & State_____ Zip_____

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF • IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Try Windsor. It's got a reputation for smoothness.

Naturalization, a largely fictitious group whose principal achievement is producing a budget for itself. The subcommittee didn't meet between 1965 and 1975, when a *New York Times* report of this fact prompted a 1976 meeting.

Best of all, Eastland is president pro tempore of the U. S. Senate. Which means that if Carter, Mondale and House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill get kidnaped by Martians, Eastland will be President.

Not that Eastland is anything like he used to be. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 has led even Mississippi politicians away from talking about "niggers" toward talking about "our black brothers." But Eastland does show flashes of his old style. He was a major shaper of legislation that—if passed—would have made it possible to jail journalists who published even unclassified information the Government didn't want to let out. The law would also have legalized the German defense ("I vas chust following orders") for Government officials caught doing something wicked.

He has also tried to elevate marijuana into a threat to the national security. Dope smoking has gotten so common that "we may find ourselves saddled with a large population of semizombies," the Senator says. Of course, if those glassy-eyed dope smokers start to vote, Eastland may begin to call them his "semizombie brothers."

•

Meldrim Thomson, Jr., is a reporter's treasure, a man who can be counted on to say something splendidly silly about almost any issue.

The governor of New Hampshire is a shrewd judge of men. He claimed that Spiro Agnew exemplified "better than any other Republican in public life the great virtues of Honest Abe Lincoln." Could be. Thomson knows more about Republicans than we do.

Of the man from Whittier, Thomson declared that he shared Lincoln's "steel-like character," which could be nothing more than a spelling error.

Thomson believes in capital punishment as one of the cornerstones of civilized behavior. Signing a bill re-establishing the death penalty in New Hampshire, his spirits bubbled over with the joy of the occasion and he proclaimed, "I feel like John Hancock when he finished putting his signature on the Declaration of Independence."

The governor sees little to please him in these times, but he is appreciative of technological advance. He favors electrocution over hanging as a method of offing criminals and he is practically ecstatic about nuclear power.

Nearly everything else in the modern world turns him off. He wanted to close the University of New Hampshire after gay students won the right to hold social functions on campus. Under his guidance, the citizens of New Hampshire celebrate America Before United Nations Week while the masses in the 49 others are observing plain old UN Week. In 1974, Thomson declared the week of September 23 Anti-Amnesty Week.

He has said, "We must have someone in the governor's chair who will continue to fight for the rights of our unborn children." He is a bit less eager to fight for the rights of the born. He once got caught with his fingers on the tax records of some of his political opponents.

But do not fear. Under his fierce exterior, the governor seems to be a reasonable man who is open to suggestion. The *Concord Monitor* reported that during one 18-month period, he made 136 phone calls to the home of William Loeb, arch-conservative publisher of the Manchester *Union Leader*, the state's largest and most vituperative newspaper.

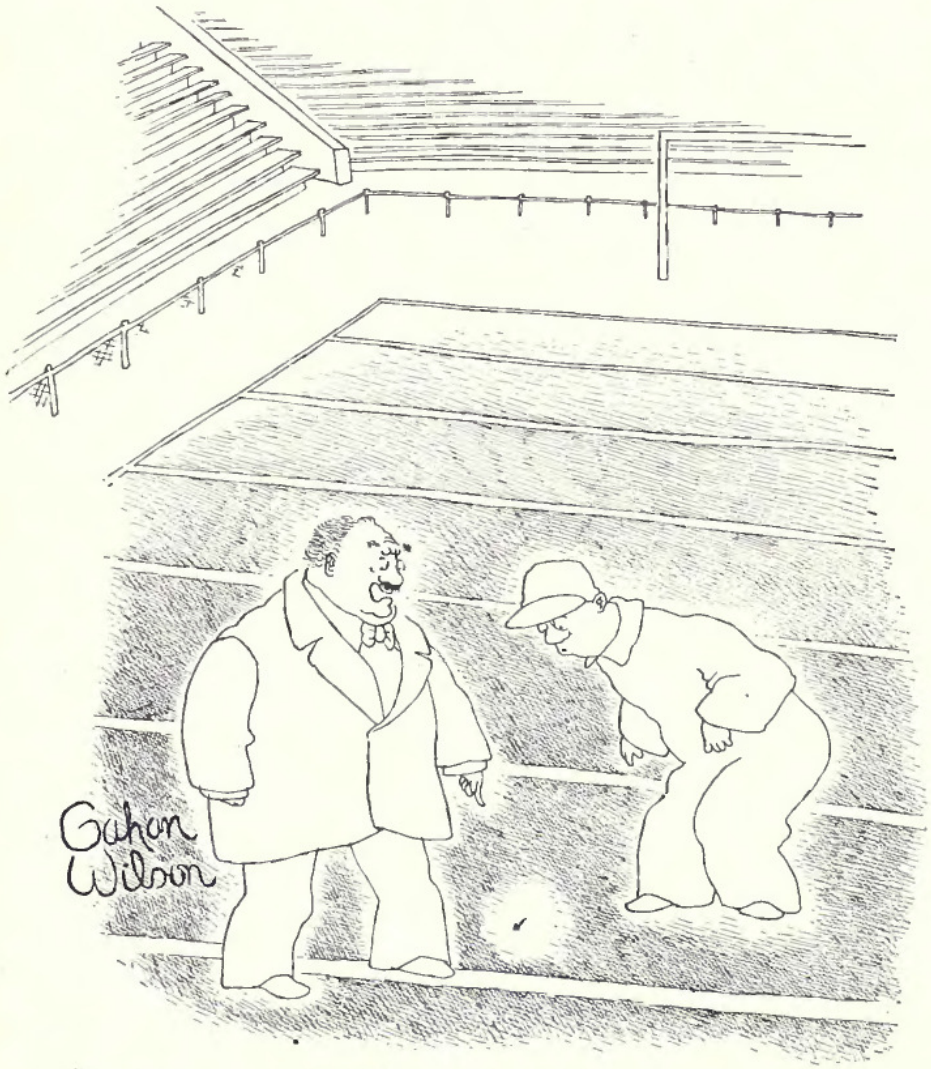
•

You think that funny stuff you're smoking won't hurt you, but **Gabriel Nahas** knows different. You scoff? You'll laugh out of the other side of your mouth when you get yellow fever.

Nahas is a professor at the Columbia University Medical School and he says it can happen. A few years ago, he called a press conference to announce that his research showed that dope smoking reduced our resistance to disease. He made headlines across the country before making a detailed report of his methods available for scientific examination.

Critics point out that his results are based on test-tube experiments unsupported by research on live subjects and that there is no evidence of a higher disease rate among pot smokers.

However, the fact that most people in the field don't accept his results isn't likely to bother Nahas. He has an advantage over most marijuana researchers; he already knows the truth: Marijuana is an evil weed that is likely to turn us all into mindless dummies. He's a ready witness for the types who say that people who smoke dope should be jailed. They will probably get beaten, raped and generally brutalized in the slammer, but it's for their own good. And a small price to pay to rid our society of the weed with roots in hell. This is too important to let facts stand in our way.



"Something's trying to get through the Astroturf!"

The Trail Driver's Shirt from Marlboro.

Before cowboys wore it moving cattle on the great trails, the horse soldiers wore it opening up the West.
The trail driver's shirt kept the weather off a man who often spent weeks in the saddle.
And it buttoned up tight when the snow blew so hard and heavy he couldn't see the trail he was ridin'. Designed in the heritage of the Old West, the Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt is made of 100% wool and is as rugged as a cowboy's job.

Just $29.00 plus two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro.

Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.

Mail to: **The Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt**
P.O. Box 7775, Westbury, New York 11592

Please send me ( ) Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt(s) at $29.00 each. Enclosed are two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro, and a check or money order made out to Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt.

Mark Size(s): ☐ Small (approx. 14-32) ☐ Large (approx. 16-35)
☐ Medium (approx. 15-33) ☐ X-Large (approx. 17-35)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ (necessary)

Offer available only to persons over 21 years of age. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer good until April 30, 1978, or while supply lasts. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

Clip and save. Our aim is to make sure you're completely satisfied with your order—and that you get it on time. But sometimes things go wrong. If they do, be sure to let us know. Write:
Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Lights: 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—Kings & 100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

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

used-car salesman *(continued from page 154)*

"And they did take delivery of the car, complete with a newly painted junk-yard hood."

had been a sort of basic training for me before I went to the big leagues in California. Somewhere in between Cal Worthington and Richard Sammis lies every used-car operation in America. They are all out there watching the tire kickers and the door openers and waiting, in their own way and at their own pace, for the moment of truth—the time when they close the sale. Pass the *banderilla*, my good man.

Chris Hellmers is Sammis' salesman, sales manager and resident philosopher; he is also an artist. He patiently sits in the front office of the converted service station and watches for customers through the ceiling-to-floor windows that curve around the side of the building.

"You have to overcome any obstacle to make a sale," Hellmers says. "You have to control the sale at all times. If you can't, then the only way you'll ever make it at this point is to buy the business.

"A good salesman," he says, "can find a customer's weakness. I mean, you can't start worrying about the commission, because then you start dealing from your *own* weakness. Selling cars is an emotional thing, and without the emotion, you're just banging out on price. You're selling bucks."

And Hellmers overcomes obstacles. Recently, a couple with a teenage son had picked a 1972 Mustang from over 40 cars on the lot. They liked the car, Hellmers could tell that, so, as is the practice if it looks like a customer might bring the car back, he put a dealer's tag on the Mustang and sent them out *alone* on a test drive.

"Gives them trust," Hellmers says. "Right off, they have faith in you. Hell, if you have enough confidence in your car to send them out alone, then it must be all right. That's what they think. As a matter of fact, that's what I think, too."

Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time, but when they didn't come back in two hours, Hellmers and Sammis began to look up and down York Road a lot. They finally spotted the car. As it got closer, they looked at each other in total disbelief. The hood of the car was in the trunk. Bent double.

Sammis went out for a drink.

Hellmers maintained total control over the customer. After all, it was his deal. He strode right up to the driver's door, where the father was getting out, and, without looking at where the hood had been or at the trunk, where it was, he said, "Well, what'ya think of the car?"

"Uh, well, uh . . . the car's fine. . . . Uh, I mean, it's really a nice car, but we had a little problem there. Uh . . . the hood." And he pointed to where the hood should be.

"Listen, that could happen to anyone. Don't worry about it. Other than *that*, what did you *really* think of the car?"

"Well, I like it," he said. "But the hood."

