PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
NOVEMBER 1977 • $1.75
BUNNIES '77
THEY'VE GOT IT
THEY FLAUNT IT
HOT OFF
THE SCREEN
SEX IN
CINEMA
BILLY
CARTER
MOUTHS
OFF ON
BEER, WOMEN
AND HIS
BROTHER, THE
PRESIDENT
PLAYBOY'S
FIRST-EVER
COLLEGE
BASKETBALL
FORECAST

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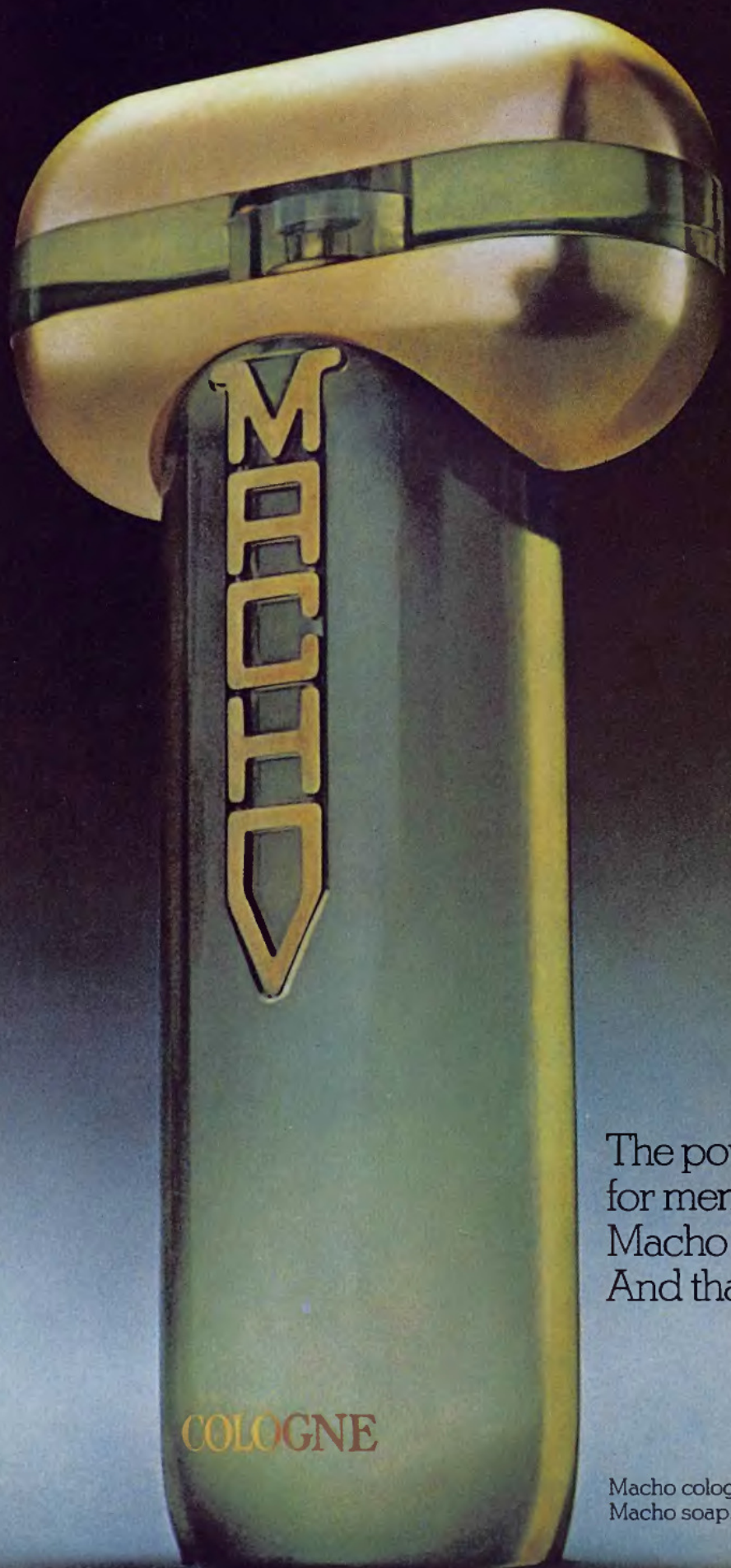

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PLAYBILL

PERHAPS THE ONLY DISTINCTION between Republican Presidents and Democratic Presidents is their siblings. Quick, now: What is the name of Richard Nixon's brother, how much money did he earn and what was his most memorable remark? Give up? Nixon's brother is named Donald, the most he ever made at one sitting was a very questionable $205,000 loan from Howard Hughes and, to our knowledge, he never said a word, except, perhaps, "I didn't do anything wrong." No one will ever have trouble remembering that President Carter is the older brother of Billy, who, by the way, will make over $500,000 this year from personal appearances and whose quotable remarks include, "My brother and I get along fine as hell as long as he's in Washington and I'm in Plains." We sent good ole boy **Roy Blount Jr.** down to Plains to collect a few of the sayings of *Chairman Billy*. Photographer **Tom Zuk** and sculptress **Judith Jampel** supply the visuals.

Political writing makes strange bedfellows. **Marvin Kalb** and **Ted Koppel** are the diplomatic correspondents for, respectively, CBS and ABC. They teamed to write *In the National Interest*, a thriller whose hero seems somewhat familiar. Says Koppel, "The careless reader may leap to the conclusion that the central character of our book may be intended as a Kissinger figure. This would simply demonstrate once again the deplorable cynicism that exists among your readership." The novel *In the National Interest* will be published by Simon & Schuster in November.

Former Nixon associates may find solace, or at least something familiar, in **Clifford Irving**'s *Jailing* (illustrated by **Ron Seymour**), from his forthcoming book of the same title. It's out of the notebooks he kept while serving time for his part in the Howard Hughes biography hoax. It seems the famous recluse couldn't take a joke. Another man who can't take a joke is Idi Amin Dada. In this month's *Playboy Interview*, journalist **John Man** talks with a survivor of Dada's reign of terror—former Ugandan minister of health **Henry Kyemba.**

In Uganda, the national sport is torture. In America, it's football. Big difference. We sent **Marty Bell** to profile **Frank Gifford.** In *Nice Guys Finish First*, the former football great confesses a major regret in life—that he has never been taken seriously as an actor. Bell says that shortly after that confession, Gifford received a phone call from the producers of the ABC series *Love Boat*. Oh, well, maybe someday Gifford will get his wish. **Anson Mount** is a name almost as familiar to football fans as Gifford. We asked PLAYBOY's famous forecaster to check his crystal ball for the future of another sport. The result is the first *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*. Checking the facts in Mount's article was one of our Copy Department's newer members, Researcher **Susan O'Brien** (shown here in front of a collage of clippings about Marquette, her alma mater). O'Brien would like it known that the views expressed by Mount are not necessarily those of his assistant (Mount rates Marquette fourth). Elsewhere in the issue: Film freaks **Arthur Knight** and Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese** spent many hours in dark moviehouses and still more hours in offices sorting through material for *Sex in Cinema—1977*. And to think they actually get paid for their work. There are probably hundreds of you who would like that job or, even better, that of Staff Photographer **Richard Fegley** (he shot this month's Playmate, **Rita Lee**). To keep our other photographers from becoming overly jealous, we sent them to shoot *Bunnies of '77*. Maybe you'd like to break into this business? Test your abilities on *The So-You-Think-You're-Creative Quiz*, by **Eugene Raudsepp** with **George P. Hough, Jr.** (illustrated by **Ron Rae**). (The quiz is an excerpt from *Creative Growth Games*, to be released by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in November.) Don't worry if you fail; your brother can run for President.

BLOUNT

ZUK, JAMPEL

KOPPEL, KALB

IRVING

SEYMOUR

BELL

MOUNT

O'BRIEN

MC NEESE

KNIGHT

RAE

FEGLEY

PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

One morning, PLAYBOY Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer pulled the pop top off a can of soda, and a little light (possibly the one in the refrigerator) flashed before his eyes. "I've got a cover idea!" he exclaimed. Senior Art Director Tom Staebler took over from there, cut out the Rabbit pop top by hand (he sustained only minor lacerations) and photographed Playmate Susan Kiger almost in her T-shirt.

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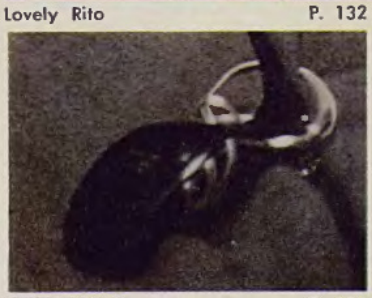

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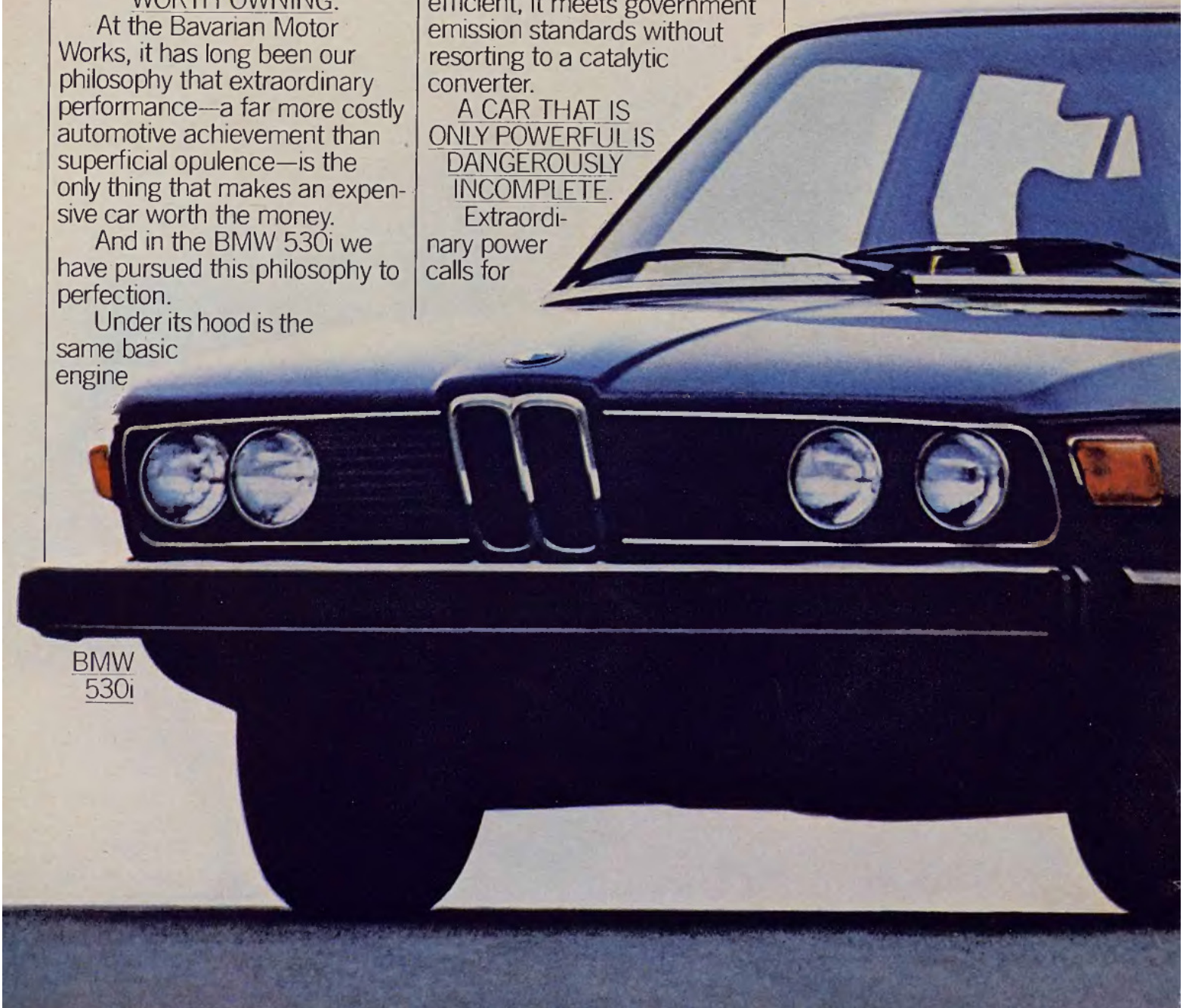

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WINKLER *VS.* FONZIE

Just a comforting word to your August interviewee, Henry Winkler. There is a small minority in televisionland who can distinguish between Fonzie and yourself. Rest assured, Henry, if you can give life to the other characters you portray as well as you do to Arthur Fonzarelli, your talent will outshine the best things you ever do on *Happy Days*.

Michael Morey
Bismarck, North Dakota

After reading your interview with him, I still like the Fonz . . . but I *love* the honest, gentle Henry Winkler.

Debra Allred
Springfield, Virginia

Winkler can go on and on insisting that he is not the Fonz, but try telling that to those millions of hungry fans out there. When they storm him, they're storming the Fonz, not Winkler.

Tim Mount
South Plainfield, New Jersey

The more secure a person, the greater the humility demonstrated—that makes Winkler the most insecure person on earth. I've never read more pretentious bullshit in my life. Winkler truly suffers from the 5'6" syndrome.

Patrick Fuller
Turlock, California

A great actor isn't made a great actor by attempting to force him to keep a black-leather jacket glued to his back. Fonzie is a great character, but it is only one character.

Theo Weiner
Larkspur, California

The Henry Winkler interview provides a delightful peek at the effects of sudden fame. Winkler's remarks are filled with the dreams, ambivalences and contradictions that show even the most powerful of emperors to be as naked as a jay bird. Those who watch television think of Winkler as a piece of themselves. After all, are there any among us who have not felt, "I wish I had the power to see what was really happening to me"?

Noah benShea
Montecito, California

CANYON CAPER

Your pictorial *Riverboat Gamblers* in the August issue is, without a doubt, a visual pleasure both for the three lovely ladies and for the occasional glimpse of the beautiful Colorado River scenery.

Jeff Eisenbooth
Arlington, Virginia

Very nicely done! *Riverboat Gamblers*, as photographed by Richard Fegley, is a superb treat. Of course, with Patti McGuire, Hope Olson and Cindy Russell gracing the beautiful Colorado, it was a sure bet to begin with.

Brad Fechter
Saginaw, Michigan

I made the trip myself with the National Wildlife Federation in 1972 but failed to see such fine specimens of "wildlife" as photographer Richard Fegley captured on film.

DeWayne Smith
Phoenix, Arizona

I think your *Riverboat Gamblers* pictorial is truly spectacular. My compliments to Richard Fegley. How the hell did he ever keep his cool?

Nathaniel McGowan
Tampa, Florida

You really establish a landmark with *Riverboat Gamblers*. As Peter Matthiessen might say, it was like being "at play in the fields of the Lord." I really think you managed to liberate the Grand

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Canyon and the people who enjoy and appreciate it once and for all.

R. E. Bennett
Ottawa, Ohio

Perhaps you are being facetious or perhaps it is an oversight. It is possible that the girls on pages 84–85 of the August issue are "soaking up" some vitamin D but rather doubtful regarding vitamin C. In any event, none of them appears to have a vitamin deficiency, by any stretch of the imagination!

John E. Brady
Augusta, Georgia

In these days in which nutrition is linked closely with health and therefore inevitably with sex, it could be helpful to know ascorbic acid from cholecalciferol.

Ray Butman
Harbor City, California

OK, we get the message, but at least

we loaded our pictorial with vitamin see.

TILL DEBTS US DO PART

Although the article *Cohabitation: The Tender Trap* (PLAYBOY, August) is well done, reading it just rekindled bitter feelings for me. Stevens and Holmes state that recent court rulings say a common-law wife can collect for the time and effort she has put into a relationship. But what about the time and effort the man put into that same relationship? Why can't he turn right around and send her a bill for all *his* services? Is the law long overdue in giving the man a fair shake or am I just being bitter?

Mike J. Kuzara
Clearmont, Wyoming

Your readers might be interested in knowing that the principles of the *Marvin* case were adopted in Minnesota by the state supreme court in *Carlson vs. Olson*, a case decided in May of this year.

Donald Gjerdingen
St. Paul, Minnesota

I agree that people should protect themselves, but the article makes cohabiting women seem like money-hungry

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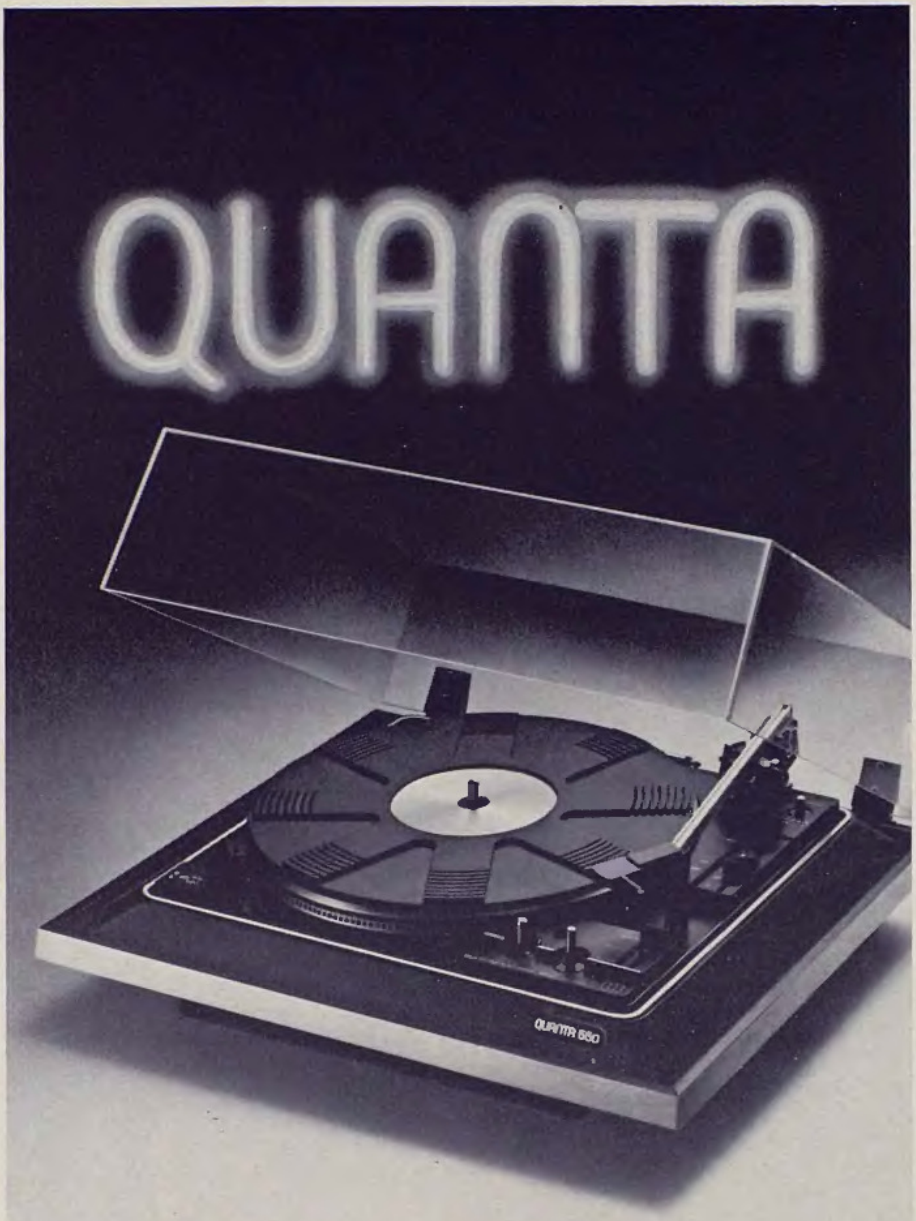

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females who live with men to eventually suck them dry. I resent the focus on contracts to protect men from greedy females.

Ronit Fischer
Springfield, Massachusetts

Can't we ever get away from a divorce lawyer's paradise? We finally came to the point where we could survive with a woman and now the courts want to screw that up. What about when sweetie pie takes off with her new love and you still wind up paying her to do it?

Ernie Deschenes
Manchester, Connecticut

Stevens and Holmes not so subtly suggest that women are such cunning creatures that one must have signed legal documents to guard against them. If the authors had given women a little credit and realized that not all of them are out to put one over on men, their "advice" would be unnecessary.

Leila P. Pavelic
Newark, Delaware

The $13,000-per-year salary for the housewife seems fair enough, I guess, depending on total income, size of the house and other variables. Could you get the authors to comment on whether the payee (usually the man) can subtract from that $13,000 such things as room and board, clothing, use of cars, what he paid in income taxes on that amount, etc., or are those things merely considered gratuities? I am not contemplating a separation, nor am I being facetious. I think women should be protected from men who think they can use them and then just cast them aside. However, fair is fair, and in any relationship, it usually isn't just the woman who does the giving.

James Simmons
Indianapolis, Indiana

Lee Marvin apparently agrees with you, Jim. We have been informed by Michelle Triola's attorney, Marvin M. Mitchelson, who obtained the favorable California Supreme Court decision, that Marvin has countersued for his "love, affection and companionship" to the tune of $1,000,000.

CONVERSION AVERSION

In his *Selected Short* on the metric system (*Give Them an Inch . . .*) in the August issue, Jim Davidson neglects the one important aspect of the system: its internal simplicity. Although Davidson pokes fun at the "pleasures" of metricators, we do, indeed, take certain pleasures in the system. We like not having to remember numbers like 144 and 5280. And, very importantly, we like the idea of our scientists and laymen speaking the same measurement language. Oh, perhaps it *would* be better if the meter were a little closer to the yard, but we're not Egyptian rug peddlers anymore;

we'll survive. It also seems sensible to make the change gradually. The first phase is to have things remain the same sizes but be labeled metrically—this gives rise to the lengthy decimal numbers Davidson is so fond of quoting. I share his displeasure and look forward to the day when metric units will be the original design units and the numbers begin to look rounder again.

Jerry L. Touchton
Morgan City, Louisiana

The silliness of some arguments in favor of the metric system is greatly exceeded by many of the arguments used against it. I'm not sure what Davidson's problem is, but my wife has a 97-69-97 figure, which makes a lot more sense than $38\frac{3}{16}$-$27\frac{5}{32}$-$38\frac{3}{16}$.

Mark D. Shaw, Associate Professor
of Agricultural Engineering
Pennsylvania State University
State College, Pennsylvania

The only point on which I am in agreement with Davidson is that I resent Government intervention in another area where it should have no business and I regret that private enterprise has been so shortsighted as to necessitate it. If Davidson would spend less time figuring out what everything new is in terms of the old standards, perhaps he'd find out that a gram of prevention is worth a kilo of cure.

Stephen C. Hughes
Rochester, Minnesota

The idea that the units that have developed accidentally are naturally the units that most closely correspond to people's needs and desires assumes that people actually take the time and effort to determine those needs and desires. Of course, the reverse is overwhelmingly the case. And if you want a real hint on how to adapt, talk to a grade schooler. They don't have any problems with the metric system, except, perhaps, to wonder why we didn't take Ben Franklin's advice back in the 18th Century and adopt it then.

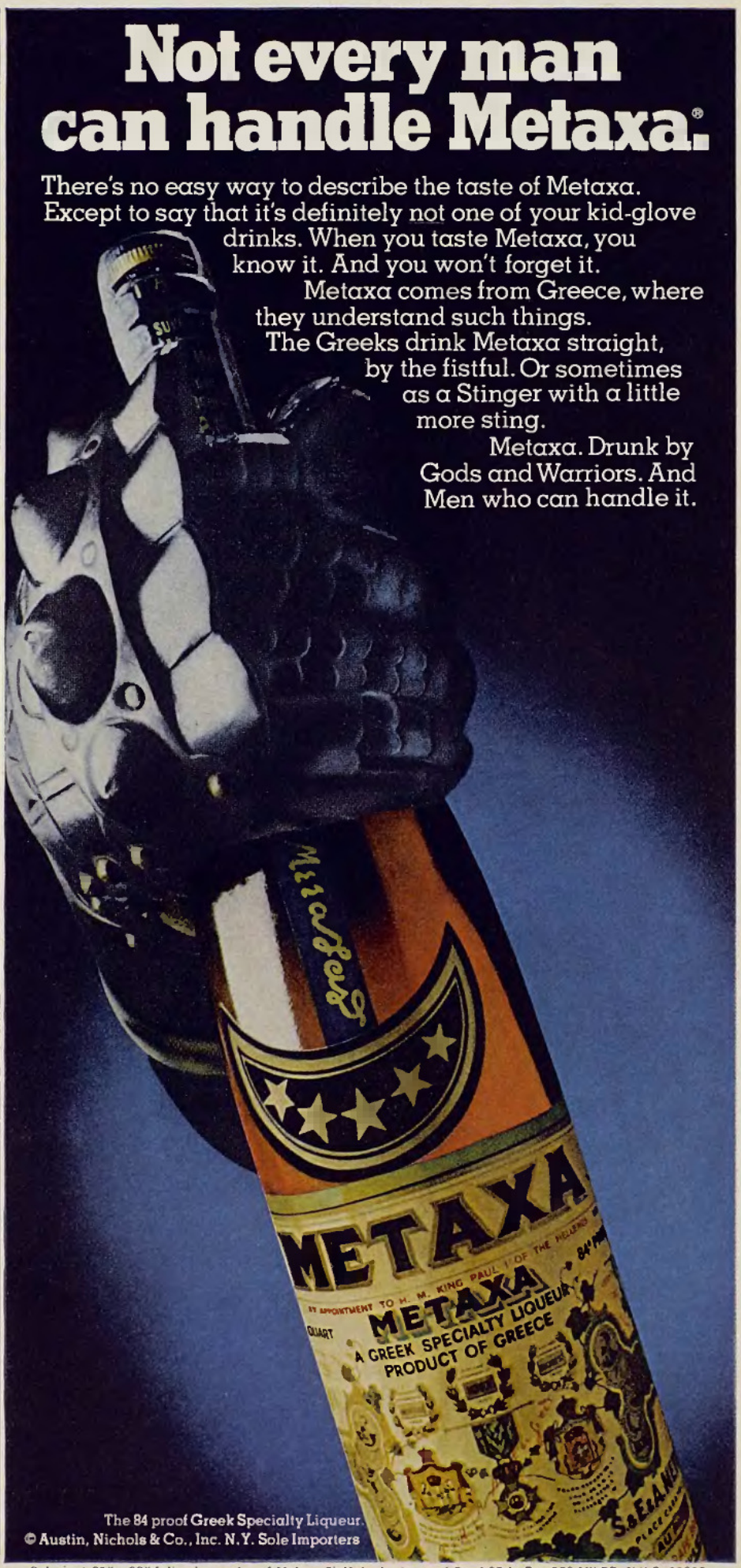
Richard S. Russell
Madison, Wisconsin

The fact that conversions are nonintegral between metric and English units is not an argument for or against the metric system. It just means it is somewhat silly to translate integral English units into their metric equivalents.

Wayne Throop
West Middlesex, Pennsylvania

KAZOO NEWS

I was pleased to read that your reviewer was present at the concert given by the Messrs. Kaminsky at New York's Alice Tully Hall (*Playboy After Hours*, August). My pleasure turned to alarm, however, when said reviewer described



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the kazoo as "a little plastic pipe." A *toy* kazoo may be made of plastic, but a concert model, such as those employed by the composers and performers who have given us the definitive works for the instrument—Jesse "Lone Cat" Fuller, to name a prominent example—is made of tin. It is this material that imparts to the kazoo its distinctive quality, which can only be described as "tinny."

Victor A. Curran
Baltimore, Maryland

You state that March 18 of this year marked the 127th anniversary of the invention of the kazoo in Macon, Georgia. That is not correct. The present-day kazoo is a descendant of the mirliton. A "free mirliton" (a comb covered with tissue paper) was depicted by Buonanni in 1722. Materials such as parchment, spider's-egg membranes, paper and onionskin were also used to cover tubes or vessels ("tube or vessel mirlitons"), which have been known in Europe since the 16th Century. In the 17th Century, this instrument was also known as *flûte-eunuque* (eunuch flute). It was relegated to the ranks of a musical toy in the 19th Century.

Harvey J. Neptune
Wichita, Kansas

AUGUST MOON

Your August *Grapevine* coverage of moviemaker Charles Gary Allison is quite interesting. My congratulations to Allison, but I would also like to congratulate the individual (in the window above Allison) for the moon shot.

Gary E. Ulrich
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

Am I seeing things, or is that someone hanging a moon?

Eugéne Haslam
Ottawa, Ontario

It ain't green cheese!

JUDGING JULIA

Julia Lyndon, the August Playmate, has finally turned this reader into a man of words. Not only is this woman gorgeous but she shows an exceptional sensitivity to the more subtle sides of things. Her reference to the Japanese tea ceremony is a real turn-on: "Tiny acts performed with great care." To this lady, I can only say, from afar—unrestrained elegance!

Bill Ares
Fairbanks, Alaska

Julia Lyndon, what an astounding woman! The theory that centerfold girls don't have character takes another vicious blow.

Jonathan Lee
Riverside, Illinois

Julia Lyndon is the most stunning centerfold feature I have ever viewed!

William D. Nueske
Phoenix, Arizona

I am pleased that you chose a lady who is not only beautiful but also intelligent—a great step forward for the liberated male.

Douglas Leopold
Montreal, Quebec

You finally have picked a winner out of your stable of beautiful women. Julia has won my heart. I sure would like to ride off into the sunset with her.

Dennis Cromas
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Miss August is delicious. The centerfold shot would keep me in a state of constant frenzy, but the white socks spoil the whole image. Those ridiculous garments are erection-deflating.

Robert W. Nichols
Middletown, Pennsylvania

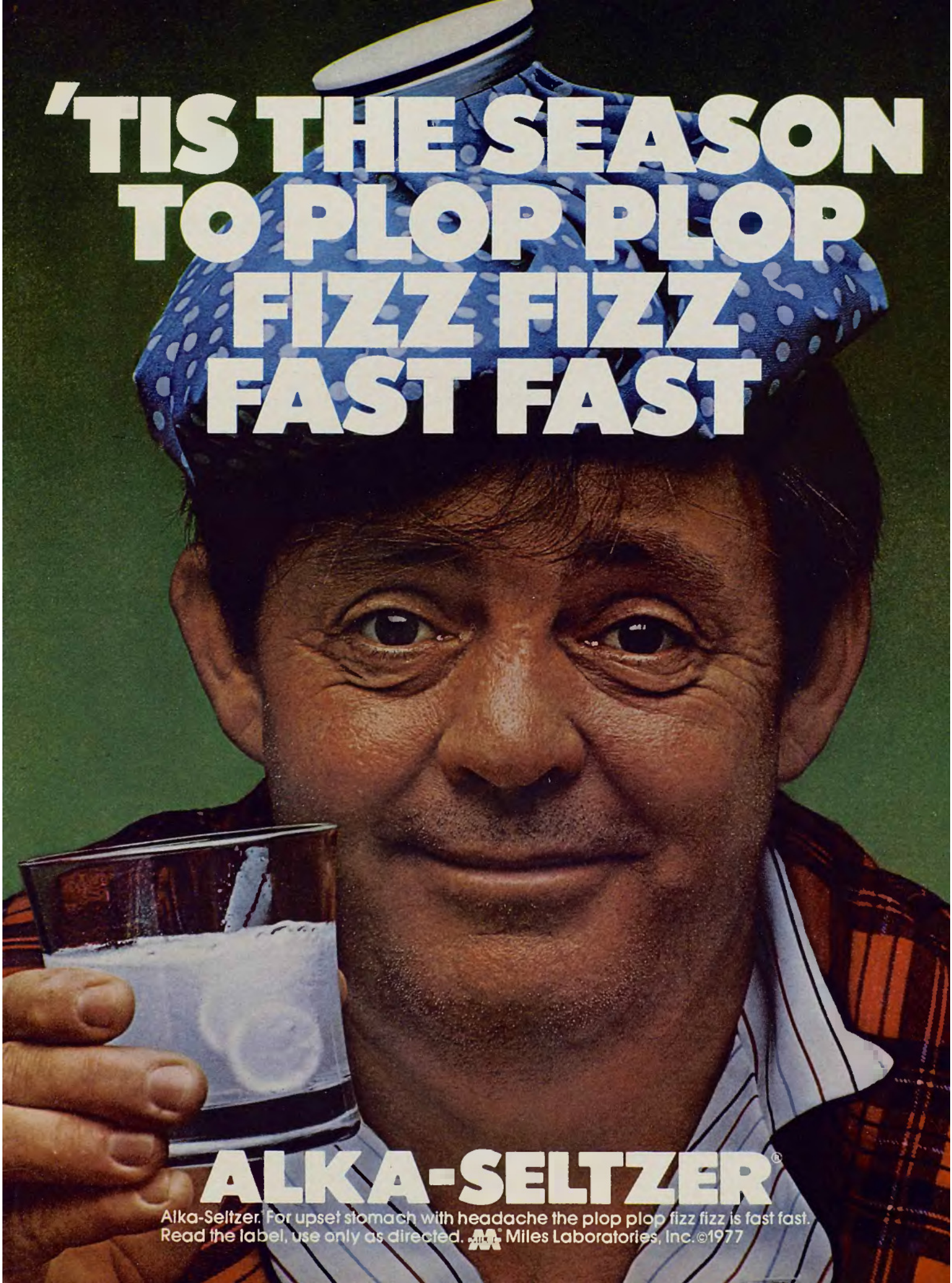
Some men find pretty feet so stimulating that Julia figures it's safer to keep

her socks on—even while putting on her make-up.

A NOVEL PLEASURE

It has been 22 years since Graham Greene brought us Thomas Fowler in *The Quiet American*. John le Carré has now given us a suitable replacement with Jerry Westerby. *The Honourable Schoolboy* (PLAYBOY, August) is excellent fiction. This could be Le Carré's finest work. The days of drinking Pernod and vermouth cassis at Saigon's Cercle Sportif are over, but the same pleasure can be found in this novel.

Robert J. Vandevoort
Omaha, Nebraska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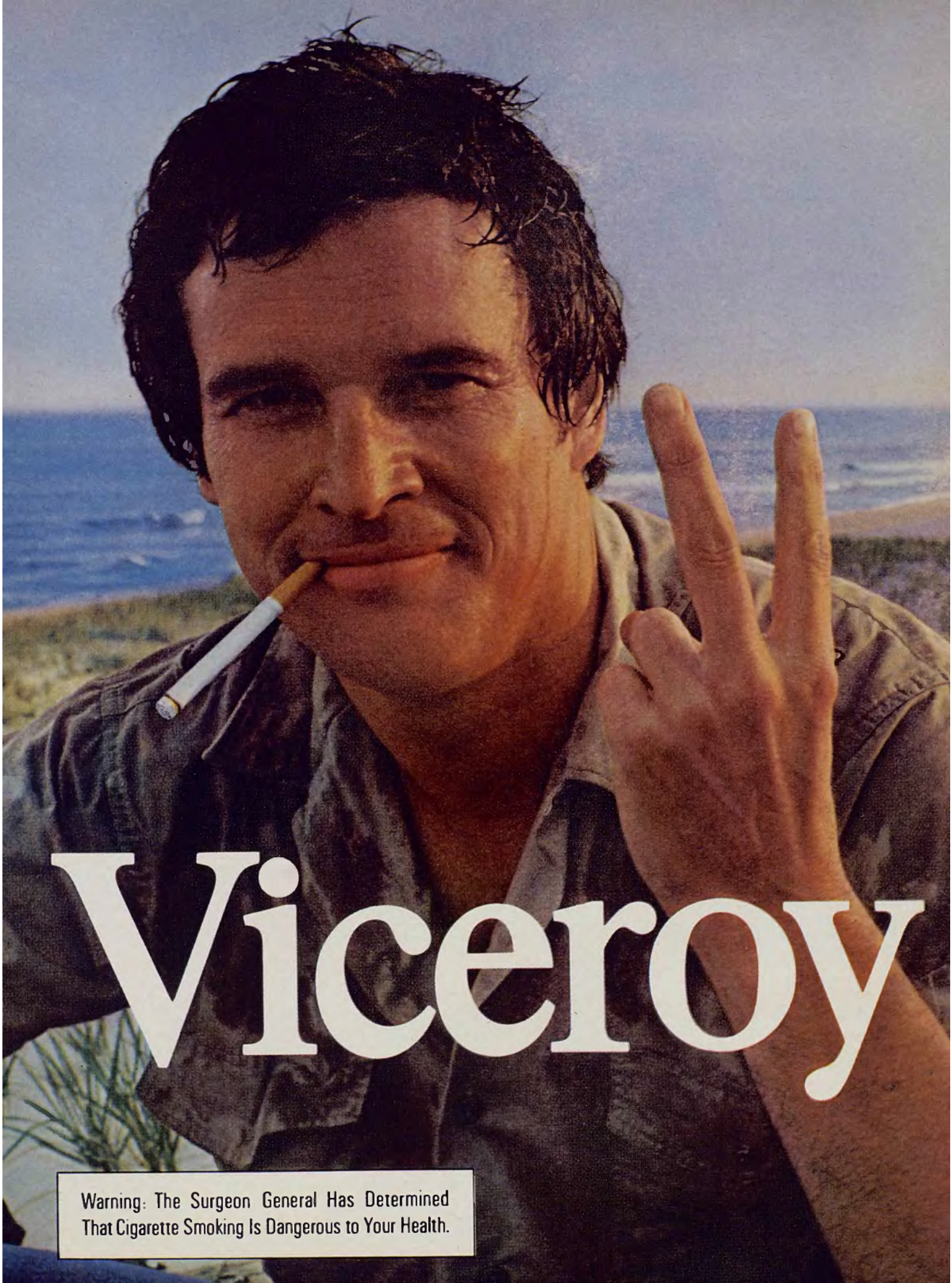
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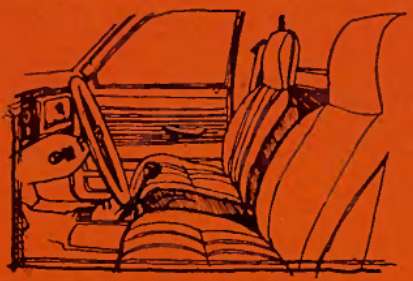
YOU HAULERS.



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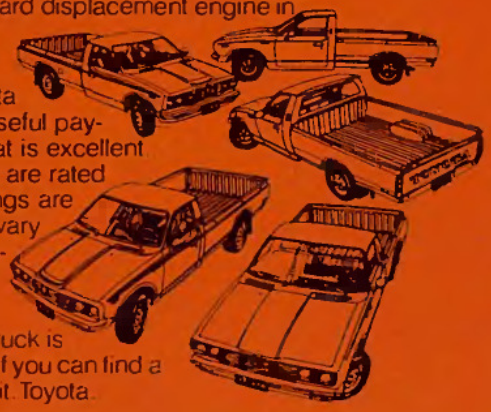

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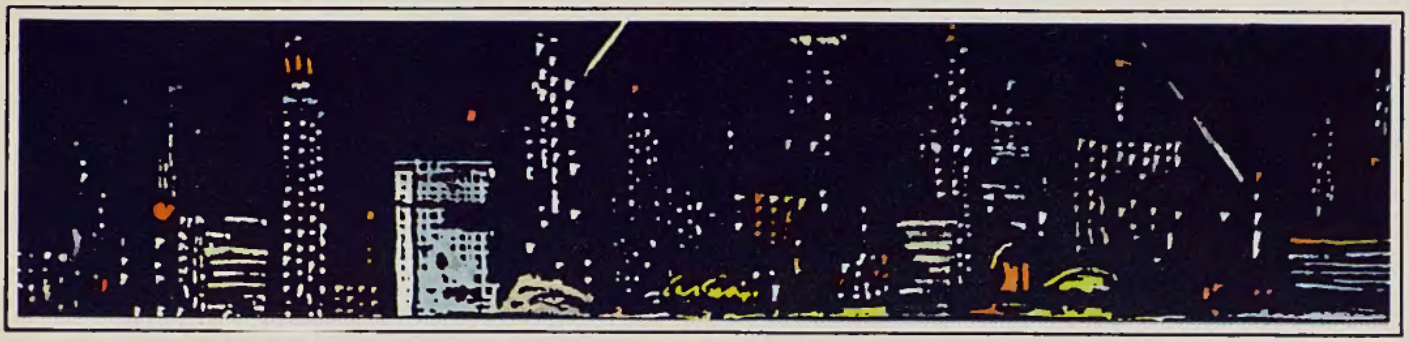
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Moviegoers at Philadelphia's twin Duke and Duchess theaters were treated this season to an unexpected sensation in *cinéma vérité*. While one theater was showing *The Other Side of Midnight*, the other featured *Rollercoaster* in Sensurround—a sound-effects process that makes audiences feel as though they're rumbling with what's onscreen. Running times for the two films coincided quite interestingly: Those steamy love scenes in *The Other Side of Midnight* were accompanied by roller-coaster sound effects from the theater next door.

•

Headline of the Month Award goes to *Moneysworth* magazine for publishing this boldface blurb above an article on the successes of psychosurgery: "LOBOTOMIZED WOMEN MAKE GOOD HOUSEWIVES."

•

Among the brochures a San Francisco man received from Eastern colleges, the most alluring came from New York's Alfred University, which advised: "Cost of room and broad will vary. . . ."

•

For some time now, Peter Stollery, Liberal caucus chairman of Canada's Parliament, has been using as a gavel a long, stout, white bone he picked up in the arctic regions. He'd assumed he'd been conducting meetings with a caribou bone, but the Toronto M.P. recently discovered that what he'd been waving at his colleagues was an Aiviup Usuanga. For those of you who don't understand Inuitian, that's a walrus penis.

•

According to the *International Herald Tribune*, women's organizations in the British villages of Loose, Ugley and Bare include Loose Women's Institute, Ugley Women's Institute and Bare Young Wives.

•

Advising tourists on how to avoid the common plague of diarrhea, the *Chicago Daily News* suggested: "To prevent *turista*, boil all drinking water and milk. . . . Peel all fruits before mating. . . ."

•

A West German burglar was about to make his stealthy escape from the empty Hamburg department store he had just robbed, but he couldn't resist playing with the model-train set displayed in the store's toy department. In fact, he found it so interesting that he was still playing with it three hours later, when the salesclerks arrived to start the day's work. Police said the store's manager gave the would-be thief a model-train catalog to read in jail.

•

Legislators in Springfield, Illinois, were understandably befuddled when asked to explain the need for a newly proposed state agency, the Commission on Erections and Mounting. The purpose of the agency, a state senator quickly pointed out, is the mounting of memorial busts—whatever that means.

Fractured English Department: According to international journalist Nino Lo Bello, travelers in the Far East report strange distortions of the English language appearing on signs and notices. The Japanese, in particular, do a number on our syntax. For example, a Tokyo hotel notice advises: THE FLATTENING OF UNDERWEAR WITH PRESSURE IT THE JOB OF THE CHAMBERMAID. TO GET IT DONE, TURN HER ON. A poster informs visitors that the JAPANESE GARDEN IS THE MENTAL HOME OF THE JAPANESE. And on Taiwan, the label on an alarm-clock box reads: THANK YOU TO PERFECTION OF ALARMING MECHANISM, YOU ARE NEVER AWAKE WHEN YOU ARE SLEEPING.

•

A Colorado man has unsuccessfully claimed he was tricked into a confession, in violation of his constitutional rights, when an arresting officer laughed at him. Seems the man was caught stealing boxes containing 1200 beef rectums from a meat-processing plant. While driving the thief to the police station, the officer told him, "You wouldn't believe what you took—1200 beef assholes," and burst out laughing. The Colorado Court of Appeals disregarded the thief's argument, saying the officer had reason to laugh.

•

Churchgoers at Cleveland, Ohio's Saint John's Cathedral read this puzzling notice in the church bulletin: "Deceased members of the Knights of Columbus, Council 733, will attend the nine A.M. mass."

•

Beneath the headline "PORNOGRAPHY IN HOUSTON," the *Houston Chronicle* ran this eye-catching subhead: "A vice-squad officer says, 'It's wide-open out there.'"

•

Admonishing staff members to behave themselves while occupying the Presidential box at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Rosalynn Carter's administrative assistant, Carol Benefield, sent out a three-page memo requesting that

women not wear see-through blouses or go braless, that men wear ties and jackets and that everyone stop throwing food over the railing into the audience.

•

Funny what a change in temperature will do to sexual response. This headline appeared in the Tampa, Florida, *Tribune*: "MANY IN NATION SHIVER FROM LACK OF HOME HEAD."

•

Schlemiel of the Month Award goes to the young male hitchhiker who flagged down an unmarked police car on L.A.'s Century Boulevard and asked for a ride to Hollywood. The plainclothes officers inside the car explained that they were busy. Not to be deterred, the young man—offering good grass in exchange for a ride—hopped into the car, whereupon he proceeded to compliment the officers on their clothes, car, radio and shotguns and light up a joint. He was booked for investigation of possession of marijuana.

•

Residents of Tulsa, Oklahoma, needn't worry if they can't spell. In the Tulsa directory, the telephone company lists itself: FONE COMPANY—SEE SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE.

•

London housewife Barbara Newcombe, who lost her voice unaccountably several years ago, recently visited a faith healer and recovered her speech. The strange thing is the voice she got back is not her original one. Mrs. Newcombe inexplicably is now speaking with an Italian accent. "It will take some time to get used to," said her baffled husband, adding, "she's never been to Italy, you know."

•

We have no idea what they were trying to say, but we read in New Jersey's Ocean County *Reporter* that a local construction firm "was awarded the bid by the Township Committee to construct a groin at Butler Beach."

•

Poughkeepsie, New York's Mayor Robert E. Ahmed, embarrassed by the name of the street on which he lived—Hooker Avenue—failed to get citizen support to have its named changed, so he moved . . . to Seaman Road.

•

Hard-Luck Story of the Month. When a man named Chai joined a friend to partake of some homemade rice wine, the experience turned out to be pretty sobering. According to Thailand's *Bangkok Post*, Chai finished off half a bottle of wine, ate three hard-boiled eggs and, before retiring for the night, noticed he had an erection. Nothing so unusual about that—except his member stayed rigid the next day and the day after that and the day after that. . . . Last we heard, poor Chai (whose name means man or manly) was at a hospital, receiving injections to lower his saluting schlong.

PORNO WRITER'S APTITUDE TEST

Fill in the blank with the best word or phrase:

1. Lowering his _____, he displayed his engorged member.
   A. yearly report
   B. drawbridge
   C. chinos
   D. expectations

2. His eager tongue darted over her nipples, across her smooth belly and toward her _____.
   A. sandwich
   B. checkbook
   C. *mons Veneris*
   D. brother

3. Naked, she reclined on the silk pillows and _____ her legs.
   A. buttered
   B. spread
   C. kicked him with
   D. exercised

4. He awoke with a start when two _____ slipped naked into his bed.
   A. Federal judges
   B. militant feminists
   C. burglars
   D. teenaged girls

5. She leaned down, her golden hair cascading around him, and offered him her _____ to suck.
   A. bra
   B. breasts
   C. douche bottle
   D. goldfish

6. His _____ shook him from his toes to his scalp, leaving him breathless and spent.
   A. heating bill
   B. exercise machine
   C. orgasm
   D. neighbor's Doberman

7. The angry sea crashed against the rocky shore as they _____ in the sand.
   A. did deep knee bends
   B. got sick
   C. went down on each other
   D. dug a comfort station

8. Seeing her 42-inch _____, I grew excited.
   A. husband
   B. bowling trophy
   C. bust
   D. heels

9. He came up behind her as she bent gracefully over the _____ and mounted her.
   A. water fountain
   B. bathtub
   C. altar
   D. cardiac monitor

10. She slowly undressed, plugged in the _____ and settled back on the cushions for a long afternoon of pleasure.
   A. electric train
   B. Mixmaster
   C. dishwasher
   D. vibrator

11. He reached under her _____ and felt the oozing wetness.
   A. crankcase
   B. arm
   C. kitchen sink
   D. dress

12. When they got to his apartment, he undressed and showed her the biggest _____ she'd ever seen.
   A. philodendron
   B. carbuncles
   C. penis
   D. collection of baseball cards

13. _____, she said, pushing him off of her.
   A. "You'll just have to drill from some other position, Dr. Woodruff,"
   B. "Look, mister, I don't care if the beach is crowded,"
   C. "Why don't you take off your wet suit first?"
   D. "I'm paying cash for the groceries this week, Mr. Altobelli,"

14. _____ she said, putting her hand inside his pants.
   A. "I think I left my earring in there,"
   B. "Some people think of us librarians as dull,"
   C. "Are you sure this was on my job description, Mr. Truesdale?"
   D. "No, I can't find it, either,"

15. _____ she said, taking the vacuum-cleaner nozzle out of her intimates.
   A. "This is the part of housework I like,"
   B. "At least it doesn't go limp on me,"
   C. "This is your multipurpose attachment,"
   D. "Things get dusty when they're not used, dear,"

—ALPHONSE SIMONAITIS

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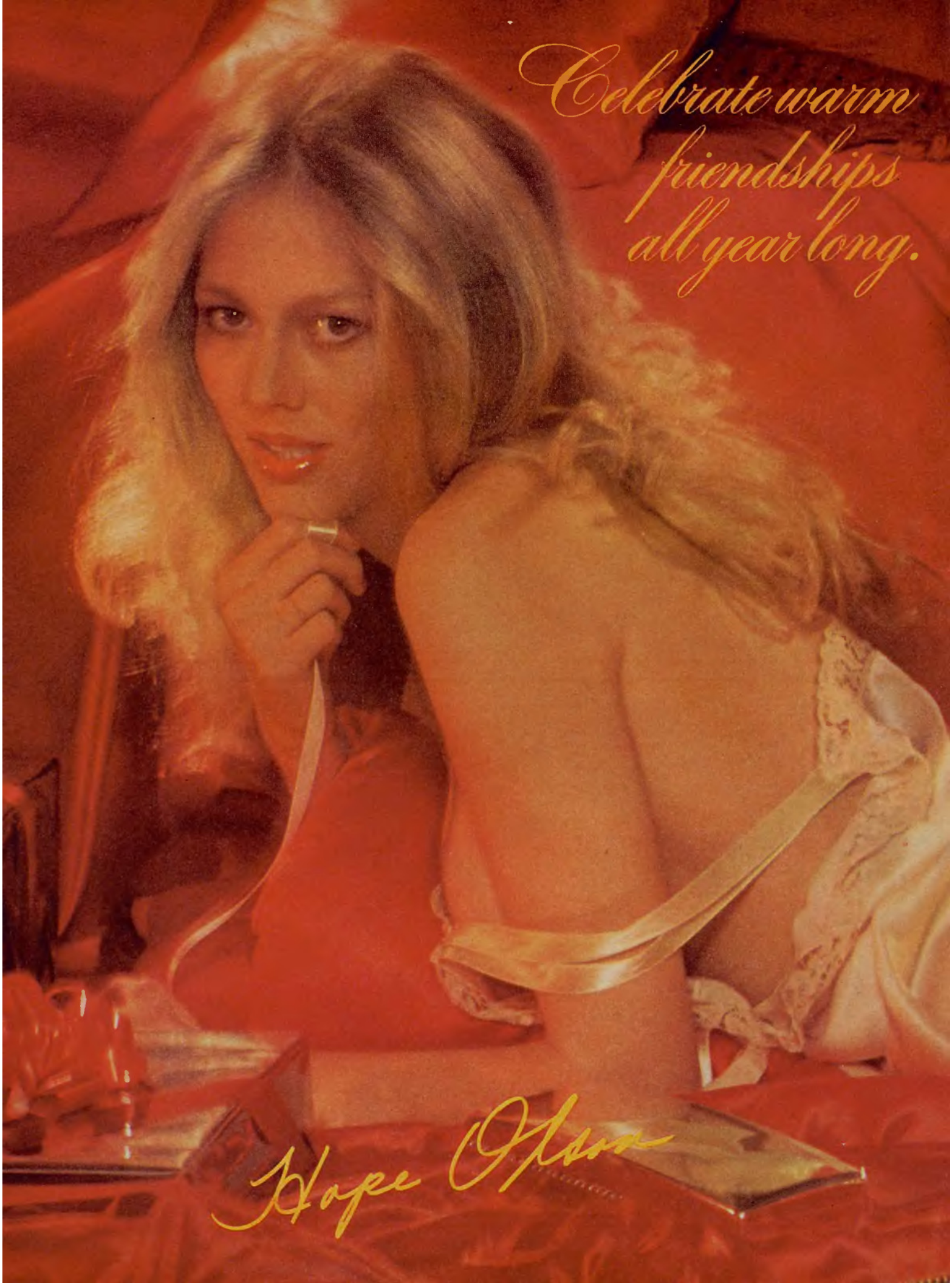
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BOOKS

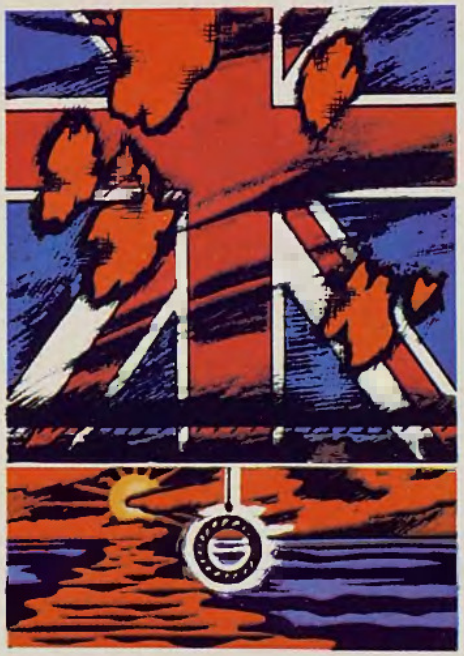
When a publisher describes a book as an epic, we begin to get nervous. Is he talking about the creative energy expended in writing it, the scope of the work itself (a hero ventures out to save a nation) or the energy required to read it? Peter Tauber's ***The Last Best Hope*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) falls solidly into categories one and three but misses category two. It's a sweeping account of the Sixties (for sweeping, read the collection of debris). There's a little bit of everything in this book: Vietnam, think tanks, *the* New Hampshire primary, rape, the Kennedy assassinations. The hero, Tyler Bowen, is a boy wonder who goes from a job as spokesman for a biochemical-warfare research center through a position with the McCarthy campaign to a rendezvous with the National Guard at Kent State. His brother, Willy, fights in Vietnam, is reportedly killed in action, then resurrected and returned to ponder the urban-guerrilla action at People's Park in Berkeley. Tyler's girlfriend leaves her husband, is raped, goes through the agony of the subsequent trial and later joins the Robert Kennedy primary campaign. A peripheral character goes on to become a Charles Colson type in the Nixon White House; and another friend provides spiritual and/or comic relief. There is a scattershot brilliance to the writing, like some Tom Robbins juggling act. Tauber stays closer to reality than Robbins but, even so, is prone to excess. To devote nearly 50 pages to the rape trial seems pointless; by the time the girlfriend gets through it, she is suffering shell shock, and so is the reader. Finally, the protagonist, in no shape to save the nation, retires from the political arena to watch with a special wisdom the sea change of the late Sixties. His description of the primaries is the best *You Are There* coverage we've read. Whether or not it belongs in a novel is another thing.