"Ah, don't worry about that, we'll have a new one on there tomorrow. You do want to take delivery tomorrow, don't you?"

And they did take delivery of the car, complete with a newly painted junk-yard hood.

"They wanted that car," Hellmers says, "and I sure as hell wasn't going to let something like that kill the deal. Besides, they obviously raised the hood somewhere along the way and didn't get it refastened. So when they went out onto the freeway, it came up and off. It put them at a real disadvantage. Inside they felt responsible and I had them. And it *was* a good car.

"Just because you're controlling—or trying to control—the customer doesn't necessarily mean you're being dishonest," he says. "It's just something you have to do if you want to stay out of the bread line."

"There's a definite advantage to selling used cars," Sammis says. "For one thing, when you've got a used car on your lot, you have a sort of one-of-a-kind item. I mean, you can't go down the street and find another '73 blue Camaro exactly like that one I've got out there. And as for price, you can adjust it all over the place.

"I used to think it was best to put the price on the board and stick to it, but I don't think so anymore. None of my cars are priced," Sammis says. "Some guy might come in with a clunker and I might have to overallow on it, just because he thinks it's worth more than it really is, so that means I have to up the price on my car. Others are not concerned with what their car is worth, they just want to know the difference. Then there's a third group that cares only what the price of my car is. You have to qualify them right off the bat and then decide on the price you are going to ask.

"Listen, if you make money on every car you sell, then you're not buying enough cars," he adds.

"I would love to have a Ford or a Chevy dealership," Sammis says, "and maybe someday I will. But it will have to

Introducing the tough corduroy that grows old beautifully. Sears new Thumbs Up™ Jeans.

The problem with trim new cords is that they can grow into baggy, wrinkled old cords all too soon. Not so with Sears new Thumbs Up™ Corduroy Jeans. They're tough. As in a tough, mid-wale cord fabric that combines the soft, natural comfort of cotton with the long-wearing ruggedness of polyester. Perma-prest, too, to keep things neat. New Thumbs Up Corduroy Jeans are gonna be beautiful jeans for a long time. In a variety of colors, in men's waist sizes 30-44. Trim Cut jeans, just $12. Also available in regular cut $13, or full cut $14. All these jeans available in most Sears stores.

Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii. ©Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1977

be the right kind of deal for me. Just to go out and plank down, say, half a million bucks to be a Ford dealer doesn't make any sense. There are a hell of a lot better ways to invest your money than being a new-car dealer.

"Besides, I'm not sure I'm even ready to give up the unpredictability of the used-car business. Every day brings something different."

•

Meanwhile, back at Cal Worthington's, they're not worrying much about repeat business. I haven't seen him in the flesh yet, but Cal is to selling cars what Masters and Johnson are to respectable sex. Cal is as well known in Southern California as, say, Nolan Ryan or Ronald Reagan. But then, neither of them has walked on the wing of a biplane at 2000 feet or led a gorilla around a used-car lot for TV commercials. Cal Worthington has. He is an advertising artist—there seems to be no doubt about that—but he also may be the best damn car salesman in the world. Californians love cars and they love pitchmen, and somehow they don't seem to mind being screwed over prices. It comes with the vitamin C and Cal's barrage of heavy advertising: "Go see Cal! Go see Cal! Go see Cal!"

Cal sells 600 cars in a good month, while most of his customers never even know they have paid far above the blue-book price for a used car or perhaps $500 above retail for a new one. Alas, the power of advertising: "It must be true, I saw it on the tube." Or: "How can he be that big if he doesn't give the best deals?" These two beliefs land them right in the closing room every time.

In fact, another customer is getting worked over right now. Let's move in just a little closer and listen.

"How much's this Vega, fella?" asks the customer.

"Uh, let me see, sir," the salesman says, as he reads the coded slip on the windshield. "It's twenty-eight forty-five, sir."

"Twenty-eight forty-five? Jesus Christ, how can you ask twenty-eight forty-five for a '73 Vega wagon?"

"Well, sir, you've seen our TV commercials and you've heard about our liberal discounts, so if you like the car, why not let our sales manager see if he can work out a deal for you? I mean, if we ask ten thousand for a car and you drive it away for one thousand, that's all that matters, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I guess so. Well, let's talk to him."

One of the first things a salesman learns at Cal's is to take this kind of guff about prices. Because they are high. The prices on used cars are raised automatically. What they do is take the blue book of average national used-car prices, look up the highest price they can possibly get for that particular model and then put a "package" on it. As it turns out, a package in the used-car business is any additional price that is added to the resale price of the unit. During my brief life as an iron pusher, the package at Cal's was a cool $900.

"It's there to guarantee the salesman a good commission," McKenzie says. "See, that way, you don't have to worry about not making any money on a deal."

Neither does Cal.

It was quickly apparent to me that most people who shop for used cars don't shop at all. If they did, they would walk right off Cal's lot. Of course, some of them do, but an awful lot of them drive away. In a newer car. And if you told them they had a $900 package on their car, they would swell with pride, because they believe what they see on TV. And they go see Cal.

And let's not overlook the TV specials. They are there to be sold—eventually, and at the advertised price. They have to be. Cal is much too smart to get caught on a fraud charge. So the salesman is instructed to sell *off* them.

"Yes, sir, here's that '76 Dart we advertised last night on TV. Nice car. Good price, twenty-two ninety-five. But I can tell you're a man who knows something about cars and I'm not going to try to sell you this one. No, sir, you're too sharp for that." He slaps the customer on the back.

"Why, look at the tires on this car. Bad tires. And," he pulls the man closer and lowers his voice, looking over his shoulder as he talks, to make sure nobody else is listening, "look down there under the car at that puddle of liquid. Transmission fluid. Whole damn transmission is shot. Now, let me show you a real '76 Dart."

And he takes him to the other side of the lot and presents a gleaming 1976 Dodge Dart, loaded.

"Sure looks better," says the customer. "How much?"

"Thirty-nine seventy-five," replies the salesman. "It's even got new Firestones."

"Isn't that a little high?"

"Listen, you've seen our TV commercials. . . ."

And that is about all a salesman has to know to work for Cal. That and how to read the price-coding sticker on the windshield. You learn that in the two-minute training course. And you learn that the base price is called the red-line price. On used cars, that's the one that has $900 added to it. To protect the salesman.

To this red-line price the salesman must add $200 to $700, to take care of the discount the sales manager is going to give the customer.

"Brought him in at line five. And he's over there in the box with Don right now."

What he said was that he added $500 to the red-line price and that the customer was in the closing room with the closer.

If nothing else, it explains how they can ask $2845 for a '73 Vega wagon when the blue-book price is only $1345. Tops.

It is not limited to used cars. New-car prices are also raised.

"How come?" asks almost every customer when he sees the sticker price and then, right below it with a red Dymo label that has, say, $1000 added to it.

"Simple. That's the *dealer-delivered price*. Most dealers hide it, you know, all the things it takes to get a car ready. All that. Well, we put it right up front there, where everybody can see it."

If the customer buys that, then probably he will jump at the $500 discount the sales manager offers him. And he will have paid $500 over retail for the car.

These are all things a new salesman learns the first day. And where the john and the coffee machine are. After that, you're on your own—along with 30 other salesmen.

They all stand out there on the point, the closest to the street Cal will let them go. There are five rows of cars and the point is behind the second row. None of that going into the street to drag them in. After all, there is the reputation to think about.

But if you can get a customer to park where you want him, he is yours. If you edge past the point toward the street, it is called skating and the other salesmen get sorely pissed off. When two salesmen reach the boiling point, they are encouraged to fight. But out back in the dirt, where the customers can't see. They worry a lot about the image.

Manuel is the oldest salesman on Cal's lot. He is perhaps 55 and is resplendent in his white Palm Beach suit and string bow tie. Manuel skates a lot. But the other salesmen don't seem to realize it. He always backs up a lot to make an emphatic point to all of his stories. And his stories are so good the other salesmen never know he is taking an extra-good look down the street while he is back there at his better vantage point. He is usually the first to see the turn signal go on.

But all of the salesmen stay on the point most of the time, as much as 12 hours a day, because that is where the action is. It is where practically all of the traffic pulls onto the lot and you have to be there to watch and wait. It is an awful lot like squirrel hunting.

There are few rules at Cal's: A salesman can tell a customer anything. Anything. Because if he gets off the lot, he will never come back. Not after he sees the prices elsewhere.

Guido recently told a customer who was about to walk away that he would discount a new car $2000.

"Two grand?" the customer asked in disbelief.

"Two grands," Guido replied.

"Well, hell, man, I'll take it."

You see, the salesman never closes a

"Come on, old-timer—at your age you should be grateful for small favors!"

You can be part of the music.

Koss Technician/VFR

Your workday is over. You've settled back into a recliner and a pair of Koss Technician™/VFR Stereophones in anticipation of a perfect live symphony broodcast. Now the conductor escorts you into the warm, glowing hum of violins, cellos, and violas. And as the polished power of the brass begins to court the sensual woodwinds, you find the true beauty of your Koss Technicians. Because the VFR controls at the base of each earcup enable you to fine tune the frequency response range to your idea of perfection.

So if you'd like to hear a performonce that's at your commond, visit your audio specialist and slip into the breathtoking Sound of Koss with Technician/VFR's. The stereophones that put beauty at the fingertips of the beholder.

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LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
Box 323, Lynchburg, Tenn. 37352

Old-time Riverboat Playing Cards

Both of these decks are prettier than a painting, and so is the antique tin card case. Each card is a bit larger and thicker than normal—like those used on riverboats in the 1890's. There's a black and a green deck—both with an antique gold "distillery design." The face cards are reproduced from 100-year-old artwork. So it's a real unusual set of cards for the serious player. Twin deck in antique case: $7.50. Postage included.

Send check, money order, American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.
(Tennessee residents add 6% tax.)
For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items, send $1.00 to above address.

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P.O. Box 2420, Boulder, CO 80302, U.S.A.

deal. That's up to the closer or sales manager, who is a pro. So when Guido took the customer in with the deal written up on the appropriate form, the sales manager exploded.

"Goddamn, Guido, this is the fourth time you've done it this week. You know damn well we don't have that kind of markup. You're fired," he fumed.

Guido tossed the keys to his demonstrator Dart on the sales manager's desk and stomped out.

To say the customer, who had been watching everything in wide-eyed silence, was upset would be putting it mildly. Hell, he had just caused a salesman to get fired. So he was a natural prey for the closer, who quickly got him up another $1000. He bought the car at full retail value, thinking he had still saved $1000.

Fifteen minutes after he had left, Guido reappeared, picked up his keys and winked at the closer, who was then with another customer. He went straight to the point.

Guido made $3000 that month and was "fired" eight times. Seven of the firings resulted in sales.

"You just have to stop them from getting off the lot," McKenzie says. "Bebacks never make you any money. You know, I'll *be back* later.

"I tell them, 'Well, if you're coming back later, why don't you leave your wrist watch? You can pick it up then and, listen, I'll even give you an extra ten bucks off when you come back. Just for leaving your watch.' They usually get pissed off and walk out, but I had one guy who actually left his watch. Never did come back to get it."

McKenzie pulled up the left sleeve of his madras jacket and displayed the flashy wrist watch. "It's sort of a trophy," he says, smoothing his wavy salt-and-pepper hair. He moved to the other side of the room, slightly dragging a game leg.

He is a pro, standing there with the confidence of a hatchet man in the sparsely decorated closing room. On the back wall—the only one that isn't glass—are a calendar and a tarnished plaque that reads, SALESMAN OF THE MONTH. FEBRUARY 1956. It is a memento of the journey to the closing room.

McKenzie is there because, like Hellmers, he overcomes obstacles. For one, he stutters so badly that he spits on people a lot when they are in the close confines of the room.

"You can get sold and get a bath at the same time when you're in the box with Don," Manuel says.

Nobody says anything like that to McKenzie's face, because he is (1) all business and (2) the best closer around.

But after a salesman has spent a day or two on the job and has proved that he can at least take the horrendous hours and the battling for customers, he is given

(continued on page 261)

Enjoy the pleasure of discovery.
Mix your club soda with white rum from Puerto Rico.

White rum and soda

Some of the people you know are still at the gin or vodka stage But you've just discovered white rum, and your taste is home at last.

White rum combines with club soda to produce a sparkling drink without the slightest trace of a rough edge. It has the taste and smoothness you've been missing up to now. Not surprising when you consider that white rum is aged, while gin and vodka are not.

Not all white rums are created equal. The rums of Puerto Rico are in a class by themselves.

Only Puerto Rico requires its rums to be aged. And there's no substitute for aging in making a quality rum. As a result, 86% of all the rum sold in the U.S. comes from Puerto Rico.

So enjoy white rum with your favorite mixers. It's a pleasure you can keep rediscovering.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

For free, "White Rum Classics" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-34, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

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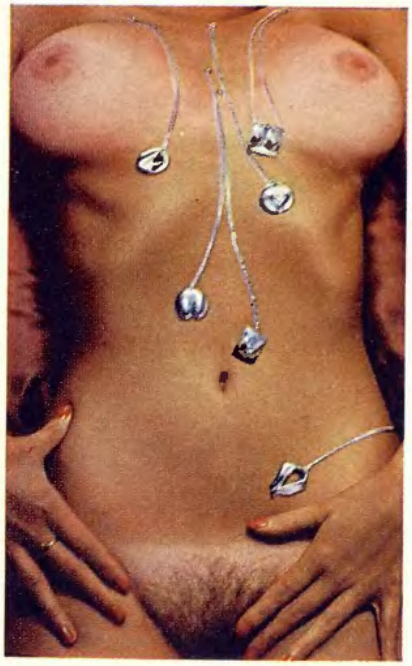
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

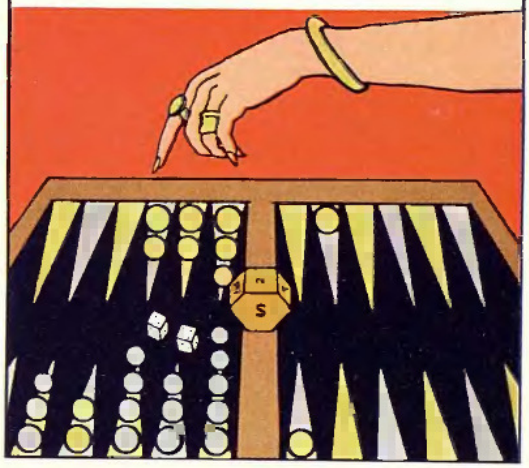


DINGLE DANGLE

We've seen plenty of unisex jewelry, but the work of designer Sara Kirk is something special. Kirk specializes in crafting various parts of the anatomy out of sterling silver and then suspending them from a silver chain. The wearer can thus pick his or her favorite part, be it a boob, buttock, crotch or penis, and let it all hang out or tuck it under his or her shirt for just $40 per item, postpaid, sent to X Jewelry, P.O. Box 818, Laguna Beach, California 92652. Or, if you're the shy type and want something more subtle to slip around your neck, she also makes sterling-silver eyes, ears, noses and mouths. Does she make *what*? But of course, you naughty boy.

GO FOR BROKE

To jazz up the Christmas holidays, Las Vegas' slow time of the year, a backgammon tournament will be held there this December 18 to 23, with the first prize being $1,000,000. Players will pay from $325 to $525 for hotel and playing privilege (check with any travel agent) and, best of all, even if you're eliminated, you can still compete for $100,000 in the losers' tourney. Go!



BUSINESSMEN'S BAEDEKER

For those businessmen bound for such exotic market places as Saudi Arabia, Iran and Japan, a company called the Four Corners Group, at Suite 1450, 605 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94105, is publishing, for $41.95 each, postpaid, a series of 150-page guides stuffed with virtually everything a man of commerce and industry would want to know about those locales. And should the Middle East and the Orient be a bit too far-flung, Europe and South America will soon be in the works.

TIME TO LAUGH

Here's something funny: Time Out, a company at 381 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10010, is selling for $1200 the 42-inch-diameter oak-cased grinning wall clock shown below, which announces each hour with a 20-second peal of belly laughter. And, if you don't think the passing of time is anything to snicker at, they'll substitute any reasonable sound you choose—from Big Ben's to a zebra's whinny.

TEXAS SHELL SHOCK

Peter Frampton plays guitar, Paul McCartney plays bass and Bob Roever plays banjarillo. A banjarillo—in case you haven't guessed from our illustration—is a banjo that's partially made from an armadillo's shell, and Roever, it seems, has cornered the market on them. It takes him about four months to make one by hand and the finished product will set you back at least $500. To order, contact Banjarillo Bob, at 7329 Sage Oak, San Antonio, Texas 78233, and prepare yourself for some mighty heavy pickin'.

THE HAUNTING OF HULL'S HOUSE

Each October, Cortlandt Hull becomes Bristol, Connecticut's most celebrated citizen, since that's when he opens his Witch's Dungeon to visitors on weekends just before and after Halloween. Hull, who lives on Battle Street, R.F.D. #3 (call 203-583-8306 for directions), has done almost all of the work on the 13 monster exhibits in the dungeon and the results are guaranteed to scare the undies off you. Only four victims are admitted to the dungeon at one time and it takes about ten minutes for them to emerge. *If* they emerge.

OFF THE BOTTLE

To connoisseurs of fine old bourbon, the next-best thing to a hefty glass of sour mash is a nifty collection of bourbon labels circa Prohibition such as those that an enterprise called Miscellaneous Man, P.O. Box 1776, New Freedom, Pennsylvania 17349, is selling at 20 for $3, postpaid. Included in the assortment are such oddball hooches as Old Chuck, Lick Run and our favorite, County Chairman ("THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD"). That's a whiskey we'd rather read about than drink.

I'M YOUR BUNNY IRVING

Into each life a little silliness must fall—and here's Playboy's contribution to that dictum: a plastic-coated Playboy Bunny of the Year apron that our Playboy Club Sales, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, is peddling for $10, postpaid. The aprons are made in England by Dodo Designs, no less, and, best of all, they wipe clean when something's spilled on them. Be a wise dodo and buy one before your next barbecue.

THIS SUCKS

Dr. Stephen Kaplan is a parapsychologist in New York City who specializes in investigating people who put the bite on people. The *real* bite, that is. Dr. Kaplan's area is vampirology and, to aid in the advancement of knowledge for his research, he has a hotline—212-426-1616—that anyone who is a vampire, knows a vampire or has information on the subject can call and confess what they know to the good doctor. Does he make house calls? you ask. Not without a cross and a large pointed stake. He eats garlic, too.

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LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

For me it's low tar, not low taste.

Most low tar cigarettes are a tasteless version of something else. Not Winston Lights. Winston Lights have low tar. But they also have taste. If you're sacrificing taste for low numbers, you're smoking the wrong cigarette.

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

Winston Lights. Winston Light 100's.

 (continued from page 256)

"The salesman is leapfrogging him right into the high-priced iron as quickly as he can."

some more pointers. But only after it looks as if he might hack it as a salesman. After all, you can't go around giving out information to just anybody.

Every potential customer should know about the fine art of bumping payments that many used-car dealers practice. Freely translated, this means selling a car to someone with payments he can't afford.

The initial salesman question, after the small talk, is, "How much do you want your payments to be? Two hundred? Two fifty?"

"Ah, no, man. Hundred. Hundred fifty," the customer replies.

Actually, he probably had more like $50 in mind, but after the $200–$250 opener, he was too embarrassed to say it. So now the salesman has him way up over where he intended to be. Double, in fact. And if he is any kind of salesman at all, he will have the customer right at the $200 level before he leaves.

Most of this is done before they look at too many cars, because the salesman is leapfrogging him right into the high-priced iron as quickly as he can. Most customers don't know exactly what they want, anyway. They have come to shop and Cal has lots of used cars to shop. Confusing to everyone. Even the salesmen.

Fernando says that you should come in in the morning, go out onto the lot and pick out five or six cars *you* would buy. Familiarize yourself with those and then, when a customer comes in and says, "I'm just looking around," you can start by showing him one of the cars *you* know something about. Otherwise, you will spend the entire day running from car to car, up and down the line.

And they tell you that you can answer any phone to which you can outrun another salesman and you can promise anything. If there is a call on the public-address system for used cars or trucks or new cars or vans, you pick up the nearest phone and say, "Good morning, truck sales." Or "used cars." Whatever. But no matter what the customer asks for, you have it.

"Yes, sir, we certainly do have a 1937 DeSoto Airflow. Nice car, the Airflow. Come right on over and ask for Bill."

When the man gets there, the car "has just been sold. But let me show you some of our other fine cars. Now, right over here is a 1975. . . ." He is on the lot, you've got him in tow. The 1937 Airflows had lousy heaters, anyway.