•

Robert Coover's much-discussed and controversial novel ***The Public Burning*** (Viking) may be hazardous to your mental health. (Never fear: It's nothing that a shower or a good Mickey Spillane story won't cure.) For one thing, the narrator is Richard Nixon. If you thought the Frost-Nixon interviews were seamy and self-serving, you're going to love this book. Coover's topic is the Fifties, specifically the execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg for the theft of atomic secrets. The two were convicted, observes Coover, not by evidence but by atmosphere, and he sets out to re-create that atmosphere. Among his inventions: a vaudeville specter named Uncle Sam who appears to public figures, giving them lectures on the Phantom of Darkness—and tips on golf swings. *Time* magazine is named the national poet laureate and wanders through the scenery, musing on the art of revelation: "It is not enough to present facts—something has to *happen* in time and space, observed through the imagination and the heart, something accessible and yet illuminating to that reader he writes for, the Gentleman from Indiana. Raw data is paralyzing, a nightmare; there's too much of it and man's mind is quickly engulfed by it. Poetry is the art of subordinating facts to the imagination, of giving them shape and visibility, keeping them *personal*. It is, as Mother Luce has said, 'fakery in allegiance to the truth.'" Coover's fakery is reminiscent of E. L. Doctorow's in *Ragtime*. Doctorow invented the genre (and, incidentally, also wrote a novel based on the Rosenberg children). Did Pat force Dick to drive her into Los Angeles for dates with other guys? Did Nixon really portray the district attorney in a college production of Ayn Rand's *The Night of January 16*? You get the idea. And, for our money, a book that points out that J. Edgar Hoover's career was contemporaneous with that of Mickey Mouse can't be all bad.

The Sixties: our *Last Best Hope*?

Read all about it: The saga of the Sixties, the decline of some Britons, the life of Alex Karras—and a pseudo Groucho Marx.



The Ice Age cometh, unclearly.

•

Margaret Drabble is an important writer who proves herself over and over again. In her eighth novel, ***The Ice Age*** (Knopf), this English author demonstrates her considerable skill in making small events and details come alive as she follows the lives of a handful of friends, all of whom are suffering setbacks: imprisonment, financial disaster, amputation, mid-life crisis. Anthony Keating is the main character in this very ambitious novel. In one respect, he is confronting the greatest insecurities, trapped in his own ambitions, as well as in the problems of a changing England: "They had learned . . . to condemn the examination system that had elevated them and brought them security: They had tried to learn new tricks. But where were the new tricks? They had produced no new images, no new style. . . . Nothing had changed. Where was the new bright classless enterprising future of Great Britain?" This novel is a noble effort, reflecting modern people in shifting times, but because there are so many lives and story lines to follow, it seems to lack a cohesive center as it moves from one person to the next. It is, however, definitely worth reading, for Drabble is a master prose technician who reminds us, page after page, that the English language is a thing of beauty.

•

The true test of a comic novelist is the ability to take a thoroughly absurd premise and work it into a believable story. In ***Madder Music*** (Little, Brown), author Peter De Vries presents us with one Bob Swirling, writer of articles on polo, lover of married women and indefatigable impersonator of Groucho Marx, who goes utterly bonkers at an NAACP banquet and psychologically retreats into the character of—you guessed it—Groucho Marx. This ploy gives De Vries the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to invent his own Groucho routines and actually *use* them. And some of them are pretty good. For example, "Maybe you can help me. I'm looking for something in a bathing suit. Oh, there she is . . . don't bother me now. I'm trying to get the lay of the land—if I can find

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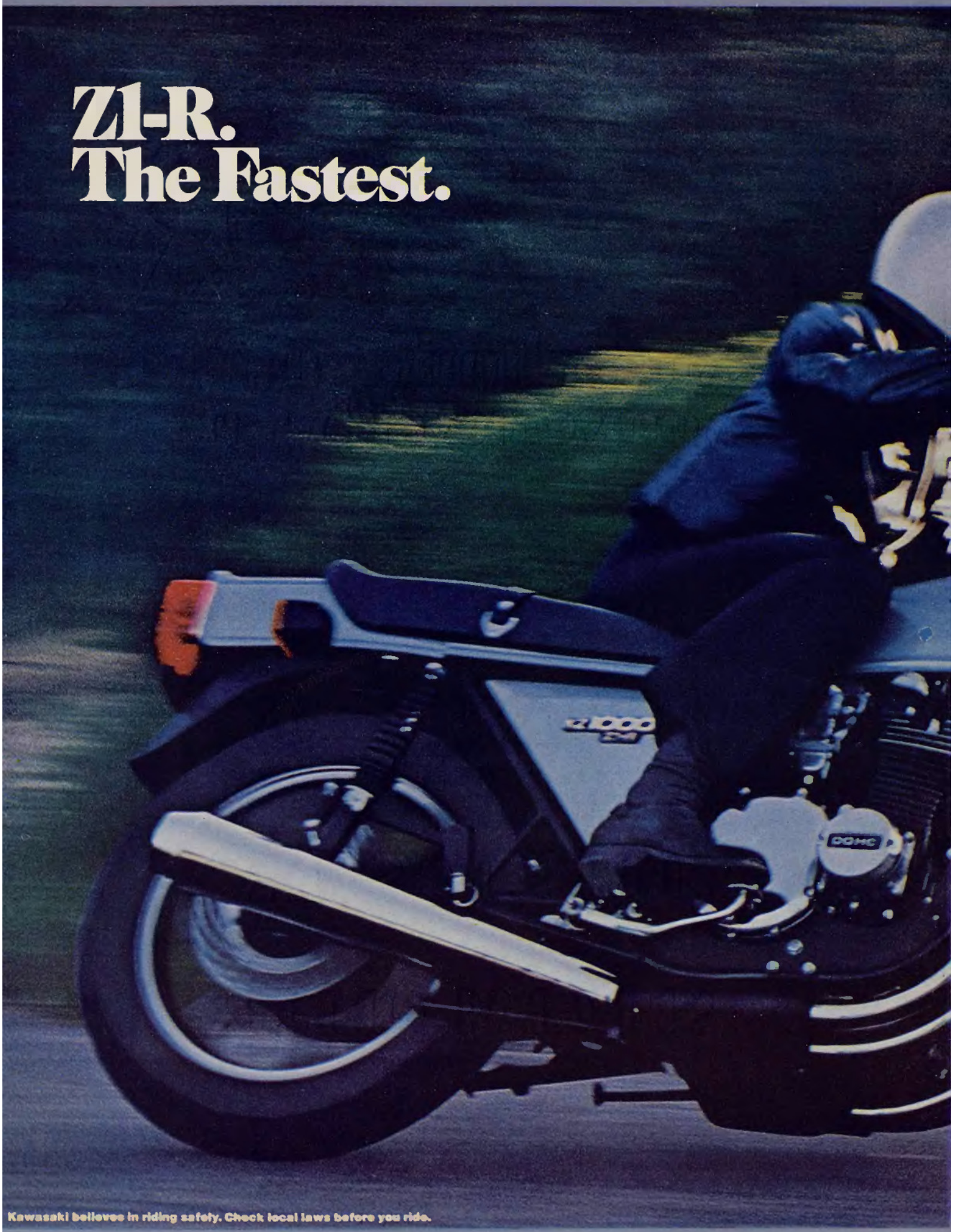

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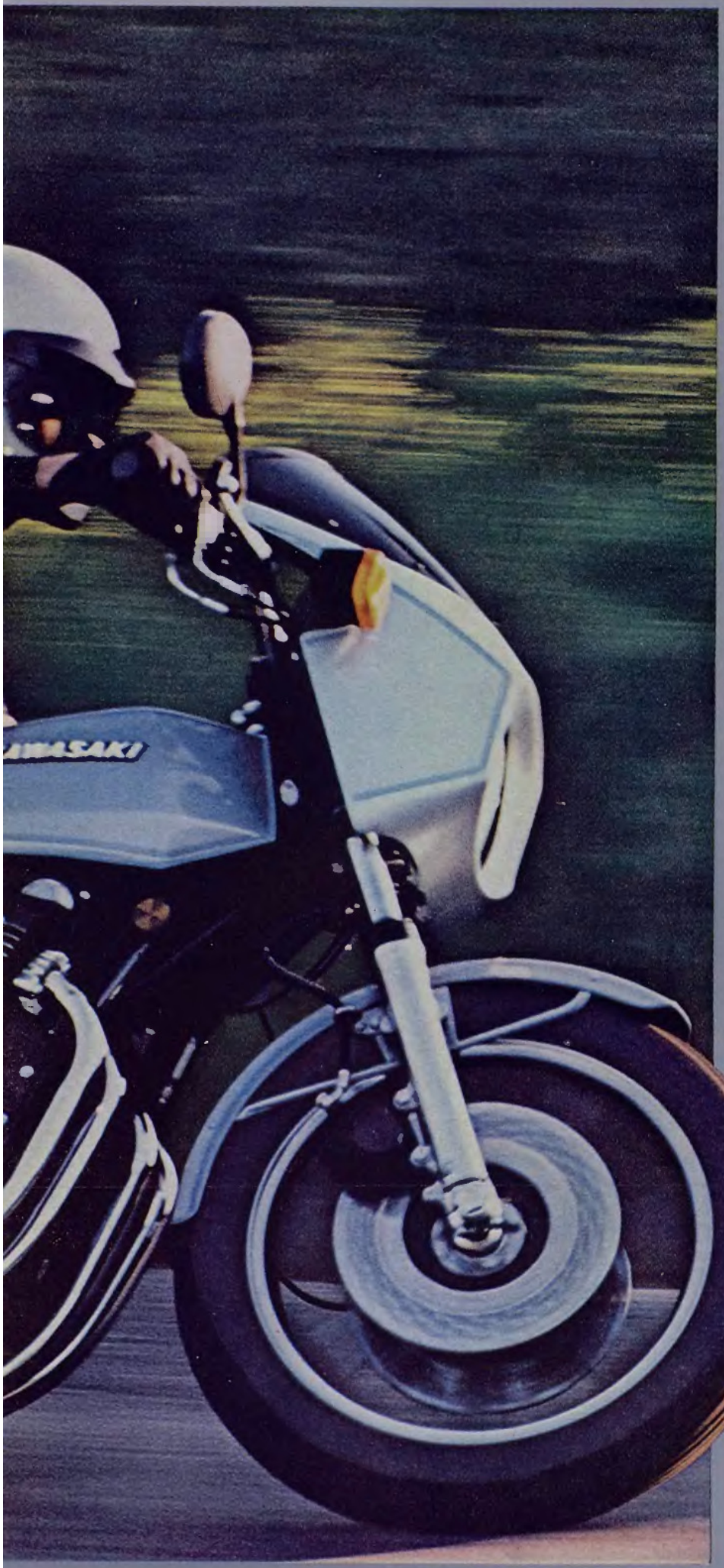

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out who she is. . . . Bessie and I met on a plane coming back from Paris. We were an hour in a holding pattern over Kennedy. I hated to let her go." And so on. But Swirling never becomes entirely Groucho—he is always just Bob Swirling with a slight problem—and that's what makes the caricature believable.

•

Even Big Guys Cry (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Alex Karras with Herb Gluck, pretends to be a full-fledged autobiography, but at best it's only the ex–Detroit Lions tackle's bitter swan song to 13 years (1958–1970) in the National Football League.

In person, Karras is wonderfully droll; unfortunately, little of his wit or his deeper feelings about his scandal-marred career is revealed in *Big Guys*. Of course, Karras was, at the peak of his career, one of the most feared tackles in pro football, and guys who earn that kind of reputation don't cry about life's insecurities. They say "Fuck you" instead. That thick-skinned and thickheaded psychology is evident in Karras' recounting of his one-year suspension from the sport, along with Paul Hornung, for betting on pro-football games. As Karras describes the incidents leading up to the 1963 suspension, it's obvious that quite a few people, including N.F.L. commissioner Pete Rozelle, made sincere efforts to steer him away from gambling and associating with reputed Mob figures. But Karras, adopting a belligerent attitude, stupidly allowed himself to be quoted by television and newspaper reporters, both about his betting and about his attitude toward the Lions' management. He talked so much and told so many people to shove it that Rozelle had little choice but to suspend and fine him; and, to this day, Karras apparently fails to see that he himself was partially responsible for his year of misery.

After reading this book, we still know nothing of his private life during that grim period; we only see him working in his tavern, being consoled by football buddies. His wife, who rarely appears in *Big Guys*, shows up on the final page to tell him not to worry about being cut from the Lions' roster. She tells him he's free at last. But Karras still isn't free. He still thinks big guys don't cry.

•

If you decided to rip out a quick, 200-page novel that caught the post-Sixties generation in transition—half-hip, half-jaded—you might take John Hersey's plot line in ***The Walnut Door*** (Knopf) as your text. An overeducated Bennington graduate named Elaine breaks off with her witty lover, Greg, to make her own way in a declining, semi-Italian neighborhood of New Haven. She has a spacy encounter with Macaboy, the locksmith-*cum*-doormaker. The splendid, impenetrable walnut door he fashions for her security from imagined threats of violence is his phallic symbol. In fact, he

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•

In his new novel, ***The Professor of Desire*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Philip Roth resurrects David Kepesh, who last appeared as a giant mammary gland in *The Breast*. His new incarnation is more conventional—he emerges from a Jewish childhood to become a professor of literature. There are, of course, enticingly funny adventures (and misadventures) along the way, including our hero's romp with two Swedish girls, one of whom, Birgitta, haunts him for years to come. Perhaps the most enchanting character in the book is Helen Baird, Kepesh's wife, who for eight years had enjoyed the "good colonial life" in the Far East, hopping from country to country with a married lover much older than herself. After some rocky years with Helen, Kepesh finds Claire Ovington, who provides him with all the things he desires in a relationship.

The Professor of Desire is witty and clever, filled with memorable characters and gemlike scenes, among them an unforgettable fantasy visit to Kafka's supposed mistress, an elderly lady who capitalizes on her past association by offering to show her private parts for a price. Though it starts off rather sophomorically with a section on Kepesh's childhood pal Herbie Bratasky, who specializes in sound imitations of people performing bodily functions, *Desire* becomes more and more entertaining and erudite as Roth gets into the heart of his best work since *Portnoy's Complaint*.

QUICK READ

S. J. Perelman / *Eastward Ho!* (Simon & Schuster): A new collection of dotty travel pieces by the fellow who puts the English idiom through some of its funniest contortions. For those of you who've acquired the Perelman taste—and it can be addictive—this is as pleasing as ever. For those of you who haven't, be advised that Perelman began writing gags for the Marx Brothers; you may as well try him late as never.

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The Amazing Rhythm Aces take you somewhere. Like the best of novelists and few rock-'n'-rollers, they weave real worlds in your head, so authentic they seem to have been there all along. You may not know about them yet, but you've had your opportunities. They got a Grammy last year for their hit single, *The End Is Not in Sight*, and have three albums behind them, the latest being *Toucan Do It Too*. If you don't know their stuff, try this, and hear a slow bluesy shuffle, with lambent piano and shining guitar, in heartbeat rhythm:

Standing beside the ocean, looking across the bay
I should look for companionship, but it just gets in my way
Lights are flickering, all along the shore
People dancing there, I don't dance no more.

On actual hearing, it paints images straight out of Faulkner: some long, hot August night at a run-down resort on Mississippi's Gulf Coast, salt air heavy with humidity and doom.

The Rhythm Aces are six country boys who hang around Memphis: Billy Earheart, Russell Smith, Jeff Davis, J. B. Hooker, Butch McDade and Barry "Byrd" Burton. Separately, they drifted to the university scene in Knoxville in 1968 or so and played there in the usual assortment of beer bars and roadhouses, under the usual assortment of names—which I asked them about when I tried to interview all six at once, in a suite at the genteelly declining Orrington Hotel in Evanston, Illinois, proud home of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Ace lead singer and double-ace chief lyricist Smith, with a characteristic wry smile and the shadow of a perverse gleam in his eyes, told me:

SMITH: Billy and I were in a band called Beaucoup Dap. That's Vietnamese; we don't want to talk about that.

PLAYBOY: Were you in Vietnam?

SMITH: Nooo . . . we don't want to talk about that, either. Let's see, we were Steel Wool Ball . . . Easter Eggs . . . Nuclear Clyde. . . .

MC DADE: Atomic Lid, that was a heavy group . . . Columbia Night Train. . . .

PLAYBOY: Did they have different sounds or were they just the same group?

MC DADE: They represented just different, uh, *evenings*. . . .

PLAYBOY: Where were you playing?

MC DADE: Bars, campus bars. Knoxville, Tennessee, is the home of the University of Tennessee——

SMITH (*smiling, right over Butch's testimonial, an ironic hiss in his voice*): The *lowest* . . . campus bars.

Toucan didn't do it, but the Aces can.

Our man tries to discover what makes The Amazing Rhythm Aces tick.

I ask about their influences back then. And get back an enthusiastic blast.

ALL: George Jones, B. B. King and Count Basie . . . Beatles, Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley . . . Wilson Pickett . . . Hank Williams, Bob Dylan . . . Sly Stone . . . Ray Charles, Charlie Rich, Leadbelly. . . .

It's a good list. You can hear all of that—plus a little bluegrass, too—in their music, and it goes together pretty as a patchwork quilt. Just as The Band did more than ten years ago, the Aces have simply absorbed what was around them and made something wholly original from what they took in. Even when their songs are about the standard themes of country music—you and me ain't gettin' along; I'm so doggone lonely; thank ah'll git drunk agin, etc.—they write about these laments from somewhere other than leisure-suited Nashville or beer-bellied Austin. Like many of us, like it or not, they rode the whoopee pipeline of the Sixties, a swirl of bright psychedelics and black Vietnam, and found themselves dumped up onto the hard, empty Seventies beach wondering what the fuck came next. If anything. And then deciding to hang in—endure, in Faulkner's Biblical rhetoric—anyway. That's where they write from.

All my life I been running
No place ever seemed like home to me
And I can't be happy until I find myself some place to be.

Unfortunately, especially for the Aces, all this talent isn't exactly tearing up the charts. *Toucan Do It Too* hung by its beak in the low 170s for a few weeks and then fell off dead. The Aces have enough of a cult following to get along, but I wondered how they felt about it.

MC DADE: We do respectably well, you know. We sell enough records—I think—so that ABC doesn't lose money on us.

EARHEART: We make a livin'. We don't drive fast cars, but we make a livin'.

SMITH: And if you'll check and see how much (*he says the next word as if it's a squirming bug held by long steel pincers*) . . . *hype* there is . . . we don't get hyped very much. Which is just as well, I guess.

SOMEONE: It's a two-edged sword.

SMITH: I don't know. On that last album, the songs on it are a little sadder. Maybe people just didn't want to hear sadder songs, that's all.

Smith, it was no surprise to learn, given the literary quality of his lyrics, spends much of his R&R time reading. "I read all kinds of different stuff," he told me. "Fiction, history. I read a lot of history. I used to be on a big science-fiction jag. Isaac Asimov, Poul Anderson, and I used to read a lot of Robert Heinlein. And I read porn." I ask what kind. "The kind that's just sheer . . . *lust*." The perverse smile appears. "Nothin' but lust, that's all it is. No redeeming social interest, value or nothing—just . . . *lust*. If it has any social value at all, it's no good. Because then it's got something in it besides . . . *lust*. If I want redeeming social value, I'll read Sartre or something like that." Have you read those guys? I ask. In full gleam now, Smith answers, "I tried to read Sartre and he made me so fucking sick I puked all over the book."

As I was leaving, I began mumbling something to Smith and the rest of the group about how much I like them and how my friends think I've gone nuts, because I normally don't like anything.

Smith beams. "That's great, man," he says, grinning. "*We* don't like anything, either!"

—DAVID STANDISH

●

Steve Winwood's latest album, appropriately titled ***Steve Winwood*** (Island), is one of those rare instances in which a musician knows what he wants to say, says it and gets on his way. There are only six songs, most of them around five minutes long. And there is a theme that runs through most of them, not in words but in the feeling, the rhythm, that royal marching quality halfway to *reggae* that has the formal beauty and precision of a close-order drill on military horses all tricked out for parade. As you listen, you can feel yourself posting. *Midland Maniac* is particularly like that. Strap a saddle onto that song and you could get around the mountain. *Hold On* goes all the way to *reggae* in a slip-trip and slapping dance that catches itself as it lurches forward on the edge of stumbling. In the end, your

great-great-grandchildren probably won't be listening to this, but it'll take you for a good ride.

•

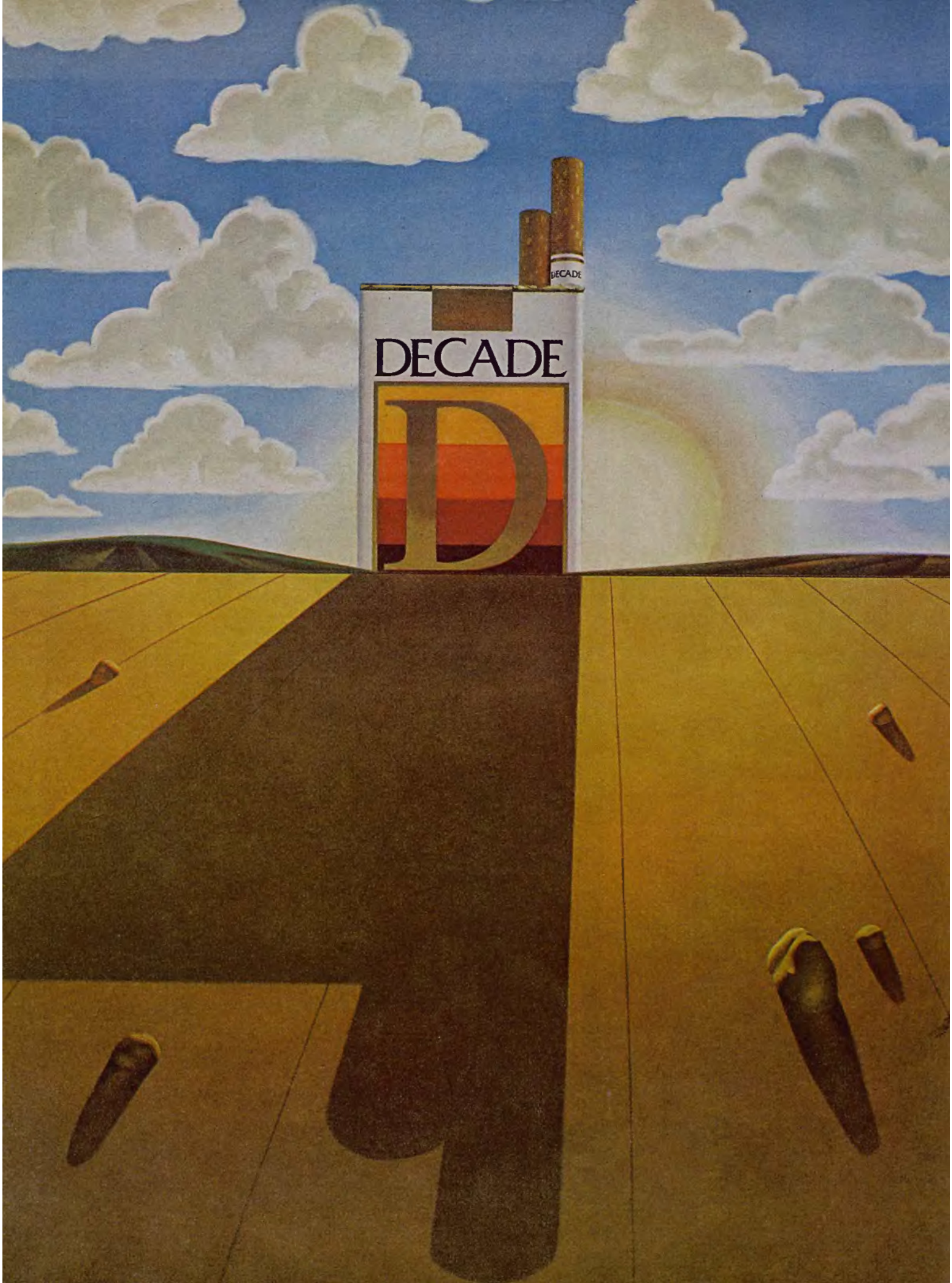
There's jazz and then there's cocktail jazz. We're not trying to imply anything pejorative in the latter. Good jazz requires you to tune in your ears and *listen*; it takes concentration. The best cocktail jazz is marvelous filler designed to keep your ears occupied with lovely sounds while the rest of you is occupied with something else. Bob James plays superb cocktail jazz. His new album, ***Bob James Four*** (CTI), employs a studioful of musicians to back up his ingenious keyboard

James scores with number four.

activities and the wonderful solo work of flutist Hubert Laws, trumpeter Art Farmer and guitarist Eric Gale. Most of the tunes are by James and they paint pretty pictures: bright, moody, funky, ethereal, take your choice—there isn't a wrong note anywhere. If you don't set your expectations too high, you're in for a treat.

•

Right at the beginning of ***Derringer Live*** (Blue Sky), it wouldn't seem inappropriate if some hyperthyroid Top 40 jock came bouncing off the tweeters, screaming, "Sunday! Sunday! At U. S. 30 drag strip! See Meat Ax Fanzelli and his nitro-fueled funny cars!!!" And so on. The performance is, after all, a controlled catastrophe of the first magnitude, a world-class megawatt pandemonium fueled by three guitars and what sounds like a fourth member of the band (probably identified as a drummer) lobbing hand grenades and firing salvos of antipersonnel rockets into the audience. Beneath it all is a stiff underpinning of blues—faint as a genetic


DECADE
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DECADE.
THE TASTE THAT TOOK TEN YEARS TO MAKE.

Originally, you couldn't get real cigarette taste without what has come to be known as tobacco 'tar.' The problem of reducing this 'tar' to 5 mg. while maintaining taste is enormous.

That's why, when we set out to work, we didn't give ourselves a time limit. It's a good thing. Because it took us ten years to develop a "Total System" capable of delivering truly satisfying taste in a 5 mg. 'tar' cigarette.

What we mean by "Total System."

A high filtration low 'tar' cigarette is a complex system of interacting parts.

The tobacco. The filter. And even the paper.

Our objective was to focus on all these parts and arrange them in perfect balance with each other. Only by concentrating on the parts were we able to perfect the whole.

The Tobacco. "Flavor Packing" plus fifteen tobaccos boost taste.

We've developed a system called "Flavor Packing" that allows us to concentrate a special patented tobacco flavorant in each Decade cigarette.

This is in addition to our special taste blend of fifteen fine tobaccos, including exotic Turkish, full bodied Burley, and Bright, a tobacco known for its smoothness.

The Filter. Unique "Taste Channel" gives first puff impact.

The Decade filter is a combination of modern laser technology, plus our own exclusive research design. Simply, we've created a channel within the filter to give you that first puff impact you've come to expect from only the higher 'tar' cigarettes. Which means you get taste from first puff to last.

The Paper. High porosity paper controls burn rate.

For Decade we use only high porosity cigarette paper. Ordinary paper inhibits the burn rate, which can diminish the taste and create the need to pull harder when you drag.

With Decade's high porosity paper however, you get an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of 'tar.'

The result. A completely new kind of low 'tar' cigarette.

So try a pack of Decade for yourself. Regular or Menthol. And after one taste we think you'll agree that our last 10 years were well worth the effort.

Regular and Menthol.

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

© Liggett Group Inc. 1977

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine ave. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE ROSE'S GIMLET. THINK OF IT AS GIN OR VODKA WITH TASTE.

If you're partial to gin or vodka, do what more and more people are doing these days—drink them with taste. Drink the Rose's Gimlet.

The Rose's Gimlet is made with crisp, refreshing Rose's Lime Juice. Which smooths the taste of gin, brightens the taste of vodka.

To make the Rose's Gimlet, simply stir together one part Rose's Lime Juice and 4 to 5 parts of gin or vodka. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Tonight, have your gin or vodka with taste. Have the Rose's Gimlet.

ROSE'S. FOR DRINKS WITH TASTE.

memory. But over the whole thing is a fresh, apple-candy, metal-flake, mother-of-pearl, hand-rubbed coat of slick professionalism: Electro Plate in Blue, if you will. The sound is so big you get the impression that you're hearing a skyscraper do the boogie-stop-shuffle around Manhattan, gradually destroying itself as it goes. To say such a spectacle is good or bad would be gratuitous. Is the atom bomb beautiful? Well, yes and no. . . .

•

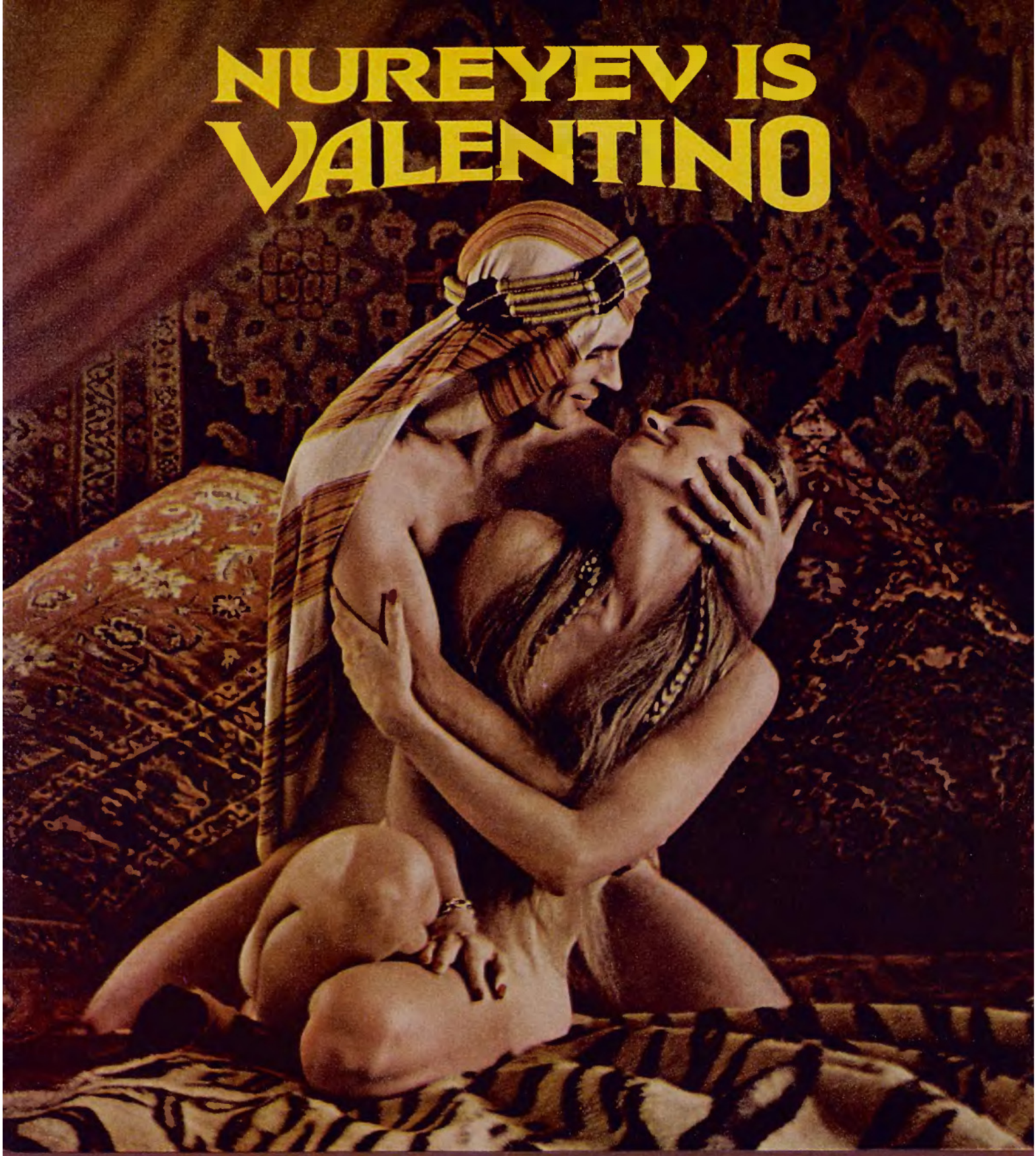
When we were kids, we'd nibble off the crust of our Wonder Bread and then knead the doughy-white middle into mushy baseballs that would be popped excitedly into our mouths. Today, kids listen to Peter Frampton. With God knows how many copies of *Frampton Comes Alive!* in circulation, the release of ***I'm in You*** (A&M) is the culmination of the superb career orchestration that

Here he is, kids: Frampton.

has seen an eminently talented but chronically middleweight British rocker become the curly-haired idol of American teens. Presumably, the kids gobble up fan-club trinkets such as Peter Frampton book covers and *I'm in You* necklaces just as their older brothers and sisters bought Beatles lunch boxes, but Frampton is very much a Seventies mass phenomenon. His music is ultracompetent but ultimately uninspired; pleasant in the background but numbing after too much exposure. For as pretty as the shimmering guitar runs of *St. Thomas* are, the impossibly syrupy melody and sentiments that infect the title tune send us straight to the Sex Pistols.

•

Eugene Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra never sounded better than on Richard Strauss's ***Don Quixote*** (RCA). Add to this the presence of Samuel Mayes, the cellist who gives voice to the Don's pleading, strutting and pathos, and you have a superb performance of one of the great orchestral showpieces. Always involved



A ROBERT CHARTOFF-IRWIN WINKLER Production A KEN RUSSELL Film

RUDOLF NUREYEV "VALENTINO"

LESLIE CARON · MICHELLE PHILLIPS and CAROL KANE

Associate Producer HARRY BENN · Written by KEN RUSSELL and MARDIK MARTIN

Directed by KEN RUSSELL · Produced by IRWIN WINKLER and ROBERT CHARTOFF

R RESTRICTED Under 17 requires accompanying Parent or Adult Guardian

United Artists

INTRODUCING MAGNUM XE. AN EXCITING NEW CAR-NAPPER FROM DODGE.

You're looking at a magic means of transportation. The brand-new Dodge Magnum XE.

As much a statement of philosophy as it is a fine motor car, it is crafted in the belief that there is still room for luxury and impeccable road manners to live side by side.

Consider Magnum's cockpit. Thin-backed, low-profile bucket seats. Rich carpeting. Soft tailored vinyl. A most elegant and comfortable driving environment.

Yet there's another side to Magnum. Sophisticated instrumentation. The optional tachometer. The presence of antisway bars, front and rear. Hefty FR78X15 radials.* A strong V8 with Chrysler's Electronic Lean Burn System.† Such things provide Magnum XE with considerable assurance underway.

Then there is all the electronic wizardry. Like headlights with clear, retractable shields. An optional electronic digital clock with no moving parts. An optional 40-channel CB transceiver integrated into an AM/FM stereo radio (even the antenna is automatically power-operated).

The new Magnum XE. A remarkable automobile that beautifully combines the attributes of a touring car with those of a luxury car. A car that is adventurous without being extravagant.

It is a car that must be driven to be appreciated. And you can do that at your Dodge Dealer's.

*White sidewall tires shown are extra cost.

†Not available in high altitude areas.

Dodge

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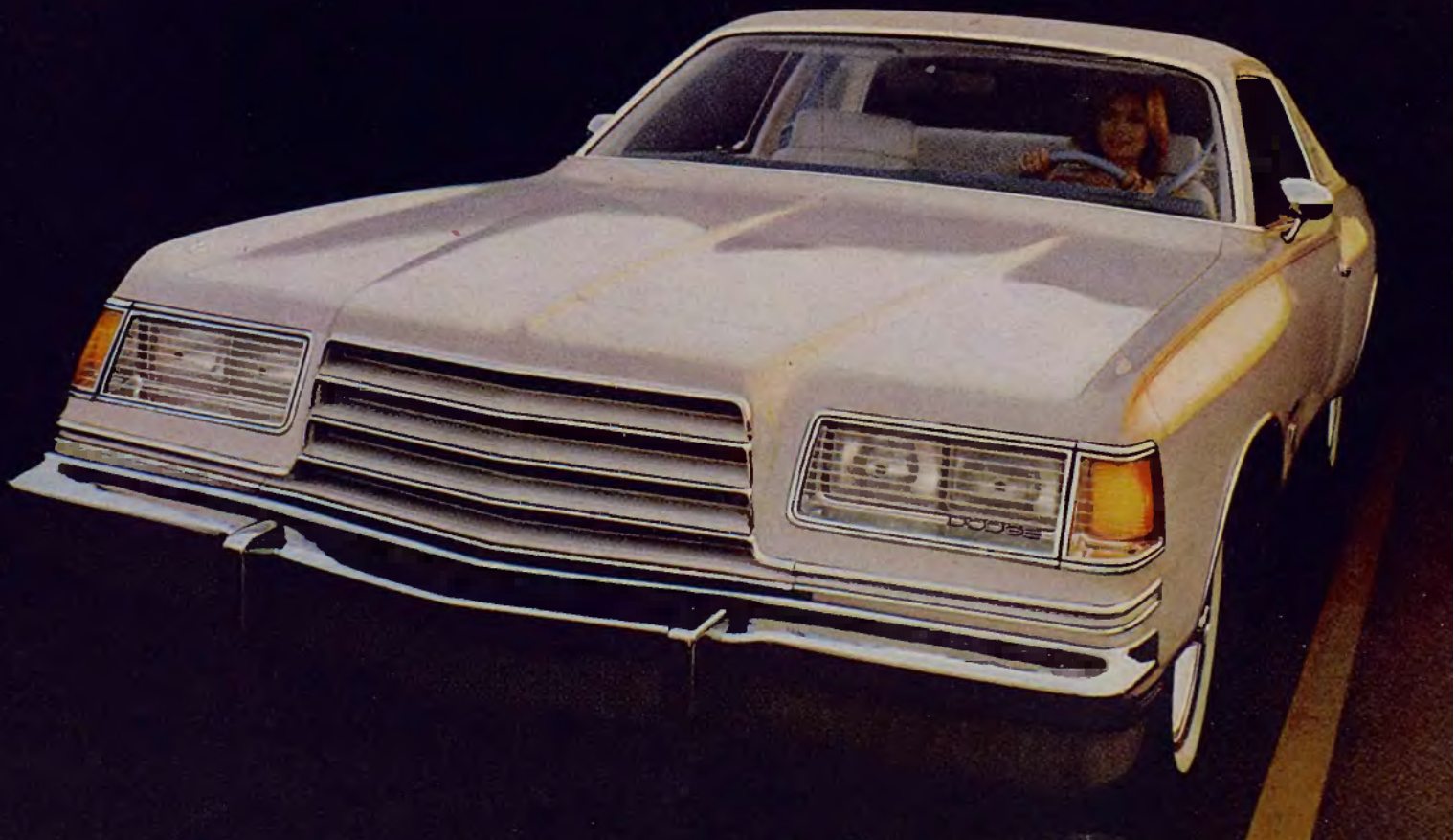


with literary symbolism, Strauss pulled out all the stops in this 1897 version of Cervantes' rambling tale of the demented knight. *Don Quixote* is a tone poem pushing hard at the limits of musical realism, a kind of cinematic symphony. Benjamin Folkman's liner notes point out the operatic nature of the piece and give a good account of the ten variations that render Don Quixote's tragicomic quest—from the famous battle with the windmill to the magnificent, melodic cello finale in which the Don finally gropes his way back into sanity, and death. Ormandy has a particular affection for this music and, hence, does not stress its grotesqueries. They are astonishing enough—the dissonant bleating of sheep and the enormous wind machine—but are made into a coherent whole. As a bonus, RCA has captured the Philadelphia sound in all its glory. Don't miss it.

•

The *disco* phenomenon didn't necessarily have a healthy effect on R&B groups specializing in electric boogies, though it boosted their popularity; it tended to make smoothness an end in itself, and the result is a stylized sameness to the neatly manicured groups that are dominating the R&B airwaves. Funk has prospered—but at the expense of soul. Enter Manchild, an impossibly young group from Chicago by way of Indiana whose music, on ***Power and Love*** (United Artists), hits you with all the raw immediacy of its intemperate home town. "You don't know me, but I'm your brother / I was raised here in this living hell." An arresting introduction, to be sure; and, with churning cross rhythms, Hendrix-inspired guitar riffs, silvery electric-piano arpeggios, jazzy horns and rhythm ideas that give the lyrics extra punch, they make their inferno a most attractive place, indeed (of course, we always assumed the best musicians were in the nether world). It's not smooth, but it's exciting and it has the sound of truth.

SHORT CUTS

Sylvester (Fantasy): Invigorating Gospel/soul sounds by a former member of The Cockettes, San Francisco's fabled transvestite revue.

The Brothers Johnson / *Right on Time* (A&M): Quincy Jones, with his young protégés serving as front men, takes over the world of electroboogie.

Aalon / *Cream City* (Arista): Rock 'n' roll is evidently alive and well in Gotham. We didn't say healthy, because that would spoil the image.

Parliament Live / *P. Funk Earth Tour* (Casablanca): A four-sided orgy of deep funk and flashy insanity by Bootsy and Dr. Funkenstein, who wants you to kiss his ego. It's the R&B disc of the year.

D. J. Rogers / *Love, Music and Life* (RCA): Love those chords and melodies; but the lyrics aren't always worth the intensity with which Rogers sings them.

TELEVISION

Alan Arkin, Elaine May, Mike Nichols, Shelley Berman and Gilda Radner are just a few of the names that became household words after professional incubation with the Second City theatrical company, still alive and kicking in Chicago. The nationwide premiere of ***Second City T.V.,*** a syndicated series already under way over various outlets (check your local listings for precise dates and times, which vary considerably), should add some new names to that illustrious roster. Jot down Joe Flaherty, Dave Thomas, Catherine O'Hara, Andrea Martin, Eugene Levy and John Candy as ringleaders among the regularly featured madcaps who will be distinguishing themselves in the months to come as the underground terrorists of television land. A sampling of early shows in the first 13 weekly half hours suggests that regular network TV will suffer the heaviest bombardment. With a revue format somewhat more structured than *Laugh-In*, maybe a shade less subversive—so far, at least—than *Saturday Night*, *Second City* gets going on every subject from "Sunrise Semester" to a dramatic hospital series called "Unnecessary Surgeon" ("No ailment too small, no fee too high" is the motto of a touchy doctor-hero who will remove anything he pleases), followed by a spin-off from the medical show, "Ted Gordon—Malpractice Lawyer." One of Gordon's most dramatic courtroom cases concerns a former male patient who checked in for a tonsillectomy and underwent sex-change surgery ("He *enjoys* being a girl!" is the theme of Gordon's ringing plea for the defense). A sequence identified as "Baa, Baa, Black and White Sheep" touts the adventures of a flying nun, who recruits a whole squadron of vicious airborne sisters to dogfight for our side during World War Two. Tune in.

The *Second City T.V.* gang.

Some new students from the Second City school make the move to TV; public television's *Visions* series returns.

Daly, Durning in *The Dancing Bear*.

•

Visions, a weekly series of original PBS dramas, won a Peabody award and critical applause last year and has returned for a second season (again, check local schedules). Unfortunately, this year's *Visions* is a disappointment. Phillip Hayes Dean's 90-minute *Freeman* spells out, in simplistic terms, the plight of a rebellious young black who cannot adjust to society until his shrewish wife has a baby. It tells us nothing new, using more words than necessary and pounding them home without subtlety. There's better writing and much better acting in Conrad Bromberg's *The Dancing Bear*, with Charles Durning starred as a fat, 50ish Hollywood bit player who doggedly endures public humiliation—and risks a stroke—by dancing a Russian *kazatsky* on his knees to land a part in a ridiculous-sounding new movie. To make matters worse, he has an estranged alcoholic wife (Verna Bloom), who refuses to give him custody of their child, and a young actress friend (Tyne Daly) who finds his hollow self-assurance pathetic. While Durning's performance cannot be faulted, author Bromberg overwrites, making every actor say too much too soon about motives and emotional states that a more experienced writer would reveal between the lines.

MOVIES

In this corner, soppy love stories about doomed girls and the grieving guys they leave behind are pretty far down on the list of favorite things. But anything can work when the chemistry is right. So, if you have tears, friends, prepare to shed them without embarrassment for ***Bobby Deerfield***—a sensitive, poetic and intelligently understated romantic tragedy (freely adapted by Alvin Sargent from Erich Maria Remarque's novel *Heaven Has No Favorites*) that makes the Ali McGraw–Ryan O'Neal *Love Story* look like bubble bath. Director Sydney (*They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*) Pollack never compromises by trying to soap up *Bobby Deerfield* with hard-sell sentimentality, superficial excitement or even a strong story line. While the hero—played with impressive single-minded intensity by Al Pacino—is a champion racing driver who competes at Monte Carlo and Le Mans, there's scarcely 15 minutes of footage wasted on whizzing round the track. *Deerfield* unfolds as a series of compelling one-to-one encounters between Pacino and Marthe Keller—as the doomed beauty he meets in a sanitarium where he goes to visit an injured friend—or between Pacino and France's Anny Duperey, as the cool, possessive camp follower who shacks up with him in style and roots for him on the curves. One of the scenes most packed with insight and revelation, however, is a painful lunch Deerfield has with his reproachful brother from Newark (Walter McGinn), part of a past life that he can hardly remember. Very little happens, actually, except that Bobby—a man who is emotionally half-dead, whose human relationships are as mechanical as the Formula I car he drives or the TV and magazine commercials he grinds out for extra bread—starts coming to life again through his love for an elusive, unpredictable jet setter who acts as if she had a schoolgirl crush on danger. Far from being smitten by Bobby's *macho* speed-king image, she feels he might be too boring a companion for an entire weekend. "You spend your whole life trying not to die," she tells him, carving a notch in his consciousness with her screwball gaiety and promiscuousness and quietly desperate *joie de vivre*. As the vibrant Lillian, fading away with an unnamed disease that seems to be leukemia, Swiss-born Keller adds lots of mileage to her track record (following *Marathon Man* and *Black Sunday*) as a European actress clearly destined for big-time stardom over here. Sublimely classy but not quite beautiful by conventional Hollywood standards—neither was Ingrid Bergman, neither is Liv Ullmann—Keller plays this difficult role with such electric, glowing vivacity that she even steals scenes from Pacino, a remarkable feat in itself. Could be, of course, that the movie's moments of truth borrow a little magic from the well-publicized offscreen romance between Keller and Pacino—percolating before your very eyes, with some of Europe's storybook scenery as a backdrop. No matter. If Cupid's arrow, tastefully guided by Pollack, can score a bull's-eye with material that comes *that* close to being pure bull, the audience wins in the end. And *Bobby Deerfield* is a triumph of taste over tear-jerking.

Pacino, Keller in *Bobby Deerfield*.

Bobby Deerfield, a classy tearjerker; *Shenanigans*, a cynical comedy, and two for Giannini highlight this month's fare.

Forslund, Sand in *Shenanigans*.

•

Experience pays off, sooner or later, and a well-seasoned actor starts collecting his dues. Witness the example of that crusty screen veteran Burgess Meredith, an Oscar candidate twice in the past two seasons—as the fight manager in *Rocky* and as the down-and-out clown in *The Day of the Locust*. Meredith is up to his delectable old tricks again in ***Shenanigans***, playing anchor man to Ned Beatty and Richard Basehart as the cheekiest of three badly bent officers in a small-town bank. Embarrassed by the embezzlement of $109,679.70 just before the bank examiners are due to come, the threesome decides to fake a robbery—and while they're at it, Meredith reasons, why not filch another hundred grand or so to make the risk worth while? Writer-director Joseph Jacoby (last heard from with a small, personable comedy called *Hurry Up or I'll Be 30*) has broadened his horizons to make *Shenanigans* a highly moral social satire about the top-to-bottom amorality of American society today—the prevailing so-what? attitude of this post-Watergate era in which them that has gets, as the saying goes, while them that has not . . . well, they just gotta grab what they can, as in New York last July, the instant the lights went out. The most nearly honest man in *Shenanigans*, finally, is the embezzler—played with amiable uncertainty by Paul Sand—a teller who tells too damned much. He did it for practice, see, just to prove a theory. His readiness to return the stolen money spoils everyone's game, and little by little, *Shenanigans* attracts a host of shrewd players—including Michael Murphy, as the town's young bachelor minister who is not above plucking a bird from his flock; Charlene Dallas and blonde, cuddlesome Constance Forslund, as two comely local girls who will dare anything for love if the price is right. Filmed mostly on location in Georgia, of all places, with Walter Lassally (cinematographer of *Tom Jones*) behind the camera, Ralph Rosenblum (Woody Allen's editor) to keep the comic rhythm steady and Arthur Godfrey in a cameo role as one of the town fathers, Jacoby's *Shenanigans* is the kind of low-key, jauntily cynical comedy that voices criticism *sotto voce*—without preaching, without fudging its view of human frailty as a condition we have all learned to tolerate. Taking our cue from TV commercials, we simply look for ways to suppress the symptoms—until flagrant dishonesty becomes as easy to live with as the sniffles or an occasional stomach upset.

•

Sit out the waltz sequence of ***Roseland***—the dreary first episode of a three-part valentine to Manhattan's durable art-deco dance palace and its light-footed, apparently eccentric clientele—and there will be mixed but rich rewards in two

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

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.

Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

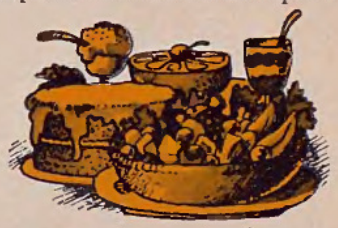
extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled

with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way



to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

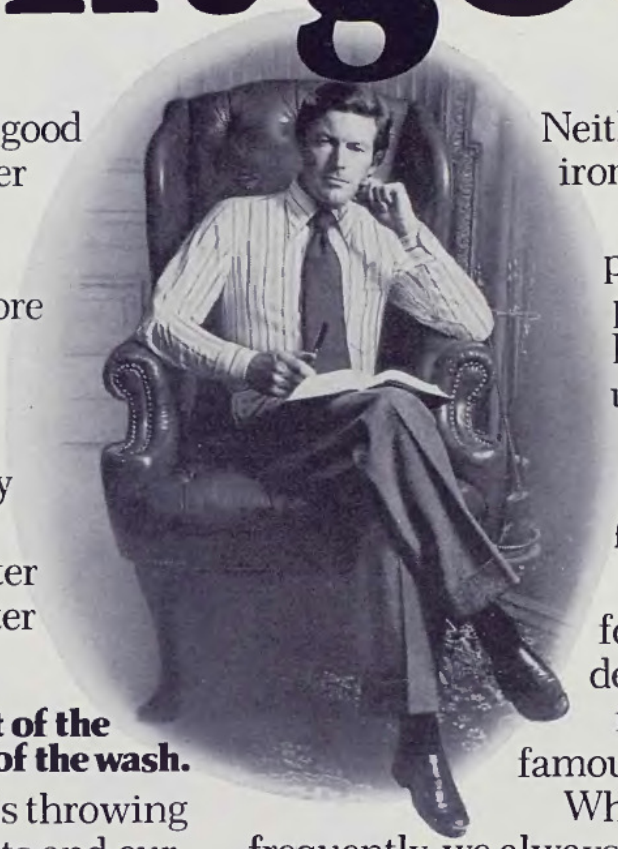
So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.

Next to Myers's All other Rums Seem Pale.

Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, 80 Proof.

Next to ours, isn't good



A good shirt only looks good until you compare it to a better one. We have a better one. Van Heusen.

Our shirts don't cost more although they probably should. We labor over them, test them, refine them, more than any other shirt company we know. The result is that after 118 years of making better shirts, we're still making better shirts.

All shirts look great out of the package. Ours look great out of the wash.

One of our many tests is throwing our permanently pressed shirts and our competition's into a washing machine, where they're pounded and scoured.

After *only* 5 launderings, we've got other shirts beat. Look at the 2 collars in this unretouched photograph.

TEST PROGRAM CONDUCTEO BY NATION WIDE CONSUMER TESTING INSTITUTE INC.

Neither one has been ironed.

Yet ours is still permanently pressed. Theirs looks permanently unpressed.

What Paris could learn about shirts from Pottsville.

Paris is famous for fashion. Our development center in Pottsville, Pa. is famous for technology.

While we go to Paris frequently, we always make sure any new fashion ideas we learn there measure up to our standards of quality.

Because Paris doesn't have standards as strict as ours.

When our shirts are still bolts of fabric, we're already inspecting them for flaws.

In fact, we inspect shirts 29 times.

Then when we think they're perfect, we don't send

a good shirt enough.

them right off to the store. We test them again.

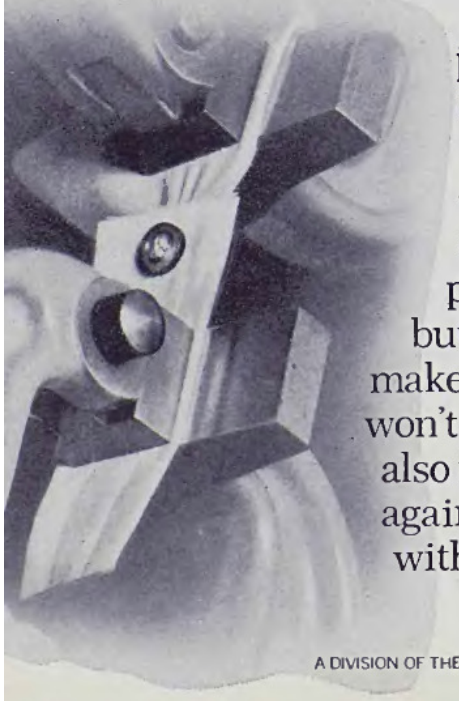
To us, looking good is more than a matter of fashion. It's a matter of quality.

"I bought one of your shirts in 1937, and already the collar is fraying."

Inevitably, some of the compliments we get from our customers come in the form of complaints.

The reason we had to wait 40 years for this rather exceptional one, is that we test our collars unmercifully against fraying. We brush and sandpaper them for hours.

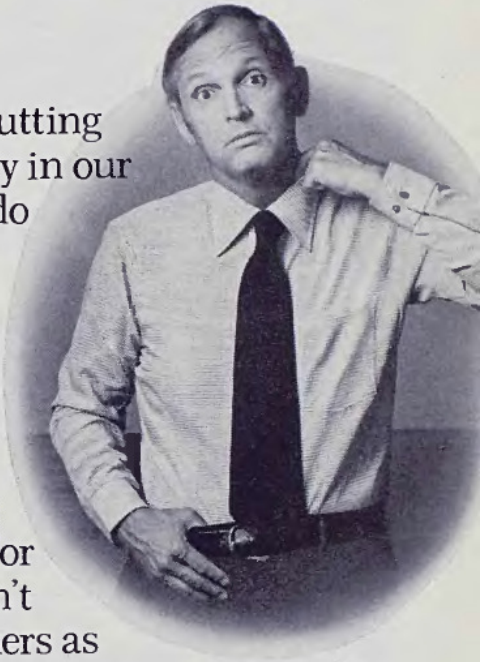
When you get attached to one of our shirts, we don't want it wearing out on you before its time.



A button seems like a small thing, until it's missing.

That's why we put 25 lbs. of pulling pressure on our buttons to make sure they won't pull off. We also test them against breakage with a hammer.

We believe in putting as much quality in our buttons as we do in our shirts.



The only man who's ever uncomfortable in our shirts is our president.

When we test our shirts for comfort, we don't use our customers as guinea pigs. We use our president. He wears every new model of shirt for a week.

If he doesn't like the fit or the feel or anything else about the shirt, you don't get the shirt.

The reason we put so much into our shirts isn't just pride in our work. It's also common sense.

Because we know once you get a feeling for excellence, you'll never go back to good.

THE VAN HEUSEN COMPANY
A DIVISION OF THE PHILLIPS-VAN HEUSEN CORP.

SIGMA MINI-ZOOM 39-80mm f/3.5

It's five lenses in one.

Slip the trim, lightweight Sigma Mini-Zoom on your camera, and enjoy the advantages of five slr lenses in one: wide-angle, normal, telephoto, macro and zoom! It's got specially textured controls to let you capture the fastest-paced action with split-second certainty. You'll capture exciting close-ups, too, with Sigma's unique macro focusing at every focal length. And, you'll get razor-sharp, high-fidelity images at every aperture, thanks to Multi-Layer coating.

Try out the surprisingly economical Sigma Mini-Zoom, in mounts to fit all popular slr cameras, at better camera counters everywnere. Or, for complete information on the full line of Sigma lenses with unique features and advanced technology design, write for Lit/Pak P82. Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., Woodbury, N.Y. 11797. In Canada: Magna Marketing Co., Ltd., Ontario. A product of Sigma Corporation, Tokyo 182, Japan.