Even if a customer drives up and asks for a car you don't have, you always say, "Yes, sir, we sure do have one. Just park right over there and I'll show it to you." Again, it "must have just been sold," but you have got him out of the car and onto the lot.

If he happens to ask for something you do have, then it is Katie, bar the door. He is a "lay down" and once the closer gets him, you are on your way to a deal.

At Cal's, you can "offer" a customer a ten-day exchange plan, which is enticing. What you don't bother to tell the customer is that the exchange plan is for a car of equal or higher value. When he brings the car back, there is never anything of *equal* value, so it gives the salesman another crack at him and often moves him right into a new car, because "I can tell you want a car to be perfect and there's no way a used car is ever going to satisfy you."

Lord, Lord, it makes a man want to get out there and sell cars, doesn't it? I cocked my wig over one eye and headed out to the point.

•

Nearly a week had gone by and I hadn't seen the man. How could I explain that to my PLAYBOY editor? I was mentally composing the phone call when it happened.

It was almost ten at night when the silver Thunderbird swung onto the lot. I started to make my move to nail him before the other salesmen did when I realized they were all, well, sort of at attention. Where was the usual pandemonium? Too many *burritos* from the lunch wagon, I guessed.

"Right here, buddy," I yelled. In unison, they turned and looked at me in total disbelief.

"Jee-zus, Curly, cool it," Guido said. "I mean, it's Cal, for Christ's sake. It's Cal."

The Thunderbird disappeared around the corner of the main building. In a few seconds, it reappeared, moving slowly now. The figure inside checked everything out. The cars. The salesmen. My curls. And then he parked and got out. As he headed for the showroom door, he nodded to the salesmen, who were still at semi-attention. In unison, they nodded back.

Cal was tall and trim and, in just the right light, he looked a lot like Gary

"Look! He's alive!"

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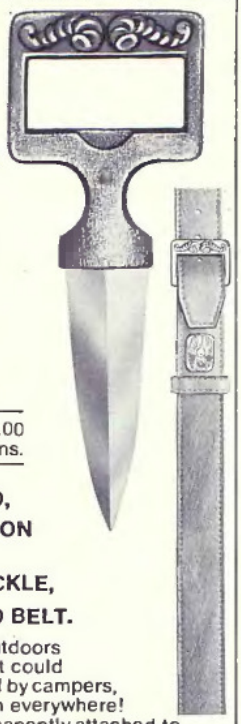

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Cooper. White ten-gallon hat, Western suit and all. He was inside before I could tell if he was wearing cowboy boots.

I remembered the commercial I had seen on television the night before. Cal was standing there with his dog "Spot," which was, in that case, a Bengal tiger (it has been everything from an elephant to a zebra), and he was droning on and on into the late-night-movie time, with the appropriate drawl: "Come on in, folks, and let me make you a deal. Why, if I can't beat any other deal in town, I'll eat a bug." It is exactly the kind of dialog, I thought, that made *High Noon*.

My 12-hour day was ended and I paused at the driver's door of my car. My feet told me I lacked something that a Cal Worthington salesman must have. Enthusiasm, perhaps. I wondered if Cal had noticed it. I looked back at the lot: Fernando was waving mightily at a passing car; Manuel was skating again. Two of the newer salesmen were arguing over a deal, not far from heading out back.

I unlocked the door and slid in. And I sat there for a minute. You've got all you need for the story, Curly. I took one last look at the point, because I knew that I would not be back. Then I dumped it into gear, swung out of the lot and punched it. Two wisps of black smoke puffed from the rear tires. Fernando whirled and motioned me in. Reflex action. Then he waved.

I drove back to my motel.

"Well. I'm glad that's over," said Martina, who travels with me. She was fresh from the shower and the water was standing all over her in perfect little beads, as if she had been Simonized twice.

I leaned over and wrote my name across her tummy with my forefinger. (She likes that part. I mean, why the hell else would a girl go to the trouble of Simonizing herself?)

"You know," she said, "you really look sort of sexy in that wig. Really. Kinky, but sort of sexy."

I pulled her onto my lap and licked some of the beaded-up water off her shoulder.

"I'll take off the wig," I said. "And then we'll. . . ."

She was starting to breathe hard, big, softly swaying huffs of breath. "No," she moaned.

"No what?" My voice was muffled at the junction of her bosom.

"No. Don't take off the damn wig."

And that's when the phone rang. It was the guy from PLAYBOY. He wanted to know if I had seen Cal yet.

"Get back to you later," I said.

I hung up and walked over to close the blinds. And just before turning back, I took one last, fond look at the new Cadillac outside. Well, almost new. Well, actually used, if you must know.

But I got a helluva deal on it.

New Trojans Plus...

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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.

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RIGHT RIG

(continued from page 148)

balance, and sound dispersion becomes a prime consideration. One company that probably has concerned itself more with this problem than any other is Bose, whose latest speaker system—the model 601—achieves a spacious stereo effect by the use of "cross-firing" tweeters hidden behind the grille cloth. Because of this technique, plus the disarmingly conventional appearance of the system (it looks like, but is not, a conventional box), the 601 can be plunked down in difficult rooms and come up with very convincing sound. The low end has not been slighted, either, and the 601 makes it all the way down the scale. A stereo pair costs $558.

The 601s will respond to a wide range of driving power; one receiver that seems apt is the Sansui 6060 ($420), with an output per channel of 40 watts across the 20-hertz to 20,000-hertz band and with not more than .4 percent distortion. The Sansui has all the normal accouterments and its FM section is rated at 1.9 microvolts sensitivity, more than ample for most of the stations you'll tune to.

In this kind of system, you might want the finesse and low noise of an electronically controlled turntable with a sophisticated arm, plus the option of automatic record handling. The new B.I.C. model 981 fills the bill. It uses a low-speed motor (300 rpm), as opposed to the 1800-rpm motors usually found in changers, which means less speed reduction in transferring motor action to turntable rotation. The belt drive helps isolate the platter for very low rumble and very low wow and flutter. Both of its speeds (33⅓ and 45 rpm) are adjustable with the aid of a built-in light that strikes etched markings on the outer rim of the platter. The 981 may be used as a single-play manual, as a single-play automatic or as a stack-and-play automatic (up to six records). Its list price is $210.

Any pickup will work in the 981's arm; one model that merits your aural attention is the Audio-Technica AT13Ea ($65). Others might be the Stanton 681 Triple-E ($90) or the top of the Empire 2000 series—the 2000Z ($100).

A likely tape facility to add to this system would be one of the better cassette recorders. The new Pioneer CT-F1000 ($600) has impressive specifications and is loaded with features, including a three-head arrangement that permits monitoring tapes as you record them. It also has an unusual pitch control (on playback) that lets you adjust tape speed over a range of plus or minus six percent. Bias and equalization are separately adjustable and the inputs permit mixing of microphone and line sources.

If you hanker for headphones to use with this system, the choice is wide, indeed. The Superex PRO series is a fine choice for the listener who doesn't mind

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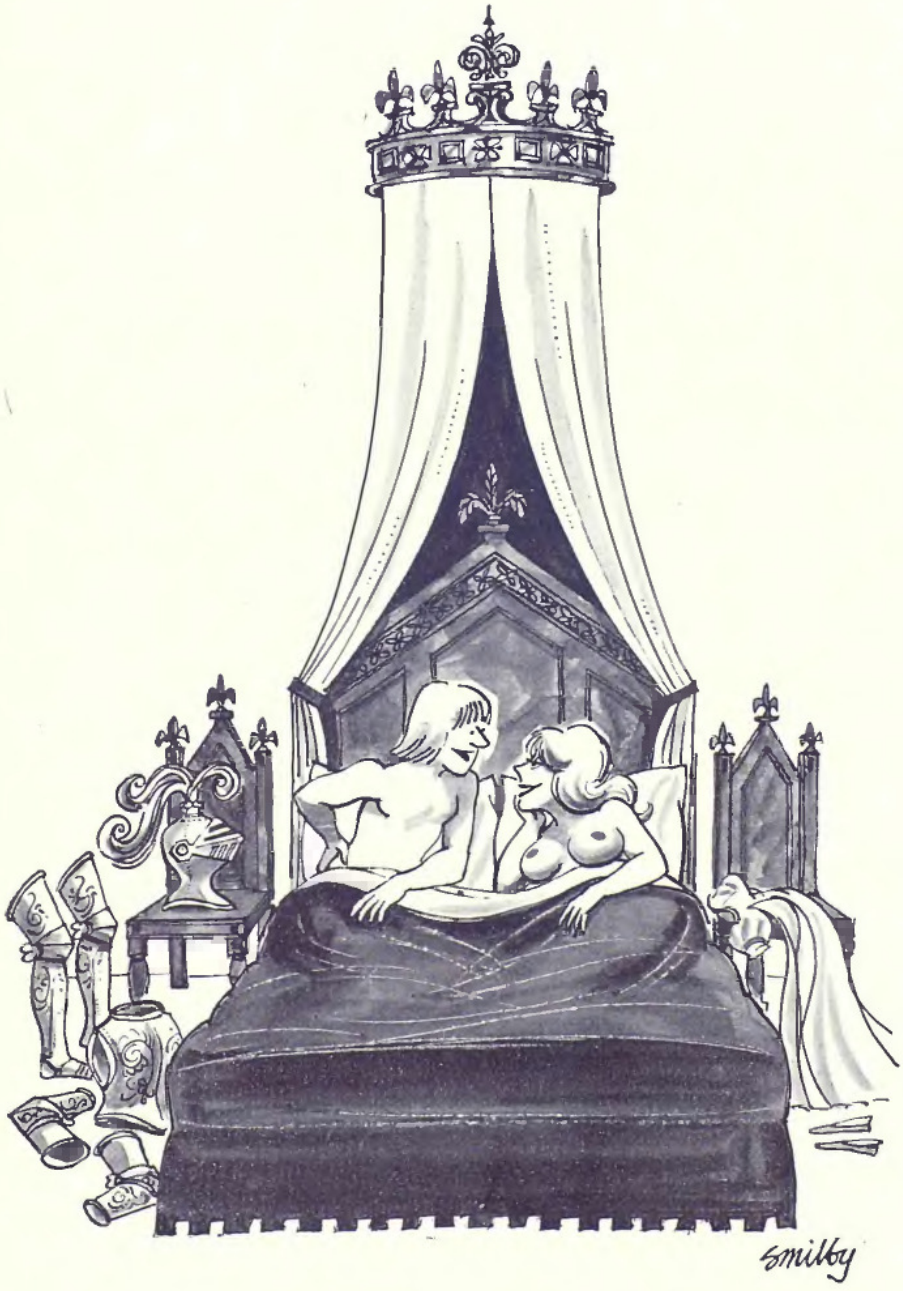
some 16 ounces of wrap-around that completely block out room sounds. The latest version lists for about $65. A lower-priced and lighter-weight Superex, the model CL-1, goes for about ten dollars less and sounds almost as good.

Admittedly, finding a final resting place for all this hardware in this kind of room may not be easy, even with the versatile Bose speakers. If, after you have tired of experimenting with shoving speaker A here and speaker B there, you still perceive stereo imbalance, you may resort to an electronic trick once used only by professionals but lately finding favor among more and more homebodies—and that is to press into service a stereo equalizer. This device offers precise control over specific frequency bands and can do a good deal to improve the sound, from compensating for program quirks to taming room acoustics. You can spend a small fortune on some of these units, but one that seems a natural for home use is the MXR. It provides, on each stereo channel, ten bands of adjustments, with center frequencies from 31 hertz to 16,000 hertz. All you do is slide the appropriate lever up or down until you get the kind of sound you want. The MXR adds about $200 to the cost of the system, but in many rooms, it may be the only way to realize the full potential of the rest of that system.



"You see—in reality, your dragon doesn't exist. He was merely a figment of your subconscious, a repressive symbol concealing your underlying fear of sex."

THE LOFT(Y) SYSTEM

We now enter the realm of the all-out enthusiast whose room approaches the size of a small recital hall, for whom it is a temple of tone, a sanctum of sonics, and who couldn't care less how much it costs to re-create his inner vision of stereo reality. There is space and it must be filled with clean, wide-range sound. Both high volume and high definition are wanted.

One way to get them is to use conventional speakers in multiple arrays, stacked and/or spread about the place. Another way (and both approaches have their partisans) is to choose the kind of speaker that produces a broad sound front with fairly high efficiency and crystal clarity. One such is the Magneplanar offered by Audio Research. It looks like an electrostatic (a large floor-standing screen) but actually consists of a Mylar diaphragm stretched over numerous bar magnets arranged to provide woofer/tweeter coverage. The Tympani-ID goes for $1395 per stereo pair and can handle up to 300 watts per channel.

To properly feed this pair of monsters takes a diet of hearty wattage, and this factor inclines us to a separate power amplifier, such as the SAE model 2600, which pumps out well in excess of 300 watts across the complete audio band at less than .05 percent distortion and without caring whether its recipient has an impedance of four or of eight ohms. It lists for $1350.

To control this awesome combination takes a reliable and sensitive preamplifier. You can go one route and buy a very elaborate model or take off in the opposite direction and get an extremely simplified type. We have opted here for a middle-of-the-road approach that is still consistent with the quality level of the other equipment and the likely inclinations of the system owner. The Marantz 3600 covers the audio range with even lower distortion than the power amp (only .02 percent) and it has all the inputs, outputs, controls and features you could want outside a professional recording studio. It lists for $500.

A fitting FM tuner to mate with this line-up is the Yamaha CT-7000B. At its price of $1250, it may raise some eyebrows (all that to listen to off-the-air stuff?); but in terms of the arcane technicana that make for really top FM performance, this unit is second to none. Usable sensitivity, combined with superb noise rejection, rock-bottom-low distortion, great tuning ease and a lot more make this unit ideal for listening or as a source for off-the-air tape-recording.

With a system of this sonic capability, you logically want a record player of equally estimable caliber. Enter the ST-7 from Harman Kardon, which has as low a rumble as any but which also boasts

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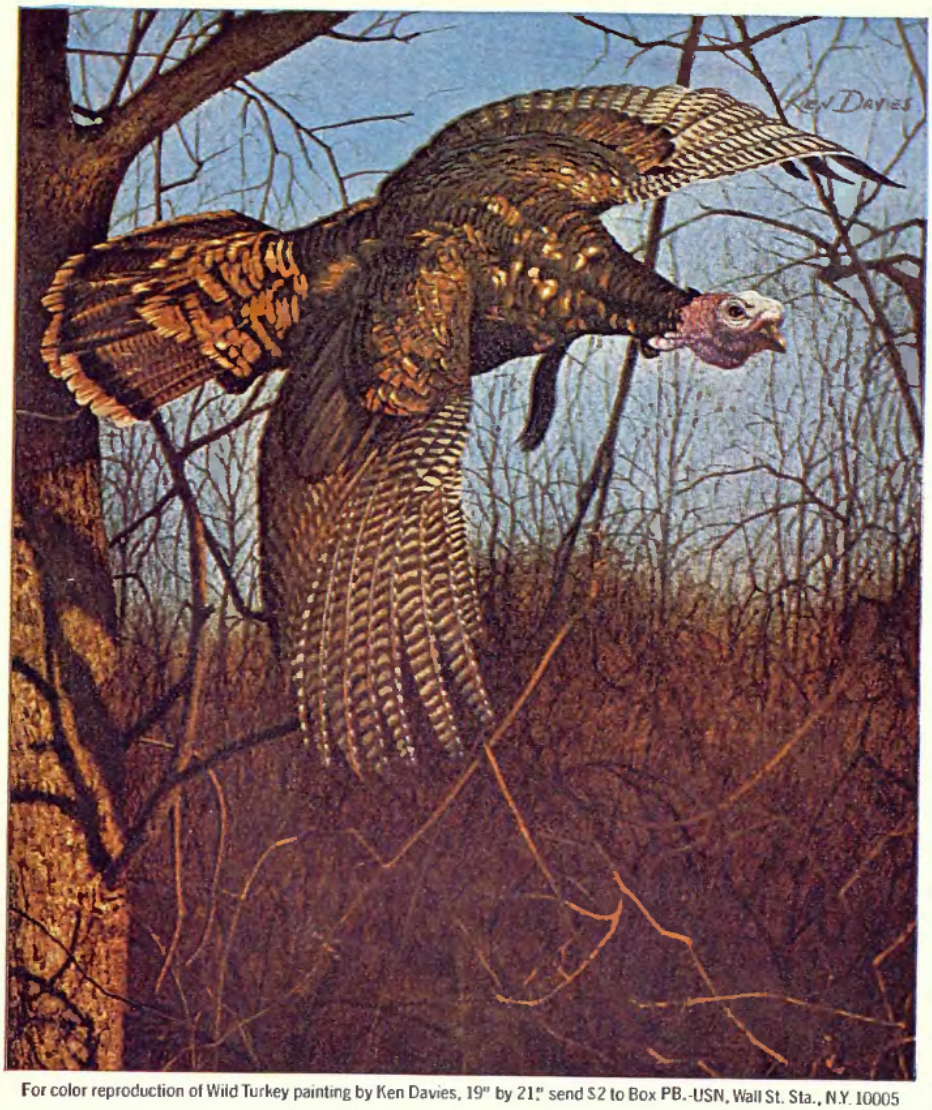


For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21" send $2 to Box PB.-USN, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion. A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the finest native whiskey in America—Wild Turkey.

WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

© 1977 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

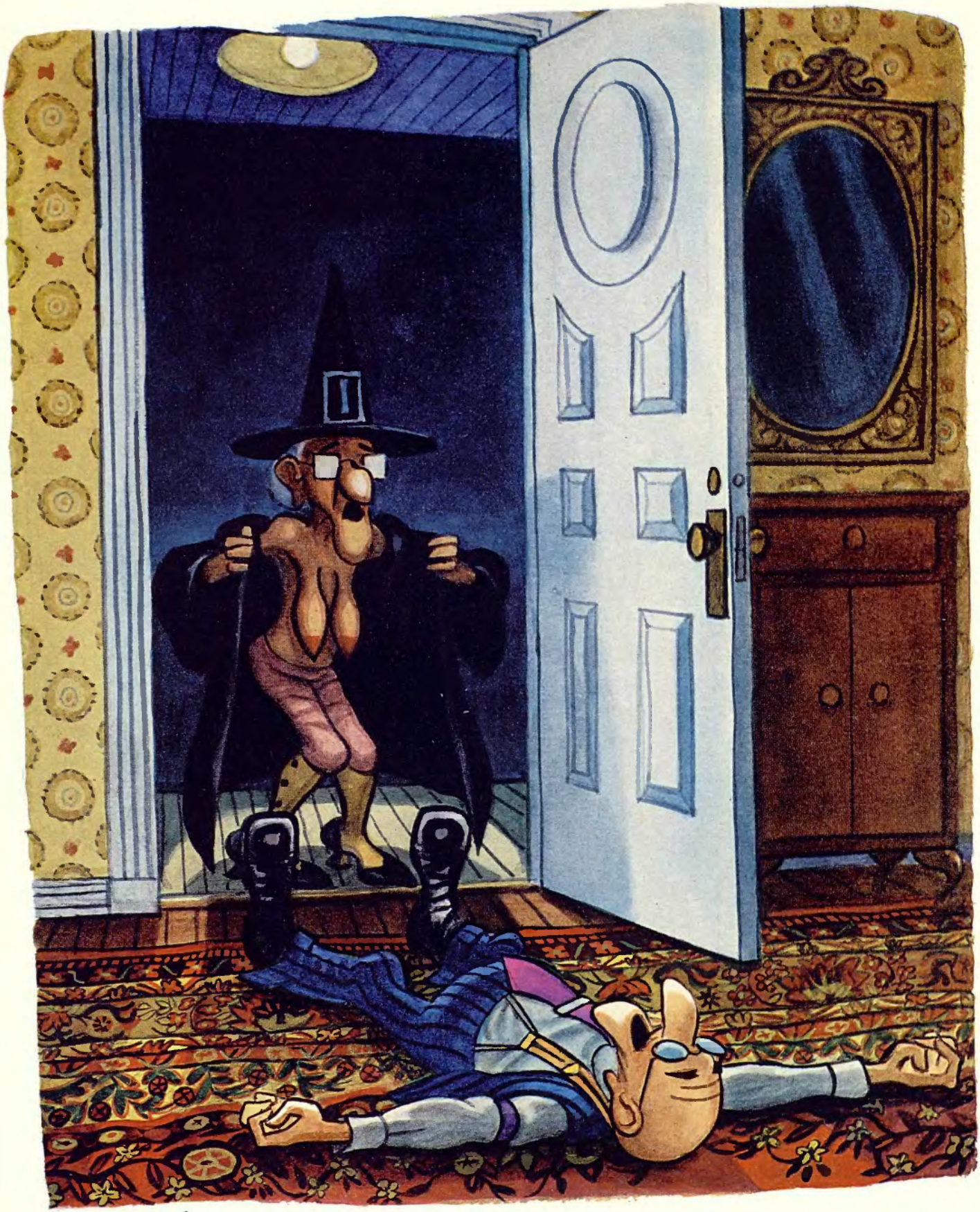
true tangent tracking—the arm moves the pickup in a straight-line radius across the record, eliminating tracking error and obviating the need for antiskating and permitting the pickup to track at the lowest possible vertical tracking force. With base and hinged cover, it sells for $460. Any state-of-the-art pickup can be used: Some likely candidates would be the Sonus Blue ($125) or one of the top Ortofon models—the $90 M20E Super (a magnetic) or the $140 MC 20 (a moving-coil type that should be used with Ortofon's $200 MCA 76 "pre-preamplifier"). There is one school of thought that urges having at least two pickups on hand, each installed in its own arm—the consensus is that magnetics are better for full orchestral music, while the moving-coil types present a bit more detail for smaller ensemble close-ups—but on this bit of esoterica, we pass.