SIGMA

Unique features
Advanced technology design.

Beef up your snacks.

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subsequent tales concerning devotees of the hustle and the Peabody. We'd better make clear up front that *Roseland* is a valentine edged in black—a set piece for semisenior citizens, with none of your floor-shaking fun and games among the *disco* crowd. Watching the stolid, overdressed, deadpan dancers who appear to be Roseland regulars in their unnatural habitat is at least half the fun of the show conjured up by producer Ismail Merchant, director James Ivory and writer Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. As a moviemaking combo, the show-struck Merchant-Ivory team cannot resist stories in which some social phenomenon is studied through the colorful prism of pro or amateur showbiz. They have been redoing this number with intermittent success for a decade or so—from *Shakespeare Wallah* to *Bombay Talkie*—and *Roseland* ought to bring them a few rounds of applause, despite its crucial shortcomings.

As a widow who goes awaltzing with a fat businessman (Lou Jacobi) and

Chaplin in *Roseland*.

keeps imagining that she sees her late lamented husband at every turn, Teresa Wright italicizes all the numbingly coy aspects of a character who is not very interesting in the first place. But be patient, until Broadway's Helen Gallagher—sharply playing a brittle hostess–dance instructress whose job here corresponds loosely to Joel Grey's emcee gig in *Cabaret*—introduces Geraldine Chaplin, Joan Copeland and Christopher Walken as partners in a romantic triangle, caught up in a real-life hustle. Miss Chaplin, never better nor more truly Chaplinesque, contemplates the Roseland scene with eyes that express everything left unspoken. The hustle works on several levels, only to be followed by veteran actress Lilia Skala (best remembered until now as the goodly nun of *Lilies of the Field*) in a stunning tour de force as a European *grande dame* (and former cook at Schrafft's) with a raging passion for the Peabody. She'd love to win Roseland's Peabody contest

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just once before she dies, though her only available partner is a mousy little gentleman named Arthur (David Thomas) who thoughtlessly predeceases her ("He croaked, Arthur," she grumbles, "not much of a dancer, not much of a loss in *that* department"). The way Skala plays it, old age becomes simultaneously valiant, hilarious and deeply poignant, because she never allows easy sentimentality to tarnish her iron conviction that life itself is an act of heroism for those who "hate sitting out." Miss Skala rides high to rescue *Roseland* from occasional lapses into mediocrity—and if this brilliant, burnished-gold performance doesn't bring her an Oscar nomination, they ought to stop giving the prize.

•

To summarize ***Outrageous!*** presents a problem for any conscientious critic. Describe it as the offbeat study of an unlikely friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a professional drag queen, and you risk condemning the movie to instant obscurity, plainly labeled BOX-OFFICE POISON. Ye gods, who wants to sit through a boy-meets-girl story in which the girl freaks out while the boy swishes through his impressions of Judy Garland, Bette Davis and Tallulah Bankhead? Now that the worst is known and you haven't flipped the page, let's get down to business and look at *Outrageous!* as a warm, funny and strangely touching film that is not about transsexuals or lunatics, though it *does* explore the homo-oriented night worlds of Toronto and New York from the inside out. Made in Canada by writer-director Richard Benner (and based on *Butterfly Ward*, a prize-winning collection of short stories by Margaret Gibson), this is a movie about people who need people more than they need Anita Bryant crusades or cold-blooded institutional care. Hollis McLaren, coming on like Canada's answer to Sissy Spacek, is the outpatient with a penchant for picking up taxi drivers, and Craig Russell is nigh perfect as the female impersonator who is usually there when she needs him. "You're not *dead*," he tells her in one of the film's high points—after he has given up hairdressing to open his drag act in the Big Apple—"you're alive and sick and living in New York, like 8,000,000 other people." *Outrageous!* is a richly seedy movie in the tradition of *A Taste of Honey*. If humor, compassion and tolerance still count for something, Benner's north-of-the-border sleeper should help a lot to discredit the notion that Canadian flicks are unequivocally uncommercial.

•

Italy's Giancarlo Giannini, his reputation established in the films of Lina Wertmuller (*The Seduction of Mimi*, *Swept Away* . . . et al.), is becoming the new Mastroianni—a Latin lover for the mid-Seventies. Not as smoothly debonair as Mastroianni, Giannini has the eyes of a scolded spaniel and a touch of the common man about him; even when he's cast as a moneyed aristocrat, he moves the male audience to empathy instead of envy. What he does to women is anybody's guess, though growing numbers of them appear to be getting his message loud and clear. Two recent Italian imports suggest that Giannini, contrary to popular opinion, didn't merely hitch his wagon to Wertmuller's rising star but may be a primary source of cinema magnetism on his own. In ***The Sensual Man***, by writer-director Marco Vicario, Giancarlo plays an archetypal Italian womanizer named Paolo, who starts comparing penis sizes with his friends in early boyhood, then weaves through young manhood and middle age as if his sense of direction came straight from the crotch. He ultimately tries to reform and reshape a misspent life with a lovely, virginal young wife (Neda Arneric) who has no appetite for sex. If that's a sign of approaching maturity, *Signor* Vicario, give me puberty or give me death. Only a church-ridden country full of practicing hedonists could

Giannini is *The Sensual Man*.

produce such a mélange of riotous self-indulgence redeemed—well, almost—by lots of good old-fashioned guilt. Giannini heaves from bed to bed like a crazy prospector afflicted with gold fever and eternally hoping to strike it rich. You can't ignore him. You can't disdain him. You may even understand his high hopes, since he is up to his eyeballs in a bevy of voluptuous Italian beauties—Ornella Muti, Rossana Podesta and Femi Benussi, to name a few—for whom any red-blooded customer might gladly pay the wages of sin.

Director Mauro Bolognini's ***La Grande Bourgeoise***, also Italian in everything but title, is a much more staid affair starring Giannini opposite Catherine Deneuve as a brother and sister whose relationship leads to a scandalous murder trial in turn-of-the-century Bologna. Based on the actual case of the Murri family (with Fernando Rey as Professor Murri, its leader), a clan whose members were rich, powerful and so sympathetic to socialism that a coalition of religious and political connivers seized upon their personal tragedy to bring them down, *Grande Bourgeoise* handles homicide, incest, official treachery and private intrigues with a velvet glove. Giannini, as the wastrel son who plots to kill his beloved sister's tyrannical husband, oozes headlong passion in small, perfectly measured doses, while Deneuve—a pale hothouse rose, wilting in the gutter—has never been more beautiful. In fact, beauty hangs like a blanket of broken blossoms over every frame of the movie, making it easy to forget there's a fairly seamy story unfolding behind all the fine manners and stylish decor. Ennio Guarnieri, as director of photography, and composer Ennio Morricone, his graceful accompanist, perform an audio-visual duet with such virtuosity that they manage to ward off depression in a true tale of suspense that was probably meant to be a dirge.

FILM CLIPS

Greased Lightning: Funnyman Richard Pryor tests his mettle as a serious actor and emerges on top of the heap, though he incurs some nasty bruises in director Michael (*Car Wash*) Schultz's merely adequate biography of Wendell Scott, the first black to become a champion stock-car racer. In another image switch, Pam Grier confidently sheds her superwoman veneer to play Scott's long-suffering lady. Everyone comes through unscathed, at last, except four screenwriters who share the credit for *Lightning* as if inspiration had never struck.

Blue Jeans: The jeans are French cut. So is writer-director Hugues Burin des Roziers' slight, appealing comedy about a group of 13-year-old *garçons* on a summer holiday in England, where they are supposed to learn the language, though they spend lots of time conversing in their native tongue about the girls they'd like to fuck. It's all talk, fleshed out with a frail subplot about two boys whose close friendship might reveal homosexual tendencies . . . if they were not so young. Burin des Roziers captures the fag end of the age of innocence with absolute accuracy, striving mightily to remind us that there's more to puberty than the simple joys of self-abuse.

Sandakan 8: Nominated for a 1975 Oscar as Best Foreign Film, but only now seeing general U. S. release, this grim but gripping soap opera about a whore with heart describes how a poor girl named Saki survives as a *Karayuki-san* in government-sanctioned brothels in Sandakan, North Borneo, early in the 20th Century. Director Kei Kamai, in effect, condemns Japanese colonialism by studying the historic role of women recruited for a kind of sexual kamikaze mission. Exquisitely photographed, Saki's story very sad—but sake in bottle more sexy. —ALL REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.

As ***Barbara Broadcast,*** Annette Haven plays a best-selling author who has done a lot of balling and distilled it into book form. She sits in an elegant restaurant, being interviewed for the umpteenth time, and casually summons a waiter to place her order for number 17. That's his cue to whip open his fly and ejaculate, when ready, onto milady's crisp green salad. Elsewhere amid a roomful of more conventional diners, a waitress lies flat on top of a table while a male customer eats her with relish until he has to come up for air. Will there be anything else? he is asked. "No, thanks, just coffee." *Barbara Broadcast* takes time out, later on, for a heavy bondage sequence starring porno's busybody Jamie Gillis as the master, Constance Money as his chained sex slave. Which happens to be some footage left over from the filming of *The Opening of Misty Beethoven,* last year's number-one hard-core hit by producer-director Radley Metzger, who persists in billing himself as Henry Paris. With *Barbara,* in a complete switch on the trendy move toward strengthening porno with a strong story line, Metzger dispenses with plot, character and conventional continuity to fashion a surreal spectacular that is sexually stunning if you just float along. Don't look back. *Barbara Broadcast* may simply reflect Metzger's utter boredom with the task of pretending that sex movies are actually something else; it could also mark a breakthrough into pure, unabashed pornography, a sensual trip to destination zero—funny, sophisticated, set to pulse-quickening music and as far out as *2001: A Space Odyssey* or *Star Wars* in the earth-bound world of hard X.

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The trappings of an Errol Flynn pirate epic are taken out of dry dock to freshen up the usual hump-and-grind routines in ***Captain Lust.*** Touted as "history's first X-rated swashbuckler," producer-director Beau Buchanan's lusty tale buckles more often than it swashes, though the movie has one good gimmick—in the obligatory search for buried treasure, the only clue is a map tattooed, with legend in Latin, yet, on the penis of a deaf-mute monk, unreadable unless he has an erection. Which means that the pirates are compelled to kidnap a nun to do double duty in fellatio and simultaneous translation. Otherwise, *Captain Lust* proves conclusively that fuck-and-suck scenes performed on shipboard are not much different from porno grapplings performed ashore. Most of the action occurs above or below decks of a handsome brigantine. But the acting is generally amateurish, the dialog worse and the women held captive are just passably attractive. Some of the sea chanteys on the sound track—

Barbara Broadcast mouths off.

Meanwhile, back at the parody, porn makers bring us *Barbara Broadcast* and *A Coming of Angels.* What next—a lewd *Lassie*?

Charlie's were never like this.

really mean and horny-o—give a new meaning to such phrases as "Blow the man down." They're all right; but the dedicated pornophiles *we* know would rather leave the theater pole-vaulting than walk away humming the tunes.

•

Dutch Treat is a rude, crude little jape about two witless jocks named Chuck and Barney (Roger Caine and Zebedy Colt) who win big at the race track and go jetting off to Amsterdam to get laid. They manage to make it with a number of pimply, unappetizing local girls by pretending to be movie producers in search of talent. They also pretend to be funny (like Woody Allen or the old Martin and Lewis team, according to some recklessly optimistic program notes). The movie ends with a threat, supposedly a promise, that Chuck and Barney will soon return in a sequel titled *Munich Madness.* Watch this space. Or, if you see them first, take your money and run.

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For everything you need to know about producer-director Joel Scott's ***A Coming of Angels,*** see PLAYBOY's July issue (*The New Girls of Porn*). Annette Haven (again), Lesllie Bovee and Abagail Clayton, three of the most comely performers on the hard-core scene, are all there—and all here, going and coming as a trio of special police agents assigned to break up a gang led by a *macho* menace (Gillis, again) who sells women into sexual slavery. Any resemblance to TV's *Charlie's Angels* may be purely intentional, but Scott doesn't follow his impudent premise through. His story lacks suspense, clear continuity and well-paced action—except in the sack—and *Angels* is edited with too many flashbacks and arty flourishes. Forget the plot. This pretty piece of porn has the air of a class act with no dramatic climax, and a film maker who undertakes to tell a detective story assumes certain responsibilities toward the form—which means he's got to do more than whip out some dicks in every reel.

•

Vanessa, made in Europe and skillfully dubbed into English, is subtitled "X Comes of Age." Well, not quite. But the movie's soft-X tale features vibrant Olivia Pascal as a convent-educated virgin who discovers that she has inherited a vast fortune from a chain of brothels in "sex-crazy" Hong Kong. Her bequest also includes a vast rice plantation operated by her late father's bastard son, a handsome devil who's not eager to give up his lush domain. "Money is in fucking, not farming," says one of Vanessa's financial advisors. The plucky young heiress wants it all, however, and manages to get what she wants without even losing her maidenhead—though she is frequently assaulted and survives a black-magic native curse known as the fire of the thighs. *Vanessa* offers glamorous erotica in the *Emmanuelle* manner, with breath-taking landscapes and many unobstructed views of Olivia, who has the face of a madonna, firm breasts and exquisite contours that easily upstage the scenery. —B. W.

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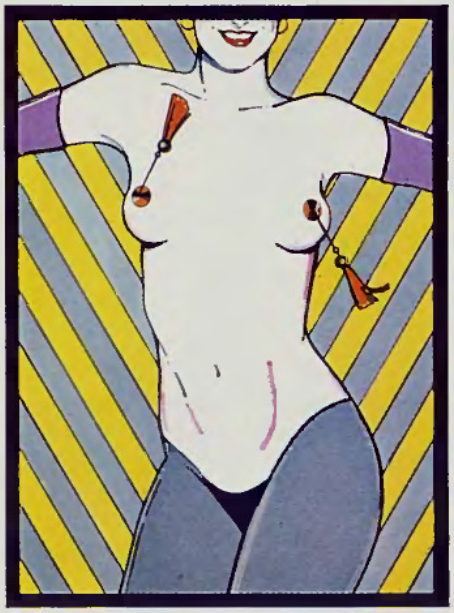
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Recently, I divorced my wife of three years and, quite frankly, I feel lousy. We used to get it on every night and, though the relationship turned bad toward the end, the sex was always great. Now I might as well be a monk. I thought it would feel great to be free of that woman, but now I'm not so sure. Can this sudden abstinence be dangerous to my mental or physical health?—K. S., Dallas, Texas.

According to medical experts, your situation is normal (i.e., all fucked up). Dr. Leon Salzman, writing in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *claims that "while there is no discernible physical damage due to abstinence or sexual frustration, the interruption of an established sexual pattern may produce restlessness, irritability, depression, insomnia and a general aura of tension. These symptoms will invariably produce discomfort, mild or severe depression and some somatic malfunctioning." That's medical jargon for an acute case of horniness. Other research suggests that you should not let the condition continue. In "The Broken Heart: The Medical Consequences of Loneliness," Dr. James J. Lynch points out that loneliness and social isolation are one of the leading causes of premature death. Our favorite chapter in the book is titled "The Lonely Heart, the Broken Heart and Sudden Death." The good doctor is not talking about a pro-bowl play-off. Data from the National Center for Health Statistics reveals that the death rate of men aged 15–64 who were single, divorced or widowed is significantly higher than that of people living together. (For example, divorced men die of heart disease at twice the rate of married men.) So rally. Find another woman. Or two. Or three. Inform the next girl you meet of these gruesome statistics. If she doesn't surrender, she can be arrested for negligent homicide.*

I will be traveling to Great Britain in the near future and would like to visit one of the famous London casinos. I've been told that one has to register in advance. I would appreciate any information you can give me.—M. M., Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.

Just so you won't go wandering around in a London fog, here are some of the rules that govern English gaming: All players have to register at the casino of their choice at least 48 hours before they start gambling. You should be prepared to pay with cash or traveler's checks for all chips and tokens prior to play. The British tend toward the classic gentlemen's games—single-zero roulette, baccarat and blackjack—that do not give



the house undue advantage over the clientele. Tipping of casino employees is not allowed. If you get the idea that our British cousins are not interested in becoming the Vegas of the North Sea, you're correct. Who needs Wayne Newton, anyway?

Currently, I am attending medical school and have come up with a problem that may stump even *The Playboy Advisor*. One of the upperclassmen always gives his address as "between second and seventh." When asked what he means, he says to check *Gray's Anatomy*. I decided to ask you. What does he mean by that cryptic phrase?—G. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

He lives in our neighborhood. Medical students, art students and, indeed, anyone with a pair of eyes learns that the female breast is usually situated between the second and the seventh rib, with the nipple located at the fifth rib. The address is the same, but the Zip Code (the Unzip Code?) varies from girl to girl.

I am planning to work in a ski resort this winter. Since there is an abundance of free and liberal sex for all, I plan to utilize my position to its fullest advantage. I am, however, worried about the chances of contracting a venereal disease. A friend told me that if you wear a condom during lovemaking, then wash yourself with a good antiseptic soap and urinate immediately after sex, the chances of contracting a dread social disease are almost nonexistent. Is that true?—J. D., Aspen, Colorado.

The technique won't ensure safety, but it will decrease the chances of your catching a venereal disease. Condoms have always enjoyed a reputation as a preventive measure, but they are actually effective only for intercourse and then only if used correctly. Still, that's better than having it turn green and fall off; so, by all means, follow your friend's advice.

What's the story on direct-disc recording? I came across an album that was produced in this fashion. The price tag was a hefty $15. What kind of process would justify that price?—T. P., Portland, Oregon.

Today, most albums are first recorded on tape. After final mix-down, one or more master discs are made, from which the records that grace your turntable are pressed. Direct-disc recording does what Nixon wishes he had done—it eliminates the tape. Producers record directly onto the master disc. Great care is taken at every step and, since there is only one master, the total number of albums that can be pressed is fairly small. In a sense, you are buying a limited-edition record. Purists like direct-disc records for the sound quality—in bypassing the tape stage you avoid potential tape hiss and other audio clutter. So far, the selection of direct-disc albums is disappointing—you won't find Led Zeppelin pinning its hopes on a one-take situation that does not allow for mixing.

Here's a complex sexual problem that I'd like to ask you about. I have a very strong black-leather fetish. I fantasize about making love to a girl while dressed in a tight black-leather suit, black-leather gloves, black-leather boots. The suit would be adorned with swastikas, death's-heads and twin lightning bolts. I'm not a sadist (believe it or not), but I do like to be aggressive in bed. I love the Gestapo and SS uniforms in the old war movies, even though there isn't really enough leather in them for my taste. Also, I'm not gay (believe it or else). I want to start wearing black leather in bed and in public. Not just jackets and gloves but pants, boots and subtle Nazi regalia. Is leather in fashion enough for me to carry it off without attracting undue attention? Am I perverted? Are there others like me?—S. O., New York, New York.

The only group with a law against black leather is the American Motorcycle Association—it does not allow racers to wear all-black-leather suits for fear of giving the sport a bad name. (Wimps!) Other than that, you are far from alone in your fascination with it. As far as fetishes go, it is one of the most popular. Leather conveys an image of aggressive

power and, being skin, transmits the body's natural sex odors. The Pleasure Chest Sales Company, 120 11th Avenue, New York, New York 10011, does a booming business in mail-order custom-made leatherwear. You might be able to contact other people with your interest through a newspaper called the Fetish Times. *(It's published by the B & D Company, Box 7109, Van Nuys, California 91409.) Before you take your outfits onto the street, a word of caution. There is no such thing as subtle Nazi regalia. Someone might take offense and you could end up with a case of legionnaire's disease.*

OK, *Playboy Advisor*. Can you tell me why light meat is light and dark meat, dark?—L. G., Evanston, Illinois.

Is that a sex question? No? Then here goes: Some muscles are required to work slowly for extended periods of time, others are required to move quickly in short bursts. "Slow fiber," as it is called, contains a substance called myoglobin, which is similar to hemoglobin, the substance in blood that carries oxygen. Myoglobin binds with oxygen better than hemoglobin and provides an oxygen reserve needed to operate certain muscles properly. Since myoglobin is pigmented, muscles that contain a high slow-fiber content are dark. In the red meats—in all mammals, in fact—the slow and fast fibers are mixed together, giving the meat its homogenous color.

I hope you can clear up a little disagreement between me and my boyfriend. We always go down on each other when making love. However, one weekend excursion to a ranch really blew my mind. It was a bad time for me, as I promptly started on the rag the night we got there. Then, to make things worse, I noticed that he wouldn't go down on me. None of my past lovers ever let this come between us—but my current boyfriend seems to be hung up about it. My question is this: Is there any harm in going down on a girl while she's having her period? This question is for his benefit, because I know myself that there's nothing wrong in it, but he won't believe me. Besides, if a girl's only half good for five days of the month, then she's no good at all.—Miss S. B., Tucson, Arizona.

Down, girl. You are partially correct. The blood and tissue passed during menstruation is sterile and poses no threat to the health of anyone who comes into contact with it. Lovemaking and gentle oral sex are generally safe. However, vigorous oral sex during menstruation does pose a slight problem to your health. During menstruation and pregnancy, air may pass through the lining of the placenta into the blood stream. The resulting embolism can be fatal. Admittedly, that is a rare occurrence (it can be avoided simply by not forcing air into the vagina. Your lovers should never blow the woman down). Meanwhile, back at the ranch: You may have a problem you don't realize. You say that you always go down on each other. When someone breaks a rigid pattern, the partner usually takes it personally as a sign of dissatisfaction, boredom or neurosis. Try to be more flexible and your boyfriend may respond in kind.

My wife and I read about a new fad—that of women having their nipples pierced and then placing small earrings in them. At first, we didn't believe it; then we saw some photographs of women with nipple rings. The whole idea seems very erotic to us. My wife wants to have her nipples pierced. Our problem is that we've called several surgeons; none have heard of the practice nor will agree to do the job. It seems to us that the technique would be as simple and as safe as ear piercing. Can you please tell us if the piercing can be done at home and, if so, the proper and safest way to do it?—R. C., Detroit, Michigan.

There's a good reason for the doctors' refusal to pierce your wife's nipples. Nipples are not ears (you heard it here first, folks). They are composed of elastic tissue of the type found in the penis and the clitoris. This tissue becomes filled with blood when stimulated to arousal, making excess bleeding a distinct possibility. Since elastic tissue isn't very strong, there is an ever-present danger of tearing a bejeweled nipple either by a purposeful tug or by an accidental snare. An infection could be treated, but the resultant scar tissue might clog the milk ducts and make nursing difficult. All in all, nipple piercing is a risky business. If it's a fad you're looking for, we suggest matching skate boards.

I have often heard the phrase three sheets in the wind used to refer to someone who has had too much to drink. Would you please tell me what bed sheets flapping in the breeze have to do with drunkenness?—A. J., Imperial Beach, California.

The phrase harks back to the days when sailing ships ruled the seas. The sheet referred to is a line that's attached to the corners of a sail. Tightening or slackening the sheet controls the set of the sail, and when the sheet is allowed to run free, the sail is said to be "in the wind." When all three sheets are in the wind, the sails are fluttering uncontrollably and the ship tends to follow a wobbly course reminiscent of a drunken stagger.

For some time, I've tried to lead the lifestyle of a veteran of the sexual revolution. I've dated countless girls and engaged in sex with most of them. However, over the past few months, I seem to be spending most of my time with the same girl. It's almost as if I believed in monogamy, which I don't. Occasionally, I go out for one-night stands with other girls, but, inevitably, I find myself thinking of my steady date. Does this indicate that we should get married?—G. H., Mobile, Alabama.

Sure; then, when you make love to your wife, you can think of all those other girls.

Sometimes I worry that I may be beset by impotence. It hasn't happened yet, but I'm prepared for the day it does. It occurs to me that there is a simple cure for impotence. An erection is the result of blood trapped in the penis—which is an elastic organ that can expand to hold the surge of blood. Well, what would happen if you added an extra pint of blood to your system? The blood wouldn't have anywhere to go except to the penis, the spot you needed it most. A man could stop by his doctor's office, say, "Fill her up," then walk out with a semipermanent erection. Will my theory work?—C. D., Arlington, Virginia.

Hey, guys, clean up your act. Every time we check out one of these crank theories ("Hey, doc, I've got this friend who has a problem"), the medical expert just nods and says, "Sure, and when did you first start suffering from it?" The doctor we consulted about your theory reported that the body doesn't work that way. The extra blood would not proceed directly to the penis. (It would not pass Go. It would not collect $200.) If the trapping mechanisms (the valves that tighten to close off the veins at the base of the penis) do not operate, there will be no erection. The failure, when it occurs, is almost always psychologically inspired. And with your worries, you're well on your way. As a final word, it was widely reported that athletes at the Montreal Olympics were experimenting with blood recycling (taking out a pint of their blood, letting the body recover, then adding the extra pint shortly before competition. They were from Transylvania). The doctor didn't notice any semipermanent erections among the marathon runners, but then, he wasn't looking. Next.

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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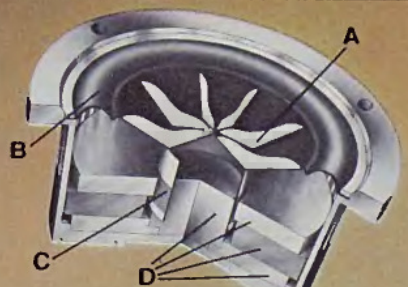

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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Louis XIV never got tired of doing it in bed. The Sun King, who was one of the great fuckers of the 17th Century, had 413 fancy beds in which to enjoy his countless seductions. Also, the ruler had the entire wealth of France to play around with, so his beds could be rather fantastic.

But for us mere commoners, if our bunk at home gets monotonous, we can't afford to add another four-poster to our collection. So we use our imaginations, which have gotten pretty vivid since the new sexual openness took hold. The Beatles sang, "Why don't we do it in the road?" We haven't noticed too many people doing it there, so we decided to find out just where they *do* do it.

We asked 100 men and 100 women where they most enjoyed making love other than in bed. We wanted favorite settings for on-location shooting.

We not only wanted to know our volunteers own preferences but we also asked them what their lovers favored. The answers were so interesting that we decided to split the survey into two parts. This month's *Sex Poll* reveals where women think their lovers like to play outside of bed and where men actually prefer to make love. Next month, we will present the men's suspicions and the women's confessions. Read on.

Q:

WHERE DO YOUR LOVERS MOST LIKE TO MAKE LOVE OTHER THAN IN BED?

(Asked of 100 women)

Seventeen percent of the women with whom we talked said that men wanted to ball at the beach. Some of their remarks follow: "Every guy I've ever met who had any kind of romantic streak in him always wound up taking me to the shore and seducing me within a few weeks of our meeting. Their cocks get rejuvenated by the waves." "My boyfriends seem to get it up more at the ocean. I think they get turned on by the thought that someone might see them and they want to make sure there's something to watch."

Fifteen percent of the women said that guys really got off in the shower: "Most fellas adore the shower, particularly if it's a new affair. It allows them to get a really intimate handle on my body by soaping me, playing with my tits and clit and showing how free they are."

Fourteen percent of the women found that men leaped at the chance to have sex in a car: "We always seem to end up there, so I guess it really turns them on." "I date professional truck drivers, whose favorite sex place is in their cabs, getting head from me as we tool along the highway. None of the other motorists can see us, because we're up too high, but if we pass another truck, that driver can see what we're doing. We nearly caused a few accidents."

Twelve percent of the women told us that men liked it in airplanes: "I've never met a guy I went away with on a plane who didn't want to have sex in the air. They want to show the untouchable stewardesses that they have a girl who'll do absolutely anything."

Eight percent of the women noticed that men liked lusting in the woods: "If a man makes love to me in the woods, there's always the possibility that someone will stumble on us right as he's ramming me in the leaves. I think the possibility of discovery is always a great turn-on."

Seven percent of the women told us that guys were into forking them on the kitchen table: "I think they are playing the invader. The kitchen is traditionally a woman's domain, so if a man is screwing me in the center of 'my world,' he's really on top—literally and figuratively."

Seven percent of the women found that guys went erotically wild in the ladies' rooms of restaurants: "It's always my idea, at first, but when they give in, they love the incredible publicity of it—the thought that anybody could walk in and hear him pounding away at me in one of the stalls. What's an intruder going to say? She'll be outraged, but I've noticed that ladies who catch my lover and me furiously fucking away in the ladies' room are so fascinated that by the time they call the manager, we're done."

Five percent of the women said that, for guys, office eroticism was the best: "I'm a businesswoman and, from my experience, men love to stick their pricks into any willing woman in the office. They're hung up on that, because it's a place connected to power and the establishment and they think, 'If I can get away with this here, then I can put anything over on the establishment.' "

Five percent of the women have experienced exceptional male ardor on the floor: "The floor gives them a feeling of power—as they're thrusting furiously down at me, they feel like rapists."

Three percent picked out elevators: "It takes all the responsibility away from a guy if he shoves it to me in an elevator. All he has to do is yank down my panties and give me the old in-and-out. No foreplay, no nothing. Which, in this case, also has its ups and downs. And then, there's the chance of discovery."

Two percent did their snuggling in sleeping bags: "My lover craves zipping us both into an enormous double sleeping bag. Then we give each other head until we've both climaxed so often that the bag is saturated with the smell of sex."

One woman said her lovers craved sex in chairs, rockers or any kind of seating apparatus: "The pressure on all the erogenous zones is terrifically different in

sitting positions and my cooze is easier for his whang to slide into."

The rest of the sample discussed a variety of favored locales: "I always have a juicy time in fancy restaurants, because I get down under the table and suck my lover's dick until he comes in my mouth. He can't possibly keep a straight face. And I've never known a guy who wasn't simultaneously embarrassed and in rapture." "Several of my lovers have taken me to their parents' home and stripped me down in their childhood bedroom, pummeling me unmercifully with their rods, surrounded by old baseball photos. I think it's their way of exorcising their guilty memories of childhood masturbation."

Q:

WHERE DO YOU MOST LIKE TO MAKE LOVE OTHER THAN IN BED?

(Asked of 100 men)

Fifteen percent of the men with whom we talked loved sex in the shower: "When my lover takes my dick in her wet, warm hands and slowly brings me to the edge of orgasm with soap, we then lie down on the shower floor and fuck, and let me tell you, I never climax so powerfully in bed." "Blow jobs in the shower are incredible. My cock being sucked by a liquid mouth and streams of water pouring on me—it's total eroticism."

Fourteen percent of the men we queried craved balling at the beach: "On the sand at night, the cool breezes chill our hot, sweaty bodies and we feel every tingle as we run our hands and lips all over each other." "In the daylight. There's a certain thrill of danger—maybe someone will catch me sucking her tits or see me getting head."

Twelve percent of the men were turned on to getting off in the woods. The L. L. Bean brigade made the following claim: "Woods are more sensual. There's so much going on around you—smells, sounds, colors—so the feel of my pecker in her bush becomes ten times more intense because of the total impact on the body. Except for the bugs. I hate the bugs."

Eleven percent of the men were driven sexually crazy in cars: "Back seat or front seat, it doesn't matter. The thought of being able to stop anywhere at all and fuck ourselves silly is as much of a turn-on as the slick leather upholstery against our naked skin. Besides, I love the smell of sex permeating the air the whole ride home."

Ten percent of the men favored fucking in the office: "For me, seducing women right in the office where they work is like saying, 'I can do anything I want here—I'm omnipotent with my rod—and my staff, I conquer them.' "

Eight percent of the men we interviewed preferred screwing on the floor: "I'm into *machismo*. When I grab a woman, tear off her clothes and roughly plunge my prick into her on the floor, I feel like I'm acting as nature always intended me to be—wild, lusty and spontaneous."

Seven percent of the men got high from making it on airplanes: "They're an aphrodisiac. The excitement of going somewhere quickly must add to the thrill of teasing her tits with one hand and her cunt with the other and then banging her quietly. Hoping that no one will notice." "I find it easier to let go in an airplane. My cock goes rigid with excitement the second we take off. Whatever you do up there doesn't count, so why not do everything, sexually? It's amazing how many women are willing."

Five percent of the men were into making love in sleeping bags: "The contrast is half of the turn-on. Cold air, a cozy bag and the naked body of a woman pressed tightly up against mine in a small space. I feel welded to my lover."

Two men thought the bathtub was the best: "A decadent, Old World–seducer feeling sweeps over me if I'm lying in a candlelit tub with my lover, sipping fine wine from stemmed glasses while we're teasing each other's genitals with our toes."

Another two respondents liked to do it on the roof: "Taking a mattress out onto the roof and screwing wildly underneath the hot city sky, knowing that anyone could see you, is one of the most enjoyable methods of laying away a summer night."

Two percent liked the kitchen table: "I pretend I'm a cannibal and my woman is a piece of meat. And then I skewer her on the kitchen table like she was a succulent shish kabob. Really plays into my edible complex." Two percent frolicked in swimming pools: "We're totally weightless, so I can maneuver my cock into her cunt in sexual positions that are impossible on land." And another two percent liked to get their rocks off in a hot-rock sauna: "Although it's hard to breathe, the heat makes the incredible sensuality of our dripping bodies so much more erotic—fucking becomes slow, deliberate and thick."

Two brave souls let it all hang out in a hammock: "It tests my sexual ingenuity. I can dork her through the holes, on top of her, and the thing is bouncing about—any minute we might get thrown as we're in the middle of some wacky position."

The rest of the sample gave varied replies: "We don't get a chance to do this very often, but the favorite sex spot for me and my girlfriend has been in front of the basement elevator in her apartment building, late at night. We do it while very stoned, and the intensity of the hot, open basement, coupled with sounds of the upstairs neighbors, makes it a rare treat." "Sailboats are my most romantic place to have sex. The utter silence is broken only by my lady's moans beneath me and the lapping of the waves against the boat, my tongue against her clit." "There's a doorway at 34th Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City, right across the street from my apartment building, where I love to fuck. I pull up her skirts, with my back to the street, and squash her against the door as I hammer her from behind." "Up against any wall is a real turn-on. Makes me feel like a lusty sailor who's so horny he's too impatient to find a room." "I like it in overstuffed chairs. They're almost like a bed, but they're not, so fucking becomes more illicit and exciting. Also, her cunt becomes more accessible if I drape her over the arms."

Summary: James Thurber once observed, "The old-fashioned girl yielded to a man's embrace as if she were slowly lowering herself into a tub of cold water." You can forget the "as if." Chances are the modern lass will be lowering herself into something liquid, if not cold. One third of the men loved the wet and wild side of sex. Whether it was on the beach, in the shower, in a pond, in the surf, in a pool, liquid is clearly associated with lust. And the women accurately assessed their lovers' preferences.

Many of the women with whom we talked expressed a strong opinion that "guys like to ball wherever there's the risk of strangers' stumbling upon the action." Almost half mentioned spots where the risk of exposure was a strong possibility. Women go braless, wear see-through clothing, go topless on beaches and generally can be overtly sexual in ways that would be considered peculiar, if not illegal, for men. There are few opportunities for a male with a healthy sex drive to express his exhibitionistic tendencies, to satisfy his fantasies of being watched by strangers. Apparently, he can pretty much get away with it if a woman is part of his act.

Almost all of the 200 people with whom we spoke said that through extensive location fucking, they had uncovered new and unusually passionate depths to their personalities that they had not realized existed before. With the fresh erotic spirit sweeping through our lives, it's no wonder that our high-octane sex drives have raced us right off the old standard roadbed into new erogenous terrain. After all, with the throttle wide open, why *not* do it in the road?

—HOWARD SMITH

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

WOMEN AND PORNOGRAPHY

I read with interest the letters about a women's lib group in San Diego protesting a "flasher" doll called Uncle Sherman (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Don't those women realize that in trying to suppress a doll because it offends them they are joining forces with the oppressive elements in this country that advocate censorship? Those same elements fight tooth and nail against abortion, against equal rights for women and against sexual freedom for all of us. Strange bedfellows.

David Williams
St. Paul, Minnesota

TRAGIC ROLE

I always knew there was something wrong with the women's lib picture of men as ruthless aggressors and dictators, but I couldn't pin it down. It just didn't seem to fit me or any of my male friends. Now I've found at least one psychologist who agrees with me. Dr. Herbert Goldberg of California State University, Los Angeles, told a scientific gathering last May, "Rather than being top dog and exploitive, most men operate as masochists and are constantly involved in proving something and in self-denial."

In an example of a man taking a woman out on a date, Dr. Goldberg showed that a woman can go with the flow, benefit from the male's good decisions and put him down for his bad ones, while the man takes all the responsibility and does all the work:

HE: What would you like to eat?

SHE: Just about anything is fine with me.

HE: I know good places for Chinese and Italian.

SHE: Oh, I like both. Whatever you prefer.

"By the time he gets to Mama Giovanni's Italian Restaurant, he's going to have as heavy an involvement with the food as if he'd cooked it," Goldberg said. Any man who's done extensive dating will recognize that situation.

Everyone has noticed that women tend to live longer than men. The reason for that, too, is built into the male role as constructed in our society. A man has to pretend he is invulnerable, and this produces a lot of self-destructive habits, such as: "proving he can stand pain, forcing himself to be hyperactive and to resist or not admit fatigue, declining to seek a doctor's help and being emotionally repressive, and therefore vulnerable to alcohol, drugs and psychosomatic disorders."

Goldberg's conclusion is, "All of this adds up to a zombielike male experience. I perceive the male as profoundly self-destructive, more a masochist than a self-aggrandizer. He burns out early."

This concept of a person trying to act out a script others have written may be overly gloomy in spots, but I do think it comes closer to the truth than the picture of the male as a chauvinistic pig. The male role is a tragic one.

Robert Lewis
Chicago, Illinois

"He lay on top of me and told me to wrap my legs around his."

SINGLE AND LONELY

I had to laugh after reading the letter in the August *Playboy Forum* from the guy who was 27, made $30,000 a year, drove a Porsche and had had only four women in his life. Does he also have four legs and two heads? I'm 23, make $14,000 a year and drive a Chevy. Back in 1975, I lost my first wife and started to think there wouldn't be another woman in the world for me. But a year later, I started to look around again. In less than six months, I had been to bed with 16 women, none of whom were prostitutes or drunks, and I didn't catch anything from any of them, either. I'm *no* great ladies' man; in fact, during my marriage, I never had sex with anyone but my wife. I'm now happily remarried and satisfied once again with just one woman. But I do know that it's easy enough to have as much sexual activity as you want, as long as you're friendly, respectful and honest.

(Name withheld by request)
Salt Lake City, Utah

FIRST-PERSON SENSUAL

A number of letters to *The Playboy Forum* have dealt with people's first sexual experiences. There was a letter in the August *Forum* from an elderly gentleman who described doing it with two girls in his grandmother's barn. There is a special charm about stories like that; they take us back to our own fumbling first steps in sex.

My first sexual experience was in the back seat of a 1950 Chevy. I was at a slumber party and a fellow named Pete approached me and suggested we go out to his car.

He had me talked into going all the way. We climbed into the back seat to have more room. I was trembling from head to foot. My legs wouldn't open and I didn't know where to put them. He took down his pants and that was the first time I'd ever seen an erect penis. It looked *enormous*. I was terrified. I knew he was experienced, but he didn't know I was a virgin. He lay on top of me and told me to wrap my legs around his. I did, and then he tried to put it in. It just wouldn't go. He asked me if I'd ever done it before and I said yes. He told me to relax and he finally got it in. He came and I cried.

I never told him I was a virgin. I didn't bleed while we were making it, but later I found blood on my panties. He took me home and told me not to worry, that next time it would be better and, believe me, it was. He never let on that he knew I was a virgin, but he never asked me who my first fellow was, either.

(Name withheld by request)
Joplin, Missouri

THE BIG BANG

This isn't just my complaint; it's that of other wives as well. Many times, I

have gone down on my husband, with no urging on his part, and enjoyed doing it. But many, many times, when I feel just as horny as he does, he refuses to reciprocate. Cunnilingus is just Latin to him. Why do men seem to think that their climaxes leave everyone within a mile radius satisfied? If men had penises as big as their egos, we women could throw away our vibrators.

(Name withheld by request)
Bettendorf, Iowa

RELUCTANT SWINGER

Several wives who are, like me, involved in swinging have encouraged me to send this. My husband got me into swinging about four years ago. I agreed only because I was afraid of losing him. And that is the only reason I go on doing it.

The scenario usually goes like this: My husband finds another couple through an ad and, after a get-acquainted meeting, we go to their house for dinner. This agreement to meet a second time means that the wife exchange for sexual purposes is agreed, though no mention of sex has been made.

We may spend three or four hours in casual conversation before the host leads me to the bedroom. I remove my clothes and he then uses my body for whatever pleasure he desires. He may indulge in whatever kind of foreplay he wants. To please him, I will do whatever he wants, to any part of his body. He may masturbate me or ask that I do it in front of him. We may have intercourse genitally, orally or anally, as he prefers. If his wife wishes to join us, I do not object. Meanwhile, my husband is either watching these activities or engaging in them with the host's wife.

My husband thinks I am getting pleasure from these encounters. If he ever listened closely or watched my eyes when we discussed swinging, he would know I was ashamed.

(Name withheld by request)
North Highlands, California

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT

As a prisoner in the Maine State Prison, I was particularly disturbed to read that the state legislature has rejected a bill that would have permitted conjugal visits by prisoners' wives.

For all the negative things you read about Mexican prisons, they do, at least, allow conjugal visits and have, according to *New Times* magazine, a recidivism rate of six percent, as compared with an American rate of 37 percent. How else explain this wide discrepancy in figures except by saying that the Mexicans help rehabilitate their prisoners, while Americans punish them? Our system promotes homosexuality, prison riots and marital breakups. In the end, *everybody* loses, including society, which must support the wives and children of

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX OBJECTS

Police in California have arrested a man accused of molesting a mannequin in a local department store. According to a security officer, the suspect was seen fondling one dummy, peering up the dresses of two others and then exposing

himself. A police-department investigator, commenting on the unusual nature of the alleged sex crime, said, "This is the first of a series of none, I hope."

GETTING A ROCK OFF

SACRAMENTO—*According to police, two rape victims were able to overpower their armed attacker when he became carried away during the sex act. After taking the young women into some bushes near the river where they had been sun-bathing, the rapist forced them at gunpoint to engage in sex. But while assaulting one victim, he closed his eyes long enough for the other to sock him in the head with a rock.*

PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON ANITA

SAN FRANCISCO—*A $5,000,000 civil rights suit has been filed in Federal court against Anita Bryant and several others, charging that they created an atmosphere of hatred and incited the murder of a San Francisco homosexual. The suit was filed by the 73-year-old mother of the victim, a city gardener who was fatally beaten and stabbed by four youths reported by witnesses to have shouted "Faggot, faggot!" and "Here's one for Anita!" during the attack. Other defendants are Bryant's husband, her media manager, her Save Our Children organization, California state senator John Briggs (sponsor of an antihomosexual bill) and the four suspects charged with the murder.*

HOMOSEXUAL DISCRIMINATION

Despite Anita Bryant's antigay campaign, a majority of Americans not only believe that homosexuals suffer the greatest amount of discrimination in this country but would favor a law that "outlawed discrimination against homosexuals in any job for which they are qualified." A Harris survey found those positions held by 55 and 54 percent of the public, respectively, but also found that similar majorities opposed hiring gays for jobs that would bring them into close contact with young people.

HOUSEWIFE POLICY

SEATTLE—*A county court has ruled that the Old Line Life Insurance Company of America wrongfully refused to insure a woman against the loss of her services as a homemaker. The applicant, a Seattle housewife, had sought $200,000 coverage on the ground that, if she died, her husband would need at least $20,000 a year to replace her homemaking services and see her three children through school years. The court held that the company was guilty of sex discrimination and ordered it to issue the policy and to pay partial court costs and legal fees in the case.*

EQUAL SOCIAL SECURITY

SAN FRANCISCO—*Divorced husbands cannot be denied the Social Security benefits available to divorced wives, a Federal court has ruled. A U. S. district judge found that an 81-year-old plaintiff fulfilled all the conditions required for benefits except that he was a male: He had been married to the insured individual for at least 20 years, had never remarried and had no independent eligibility for other retirement benefits. The ruling will apply generally if upheld on appeal.*

EXPANDING THE FAMILY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Unmarried couples living together, including homosexuals, may now qualify for public housing under a new policy announced by the Department of Housing and Urban*

Development. The agency has expanded—and bureaucratized—the definition of a family to include "two or more persons, sharing residency, whose income and resources are available to meet the family's needs and who are neither related by blood, marriage or operation of law, or have evidenced a stable family relationship." One HUD official expressed surprise that the change did not meet opposition and said she hoped that local housing authorities, who must approve applicants, will interpret the new regulations liberally.

HORSE MANURE!

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK—*A local judge has decided that spreading horse manure on the carpeted lobby of a town hall goes beyond "symbolic free speech" and has sentenced the perpetrator to one year's probation. The offense was committed by a middle-aged resident protesting the decision of county officials to permit the building of a riding stable next to his house.*

RADIO FREE AMERICA

ALBANY—*New York's highest criminal court has ruled that the constitutional right of free speech permits good buddies to give one another Smokey reports over their C.B. radios. Judge*

Lawrence Cooke held, "To say that there is a Smokey takin' a picture up the road does not subject the speaker to a year's imprisonment." In several states, police have harassed or arrested C.B. operators for broadcasting Smokey reports, usually charging obstruction of justice or some other vague offense.

POPPY PULLERS

Police raided an elderly woman's flower garden in a small town southwest of Oklahoma City and announced the destruction of one of the largest crops of illegal Turkish opium poppies ever found in the U.S. The poppies, numbering several thousand, belonged to an elderly widow who had obtained the original seeds from her grandmother.

Officers kept the crop under surveillance for a week and spent one day hiding in a barn to see if the woman was selling the plants. After the raid, the woman said, "Here they came, four of 'em. They thought I was picking seed pods. I had 'em fooled. I was only picking beans. . . . My land, I've never seen such a to-do over a bunch of flowers." No charges were filed.

POT DECRIMINALIZED

Both New York and North Carolina have eliminated criminal penalties for possession of small amounts of marijuana, bringing the number of "decrim" states to ten.

Under the New York law, possession of up to 25 grams (seven eighths of an ounce) carries a maximum civil fine of $100 for a first offense, up to $200 for a second offense and up to $250 and/or 15 days in jail for a third offense. Possession of over 25 grams or public use or display of any amount, or giving someone less than two grams, is a Class B misdemeanor with criminal penalties of up to three months in jail or a $500 fine.

The North Carolina law sets a maximum $100 fine for first-offense possession of up to one ounce, with subsequent offenses carrying a maximum penalty of a $500 fine and/or six months in jail.

According to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), which worked for the reforms in both states, almost one third of the country's total population now lives under decriminalization laws.

broken marriages and pay for the maintenance of repeat offenders.

When will prison officials wake up?

Philip J. Williams
Thomaston, Maine

FEAR OF GUNS

Whether or not firearms generate fear, as John S. Roberts claims (*The Playboy Forum*, August), seems to me to depend less on the gun than on the person. For a great many people, the very idea of a gun is terrifying, because they can only imagine one pointed at them by an attacker, never one saving their lives. For a great many other people, the idea of a gun is comforting, because it affords them the means of protecting themselves and their families. This may be a false sense of security: I'm convinced that a gun will generally get the average citizen into more trouble than it gets him out of. The kind of generalized gun fear referred to by Roberts is irrational, though it certainly seems to be the motivating force with the antigun people. I'm much more fearful of being in a situation where I might need a gun and not have one.

R. Harris
Fort Worth, Texas

KENT STATE COVER-UP

First those responsible for the killing of four students at Kent State University were exonerated of all criminal charges. Then the parents of the victims were denied any civil damages for the deaths of their children. Now, in an obvious attempt to consign this shameful incident in our country's history to oblivion, the university is attempting to obliterate the site of the massacre by building a gymnasium annex on the hill from which the shots were fired.

Whenever I think about the Kent State case, it is with a sense of despair for my country. Justice has not been done; now it seems the memory of the crime is to be erased. But though the guilty parties may have escaped the courts, they cannot escape the judgment of history. Even if the scene of the crime is destroyed, what was done there can never be undone or forgotten.

D. Lewis
Trenton, New Jersey

Despite several trials, grand-jury probes and official investigations, the American people still know very little about the 1970 killings at Kent State University. The families of the victims know much more than the public does, and one reason for that is Federal District Judge Don J. Young.

During the 1975 civil trial, *Krause et al. vs. Rhodes et al.*, five former university officials asked the court to seal those portions of their pretrial depositions that had not become part of the trial record. Ten months after the trial

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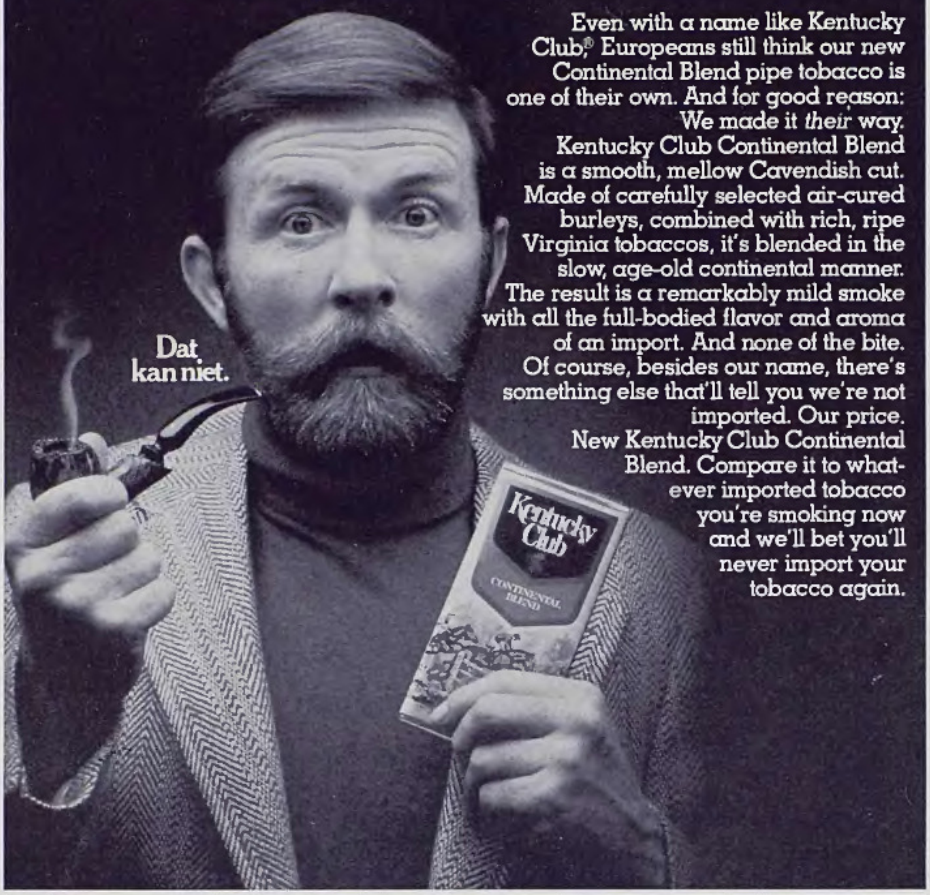

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was over and the victims' families had filed appeals of the verdict in favor of Governor James A. Rhodes and his co-defendants, Judge Young granted the motion of the five witnesses. In doing so, however, he broadened the scope of their request to encompass *all* material obtained during pretrial discovery. That included all depositions, all FBI interviews, all investigative police reports, all state-grand-jury-witness testimony that had not become part of the trial record. Young ordered all such evidence vital to enlightening the public about Kent State be restricted *forever*. This outrageous gag order was promptly challenged by the plaintiffs. Their motion was denied and is now being appealed.

As I had access to much of that material in assisting attorneys for the families, it became impossible for me to speak freely without risking a citation for contempt of court. Last April, I spoke at Yale University and, prior to doing so, I made a motion challenging the gag order. In dismissing my motion, now being appealed, Young went out of his way to declare that I had benefited financially "by exploiting the words of people involved in this unhappy litigation." In fact, I have *lost* money because I got involved in this case. My motive is the conviction that any one of the four students could have been my own son or daughter and, as a citizen, I had to do something.

The judge's order perpetuates the cover-up that has plagued this crime since 1970, when the public was told that what had happened was just a third-rate tragedy and many people bought that. So far, there have been no Woodward and Bernstein to expose the cover-up. When that happens—and it will—the American people are going to be shocked, because earlier investigations, combined with more recent testimony, indicate that two of their sons and two of their daughters were shot to death for so-called national security and that Kent State was the beginning of the national nightmare known as Watergate.

Peter Davies
Staten Island, New York

OPTING FOR LIFE

Mary Thiele Hayes writes, in the August *Playboy Forum*, in rebuttal to a previously published letter of mine (April): "In the face of phenomena such as brain preservation and DNA transplants, I opt for the side of ignorance. The precious and inexplicable force we call life is certainly to be valued, but, more than that, it is to be respected, not manipulated in a hopeless lust for immortality."

I certainly respect and tolerate Hayes's opting for ignorance, assuming she will also respect and tolerate my opting for intelligence. I would not force knowledge or longevity on her and I hope she does

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"Playboy Forum" Casebook

UPDATE: THE TRIALS OF TOM MISTROT

an ex-con on parole had better not even spit on the sidewalk

Most people lament the failure of our criminal-justice system to protect society against thieves, armed robbers, rapists and murderers, who too often can rack up dozens of arrests and several convictions without ever going to jail—or staying there for very long before resuming their criminal careers. A conspicuous exception to this pattern is Thomas Francis Mistrot. By 1968, at the age of 22, he had been convicted of two coin-machine burglaries and a minor marijuana offense and sentenced to life in the Texas state penitentiary. Through the efforts of PLAYBOY and a state representative, he was released two years ago, was working hard and seemed well on his way toward making a new life for himself in the South Texas city of Victoria. But now, because of a parole violation as petty as his other crimes, he may be headed back to prison for up to 25 years. It can't be said that the criminal-justice system doesn't protect society against Tom Mistrot.

The charge against Mistrot (pronounced *mis*-tro) is burglarizing a building, but his real crime is bad judgment. The building was an uninhabited, weed-overgrown shack on the edge of town, and Mistrot had talked with two neighbors, introducing himself by name, before deciding the shack was, indeed, abandoned (the elderly owner is in a local rest home) and taking out of it an old dresser, a bedstead and a steamer trunk. He and his girlfriend fixed these up and sold them to a used-furniture store and were looking for more abandoned buildings when both were arrested.

Ordinarily, such pilfering results in no great consequences; college students and young married couples have been known to commit such crimes and go free to sin again. But Victoria once had a halfway house for ex-cons and has had its problems with them. Both Mistrot and his girlfriend have been charged with felony daytime burglary.

Given the fact that Mistrot entered the building so openly and freely admitted all to the police—volunteering that he had entered other abandoned houses—he might still have gotten off with a light penalty after making restitution. But already the wheels of justice seem to be inexorably in motion. Without even waiting for an indictment, Mistrot's parole officer began parole-revocation proceedings, putting him automatically in the county jail, from which he may soon be transferred to the state penitentiary at Huntsville to await the parole board's decision.

Two members of the Playboy Defense Team, Senior Editor Bill Helmer and legal investigator Russ Million, went to Victoria to talk with Mistrot's attorney, Stephen S. Ross, and with District Attorney Knute Dietze and parole officer Jerome Davidson. They found both officials to be friendly, intelligent and professional but not particularly moved by any mitigating circumstances or the personal history of Mistrot that had brought PLAYBOY and others to his aid when he was in prison.

Mistrot, abandoned by his mother at the age of six and raised mostly in state institutions until he was 16, had been handicapped by a speech defect caused by childhood polio and only recently corrected in part by operations on his facial muscles. He's never been accused or suspected of a violent crime, or even a serious crime, and the offenses that led to his life sentence were committed when he was homeless, friendless and penniless, unable to find work and ignorant of the legal system. His three youthful crimes were later reduced from felonies to misdemeanors by the state legislature, but these reforms weren't retroactive and didn't affect his life sentence as a three-time offender—mainly because his third offense involved 1.876 grams of marijuana. It took almost two years of negotiations with Texas authorities to obtain a commutation of sentence that would permit his parole. (PLAYBOY's original stories on Mistrot appeared in *The Playboy Forum* in July and November 1975 and April 1976.) During that period, we listened to a litany of sympathetic but bureaucratic evasions of responsibility—from a judge, a district attorney, a sheriff, parole-board members and members of the governor's staff. The most common response was, "Our hands are tied," which prompted one legislative assistant in Austin to remark, "Now you know why Texas is known for the lariat."

The same situation now prevails in Victoria, though officials there seem to realize the basic injustice in sending a man to prison for 25 years for pilfering some apparently abandoned furniture. But these officials, who in fact have discretionary powers in such cases, have now passed the buck to the courts and to the state parole board; and for an ex-con, that is a Catch-22. The parole board can send Mistrot back to prison on the basis of a hearing and spare the county the trouble and expense of a trial. Even if the county reduces the felony charge in exchange for a plea of guilty and gives Mistrot no more than a fine, he's still, technically, a parole violator.

Not many people today believe that our prisons either reform or rehabilitate criminals. In Mistrot's case, the issue is whether or not the system can accommodate even a minor infraction by a long-institutionalized person who seemed well on the way toward rehabilitating himself.

MIKE LACEY

At a February 1976 press conference in Austin, Texas, PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill Helmer introduces Tom Mistrot and describes the events leading to his release from prison. On Mistrot's left are Casebook legal investigator Russ Million, Albert Sample of the state bar association and San Antonio attorney Gerald Goldstein.

not wish to force ignorance or a short life on me.

I must object, however, to her semantics. To imply that respecting life means keeping it short is a propagandistic misuse of the word respect, similar to that of the male chauvinists who say that the only way to respect women is to keep them subordinate. We can all do well, I think, without the kind of respect that seeks to limit us. Who shows more respect for life—the doctor who cures a disease or the one who lets a patient die? Did Dr. Jonas Salk lack respect for life in creating his vaccine, or Louis Pasteur in learning how to sterilize milk?

And what is wrong with manipulation? To manipulate is to work skillfully with one's hands to alter and improve upon nature. Everything we call civilization and culture—everything we have now that the first hominids did not have or other animals do not have—is the product of intelligent people working with their hands. As an old joke puts it, a preacher once told a farmer, "God was good when He made this farm," but the farmer replied, "You should have seen it when He had it to Himself." All the real wealth of the world, roads, farms, vehicles, factories, even language, is the result of manipulation.

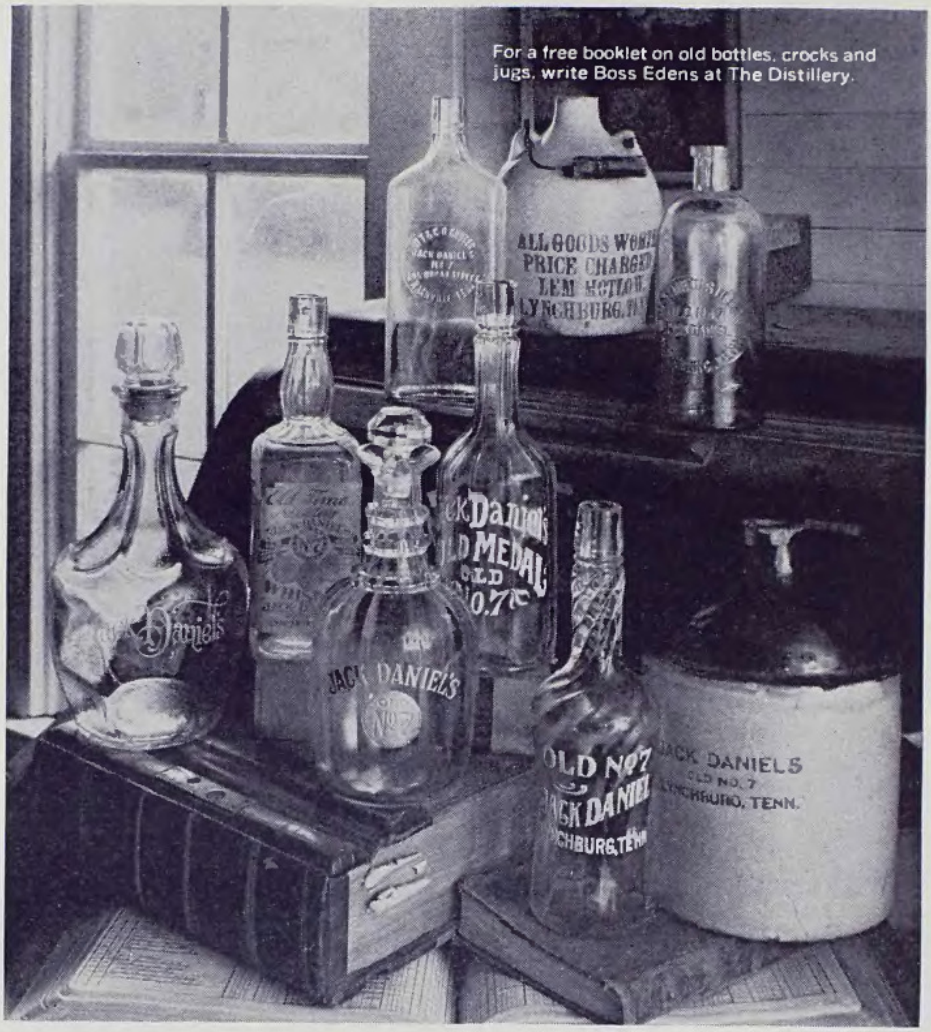
As for the description of the quest for immortality as a hopeless lust, that is a prediction that future research will either confirm or refute. Far be it from me to dogmatically defend it. I have no idea how long life can be extended or how many of the cryonically preserved can later be revived, but I do say that we'll never know unless we try damned hard. That is all Thomas Edison could have said before his first light bulb, or the Wright brothers before their first flight. Like Yossarian in *Catch-22*, if I can't live forever, I'll certainly die trying.

Robert Anton Wilson
Berkeley, California

RELENTLESS SNOOPING

It seems sometimes that the function of Government is to create a class of people privileged to do things for which private citizens would be arrested and jailed. Take the matter of opening people's mail, which is a crime when I do it but which the U. S. Customs Service considers an honorable way for its employees to make a living.

Without any court order, the U. S. Customs Service routinely opens hundreds of thousands of pieces of first-class mail coming into the country each year. In Los Angeles alone, it opens letters at the rate of 400 a day. The Supreme Court, Richard Nixon's ruinous bequest to the nation, has ruled in its tender solicitude for our civil liberties that the practice is legal because it is traditional. It makes the head swim to think how different our history would be if previous



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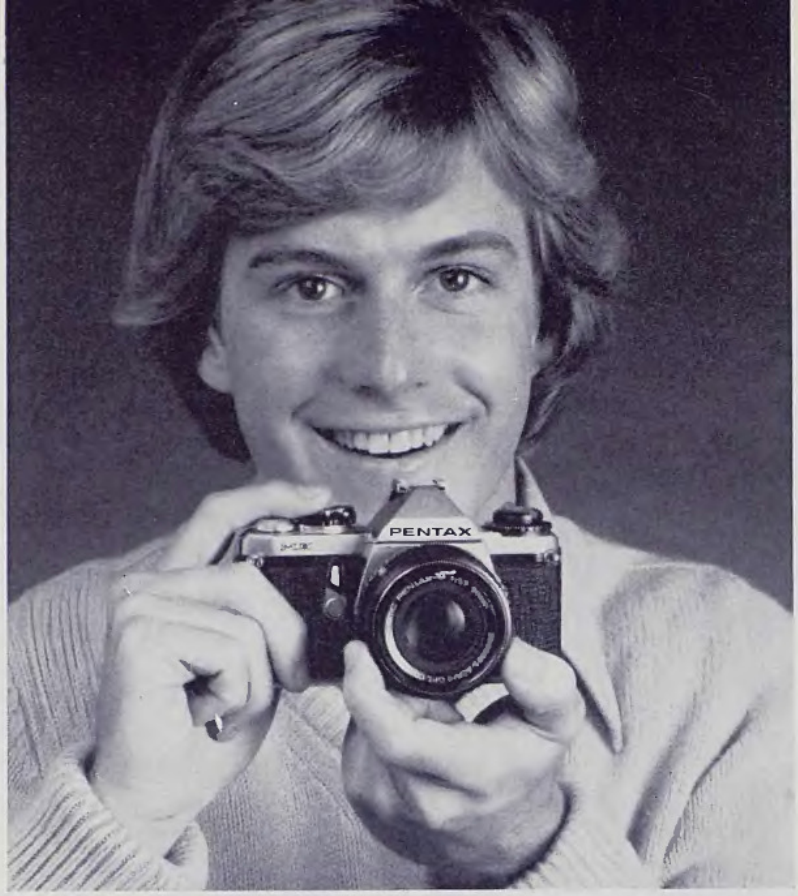

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Courts had accepted that argument. For instance, school segregation might have been justified on the grounds that it was traditional, and so much for *Brown vs. Board of Education*.

This relentless insistence on the bureaucracy's right to spy on citizens is frightening.

James Green
Los Angeles, California

To open first-class mail, a Federal agency should be required to secure an order after demonstrating to a court's satisfaction that there is "probable cause" to believe a particular letter contains contraband. The argument, often used to support the odious practice of opening letters from overseas, that random search sometimes reveals contraband, is no justification for repealing the constitutional prohibition against illegal search and seizure. If the police randomly selected houses to search without probable cause, they would doubtless find contraband in many, but that is the very conduct the Fourth Amendment was designed to prohibit. The practice is especially deplorable when the subject of the search is reading matter, which should be no one's business, in any event.

BANANA SHOW

I am a Marine stationed on Okinawa. Naturally, I have made it a point to see the local sights. One, in particular, not the sort found in your average *Guide Michelin*, bears description.

This particular point of interest is called a banana show and can be found in selected night clubs. While 100 or so sex-crazed Marines stand around, hooting and hollering, a very good-looking, very well-built lady comes out onstage clad in a very sheer night-gown and bikini panties. A provocative dance follows, along with a lot more hooting and hollering. But the fun is just beginning. The lady then disrobes entirely, sits down in a chair and begins to suck on a banana while playing with herself. She then peels the banana, breaks it into pieces a little at a time and sticks them up her cunt until the whole banana is inserted. Grabbing one of the guys from the crowd, she lies down on a table and encourages the guy to go down on her; as he does, she uses the muscles of her cunt to force the banana into his mouth. The performance ends with the two of them fucking onstage.

The Marines raise more than flags during this operation, I'll tell you.

(Name withheld by request)
FPO San Francisco, California

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It's obvious that most people like sex and violence or there wouldn't be so much of both on television.

Babe Fasciana
Buffalo, New York

PLAYBOY IN THE HOSPITAL

As a librarian in a Veterans Administration hospital, I encounter many patients recovering from heart attacks, and occasionally I get some flak from people who object to my distributing PLAYBOY. The providing of recreational reading material is only one aspect of being a librarian for VA patients. In many VA hospitals, the library participates in current-awareness group meetings. This is especially true in rehabilitation of stroke and heart-attack victims. I've used PLAYBOY with great success in these meetings, not only for its obvious visual appeal but also to initiate group discussion of its timely and provocative articles.

I believe in PLAYBOY as a morale booster strongly enough to have had over ten years of the magazine bound for future use in one hospital's library. These bound volumes are on open shelves, like any other book or magazine, and may be checked out by any patient or staff member. As far as I know, PLAYBOY has created no further medical complications, but it has certainly helped the medical effort by brightening a few gray days.

Carl Worstell
New Britain, Connecticut

PURITAN POISON

I've heard too much about sex on television poisoning the country's children. The insane allegations that conservatives put forth make me nauseated. What's really poisoning our children's minds is the idiotic condemnation of sex implicit in such demands for censorship.

C. Peterson
Omaha, Nebraska

FROM RHETORIC TO FACT

The essay in the August *Playboy Forum*, "Kids in Pornography," asks rhetorically, "Will we see bookstore owners going to jail for selling *Show Me*, the sex-education book depicting nude children . . . ?" The question is no longer rhetorical. As a result of the furor over kiddie porn, the New York legislature passed a bill outlawing "promoting a sexual performance by a child." Because the word obscene was not included to modify "sexual performance," both critics and supporters of the bill pointed out that *Show Me* would be in violation of the law. Anthony S. Cantore, counsel to the bill's legislative sponsor, made a dunderheaded statement typical of anti-porn freaks when questioned about this: "We don't care what the pictures are used for. They still harm the children." Thus, the *Forum* essay's warning has proved to be right on target.

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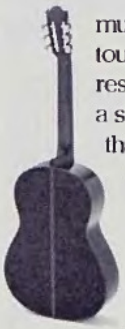

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THE BOLEX SPORTSMAN

Censorship is like cancer; once contracted, it spreads and spreads, until it kills.

John Kelly
New York, New York

Although passed by the legislature, the bill was recalled from the governor's desk by its sponsor in recognition of possible constitutional problems.

PERK'S PIQUE

The nitwit mayor of Cleveland, Ralph J. Perk, is distributing a pornography poll to 200,000 homes in Cleveland in an attempt to determine what the community feels about obscenity. The idea of a poll is fine, in the light of the Supreme Court's 1973 obscenity decision to leave such matters to community standards. But the way Perk is going about it is totally screwed up. Professional pollsters all agree that one needn't poll 200,000 people on an issue to find out what a community's opinion is. Also, in a not-very-subtle attempt at irony, Perk is having the city's garbage men distribute the poll, as if to equate erotica with trash. To top it off, he has added a cover letter to let everyone know exactly how he feels: "I am shocked by the shameful, pornographic materials which are invading our city and our neighborhoods. . . . You and I find it hard to discuss such private matters, but it must be done, so that *we can forbid the sale of pornography in Cleveland.*" Talk about bias.

Sadly, a large number of Clevelanders are so provincial that they don't realize such tactics are an obvious attempt to guarantee Perk's re-election in November. And, worst of all, he will probably win the election.

Bruce Hackett
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Perk got 13,000 questionnaires back out of the 200,000 distributed and claimed that 80 percent of them oppose the public display of obscene materials. He has since declared war on what he calls "pornomaniacs . . . the addicts of pornomania," and called a two-day conference of 100 antiporn crusaders in Cleveland who told one another that pornography is the cause of every problem from sex crime to urban blight. Apparently, Perk wants Cleveland to supplant Cincinnati as the laughingstock of the nation.

JUMPING *JESUS*

The mentality of religious fanatics continues to amaze me. In previous letters to *The Playboy Forum* (May 1974 and June 1977), I have described cases in which vast numbers of zealots got passionately involved in denouncing things that never happened or were never even planned, on the basis of rumors they didn't bother to check out. Another case of this sort came along last spring. Dr. Bob Jones of Bob Jones University and the Reverend John Dekker of Baltimore (whose radio show is syndicated in 13

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"My wife got me to switch to Vantage."

"I smoke. My wife doesn't. And she would remind me of the stories being told about high-tar cigarettes.

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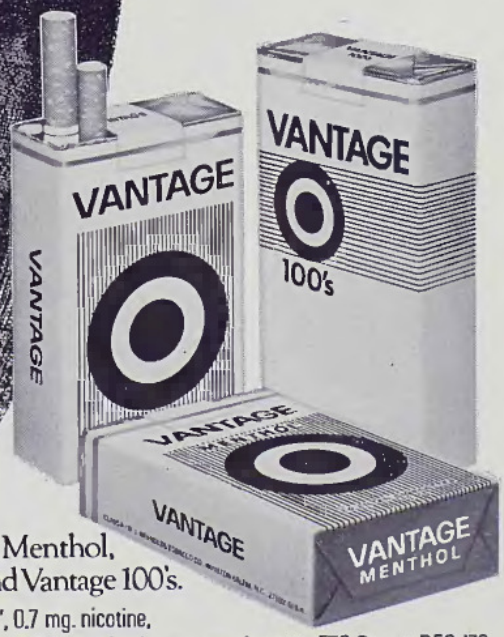
"So now I smoke Vantage.

"I get the taste I want, and the low tar that she wants."

Dave Ness

David Ness
Seattle, Washington



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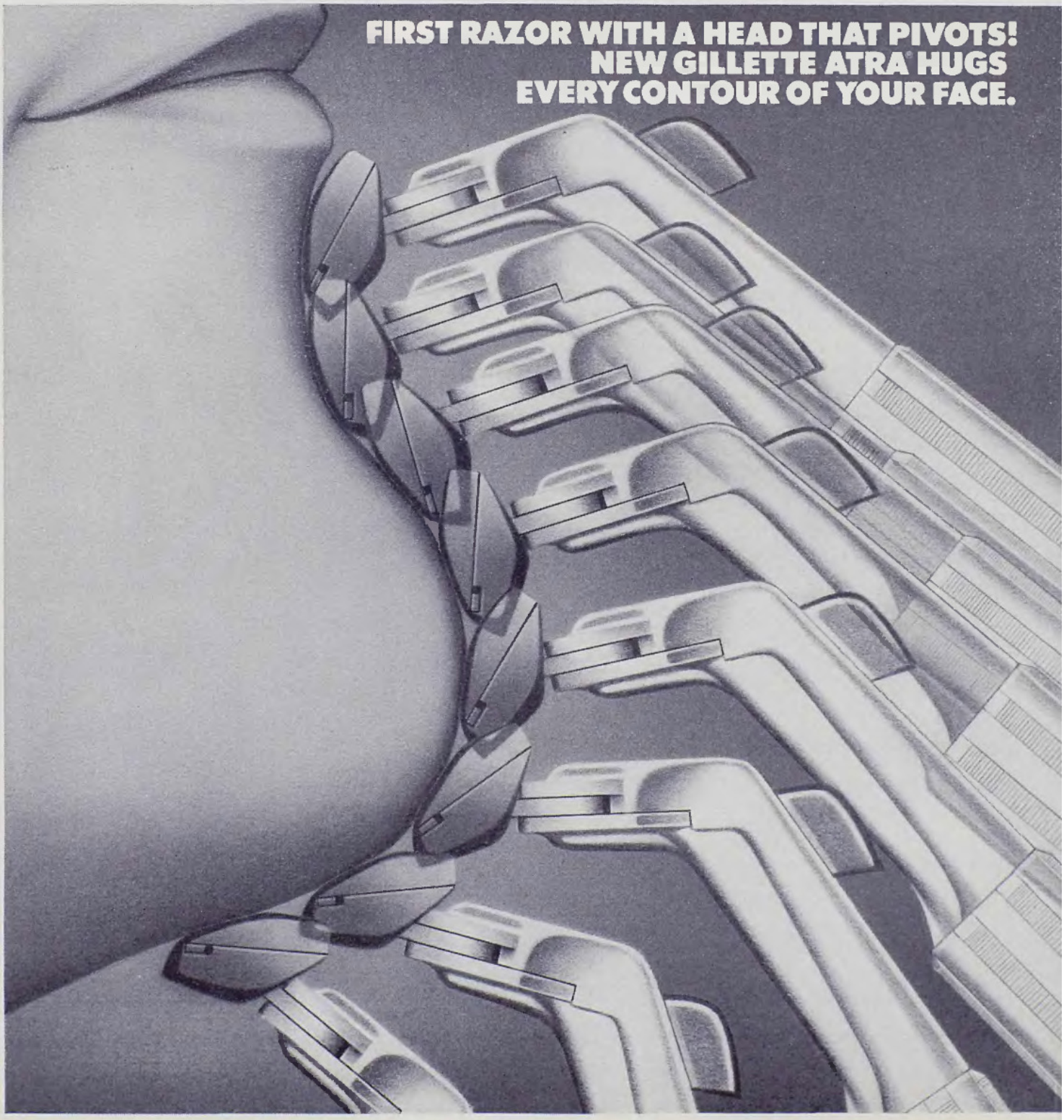

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cities) incited hordes of Bible-waving cranks to protest to NBC and General Motors about the television film *Jesus of Nazareth* before it was shown. Why were they all jumping on *Jesus*? Because of a remark made by Franco Zeffirelli in a newspaper interview: "I see Jesus as an ordinary man, gentle, fragile, simple. Of course, the public is going to be annoyed that I am destroying their myths." Dr. Jones declared, "If the film is as director Zeffirelli says . . . then it is the most wicked thing to ever be shown on television." He warned that "those who know the Lord Jesus Christ, God incarnate, as their personal Lord and Savior will, I am sure, make their protest known both verbally and by spending their automobile dollars elsewhere." G.M. subsequently pulled out as sponsor of the movie. Jones later saw the movie at a screening just for him and declared himself somewhat mollified. But the damage was done. The herd was spooked.

Religious consultants to the film included representatives of the Vatican and the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, thereby guaranteeing that it couldn't wander very far from orthodox views. Indeed, I saw the film myself when it was televised, and I found it so faithful to Scripture as to be wearisome.

This incident demonstrates once again that great numbers of people are prepared to accept anything their leaders tell them, without any evidence at all, because they have been taught since childhood that it is blessed to believe without proof. Their motto is, "Don't confuse me with the facts; my mind is already made up." The size and influence of this group is a principal reason the U. S. is, in many ways, a backward country.

James J. Hill
Sebastopol, California

BLASPHEMY RESURRECTED

Lest you imagine that the U. S., with its pornography prosecutions and its Anita Bryant crusade, is the only country afflicted with religious antisexual insanity, let me hasten to tell you that we in the U.K. have our own throwbacks to the Holy Inquisition. Denis Lemon, editor of a gay newspaper, has been convicted of blasphemy for publishing a poem depicting Jesus as a homosexual. The original complaint was brought by Mary Whitehouse, a notorious antismut crusader. Under Britain's antiblasphemy laws, which date back to the Middle Ages, there is no maximum penalty, and if the judge were as crazy as the jury, he could have sentenced poor Lemon to hanging, drawing and quartering. The last man convicted of blasphemy, in 1922, got nine months at hard labor. Lemon was also sentenced to nine months in prison, suspended as long as he does not offend God and man for the next year and a half. He was fined $850. His paper, *Gay News*, was fined $1700.

That, you must admit, is a bit thick in a country where freedom of speech and religion are allegedly guaranteed. The prosecutor admitted, "You can say Christ was a fraud or a deceiver or Christ may have been a homosexual, provided you say it in a reasonable, measured, reflective, decent way." In which case Lemon is being punished not for blasphemy but for bad taste; we have freedom of speech if you do not violate the prosecution's canons of literary criticism. I submit that that is hypocritical; the prosecution made an issue of the mode of expression only to avoid admitting that it was, in fact, violating freedom of speech and of religion.

Obviously, you Yanks aren't the only ones threatened with a return to the Dark Ages.

W. Allen
London, England

"You don't have to give up heterosexuality to stop persecuting gays."

DADE COUNTY DEBACLE

A number of commentators on the defeat of Dade County's gay rights ordinance last June have claimed that it doesn't really mean the majority of people in Miami are bigoted homosexual haters, just that they don't want to go on record as *approving* of homosexuality. Conservative columnist William Safire put it this way:

> Most Americans are inclined to let consenting adults do what they like, short of injury, in private; but the gay activists wanted more: The basic "right" they sought was the assertion by society that what they were doing was right.
>
> But they are wrong. In the eyes of the vast majority, homosexuality is an abnormality, a mental illness, even—to use the old-fashioned word—a sin.

Apparently, Safire thinks the only way people can express disapproval of sinners is to deprive them of jobs and housing. The idea that the law should be used to enforce religiously inspired moral standards is an exceedingly dangerous one that threatens our whole tradition of separation of church and state. If the rights of homosexuals to housing, employment and public accommodations are not guaranteed, then any one of us may lose a job or a home because our private morals don't measure up to some self-appointed authority's standards of righteous conduct. As *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis put it, the people of Dade County have sent the rest of us a warning: "They reminded us that the rights of minorities are too important to be trusted to the passions of passing majorities."

C. Moore
New York, New York

Anita Bryant danced a jig after successfully forcing repeal of the Dade County, Florida, law banning discrimination because of sexual preference. A jig! Now, who was that other famous jig dancer, you know, the one with the funny little mustache?

David Paulus
Springfield, Massachusetts

Well, now—according to Hitler's biographer John Toland, when word came in 1940 that the French wanted an armistice, der Führer *"slapped his thigh and jerked up a knee in a spontaneous spasm of ecstasy." The scene was filmed by Hitler's official cameraman; a Canadian film maker later "looped" the film, as is done today in TV cat-food commercials, and the result made it look as if Hitler were dancing a jig or, as Toland describes it, "a ludicrous series of gay pirouettes." Gay pirouettes? Is <u>that</u> what Anita was doing?*

Newsweek columnist George F. Will has tried to create an intellectual defense of Anita Bryant's antigay crusade and, I must say, I have not read such tortured logic since William F. Buckley mounted a philosophical apologia for Joe McCarthy's anti-Communist witch-hunt in the Fifties. Will says that ordinances forbidding discrimination because of sexual preference "are weapons in a battle to force society formally to indicate that homosexuality is a matter of indifference." Dig that sophistry. It is true only to the extent that the First Amendment's prohibition of religious discrimination forces society to indicate that religious preference is a matter of indifference.

Laws forbidding us to discriminate against people on the basis of religion do not require us to be indifferent to religion but merely to grant the same rights to all religions. You don't have to give up Catholicism in order to stop persecuting Lutherans. Similarly, laws requiring us to stop discriminating against sexual minorities do not, as Will implies, require us to abandon our own sexual preferences or private prejudices but merely to grant the same rights to *all* persons of all preferences. You don't have to give up heterosexuality to stop persecuting gays.

Will goes on to declare that ordinances banning discrimination "are part of the moral disarmament of society." In other words, if we can't persecute the people we dislike, we are morally disarmed. This identification of morality with harassment means that we aren't moral

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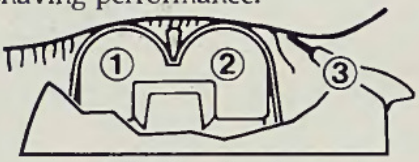

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unless we are giving hell to somebody we consider immoral. That is the morality of witch-hunters, Inquisitors and busybodies everywhere: it is not the morality of those who try to live by Jesus' teachings "Judge not and you shall not be judged" and "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Will not only wants the law to discriminate against gays, he also believes that the law should reflect "the doctrine of natural right on which Western society rests. According to that doctrine, we can know and should encourage *some* ways of living that are right because of the nature of man." Western society rests on that doctrine just as it rests on the belief that the earth is flat; both are part of our past. This cookie-cutter approach to morality, which encourages the believer to imagine that he or she knows the one best way for people to live, was fiercely held in Europe for many centuries. The result was that Christians slaughtered millions of their fellow Christians, as well as Jews and Moslems, to enforce ways of living that are right because of the nature of man.

The U. S. Constitution was written explicitly to prevent that kind of doctrine's being established and practiced here. Discriminatory laws against private behavior can *never* be enforced without a totalitarian state capable of spying on each of us in every room of our house. Without such a police state, such laws are merely tools for blackmail by corrupt officials or means of entrapping people whom the authorities dislike for other reasons. If Will doesn't know that much about the history of victimless-crime laws, he is almost as naïve as Miss Bryant herself.

James Scott
Los Angeles, California

Can Christianity survive Anita Bryant? Well, it survived the Ku Klux Klan and the Scopes monkey trial, so I guess the essence of Christianity, the message of love at the heart of Jesus' teaching, can survive just about anything.

Meanwhile, if Anita's antics are imported to California, as she threatens, I guess I'll have to start wearing a gay rights button, even though I've been heterosexual all my life. I remember the appropriately named King Christian of Denmark, who wore a Star of David when the Nazis ordered all the Jews in his country to wear that emblem so they could be identified and persecuted more easily. The only way to be a Christian when hatred is on the march is to identify fully with the victims.

As for Anita and her followers, the only Christian attitude toward them is to say what Jesus said of those who crucified him: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

M. Dixon
Los Angeles, California

BREAKING THE NATURAL LAW

Homosexuality is a lifestyle in glaring violation of biological law. A species must reproduce or it will face extinction. Gay societies can't survive, for they produce no progeny. Homosexuality cannot be considered a normal state when it opposes that fact of life.

To say that being gay is an acceptable option of sexual preference is ridiculous, when the obvious purpose of sexual behavior is to bring together and keep together a man and a woman to raise the next generation. Homosexuality is in no way comparable to any variation of sexual preference that ends in heterosexual copulation.

William S. Pease
Cincinnati, Ohio

If a biological law can be broken, it isn't a biological law. Homosexual acts have been observed in many animal species, so they can't be called unnatural. As far as our own species goes, our problem is too many people, not too few; we can afford to have a segment of our population that doesn't reproduce. Back to Zoology 101.

"The guy should not assume that if all else fails, an abortion can be arranged."

SEXUALYSIS

Within psychiatric circles, it is commonly accepted that all persons have components of both homosexuality and heterosexuality. The struggle for sexual identity is usually resolved in childhood, but when it isn't, a continuous, unconscious repression of any and all homosexual interests may go on all through life. This state is generally referred to as latent homosexuality.

The epitome of someone struggling with these drives is the campaigner who speaks out all too vociferously and aggressively on the evils and ugliness of the homosexual lifestyle. Crusaders who create such a stir deserve our sympathy for the tremendous personal struggle they must be having to curb their own homosexual drives.

Roberta Feather
Barrington, Rhode Island

ABORTION AND RESPONSIBILITY

I'm writing to you as a woman and as an abortion counselor. I'm married, 28 and have no children (nor do I want any at present). I don't consider myself a typical liberated woman or a do-gooder.

I do want to persuade PLAYBOY and its male readers to look at abortion from another point of view. It does get the male out of a tight spot and it's a lot cheaper than child support, but it goes deeper than that. The right to abortion should not be denied, but it does not truly free the woman, nor does it truly liberate the male from his responsibilities. It cannot be divorced from the male's sexuality and, hence, from his feelings about himself—no matter what he says or how hard he may try to convince himself that it really doesn't matter. After all, the sex act itself involved the man.

The decision to have an abortion is not the province of the woman alone. Many times it is the man's decision—and he makes it very difficult for the woman to decide otherwise by refusing support or by threatening to break off an otherwise good relationship.

PLAYBOY is read by men who already know all this, but it also is read (or looked at) by men with far less sophistication. Primarily, I mean the younger males who are as yet unsure and unknowledgeable about their own sexuality—and are using your magazine far less for entertainment than for education. Unfortunately, this is the group most likely to find themselves in trouble. I do not want to see these young men caught up in this trap, responsible for a woman they do not love and a child to whom they cannot hope to be a real father. Two lives—or three—are affected because neither took the responsibility not only for birth control but for understanding each other and the probability of pregnancy.

Not every girl can or will have an abortion. Usually, by the time I see her, she is too far along and her parents frequently talk her into having the baby, or she thinks if she goes through with the pregnancy, everything will work out. The guy should not assume that if all else fails, an abortion can be arranged. He has little control over this. He either is dragged into a loveless marriage or is hauled into court at 19 on a paternity charge. The baby is born into an already messed-up world with two misfits for parents who divorce before it reaches school age or who go on fighting for 20 years.

I believe your magazine can do much to liberate men by reminding them that they are responsible for their own and often their partners' sexuality, not just for contraception but for all physical and emotional aspects of sex.

Marie Furlong
Warren, Ohio

"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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MICRO-ALARM

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a 6-digit 6 function LCD Alarm Watch for only $69.95!

At last, a constant readout (no buttons to push) precision quartz electronic watch with a built-in 24 hour alarm system.

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- *Never again forgetting to make that all-important phone call.*
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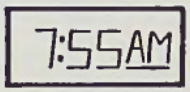
- *Never worrying about waking up from that catnap, or at a hotel if your wake-up call isn't on time.*
- *Always being aware of when you should be coming or going or doing all that your hectic schedule demands – without devoting your valuable time to trying to remember it all.*



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THE ALARM

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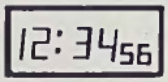
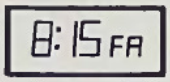


6-DIGIT LCD DISPLAY

The MICRO-ALARM has a 6-digit readout showing hours, minutes and seconds at a glance. Since the readout is by Liquid Crystal Display (LCD) and not by Light Emitting Diode (LED), no button has to be pushed; the time is continuously displayed! A built in night-light functions at the push of a button for reading in darkness.

AUGUST 15th FRIDAY



CALENDAR DISPLAY

Just one push of the control button converts the display into a 3-function calendar; displaying the month, date of the month, and day of the week. The remarkable memory built into the module knows each month and the number of days in that month and resets automatically on the first day of the new month.

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The MICRO-ALARM is extraordinarily accurate. Its module is manufactured by Hughes Aircraft Company, one of the world's foremost manufacturers of microelectronics, and is guaranteed accurate to within 3 minutes a year (averaging less than 15 seconds per month). You can depend on the accuracy year after year. There are no moving parts, so there is nothing to wear out or even require servicing. The result of this accuracy is that you can set your watch to the second.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HENRY KYEMBA

a candid conversation with uganda's exiled minister of health, the first cabinet officer to tell the full story behind the atrocities of idi amin

As we go to press, Henry Kyemba (pronounced Chemba) is hardly a household name in the United States. In Uganda, however, he was just that, since only former president Milton Obote and his notorious successor, Idi Amin, are better known. Americans, too, are about to get to know him better. He has written the first authoritative inside account of Amin's brutal rule, "State of Blood," published in September by Grosset & Dunlap and Ace Books.

Kyemba's story is extraordinary. Born in 1939, he met Amin as a teenager, when the latter was a bright, eager-to-please soldier in Uganda's then-British King's Rifles. After graduating from Makerere University, Kyemba joined the civil service. Then, at the age of 22, he was appointed to the office of the prime minister, Obote, in whose service he saw the independence of Uganda's 11,000,000 people in 1962.

During the next nine years, as Uganda's new democracy was undermined by tribal rivalries and by Obote's increasingly oppressive attempts to retain control, Kyemba got to know Amin well. "Amin couldn't read or write," Kyemba recalls of that period, "but he was delightful to work with. He seemed naïve, but people underestimated him. Here he was, operating a giant gunrunning organization, sending convoys of trucks across central Africa and happily skimming the cream off the operation. He used to bank wads of cash, up to $100,000 at a time. He was, I saw, not only outwardly charming; he was also canny, unscrupulous and dangerous."

In 1971, Amin seized power when Obote was absent in Singapore. Kyemba, as one of Obote's senior officials, was with him when the news came through aboard the plane on the return flight. Kyemba called Amin from Dar es Salaam to ask if he could return home. "We're all celebrating," Amin bawled into the telephone. "When are you coming?" and promised to send a car to the airport to pick him up. When Kyemba arrived, the first thing Amin asked was, "Did you remember to bring me something from Singapore?" Kyemba had and, having passed that odd test of loyalty, was offered the job of Amin's principal private secretary. In short order, Kyemba became a ministerial deputy, minister of culture and minister of health.

In the next six years, Amin's extraordinary personality, unrestrained by any authority, found true expression. The major accusations against him have been widely reported in the press. But until now, there have been few eyewitness reports to confirm the details—and none at all by any who were also high in Amin's confidence through the years of terror that continue to the present day.

Kyemba, who says he did not dare resign for fear of his life, watched as the number of bodies bobbing in the Nile began to grow daily—and resulted in estimates of 150,000 killed; as orders were given in his presence to give someone "the VIP treatment"—death by torture; as Amin's barbarities became more and more gruesome. Eventually, he realized that his knowledge made him vulnerable. When the Anglican archbishop of Uganda, Janani Luwuum, was killed on February 17, 1977, along with two of Kyemba's Cabinet colleagues, Kyemba realized that simply not resigning—and not speaking out against the atrocities—was no safeguard for him. His rationale for having served Amin for six years—as well as his motives for finally deciding to flee—may fairly be questioned; but by early 1977, one thing was clear to him: No one in Uganda was secure. So he began to plan his escape from the country.

First, he made sure that his friends and

"Amin called me to discuss the injuries sustained during the Entebbe raid. He said casually, 'Oh, by the way, that woman [Dora Bloch] in the hospital: Don't worry about her. She has been killed.'"

"In late 1972, everybody started to see bodies. There were so many that they couldn't be buried, so they were dumped into the Nile. . . . There was a boat on full-time duty removing the bodies."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALAN CLIFTON

"It has amazed me to see how Amin has exploited his color with American blacks. . . . Amin is an international criminal and anyone who associates with him is an accomplice. I know. I was an accomplice."

colleagues believed his future lay in Uganda: He made a down payment on a car and dropped other hints of that nature. He planned his getaway for the time he was scheduled to be in Geneva in May 1977 for the annual meeting of the World Health Organization, of which he was a vice-president. While he was there, rumors of Kyemba's plans reached Amin, who immediately placed his family under arrest. That included one of his two wives (polygamy is still a common practice in Uganda) and his two children; his other wife had accompanied him to Geneva.

Kyemba had built up a system of contacts within the Amin administration and was secretly told what had happened. He immediately called Amin from Geneva to say that he, too, had heard rumors of his defection but pointed out that he was still in charge of his delegation and that he had no intention of defecting. Kyemba then held a press conference, praised Amin publicly and denied the rumors.

Mollified, Amin released his family. By prearrangement, they found their way to the border and slipped across to Kenya on foot. Kyemba was told his family was safe, flew to London (not before being spotted by an Amin agent at a stopover in Paris) and went into hiding. He revealed his defection in two articles for the London Sunday Times *on June 5 and June 12. Amin then had the Ugandan radio announce that Kyemba had embezzled government funds—almost standard procedure, since the last two defecting ministers had been accused of the same thing by Amin.*

Shortly after Kyemba went public and vowed to tell the complete story of Amin's regime, the heads of the Commonwealth nations then gathered in London agreed on a sharply worded denunciation of Amin. Kyemba's refusal to be cowed—as other defecting officials had been—by Amin's threats to his friends and relatives remaining in Uganda made the former minister of health well known in Europe. It was then that **John Man,** *a former correspondent with Reuters and, more recently, a Time-Life Books editor in London and New York, got together with Kyemba and they decided to write a book of his experiences.*

PLAYBOY *contacted Man in London and, despite a hectic schedule—the book was written in five weeks—Man and Kyemba agreed to set time aside for this interview. It was a deadline dash for* PLAYBOY *as well, with the manuscript being couriered across the Atlantic and subsequent questions being telephoned just days before this issue went to press. Man's report:*

"When I met Henry for the first time, I knew why this project was bound to happen. He is calm, dignified, unflappable. He has a reassuringly slow blink that takes the panic out of life. He wasn't exactly worried about security, was he? No, he said, but working in isolation wouldn't be a bad idea.

"Perfect. I found an apartment in the quiet Victoriana of North Oxford and hired a battery of typists, tape recorders and transcription machines. Henry and his junior wife, Teresa (who by then had joined him with their children), moved to Oxford from their hiding place in London. We started taping on July first. One month and 60 hours of tape later, we finished: the inside story of Idi Amin."

PLAYBOY: You were Amin's minister of health and worked with him closely between the time he came to power in 1971 and your defection this year. If you were faced with the task of bringing Amin before a court of law, what would be the nature of the evidence against him?

KYEMBA: It is very difficult to gather any evidence of the various crimes that Amin has committed, by the very nature of his regime. The atrocities are carried out on Amin's verbal instructions only. There are no formal arrests, no written statements, no record of the police officers or troops involved, no record of the cars used. The people who do the killing are mostly foreigners, recruited especially in the southern Sudan. They have no personal responsibilities to Uganda or Ugandans. They dispose of the bodies in rivers, in forests, in swamps.

"The first thing Amin did when he heard there had been an attack on Entebbe was to hide inside his driver's quarters near his residence."

PLAYBOY: You mean there is no documentary evidence at all?

KYEMBA: Not much. Some evidence is available in hospitals—post-mortem reports of bullet-ridden and mutilated bodies. However, at the moment, even ordinary records of a personal nature in hospitals cannot be produced, because nobody's ready to do it. Even then, there's hardly anything that points directly to Amin. When he tells you to do something and it has repercussions that turn against him, he will be the first to deny any responsibility. On more than one occasion, when the accusations against him have been particularly intense, he has merely blamed a subordinate publicly—and that person then has to flee for his life, even though he was following Amin's personal orders.

PLAYBOY: You do have documentary evidence, though, don't you?

KYEMBA: Yes. I think I'm one of the few with hard evidence.

PLAYBOY: Let's take one case with which Americans are familiar—Dora Bloch, the British-Israeli grandmother who was one of the hostages at Entebbe. What do you know for certain about her fate?

KYEMBA: I can tell you that Amin personally told me to forge the evidence surrounding her death—the hospital records, her diet and treatment papers. I did as he ordered and I had the hospital staff forge the material but kept the originals. Then there are the possessions of Mrs. Bloch: her dress, her handbag, her cane. There is very little Amin can do to destroy that evidence.

PLAYBOY: You've had it hidden?

KYEMBA: Yes. I know where it is. I may be asked to produce it for an international court someday.

PLAYBOY: What else do you know about what happened to her?

KYEMBA: Amin put me in charge of the hostages' medical condition, so when Mrs. Bloch was brought to the hospital with some food lodged in her throat, I went to visit her after our doctors had operated to remove the obstruction. We spoke only briefly—she asked me if I could tell the guard outside her room to stop staring at her—but I felt a sympathy for her. She reminded me of my own mother.

It was that night that I received word of the fighting at the airport. There was nothing to do but make a few calls to relatives, who knew even less than I, and await developments in the morning. That's what happened all over Kampala that night—officers and government officials simply went into hiding at their homes or elsewhere, until they could make sure it wasn't another coup. Incidentally, that night, even Amin went into hiding. I was told by a reliable source that the first thing he did when he heard there had been an attack on Entebbe was to hide inside his driver's quarters near his residence, the State House.

The next morning, amid reports of the dead and wounded at the airport, the truth came out—that Israeli commandos had successfully taken away all but one hostage—except for two hostages who were killed in the raid. I began to worry about Mrs. Bloch's safety. I went to the hospital, where Mrs. Bloch had heard nothing. She simply asked me if she could wash the dress she had been wearing for the past couple of days.

I heard what happened after I left the hospital. Two men from Amin's State Research squad—his official killers—arrived. I understood one man was Major Farouk Minawa, the effective head of the bureau, and another was Captain Nasur Ondoga, Amin's chief of protocol. They shouted to the hospital staff to stand back,

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marched into Mrs. Bloch's room and dragged her, screaming, down the hall and outside. Everyone watching knew that she was going to her execution. Nobody did anything, because interfering meant death, and public kidnapings were an everyday thing in Kampala.

That night, Amin called me to discuss the injuries sustained during the raid and at the end of the conversation, he said casually, "Oh, by the way, that woman in the hospital: Don't worry about her. She has been killed."

PLAYBOY: What did you say to Amin?

KYEMBA: I said, "Oh, dear." By then, I had become very used to keeping my reactions to myself. Privately, I was horrified. It was the next day that Amin ordered me to falsify the records, even though it had become public knowledge that Mrs. Bloch had been murdered. Her half-burned body showed up about 20 miles outside Kampala by the roadside. Hundreds of people saw it, because her white hair made the body identifiable. One of those who saw her was a famous Ugandan photographer, Jimmy Parma, who worked for the government newspaper and until that time had been accorded privileged status. He made the mistake of photographing Mrs. Bloch's corpse. He was picked up soon afterward. His body was found later on. He had been shot and stabbed repeatedly.

PLAYBOY: You say you're the only one who knows where the evidence surrounding Mrs. Bloch's murder is——

KYEMBA: I don't think more than one other person knows.

PLAYBOY: What we were going to ask is how much evidence there is for all the other random murders that have apparently occurred in Uganda. Some estimates have put the figure as high as 150,000 deaths.

KYEMBA: That is my estimate, too. But the sad thing is that the evidence is hard to find. Even my own brother disappeared. Why he was arrested I never knew. He worked for a textile firm and I got the news that he was arrested only as a personal favor. A friend called to tell me that my brother had been placed in the infamous Naguru prison and that the guards were going around killing prisoners indiscriminately. There was no chance that he survived. The man who told me that is still around in Uganda, but it is impossible to provide any conclusive evidence. Nobody is prepared to say who did what.

PLAYBOY: Still, with a system that can dispose of 150,000 people, surely something will come out to prove it happened under Amin's orders.

KYEMBA: Well, there are thousands of bodies that can be dug up as soon as Amin goes. How would anyone explain thousands of corpses in the swamps between Masaka and Kampala, at Mutukula, at Jinja, at Mbarara? And the bodies the crocodiles miss, swept up onto the banks of the Nile? Many gruesome relics will be there for years as evidence of his murderous regime.

As for responsibility, if Amin isn't responsible, no one is. His killers don't owe their loyalty to anyone else. They are armed by him and carry out those things on his orders.

PLAYBOY: Besides Amin himself, will the people who committed these atrocities be around to answer for them?

KYEMBA: That is another difficulty. Amin's official killers—and there are almost 20,000 of them—are foreigners, by and large. The few who have got any roots in Uganda and who are big murderers will be among those first to flee as soon as Amin goes. The southern Sudanese who are doing the killing have got their homes over the border in Khartoum and Juba. They go to Uganda to do their jobs and they return. There is no way of getting them arrested.

"If Amin isn't responsible, no one is. His killers don't owe their loyalty to anyone else. They are armed by him and carry out those things on his orders."

PLAYBOY: How are the southern Sudanese recruited?

KYEMBA: It's easy. Their countrymen have for three generations or so provided the bulk of the army and the police. The British brought them in and they formed their own community in Uganda. The Ugandan southern Sudanese are known as Nubians. All that happens if Amin wants more men is that lorries drive over the border—it's quite open and patrolled, anyway, only by the southern Sudanese themselves, because the southern Sudan has been in revolt against Khartoum for some 20 years. It's almost autonomous. The lorries, full of hardened southern Sudanese, drive to the men's home areas and drop them off overnight. The troops themselves do the recruiting with promises of luxury goods and easy cash. The next morning, the lorries return, pick up the old hands and the new recruits and drive back into Uganda.

PLAYBOY: Which means Amin has an almost unlimited supply of men for the army, police and terror bureaus.

KYEMBA: That's right. Especially his main terror unit, the State Research Bureau. Under Obote, by the way, it really was for state research. University theses were submitted to that bureau. Amin expanded it to a military-intelligence and secret-police operation, which provides his bodyguards. It must have trained 10,000 to 12,000 killers by now.

PLAYBOY: It was one of those mercenaries who spotted you when you were fleeing Uganda, wasn't it?

KYEMBA: Yes; I was changing planes in Paris and he spotted me.

PLAYBOY: What was he doing there?

KYEMBA: Oh, he was one of the two embassy thugs. There are two in most embassies. They work together to keep an eye on diplomatic personnel for Amin. They're called two-by-twos. This two-by-two spotted me and thought to himself, What's Kyemba doing off by himself away from his job? and called his pal in Paris, who called Amin with the advice that if he were to check up on me, he might find something of interest. Then——

PLAYBOY: How do you know?

KYEMBA: What?

PLAYBOY: How do you know he got that message to Amin?

KYEMBA: I can't tell you.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

KYEMBA: How do you think I get a lot of my information? I have my contacts; I can't tell you where they work or what areas they work in. It would endanger them. As it is, I get the news direct, often before Amin himself knows. There's quite a bit in my book that will be news to Amin. He'll have someone read it to him, you know—he can hardly read it for himself.

PLAYBOY: Will he have someone read this interview to him?

KYEMBA: Oh, sure. Perhaps we could arrange for him to be sent a complimentary copy.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to the time you first became involved with Amin. You became his principal private secretary after he seized power in 1971. When do you recall first becoming aware that Amin wasn't the buffoon the press was making him out to be?

KYEMBA: From the very first. I saw the brutal side of his nature. When I got back to Kampala after the coup—I had been on a mission to Singapore with former president Milton Obote—I knew that some military operations were being carried out under Amin's orders. I was with Amin when reports of killings were telephoned to him. I remember, in particular, one pathetic case—the conductor of the police band, Mohammed Oduka.

PLAYBOY: What happened to him?

KYEMBA: He had been implicated in the

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plot to overthrow Obote and had fled to Kenya. Since he was supposedly on the "right" side, he was persuaded to return by one of Amin's boys with the promise of a friendly reception. Upon arrival, he was taken to see Amin. The new president met him at the command post and then ordered him to be taken to make a statement and released. Amin drove from the command post to his new office, where he told me of the meeting. Just then, the chief medical officer telephoned him. Amin turned to me and said coldly, "Oduka is dead." Just like that! About a man whom he had welcomed back as a friend just an hour before! Now, who is responsible for that? Not the chief medical officer, certainly.

PLAYBOY: Did that sort of behavior indicate to you that Amin would be capable of such actions toward the civilian population?

KYEMBA: Not really. The killings were mostly in the barracks. He used to tell us they were mopping up a few guerrillas recruited by Obote. And I believed him—we all did. Obote was obviously very bitter about the coup and we thought he was trying as hard as he could to re-establish himself in the country. The first civilian killing that shocked me was that of Michael Kagwa, who was then president of the industrial court [a court for settling industrial disputes between employers and trade unions]. He was friendly with Amin and Amin used to call him at his office from time to time when I was there; but Amin had designs on Kagwa's girlfriend. Kagwa was picked up at a Kampala swimming pool. He was shot and his body dumped and burned on the outskirts of the capital. That was in September 1971. It shook me.

PLAYBOY: When did it become apparent that Amin's killings were not individual cases but mass murder?

KYEMBA: That was not until late 1972.

PLAYBOY: And you started to see bodies at that stage?

KYEMBA: Everybody started to see bodies. There were so many that they couldn't be buried, so they were dumped into the Nile. The main road that connects Kampala and Jinja passes over the River Nile. Thousands of people passed that place every day. Time and again, you would find bodies floating down from the source of the Nile, through the dam, and piling up in the still waters on one side. There was a boat on full-time duty removing the bodies. You would find people physically lifting those rotten, ballooned-out bodies from the river.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think they were thrown into the river rather than into the lake?

KYEMBA: That was one of the stupid things that Amin's boys did. Obviously, they thought that by dumping them into the river they would be eaten quickly by

MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

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No. 7 actual size

the crocodiles. They did not realize that once they dumped the bodies in such numbers, the crocodiles could not eat them all. Nor did they think that the bodies would be floating, all puffed up, to the surface. I saw bodies that were left on the riverside for days, because people became hardened to the sight. Then Amin announced on the Ugandan radio that all those bodies must be removed by the police as soon as they appeared. He accused the police of being lazy because they were not removing them fast enough!

PLAYBOY: Didn't he raise the question of why there were bodies there at all?

KYEMBA: No. Absolutely extraordinary. There were a number of commissioners of police at that time. They were fired, one after the other, for failure to make sure that the bodies were removed as quickly as they appeared. It became a serious political issue. Not a legal one, of course, just political. Tourists were passing through, and that made it hard for Amin to deny that the bodies actually existed. There were complaints that hydroelectric facilities at the dam were being clogged up. Can you believe it?

[The phone rings and Kyemba retires to a corner, laughing uproariously on occasion. After five minutes or so, he comes back.]

KYEMBA: This is amazing.

PLAYBOY: What?

KYEMBA: That was a friend of mine, telling me of an interesting piece of information from contacts in Kampala. Amin has apparently heard that I am writing this book and being interviewed. He's just accused me on the radio, saying that I was responsible for the shortages of drugs in his hospitals, because I had embezzled 1,000,000 shillings [$125,000].

PLAYBOY: Hasn't he made that accusation before?

KYEMBA: No, no. When I first left, before I even left Geneva, he accused me of taking 300,000 shillings. Later on, when he was trying to inveigle me back, he changed his mind and said, no—he had given me 30,000 shillings for medical treatment. Now he says it was 1,000,000! Still, I don't hold the record. When the ministers of finance and industry defected, he said they had taken 6,000,000 shillings each. Perhaps I should be flattered that he thinks me so honest! You think that's odd? Just listen to what else my friend told me——

PLAYBOY: Just a minute. To set the record straight, *did* you take any money with you?

KYEMBA: Of course not. If I had been funneling any money out of the country or had even withdrawn my own savings, Amin would have known and I would never have left Uganda at all. I was careful to withdraw only my official allowance of $100 a day. When I came to England,

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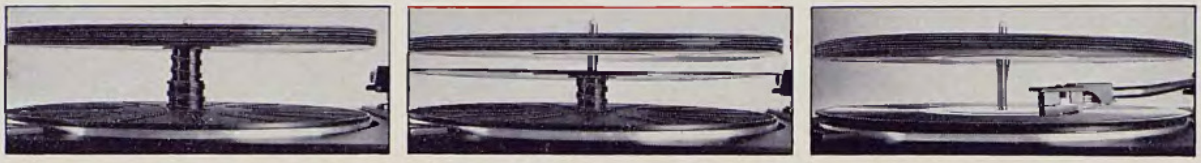

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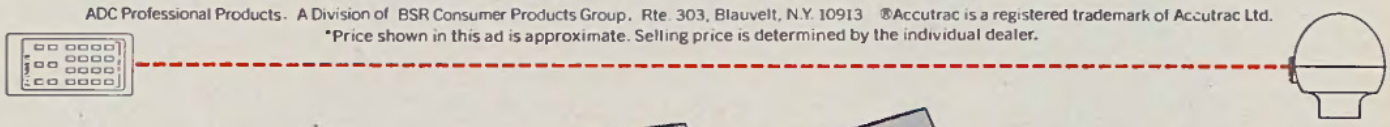

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all I had was $2000 in an English bank—which was, in fact, a personal gift Amin himself made on a foreign trip two years before. All I have to live on is the fees for the interview with the *London Sunday Times* and the income from my book. It won't last forever but long enough, I hope, for me to get back to Uganda under a different regime.

PLAYBOY: All right, you were telling us what else your contact just told you.

KYEMBA: You remember Amin had four wives until March 1974, when he divorced three at once—Malyamu, Kay and Nora. It was announced they had commercial interests—that was the supposed reason he divorced them. Now I've just learned the truth. There is apparently no limit to the number of Amin's girlfriends. He has literally dozens, and that severely limited his ability to satisfy the women who were married to him. For months and months, he ignored his first three wives to live with wife number four, Medina. Naturally, the others were very unhappy.

PLAYBOY: Frustrated?

KYEMBA: Very frustrated. They were all very good-looking women in the prime of life, who could have had any man they wanted. The three women, in their boredom and frustration, all took lovers. Then one night they threw a party for their men and other friends. Amin's bodyguards, afraid he would discover what was going on and blame them, told the president. He was furious and phoned his rebellious wives. They had the courage to tell him to go to hell! Literally! They were pretty drunk. He threatened to throw them out. They told him to do his worst, ordered the bodyguards to leave and barred the house. The next day, he announced the divorces. Amazing. I knew Malyamu well, but for some reason, she never told me about it all.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to where we were before that phone call. Aside from the mass murders, what has happened to Uganda since Amin took power?

KYEMBA: The whole country is devastated. Amin has no interest in bureaucracy. He has destroyed much of the economy by handing out the businesses of the 50,000 Asians who were thrown out of the country in 1972. That was, in effect, the whole of Uganda's middle class. Factories closed. Businesses were looted. Money was seized. Shortages grew. It's impossible these days to get bread, butter, sugar, tea—even the tea; Amin exports what little we grow to finance his luxuries. All the coffee we grow is exported. You can't buy it in the shops.