At the upper end of the quality-tape-recorder field, there are both open-reel and cassette models to interface with this sound system. A brand-new offering in the former format is Pioneer's model RT-707, whose features and performance specifications seem to strike a nice balance between what the advanced home-sound enthusiast and the studio pro might want. Its four heads permit off-the-tape monitoring while recording, plus reverse playback without compromising the forward-play head. A two-speed model (7½ and 3¾ ips), it has three motors and more features and options than can be described here, but among them are pitch control (you can vary playback speed by six percent faster or slower), separate bias and equalization selectors, fast buttoning (directly changing transport action without first pressing the stop key). The RT-707 is priced at $575.

In the *crème de la crème* cassette class, there's the recent Tandberg model TCD-330. This three-head, three-motor machine also permits fast button operation and boasts its own built-in alignment system (complete with generator). Dolby and tape selection are provided. Performance is second to none for the cassette format. This kind of quality in a relatively small package costs, and the TCD-330 carries a list price of $1000.

The acoustic grandeur of the loft-size room notwithstanding, there will be times when you might want the privacy of headphone listening or may be monitoring a recording (there's room in this place for a real-live combo). A reliable old stand-by is the Koss PRO/4, which, in its latest incarnation as the PRO/4 Triple A ($70), remains one of the smoothest-sounding headsets you can wrap around your head.

After buying this loft(y) system, you may not have enough bread left to buy furniture, but that's your headache. At least the sound won't give you one.



Buck Brown

"Maybe I should've just hollered 'Trick or treat!' and let it go at that."

More when?

Any time you light up.

Because More is like any really good cigarette. Only more. And it gives you more with your very first puff.

You get More satisfaction. More smoothness. More mildness. And More smoking pleasure.

It burns slower, too. So you can enjoy all that good taste longer.

When's the right time for More, the long, lean, burnished brown 120mm cigarette? Right now.

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

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FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

OUR MASKED-BALL PLAYMATES UNMASKED

Susan Kiger, Miss January 1977

Julia Lyndon, Miss August 1977

If you're peeking at the answers without having tried to figure out the clues in *Having a Masked Ball* (pages 116–123), shame on you! If you're back here legitimately and have given it a reasonable try, welcome to the unveiling. Here's how to score: First, turn the lights way down and uncork a good Beaujolais. . . . But seriously, folks, if you missed more than two of the seven, turn in your back issues of PLAYBOY. If you had all the ladies pegged, you are obviously a gentleman of discernment. And if you got off on any of the fantasies, remember to take a long, cold shower.

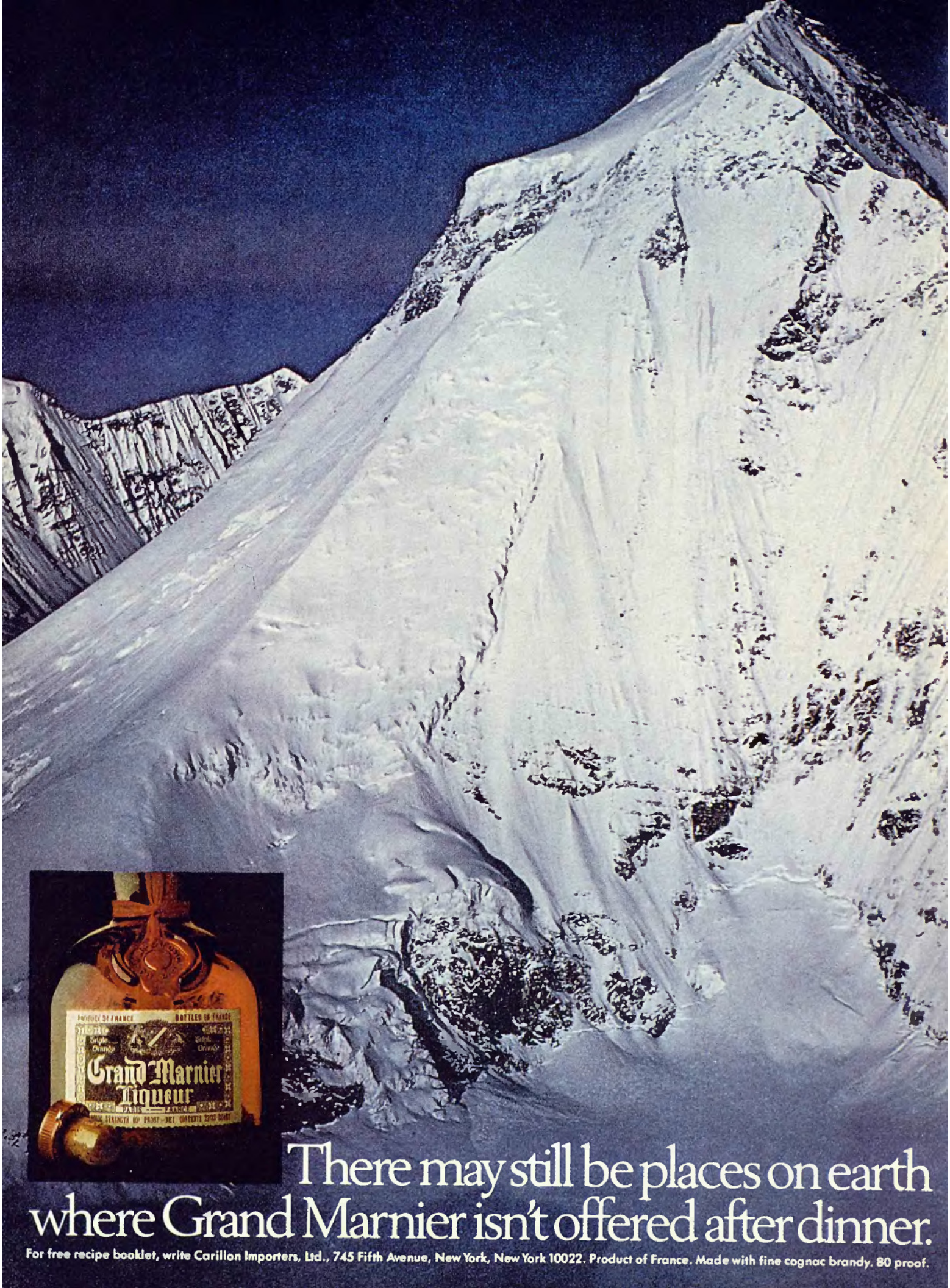
Lillian Müller, Miss August 1975

Patricia McClain, Miss May 1976

Karen Hafter, Miss December 1976

Christine Maddox, Miss December 1973

Claudia Jennings, Miss November 1969



There may still be places on earth where Grand Marnier isn't offered after dinner.

For free recipe booklet, write Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

TABLE AND CHAIR TO GO

The peripatetic lifestyle of today's urban nomads has given rise to a whole new concept in contemporary furniture: knockdown, easy-to-tote tables, chairs and other pieces that can be assembled and disassembled by the most fumble-fingered Mr. Malaprop for *schlepping* across town to a new pad or even across country, packed in the trunk of your car. Best of all, the knockdown furniture we've seen—most of which is surprisingly good-looking and sturdy—isn't going to knock all the green stuffing out of your wallet, prices being about $100 or less for many items. And should you move to digs where an item isn't needed, just stash it away instead of selling it, you clever pack rat, you.

If a sailcloth easy chair is your bag, consider the Regatta model; its basic structure is stainless-steel rods and urethane foam—and, yes, it collapses to fit into the canvas sack at left. Overman U.S.A. makes the easygoing chair for $120.

One chrome, glass and wood cocktail table to go—and it all assembles at the flick of a wrist. Each model, which measures 51" x 21" x 15", comes with instructions and a small tool to assemble it, by James David, $80.

RICHARD IZUI

KING OF THE GAULS

If you've thought of Peugeots as solid but unglamorous cars, think again; the new 604 SL pictured above is just beginning to make its presence felt on U.S. roads and it's a real head turner. Packed into its 192-inch length (that's about the size of a Mercedes-Benz 280) are some very sophisticated engineering techniques picked up from Citroën when Peugeot acquired that famous company several years ago. The brakes at all four corners of the machine are vacuum-assisted disk, the steering is power-assisted rack and pinion and the engine is a 2.7-liter aluminum-alloy single-overhead-cam type. Leather and sun roof are optional, but standard items include air conditioning, electric windows and Michelin radials. All for about $11,000. Vive la France!

We Americans have always been a trifle puzzled about French cars. As our appetite for imported machinery from Japan, Germany, Italy and Great Britain increased over the years, French automobiles remained small-volume items. Which is odd, because France is an industrial giant, with a large automobile industry formed primarily by the triumvirate of Renault, Citroën and Peugeot—all of which are much-respected marques. Moreover, French cars have always been in the vanguard of technology—engineering advances such as front-wheel drive, diesels, rear-engine placement, hydropneumatic suspension systems, aerodynamic body shapes appeared on French cars long before other national brands dared incorporate such avant-garde components.