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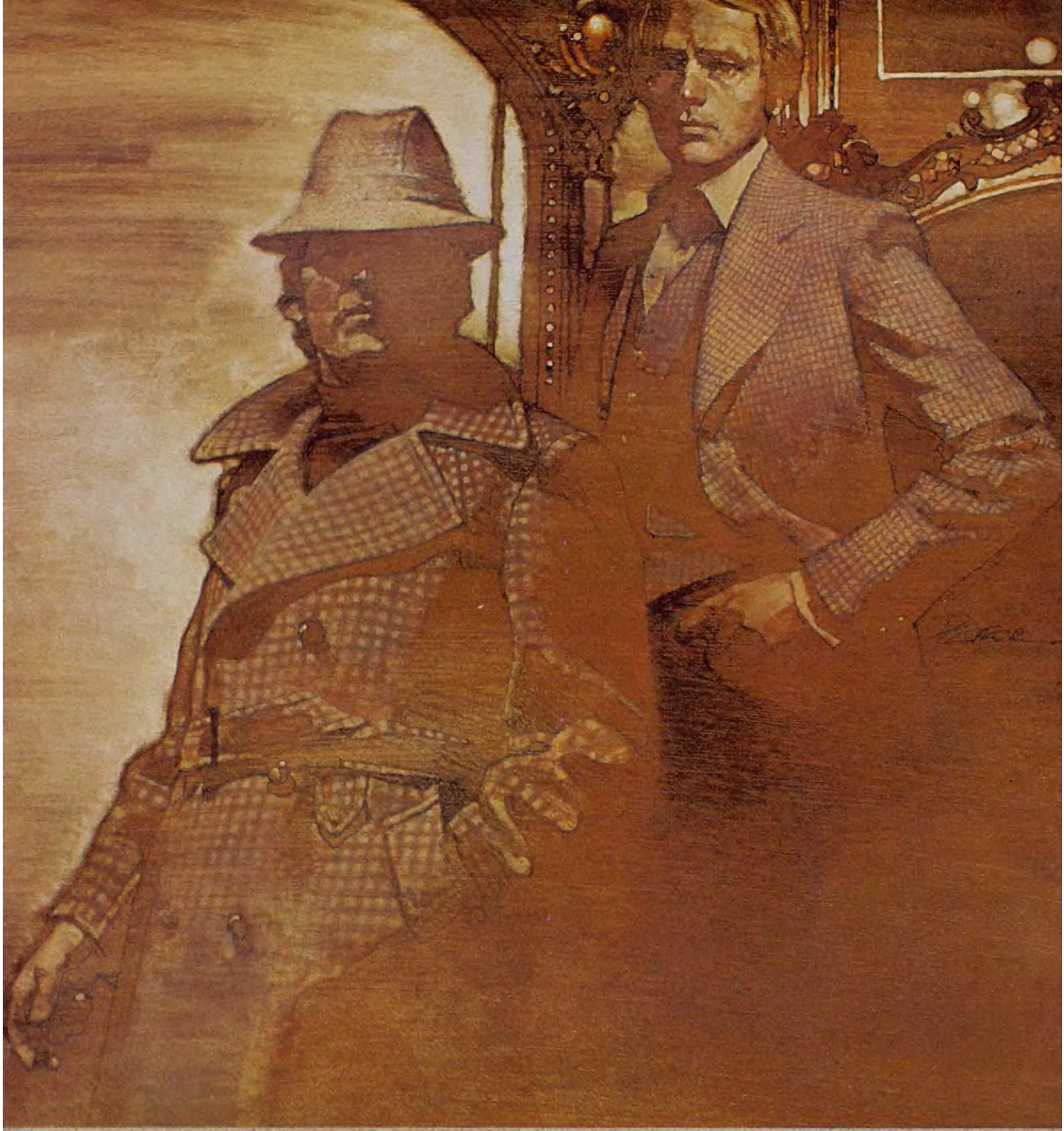

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PLAYBOY: You must have seen all that coming. Did you keep notes, make a record?

KYEMBA: I am a historian by training, but it is very difficult to write anything down. I tried to write a book before I left Uganda, some years ago, and had to abandon it. Anything I put down could easily have been misunderstood if it were reported to Amin. In fact, I was later proved right, because Denis Hills was arrested for doing nothing else than preparing a manuscript for his book, *The White Pumpkin*. [Denis Hills is the English author who was condemned to death by Amin for calling him a "village tyrant" in a draft manuscript. He was saved after the intercession of the queen.]

PLAYBOY: And the fact that you were writing something down would have made Amin suspicious?

KYEMBA: Absolutely. He doesn't believe that anyone can do anything innocent. Anything written is evidence and suspect. Partly, of course, it's a personal threat: He can't read at all well. So there are few government records. Amin administers the whole country by interview and radio announcement. So when the history of the past six years in Uganda comes to be written, it will be hearsay.

PLAYBOY: That's the case with your own book, *State of Blood*. You've relied heavily on the experiences of other people and what they have told you.

KYEMBA: That's true. And that's why it is so important, as far as I am concerned, that I put down in writing what I know and do so with the maximum effect possible. Many of my brothers and sisters, friends, fellow Ugandans, really know little of what is happening in Uganda. Which means that information outside is pretty shaky, too. There is nothing objective that can be sent out. Amin himself approves every news bulletin. A few journalists are invited in, but if Amin finds that they are independent-minded, they never have a second visit. There are no foreign newspapers. No foreign correspondents—except a Tass man—none even from African countries. The whole country is a closed society; it exists for Amin alone.

PLAYBOY: By 1973, you, as a Cabinet minister, knew the nature of his regime. How were you able to continue serving him?

KYEMBA: It was a most agonizing decision I had to make. I certainly had a fairly good idea of what Amin was doing in the country; I had known friends and relatives murdered; I had known many of the innocent who had died. I had no ambition to serve. In fact, on a number of occasions, I almost wondered why God had not given Amin the idea of firing me. I remember very clearly one day when I was driving between Kampala and Jinja; about ten miles out, a newscaster started reading out a list of officials who had been sacked. As soon as he started reading the list, I just burst into joyous laughter—I expected my name to be among those fired, 28 in all. Unfortunately, to my great disappointment, the list ended without my name being mentioned. I was thoroughly depressed. That would have been the only way for me to leave Amin's service. Resignation is impossible. Amin feels he is the one who knows when you are tired, when you are slow, when you should go into retirement; not the other way round.

PLAYBOY: Your resignation would have implied criticism and therefore put you in danger?

KYEMBA: Absolutely. Even up to now, nobody can afford to resign and stay in the country. You post your resignation from abroad and remain where you are.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone resigned and remained in Uganda?

KYEMBA: Only one that I know of—a Nubian—to whom Amin gave a big bakery. For anyone else, it would be suicide. Amin would accuse you of knowing that something was going to happen. "Why are you abandoning the boat?" he would say. "How do you know there is danger? Who have you been plotting with?" Exile is the only answer.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide not to go into exile earlier?

KYEMBA: I could have done so, but living in exile is not an easy thing. Have you thought how difficult it is to leave the country you love? Uganda is a beautiful place. I never want to live permanently anywhere else. You remember Churchill called it the Pearl of Africa? More practically, though, if I left, I wanted to ensure that my departure would have maximum effect. And between 1972 and 1974, I was in a relatively minor ministry. My departure would not have made much impact on Amin. It wouldn't have made much difference. Several other senior ministers and officials left about that time and Amin pretended nothing had happened. But the strongest reason for staying was one that now seems wildly optimistic: I thought that because of my personal relationship with Amin, he might listen to what I had to say. I had to consider all those things. I thought I would serve my country better if I remained.

PLAYBOY: Still, six years is a long time to serve a tyrant whom you knew to be committing mass murders.

KYEMBA: Of course it is, too long. I will always have it on my conscience. My reasons for staying were largely selfish ones and so were my reasons for fleeing. On the other hand, don't you think that to

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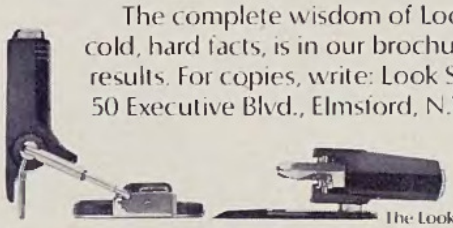

The Look N77 turntable binding

parade such guilt is a form of self-indulgence? Lots of officials fled and, by fleeing, ensured that they lacked the knowledge to speak up effectively. For whatever reasons, I *have* that knowledge. The important thing is that my knowledge should become public, should be turned into an effective weapon against Amin. Should I have fled earlier and spared Amin my revelations? Should I have left that task to someone else? Would there have *been* someone else? And what would you have said to *him*? Or to anyone who remained long enough to tell the truth sufficiently strongly to help bring about Amin's downfall? How do you set my private guilt against the public service that I think, I hope, I believe I can now perform? If you've got the answers, you'd better tell me. I'm sure I won't have them for years—if ever.

PLAYBOY: Did anything happen while you were his minister that justified your decision to serve him? Were you able, in fact, to exercise any moderating influence on him?

KYEMBA: Well, just after the coup, when I was his secretary, he consulted me on quite a number of senior appointments in the Cabinet. And it was a good, experienced Cabinet. It took him some time to reduce it to impotence. He also asked me, on a number of occasions, about appointments to various committees. On major issues, he would telephone me and ask me if I had anything to say. I assisted in the drafting of quite a number of communiqués from time to time. So I thought that I could exercise some restraining influence on him.

PLAYBOY: And did you?

KYEMBA: Well, no, not in any significant way. I was wrong. But I am sure I did save a few lives, occasionally, when I knew he was being misinformed about the conduct of certain individuals. I remember once, on tour, one of my colleagues was arrested and accused of certain activities under Obote. I told Amin I didn't think it was true. When we got back, he ordered the police not to bother him any further.

PLAYBOY: Before deciding to defect, were you ever in any personal danger?

KYEMBA: I don't think so. I knew Amin very well; I believed I could read his mind thoroughly and I was able to judge if he was likely to move against me. There was one time in 1975, after my return from China and North Korea, when I suspected that he might be about to move against me. I was held responsible for a shortage of drugs. Somebody told Amin my ministry had millions of shillings in foreign exchange for the importation of drugs, yet I had left the money on deposit in the bank. Fortunately, it was a foolish accusation. The ministry had to buy foreign currency with its local currency and we had none to spare. We were short of drugs because the crown agents in England [a semi-official body that acts commercially for Commonwealth territories] had stopped handling Ugandan orders unless we paid cash, which we didn't have. I told Amin I would go if my going would save the situation. Within a few days, he started flattering me again, saying how well the ministry was being run again, and the danger receded.

PLAYBOY: Yet all around you, officials were killed. You list 100 in the dedication to your book whom you knew personally. Why were *you* able to survive so long?

KYEMBA: Well, I possibly presented the least threat.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

KYEMBA: I have never had any political ambition. In fact, the last thing I would have wanted was to be a minister under Amin. I was interested in pursuing a professional civil-service career in the old sense of the word. I found myself in a position of trust and I was determined to continue neutral. I gave my advice honestly. But I suppose I was also a natural survivor. When I knew Amin was violent and was not prepared to

listen to any advice, I would just keep quiet, whatever my opinion. But if he gave me an opportunity, I was happy to say: I think that is not the way to do it. So he trusted me and I was never a threat.

PLAYBOY: Through all the horrors you witnessed and heard about, you managed to react uncritically, is that it? Was that what enabled you to survive?

KYEMBA: That was absolutely vital with Amin. When Amin is talking, he is also looking at you, and he is terribly suspicious. He is always keen to read your reaction and he is frighteningly astute. If he turns to you and says someone has been shot, he will be watching for your reaction. If you remain impassive, he will suspect you of hiding something. He likes you to be a little shocked. You can say, "Oh, how terrible." But it must be only a personal reaction. You can't imply that he was wrong in his estimations.

Take the case of Archbishop Luwuum, killed in February 1977. You remember he was accused, in the presence of 2000 soldiers and senior officials at that meeting in front of the Nile Hotel, of helping Obote's guerrillas. That was only a couple of hours before he was killed and it was announced that he had died in a motor accident. Well, if Amin had told me the archbishop had plotted against him, I couldn't possibly have said, "What nonsense!" I would have had to show personal shock at the death of the archbishop, but then *sympathize* with Amin that he had to take the decision, and even *admire* him for his audacity!

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction in circumstances like that? You said that when you heard of the death of Mrs. Bloch, you reacted only by saying, "Oh, dear."

KYEMBA: That's right. But "Oh, dear," was hardly a reaction. It was a response that I had learned to give to Amin. The only people who witnessed my true feelings about Mrs. Bloch were my wife and a visitor. I took it out on them, shouting about how brutal and stupid Amin was.

PLAYBOY: Since you lived through the Entebbe raid and had personal contact with Amin during that period, perhaps you can clear up some questions that remain. For instance, despite his claims that he was only mediating, is there any doubt that Amin was supporting the Palestinian hijackers?

KYEMBA: No. As his health minister, I was placed in charge of medical treatment for the hostages. Several times, Amin told me, "Well, Kyemba, now I've got these people where I want them. I've got the Israelis fixed up this time." And I remember that he was very enthusiastic when he first called to tell me the hijackers had landed at Entebbe.

PLAYBOY: And you met the hijackers?

KYEMBA: Yes. When I was led to the airport that day, past the Ugandan soldiers, I remember seeing the hostages first. They were a miserable sight. Then I was introduced to the leader of the hijackers—a woman who I later realized was the German terrorist Gabriele. She was very good-looking, about 30. She nearly introduced herself to me by name but then said I should call her Miss Hijacker.

PLAYBOY: What was the reaction in Kampala to the Israeli raid?

KYEMBA: From my own experience, I can tell you that a number of civilian casualties were admitted to my hospitals. They were victims of humiliated troops who had taken to the streets to prove their loyalty and strength. The soldiers had simply beaten up anyone who seemed to be mocking them. I can say also that the grave of Mrs. Bloch has become something of a legend for local villagers. It is located in a grass field not far from Kampala—where, I do not want to say—but the villagers are convinced that the Israelis will return for her remains. One reason I do not want to reveal the grave site is that I think Amin is secretly convinced the Israelis might, in fact, return, and he could have the body disinterred and removed.

PLAYBOY: Right after you defected, you talked to a London newspaper and one of the things you said was widely quoted because it was so chilling. You said that

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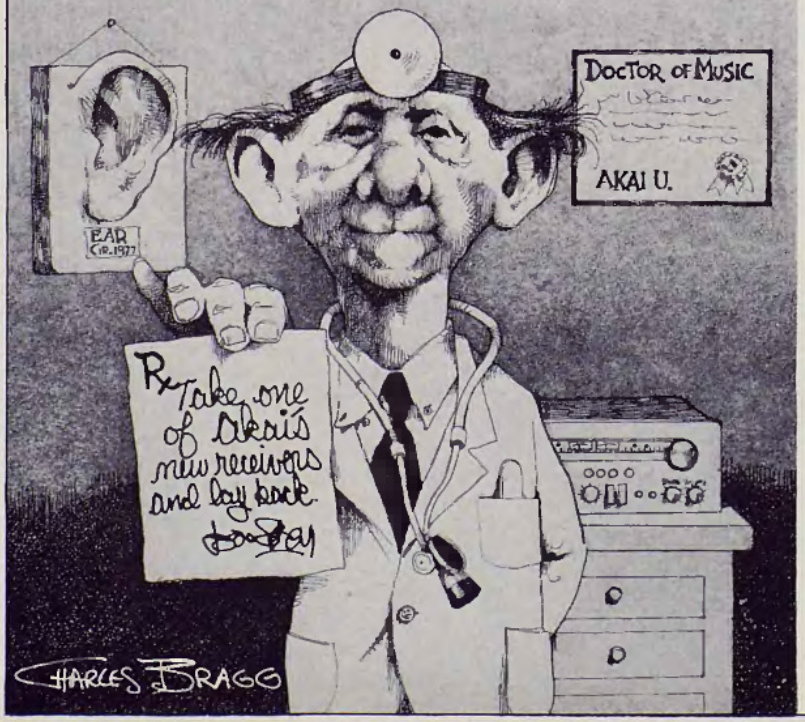

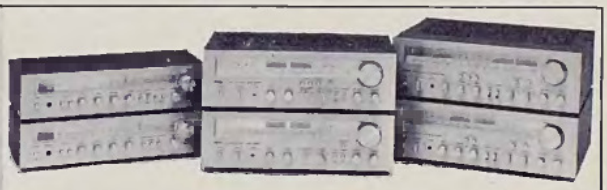

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(not to mention Harry Reasoner and Robert Evans) interviewed and photographed by Scavullo.

NOVEMBER OUI ON NEWSSTANDS NOW

Amin had told you he had eaten human flesh.

KYEMBA: Yes. He has said that to a number of people, including a doctor who nearly collapsed when she heard him say it. He told me on one occasion that the flesh he had consumed was more salty than other meats, something like leopard meat.

PLAYBOY: You don't think he was saying it for dramatic effect?

KYEMBA: I don't believe so. He does lie and dramatize, of course; but he also likes to emphasize his bloodthirstiness and that is just the sort of thing he would boast about. Besides, his tribesmen, the Kakwa, are still very bloodthirsty themselves. There was a case I was told about involving a Kakwa official who shot some poachers in Murchison Falls Park. His driver told me he saw the official stick his knife into the bodies and taste the blood. It is done, I believe, to absorb the dead man's spirit.

PLAYBOY: Have you personally witnessed any of those barbarisms?

KYEMBA: No, but it is common knowledge among Ugandan doctors that many of the bodies dumped into hospital mortuaries are terribly mutilated. Livers, noses, lips, eyes and genitals are often missing. These follow a definite pattern, and it can be safely assumed that the killers have performed these acts on specific instructions. After a foreign-service officer, Godfrey Kiggala, was shot in June 1974, his eyes were gouged out and his body was partially skinned before it was dumped into a wood outside Kampala. Medical reports on the deaths of Shabani Nkutu, the minister of works, and Lieutenant Colonel Ondoga, the minister of foreign affairs, who were killed in January 1973 and March 1974, respectively, stated that the bodies had been cut open and a number of internal organs had been tampered with.

As for the forms of death themselves, the reports of sadism and brutality have not been exaggerated, for the most part. At the prison of Naguru, there is a road that runs alongside the compound; my own bodyguard, Vincent Masiga, lives there. The cries of prisoners can often be heard by the residents nearby. Sometimes, in fact, crowds are permitted to watch executions.

Ali Towelli, the head of the prison, has developed a particularly sadistic form of death. He forces prisoners, on the pretext of saving ammunition, to batter out the brains of another prisoner with a heavy hammer. He promises them they will be reprieved if they do so. The prisoner who has just killed is then killed by yet another prisoner in the same way, with the same promise.

PLAYBOY: Amin *is* insane, isn't he? What about the rumors of syphilis, which is

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supposed to affect the mind in its terminal stages?

KYEMBA: Amin has suffered from syphilis; his medical records show it. And one of his girlfriends, a nurse, complained to me that she had been infected by him and rendered infertile. But I see no evidence that the disease is progressive. And even if it is true, it would not explain his behavior. It is not due to brain damage but to a long-term, consistent pattern of brutal behavior.

PLAYBOY: What about those around him, his friends and family? Are they victims of his brutality as well?

KYEMBA: Indeed. I have interviewed all his wives. You remember that I said he had divorced three of his four wives. One of them, Kay, got pregnant shortly before the divorce. She went to her lover, who happened to be a doctor, for an abortion and died on the operating table. The doctor dismembered her, hoping to dispose of the body; then, in despair, he committed suicide. Kay's body was found and taken to the hospital, at which time I was told of the affair.

It was up to me to inform Amin, even before I identified the body. I was shaking. I got to him and said, "Your Excellency, your former wife is dead, and in terrible circumstances, I understand." There was no reaction. He just said, "What has happened?" I said, "The body is in pieces. It's dismembered in my mortuary." He said, "Have you been there?" I said, "No." He said, "You go there and tell me exactly what it is like." I went. It was appalling. The body was neatly severed along the limb joints—the arms and legs in one sack, the torso in another. I returned and told Amin. He was not concerned. He said only, "Oh, is that what has been done? You go home now." Then came that order that still fills me with horror when I think of it, when he called later to say, "Oh, could you arrange to sew back those legs and arms? We'll arrange for the children to see the body tomorrow." The staff did so and the children were brought in. As they witnessed the terrible spectacle, Amin shouted curses at the body and told his children that their mother deserved her fate. Then, after that, Kay was never mentioned. He had, I suppose, loved her. But it was as if she had never been.

PLAYBOY: Is a man like that capable of human emotions? What did his wives say when you talked with them?

KYEMBA: Well, he had appealed to them as a man before they married him, but afterward, he disgusted them. His attitudes are so inhuman. For one thing, he looks on sex as a way of showing his manhood, his power. He talks about "mechanization" as far as sex is concerned. That is the word he normally uses.

PLAYBOY: Mechanization?

KYEMBA: Mechanization. That is it. The sex act with a woman. He looks at it as a mechanical achievement. The machine works and something results—for him, a public display of his manhood. He'll say, "We need some mechanization round here," or, "She's good for mechanization." It is not something that has any emotional import for him. To have a woman means that the machine is working all right.

PLAYBOY: Why is it, then, that his image as a man of humor and likability has persisted—along with the reports of his darker nature?

KYEMBA: I think that is the one point that has led to the greatest tragedy in Uganda and in the world at large. Amin has a talent for deception, where he hides behind his charm. He can sit with you at the table, enjoying a cup of tea or coffee, while next door a former friend is being slaughtered. He'll give someone anything if he believes he needs to make an impression, to win him over. I have seen him hand out fistfuls of dollars from his briefcase. He gives away cars, houses—anything. He will lavish hospitality on anyone he thinks might be useful. Yet he may kill the same people just as easily.

"We have seen delegates walk out of conferences as soon as the South African foreign minister starts to speak. It is worse when Amin appears—or should be. He should speak to empty chairs."

PLAYBOY: Then why is he still considered a hero by some? Many African leaders refuse to condemn him.

KYEMBA: It is not true that African leaders have not condemned him. Amin has been condemned by a number of individual African leaders in no uncertain terms. President Nyerere of Tanzania condemned him forthrightly. President Kaunda of Zambia has condemned him. The president of Botswana, Sir Seretse Khama, has condemned him.

PLAYBOY: What about the fact that he was given an ovation at the Organization of African Unity summit meeting in Gabon in July?

KYEMBA: I do not believe that that was an ovation in the real sense of the word. It was a misunderstanding by the Western press. It was pure irony, a way of jeering at him. He managed to turn up in a Western-built jet, in Western uniforms, with medals all over his body. He was huge and dramatic. It was like applauding a brutal version of King Kong. Here is this giant who comes out of the grave—you remember, there had just been an attempted coup and he had dropped out of sight—and even before the people of Uganda know that he has left, he is addressing the O.A.U. I have no doubt in my mind that not a single head of state or senior minister of government could have seriously participated in an ovation of a person who had just murdered an archbishop and two Cabinet ministers and was responsible for 150,000 murders. He sparked a sudden response—ironic applause.

PLAYBOY: But even an ironic ovation is an ovation, and Amin must have gone away satisfied. Surely, it's an inadequate response to a murderer. Don't you think that the African leaders themselves need to consider more carefully ways of bringing international pressure to bear on Amin?

KYEMBA: It *is* inadequate and the O.A.U. *has* no formal organized condemnation. It is terrible that Amin can still take them by surprise and get a reception like that. Of course, the O.A.U. leaders are worried about meddling in the affairs of member states. Perhaps the same thing could happen to them someday. But there comes a time when self-interest no longer justifies that support. Amin should not be allowed to get away with those appearances on the world stage. We have seen delegates walk out of conferences as soon as the South African foreign minister starts to speak. It is worse when Amin appears—or should be. He should speak to empty chairs. I hope and pray we shall see some firm words from the O.A.U.

PLAYBOY: What are the chances of a more immediate solution, such as assassination?

KYEMBA: Well, there have been several attempts on his life. There was one just recently, in June, just before the last O.A.U. summit in Gabon. I had left by then, so I don't know the details. But there was one attempt in which I was almost involved.

The occasion was a police review. After the review, the VIPs, Amin included, all went to a reception in a nearby hall. After about half an hour, Amin decided to leave. We crowded out of the building with him to say goodbye. Outside, in the compound, were a mass of cars and people all waiting to see him. He had an open jeep waiting for him, its windshield removed—a flamboyant form of transport in which he often liked to show himself off as a man of action. Seeing the crowds, he decided to dramatize his departure. He ordered his driver into the passenger seat, took the wheel himself and spun the jeep out of the compound gates. I was standing

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watching him go, with the others, when we heard an explosion. I learned later, a grenade had exploded just beside the front wheel on the passenger side. Another grenade went off just behind the jeep. The first one blasted a splinter of metal into the forehead of Amin's driver, who slumped down in his seat. Amin accelerated away and, as he went, seized a grenade from his briefcase—he always carries grenades in his car—and held it up to his teeth. He thought he was going to be chased and wanted to be ready to toss the grenade over his shoulder. The driver died later. It was an extraordinarily lucky escape—Amin should have been in that seat.

PLAYBOY: Would you advocate assassination?

KYEMBA: Well, I'm not a violent man. I would never advocate a solution I could not perform myself. But the suffering of the Ugandans is so intense, I would certainly welcome it if he were assassinated. It is the quickest answer—there can never be a popular uprising, because Amin's grip on the country is so strong and international action does, as you say, take time to work.

PLAYBOY: Could the army take over?

KYEMBA: Well, it might. But Amin's own policemen—and there are almost 20,000 of them—are so scattered through the armed forces and the police that it would be difficult for dissident army officers to organize a coup without being discovered. That's why a lone assassin might be the only answer.

PLAYBOY: And what happens when Amin goes?

KYEMBA: It could be very nasty. The southern Sudanese know the game they are playing. They have nothing to hold them to the country except Amin and his luxury goods. If he goes, they will flee north toward the border. But, of course, they have a long way to go and they have to go through the very tribes who have borne the brunt of Amin's attacks. If those areas hear of Amin's fall before the southern Sudanese get through, there could be the most frightful massacres.

PLAYBOY: What then?

KYEMBA: It's very hard. There is virtually no authority that can take over except the army. And the army is terribly discredited, deeply involved as it is in Amin's reign of terror. But it will, I'm afraid, be the only possible force for peace, and it will be helped by the disappearance of the southern Sudanese. To regain the confidence of the people, it will promise the earth, disassociate itself from the excesses of Amin. But those are the very techniques Amin used. They will have to go beyond that—to suggest a rigid timetable for a rapid return to civilian rule. If that works out, then the tremendous numbers of trained personnel—the thousands now

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in exile—will return and Uganda will revive.

PLAYBOY: If Amin himself has a chance to flee, what will he do?

KYEMBA: He's got it worked out very well. He has a ranch in his home area right in the corner where the borders of Uganda, Zaire and Sudan meet. His tribe, the Kakwa, are far more numerous in both countries than in Uganda. He's got thousands of acres, with goods, cattle, arms—you name it—stored away. I've been up there. He's got cash by the millions of dollars out of the country. He could hole up there with a hard core of his army—say 5000 men—and it would be practically impossible to get hold of him. He could shift over either border with ease. In the southern Sudan, especially, he could carve himself out a little robber kingdom, until his ammunition and cash ran out. What a prospect! It would take a coordinated military action by three countries to catch him. And even if it looked as though they might, he has a plane and a house in Libya. He could always flee to Qaddafi. I'm telling you, he shouldn't be underrated. He's very smart in this sort of operation.

PLAYBOY: What do you think the U. S. should do?

KYEMBA: The actual removal of Amin will have to be done by Ugandans themselves. But the U. S. has a very important role to play. Amin's regime is not self-sufficient. It depends tremendously on supplies from outside—in particular, on luxury imports and planes from the U. S., from the U.K., from France and from other countries. Those are the only things that allow Amin to survive. He has Boeings, Gulfstreams and C130s from the U. S. They are all serviced by Americans, either in Entebbe or in the U. S. Surely, the U. S. can act to cut off commercial contacts. In your country, you're in the forefront of a world-wide debate on human rights. President Carter has said it time and again. Amin has not the slightest regard for human rights. There are organizations for the international protection of wildlife everywhere; is it too much to expect that the international community should protect *human* life everywhere?

PLAYBOY: Aside from its political and industrial power, do you think the U. S. has a particular role to play because of its large black community?

KYEMBA: Absolutely. It has amazed me to see the extent to which Amin has successfully exploited his color with the American blacks to excuse his excesses. Blacks are right to be suspicious of white criticism because of past oppression. But in this case, that attitude has masked the truth. It is now not a question of black or white but a question of humanity. It is outrageous that some of the black community have ignored the deaths of tens

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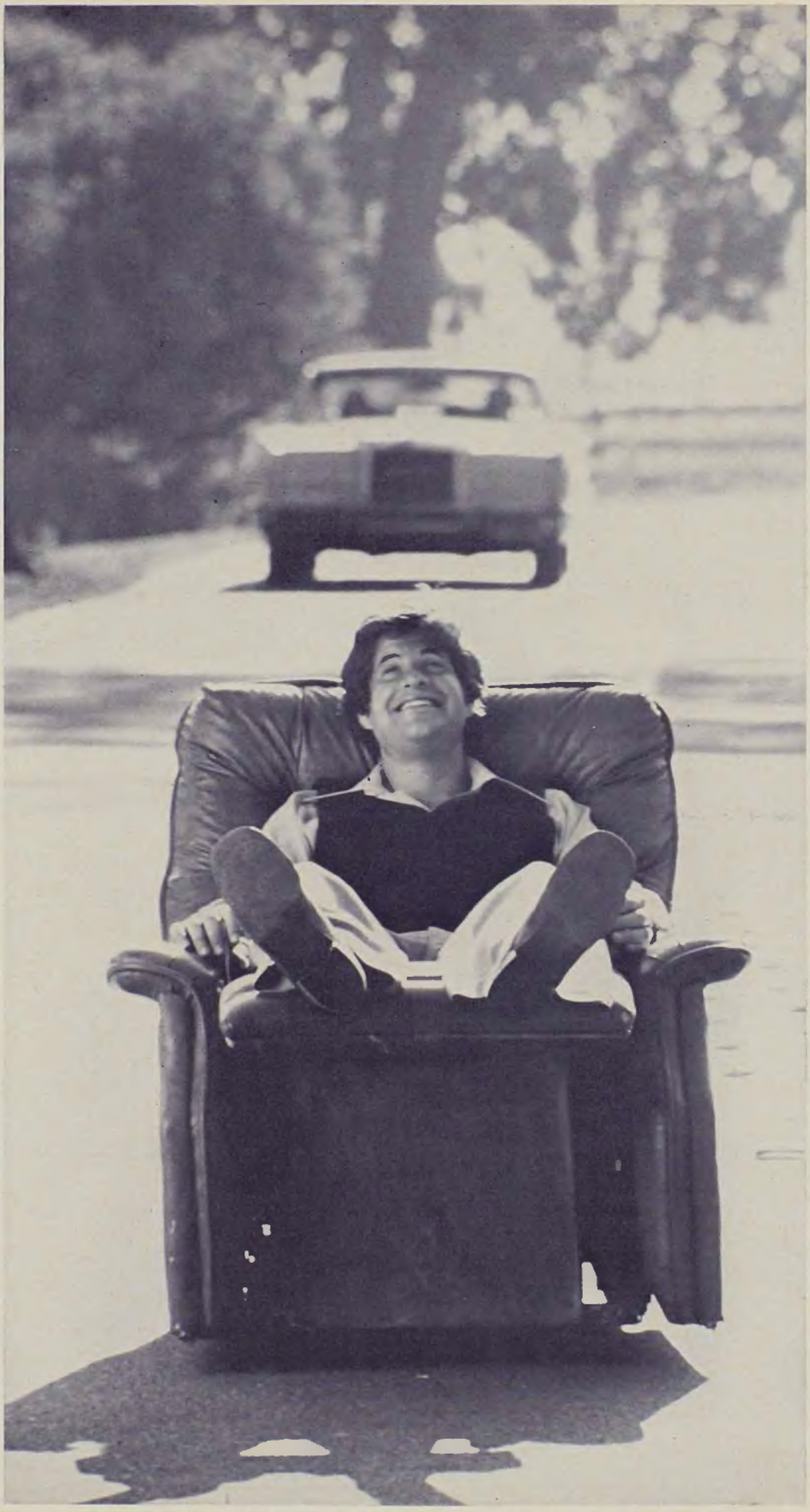
of thousands of Ugandans, merely because the Ugandans happen to have a black leader: if that is the price of having a black leader, one wonders if it is right to have one. Amin is an international criminal who should be got rid of. Anyone who associates with him is an accomplice. I know. I was an accomplice for a time. Eventually, you must act or bring discredit on yourself and on your government.

PLAYBOY: UN Ambassador Andrew Young, in his *Playboy Interview* and elsewhere, severely condemned Amin. What effect did that have?

KYEMBA: Amin has to be condemned outright by black communities wherever they are. Amin has tarnished the image of black men. It is up to blacks to oppose him. I must regard the statements of Andy Young, therefore, as of considerable importance to the world at large. He has shown that there need not be a double standard by which the civilized world judges atrocities—one for the white nations and one for the black. You remember former UN Ambassador Daniel Moynihan had tried to lead condemnation when he called Amin a "racist murderer"? Well, that's what he is. Andy Young has agreed in so many words. Let the black community show its concern and back him up. We have sanctions imposed against Rhodesia, quite rightly. It is terrible, isn't it, that Amin continues to enjoy the apparent support of the U. S. Government, while a person who is committing fewer, lesser crimes in Rhodesia gets a worse condemnation? The U. S. is the greatest purchaser of Ugandan coffee. Amin's planes are serviced in the States. The more I think about it, the less justification I see for the United States *not* to act. Does that make sense?

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but the British have argued that to cut off trade would be to harm the Ugandan population. What's your reply to that?

KYEMBA: That is just nonsense. Isn't the Ugandan population suffering already? All the luxury supplies from Britain—the "whiskey run"—two flights a week worth $70,000 each, are meant solely for Amin's army and his thugs who are terrorizing the population. The people in the villages don't have the essential commodities—sugar, salt, soap. They are slipping back a century, economically. They make soap substitute from the leaves of pawpaws. Nothing from Britain or from the U. S. goes beyond Entebbe or the immediate supporters of Amin. All the items supplied from the flights to London are directed to the army shops, which supply each army unit. Officers can get anything from radio cassettes to golf clubs, toys to car accessories, clothes to furniture. The only way that a few of those things filter through to civilians is



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for the army officials themselves to sell them at exorbitant prices to traders, who then sell them to the few people who can afford them at ten times their ordinary cost. It is not fair to expect that by supporting Amin's army and keeping it contented the ordinary people in Uganda will ever get anything. Can anyone really think it right to support Amin's planes so that he can send his family to Libya for medical treatment or to New York to do some shopping, while the ordinary man in the village has not got a bicycle to take him from his village to the hospital for treatment?

PLAYBOY: Do you think there is enough evidence to show that a firm international response will have an effect on Uganda's internal affairs?

KYEMBA: Certainly. On a number of significant occasions, Amin has been humiliated by foreign powers. When the two Americans, Nicholas Stroh and Robert Siedle, were killed in 1971, the U. S. demanded an investigation—which pointed the finger of suspicion at a senior officer and thus to Amin. He was utterly humiliated by the Israeli raid. He backpedaled fast when Carter threatened military action in support of U. S. citizens in Uganda. Yes, any firm international response has an effect. His image is tarnished so thoroughly in Uganda itself that even the army is likely to move against him—even his own tribesmen.

PLAYBOY: All right. You're now in exile, and we've worked together intensely for a month. Have you told everything you know?

KYEMBA: No. I keep remembering new details as we get things into perspective. Last night, I remembered the case of Mrs. Augustina Kyewalyanga. It's too late for the book, isn't it? Her husband, a doctor, had a serious illness and was admitted to a hospital. His first wife had died and he had recently married a young girl. Dr. Kyewalyanga was thought to be suffering from terminal cancer. There was clearly intense feeling in his family that his new wife might possibly inherit all her husband's wealth and that she should not do so. The family therefore arranged to use Amin's system for its own advantage. The patient was to be transferred to a hospital in Germany and Mrs. Kyewalyanga was to get some funds out of the bank for the journey. A female relative of the doctor's went to the hospital while she was visiting her husband and told her she could drive her to the bank. She drove her instead to a prearranged spot where some army chaps, hired for the killing, were waiting for her. They snatched the woman and took her to the outskirts of Kampala, cut her throat and burned the body. In normal circumstances, that would have been murder and an easy matter for the police to act against. But nobody took any notice. The president happened to be in the hospital the very next day. I took him to see the doctor before he was transferred and told Amin what had happened. He took no notice. A head of state! He never bothered about it. The doctor was horribly shocked and distraught, as you can imagine. But nothing was ever done.

PLAYBOY: What happened to Kyewalyanga?

KYEMBA: Oh—extraordinary. He went to Germany and survived. He's still there, I think.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel at all worried about the publicity to which you will be subjected as your story becomes known?

KYEMBA: Well, I believe I have a very special role to play in ending the Ugandan tragedy. Naturally, I am bound to come in for some publicity, which was never my cup of tea. I always detested the camera and television. But I have made my choice. I'll do whatever seems necessary to publicize what I have to say.

PLAYBOY: What impact do you think your story will have in Uganda itself?

KYEMBA: Of course, neither the book nor this interview will be available in Uganda. But people will undoubtedly smuggle the book in and hide it under mattresses. It is vitally important to find some way to make this story available to my countrymen. Ugandans are as starved of the truth as are foreigners and they will be determined to read it.

PLAYBOY: Is there one particular example—a single brutality—that stands out in your mind as an overriding indictment of Amin's regime?

KYEMBA: As I have said, I have been aware of a *great* number of brutalities committed on Amin's orders. Despite my knowledge of them, despite my association with Amin, it was not possible for me to prevent those murders. He was careful to always present them as *faits accomplis*. The old lady, Dora Bloch, was taken from my own hospital and murdered. The Anglican archbishop and two Cabinet ministers were murdered and thrown into my own hospital mortuary. I've been expected to tell lies to the world. So, no: not one single brutality—many. And it is something that will be on my conscience until I die, too.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of dying—perhaps at the hands of someone connected with Amin?

KYEMBA: There is a remote possibility that Amin would pay one or two people to assassinate me. There is also the possibility that some of the things I have been saying are unpalatable to certain exiled aspirants to Ugandan leadership. But, no, I don't fear for my life. I think I've done my bit. I would have felt very bitter and unhappy if I had not spoken out. But having done so, I do not fear to die.

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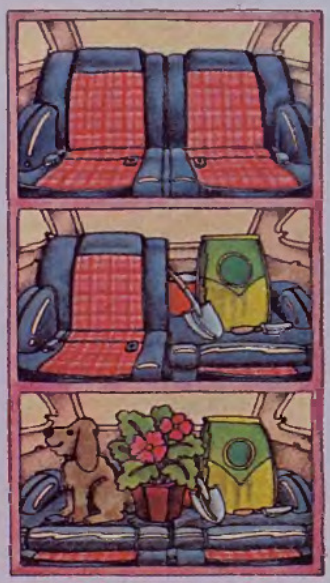

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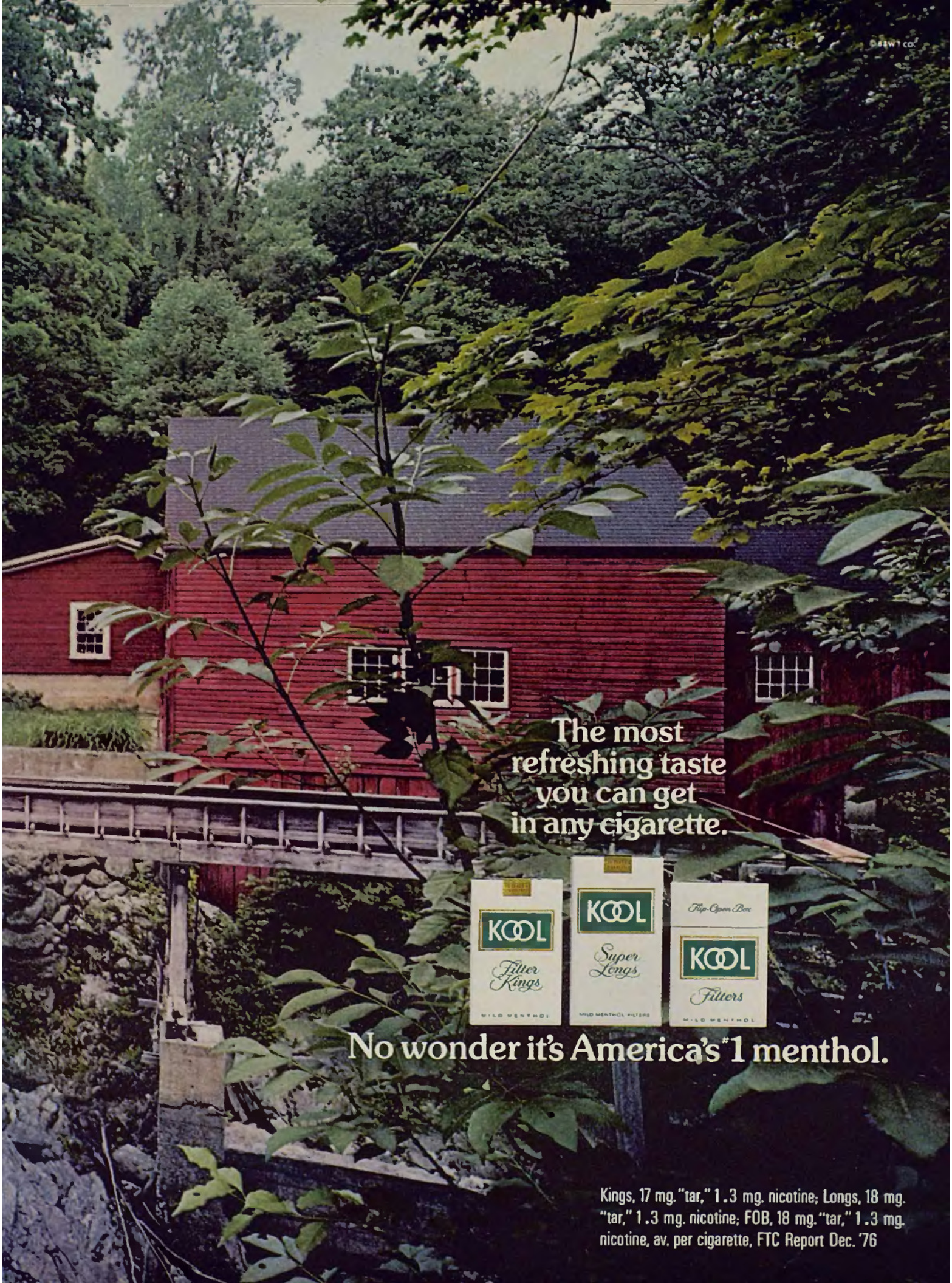
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article
By ROY BLOUNT JR.

CHAIRMAN BILLY

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"Yeah," this guy said, looking skeptical. "But how much of that was calculated?"

"Well," I said, "I know part of it wasn't. We were trying to piss on the shoulder."

But this guy still wasn't quite ready to buy Billy Carter's act, as he saw it. A lot of other people are.

•

"There's that goddamn invalid woman!"

"Billy, she's been waiting all day."

"I don't give a goddamn. I don't care if she *is* a goddamn invalid."

A middle-aged woman on a walker is making her way resolutely in a drizzling rain from door to window to window to door of the Carter peanut-warehouse offices in Plains, Georgia. She wants to meet old Billy, the President's brother, hero to beer drinkers and workingmen, who is trying to get some work done so he can get away and drink some beer.

Outside, in a street that never used to see any tourists except an occasional one who was seriously lost, people from all over America are hanging around, peering in, waiting for Billy to emerge. And now three old folks have just barged right in through the front door past the NO ADMITTANCE sign. "We've come all the way from Atlanta to see Billy," one of them announces.

"Lady," says Randy Coleman, Billy's office manager, "we have people come all the way from *Japan* to see Billy. But I can't give him to you if he's not here, can I?"

Billy is hiding in his inner office. The visitors peer around suspiciously. Finally, they leave, muttering, and Billy—chunky, blue-jeaned, intense—re-emerges into the anteroom, shaking his head and sucking in cigarette smoke that never seems to come back out. He looks a little like Opie, the kid on the old Andy Griffith show, grown up and considerably filled out and harried half to death. His expression eases when he picks up his bull-penis-in-*rigor-mortis* walking stick. "The other day, we had a lady in here holding it. She said, 'Ohhh, what's this made of?' " He goes "Heenh-heenh-heenh" in his distinctive, nervous, strangled and infectious laugh.

"Dear Gussie," sighs Billy's big, blonde, serene, ironically smiling wife, Sybil. She doesn't say it loudly enough to hurt the new visitor's feelings.

Another one has gotten in and he has caught Billy flat-footed. A spry Bermuda-shorted man from Cincinnati who wants Billy to pose holding a can of Cincinnati-brewed beer. "I saw the old gentleman your uncle over at his antique shop," the intruder says. "He said you'd be over here." At that, Billy's friend Tommy Butler, the Swift & Company salesman, known as Tommy B., begins to make faces and act like he's choking.

Glumly, silently, with the air of a dog being dressed up in baby clothes, Billy takes the beer and holds it up and the man snaps the picture and hands Billy his card and urges him to stop by the next time he's in Cincinnati and goes away happy.

Billy begins to chase Tommy B. around the room. "I didn't say anything," Butler whoops,

SCULPTURE BY JUDITH JAMPEL / PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZUK

BROTHER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
E PLURIBUS UNUM

dodging kicks. One thing that really riles Billy is to hear his cousin Hugh Carter, Jr.—an encourager of tourists and a frequent opponent of Billy's in local political matters—referred to as his uncle.

A thump is heard against the side door. The phone rings and Billy's secretary says, for the umpteenth time, "No, I'm sorry." At home, Billy's phone is off the hook. Too many bomb threats coming in. The listed phone at his gas station is off the hook, too. A while back, one college kid won $48 in an afternoon of answering it, hanging up and betting another college kid that it would ring again within 45 seconds.

Outside, a bus operated by one of the town's 12 tour services is passing. A megaphonic voice says, "There goes one of Billy's daughters!"

The daughter, Jana, 18, wearing a sweat shirt that says TWINKIE, bursts in to say, "Momma, one of the chickens has its head under another one and I think she's eating the eggs."

Sybil says, "Chickens don't eat the eggs. That's pigs that eat little pigs."

Jana is relieved. Someone mentions that a research organization is taking a survey at Billy's gas station to see what percentage of Americans are willing to show a stranger their belly buttons on request. "I wouldn't do that," says Jana, "but I'd throw 'em a moon."

"That old crazy man called," Randy tells Jana with relish.

"No! The one that chased me in Americus?" The police and Billy had had to be called. "What did he want?"

"He called asking for a job."

In an adjoining office, piles of strange tributes may be seen. A wood carving that reads, inexplicably, THERE'S A PORK CHOP IN EVERY BILLY. A cake, reading HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO SOMEONE WITH STYLE, mounted on four upright beer cans. Dozens of huge floppy hats made of beer cans crocheted together. Several cases of strange off-brand beers. "Four or five different cases come in every week," says Sybil. "We have to throw most of it away. You can't be sure what somebody might have put in it."

"This one's Guatemalan," says Billy. "Probably wash the bottles out with sewage."

Many people who, as Billy says, "claim they are women authors" have sent in copies of their vanity-press books, in response to his assertion on the Mike Douglas show that women could do some things well, but writing books was not one of them. This is not, of course, a defensible assertion, but the books that have been mailed in tend to bear it out. They come with inscriptions: "Maybe and God willing you will read this true BOOK even if written by a woman. You proply [*sic*] got an avelange [*sic*] of BOOKS through your talk shows. . . ."

"Maybe you have never experienced the vibes that would get you into the head of a woman."

"Here's a poet wants you to autograph a poem so he can sell it," says Sybil. She is going through the day's big stack of fan mail. "This man says he has a thing for Jimmy about heating and if he's interested, to call him.

" 'I will send you round-trip bus fare. You can stay with my two boys and. . . .'

" 'I sent your mother a life-size picture of Christ and she answered with a sweet letter, but your sister-in-law never. . . .'

"This one's marked on the envelope, 'Mr. and Mrs. Billy Carter, Very Personal.' Then it begins, 'Dear sirs. . . .'

"This man wants you to go into business with him. 'It wouldn't hurt your image to be the first person to strike oil in Georgia. There are definite hydrocarbon deposits. . . .' And he wants you to get them out.

"This lady asks which side you would have fought on in the Civil War."

"Tell her I'd probably hid out in the swamp," Billy says.

Sybil rolls her eyes. "One lady in Rome wrote to say she wanted a picture of Billy to replace one of the two Popes she had on her wall. People keep writing in to say we're real. Oh, how nice. I thought we were artificial."

"You can tell your brother to kiss my ass," Billy tells Randy, whose brother, a state legislator, has just voted for legalizing 14-foot-wide trailers on Georgia roads, something Billy is against because "Georgia roads are only sixteen feet wide."

"Your cousin Hugh was the one pushed it through," Randy says.

"I already told him—several times."

"What if somebody comes to take us hostage?" someone asks. "I'm getting a shotgun in here."

"I already got two," Billy says.

Randy is scanning the tourists with binoculars, looking for good-looking women among them. Various members of staff and family join him at the window.

"There's a man going to the bathroom."

"Where?"

"Look at that lady in that box there. What's she doing?"

"Selling tickets."

"To what?"

"To look at the man going to the bathroom."

Billy tells Sybil a friend of theirs has asked him to put in an appearance at a function the same day he's already been asked to be in several other places. "I don't know what to tell him."

"Tell him no, Billy."

"You call him."

"No, I'm not going to. You've got to learn to say no, Billy."

Billy sighs. "When I was on the *Tomorrow* show, I drove to Albany and flew out of there at ten A.M. and back in at one-fifty the next morning. I must've spent four thousand dollars of my own money traveling to things before I started getting expenses. Anything to get away from Plains for a while. Plains is one big rip-off. You can't buy a quart of milk or a loaf of bread anymore. Just Jimmy Carter souvenirs."

Billy takes a business call in his office. In a few minutes, muffled shouting can be heard.

Another of Billy and Sybil's six children, their daughter Kim, 21, comes in.

"Who was that little writer, went back and wrote that I looked like Daisy Mae?" she asks after a while. "Said I walked off twitching my behind? Sat right over there on that couch. Little bitty man. And you all made me go off with him and show him around town."

Billy bursts out of his office, enraged by his phone call. "Do a favor for the man, and then he screws me out of two thousand dollars. One thing I can't stand is to have a man tell me I can't call him a goddamn son of a bitch when that's exactly what I just finished doing. I think I'm going to go into Albany and hit a man and get throwed in jail!"

But here are some more people, another elderly threesome, strolling in. They want Billy to come out and pose on the doorstep with them.

"No, ma'am, I can't."

"We heard you were a good old boy."

Billy draws away to the far side of the room.

"Said you were the nicest person in the world."

"Yes'm."

"Well, you're not being too nice now."

There is a pained silence. Looking like people who have been denied a civil right, the tourists leave. It's noon! Boom! Billy and Sybil and Jana and Randy and Tommy B. and I dash outside and leap into the Blazer—tourists are banging on the sides, the lady on the walker is bearing down, she is yelling something; the car pulls off in a cloud of dust and we are off to Americus for lunch.

"Now," Billy says, "do you see why I hired an agent?"

•

"You better love me!" Tandy Rice had exclaimed over the phone a few days before. He said he had persuaded his new client to let me hang around with him for this article, if it turned out that we got along. "And I can't imagine anybody not getting along with Roy Blount," Tandy had cried in his Mod-Southern-evangelist-gone-more-than-about-halfway-worldly voice. "Unless they run over your damn dog with their car!"

That is the way the President's brother's agent talks. He is 38, dresses sharp,

"This is nothing—wait'll you check out the walls in the men's room!"

moves fast, has a bright toothy smile and an intermittently hard cast of eye.

"I'm just a little country booker," Tandy may tell you, but in the eight years since he bought Top Billing, Inc., the Nashville-based booking-and-management firm has gone from a single telephone line to 12, any one of which is likely to be answered by someone crying, "*Hi!* How you *doing*?" Top Billing handled Dolly Parton's bookings before she shifted her business to Los Angeles and still books singers Tom T. Hall, Dotty West, Del Reeves, Little Jimmy Dickens, Jim Ed Brown and Helen Cornelius, and humorist Jerry Clower, whose stories about coon hunting and chain saws have achieved great grass-roots renown. "What happened, I read that the William Morris Agency had signed not Gerald Ford but the entire Ford family," Tandy says. "And the William Morris Agency is my competitor. And I'm probably the most competitive man that ever lived. Son, I'll tackle a buzz saw. We went after Billy with letters, Mailgrams and phone calls."

Tandy went down to Plains and shook hands on the deal with Billy. "He gives his word, it's bond," Tandy says. "He's the kind of guy, to paraphrase Jerry Clower, if he says a pissant will move a bale of hay, I'll start clearing a space." A more formal agreement was worked out between Tandy and Billy's three Americus lawyers, of whom Tandy says respectfully, "They're fat. And they like it." Anything Top Billing arranges for Billy is subject to veto by the lawyers and by Sybil.

But neither they nor Billy has yet balked at anything Tandy has lined up. Like Billy's friends, children, mother, gas station and wife (if not his brother), Billy's agent seems to just about fit his pistol. I wish Tandy hadn't turned down *Saturday Night Live*, which wanted Billy as a host, but he has a good sense of what events suit Billy best. "He's presenting the Golden Ratchet Award, to the best team of auto-race mechanics. Ain't that cute as hell? Here's one—the World Championship Belly Flop and Cannonball Contest in Vancouver." And Tandy's people handle all the arrangements and collect in advance the $5000-a-day fee, so that Billy can just show up and be natural. One day, first in Tandy's offices and then in a Nashville bank lobby, I watched Billy meet, pose for pictures with and equably insult nearly everybody in Nashville who owned a set of dress clothes.

"She's a lawyer now," Tandy said, introducing someone.

"Oh, I don't like women lawyers," Billy said. "Tandy done introduced me to thirty lawyers. Anybody knows that many lawyers can't be honest."

Tandy beamed.

"That's quat a sports coat," Billy told a man who had been waiting in line for 20 minutes.

"I only paid fifteen dollars for it," the man said.

"You both got screwed," said Billy.

"The wit and wisdom!" said Tandy. Later, surveying the bank lobby chockfull of politicians waiting for a shake and a photo, Tandy cried, "This man. . . . It's a dern phenomenon, that's what it is." From time to time, Tandy counsels with Billy about avoiding impolitic statements. Billy nods and goes out to make more of them.

"He's the biggest celebrity in the world today!" says Tandy. "And I hope you're laughing with me, not at me, because I can just about defend that statement." A group in North Carolina wrote in, Tandy says, listing the people they would most like to have address them. In reverse order, those people were the Six Million Dollar Man, Wonder Woman, the Fonz and Billy.

Currently, Tandy is committing Billy to no more than four appearances monthly. In other areas, he is holding out for such big money—reportedly, $150,000 is his price to publishers desiring Billy's participation in an autobiography—that the only contract signed so far is with Revell, Inc., for a Billy Carter toy truck. Tandy is turning down offers of minor television roles on programs like *Hollywood Squares*. A movie or TV special on Billy is what Tandy has in mind.

Big endorsement deals have for some time been in the works, Tandy says, with "a peanut concern and a beer concern." Inasmuch as Billy has been affording Blue Ribbon a steady stream of free publicity since his entry into public life, I leaped to the conclusion that the beer concern is Pabst. "That's just what everybody *assumes*," Tandy says, rather defensively. He may be resisting that assumption on the part of Pabst people.

Billy seems willing to go along with most any commercial that won't take up too much of his time, whether it befits the President's brother or not. As a matter of fact, he would probably enjoy it more if it did embarrass the White House, although I doubt that he would go so far as to do a 90-second spot for, say, South Korea.

But—and this is one of the things that, in my view, has kept the merchandising of the First Brother from being sordid so far—admen might have doubts about Billy's dependability as an endorser if they ever listened to one of his speeches.

•

Billy generally begins his speeches by throwing the floor open to questions. "Why is Pabst your favorite beer?" a banquetgoer asked in Tifton, Georgia. Aha, I thought. But Billy told the banquet the same thing he had told me:

"Pabst is my favorite beer because Robert, who drives their beer truck, is my favorite beer-truck driver."

Ever since then, I have been trying to imagine a commercial with the real Billy Carter in it. He is standing knee-deep in a mucky fishpond, perhaps, and he is holding up a can of Blue Ribbon and saying, "I'd recommend Robert to anybody." Or he is hiding from tourists behind a pile of peanuts and grumbling, "Well, I'm allergic to peanuts"—which happens to be the truth—"but if I wadden't, hell, I'd as soon eat Planter's [or whatever the brand is] as any others, I imagine. As long as they got 'em from our warehouse."

"How come you had your picture in *Time* drinking Budweiser?" somebody else in the Tifton audience asked him.

"The day that was taken, it was a hundred and ten degrees," he said. "If they'd handed me a milk, I would've drunk it."

"How about Coors?"

"Coors is about like marijuana. If you could buy it in Georgia, you wouldn't want it."

As a matter of fact, I can't remember hearing Billy say anything favorable from a podium about anybody or anything except Roy Acuff, Mel Tillis, Blue Ribbon/Robert and the Israeli army. This last came when he was asked what he would do about Idi Amin. He replied, "I would send one company of the Israeli army over there and clean up the whole mess."

At the end of his remarks, he was presented with a fine big jug of Jack Daniel's—a Tennessee-distilled whiskey of which the state is extremely proud—and a beautiful handmade dulcimer. Billy's response to these gifts was the most sublimely ungracious acceptance from a dais I have ever witnessed.

"Thank y'all very much and that's another vicious rumor, that Jack Daniel's is my drink," he said. Then, looking blatantly like a man who didn't know what in the hell he was going to do with a beautiful handmade dulcimer, he dabbed bemusedly at one of the instrument's strings: *plank*. Tandy looked uneasy.

At the 50th anniversary of a Lewiston, Texas, car dealership, he said of the President, "I would give him good grades, since he's my brother. If he was not my brother, I would say he has performed average. I don't know anything about national politics, but I know a lot about agriculture and they're screwing up agriculture worse than it's ever been."

Too much bureaucracy is one thing that's getting agriculture down, Billy says. "A lot of what they ask for in those Government forms they send out is nobody's business." The Occupational Safety and Health Administration wants him to put a couch in the women's washroom, which isn't big enough to hold a couch. Such

(continued on page 126)

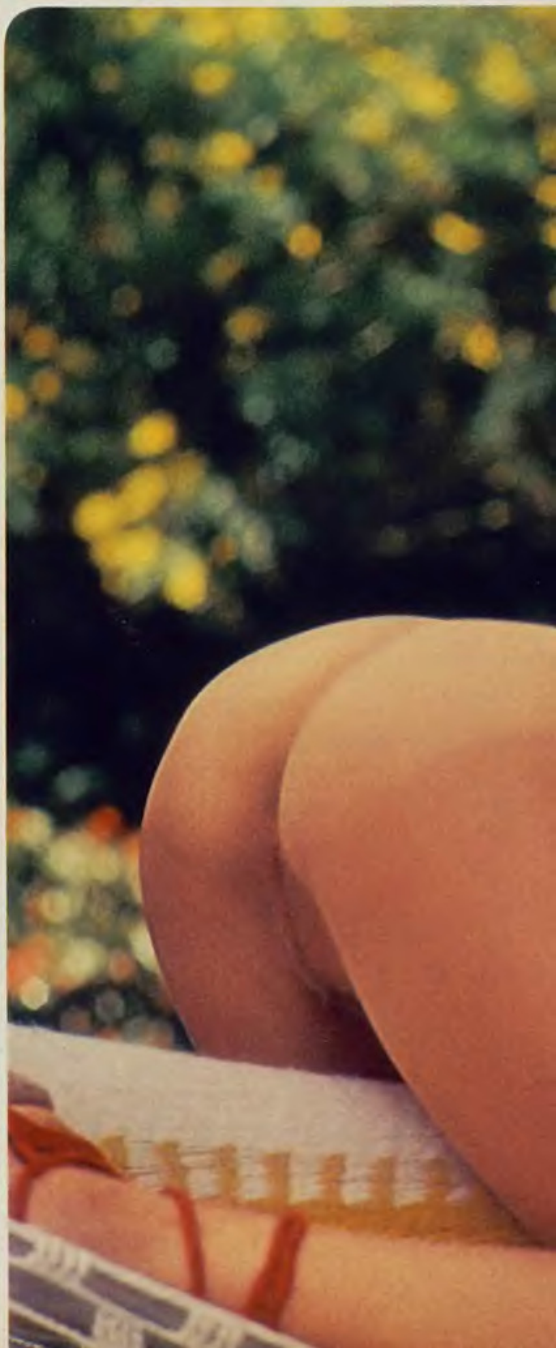
growing by leaps and bounds, our beautiful cottontail contingent now graces such exotic places as japan and texas

BUNNIES OF '77

No doubt about it, it's been an eventful year in the world of Playboy, and the ladies who attend to keyholders in Clubs across the land have been busier than ever. Probably the busiest Bunny of all was Toni Larkin, who was training recruits for the new Playboy Club in Dallas. We combed the Lone Star State in the Great Bunny Hunt and turned up 80 long-stemmed Texas beauties guaranteed to make your mouth water and your whiskers twitch. You can find them at the Dallas Club, located on the second floor of 6116 North Central Expressway—the home of the N.F.L.'s Dallas Cowboys. (Hope those boys will be able to keep their minds on their game.) The new Club is lavish—featuring a Continental sidewalk café, a glamorous showroom (that offers top entertainment) and fine dining. In addition, there's dancing in the Living Room—a dynamite *disco*. The dance floor got a major workout on August third, when no less a personage than Hugh M. Hefner himself welcomed the black-tie-and-evening-gown crowd. Opening ceremonies are the thing these days. Last December, the Rabbit empire continued its international expansion via a Club in the exclusive Roppongi section of Tokyo. The *(text concluded on page 256)*

There's a new rider of the purple sage—the Playboy Rabbit. The Dallas Playboy Club opened its doors in August. Keeping a loose rein on the festivities at the Cowboy Building were Bunnies Barby Acker ond Ruby Walker (obove). Moving from the Lone Star Stote to the state of the stars, the lovely lady pictured top right is Leigh Portner, at the Playboy Club in Los Angeles.

You don't have to go to the big city to find bright lights. The Lake Geneva Playboy Resort recently opened a dazzling *disco*. The Bunnies pictured at right (l to r)—Miriam Plaut, Tana Reynolds and Corey Landon—can do any dance from the hustle to the bunny hop. Cathy Gobel (below) was born in Fort Worth but made the short haul across the Texas plains to the Playboy Club in Dallas.



Unless you buy the Braille edition of PLAYBOY, you should recognize the Bunny at right as Hope Olson, our intrepid Playmate for October 1976. We sent Hope down the Colorado River on a raft (August 1977), then brought her back alive to work in the L.A. Club. Bunny Desireé DellaPietro (top right) works a different gorge—the Great Gorge Resort in New Jersey. She prefers riding to rafting.

Bunny Janet Carnell (left) is a student who works at the Denver Playboy Club. Originally from Texas, she's a long way from her favorite haunt: the ocean. She loves swimming, snorkeling—and scuba divers. They can hold their breath longer. Ahem. The lady known only as Luella (below) is a croupier at the London Playboy Club. No—a croupier is not someone with a cough. Luella handles chips, without fish. Off duty, she prefers backgammon, riding and tennis.

Dana Valentien (above) is a singer, dancer and actress who loves to entertain people. Keyholders can catch her at the New York Club. While appearing in the pages of PLAYBOY satisfies one of Dana's lifelong desires, it probably creates one for our readers. The lovely Yufuko Tani (left) is a Bunny at the new Playboy Club in Tokyo—henceforth to be known as the Hutch of the Rising Sun.

The suntan tells a tale: Shannan Starling works in the Miami Club and spends most of her days in the great outdoors: "I love art, animals and the country. The city's nice, but I'm a farm girl. I've lived an ane all my life." Shannon likes painting, drawing, macramé and cats. Phaenix Bunnies Christy Brumfield and Sharon Theis (right) are alsa at home in the sun: Christy likes "winter mountains and forests. Summer nights by the paal. Coakouts in the desert." Sharon likes "flowers, stars, rainbows, bike riding and the moan." Did they leave anything aut?

Have you noticed that a disproportionate number of our well-proportioned Playmates come from California? Maybe it's something in the drinking water, what's left of it. The primory beneficiaries of this unequol distribution ore keyholders who visit the Ployboy Club in L.A.'s Century City. One of the beouties who will greet them is Playmate Sheila Mullen (above). East Coast keyholders needn't feel left out in the cold. C. C. Morales (left) migrated to New York from Puerto Rico. She likes men of Itolian and Mexicon descent.

Janis Schmitt (below left) makes it obvious that the St. Louis Club abounds in beautiful Bunnies. (One of her close friends, Patti McGuire, is Playmate of the Year.) Janis is herself a candidate for Playmate. Bunny Cindy Brown (below right) works at the Denver Club when she is not studying business management. Among her hobbies are cats, autocross and needlepoint. Cindy is also a ballerina who loves seafood and hates cold feet.

Candace Collins (right) is this year's top cottontail. Naturally, she works in the Chicago Club, the better to inspire PLAYBOY editors. When Candace is not in the hutch, she swims or plays tennis and racquetball to offset her love of Southern cooking. New York Bunny Sarita Butterfield (opposite) would like to be a great singer and a successful disc jockey. We'd play her records any time.

CHAIRMAN BILLY (continued from page 116)

"Q: 'What has all this fame done for your sex life?' A: 'Nothing. It's still once a week.'"

complaints have led Senator Herman E. Talmadge of Georgia to praise Billy in the *Congressional Record* as a man who does not pull any punches.

Billy has not invariably drawn enough people to justify his fee, and one event—the annual Swamp Buggy Races in Naples, Florida—was blighted by adverse reaction to his being paid $10,000 for the weekend when all the buggy drivers together had made only $3000 the year before. I am told that some of Billy's question-answering sessions have been uninspired. But I have seen him before four different audiences and each time, he was cooking.

"I ain't the Carter that won't tell a lie," he frequently says, but he doesn't tell polite lies. "I'll lie like hell in a minute, but I ain't humble worth a damn." Here is a representative sampling of Q's and A's:

"How is Miss Lillian?"

"My mother very seldom speaks to me unless she wants something."

"How do you get along with your brother?"

"We get along fine as hell as long as he's in Washington and I'm in Plains."

"Did you ever lust for a woman besides Mrs. Carter?"

"You know I said I'd answer every question." Pause. "You must think I'm a damn fool."

"Were you accused of cheating in the Plains mayor's race?"

"Ma'am, the accusation wasn't exactly that. The accusation was that I was doing it like hell and lost."

"What has all this fame done for your sex life?"

"Nothing. It's still once a week."

"Are you smarter than your brother?"

"I know I'm smarter than Jimmy. I *think* I'm smarter than Gloria."

"Would you spend a night in the White House?"

"Not in Lincoln's bedroom. If there was a George Wallace bedroom. . . ."

"Did you accept outside contributions for your race for mayor?"

"Well, I didn't get any *local* contributions. I got some money sent in, but I mailed it all back, saying I didn't need it. Cost me thirteen cents a contribution to send it back. After the election, I found out I did need it."

"Did you really sell beer on Sunday?"

"Sunday used to be my best day. It is against the law in Georgia. I got caught. I didn't know how to plead lazy, so my lawyer said plead *nolo contendere*. I said, 'John, I better plead just as guilty as hell, because that's what I am.' He said it wouldn't cost me a thing. Cost five hundred dollars. I'll never plead again."

"What do people think of you back in Plains?"

"They took a poll to see who was the biggest son of a bitch in Plains and I won hands down. And you'd be surprised some of the son of a bitches running against me."

"Are you for legalized gambling?"

"No. If they do that, I'll have to pay a tax on it, too."

"On the serious side, would you speculate on your brother's energy policy?"

"I'm kind of against it. I've got seven cars."

"What do you talk to your brother about?"

"Well, he's got this blind trust, and it's got so blind now. . . . I used to talk to him about peanuts. Can't do that now. We can talk about the fishpond, but if we start charging people to fish, we can't talk about that. I guess we'll start talking about nut grass, except they got some stuff now that they say will do away with nut grass."

"Did you really think your brother was going to be elected President?"

"Well, I bet twenty-two thousand dollars on him."

YES, BUT HOW MUCH OF THAT IS CALCULATED?

I feel sure of my ground when I say that Nashville writer John Egerton was mistaken when he wrote in *The New York Times* that Billy has retained not only a booking agent but also gag writers. Conceivably, that notion arose while Billy was addressing the tourism folks in Nashville. He was following his usual format, which is to stand squarely behind the lectern, take a swallow from a can of beer, field a shouted question, squint, lean into the microphone, toss off an irresponsible answer, sip again and giggle deeply. After some 20 minutes of this, someone cried: "Who writes your speeches?"

Billy looked over at the press table, where I was feverishly taking notes. As though offering the audience a chance to see his writer at work, he said, "Right there; Mr. Roy Blount does."

I, of course, felt honored, but I can claim to have written Billy's gags only into a notebook and only after he pulled them.

Billy talks all day long the way he does from a podium, only more expansively.

DID BILLY EVER OWN A GOAT?

I'm glad you asked that question. Billy says, "I had the smartest goat I ever saw. It'd sit up here in the front seat and people would think it was one of the kids. It wasn't housebroken, but anything it did on the floor it would either drink or eat, so it didn't have to be housebroken. I'd take it down to the gas station and it'd eat all the cigarette butts. I hated to get rid of it, but I came to find out it had been stolen. It was a hot goat. So I took it into Atlanta and left it in Charles Kirbo's law office."

IS BILLY A REAL REDNECK OR A BUSINESSMAN?

You're assuming that the two categories are mutually exclusive. I'll say this: Until recently, Billy had a '49 Studebaker in his front yard. It had a piece of angle iron for a front bumper, there was hardly any paint on it and it took ten quarts of oil to get it started. Sybil made him remove it.

"Do you know how much value there is in a 1949 Studebaker that *runs*?" Billy demanded as we drove to Americus for lunch. Nobody responded. "OK, when I have my party with the five thousand dollars I get from selling my Studebaker, I'm not going to invite y'all."

"I just didn't want it in my front yard," said Sybil.

"When it was there, we didn't have all those tour buses turning around in the front yard," Billy said.

People might say that Billy doesn't dress like a businessman. He wears jeans and boots and a wide belt with a big buckle. In Nashville, he stood in the doorway of his hotel room dressed in coat, vest, trousers, tie, off-white shirt and everything else required of a man about to address a big banquet. He grimaced and said, "I'd rather eat shit than wear a suit."

On the other hand, Billy gets to the warehouse at 5:30 A.M. and works hard and runs the sizable family business well. And, as he has pointed out in his speeches, he probably makes a lot more money than the President does. Not even counting the $500,000 he stands to make this year from appearances.

DOES BILLY RESENT HIS BIG BROTHER?

Well, once during the Presidential campaign, Billy kicked a dog all the way through a press conference Jimmy was holding. But that was because Jimmy was holding it on the scales outside the warehouse and a long line of peanut-laden trucks was backed up, waiting to weigh in.

It is generally assumed that a certain gap exists between Billy and Jimmy, dating back to Jimmy's being away during most of Billy's boyhood and then returning and presuming to act paternally toward him after their father died. But rather than repress the tension between

"I am a very busy man, Miss Smith. I can't wait for your orgasm."

them, the brothers tend, publicly, to acknowledge it slyly. I remember when, deep into the vote-counting night, after Jimmy had been projected as President, someone asked Billy on television what he was going to do now and he said, "Stay up all night and when he gets here, still call him Jimmy."

And when he did get there, Jimmy said, "The first thing I want to do is thank Mr. Carter for waiting up all night to meet me. Everybody's got to call him Mr. Carter till dinnertime."

Part of the impetus behind Billy's flowering as a public figure is his unspoken message that "I, the President's brother, ain't only the President's brother. In fact, I grew up more original and more like Daddy and deeper rooted and more independent and sounder and wilder and a *hell* of a lot more normal than he did." Like any entertainer or politician of interest, Billy is insecure enough about that proposition to need to keep proving it but secure enough about it to be convincing. When people ask him whether Jimmy objects to any of his statements, he says, "No, and I don't get after him for some of the things *he* says."

Psychology aside, I would say Billy genuinely resents the fact that he can't hang out in his beloved filling station anymore and has had to move to a new house outside Plains because of the tourists his big brother brought in. On the other hand, I think he genuinely appreciates being able to spend his weekends getting $5000 a day going around the country drinking free beer and raising hell with stock-car racers and country singers.

It is true that Billy sleeps badly, smokes and drinks more than is healthy, shows a lot of aggression and has apparently been known to get a chip on his shoulder. And when he gets tired and loaded, he stutters. Once he tried to cure his stutter by means of some kind of therapy that involved staring at a candle flame. "After a while, I thought that candle was my mother."

He may resent something. He may resent that people tend to assume that a man from south Georgia is quaint, for one thing. And he may resent that his father died when he was 14 or that he is going to die himself sometime. In Nashville, the night of his 40th birthday, a lady asked him what his greatest goal in life was and he said, "Ma'am, it's to live to be forty-one. And I think I'm over the hump."

HOW COME BILLY POPPED UP OUT OF NOWHERE ALL OF A SUDDEN?

"There's a vicious rumor," Billy says, "that I was hid from the Baptists during the '66 governor's campaign." It does seem strange that Billy was so little heard of even in Georgia until national reporters started going to Plains. But according to Atlanta newsmen who covered Carter campaigns from the first, Billy was never covered up. He just didn't strike Georgia reporters as too remarkable. Most people who run for anything in Georgia have a brother or two along Billy's lines.

"He was not perceived as a wit or a talent," says one Atlanta newsman with asperity. "He was no dunce, and beneath the surface he was sensitive. But I always viewed Billy as an ill-tempered, bad sort. During the governor's campaign in '70, he would get really upset and offer to punch people out if they wrote badly about Jimmy. After Jimmy was elected, Billy invited me to come down and go bird hunting with him. If I'd promise to walk ahead of him the whole time."

The reporter stayed home.

WHAT DOES BILLY DO FOR ENTERTAINMENT WHEN HE'S NOT BEING A CELEBRITY?

"Running dogs, drinking liquor and eating turkey nuts" are things Billy's friend Dr. Paul Broun says they enjoy doing together. I have heard of folks' eating a lot of things, but never turkey gonads. "You fry 'em," says Dr. Broun. "I never cleaned a turkey to get any myself, but a dog trainer in Leesburg, Georgia, gave us a big hog-nut and turkey-nut dinner. Turkey nuts are . . . bigger than a pecan."

Billy also derives pleasure from driving around drinking beer with friends like Bud Duvall, who superintends the gas station for him, and Tommy B. They'll stop in at the Plains Country Club, which is a small cinder-block building with a pool table inside and a sign outside saying, MEMBERSHIP FREE. Or they drop by the Americus Moose Club, where Billy still fits right in, though nobody else there is world-famous. Once a year, at the end of peanut season, he hosts a hat burning. This custom began one night when Billy got to drinking and climbed on top of a car and burned up his hat. The only price of admission is to bring a hat and burn it.

Sometimes Randy Coleman from the office will drive him around. "The first time Randy drove me and Tommy, we got to fighting and I had my loaded .38 cocked and holding it to Tommy's head, and it scared Randy to death," Billy says.

He enjoys reading—"chemical magazines or something light. Or if there's nothing else, encyclopedias. Just to read." A mystery that I was unable to penetrate is exactly what *titles* he reads. When I pressed him on that point, he was evasive. When I pressed his friend Broun, he said, "Billy reads just anything he puts his hands on. It doesn't make a whole lot of difference to him what it is. He's a real rapid reader. He read one book in the time it took us to fly from Nashville to Columbus, Georgia." Broun couldn't recall the nature of that book.

Billy entertained himself and others pretty well the night of the Presidential election. "We had eighty people in the house and didn't know but four of 'em. One of 'em introduced me to one other, so then I knew five. Next morning, there were sixteen asleep on the floor. Sybil got dozens of bunches of flowers from people we never heard of the next day, thanking her for the hospitality. We drank up a whole lot of champagne and everything else in the house, and all the beer at the station, and then we took up a collection of three hundred and sixty dollars to buy more liquor and drank all that. Then a stewardess showed up with a case full of miniatures. We still kept running out.

"By that time, I was down at the depot and Sybil saw me on television and called down there and told me to stop drinking. I was supposed to be interviewed live. But then they had a delay of twenty-two minutes and, in that time, I started drinking again and drank nine beers, and then I disappeared. I don't know what became of me."

IS BILLY PREJUDICED?

"When did you get over being prejudiced?" I asked him the first time we talked. I assumed that he had gotten over it, since Miss Lillian and Jimmy said they had and since Billy had sued the members of the public school board to try to require them to send their children to public schools instead of to private segregated schools. "I'm still prejudiced, I guess," he said. "It would still bother me for my daughter to marry a black man."

But the person he most enjoyed meeting during the campaign was the former Atlanta Hawks center Walt Bellamy, who is seven feet tall and black. (The two people he told Jimmy he wanted to meet were Bellamy and John Glenn; of the two, Bellamy was the one who sufficiently impressed him.) And Billy is friendly with Kenny, the traveling black American Express man whose stops include his gas station. "Kenny is going to ruin my redneck image," he says. To Billy's surprise, he trusted Bill Turner, the black pilot who for a while flew out of Peterson Field, the airstrip in Plains. "I'd never been in the air with a black pilot before. I didn't know what to think. But he's a good pilot. I'm particular who I let fly my kids, but he's real nice to them, makes sure they get to their next connection." And Billy sends his kids to integrated public schools, because "I'd rather fight than quit."

As a matter of fact, Billy tends to make his school suit sound like a local political struggle more than a stand on principle, but Manuel Maloof, an Atlanta tavern-keeper and populist politician who is a friend of Billy's, says that Billy used to come into his place wearing a Wallace button and speak privately with feeling about the rightness of integrated schools.

(continued on page 193)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

ROOTS

dig these—a report on the edible underworld

food **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

THEY MAY NEVER do a TV series on it, but all God's children have roots . . . the edible kind. Our infatuation with roots goes back hundreds of thousands of years. They were among the first food sources for the evolving primate and they've been a staple of our diet ever since. We know they're nutritious, crammed with such neat stuff as minerals, fiber and, often, vitamins.

Nevertheless, root vegetables have a dreary image in the United States that's largely deserved, considering the way they're prepared. *(continued on page 252)*

IN THE NATIO

it took just 60 seconds of efficient slaughter for the israeli commandos to kill nearly all in the room—a tale of suspense and intrigue in high places by the well-known tv correspondents

By MARVIN KALB and TED KOPPEL

IT WAS A MINOR news item: "Due to heavy rains in the Jerusalem area, the airport at Atarot has been closed for the day." The item had been slipped into the newscaster's file only a few minutes before he sat down in front of his Kol Yisrael microphone to read the 11-A.M. news.

"Do I have to?" he asked, shuffling through his script.

"Read it, and don't argue," replied his editor, pointing a finger to the ceiling, suggesting it was an order from the government, not the whim of a producer.

The newscaster grimaced and loosened his belt. "Wonder what they're up to now."

•

Six men in a truck heard the news item as they drove through sheets of rain that obscured their vision of the Jerusalem–Ramallah road. The driver squinted and rubbed the fogged-up window with his right hand. A small man, wearing a soaked beret, turned to the four men in the rear of the truck. "With rain like this, they might have had to close the airport anyway." The four men were wearing khaki ponchos to conceal their uniforms, which were identical to those of President al-Bakr's special force of 25,000 praetorian guards.

"Just as well," one of them said; *(continued on page 150)*

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NAL INTEREST

ILLUSTRATION BY KUNIO HAGIO

FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

THE FIRST THING—well, maybe the second thing—you notice about Rita Lee is that she's tall. The first thing is that she's blonde and beautiful. But she *is* right up there, standing over six feet in her three-inch heels.

Her voice is just what you imagine a tall, sultry blonde's ought to be: breathy and full. The little-girl quality is there, too, mixed in with the femme fatale. Her big eyes blink with sincerity, her fingers—accented by long, bright-red nails—adjust the flower in her hair, as her pouting ruby lips tell you she's "very insecure."

"I used to read about Marilyn Monroe. I felt as though I could identify with her. I learned something from her. Her suicide was like a warning for me."

Rita grew up in a close-knit, conservative Catholic family in St. Paul, Minnesota. She says her parents tried to shelter her from the dangers of being young and extraordinarily lovely. But at the still-tender age of 17, she declared her independence

If you're in Minneapolis, you might want to stop at Mickey's Diner, Rita's "absolute favorite place to eat." She might be there, golden hair glimmering, ruby lips parted for a bite of pie. Remembering how Lana Turner was discovered at a soda fountain, you'll probably wish you were a movie producer. But don't worry about Rita. She's already been discovered.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

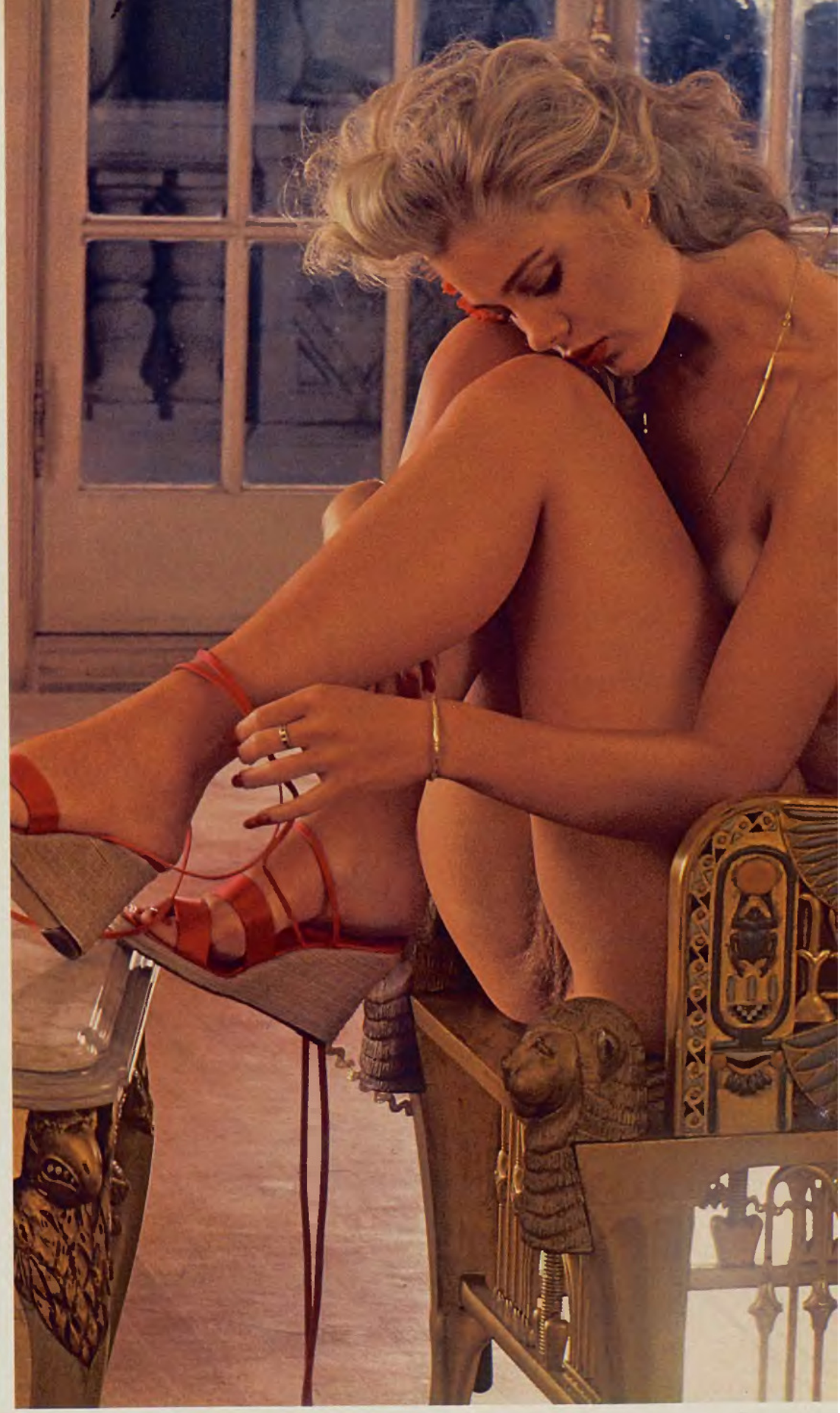
it took november's rita lee a while, but she thinks she's finally learned something about men

GROWING UP

and, much to their chagrin, moved out.

"I learned later that my parents were right about so many things," she says, the 17-year-old entering her voice, "but I had to find out on my own. I was very naïve and men took advantage of that. I always worried about what other people thought of me, and I was only secure about my looks. I realize now that you can't put your values in looks or money, because when you lose them, you won't have anything."

Now, at 24, Rita is somewhat reserved, almost shy. She says she would never have considered posing for "some of those other magazines" and that she was surprised that the PLAYBOY people were so professional. "I didn't know what to expect. I'd heard all sorts of things, like they photograph your body and put another girl's head on it and that none of the information on the girls is real. I was afraid that maybe after all the preliminary shootings they would decide my breasts weren't big enough



"Making love gets me more relaxed. It's good for me. It's something I need. I like an aggressive yet gentle man. I want to feel like a woman, swept off my feet and carried away. I guess you could say I enjoy being dominated."

"It's very important for me to be needed for what I am, not just for how I look. Sometimes I think that pretty women are the loneliest people in the world."

or something and ask me to have plastic surgery."

Rita was happy to discover that none of the above held true.

While discussions of her beauty put something of a strain on her, Rita is relaxed when she talks about her love of the outdoors. She enjoys biking, camping and fishing.

She also loves to cook. There's a faithful homebody waiting within Rita for the day she decides to settle down.

"I have this inner desire to be a mother," she confides, "because that's very precious. I would have to have that in my life. One day, I know I'll have a home and just center myself on my kids and my family."

Right now, she's living in her own apartment in St. Paul and working as a model, and marriage is still a fantasy. But she guarantees that whoever she *does* marry will have to be one hell of a man.

"I've learned to be very picky about my relationships. I have to have a man who can teach me. He has to satisfy more than my physical need. And he's got to have the same interests I have. He has to like outdoor sports, keep his body in shape and yet not mind just sitting home and looking at television."

With Rita, who'd have time for television?

"I like strong, passionate lovemaking. But that's something that usually develops after being with someone for a long time. I'm the type who generally stays with one person because it takes a while to achieve that mutual feeling."

"There are very few people I trust to know my hopes and fears and dreams. Because to open up is to be vulnerable, and I don't want to be hurt. I have to know I have somebody I can depend on."

Rita describes herself as a "good fisherman." Free-form fisherperson is more like it. This particular fishing expedition set up camp far enough from the highway so as not to cause any auto accidents.

"I love swimming," says Rita, "because it tones up my body." (She's got tone to the bone.) This time she lets a tube do the work for her and is delightfully upended.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Rita Lee

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 125 SIGN: Gemini

BIRTH DATE: 6/15/53 BIRTHPLACE: Frederic, Wisconsin

GOALS: As I get older, to develop a better understanding of myself and others. To always have a fulfilling relationship with someone.

TURN-ONS: Scorpio men, candlelit intimate dinners, swimming nude, genuine affection and trust.

TURN-OFFS: Phony people, particularly men who are attracted to women only because of looks.

FAVORITE AUTHORS: John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway

HOBBIES: Sewing (my own clothes), cooking for someone special, dancing.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Rocky, Silver Streak, The Way We Were

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: George Benson, Barbra Streisand, Stevie Wonder, Duke Ellington.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming, camping and fishing, biking.

Sitting on my sixth birthday present.

Age 19, Twin Cities beauty contest.

Age 23, first trip to California.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having the hots for his luscious new secretary and knowing she was superstitious, the man interrupted dictation one morning to say, "Whatever can I do to shake the feeling that something unpleasant is going to happen to me today?"

"You could knock on wood, Mr. Frisbie," the girl replied.

Frisbie looked intently into her eyes, then shifted his gaze lower to her ripe endowments and, finally, let his glance slip down to the area alongside which she was seated. "I have a still better idea to strengthen that good-luck effort," he got out rather hoarsely. "Let's both of us get down and bang on the floor!"

It is my professional opinion," the tax accountant harrumphed to his callgirl client, "that after ten years in the business, your snatch has fully depreciated."

Marooned in a strange city by bad flying weather, the solitary drinker was bored. "Say," he suddenly addressed the bartender, "I'll bet that the Democrats in Congress——"

"I don't permit talk about politics in my bar," interrupted the martini mixer.

A few minutes later, the visitor assayed, "People say that the Pope——"

"No religious talk, either," cut in the bartender.

"Look," persisted the frustrated patron, "can I talk sex?"

"Yeah, that's allowed," replied the bartender.

"In that case," said the drinker, "fuck you!"

An ecology zealot's ambitions
To control atmospheric conditions
Caused the fellow to pay
For a lay every day
To reduce his nocturnal emissions.

Maybe you've heard about the Army noncom who had stripes tattooed on his penis so he could pull rank.

Darling," murmured the no-longer-virgin bride, "will it always be as good as that?"

"Honey," exulted her more-than-satisfied spouse of a few hours, "that was just for openers!"

When an applicant for a sawmill job claimed that he knew lumber so well that he could identify wood chips by smelling them, the foreman tied a bandanna over his eyes and put him to the test. After a few minutes, the mill manager came out of his office with his secretary, walked over and asked what was going on. When the foreman told him, he grinned, waved a finger under the blindfolded man's nose and asked, "What's this one, Mac?"

The fellow sniffed, resniffed and then sniffed again. "That's a tough one," he finally said, "but at least I've got it narrowed down. It's between piss elm and pussy willow."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *boys' pubic hair* as sonny tufts.

A lonely surveyor named Shand
Gave in to a native's demand:
She was eager to screw. . . .
It was then that Shand knew
He'd at last got the lay of the land!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as a girl who stops at nothing.

We understand that a certain film-distribution outfit finds itself in an awkward legal situation. Having quoted a New York critic in an ad as saying that one of its pictures left him limp with laughter, it now has to fight a lawsuit brought by the critic's wife. She claims her husband has never recovered.

A husky high schooler was standing on the corner with his hands in his pockets when a smartass college girl came along and asked, "What are you doing, kid—playing pocket pool?"

"Naw, what I'm playing is elevator," was the answer.

"How do you play that?" asked the coed.

"Well, it's up now," grinned the youth, "and maybe you'd like to go down on it."

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.*

"Someone here is a very warm human being."

FIGHTING THE DEEP FREEZE

attire **By DAVID PLATT** *everybody remembers—ugh—how cold it was last winter. here's some heavy outerwear artillery to keep those chill winds at bay*

Above: Talk about turning the other cheek! At least he's keeping warm in a hooded shearling pullover with snap V-neck and vertical front pockets, $600, warn with a bulky wool turtleneck, $100, corduroy slacks with tapered legs and tabbed ankles, $75, and rabbit-lined hogskin gloves with elasticized wrists, $75, all by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael; plus a pair of insulated lace-up boots, by Herman Survivor Boots, abaut $50. (Her clothes are by V & J Design, Hot Sox and Hot Nitz.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE LAURANCE / PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Above: It's snow far, snow good for these two guys, sporting (left): a loden coat, by Poley Associates, $235; wool pullover, by Daniel Hechter, about $65; corduroy jeans, by Wrangler, about $14; padded-suede shoes, by Verde, about $30; scarf, about $15, mittens, about $20, and tam, about $15, all by George Grahom; and (right) a synthetic raccoon parka, by Lakeland, $145; knit turtleneck, $60, and matching cap, $10, both by Gant; poplin slacks, by Bert Pulitzer, $80; acrylic boots, by Dunham, $42; and lambskin gloves, by Gates, $16. (Her clothes are by Dawn Fashion Leather, Halston, Hot Sox, Fabiano, Creations III and Vera.) At right: What a hond warmer! And we also like his quilted coat, $115, knit sweater, $100, corduroy slocks, $40, all by Pierre Cardin Relax Sportswear; wool shirt, by Pendleton, $31; fringed scarf, by Elliot Gant for Handcraft, $22.50; knit cap, by George Grahom, about $15; and shoes, by Eddie Bauer, $25. The other snowman wears a down-filled jacket, by Lions Mane, about $100; flannel shirt, $48, corduroy jeans, $55, both by New Man; plus a knit cap, by Pendleton, $5; cowhide shoes, by Roots, $33.50; and pigskin gloves, by Gates, $20. (Her outfit is by Ben Kahn, Beged-Or, Dunlap Weavers, Seven Star and Portfolio.)

Above: No snow flakes here, just guys in great cold-weather garb, including (left) a pigskin suede coat with fox lining, by Jean-Baptiste Coumont for Beged-Or, $480; knit pullover sweater, by Egon Von Furstenberg, about $50; striped shirt, by Nik-Nik, about $30; and double-pleated gabardine slacks, by Country Britches, $45.

Center: Notural Canodian long-haired-beaver coat with shawl collor, by Ralph Lauren for the Tepper Collection, obout $3000; plus a windowpone-ploid jacket with three angled flop pockets, $250, pleoted flannel slacks, $80, pinstriped cotton shirt, $52.50, and wool challis tie, $22.50, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren.

Right: Natural Americon gray-fox full-length coat with notched collar, by Jeffrey Banks for Alixondre, about $5000; plus a wool knit turtleneck with raglon sleeves, ribbed cuffs and waist, by the New York Sportswear Exchonge, $35; and double-pleated flannel slacks with wide stroight legs, by Jeffrey Banks for Nik-Nik Clothing, about $45.

HER FUR IS BY CHRISTIE BROS., BOOTS BY MONIQUE.

Above: Good skate likes an alpoca/camel's-hair topcoat, by Aquascutum of London, about $570; cotton shirt, about $35, and silk tie, about $20, both by Alexander Julian; plus tweed slacks, by Van Gils for Hank Englebardt, $60; velour hat, by Makins Hats, about $32; scarf, by Carara, $10; and pigskin gloves, by Gates, $20.

THE LADY'S OUTFIT IS BY CHRISTIE BROS., PORTFOLIO AND HOT SOX.

"The advantage of the weapon was twofold: It was almost noiseless and was invariably fatal."

"surer this way." He was a handsome man with lightly graying hair and cool blue eyes.

Colonel Ori Elad glanced down at his boots. "David, there will be no communication." His voice barely rose above a whisper. "You should hear from me by fifteen hundred. If you don't. . . ." He didn't finish the thought. There was no need to elaborate.

The truck splashed through the main street of Shuafat, a predominantly Arab suburb of Jerusalem. There was a local legend that the Hebrew prophet Samuel had been buried in Nebi-Samuel, a small, now virtually deserted town on a hill overlooking their community. A mosque covered the site, considered holy by the Moslems, as well as by the Israelis.

A few minutes later, through the mist, the driver could begin to make out the shape of the control tower at Atarot. Although the Israelis had lengthened and hardened the runway so that Atarot could accommodate even the Boeing 707, the airport had not become a busy center of commercial travel. Now it was extraordinarily quiet, except for the relentless pounding of the rain. A sentry popped out of the mist and stopped the truck at one of the rear approaches to the airport. The driver cursed and lowered his window. David flashed his identification card. The sentry examined it, then the face of its bearer, and pulled back in disbelief. He had never before seen the chief of Mossad. "Excuse me," he stammered, and quickly raised the iron barrier.

The truck rumbled toward the far end of the runway, where a Soviet-built helicopter waited in the rain, its rotors spinning gently in the wind. The Israelis had captured many helicopters during the '73 war. They had re-equipped several with a sophisticated computer guidance system, which permitted helicopter pilots to fly at extremely low altitudes in near-zero visibility, avoiding radar detection in a flight pattern that followed the contours of the terrain.

The truck stopped a few feet from the helicopter, which bore the markings of the Syrian Air Force. David stepped into the rain. He was quickly followed by Ori and his three commandos. For just a moment, David stood before his men, as though he were in silent prayer. "I shall wait for you here, not at headquarters," he said. It was clear from the tone of his voice that there was to be no further discussion. "Good luck." David saluted his men. They returned his salute and boarded the helicopter.

Within seconds, the rotors roared into action, cutting through the rain in a blur that sent David scurrying back into the truck. Slowly, the helicopter rose, making a broad circular sweep through the clouds before proceeding in a north-northeasterly direction. The ride was rocky for the first 30 minutes, but the commandos were too busy to notice. They shed their ponchos, polished their boots and checked their Kalashnikov automatic rifles. Each commando carried a specially equipped pistol. It looked like an ordinary Colt, but it was electronically triggered. It was able to fire poisonous darts up to a distance of 300 yards. The advantage of the weapon, which had been developed by the CIA, was twofold. It was almost completely noiseless; and its effect, even in the case of a minor flesh wound, was invariably fatal.

The helicopter carried its unusual cargo through breaking clouds. Ori studied the landscape: a patchwork of brown hills and terraced farms; small villages with minarets and busy market places; fields where the soil was rich enough to produce harvests of tomatoes, watermelons, grapes, olives, oranges, even tobacco; wadis where shepherds tended their flocks. Almost 1,000,000 Palestinians lived on the west bank, once the heartland of Biblical Judaea and Samaria. Ori was born in a Jewish settlement near Tiberias, which looks down on the Sea of Galilee. His playmates were both Jews and Arabs; and, though he had fought in all of Israel's wars, including the war of independence in 1948, and had risen through the ranks to command an elite force of paratroop-commandos, he had never developed a hatred for the Arabs and he cherished the day when he could return to his kibbutz. He knew that that day would signal the start of genuine coexistence between the Israelis and their Arab neighbors. But, until that day came, he would fight in his unorthodox ways.

The helicopter lost altitude while flying over the western rim of the Sea of Galilee. Ori sat in a canvas seat, staring at the passing clouds with unseeing eyes. He recalled a series of exploits his commandos had accomplished, but he suspected none would be more significant than the one on which he was now embarked. The raid on Beirut's international airport in December 1968 had destroyed two thirds of Lebanon's commercial air fleet, but it had not stopped the Palestinian terrorist attacks against Israeli settlements. The snatching of an entire Soviet-built radar station at Ras Gharib, 125 miles south of the Suez Canal, in December 1969, from under the noses of the Egyptians, had possessed all the earmarks of a Hollywood extravaganza, and it had provided valuable military information; but it had little practical effect on the balance of power in the Middle East. The rescue of the passengers of an Air France jumbo jet, hijacked to Entebbe, Uganda, in July 1976, had won international acclaim for Israeli daring and ingenuity—it was Ori's favorite operation—but it did not put an end to terrorism. Ori glanced at his young colleagues. This mission, to Damascus, was different: It could accelerate the drift toward yet another war in the Middle East or it could stop it.

"Once more," Ori said, "let's go over the plans. There's not much time left."

The helicopter shuddered as it crossed the disputed border territory connecting Israel with Syria and Jordan. To avoid enemy radar, it twisted and turned, suddenly losing altitude, then regaining it, but it continued on its general course, flying across the Golan Heights south of Kuneitra and, on a bead, toward a lonely hilltop three kilometers west of the Syrian capital. Nothing was visible from 500 feet except an empty Soviet-built armored car. Ori smiled. His ground support, so far, was perfect. The helicopter bounced to a stop not more than five feet from the car and the commandos jumped out. The young pilot, who was also dressed in a Syrian uniform, checked his watch. "Pickup time, exactly one hour from"—he paused—"now!"

The commandos synchronized their watches. "*Shalom*," the pilot whispered.

"*Salaamat*," Ori responded with a wave.

Ori got into the driver's seat, his friends into the rear of the armored car. The engine coughed once, twice, before kicking into full power. Ori then drove the car at a measured pace along a narrow mountain byway toward al-Bakr's hideaway, perched on a mountain peak overlooking an army camp and, below it, Damascus itself. The hideaway, which resembled a Swiss chalet, was accessible only by a winding road with security check points interspersed along the way. It was a heavily guarded road at all times. Now al-Bakr's praetorian guard had supplemented the normal contingent of police and regular army troops and the entire operation had been placed under the personal control of General Rifaat al-Bakr, the president's younger brother. The reason for the special security precautions was simple: The hideaway was to serve as the site for an unusual gathering of military leaders from Syria, Algeria, Libya, Iraq and the Organization

(continued on page 216)

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY PODWIL

NICE GUYS FINISH FIRST

personality

By MARTY BELL

faultless frank gifford's climb to media stardom was an (almost) unbroken series of successful gestures

A MAN NAMED COE once lived here, but it could have been Gatsby. A vast lawn sprawls beside the gray-stone English country manor bounded by red maples and rhododendrons, just waiting to be filled with careless revelers dressed to the nines and dancing cheek to cheek to a melancholy saxophone. But the glamor long ago moved east to the Hamptons and west to Manhattan and *(continued on page 154)*

why isn't marcia wallace answering bob newhart's phone? because she has all kinds of terrific machines to do it for her

EVER SINCE Alexander Graham Bell (or was it Don Ameche?) invented the telephone, mankind has been plagued with all sorts of hang-ups, from missed calls to wire taps. Happily, there's no longer any reason to be bugged, provided you're willing to lay out some long green for one or more of the nifty machines pictured here. They may not be quite as outrageous as Marcia Wallace, but you can be sure they'll do their job without any back talk.

RINGING SUCCESS

PHOTO OF MARCIA WALLACE BY MARIO CASILLI

Right: Pulsar II Mobile Telephone Control Head for car or boat features one-handed push-button dialing, a memory unit that recalls the last number dialed and an LED channel-number display, plus more, by Motorola, $890, not including antenna and transmitter/receiver. Far right: The compact Speakerphone enables you to move about a room during conversation, as it features a sensitive microphone and an adjustable speaker, by Panasonic, $239.

Right: The Star 2001 Remote Ultra Speed Tone Diverter utilizes two telephone lines to divert a call in less than one second to whatever phone number you've programed into it; reprograming to a new location can be done over the phone, by Buscom Systems, $995. Far right: Super Phone features a memory that stores your ten-most-used phone numbers for automatic one-touch dialing and a redial button for busy signals, by Remco International, $200.

Right: Computer-Phone 370 automatically calculates the cost of a phone call based on day and time rates; also displays simultaneous month and date and cost of local and interstate calls—all plus a time and day clock, by Utility Verification, $295. Far right: Record-a-Call's deluxe model with remote-control message retriever and Vox (voice actuation) in one unit; Vox permits the caller to speak for as long as he wishes, by T.A.D. Avanti, $300.

Right: Tap Alert B409 provides an around-the-clock monitoring service that ferrets out surreptitious listening devices on phone lines or equipment; if a bug occurs, a signal light is automatically turned on, by Communication Control Systems, $1500. Far right: The Wiretap Trap looks like an ordinary phone but in its base is a new electronic privacy system that automatically screens out illegal wire taps, also by Communication Control Systems, $1500.

NICE GUYS

(continued from page 151)

"At USC, Gifford had the style, the home-coming queen's affection and the intellectuals' scorn."

this estate on the north shore of Long Island is now a placid arboretum.

On this warm spring morning, however, there comes a brief glimpse of the glamor that once was. A sleek, white Lincoln Continental Mark IV stops beside the manor. Frank Gifford steps out on the driver's side. He has come to this idyllic setting from his posh home in Westchester County, from the *ABC's Monday Night Football* broadcast booth, from a mythic career as WASP football hero at USC and the New York Giants (which recently earned him admission to the Pro Football Hall of Fame) and from 25 successful years playing the all-American nice guy. He has come to film a television commercial.

Even he is now casual, in jeans, blue shirt with white polka dots, tennis sneakers and blue-tinted sunglasses. He reaches into the back seat of his car, pulls out a garment bag, then asks, "How late am I?" He doesn't want an answer. He clenches his teeth in a naughty-little-boy smile. At 47, with his tight, tanned skin and distinctively wide, dimpled jaw, he can still get away with that smile. As he walks around the lawn, greeting each film-crew member individually, I think of Nick Carraway saying of Gatsby: "If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him."

Gifford heads for a trailer resting between firs where he will change into the Palm Beach suit he has come to sell. He quietly practices the lines he will deliver. Hal DeBona, the head of advertising for Palm Beach, says, "We did market research, questioning 750 men in 50 cities about people like Robert Redford, O. J. Simpson, Alan Alda, Don Meredith and Bruce Jenner. But Gifford scored among the highest with men of all ages and all lifestyles. We make clothes that reach the mass of America. And these men identify with Gifford, understand him, believe him."

Those results are not surprising. From a distance, it appears as if Gifford has devoted his entire public career to carefully cultivating the image DeBona was looking for. It's what earns him over $250,000 a year from ABC and about that much again from other interests, such as making this commercial.

Gifford could have played Hubbell Gardiner in *The Way We Were* and not had to act. At USC, he had the style and the smile, the home-coming queen's affection and the intellectuals' scorn. With the Giants, he created the image that provided Joe Namath with the chance to be an iconoclast.

He played football with a versatility no one has ever matched and always knew what to say. In 1960, when Philadelphia Eagle linebacker Chuck Bednarik made the crushing tackle that gave Gifford a concussion and premature retirement, Gifford told the press it was not the injury but other personal concerns that forced him to quit. Only now will he admit, "I said that to protect the game. My injury was a rare thing. I didn't want kids to stop playing football because I got hurt." And, indeed, after a year's hiatus, Gifford came back and played for three more years.

When he finally retired for good, he replaced his uniform with suits molded to his sculpted body, but that did not affect his image. "Faultless Frank," Howard Cosell calls him, only half kidding. Today, at a time when athletes can't wait to retire and put their angry exposés in writing, Gifford comes out with a book called *Gifford on Courage*, portraits of young athletes who have overcome handicaps. And on *Monday Night Football*, while Cosell combs the field with a microscope for controversy, Gifford describes the game with the business acumen of a Dale Carnegie graduate and couches his opinions in words softer than a cheerleader's sweater.

Risks are for other people, not Gifford, to take. While Cosell dares host a variety show or guests on sitcoms, Gifford tries no venture bolder than broadcasting football. In the only two films he's made since retiring from the game, *Two Minute Warning* and *Viva Knievel*, he played himself. He seems perfectly content being Frank Gifford.

At the arboretum, he sits in the trailer while the make-up man applies coloring to the scars at the top of his nose and around his eyebrows, scars that will not show on camera. This makes many people wonder whether he has had plastic surgery, which he has not. "If I did, my nose wouldn't slant to the left like this," he says.

He keeps practicing his lines: "Here comes the four-piece Palm Beach suit. Four pieces you can wear seven different ways. . . ."

"I think I once went to a party like that," says a male model who will appear with him.

"Sorry I missed it," Gifford says and they both laugh.

The make-up man finishes and Gifford gets up to get dressed. He judiciously inspects the tan suit he will wear, takes the handkerchief out of the pocket and refolds it to his liking. "I really don't know why PLAYBOY is interested in me," he says. "I've never done anything controversial."

That is just the point. By being so careful not to be controversial, he is controversial. Some evil thoughts must lurk behind those clear, blue eyes. No one is that nice.

"I *am* a nice guy," he says with a giggle. "I can't remember the last time I was angry at anything."

I bring up a quote from Frederick Exley's affecting novel *A Fan's Notes*. "Listen, you son of a bitch," Exley imagined saying to Gifford when they were both at USC. "Life isn't always a goddamned football game! You won't always get the girl! Life is rejection and pain and loss."

The middle-aged Gifford claims he has experienced rejection and does have regrets. "Acting and playing quarterback for the Giants," he says, "are the two things I really wanted to do, but no one ever took me seriously." His attempts at both were chronologically intertwined.

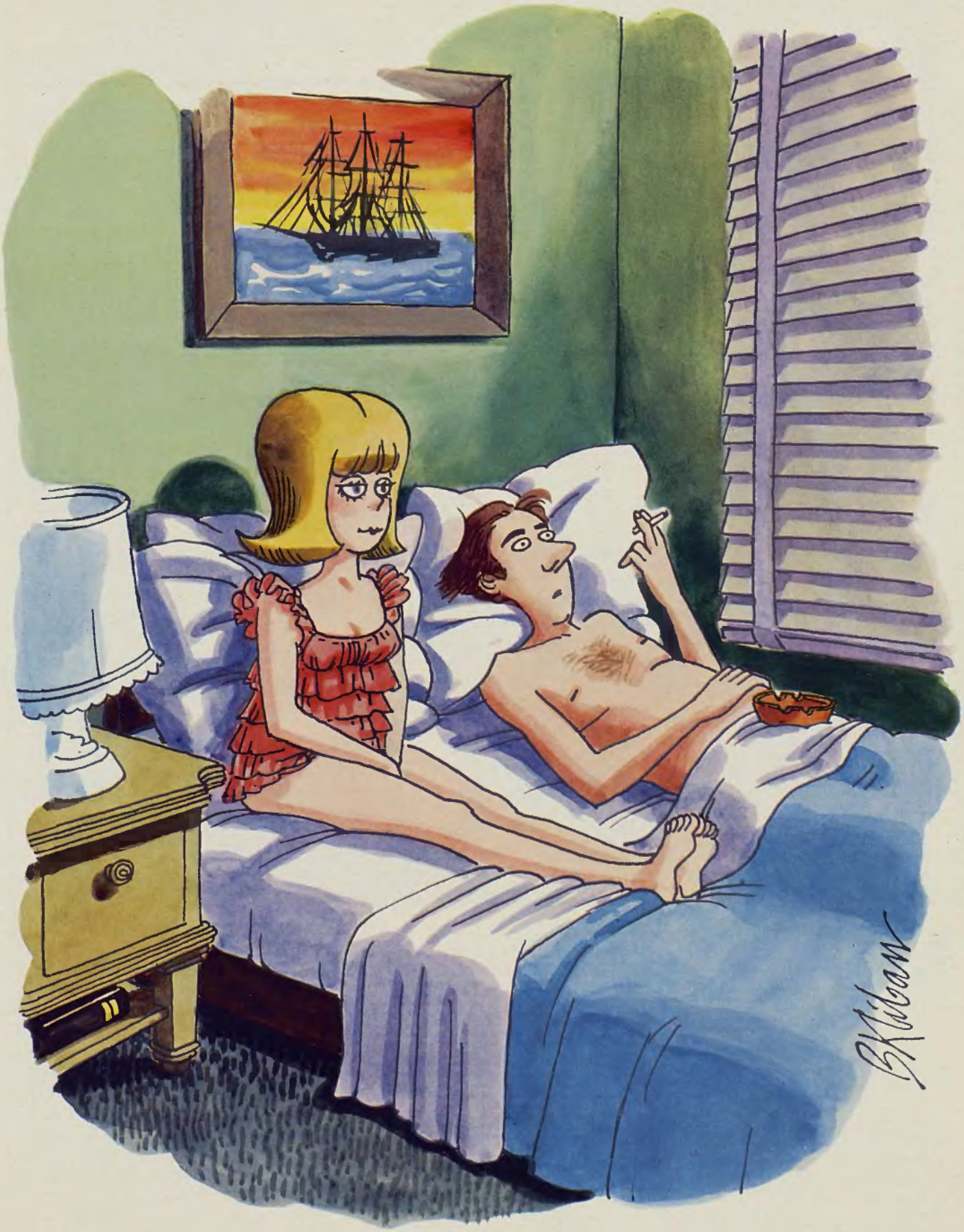
In 1951, as a senior at USC, Gifford played tailback. During the off season, he appeared in a couple of forgotten B movies called *Saturday's Hero* and *All American*.