It is due partly to the nature of the French road conditions and partly to the almost compulsively individualistic French character that Gallic cars have presented an odd image to Americans. Their styling has always had 21st Century quality—traceable in part to the French designers' search for clean, efficient air flow at high speeds and in part to their somewhat unorthodox aesthetic tastes. Because of the high price of French gasoline, French cars have had modest low-speed acceleration but excellent high-speed cruising capabilities. Their plush interiors and soft suspensions, coupled with the aforementioned aerodynamics, resulted in automobiles that would cruise comfortably all day at 90 mph with four people on board yet would have trouble outrunning a well-ridden ten-speed at a stop light. Cars of that nature were almost the opposite of what Americans required—strong performance in the 0–60 speed ranges, with modest capabilities at the top end. That, plus difficulties in distribution, kept what were essentially a group of solidly built, economical and highly effective automobiles out of contention in the U. S. market. But now that seems to be changing. Renault and Peugeot are embarking on serious sales campaigns in America and are importing products that seem well suited to our domestic needs.

Take, for example, the new and particularly interesting Peugeot 604 SL V6 four-door sedan, an $11,000 compact luxury sedan that seems sure to land with a substantial splash in the puddle now occupied by the Mercedes-Benz 280 series, the BMW 530i, the Cadillac Seville and the XJ-series Jaguars. Unlike many of its French predecessors, the 604 is a rather normal automobile in an engineering sense; i.e., front-mounted V6 engine driving through the rear wheels, coil-spring suspension and four-door styling. It does retain its strong Gallic bloodlines through its wonderfully commodious interior (leather about $550 extra) and its stable yet supple riding qualities at all speeds.

Its 133-hp, twin-carbureted, single-overhead-camshaft engine—manufactured jointly by Peugeot, Volvo and Renault—tows it along in ample, if not eye-popping, fashion (0–60 in 12 seconds) and its cornering, braking and general highway manners are very much in the Mercedes/BMW league in which it expects to compete. The general fabrication of the automobile appears to be of a high level and Peugeot executives, like their countrymen from Renault, seem ready to swear on a stack of Charles de Gaulle speeches that they are intent on seriously selling automobiles in the U. S. All this is good news, as if one were welcoming French cars to the 20th Century. Back from the 21st, of course.

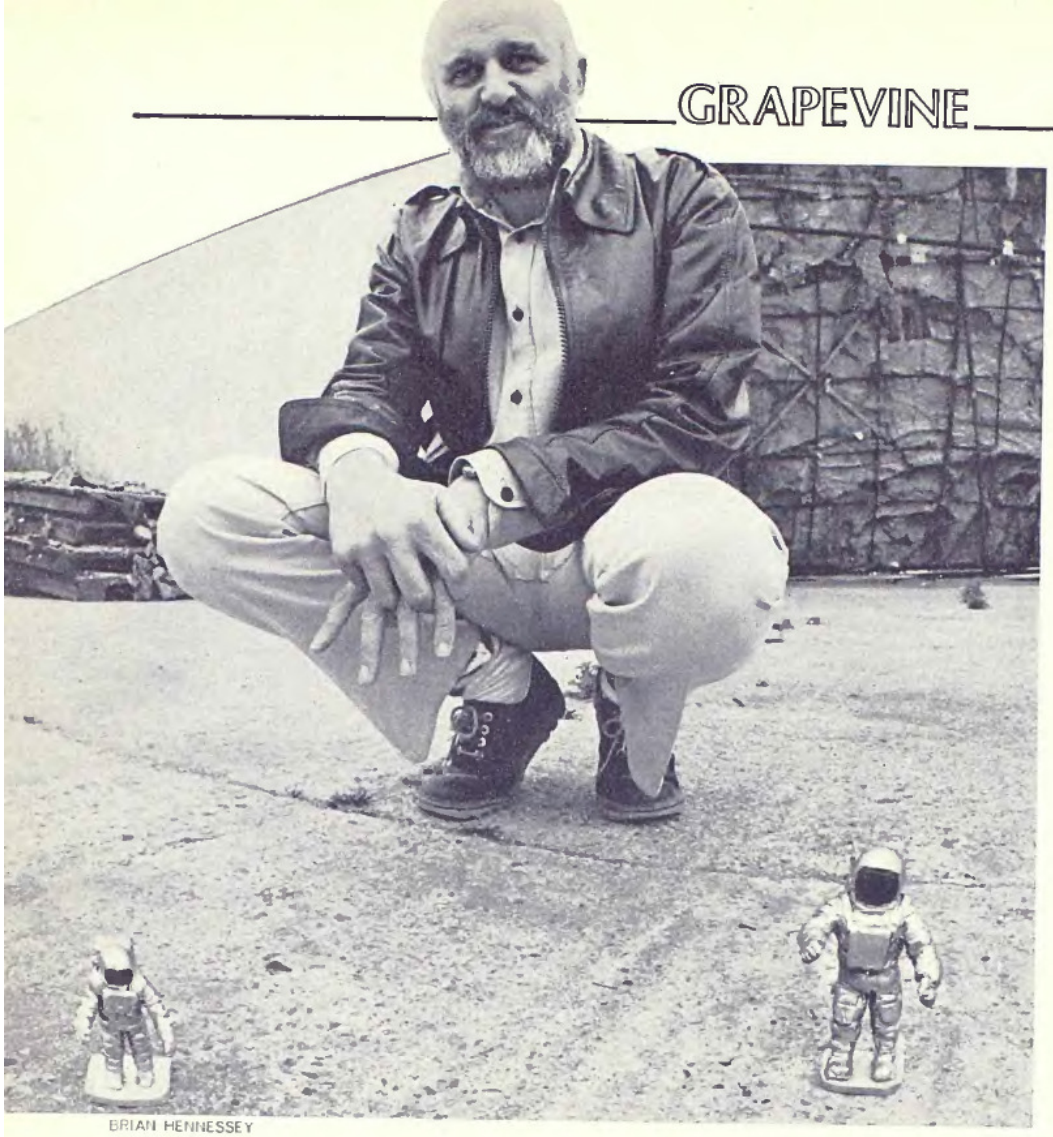
—BROCK YATES

GETTING PROPERLY JUICED

In usurious circles, the word juice has a decidedly negative connotation. But when it comes to applying the big squeeze in your kitchen, nothing can beat one of the half-dozen machines shown below. They all have different names—Citrus Juicer, Multipress, Juice Extractor, etc.—and some of their functions vary; when the pressure's on, however, you can be assured that the vitamin-rich final concoction made from whatever vegetables or fruits you've fed the machine is going to be a pip of a drink. Suppose, for example, your taste buds have a hankering for something wet and fresh you sipped this past summer on the beach at Puerto Vallarta. Maybe an orange, lemon and pineapple punch. No problem. And, best of all, if your preference calls for a generous splash of the hard stuff, the results are fantastic! Fresh fruit juice, of course, just gets better when it's mixed with an alcoholic beverage. In fact, some say that getting juiced with a little help from your very own juicer is the only way to fly.

RICHARD IZUI

Clockwise from upper left: Norelco's Juice Extractor/Blender combines both operations in one handy appliance, $99.95. Acme's Juicerator is one of the oldest, most respected models on the market; among other features, it has a gyro base that all but eliminates vibration, $169.95. The Citromatic MP-32 extracts juice from just about anything the seasons produce, by Braun, $70. Oster's Automatic Citrus Juicer, on the other hand, is designed to handle only that type of fruit, $21.95. Also from Oster, the Automatic Pulp Ejector Juice Extractor turns fruits or vegetables into pulp-free beverages, $86. The last electric juicer, by Scovill, operates when fruit is pressed on the reamer, $15.95.



BRIAN HENNESSEY

Extra-Special Effects

"One of the toughest things to take about working in movies," says "Star Wars" production designer JOHN BARRY, "is that you've no control over what happens to them. They might take off or they might disappear. It's a dreadful crap shoot that takes six months per roll." Well, the "Star Wars" roll came up seven and its runaway success has pushed Barry into unaccustomed limelight. "People keep phoning and saying, 'How did you work the robot?' I say, 'Well, the little guy inside. . . .' And they say, 'Little guy?' They haven't realized there's a real man in there. The first time that happened, I thought I'd given too much away. I called the director and said, 'Er, George, I think I've just knocked twenty million off the take.' But he wasn't worried—and he was right." Barry is now working on another comic-strip-style film, "Superman." "The difference between them is the difference between the two sorts of comic books. 'Star Wars' is very gritty, very much like the Frazetta comic strips. 'Superman' is more glamorous. 'Star Wars' was like World War Two with knobs on—the sets were made up of $50,000 worth of junk. It's surprising how little you get for $50,000."

GARY HEERY

Breaking Records

Casablanca Record and FilmWorks' NEIL BOGART may have to hire a full-time archivist just to keep track of all the industry records they're breaking. The acts Bogart handles underscore his abiding commitment to diversity: Kiss, Donna Summer, Parliament. Of the 20 albums Casablanca released last year, nine went gold. That kind of success might have prompted a lesser man to sit back and bask in the blast of his speakers. Not so with Bogart. Last year, along with his boyhood friend Peter Guber, he embarked on what promises to be a highly successful film career. Their first effort, "The Deep," broke all box-office records for the first three days it was in release. Next on the agenda is "After Dark," a kind of "Cabaret" for the disco crowd. Scheduled to be released in February, "it will be happy, comedic, a movie about contemporary lifestyles," says Bogart. Donna Summer and The Commodores will be among the cast. Next summer, expect to see "Midnight Express," about a young guy, busted in Turkey for hashish, who makes a chilling escape from prison. Also on the drawing board is the film version of Jack Higgins' best-selling "Storm Warning." Why the move into film? "It seemed like a logical progression," Bogart explains. "All of Casablanca's music acts are very visual, usually loaded with special effects. And when the video-disc hardware gets going after the end of this year, we are preparing to be ready with the software. Home entertainment—movies, with record tie-ins, rock acts on video disc—is the coming thing. It's going to be gigantic. And Casablanca is gearing up to be a leading supplier." Fear not, America; creative capitalism is alive and well and kicking out the jams.

Skytrain!