He was the Giants' first-round draft pick in 1952 and played both offensive and defensive halfback, making all-pro in 1952, 1953, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958 and 1959.

When Vince Lombardi became the Giants' offensive coordinator, he recognized Gifford's versatility, limited him to offense but invented new plays—such as the power sweep and the halfback option pass—that utilized his talents. The Giants were a bumbling outfit through Gifford's first few seasons. But in 1956, Gifford led the National Football League in total offense and was voted Most Valuable Player; the Giants won their first championship, embarrassing the Chicago Bears 47–7 in the title game.

Until that game, New York had been a baseball town. The Yankees and the Dodgers had the best teams in their leagues and the Giants had Willie Mays. But overnight, the football Giants took New York. The season tickets seemed to fall into the sacred possession of the executives who occupied the glass towers of Manhattan; they celebrated Connerly and Rote and Webster and especially Gifford at Toots Shor's, Jimmy Weston's and P. J. Clarke's saloon. "Frank Gifford went on to realize fame in New York that only a visionary would have dared

(continued on page 196)



"It was terrific, honey. . . . I especially liked the part where you moved!"

SEX IN CINEMA-1977

MAJOR STUDIOS MAY BE PUTTING MOST OF THEIR ACTION ON THE SOUND TRACK, BUT THE PORNO FILMS ARE LOOKING BETTER THAN EVER

article By ARTHUR KNIGHT LOVE MAY BE A FOUR-LETTER WORD, but it wasn't the four-letter word we heard most often at the movies this year. Under tremendous fire from church groups, their own Motion Picture Association of America and, especially, from local politicos out to make a name for themselves, Hollywood studios in 1977 beat a noticeable retreat from the rampant nudity and semiexplicit sex scenes that had adorned their movies for almost a decade. If *Black Sunday* had been made a few years earlier, we would no doubt have seen, during that scene in which Israeli commando Robert Shaw discovers Palestinian terrorist Marthe Keller in her shower, everything that the Shaw character saw. Aiming for a PG rating (which, ironically, was denied because of excessive violence), the film's makers proffered merely a head-and-shoulders shot of Keller recoiling in terror. In Sam Peckinpah's *Cross of Iron*, a German platoon captures a Russian strong point that is manned by women. It's hard to believe that in the ten or so minutes reportedly cut from the *(text continued on page 200)*

WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON: *Variety is still the spice, etc., though life onscreen isn't as spicy as it once was. Opposite: 1974 Playmate of the Year Cyndi Wood in a rare light moment from the forthcoming blockbuster "Apocalypse Now." This page, top: Roger Moore beds Sue Vanner in the latest Bond epic, "The Spy Who Loved Me" (left); comely terrorist Marthe Keller cowers in the shower in "Black Sunday" (right). Center: Janice Rule contemplates her erotic art in "3 Women" (left); Peter Firth rides bareback (and bare-assed) in the film re-creation of "Equus" (right). Above: Faye Dunaway bewitches William Holden in "Network" (left); Ursula Andress and Beau Bridges enjoy sack time in "Behind the Iron Mask" (right).*

NO, BUT I SAW THE MOVIE: *Best sellers are coming back to the screen, perhaps reversing the "Love Story" trend (do the film first, then market the paperback). The movie version of Judith Rossner's moving "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" stars Diane Keaton (above left, with Richard Gere) as the young woman who meets a deadly date in a singles bar. Sidney Sheldon's "The Other Side of Midnight" features Marie-France Pisier working her way up in society on her back after being seduced by John Beck (above right). "The Choirboys," based on ex–Los Angeles policeman Joseph Wambaugh's latest success, is all about the misadventures, sexual and otherwise, of some fictional L.A. policemen and the people they encounter, among them, a dominatrix whore played by Phyllis Davis (below left, administering discipline to Peter Brandon). And when writer Peter ("Jaws") Benchley's thriller "The Deep" was brought to the screen, moviegoers lapped it up—partly because of the daring deeds of Robert Shaw and Nick Nolte but especially because the early scenes feature beautiful Jacqueline Bisset, as an underwater treasure hunter, wearing a T-shirt that's much more revealing than a wet suit (below right).*

HEIL AND FAREWELL: *Moviegoers saw swastikas as well as stars in several 1977 pictures, among them, "Madam Kitty" (above left, with Teresa Ann Savoy servicing SS officer Helmut Berger); "Voyage of the Damned," about a boatload of Jewish refugees (top right, Victor Spinetti appeals to Katharine Ross for help); and Ingmar Bergman's "The Serpent's Egg," set in Berlin during Hitler's rise (above right, Heino Hallhuber and Irene Steinbeisser switch roles as a bridal couple in drag).*

THAT'S SHOWBIZ: *Hollywood's heyday and the big-band era provide respective backgrounds for "Hughes and Harlow," with Lindsay Bloom and Victor Holchak (above), and Martin Scorsese's highly acclaimed musical "New York, New York," with Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli (right).*

FLAMING YOUTH: *The year saw a bumper crop of young-love movies, including "The Van," with Connie Lisa Marie and Stuart Getz (top left); "First Love," starring Susan Dey and William Katt (top right); "Joyride," with second-generation performers Melanie Griffith, daughter of Tippi ("The Birds") Hedren; Robert Carradine, son of John; Desi Arnaz, Jr., son of guess who; and Anne Lockhart, daughter of June, rampaging through Alaska (above, a Jacuzzi break in a commandeered summer home); and "Slumber Party '57," with Rainbeaux Smith offering to ball a basketball squad (below).*

FUNNY BUSINESS: *Sex can be a laughing matter, at least in the movies. Woody Allen, in "Annie Hall," finds the laughter bittersweet; the film is the semiautobiographical tale of his on-again, off-again relationship with Diane Keaton (top right). "Silver Streak" is a slapstick train chase in which Gene Wilder and Jill Clayburgh, about to make it in a berth, are interrupted by a dangling corpse (center right). In "The Sex Machine" (bottom right), Eleonora Giorgi and Mario Scaccia are considerably more circumspect than the impatient couple on their wedding cake. Meanwhile, Mae West, who has had a lot of time in which to learn patience, savors the beefcake on display in her newest outing, "Sextette" (below), in which the 85-year-old grande dame of the double-entendre gets mixed up with a track-and-field team. In "Fun with Dick and Jane" (left), Jane Fonda finds George Segal's sexual impetuosity distressing: There's a gat in George's pocket.*

SHOCKS & SHIVERS: *Mining the lucrative vein of horror were (from top) "Rabid," with Marilyn Chambers (here with Victor Desy) as a vampire in her first straight starring role; "The Sentinel," with Beverly D'Angelo, Sylvia Miles, Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines up to a bit of deviltry; and "Demon Seed," in which Julie Christie finds herself terrorized as the helpless object of a libidinous computer's affections.*

FOREIGN RELATIONSHIPS: *Current imports include "Pigs Have Wings" (above), starring Elsa Martinelli's daughter Christiana Mancinelli and Franco Bianchi in a sociosexual commentary about love on Italy's New Left; France's hugely, hugely popular "Cousin Cousine" (with Marie-Christine Barrault and Victor Lanoux, top right), a tale of extramarital bliss; Italy's "Beyond Good and Evil" (with Dominique Sanda and Erland Josephson, center right), based on a ménage à trois involving German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche; Japan's "Utamaro's World" (with Shin Kishida and Mako Midori, bottom right), which treats, loosely, the life of an 18th Century erotic painter; and "Crazy Horse" (below), which takes us to visit the Paris night club of the same name.*

AMERICA'S HARD SELL: *Movies are better than ever at the local porn palace; while major studios are cooling it, hard-core film makers are developing their own marquee-value stars—e.g., Jennifer Welles, seen above with Sammy Teen in "Honeypie." Below, Jeanine Dalton and Michael Ronds get it on in "Sweet Cakes," which also features Welles.*

EUROPE'S SOFT TOUCH: *Films from overseas, which used to be racier than American ones, aren't anymore—but they're still lushly erotic. Samples include "Goodbye Emmanuelle," with Sylvia Kristel and Jean-Pierre Bouvier (top); "Vanessa," with Olivia Pascal and Anthony Diffing (above); and "Maitresse," a bit of S/M with Bulle Ogier and Gerard Depardieu (below).*

"Spermula," a soft-core French release with Dayle Haddon (above) as a semen-swilling vamp, was the subject of a January PLAYBOY *pictorial. Although France technically now allows porn production, "Exhibition 2" (below), starring Sylvia Bourdon in a sequel to the quasi-documentary "Exhibition," which showcased Claudine Beccarie as a porno queen, ran afoul of the French censors.*

PURLOINED PLOTS: *When you see a good story line, screw around with it! That seems to be the motto of the creators of the X-rated "Cinderella" (above, with Cheryl Smith and Brett Smiley as the heroine and her Prince Charming) and "Blowdry," an unabashed rip-off of "Shampoo," with Helen Madigan and porn stud Pepe Valentine (below).*

REEL-LIFE ROMANCERS: *The exploits of legendary lovers have long provided grist for cinematic mills, and 1977 was no exception. Premier danseur Rudolf Nureyev reveals all in his first movie outing, in the title role of Ken Russell's extravagant biography "Valentino"; above, he practices his sheikly wiles on Michelle Phillips. Tony Curtis dallies with 1976 Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller (below left) and others in "Casanova and Company," a wry look at the adventures of the 18th Century Italian cocksman; and, in a satirical send-up of the entire genre, Gene Wilder impersonates "The World's Greatest Lover" (with Candice Azzara, below right) in a comedy about Hollywood's frantic search for a successor to Rudolph Valentino.*

MASQUERADE BALLERS: *There's nothing like a good costume epic to send the blood coursing through a movie buff's veins—especially when there's plenty of flesh visible underneath. Very much in the style of his earlier "Tom Jones" is director Tony Richardson's "Joseph Andrews," with Ann-Margret, as Lady Booby, fairly bursting to get at her lusty young footman Joseph, played by Peter Firth. Above, a friendly feel in the hay. Below, your typical neighborhood orgy scene from the controversial "Gore Vidal's Caligula," a period extravaganza about the decadence that was Rome. The film stars some respected British actors—e.g., Malcolm McDowell, Peter O'Toole and John Gielgud—but is being touted as "the 'Ben-Hur' of porn."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON SEYMOUR

JAILING

the man who tried to hustle a fake bio of howard hughes did some heavy time that was all too real

AUGUST 28, 1972: This morning, I ate a good breakfast of orange juice, French toast, crisp bacon and a pot of hot coffee and then surrendered to the U. S. Marshal at the courthouse in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. He handcuffed me, shackling the cuffs to a steel belt chained round my waist. We drove off on a dusty road to the Federal prison camp at Allenwood, about 15 miles away. The day was hot and cloudy. When I arrived, they took everything I owned—clothes, the works—including my diving watch and the gold ring I inherited from my father. In its place, they gave me my Federal prison number—00040. "It's yours for life," one of the guards explained to me.

Now I'm in a ramshackle single-story wooden building that was once painted white but has since acquired the color and texture of a sheet that hasn't been changed for months. The smell of sweat predominates. A constant mutter, sometimes ascending to a din, assaults the ears; the entire population laughs, yells and curses continuously.

Two blacks are my neighbors, both of them the size of N.F.L. defensive guards, and they get into a religious debate after a supper of meat loaf and baked beans. "Listen, brother," one says. "I tell you one thing—in this life, they ain't no such thing as no motherfuckin' salvation. This is just one mean motherfucker from the beginning when you born to the motherfuckin' end when you die. Do you dig my meaning, brother? You better motherfuckin' well believe it."

They've given me an upper bunk next to the showers. The mattress is thin and gray, the springs sag, so that my back aches when I lie down. They give me cleon sheets

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This journal, in its original form, was composed of brief handwritten notes smuggled out of prison.

the prison notebooks of

CLIFFORD IRVING

The guy in the next bed wants to be called Geraldine. When everyone is asleep, "she" rises like a phoenix wearing a wig, make-up and an evening gown.

and I make the bed neatly. I want to behave. Just like summer camp back in Maine when I was a kid.

Do I feel depressed? Better motherfuckin' well believe it.

August 29: I was called down to the office of Mr. Max Weger, the camp superintendent, who looks like a 35-year-old, dapper version of Elvis Presley. He struck me as a bright, mean-minded man. He assigned me to a job: clerk in the office of the prison factory. The factory makes wooden furniture for the Government, for judges' offices and the FBI. I'll be paid 21 cents an hour, tax-free.

I went down there and met the men I'll work with: Scarlati, Willie Polk, Lembke, Joe T. and Claude. Scarlati was a big bookie. Willie's a hillbilly who transported stolen cars from Kentucky to Ohio. Lembke was mayor of some town in Pennsylvania; he pocketed Government funds. Claude, a printer, went for the big score and counterfeited $4,000,000. Joe T. is a medium-echelon *mafioso* doing time for possession of stolen securities. He's already taken me under his wing (even though he's eight inches shorter than I am) and shown me around the camp.

September 3: Allenwood is a minimum-security "honor camp," whatever that means. It spreads over 4500 pastoral acres and supports about 900 head of scrawny beef cattle, butchered periodically to feed the inmates of various Eastern Federal prisons. No gates, no walls, no gun towers—just a wire-fenced perimeter.

It's easy to escape from Allenwood. You just walk out when no one's looking. Some men go out for a few hours to meet their wives or girlfriends at a local motel. It's risky, though.

September 5: Sure enough, four men went over the hill this weekend. One of them had only five weeks left to serve of a two-year sentence. They say he got a Dear John letter from his wife. That's common, I'm told. The three others flipped out after the Saturday-night movie, *99 Women*, a skin flick about dykes on an Italian island prison. The men took off early the next morning. I had to leave the movie in the middle and go back to bed in the dorm and, surrounded by clouds of steam, jerk off. I don't want to be reminded that there's an outside world with women in it.

September 10: Joe T. is about 45, short, neat, slick, olive-skinned, with warm, liquid brown eyes.

He tells me about the Wall, Lewisburg Penitentiary, where he recently spent a few years:

"There's no Mickey Mouse at the Wall. It's a five-star penitentiary—max max max. You're the garbage of the world and that's where you belong. You're constantly searched. The Man examines you, sticks his nose up your asshole.

"It's not really so bad over there. You get good food at night—I mean steaks stolen from the kitchen, packed in laundry carts. There are 1300 men at the Wall, kid, scheming day and night—got nothing else to do. The Man condones this to avoid pressure building up. The wops run the gambling. They play for cigarette cartons, but it adds up, and if you can't pay up inside, you better fucking well have your old lady pay up on the street within a week or they give you a blanket party." A blanket party: During the night, they pull your blanket up over your head, pin you down and beat the shit out of your brains with short lead pipes. "And then there's always, I'd say, $30,000 or $40,000 in cash floating around inside the Wall at any given time, hidden here and there.

"Booze is made inside—yeast from the bakery, alcohol from the medical department. And they get drugs, too. They steal the drugs meant for other inmates. Their attitude is, 'Fuck you. You're here today, gone tomorrow, maybe doing a nickel, but I'm doing 20 years, man—I *live* here.' You pass some guy in the hallway over there at the Wall and just brush his sleeve and you better say, 'Excuse me.' A guy doing natural life don't care if he kills you. What can they do to him? Put him in the hole? He's been there. He don't care. While I was there, a man was shanked in the chow hall over a jelly doughnut. These guys were on the chow line. There was one jelly doughnut left on the tray. The guy at the head of the chow line was about to take it when the guy in back of him reached around and took it from under his nose and laughed and said, 'Fuck you, bubblehead.' So the guy in front reached up his pants leg and whipped out a shank he had taped there and shoved it into the other guy's stomach. And *he* laughed and said, '*You* a bubblebelly, bubblehead.' He took the jelly doughnut from the guy's tray as this guy started to fall. Then he went over to a table and ate the jelly doughnut while the other guy lay on the tile practically at his feet, blood gushing out of him and crying for help. I saw that happen."

October 5: The man sleeping next to me on the left, toward the door, is a young black queen named Gerry Barker. She said to me the other day, rather sweetly, "Please call me Geraldine. Everybody does." And so I did. She's doing time for a bank robbery she committed in Philadelphia—in drag.

She's as friendly a neighbor as I could want. All she asks in return is a reasonable amount of discretion, for I'm privy to the miraculous transformations that sometimes occur next to my bed in the small hours of the Pennsylvania night. Nearly all the dorm is asleep when suddenly, after much clandestine huffing, grunting and moving about beneath the covers, Geraldine rises like a phoenix in the weird golden light, wearing a black wig, false eyelashes, lipstick and—I can't figure out where she got it, much less hides it—a sequined dress. Then she roams off to wherever that night's assignation is to be held, or else she gets a visit, and the customary nocturnal sounds of snoring, farting and groaning of exiled men are punctuated by slurps and distinctive little moans. I've learned to sleep through it.

October 7: A reporter and a photographer from *Time* magazine visited the camp today. I managed to take the photographer aside. Their assignment, he readily told me, was to do a piece showing Allenwood as a country-club prison, a great place for a long vacation. "It's not quite like that," I said.

"No," he admitted, "that's my impression, too."

In which case, of course, *Time* won't run the article, because what doesn't conform to the editors' fixed beliefs just doesn't see print.

November 20: Willie Polk's father died and he went home to Toledo on a furlough for the funeral. Before leaving, he made a promise to his friends. And, sure enough, when he got back this evening—three days later—he took us into a corner of the dorm and extended the middle finger of his right hand. It smelled of pussy—rank pussy, at that. "I promised you, dint I?" Willie said. Coming back on the Greyhound bus, he had wrapped his hand in gauze bandages, he said, to keep the smell intact.

December 19: I'm teaching a course in creative writing to both interested and uninterested inmates. Previous session I'd asked the men to sketch a brief plot of something they'd like to do. One of the younger men, Leroy, read his sketch to us. "Goes like this," he said. "Me and these other dudes is thinking of knocking off a bank. Here's the plot. John will stand by the door, keep an eye on the street. Eddie sticks a gun in the teller's face. I take care of the bank guard. That's the plot."

I restrained myself from laughing, but the other men howled, whereupon Leroy said angrily, "You badass motherfuckers're so fucking smart, how come you're in here? You got a better plot, how come you got caught?"

Hard to answer that one.

December 22: Joe T. was busted yesterday for possession of a five-dollar bill, a Pennsylvania state lottery ticket and some postage stamps. They hustled him over to the Wall in handcuffs and today I heard he was shipped east to Danbury.

I bought a six-pack of Genesee beer from Fitz, the runner, and got quietly drunk with Scarlati. I'll miss Joe. He was a friend and he taught me a lot.

Christmas Day: A rape this morning,

"Sir, you're a disgrace to your profession."

about two A.M. A new kid arrived last week and some black dudes have been propositioning him. The kid complained to a hack but wouldn't name names. So this morning they dragged him outside the dorm, stuffed a yellow towel in his mouth and raped him.

Nick, one of my black neighbors, explained, "Man, they tell some dude, 'I wanna fuck you.' He say no, they feel insulted. They didn't wanna hurt that boy—you right, they gentle as lambs—they just need some place to stick they meat."

Some country club.

By the way, I was right. I heard from the *Time* photographer that they won't run the piece on Allenwood.

January 3, 1973: A fight broke out New Year's morning in the dorm. Hogg was drunk and babbling to his buddy, Blaine, around two o'clock. No one could sleep and Claude told them to shut up. Hogg said, "Fuck you, faggot," whereupon Claude catapulted out of bed, clutching a baseball bat, and slammed Hogg across the side of his shoulder with it—a good, solid swing. Hogg just stood there, completely stunned, but he didn't fall, so Claude hit him again: home run. Next thing, Hogg was down on the concrete floor and Blaine was out of bed with a lead pipe in his hand. I jumped up, too. I didn't have a weapon. What really rattled me was that practically everyone else *did*—shanks, pipes, bats, wooden clubs, coiled springs, even one guy with a golf club, a six iron, I'd guess. Where did they all come from?

Somehow, it calmed down and, except for Hogg, no one was hurt before the hacks arrived. The weapons vanished as quickly as they'd appeared. They asked Hogg what happened to his arm, which was purple and swelling up fast. "I slipped in the shower," he said. He was very pale. They took him off to the hospital at the Wall.

Later, Claude said, "I have to sleep with one eye open from now on."

On Scarlati's advice, yesterday I bought a combination lock in the commissary, put it inside a knotted white gym sock, and now I sleep with it under my pillow. Scarlati says if the hacks shake down the dorm and find it, it's not technically a weapon.

January 10: You can buy booze here for $20 a fifth. Fitz brings me the list from the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board. You can choose your brand and they have everything, including some good California wines and French cognacs. I take a six-pack of beer a few times and then a bottle of Chivas Regal. It's risky, and not the most intelligent thing I've ever done.

Fitz works on the cattle detail. He just slips under the fence, through the trees to the road, Route 15, where a taxi's waiting. He makes his buy in Williamsport through a friend, comes back and hides it under a haystack.

This morning, he told me that all the beer froze last night under the haystack.

January 22: A new man arrives, a birdlike, bespectacled 50-year-old accountant named Dershowitz. He's serving a 30-day sentence. He's so frightened he's afraid to talk to anyone.

Today, on the chow line, Dershowitz is in front of me carrying his tray. A glass of milk, some thin pea soup, the inevitable meat loaf, lemon Jell-O. He's surrounded by chattering blacks. They don't menace him, he doesn't interest them at all, but they flow around him like big, smooth, shiny dark sharks, teeth so white and sharp, and he starts to shake and then the tray slips from his fingers. Pea soup, milk and meat-loaf gravy spray in all directions. Dershowitz starts to cry. Tears leak down his thin pink cheeks. His glasses fog.

"Oh, my," he says. "Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my."

Not many people laugh. Cadillac Jones, some badass 200-pound black dude in for bank robbery, gently helps Dershowitz out of the line to an empty table. Dershowitz, misty tears blocking his vision, doesn't even know who's got hold of him. "Thank you," he says. Now and then, en route, he says, "Oh, my."

Cadillac Jones plants the little man safely in a wobbly plastic chair, looks around, finally spots a group of white men nearby, watching. "Here," he rumbles. "Here's a brother of yours needs help. Take care of him."

I went over, too, but Dershowitz didn't need anything then that Cadillac Jones hadn't already given him.

January 30: Finally, yesterday, I went out. This was lunacy and I know it, but I gave in out of a weakness or strength I can't and don't want to define. Scarlati Claude and Willie Polk were going and talked me into it. They've been planning it for weeks.

Unless there's an emergency, the longest stretch of free time is between the four-P.M. count, just after we quit work, and the ten-P.M. count, just before lights out. It had snowed again, it was awfully cold, and Willie said to me as final reassurance, "Them hacks'll be jerkin' each other off in front of the electric heater down at Control."

So at 4:30, with a cloudy, bloated sky already darkening and shutting out all light from the stars, we put on our warmest clothes and walked casually out of the dorm one by one, pretending to jog down the road in the direction of the weight room. At the agreed place, we ducked under the barbed-wire fence and crawled through the virgin snow into the hickory forest. My teeth chattered from the cold. The branches of the trees were tufted with snow that fell down our necks. Willie led us about a mile, mostly downhill, along what the men call the Ho Chi Minh Trail. We went over the chain link fence at the road and Claude's brother from Pittsburgh was waiting in a Buick with the motor running, the exhaust pipe sending a cloud of smoke as high as the tallest tree.

He drove us to a motel on the outskirts of Williamsport. Scarlati wanted to stop at an Italian restaurant for lasagna, but we outvoted him. The feeling of driving in a warm car, bundled together that way, was unreal, eerie, and we were alternately silent and cackling with laughter. Claude's brother had roast-beef sandwiches on rye bread and four bottles of Johnny Walker Black Label and two hookers waiting for us in the motel. The hookers were from Pittsburgh and they were already drunk. They were both brunettes with enormous tits and bushy cunts. Not my ideal. But I couldn't believe how warm and soft their flesh was. Mindlessly, I fucked them both—with a roast-beef sandwich and three shots of Scotch on the rocks in between—and so did everyone except Willie, who couldn't raise a hard-on. "I knew it," he groaned. "My luck don't change."

"You beat your meat too much back in the joint," Scarlati said seriously. Scarlati slept diagonally across from Willie.

It started to snow again and Claude's brother drove us back at eight o'clock, and we dove over the chain link fence again into a snowdrift. The snow made it hard to see and we were all tired and dizzy from the Scotch. Scarlati stumbled in the snow and fell down—we were going uphill now, and all of us panting. I helped him up, but he clung to me and couldn't stop shivering. We could hear everybody's teeth, a kind of crazy chorus in the darkness.

"I can't make it," Scarlati said weakly, and fell again.

I said, "Come on, Sci," and tried to help him, but I couldn't lift him this time.

"I can't do it," he whispered.

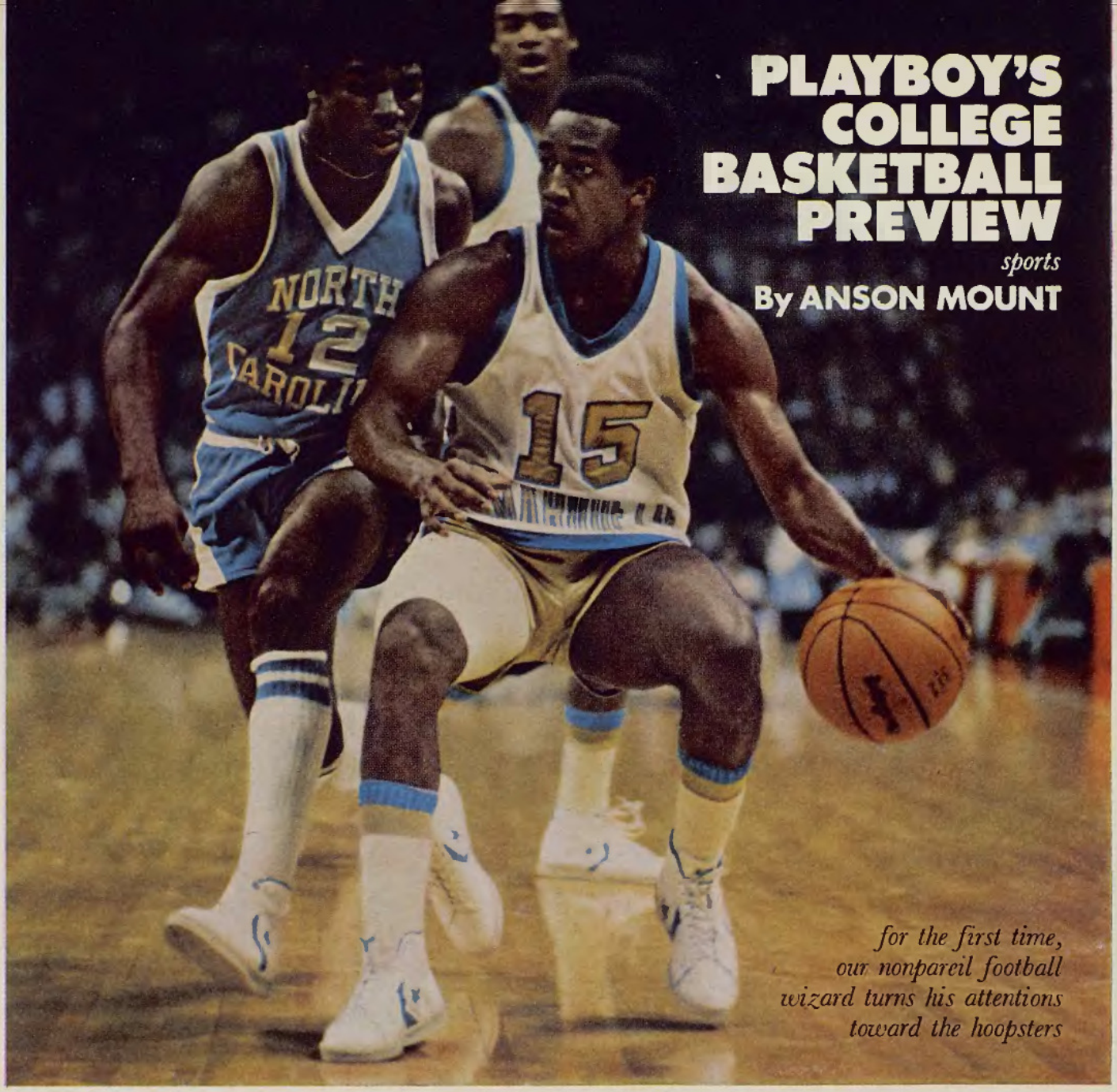
"What?"

A snow flurry hit us in the face. "I can't do it," he said. He was drunk. "You guys leave me. Go ahead. Save yourselves." It was like a bad World War Two movie.

Willie floundered back to us and said, "You beat your meat too much back in the joint, Scarlati," and then he grabbed him powerfully under the arms and hauled him up the hill through the hickory forest.

February 16: A dude named Chester was badly hurt last night. The men had decided he was the one who ratted on

(continued on page 187)



PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

sports

By ANSON MOUNT

for the first time, our nonpareil football wizard turns his attentions toward the hoopsters

It's an All-America *mano-à-mano* confrontation in last season's N.C.A.A. basketball finals as North Carolina's Phil Ford glues himself onto Marquette's hard-driving Butch Lee. Not close enough, however; Marquette came away with the hardware, beating the Tar Heels 67–59.

IT ALL BEGAN on a wintry morning in early December 1891. James Naismith, an instructor at the Y.M.C.A. Training School in Springfield, Massachusetts, faced the problem of devising an indoor activity that would dissipate the excess energy of some of his phys-ed students. He had a workman nail a couple of peach baskets to the rail of the gymnasium balcony, divided the rowdies into two teams, outlined a few rules (no running with the ball, no tackling or eye gouging), handed them a soccer ball and told them to try to throw it into the baskets.

The new game was a brawling success. Its popularity spread quickly to neighboring colleges, to other New England states, then to the rest of the country. By 1899, there was an intercollegiate league and Yale had traveled all the way to Chicago to play several Midwestern teams.

Along the way, someone came up with the idea of knocking the bottoms out of the peach baskets so the ball wouldn't have to be retrieved with a stepladder. Someone else invented the dribble and the game *(continued on page 176)*

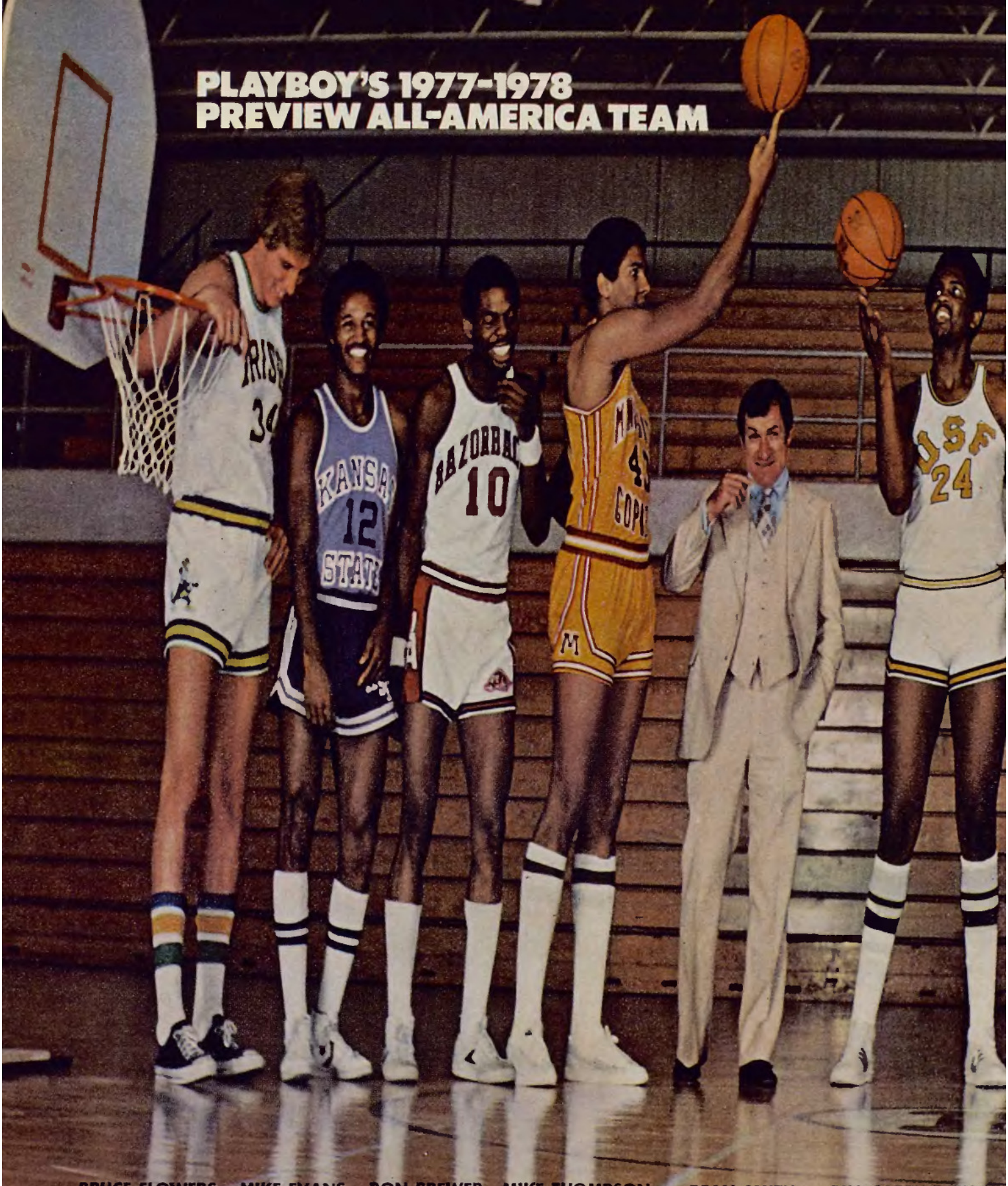
TOP 20 TEAMS

1. North Carolina
2. Kentucky
3. San Francisco
4. Marquette
5. Purdue
6. Arkansas
7. Kansas State
8. Alabama
9. Minnesota
10. Notre Dame
11. Nevada–Las Vegas
12. UCLA
13. Holy Cross
14. Wake Forest
15. Michigan
16. Syracuse
17. Clemson
18. Utah
19. Indiana State
20. Detroit

Possible Breakthroughs: *Providence, Cincinnati, Oregon, Duke, New Mexico, St. John's, North Carolina–Charlotte, North Texas State, Long Beach State, Oklahoma, Villanova, Louisville.*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREGG ANTON

PLAYBOY'S 1977-1978 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM



BRUCE FLOWERS
NOTRE DAME
Forward

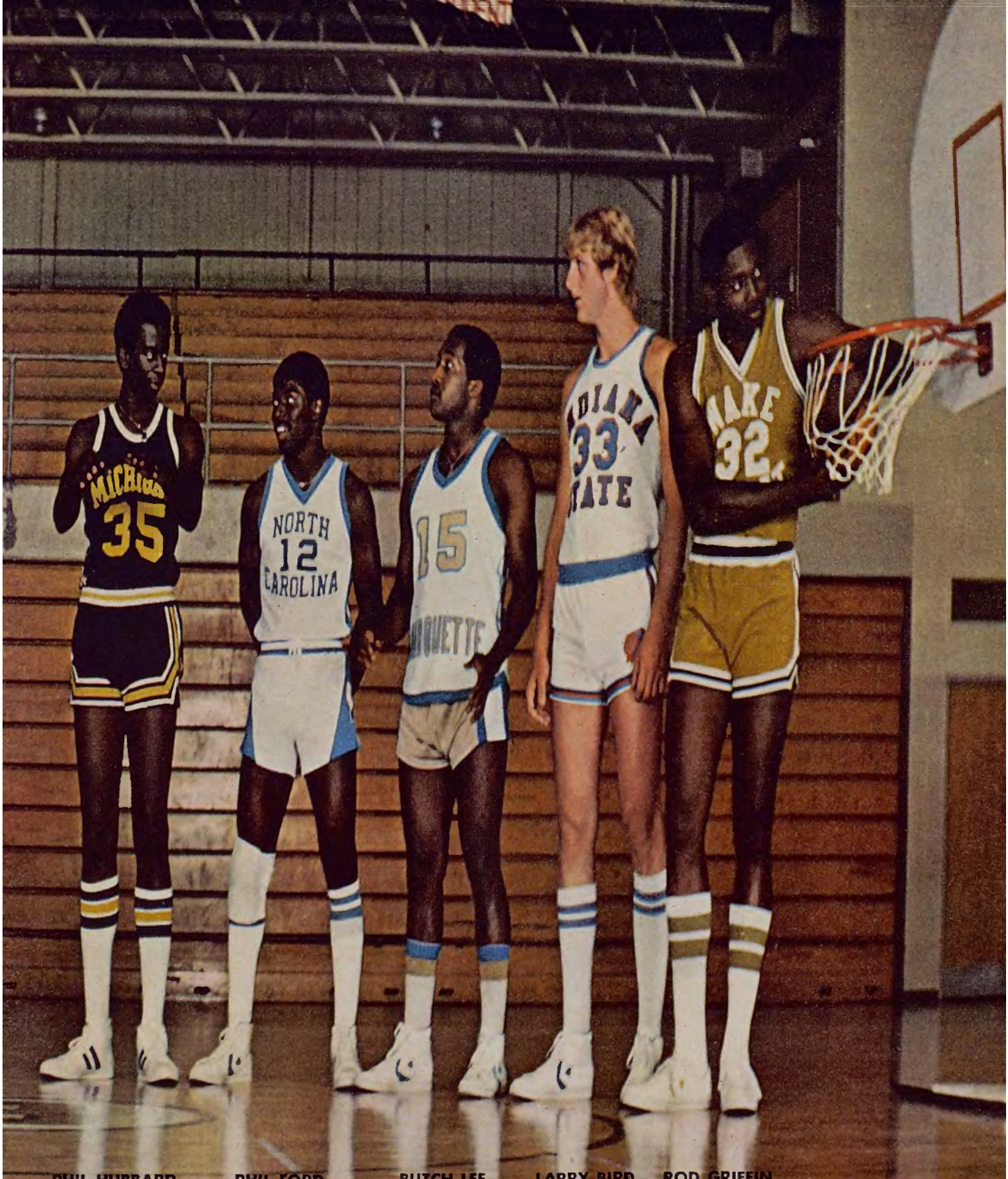
MIKE EVANS
KANSAS STATE
Guard

RON BREWER
ARKANSAS
Guard

MIKE THOMPSON
MINNESOTA
Center

DEAN SMITH
NORTH CAROLINA
Coach of the Yeor

BILL CARTWRIGHT
SAN FRANCISCO
Center



PHIL HUBBARD
MICHIGAN
Forward

PHIL FORD
NORTH CAROLINA
Guard

BUTCH LEE
MARQUETTE
Guard

LARRY BIRD
INDIANA STATE
Forward

ROD GRIFFIN
WAKE FOREST
Forword

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON AZUMA

rules were refined. In 1896, the University of Chicago and Iowa met in the first game in which the teams were limited to five players each.

By the pre–World War One years, basketball had attracted an almost hysterical public following. Exuberant spectators became a nuisance and sometimes a physical danger to the players. Some players were attacked and mauled. For years, games were often played inside net cages to prevent spectators from interfering. After the cages were abandoned, sportswriters continued to call basketball players cagers, and neither the players nor the public ever really knew why.

Basketball is the only major spectator sport totally original to the American continent. Baseball derived from cricket and early football was a variation of rugby.

Basketball is also the only American spectator sport that has proved widely exportable. Except for Canada, the rest of the world looks askance on our football. Baseball has caught on in Latin America and Japan, but other peoples think it is a massive bore. Yet there is as much basketball hysteria in Vladivostok or Belgrade or Melbourne as in Los Angeles.

And the game's popularity continues to grow apace in this country. Of the 245 colleges that have Division One basketball teams, 82 have built new arenas in the past ten years. Thirty-nine of those arenas have more than 10,000 seats. It's estimated that over 27,000,000 people attended college-basketball games last winter and many times that number saw high school games.

The major reasons for the game's popularity are apparent to every fan: fast-paced, continuous action, the combination of finely tuned skills with physical endurance, complex strategy, the psychological war of nerves played by opposing coaches. But there is a less obvious reason: the heady dreams of glory that the game inspires, not only in the players but also in avid fans. It is a sport in which Seton Hall or Gonzaga or Oral Roberts can compete with Michigan or Tennessee or Notre Dame. It is a game in which it is possible for last year's cellar team to recruit two or three hot-shot junior college or high school graduates in April and win the conference—maybe even the national—championship the following March.

That rags-to-riches scenario will likely be played out at a number of schools this winter. Let's take a look at the teams around the country.

•

The Eastern Eight Conference will be so evenly balanced this season that any of its teams—even Pittsburgh, last year's cellar dweller—could win the postseason conference tournament. Villanova seems to have a slight advantage, largely because 6'10" center Marty Caron and prize freshman Alex Bradley will add muscle to the rebounding, last season's only major weakness. Bradley should become the best inside player Villanova has had in years and another recruit, Tom Sienkiewicz, is expected to contribute deadly outside shooting.

It's hoped that graduation has cured the black-white dissensions that afflicted the Massachusetts team last winter. This year's success will largely depend on (1) whether Mike Pyatt finally decides to work hard enough to achieve his considerable potential and (2) the contributions of much heralded transfer (from Indiana) Mark Haymore.

The graduation of superscorer Norm Nixon would seem to be a crippling blow to Duquesne, but the return from injuries of guards Miguel Davila and Baron Flenory, plus the arrival of junior college marksman Maurice Drinks, should more than make up for Nixon's loss. Five freshmen saw a lot of action

(continued on page 257)

ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America team at season's end)

FORWARDS: *David Greenwood (UCLA), Jock Givens (Kentucky), Reggie King (Alabama), Greg Sanders (St. Bonaventure), Mike O'Koren (North Carolina), Charles Davis (Vanderbilt), Walter Jordan (Purdue), Mike Santos (Utah State), Gary Winton (Army), Presnell Gilbert (San Diego State), "Cheese" Johnson (Wichita State), Maurice Drinks (Duquesne)*

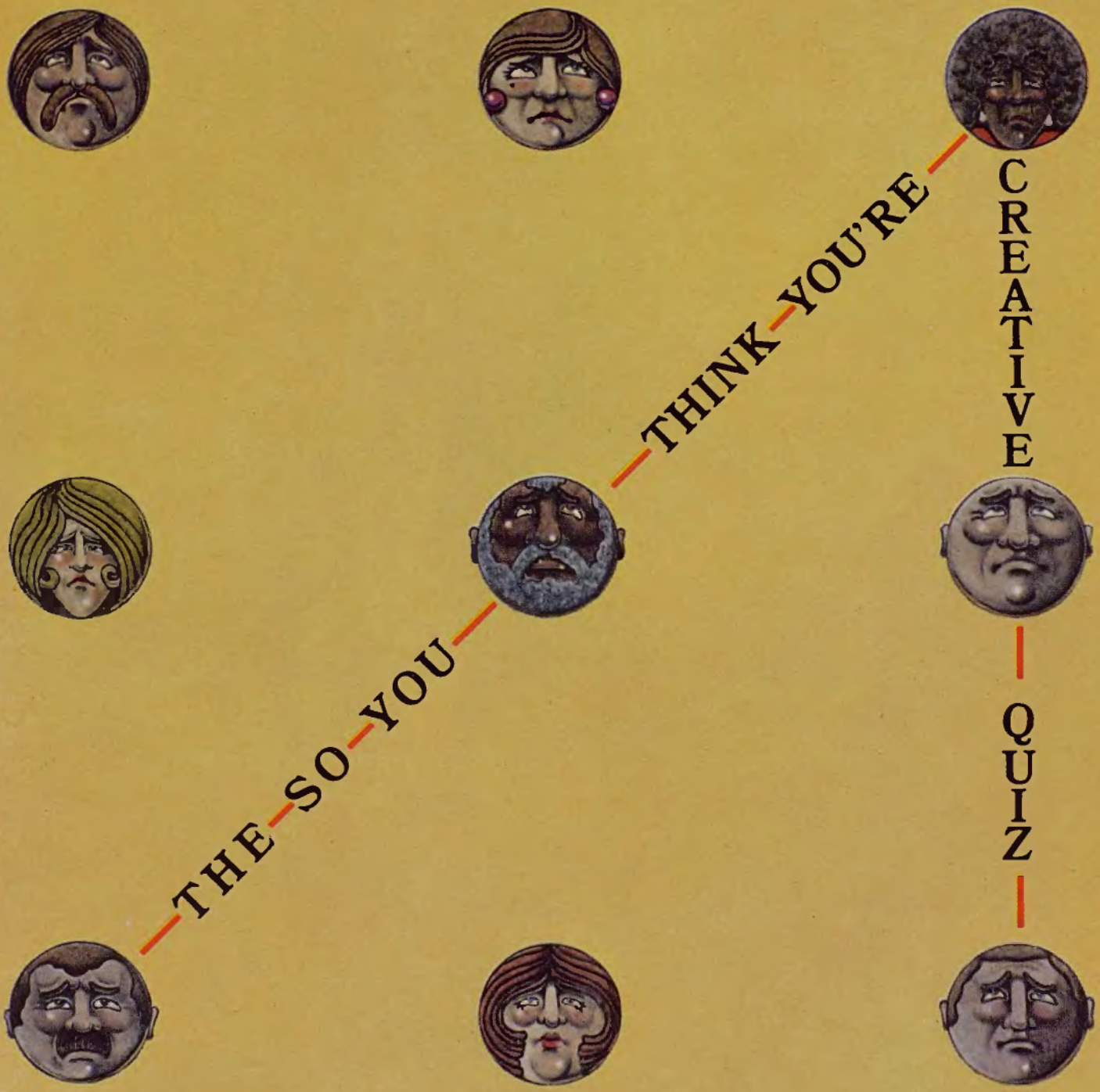
CENTERS: *Jerome Whitehead (Marquette), Mike Phillips (Kentucky), Bob Miller (Cincinnati), Rickey Brown (Mississippi State), Roosevelt Bouie (Syracuse), Mike Gminski (Duke), Mike Russell (Texas Tech), Larry Gray (Long Beach State), Dave Corzine (DePaul)*

GUARDS: *Ronnie Perry (Holy Cross), Winford Boynes (San Francisco), Roger Phegley (Bradley), Rick Wilson (Louisville), Kenny Higgs (LSU), Jim Spanarkel (Duke), John Douglas (Kansas), Ronnie Lester (Iowa), Ron Carter (Virginia Military), Audie Matthews (Illinois), Oliver Mack (East Carolina), Sidney Moncrief (Arkansas)*

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make big contributions to their respective teams.)

Maurice Drinks, forward	*Duquesne*
Sam Clancy, forward	*Pittsburgh*
Jeff Ruland, forward	*Iona*
Earvin Johnson, forward	*Michigan State*
Ray Tolbert, center	*Indiana*
Wes Matthews, guard	*Wisconsin*
Herbie Williams, center	*Ohio State*
Kenny Page, guard	*Ohio State*
Albert King, forward	*Maryland*
Gene Banks, forward	*Duke*
Jeff Lamp, guard	*Virginia*
Kyle Macy, guard	*Kentucky*
Reggie Hannah, forward	*Florida*
Sammy Drummer, forward	*Georgia Tech*
Oliver Mack, guard	*East Carolina*
Darnell Valentine, guard	*Kansas*
Brion Johnson, forward	*Colorado*
Bob Fowler, forward	*Iowa State*
Philip Stroud, forward	*Texas*
Steve Smith, guard	*Southern California*
Darryl Smith, forward	*Southern California*
Cliff Robinson, center	*Southern California*
Mark McNamara, center	*Santa Clara*
Ken Jones, forward	*St. Mary's (Calif.)*
Troy Hudson, guard	*Northern Arizona*
Gerald Sims, guard	*Nevada–Las Vegas*



By EUGENE RAUDSEPP *with* GEORGE P. HOUGH, JR. *just how bound by rules are you? these puzzles will test your capacity to break out of old patterns to find new solutions*

BREAKING OUT

THE CLASSIC PUZZLE on this page is one you may remember solving as a kid; it's the prototype of all puzzles requiring raw creativity—that is, the ability to discover new solutions by freeing yourself of imaginary boundaries and restrictions. In case you've forgotten, the test is:

Draw four straight lines through these nine dots without retracing and without lifting your pen from the paper.

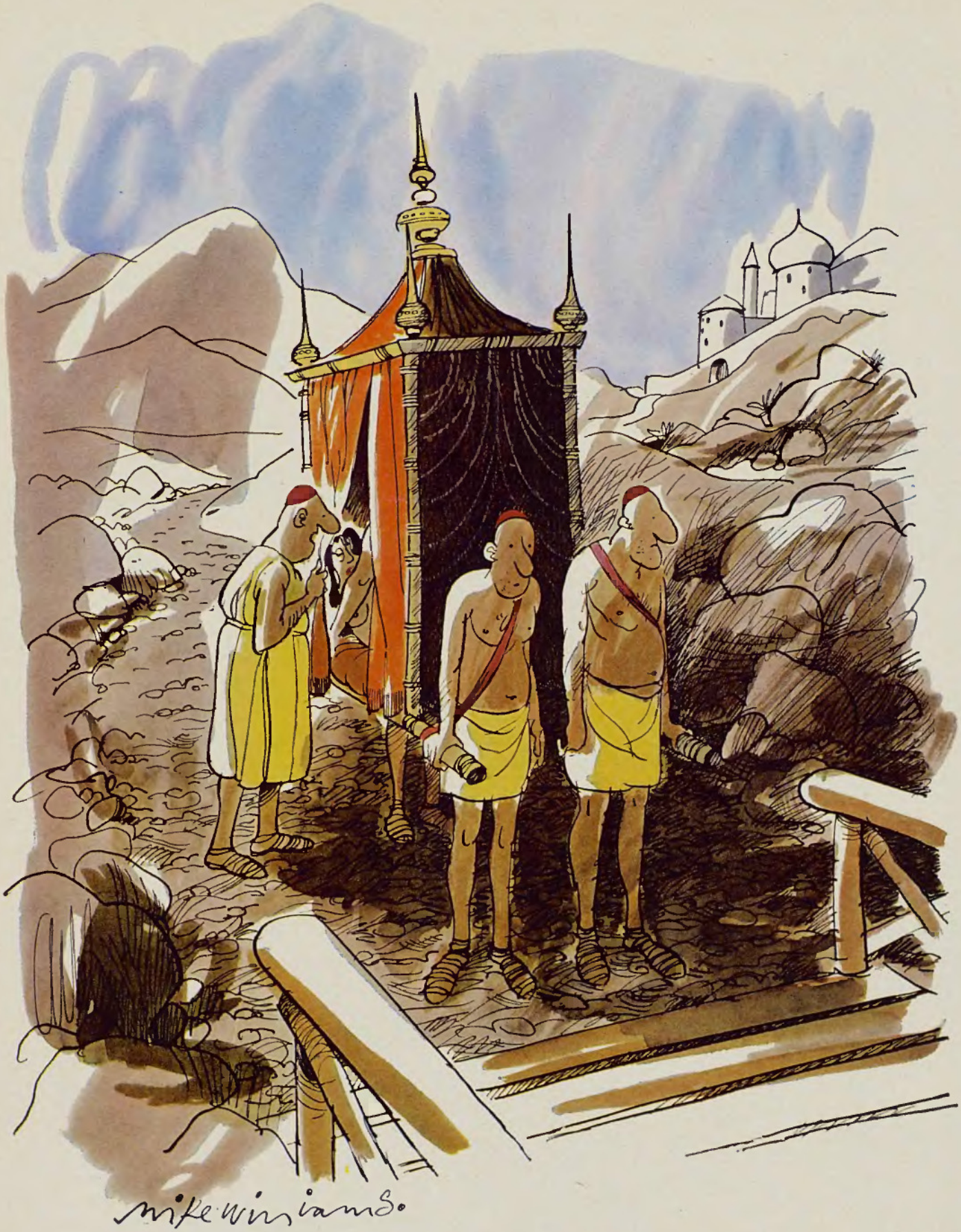
The following puzzles demand the same kind of "breakout" thinking and were compiled by Princeton Creative Research, Inc. Give them a try, then turn to page 214 for the answers.

THE COMPULSIVE SMOKER

We are frequently too hasty and impatient in solving problems and, as a result, we overlook the obvious. This problem illustrates how easy it is to overlook a simple element that sometimes is the key to the correct solution.

A heavy smoker wakes up in the middle of the night and finds himself out of cigarettes. He gets dressed and rushes out, but the streets are deserted and all the stores, restaurants and bars are closed. Arriving back in his apartment, he looks through all the wastepaper baskets and ashtrays for butts, figuring out that with five butts he *(continued on page 210)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RON RAE



"I wonder if you might break rhythm, m'lady, we're just approaching a bridge."

ONE PALM SUNDAY, Cicero, who was the pastor at San Marco near Perugia, gave his customary denunciation of the seven mortal sins. When he arrived at the sin of lust, he paused, then said, "My brothers, I am tormented with a great curiosity. During Lent, when I confessed your wives, every woman swore that she had been faithful to her husband. And yet, on the other hand, almost every husband in town confessed to having slept with another man's wife. Now, I'd like to have someone come to confess the answer to this miraculous paradox."

•

One day, a quack appeared in Venice and put up his banner, on which there was a picture of a huge phallus divided by lines into four parts. A simple man, staring at it, asked the meaning and the quack replied, "Why, that's my magic cock. I put it in a woman up to the first line and for one ducat I beget a merchant. The second line and two ducats make a soldier. The third, a nobleman. The fourth—magic of magics!—a Pope."

"It would be nice to have a soldier in the family," the Venetian said and, handing over two ducats, he took the mountebank home to his wife.

Just as the quack was spreading the wife out on the bed, the Venetian pretended to leave the room but, instead, craftily slid under the bed.

Pumping away, the quack finally announced, "Now, here comes a captain!"

At that, the husband jumped up and gave the quack's ass a mighty shove. "Tricked you!" he roared. "I just got a Pope for half price!"

•

A friar came to comfort a man who was suffering through a long illness and,

after many words of consolation, he said to remember that God especially castigates those whom He loves and tests their faith with misfortunes.

Groaning, the sick man said, "Then it's hardly any wonder that He's got so few friends, if this is the way He treats them."

•

Another priest, a man named Paolo, traveled to the little town of Sescia to give a sermon. In the course of it, he congratulated the listeners on their good fortune in living in a simple place where morality was respected. That led him into a denunciation of Naples and its sin. Which reminded him, for instance, of the newest and most deplorable vogue—Neapolitans had got the notion of putting a pillow under their wives' buttocks before having sex. The preacher shook his head angrily and the townspeople looked at one another in amazement.

The next time the priest visited Sescia, a friend came out to meet him and exclaimed, "Do you know what you've done to us? Not a goose in town unplucked and the price of pillows has gone sky-high!"

•

And that reminds me of another sermon—one delivered by a Spanish cardinal to the Pope's troops before they went into battle in Ascoli Piceno. He absolved the soldiers of all their sins and, growing eloquent, he declared that every man who died in that noble cause would be seated at table in heaven and would dine with God, Jesus and all the saints.

Having finished, the cardinal got on his horse and prepared to ride away.

"How about you?" called a captain. "After those brave words, aren't you coming into battle with us?"

"Sorry," said the cardinal, "but I'm not hungry."

•

Venice is a city full of very clever whores—perhaps partly because they have such an international lot of customers. One day, someone asked one of those witty women which men, among all the nations, had the biggest genitals.

"Oh," she said, "the Venetians have the longest pricks in the world. That has to be true, because when the men are far away on their trading voyages, their pricks must stretch all the way back here. How else would their ladies have so many children while they're gone?"

•

Sebastiano, an elderly Florentine gentleman, one day went to see a friend of long standing and astonished him by saying, "Benedetto, your son is killing me!"

Benedetto was shocked. "But how?"

"He has fallen in love with my wife."

"And he's challenged you?" asked Benedetto.