"A merchant adventurer the like of which in previous days made Great Britain great" is how an English judge described maverick airline owner FREDDIE LAKER. As the patron saint of low-cost charter air travel, he has fought a successful six-year legal battle with American and British officials to get his minibudget ($236 round trip, New York to London) Skytrain service off the ground this fall. Before that, he had to be content with merely flying 1,000,000 budget-minded travelers a year on his red-black-and-white-trimmed jets (his horse-racing colors). Will his no-reservations, no-frills service be popular? Well, U.S. authorities ordered him to come up with plans on how he's going to handle the hordes expected to descend on Laker Airways ticket counters at Kennedy Airport. Line forms over here.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Lester Leaps In

Maddox country used to be the sand hills and piney woods between Atlanta and a small south Georgia community called Plains. Now, if ex-governor LESTER MADDOX pulls off his next act, the whole country will be his. The act is an unlikely song-and-comedy routine called The Governor and the Dishwasher, which features ex-con, ex–bus boy Bobby Lee Fears on guitar and, yes, Maddox on harmonica—with both doing vocals. They specialize in country-and-western, as well as "patriotic numbers"—tunes such as "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Dixie," sometimes played simultaneously. The surprise is that Fears is black. He met the ex-guv when he worked in Lester's fried-chicken joint in Atlanta that gained notoriety for refusing to serve blacks—and Lester handed out pick handles to thick-necked customers to help enforce the rule. Since their opening splash last spring in a Florida supper club, Maddox and Fears have taken on a booking agent and taped a segment for "Laugh-In." Asked how a notorious segregationist can team with a black man in showbiz, Lester says, "You media people are the only ones who worry about that."

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL

Leaving the Laughs Behind

Woody Allen names three things that are most important to him: his work, death and DIANE KEATON. Although they broke up several years ago, Allen and Keaton are still the best of friends and are often seen together—on- and offscreen. Perhaps it was because she was afraid of being classified as Allen's screen side-kick that Keaton—the most original and endearing actress/comedienne to appear on the scene in many years—was so eager to do "Looking for Mr. Goodbar," in which she plays Terry Dunn, teacher by day, searcher for men by night. Keaton, who described the best-selling book by Judith Rossner as a "nightmare," was initially rejected for the part (too old, too comedic), wound up with it, anyway, reportedly beating out all of Hollywood's big female names. Directed by Richard Brooks, the movie will be an important cinematic test for Keaton, whose only significant serious roles were in "The Godfather" films as Al Pacino's icy WASP wife. About her acting, she has said, "I'm very involved in expressing myself; hopefully, I'm not a fool for doing it." Keaton's no fool, that's for sure. The only question is just how big a star she's going to be.

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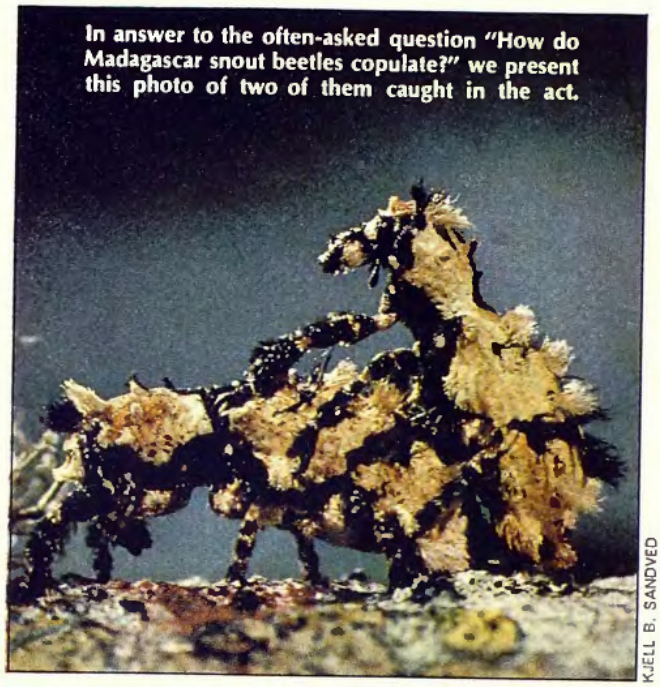
GLAND TIDINGS

Inhibin is in all of us. It's our very own self-manufactured birth control. Yes, dear readers, science has isolated yet another male hormone, "but this one may actually turn out to be the ideal male contraceptive." Those are the words of Dr. C. Wayne Bardin, professor of medicine at Penn State's Milton Hershey Medical Center and one of the leading figures in the research on this substance.

"At the moment, there are a variety of drugs you can give to a man to turn off sperm," the endocrinologist explained, "but, unfortunately, they turn off his sex drive as well. The best thing about Inhibin is that it only limits the production of sperm; as far as we can tell, it won't affect the libido at all."

Terrific as it sounds, expect at least the usual five-year wait before synthetic Inhibin hits the market, because, as Dr. Bardin cautioned, "We won't know for sure that it is a valid hormone until it's been thoroughly tested in a bioassay; but results look pretty good so far."

In answer to the often-asked question "How do Madagascar snout beetles copulate?" we present this photo of two of them caught in the act.



KJELL B. SANDVED

THE DELIGHTS OF DEPRIVATION

Take away your sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch and, two days later, have the ultimate sexual experience of your life. With the new techniques developed in sensory deprivation, behavioral scientists are discovering that sensuality is dependent on a constant smorgasbord of stimuli. Remove them by putting yourself into an isolation chamber for two days and you'll come out being able to experience lovemaking with much greater intensity than usual. "It's a logical physiological reaction," said Dr. Peter Suedfeld, author of a soon-to-be-published book on sensory deprivation. "When a person's sense receptors haven't been activated for 48 hours, they all spring back almost simultaneously, creating a kind of sense explosion."

The psychology professor at the University of British Columbia gave us the following guidelines on how to prepare an isolation chamber. "The main feature is total darkness. Muffle all light sources in the room with dense material, to create an environment as close to utter blackness as possible. Try for a heavy amount of sound reduction, as well—such as acoustic tiles or egg cartons on the walls. The subject should lie on a bed for a couple of days, with very bland food and water at hand. As much as possible, make sure any change in the environment is cut out and your subject kept perfectly still. After 48 hours, his or her sensory receptors should be exceptionally heightened, and chances are sexual intercourse will be an extraordinarily intense experience." If you can ever wake up, that is.

NEW SLANT ON SEX

The bionic box it's not, but "coital-area reconstruction," a new plastic-surgery technique for vaginal rebuilding, is opening up unlimited orgasmic potential for women, claims its originator, gynecologist Dr. James Burt. It involves restructuring a woman's genitals to allow her clitoris to receive direct stimulation from a man's cock whenever she makes love.

"We attempt to elongate the vagina toward the clitoris and change the functional angle of the penis by changing the functional angle of the vagina," outlined the Dayton, Ohio, mastermind behind this controversial new surgery. "I also cut the pubococcygeus muscle, which normally causes the vagina to constrict and also causes the penis to be pulled away from the clitoris. The subsequent loosening of muscles allows the clitoris to have continuous access to penile friction."

Dr. Burt let us in on the news that now, after 11 years of research, his technique is ready to be "aired to the world," and the medical profession is beginning to explore his work seriously. So far, the best arguments for adopting Burt's technique are the testimonials of the many delighted women he's worked on. "They all give me rave reviews, because now they can have multiple orgasms. Every time a woman has intercourse, her lover's penis will be massaging her clitoris while it is moving within her. The only position where this stimulation won't take place is during coitus a posteriori. But any other position will work just fine—even swinging from a chandelier."

ANDES DANDIES

When English gentlemen want to boast of their sexual exploits to best buddies, they go to a club where women are forbidden. When some South American men want to play one-upmanship with the guys, they go to a brothel. This fascinating bit of cross-cultural trivia was discovered by social scientist George Primov of the University of Missouri, who did the first exploratory research into the organization of a provincial Peruvian brothel.

Says he, "Early in the evening, lower-class young men and students would turn up. They'd demand only the sexual services of the prostitutes, sometimes doing nothing more than opening their flies, getting taken care of and leaving—all within ten minutes. This would go on until 11 o'clock at night, when customers of this nature were no longer admitted. Then the middle- and upper-class *hombres* would arrive and the brothel would become a theater for *machismo*, where these guys could play out their macho fantasy roles to one another.

"What really surprised me was this obvious class difference," the sociologist went on. "Young men came strictly for sex. The older, more affluent men found the whorehouse the perfect setting for a good party, with conversation, dancing and describing their remarkable sexual prowess to prostitutes and peers—it's a status trip. You see, the wealthy Peruvian man finds the public image of being sexy and potent more important than the sex act itself. What better place than a brothel to show off to his friends?" But, image or not, Dr. Primov admitted that those Peruvian whores are still kept plenty busy after 11.

—HOWARD SMITH AND BRIAN VAN DER HORST

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NEXT MONTH:

GREAT BUNNIES

CINEMA SEX

PRISON DIARY

NATIONAL INTEREST

"THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT'S BROTHER"—A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT HOW A PABST-GUZZLING GEORGIA GOOD OLE BOY BECAME THIS YEAR'S PET ROCK—BY **ROY BLOUNT**

"JAILING"—WHEN THE GREATEST LITERARY HOAXER OF OUR TIME, **CLIFFORD IRVING,** WAS SENT TO THE SLAMMER, HE TOOK NOTES ON WHAT HE SAW. IT WASN'T PRETTY

"SEX IN CINEMA—1977"—THE SILVER SCREEN CONTINUES TO HAVE A DECIDEDLY BLUE STREAK. OUR 12-PAGE PICTORIAL PROVIDES GRAPHIC UNCOVERAGE—WITH TEXT BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT**

"IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST"—ACE TV CORRESPONDENTS **MARVIN KALB** AND **TED KOPPEL** CHRONICLE A TENSION-FILLED TALE OF ISRAELI RAIDS AND A SECRETARY OF STATE'S DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO AVERT A MIDDLE EAST WAR

LIV ULLMANN DISCUSSES ACTING, SEX, UNWED MOTHERHOOD, ROMANCES (REAL AND PHONY) AND HOW **INGMAR BERGMAN** SWEPT HER OFF HER FEET IN A REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"NICE GUYS FINISH FIRST"—HOW FAULTLESS **FRANK GIFFORD** CLIMBED THE LADDER OF SUCCESS TO MEDIA STARDOM WITH NARY A FALSE STEP (WELL, ALMOST)—BY **MARTY BELL**

"BUNNIES OF '77"—OUR ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SALUTE TO THOSE SPECTACULAR PLAYBOY COTTONTAILS

"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"—FOR THE FIRST TIME, **ANSON MOUNT,** OUR NONPAREIL FOOTBALL PROGNOSTICATOR, CRYSTAL-BALLS THE COLLEGIATE HOOPSTERS

"THE SO-YOU-THINK-YOU'RE-CREATIVE QUIZ"—QUICK! WITHOUT LOOKING, DRAW THE FACE OF YOUR WATCH. GOTCHA! THIS AND OTHER DEVILISH STUMBLING BLOCKS WILL TEST HOW TIGHTLY YOU'RE BOUND BY RULES

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Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

Av. per cigarette by FTC method

Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

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

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar, .05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76. Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.