"No. But he comes with a flute player and serenades her under the window nearly every night."

"Well," said Benedetto. "If that's all. . . . His singing isn't great, but it's hardly lethal."

"It isn't the noise, my friend. It's just the fact that it wakes my wife up and makes her romantic. Then I have to calm her with a stiff application in the trouble spot. And, Benedetto, I'm not a young man anymore. If this goes on, night after night, I'm doomed."

"Well," said Benedetto. "And I always thought the boy was something of a half-wit! Just imagine!"

—Retold by Carlo Matteo

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

*Based on 1977 EPA Gas Mileage Guide. 1978 data not available at press time.
†1977 Mercedes Benz acceleration (0-50 mph) from Car and Driver, March 1977.
© Volkswagen of America

THE 1978 RABBIT.

It's just a wonderful car.

True, we had a big advantage: we started with a wonderful car and made it even better.

Over a million people all over the world have been impressed enough to buy them.

What's so impressive?

Easy. If you trade up to a Rabbit from a Mercedes Benz 280E,† believe it or not

you'll get better acceleration.

If you trade up to a Rabbit from a Cadillac Seville, you'll get more trunk space. And there are 32 cars you can trade up to a Rabbit for more people space.*

The Rabbit is so roomy, there was even room for improvement.

The '78 Rabbits look better than ever. Handsome metallic colors. Touches of chrome here and there to make them even snappier.

The biggest news of all for '78 can't be seen. And barely heard. We've refined the Rabbit's fuel-injected engine to make it quieter and more efficient.

All in all, we are very proud.

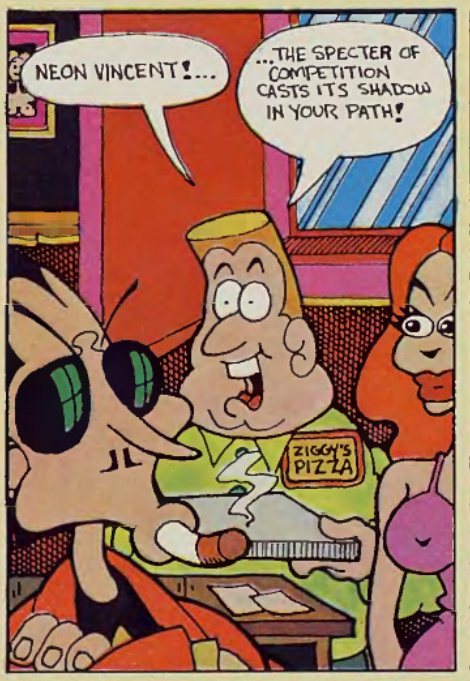
Once we were famous for making a car that looked ridiculous.

Now we make one that makes the others look ridiculous.

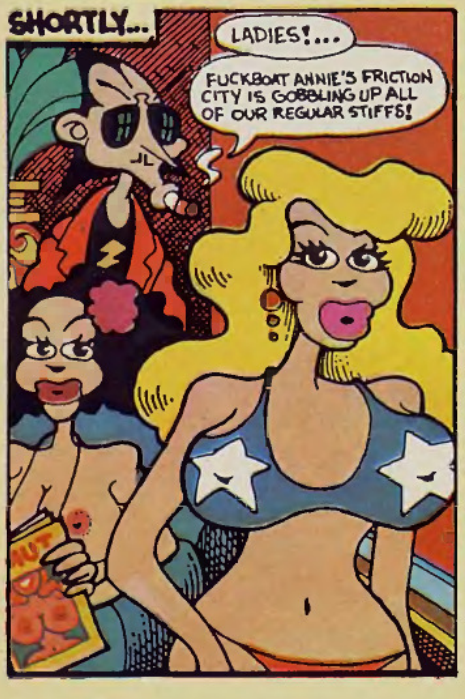
VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

Playboy
FUNNIES
BROOKS

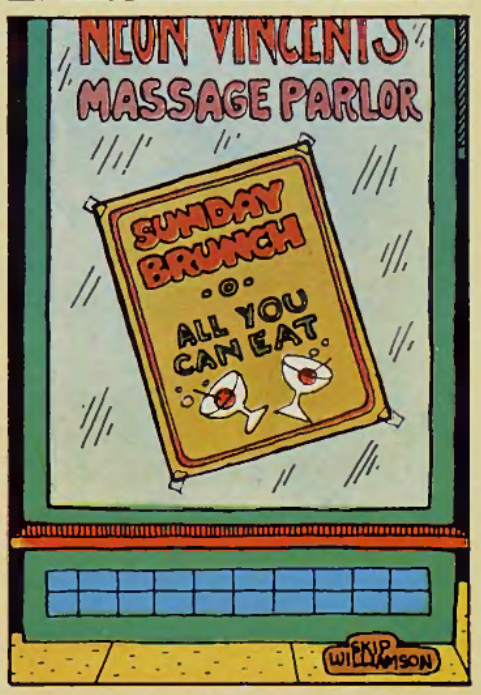
NEON VINCENT'S
MASSAGE PARLOR


NEON VINCENT!...
...THE SPECTER OF COMPETITION CASTS ITS SHADOW IN YOUR PATH!
ZIGGY'S PIZZA
JL

FUCKBOAT ANNIE'S FRICTION CITY, A NEW PARLOR FOR TH' EXOTIC TASTES OF LEISURE GENTLEMEN,...
... JUST OPENED IN THE NEXT BLOCK!
ZIG
PIZ

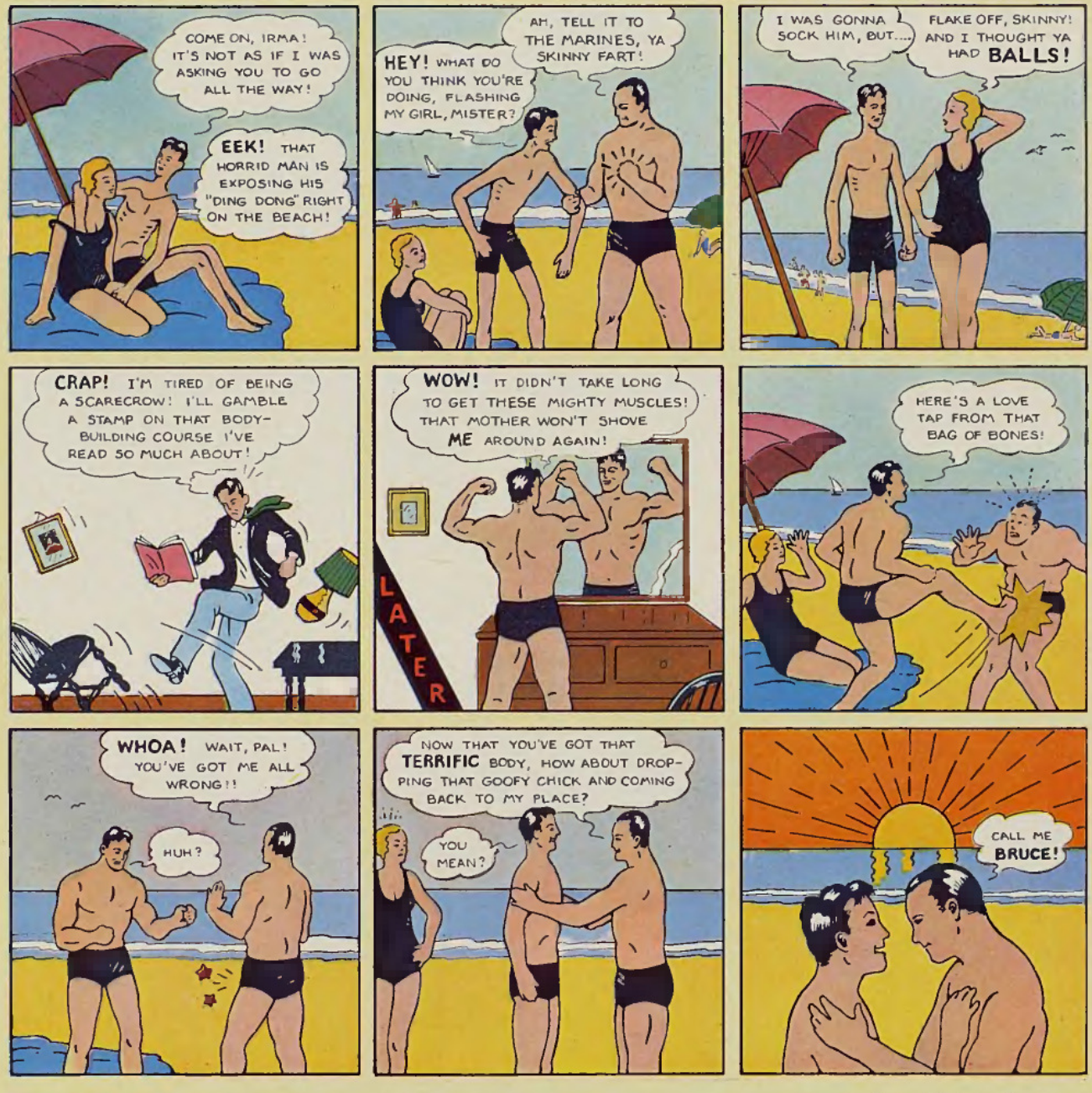

SHORTLY...
LADIES!...
FUCKBOAT ANNIE'S FRICTION CITY IS GOBBLING UP ALL OF OUR REGULAR STIFFS!
JL

WE WILL MEET THIS CHALLENGE WITH A STEADY HAND!...
WE WILL FIRMLY GRASP THE TOOLS OF THE FREE-ENTERPRISE SYSTEM!...
WE WILL GO THAT EXTRA INCH FOR OUR CUSTOMERS!
JL


NEON VINCENT'S
MASSAGE PARLOR
SUNDAY BRUNCH
ALL YOU CAN EAT
SKIP WILLIAMSON

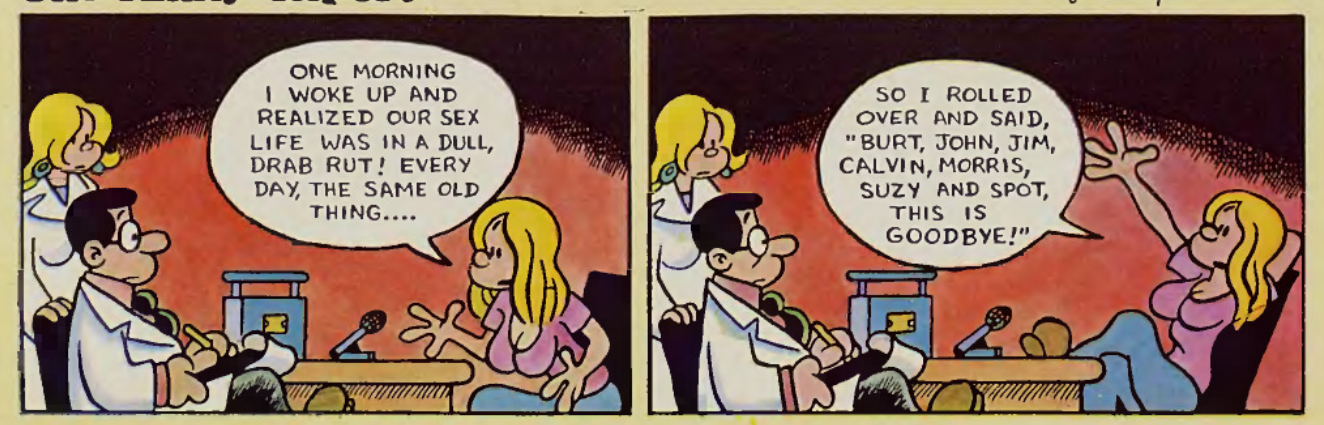
THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"

BY LOU BROOKS



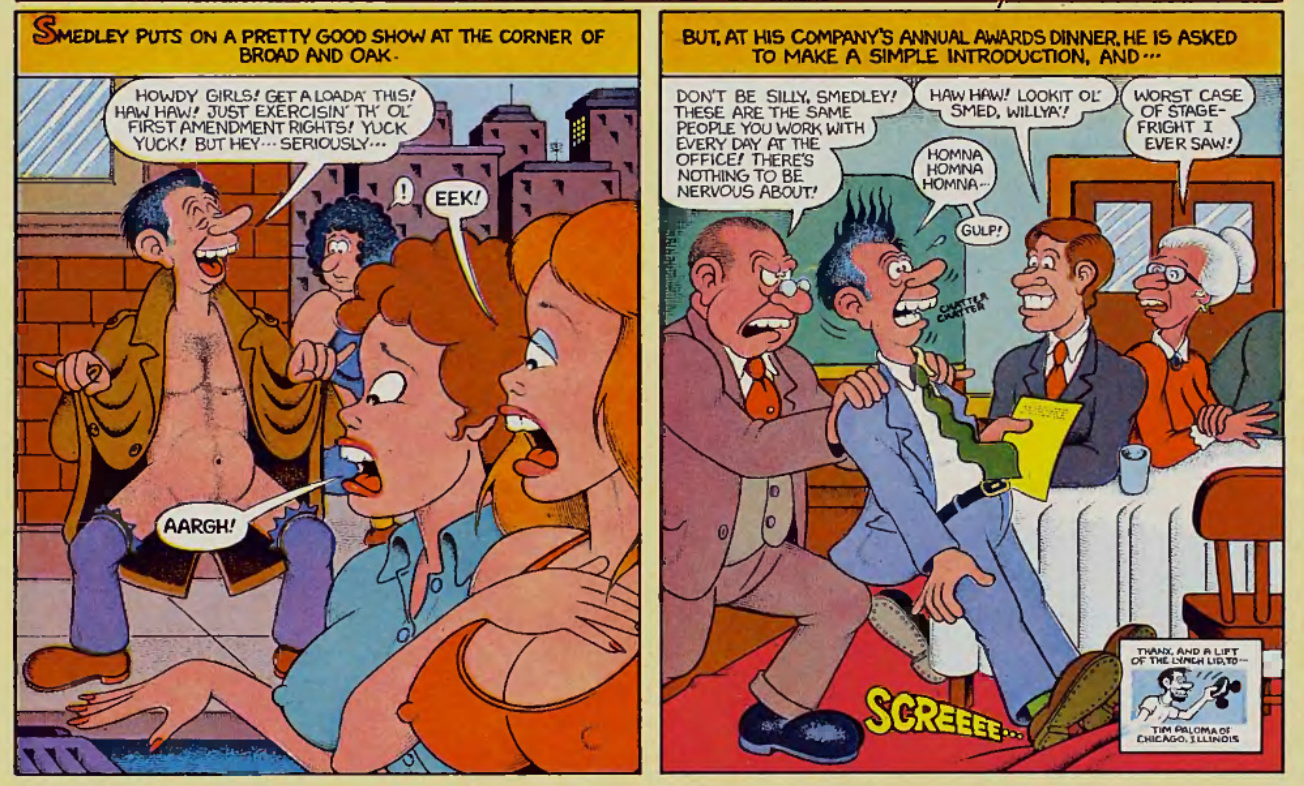
The Kinky Report

by Christopher Browne



DIRTY DUCK
by
BOBBY LONDON
MMM!
WOW!
HOO-BOY!
MAN, OH, MAN!... THAT WOMAN CAN DO THINGS WITH A CUCUMBER THAT WOULD NEVER OCCUR TO JULIA CHILD!
SGT. PADDY O'PORK!
YOU'LL MAKE A FINE COOK IN THE COUNTY JAIL, ME BOY!
HAVE MERCY, O'PORK... THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE THE MAYOR OUT-LAWED LIVE SEX SHOWS!
YOU'RE A SLIPPERY ONE, LADDIE, BUT THIS TIME I'VE GOTCHER RED-EYED!
SIR! I AM AN INNO-CENT BY-STANDER!
MISS BRUIN, THIS DIRTY OLD DUCK HAS BEEN INVADING THE SANCTITY OF YOUR...
OINK, OINK, PIGGY!
SLAM!
I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED... YOU'VE LOUSED UP THE BEST DATE I'VE HAD ALL WEEK!
LONDON

GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by JAY LYNCH



TEASERS

by Lou Brooks

THERE'S A STRANGE, PECULIAR PASTIME ENJOYED BY THIS CUTE MIZ! UNSCRAMBLE ALL THE LETTERS TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS! (EACH COLOR IS ONE WORD)

A G H K P N I S O B Y T N A S U G Y N

Sparkling Naughty Boys

BETH MEETS HER BLIND DATE IN THE PARK AND GETS MORE THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR! COLOR THE SPACES WITH ONE DOT PINK. COLOR THE SPACES WITH TWO DOTS BLUE.

SOLVE THE PUZZLE AND DISCOVER MONA'S FANTASY.

Moist TALES

ing A

R

BAIT

Evenings that memories are made of so often include DRAMBUIE.
DRAMBUIE
Liqueur
THE ISLE OF SKYE
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
TRADE MARK
DRAMBUIE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A LINK WITH THE "45"
This fragrant and delicate Liqueur was prepared in Skye when its Recipe was first brought to Scotland in 1745.
80 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA ©1976

JAILING (continued from page 172)

"There was a murder in the shower room. A dude called Peanuts went berserk and killed two blacks."

Joe T. I don't believe it, but once an idea like that gets fixed in the men's minds, it's almost impossible to dislodge it.

So: If you flush a toilet in the john, it uses cold water and the showers run very hot for a moment. Usually, you can hear the toilet start to flush and step out of the way in time; you become adept at this. The men waited until Chester was in the shower, alone, and then flushed a single toilet. Chester heard it and ducked out of the spray a moment. Then he started back under. Nicely timed, at a signal, they flushed every toilet in the shithouse at the same time. Chester's whole back was scalded and they took him off to the hospital in Williamsport.

March 5: I'm in the hole at Lewisburg, the Wall. Incredible!

About a week ago, Fitz borrowed $50 from me. He had to make a buy and he was broke. I didn't see why not. I trusted him. You can't be the runner and a rat at the same time. Two nights ago, he asked me if I wanted a drink. I said sure, I invited a few friends to share it with me and around ten P.M., after showering, I picked up a paper bag in his house containing a Taster's Choice coffee jar with a pint of vodka in it. Sarkany, one of the hacks, was waiting for me in the corridor. He said, "What have you got there, Irving?" He knew. Someone had ratted on me. I asked where he would take me and the other hack laughed and said, "To jail, Irving."

At 11 P.M., they drove Fitz and me in a van through the snowy darkness to the Wall. We were strip-searched and sent to individual cells on the fifth level of the hole. The doors were steel with just a tiny slot. A bare bunk, no pillow or blanket. I was in semishock and I slept like a child.

In the morning, I looked out the barred window and could see a pearl-gray sky, fog, half of a pitted, unused concrete tennis court and some men in gray sweat suits jogging through the slush like ghosts. I could see a gun tower, too, in the fog. Around noon, the hacks gave me paper and envelopes, so I could write this. It's cold out there. No birds sing. The cell has a shitter, sink, bare bulb with a long string. Meals are shoved in through the slot on a tray. You can talk to the men in the nearby cells, but you can't see their faces.

There's a black dude across the way they call Crazy. Crazy's been in the hole, he tells me, for eight months. What did he do? "Don't remember," he says. "Musta been somethin' pretty good, though." He deftly passes me a pack of cigarettes with a long wire that he tosses four or five times across the corridor until I can catch it. Now I'm in Crazy's debt, and so I can't tell him to shut up when he talks—that is, when he shouts at the top of his lungs—all evening long, until nearly midnight.

We're supposed to get a shower and an hour's exercise twice a week here, but so far I haven't had either. One of the hacks told me there was a murder in the shower room last week. Some dude called Peanuts, who'd been in the hole for a few months, went berserk and killed two blacks and wounded two others—he'd been carrying a shank under a towel. He'd had a feud with one of the men he killed. The hack, whose name is Heisman, asked why he stabbed the three others, too. Peanuts said, "Well, Mr. Heisman, they was standing right there."

March 10: I'm in Danbury. Not the town but the Federal correctional institution. I went before what's called a forfeiture board hearing. They took away 30 days of my accumulated "good time" and told me I was being transferred to Danbury. Three days ago, three of us were driving across barren, icy Pennsylvania and part of New York State on a cold, gray day. Arrived at Danbury in the late afternoon: a prison as gray and grim as the day. I hate it.

March 31: I seem to get on best with the Italians. They can be trusted. Here, so far, I'm most friendly with Pete Costa and Tony M. There are some *pezzo novante* in residence, too—big guns, allegedly, in organized crime. One man they call Charley the Blade: He carries a wad of $100 bills in his pocket and his friends serve him breakfast in bed. Charley's an old man and not well. And then there's Johnny Dio, who has a freshly pressed shirt and trousers brought to him every morning from the laundry room and browns his face in the midday sun while holding court with Pete Costa and Funzi and Gus on the benches outside Hartford House (the dorms have wonderfully pastoral names). Also John D., who looks exactly like my grandfather and is the same kind of warm, cordial man; he plants flowers and bushes and tends them lovingly in the little yard outside the Control Center. Straight out of *The Godfather*. He ran the garbage racket for the Syndicate in Yonkers, they say. He makes a daily telephone call home and it's assumed that one or two of the hacks have been bribed. Tony M. brings me an occasional ice cream from the commissary, where he works. He wants nothing in return. Tony's in his late 20s, a hit man for the Gambino family—one of the best, they say. He's here for income-tax evasion. He couldn't be a sweeter guy. We toss a football around whenever we can and jog together around the yard, two miles a day.

May 12: A vote was taken a few weeks ago and I was appointed a representative of Providence House (my dorm) on the Inmate Committee. We're supposed to air the complaints of the men, make proposals, get feedback. Of course, the administration doesn't have to act on our proposals and can tell us—in administrative language, naturally—to go fuck ourselves.

This year, the committee won the right for each inmate to make a monthly telephone call, collect. That's a big gain. Some men's families live too far away or are too poor for regular visits and the sound of a voice, while it may bring tears, is a living memory.

The committee has also forced the administration to conform to Bureau of Prisons standards and bring the law library reasonably up to date—that's important, too.

One subtle, unstated purpose of the committee, from the administration's point of view, is that it gives them a fairly accurate pipeline into the population. They know what we're thinking, what's bugging us. Or at least they think they do.

"The institution does what suits them," Pete Costa says. "If you suggest something and they act on it, that's because it benefits *them*, not us. They liked the telephone-call idea because they can listen in. They record those calls on tape. Didn't you figure that one out?"

May 22: I realize now that the basic function of prisons like Danbury is not merely to warehouse a man but to break his adult-male spirit—his *machismo*, if you will—and reduce him to the psychological level of an obedient child. Basic techniques are: physical removal to isolated areas (Allenwood, Danbury, et al.), which weakens or severs close emotional ties to family and friends. Segregation of all natural leaders. Use of cooperative prisoners as leaders. Use of informers. Placing individuals in new and ambiguous situations for which the standards are kept deliberately unclear, and then putting pressure on the men to conform and blindly obey authority in order to win favor and a reprieve from pressure and the ambiguity. Rewarding submission and subservience. Building a group conviction among the prisoners that they've been abandoned by, and are almost totally isolated from, the social order.

The parole system puts the icing on the cake. You're told, essentially, "Be good and you'll earn parole." So, to a certain extent, you behave. But they're lying to you.

So, having tried to convey the impression that you have behaved, you're still

ordered to "continue to expiration of sentence." Bring it all, schmuck. I went before the parole examiners 15 days ago and today I heard the news: a six-month set-off from the parole board to January 1974, when they'll review my case once again. I feel terribly depressed—and outraged. Pete Costa says to me quietly, "*Coraggio. Pazienza.*"

August 7: Today it happened: My prick awoke from its long coma. I was expecting a visit this weekend (or next) from Tim and Mary, whom I'd last seen at Allenwood in December. But only Mary arrived. The marriage is finished: She and Tim have split up and he's gone off to finish his new book and live in the East Village with some other woman. Mary said, "I couldn't disappoint you. So I came alone by bus."

The day was hot and she wore a loose, tentlike red-cotton dress—no belt, no bra. I could see her breasts shift and swing a little beneath it when she moved. I could see a woman. I think she saw in my eyes what I was thinking and feeling, because her lips started to flush deep pink, her eyes took on a certain blue luster and I could see her nipples pop out. I had remarked before that her dress was like a tent. Then she said, a little breathlessly, "I wish we had a real tent we could crawl under."

"Yes," I said, "I'd love to fuck you."

"It's a date," she whispered.

She had smuggled in a corned-beef sandwich on rye, a dill pickle and a cool, fresh, fat red tomato. I ate them while Mary kept an eye out for the hack. They were delicious.

August 12: I've written to my attorney in Washington, Jim Sharp, and asked him to make formal application to the parole board for an emergency rehearing as soon as possible, on the grounds that my two small children are parentless, under psychiatric care, and one of them is diagnosed as being in an acute state of depression. Christ, he's only four years old.

I just won't sit back and let it happen. I'll fight these cocksuckers any way I can.

August 20: Sol, a new man, told me his beef. Here's a winner! He set two scientists to work developing a laser beam to stun horses so that he could bet a front runner at the trotters. The other horses would break stride when the beam hit them and they'd have no more feeling than that of a bee sting, wouldn't be hurt at all. One of the scientists informed on him and they got him on a conspiracy rap. The story sounded like a joke until Sol showed me some confirming clips from the Saratoga and Miami papers.

October 2: A letter from my attorney. The parole board, under pressure, has granted me an emergency rehearing next month. Hallelujah! Now I have to follow the fundamental tenet of life in the joint: Hope for the best, expect the worst.

October 4: Today, after more than 13 months of dormitory living, I finally reached the top of the list and was transferred to what's called a room—it's a cell—in Hartford House. It has a bed, a shitter, a sink, an unbarred window because it looks out onto the yard, a locker and a solid plank of wood that rests on the radiator and serves as a rudimentary desk. I don't think I could be happier if I'd been given a key to a suite at the Pierre Hotel facing Central Park. The point is that I feel now that I live here at Danbury and my room in Hartford House means I'm at the top of the socioeconomic pyramid in terms of comfort and privileges.

The awful point of this whole process is that man can survive anything. He can accept anything. He can learn to be content, or at least exist without the need to shout and rebel, in almost any circumstances. This accounts for the fact that most people in this world, in jail or out, lead lives of misery, degradation, boredom, frustration and personal unhappiness—job, marriage, family, social obligations, the whole catastrophe—and yet haven't got the energy or even the urge to vault out of their personal prison cells and head for the hills. Escape? To where? We're all prisoners. Some know it, most don't.

This is such a terrifying thought that I don't want to pursue it any further.

November 29: I lie in bed, can't sleep, again outraged. Mr. Lefebvre, my caseworker, called me into his office this morning and told me that at a special hearing of the board in D.C., I'd been granted parole—for February 14th. That's *two and a half months* from now! If I'm parolable, if my kids are in the deep shit and need a parent at their side, *why not now*? Why wait? Well, I know why. Because of no reason at all. Because these people are insane and there isn't a glimmer of humanity behind their decisions.

I'm going to keep fighting. I'm going to file a writ demanding immediate parole or else immediate release to a C.T.C.—community treatment center, or halfway house, as it's called—in Manhattan. I've checked the official bureau policy statements for standards of eligibility and I fit them all perfectly. Of course, that's reason enough to turn me down. Got to remember that there is no system, no logic,

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just chaos under wraps. Got to keep hope at a minimum and, at the same time, fight.

December 13: Motherfucker, I'm in the hole again! I can't believe it!

A few weeks ago, the administration let out a rumor that there would be Christmas furloughs for all men with minimum-security status. Friday, the announcement: two-day furloughs for minimum-security men with less than three months left to serve and no shots against them for the past 60 days. It was quickly calculated that of the 600-odd men, perhaps 25 qualified. The other 575 became enraged. They overreacted. The men gathered in their various houses, truly spontaneously, and said, "Fuck this shit. No furloughs, no work." Then some bright guy said, "Get our fuckin' Inmate Committee to tell 'em what we want!"

Cochairman Ron Riley and I nailed Steve Grzgorek, the assistant warden, in a corridor near Control. "If the men don't get a better furlough policy," I said, "I don't think they'll go to work on Monday morning."

"That would be a mistake," he said grimly. "Refusing to work is a punishable offense, Mr. Irving."

"Hey, Mr. Grzgorek, I'm not threatening anything. I'm just giving you my opinion based on what I hear around the campus. No more, no less."

Last Sunday, with no change in the situation, each house and cell block met and voted to strike.

Monday morning was cold and overcast. The hacks came around. "You men going to work or not?" Everyone shrugged. The hacks locked all our outside doors. Those big key rings really jangle.

An hour later, the goon squad came around, six hacks led by a lieutenant. Work or off to the hole. They were serious and we could tell it. We looked out the windows and saw a dozen men from Maine House being marched off, then about the same number from Boston. They got to us in Hartford and the lieutenant reached the door of my cell.

"Irving, you've got some influence around here. You're chairman of the Inmate Committee. Now, don't be a fool, don't jeopardize your parole. Are you going to work or not?"

"Not," I said. I wasn't going to make a speech.

He had two of the hacks march me out of the dorm. To get to the hole, I had to pass Providence. I'd lived in Providence and had friends there. They saw me being hauled off—"That dude just got paroled, man, and *he's* goin'! Right on!"—and they began to cheer and stomp. I thought, Thanks, you dumb fucks, that's just what I need.

I should have figured it out when they put me in a cell in the hole all by myself and then, ten minutes later, marched Riley in there with me and then two other members of the Inmate Committee. The hole began to fill up. The cells were meant for two men at the most; even two's a crowd. They were shoving four and five in each cell. There were three tiers of 12 cells each. It was a scene from an old George Raft–James Cagney movie. I'd thought that was all Hollywood, but now I realized they must have had some good technical advisors. Men stripped the metal mirrors off the walls, then the taps from the sinks; they began to rattle them on the bars, back and forth. Then they began tearing up the pillows in the cells and tossing the loads of feathers out into the corridors, over the catwalks, so that they floated down like snow. The snowstorm lasted an hour. They gave us tomato soup for lunch and the men threw that out of their cells, too, so that the floor looked as if chickens had been slaughtered there. And they screamed and sneezed and shouted abuse at the hacks and kept rattling the metal mirrors against the bars. "Don't you think this is fuckin' counterproductive?" Riley asked me, and I said, "Oh, yes."

"Hey, you guys," he yelled. "Knock it off! We ain't animals! They ain't gonna respect us, ain't gonna give us what we want if we act like fuckin' lunatics!"

The men quieted down for a few minutes, and then the lieutenant came in and passed the lower tier, stopping at each cell to ask which men wanted to stay in the hole and get a shot and go before the Adjustment Committee, a kangaroo court, and which men wanted to go quietly back to work, with no reprisals and no black marks on their records. Some dudes on the top tier had a brilliant idea. Spare lockers were stored up there on the catwalk. They could reach out and shove the lockers over the catwalk and maybe kill a lieutenant and a few hacks. Those big green lockers flew by our eyes, thundering off the concrete floor, and it sounded like Hanoi under a B-52 raid. The lockers bounced, boomed and caromed in all directions, metal smashing and clanging against metal. The lieutenant ran to safety and shouted shrilly, "Who did that?" He was scared, rightly so. And someone on the second tier yelled, "Fuck you, faggot!" And then someone else yelled, "Fuck the warden!" and that soon changed to "Kill the warden!"

By evening, the administration had won the battle.

I didn't sleep well. About four P.M. the next day, the lieutenant came by again and, before I could say anything, handed me a piece of flimsy paper, a carbon copy of an incident report: an accusation, a shot. It was filed by a hack named James Sherwood. Sherwood says he was standing outside our cell yesterday afternoon and last night and heard Riley and me chanting, "Kill the warden," and then we incited the other men to chant. He also heard Riley confess that he was the active leader of the uprising and heard him say to me, "You're the brains behind this riot, Irving, you have to control it." The lieutenant passed a copy of the same shot to Riley and looked at me with a slight lift of the eyebrows.

I said quietly, "Lieutenant, this man isn't telling the truth. He hasn't got the brains to make it up, so someone told him to do it."

He didn't smile, he just walked away.

December 14: This morning, they took Riley away to a separate cell. Riley had somehow arranged a noon meeting with a visiting professor from Yale Law School and just before they took him away, I scribbled a note. It had the telephone number of Maury Nessen, my lawyer in New York. I said, "Ask the man to call Maury and tell him what's happening. Tell him I'm being framed." A bad movie again, but it's a fact. Riley gave me back the paper and said he could remember the number and the message. Oh, Jesus.

Five P.M.—I was taken out of my cell and led up to a sealed bare room. Maury was waiting for me. He looked around him with big eyes. Very few lawyers ever see a prison and fewer get to see the hole.

He looked worried. "What the hell have you done now?"

I told him the story.

"I'll go talk to them," he said, relieved. "I've already spoken to this man Steve Grzgorek. He's friendly. And he seems like a reasonable man."

"Maury, *listen to me.* You can't *talk* to them. You're a great lawyer, but you don't know what you're up against now." I was pleading with him and I broke out in a sweat. "These people aren't like you and me," I said. "They're more fucked up than any of the inmates in here. They may seem reasonable and friendly, but they're evil." I waved Sherwood's pink sheet at him. "Here's the proof."

"But Grzgorek——"

"They'll all lie to you, Maury. They've got to do it to protect their ass. I beg you, believe me. They'll *all* lie to you. They'll tell you they're going to follow reasonable, just and ordained procedures laid down by the Department of Justice and the Federal Bureau of Prisons, and it will all sound right and fair to you, but they'll be lying. It will be a kangaroo court and they'll convict me on this hack's word—they've *got* to take his word over mine—and they'll have me in Atlanta or Leavenworth before you even know about it. They'll move fast. And they can indict me for this. Will you come down to Atlanta to defend me, Maury?"

"What should I do?" he asked slowly.

"Threaten them. Tell them you know I'm being framed. Don't be lawyerly. Don't try to be a nice guy—it won't get you anywhere. Threaten them. Stomp around, shout; they can't touch you. Tell them that if they don't submit me and

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this hack Sherwood to a lie-detector test immediately—and the lieutenant, *and* Grzgorek and the captain, too, because I know someone put the hack up to it—you're going to the courts and the newspapers tomorrow morning. Publicity's poison to them, and an inquiry means they could lose their jobs. All of them, Maury—tell them you'll insist they *all* take a polygraph. They'll shit. Say you can get a court order——"

"But I'm not sure the court——"

"They're not sure, either. Maury, *please*. I know these people. You don't. Threaten them and yell. Pick up a phone in the warden's office and call the Danbury paper and then the *Times*."

He thought awhile. Then the hack appeared to say that time was up. "All right," Maury said quietly.

December 15: Yesterday evening, after I wrote that last paragraph, they came for me and took me out to a room near Control. They had called a special meeting of the Adjustment Committee. The air was smoky and the ashtrays were full; they'd been in there awhile before I arrived. Their expressions were stony and I thought that was a good sign—if they had been smiling, I would have thought, I'm dead. The captain asked for my version of the events. I recited them calmly, trying to keep to the facts I was sure of.

"Are you saying the Inmate Committee—in particular, you and Riley—had no leadership role in this work stoppage?"

"None," I said. "The committee was a conduit for information. We told the A.W. what we believed the men were going to do."

He handed me Sherwood's incident report. "What about this, Mr. Irving?"

I had debated with myself about that for a long time and I had an answer carefully prepared. I said, "It's inaccurate. There was a lot of noise. Mr. Sherwood may have misheard. I prefer to think that's what happened."

"Go outside. We'll call you," the captain said.

I went out for 15 minutes and then the chief caseworker called me in. He explained that a careful study of Mr. Sherwood's incident report had revealed to the committee that Mr. Sherwood was not actually accusing me of anything but only quoting inmate Riley's statements relevant to my alleged leadership of the strike, and the Adjustment Committee was not prepared to prosecute one inmate because of statements made about his activities by another inmate. I was acquitted. No punishment.

"What about Riley?"

"Get out, Irving," the captain said.

And now I'm sitting on my bed in Hartford House, in my little cell, and it's midnight. The men could hardly believe that I was freed. A few of them, I think, are wondering if I ratted on Riley, but I spoke with Riley before I left and he'll get the word out that it's not true.

"You one lucky motherfucker," Shorty Bigshoes said to me.

Amen.

I also heard I was turned down for transfer to the halfway house, but I'm going to file a writ with the Federal court appealing the decision.

New Year's Day, 1974: Funzi and Gus sitting today on a bench in front of Hartford House in the cold winter sunlight, reminiscing about the good old days with the Mob in New York—"the night Fast Eddie got snuffed at the delicatessen on Delancey Street, remember, Gus?" And me sitting there, quietly, hardly daring to ask a question, listening openmouthed and big-eyed like a little kid. The Mob! It exists! I *know* them.

January 4: Someone shook me awake this morning at 7:45 and said I was wanted on the double in the caseworker's office. Mr. Lefebvre was waiting for me. He said, without a trace of expression, "You've applied for admission to the halfway house in Manhattan, Mr. Irving. The Bureau of Prisons has reversed its negative decision and authorized your transfer."

I think I asked him, "When?" and he said, "Today. Now. Get your things together, sign out and go."

I'm sitting now at the bus station in downtown Danbury. I've called Maury in New York to tell him and to ask him to cable Spain and get my kids over here. He couldn't believe it at first—I think for a minute he thought I'd escaped. "I won, Maury," I yelled into the bus-station pay phone, so that a lot of heads turned. "I won forty-one days of freedom. You don't know what that means. I'll meet you at P. J. Clarke's for lunch. Bring money."

The sun is almost blinding, blazing off the snow. I walk around, waiting for the bus, taking deep breaths of the cold air.

Now I'm on the bus. Last entry in this journal. The bare trees, the highway, the cars with patches of snow on their roofs, the world rushing by look like a CinemaScope movie. I feel like I'm in that movie, clutching my cartons and my release papers, dressed like a goon. I'm going to check into the halfway house. They give you the first weekend off, I know that. I'm going to have a beer and a medium-rare cheeseburger at P. J.'s. Then I'm going for a long walk, alone, through the snow in Central Park. Then maybe down Fifth Avenue.

Tonight I'm taking Mary to Broadway Joe's Steak House on 46th Street for oysters, a bottle of burgundy, a baked potato, a rare sirloin steak and cheesecake. I'm going to ask her to wear her red-cotton dress without a bra, and after dinner, I'm going to find a tent somewhere and crawl under it with her.

"Where I was brought up, John, gentlemen never put used condoms in the ashtray."

CHAIRMAN BILLY

(continued from page 128)

Billy undoubtedly makes a point of avoiding anything resembling a lofty liberal pronouncement. After I got to know him better, though, he confided, "You're the first one I've ever told this. Why I left the city council. I ran in the first place to change the vote against me getting a beer license. I won and got the license and then I told everybody I was going to run again. So nobody else qualified against this black man. He was running for my post and everybody figured I'd beat him. Then, when it was too late for anybody else to qualify, I withdrew and he got on. It was a flim-flam deal. I figured it was time the blacks got some representation."

Now, you could say that Billy was making a calculated effort to sell me a Billy Carter who is at once nationally unfashionable on the abstracts of race relations and locally progressive on the specifics. But I'm inclined to believe that that is about what he is. I am also inclined to believe that however rotten a mayoral candidate he is, Billy commands a political and imagistic deftness comparable to—of course, less ambitious than, in some sense maybe purer than—his brother's. Of course, he might have wanted a black to get on the council just to get under people's skin. I asked Billy why he said he would campaign for George Wallace.

"George Wallace broke the seal," he said, meaning that Wallace had proved, before Jimmy Carter, that a Southern Presidential candidate could command electoral respect.

"But to a lot of people, Wallace represents white racism," I said.

"George Wallace is not a racist," Billy said. "He stands for the common man. He stands for the common man a hell of a lot more than Jimmy Carter or anybody else."

"The common man black or white?"

"Yeah," Billy said. "That's my opinion."

"How do you feel about capital punishment?"

"I think everybody who deserves it ought to get it."

Billy's least felicitous public remark to date was, "I hate to say this, but we've all left a nigger in the woodpile somewhere." That is what he said at a press conference in Oakland when black politician Carter Gilmore asked him whether they were related. Nobody white has a call to be flippant about the ways in which black people got white names. But then again, it was not too tasteful a question. Gilmore had been straining to capitalize on his first name (he was running for the Oakland city council on the slogan "Let's elect another Carter") and he and Billy had been kidding each other freely on the topic of their ancestry

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"I'm at the scene of the crime, Chief, and I've stumbled across the beautiful, nude body of a mysterious, unidentified woman."

before the press conference. I would say Billy's remark was more satirical, cutting both ways, than bigoted. And Billy never said nigger, or anything like it, when I was there, though several people did who were good-old-boying around with him.

The question of women's rights seems to rub Billy wrong. He gives female reporters an even harder time than he gives male ones, and with less humor: "You'd make a fine cook, ma'am, but I don't know about a reporter." He opposes the Equal Rights Amendment: "I've got a brother that's in favor of it, a sister-in-law that's behind it and four daughters that I don't want drafted." I'd have to guess that Billy resists competitive women because women in more or less old-fashioned supportive roles are so important to him. Sybil says she married him when she was only 16 because his father had died and he seemed to need somebody to take care of him. When he says something about himself, he often adds, "You can ask my mother."

But he gives Sybil credit for the way she keeps the books at the office, seems to see her as a partner as surely as Jimmy does Rosalynn and, by all accounts, is as true to her as he claims to be. And he enjoys pretty much the same give-and-take with her and with their daughters as he does with his friends who are men. "How's that boyfriend of yours?" he asked Kim one afternoon.

"He's fine," she answered. "But he says if you don't stop calling him maggot. . . ."

"I called over to the station the other afternoon and asked if there were any tourists," Billy was saying in the warehouse. "They said, 'Naw, come on, it's just a beer hall.' I got over there and two tour buses stopped and a couple of hundred old ladies got off. Now, there's nothing in the world you can do with a 75-year-old woman but be nice to her. . . .

" 'Course, if it'd been a busload of twenty-year-old girls, it'd been different."

"I'll say this," said Sybil, "and I'll say it in front of him," meaning me, "if it *was* a twenty-year-old girl, you wouldn't know what to do with her."

Here is how a discussion of the E.R.A. went in the office one afternoon:

"I can't see it," said Randy. "They want to have just one bathroom."

"There are good things about it, though," said Sybil. "A woman ought to be able to make the same money as a man. A woman ought to be able to borrow money."

"Yeah, but. . . . They want to be in the same bathroom."

"I don't," said Sybil.

"She does want to, too," said Billy, "with Randy."

"One thing for sure, nobody would want to be in the same bathroom with you," Randy told Billy.

"Billy is noxious," explained Sybil.

"I never did say," said Billy, "that my shit don't stink."

WHAT IS THE KEY TO BILLY'S APPEAL?

He is unsentimental about people but still appreciates them. I asked him whether he was as moved as I was when all those variegated Democrats stood with a white and a black Southerner and sang *We Shall Overcome* after Jimmy's acceptance. "I left just before that part," he said. "Daddy King—he and I are friends. But when he starts preaching, you have to ring the bell on him. Then, when you ring it, he preaches harder."

Another time, Billy started talking about Miss Julia Coleman, the Plains schoolteacher Jimmy invokes so reverently and quoted in his inaugural address. "She pulled me through school," Billy said. "I'd say, 'Miss Julia, you know I can't take this D or this F home.' She'd say, 'Well, how about a C?' I'd say, 'Naw, you know my parents, I need a B-plus or an A.' She'd say she couldn't do that. I'd say, 'Please, Miss Julia, just this one time.'

"She would write every week to every former student of hers who was in the Service. When I was in the Far East, I'd get a letter two inches thick, handwritten, with three or four lines on a page. Because she was so nearsighted. I could have gotten another boy to sit in my chair and she wouldn't have known the difference.

"You know, when she had her funeral in Plains, I went. Only twenty-five people came to her funeral."

DOES BILLY HAVE A SERIOUS SIDE?

If pissed off counts, he does. Billy has had altercations with at least two members of the national press who pushed him too far. One accused him directly of lying and the other scurried around, with what struck Billy as ghoulish alacrity, taking pictures of his station when it was on fire.

Years back, at a high school basketball game in Unadilla, Georgia, Billy took on a man who he claims was 6'7". "I jumped on his back and started biting him and he fell backward over on top of me. Then Sybil come up and hit him on the head with her high heel."

"Well, he was scrubbing your brand-new blazer on that concrete floor."

"When I got up, I spit out skin, backbone, T-shirt and shirt. Later, people came around saying, 'Did you hear a man died in Unadilla of a human bite?' It scared me for a while."

Another time, he was in Atlanta with Tommy B. and another friend and was having a drink in the hotel bar, waiting for them to come down. They came in and took a table. Billy paid his bill at the bar and headed toward them, but the bouncer stopped him.

"He said those two men said I was queer and had been bothering them, following them around all night. Said he wasn't going to let me join them.

"I said, 'The hell you aren't,' and he got another man and they threw me out. So I went drinking somewhere else and when I got back to the hotel room, Tommy was sitting there, laughing, and I hit him, and he'd of gone thirteen stories if he hadn't fallen out of the chair before it got to the window."

Billy can go at it verbally, too. "We were at this party and one man started saying he wished he hadn't contributed five dollars to Jimmy's campaign, the way it was going. There's always one like that in each crowd. Finally, I said, 'Here's your five dollars, we don't want it,' and started in on him. Within two minutes, I had his wife crying, and in one more minute, I had him shut up. I'm a professional dozens player."

Aside from that, I can't say for sure about Billy's serious side. But he probably has a serious layer. Somebody at one engagement asked him why he didn't go to church. He said, "Well, maybe I'll talk about it later. It gets kind of deep."

DID BILLY EVER OWN A MONKEY?

I'm glad you asked that question. One time, he and his son Buddy went into Americus for groceries and Buddy saw a spider monkey in a pet store that he couldn't do without. He begged and pleaded. So they came home with the monkey and named him Tommy B., because his ears stuck out like Tommy B.'s, and the monkey would get on their pet rabbit's back and ride him around. The only way the rabbit could get the monkey off was by running under the bed and bumping him off.

Then, just before Christmas, the monkey got up onto the tree and started throwing all the ornaments off. Billy grabbed him and the monkey bit his hand down to the bone and held on. Billy was yelling and waving him around, trying to throw him up against the wall, and the children were yelling, "Don't kill Tommy B.! Don't kill Tommy B.!" So he had to hold still "and we prized that monkey out of his hand," Sybil says. "We gave him to a man who sprayed the house."

"The next time I saw that monkey," Billy says wistfully, "he was in the sheriff's office, riding on the back of a dog."

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Jeane Dixon, the seeress, recently predicted that "Billy Carter will become a popular television personality, much to the dismay of the White House. He will become the Martha Mitchell of the Carter Administration, but he will always know what he is saying and where he is headed. In time, his talents will be recognized and his wisdom better appreciated." I don't usually set much stock by Mrs. Dixon's sooth, but I'll tell you one thing: If any Secret Servicemen ever try to stick a needle in Billy's ass, I will join the revolution that should ensue.

NICE GUYS

(continued from page 154)

"If just once he would punch Cosell in the mouth, 40,000,000 Americans would stand up and cheer."

hope for," Exley wrote. "He became unavoidable, a part of the city's hard mentality. . . . No doubt he came to represent to me the realization of life's promises."

A few months before, Gifford had appeared on the television panel show *What's My Line?* He had signed in as F. Newton Gifford and of four panelists, only Arlene Francis could identify him. The day after that broadcast, Gifford received phone calls from Warner Bros. and 20th Century-Fox. He did a personality test for 20th Century-Fox in New York along with three other aspiring actors. One of them was a former college football player named Burt Reynolds.

Before his test, Reynolds was asked what kind of make-up he preferred. He knew nothing about make-up but wanted to appear professional. He pointed at Gifford and said, "I want whatever he's wearing."

"But he's not wearing any," the make-up man said.

Gifford signed a seven-year contract with Warners' for $350 per week during the off season. He began studying acting with Wynn Handman, who now runs the American Place Theater in New York, and, in Los Angeles, with Jeff Corey, an actor forced into teaching when his name showed up on the McCarthy-era black list. Gifford appeared in a film called *Darby's Rangers*, but Warner Bros. was heavily involved in television at the time, producing *Maverick*, *Sugarfoot* and *77 Sunset Strip*; its plans were to build a series around Gifford.

Gifford consented to give up football if a series of his was picked up. After the 1958 season, in which the Giants lost the title game in overtime to the Colts, he starred in a pilot called *Public Enemy*. It was loosely based on the James Cagney film *White Heat*, and Gifford played a cop who tried to penetrate the underworld. "It was a real dog," he says, and the networks concurred.

Frustrated by being turned down, Gifford decided to pursue his other suppressed desire. He wrote a letter to Giant coach Jim Lee Howell asking for an opportunity to play quarterback. "Did you ever look at my passing statistics?" he now asks defensively. "Off the option, I completed something like 66 percent of my passes and one out of every three completions went for a touchdown. Of all the stats, no one ever mentions that one. And play calling was not new to me. Even at halfback, I called about half of the Giants' plays.

"I felt then, and I still feel, that the quarterback has to be the best athlete out there. You don't want someone who is stuck when the receivers are covered. You want someone who can make an unsuccessful play into a successful play. More and more teams today are looking for this."

At the time, the move by Gifford seemed presumptuous, since Charlie Connerly, the Giants' quarterback, was Gifford's roommate and best friend. Gifford visited Connerly's off-season home in Mississippi and announced his plan over fishing rods. "One of the great things about Connerly," Gifford says, "is that ego never gets in the way. He just takes everything nice and easy. So he told me to go ahead and try."

Although he now feels that the Giants may have been humoring him, Gifford did play quarterback a few times during the 1959 pre-season and started the last exhibition game at Detroit. "On the last play of the half," he recalls, "I threw a pass that bounced off Alex Webster's hands. In the locker room, Jim Lee asked me to play halfback when we went back out. I had a good half, caught six or seven passes. I should have dropped a few. I was the victim of my own ability to run and catch the ball. I never played quarterback again."

Following that 1959 season, Gifford shot another television pilot. That one was called *Turnpike* and was based on the files of the New Jersey Turnpike police. *Public Enemy East*, Gifford calls it. Connerly and Webster and "a few buddies I picked up at P. J. Clarke's" appeared in the show. As the Giants prepared to go to training camp that July, Warners' said there was a good chance the series would be picked up and asked Gifford not to sign to play football. "But I felt they were humoring me, too," he says. "There were no assurances. I think they just wanted to get rid of me." So Gifford signed to return to the Giants and Warner Bros. suspended him from his contract.

That season, Gifford suffered his concussion and had to retire. But Warner Bros. was no longer interested. "I always wonder," he says, "if I was in a series like *Maverick* or *77 Sunset Strip* instead of those two bowwows, if my whole life would have worked out differently."

•

The camera whirs and the portly young director calls through his black beard for action. Sight-seers stop in their tracks for a glance at Gifford walking on the lawn, bobbing his shoulders as if he were faking out a cornerback.

"Hold it," he says suddenly. And everything stops but the chatty birds. Gifford points to a cloud that has gotten in the way of the sun, changing the lighting in mid-scene.

He retraces his steps. "Look at him," says a crew member. "He's walking backward so that he ends up right on his mark. The guy's a pro."

Throughout a morning of more than 30 monotonous takes, Gifford remains steadfastly patient and professional. He insists that the make-up man send for hair spray, so that the wind does not disturb his hair. He discusses the camera and the sound equipment with the technicians. He continually checks the running time with the assistant director to make sure he is not running over. He treats this side line as seriously as he treats his play-by-play announcing.

When the crew breaks for lunch, Gifford changes quickly back into his jeans and polka dots, fills his plate with salad and lies down under a maple tree. A caterpillar crawls up his shirt sleeve. He gently lifts it and places it on his plate. "Hey, little fella," he says, "eat some lettuce."

I suggest that if just once he would punch Cosell in the mouth or at least tell him to shut up, 40,000,000 Americans would stand up in their living rooms and cheer. He laughs knowingly. "If you get in a hissing fight with a skunk, you get hissed on," he says. "I'm in a great position, because I can ignore whatever's said to me. I'm so busy listening to the director that sometimes I don't even hear the other two chatting. It may seem like I'm cutting Howard off at times, and we've discussed this, but I'm just getting back to the game.

"My job is to orchestrate the three commentators. It can come off as very strained and if it does, the audience will be very uncomfortable. Why should I lower myself and get into a hissing fight that would make everyone uncomfortable? And, besides, I'd rather work with Howard than anyone in television. He's prepared and intelligent and he has a great sense of humor."

Despite those claims, it often seems as if there is tension on the air between the two commentators. "Howard's on a completely different trip than I am," Gifford says. "Don Meredith and I have discussed it a lot. We've both had adulation and recognition since we were teenagers and we've learned how little it means. But it's very difficult for someone who has always wanted to be a star and has to wait until he's 51 years old. Howard's trying to grab it all while it's there. I think he's handled the situation well.

"The show has made us all more important than we have a right to be. Howard's probably the biggest star in sports next to Muhammad Ali. He's no

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"He's done something right. He has amazing retention. He's full of information, both important and trivial. Where he gets it all, I don't know. I've never seen him read for any period of time. And he's never taken a vacation that I know of. His whole life is his work."

Cosell is generally critical of ex-athletes who dare enter his field. "They have brought to the game a redundant jargon that the public has accepted as mystic insight," he once told Bud Shrake of *Sports Illustrated*. But he amends his belief for Gifford.

"My position on Gifford is perfectly clear," Cosell says. "I don't think he deserved the opportunity when he originally got it. But of all the jocks, two have become professional announcers—Frank Gifford and Pat Summerall.

"I regard Gifford today as one of my closest friends in life. He has been since he signed with the Giants and came to a party at my house at which my daughter Hillary sat on his lap and did tinkle all over him. And all he asked for was another napkin.

"I just got him a delightful assignment to spend four days at Ascot. No one will look better in a top hat and tails."

Gifford started doing a pregame radio show for the Giants following the glorious 1956 season. His broadcasting break came when all the New York newspapers went on strike in 1962. CBS expanded its nightly local news and Norm Walt, the station's general manager, asked Gifford to report the sports until the strike ended.

"How long will that be?" Gifford asked.

"Oh, a week, ten days," Walt said.

The strike lasted for six months and Gifford lasted at CBS for eight years. When he retired from football, he also began doing color commentary on the network's N.F.L. broadcasts. But he never penetrated the CBS clique.

"I was sitting at home," he says, "watching other people cover the 1970 N.F.L. play-offs. Roone Arledge is an old friend and golfing buddy and he was there, too. He said to me, 'Why aren't you working?' I couldn't figure out why I wasn't."

The next year, Gifford accepted Arledge's offer to move to ABC, where he would do the play-by-play on *Monday Night Football*, as well as cover a mélange of other sporting events, something he had not been asked to do at CBS. He now appears to be at the center of the network's clique and, in fact, was instrumental in convincing Meredith to leave NBC and return to *Monday Night Football* (replacing Karras) this season. "I'm very comfortable at ABC," Gifford says, "but it's not because I'm part of any clique. A clique forms at a network when commentators have to jockey and politic for assignments. But at ABC, there are enough events so that all the top announcers get their share of important assignments. We don't have to sneak around, trying to cut each other out of things. I just could never get into that kind of politicking and maybe that's why I was left out at CBS."

Throughout his television career, Gifford has been plagued by the criticism that he avoids controversy and has few opinions. "Tell me what is controversial about a football game," he says. "I think most announcers treat the game much too seriously, like it's the Second Coming. I find this both amusing and sad. I don't care what the trappings are, it's still a game. Granted, it could cause problems for some people like it did for Duane Thomas. But it's still just a bunch of guys playing.

"I probably study this game harder than anyone in my profession, but as well as I know it, the complexities are such that I usually can't tell precisely who is responsible for a mistake on the field. If I singled out Cliff Harris, for example, and told 40,000,000 people that he was responsible for a mistake, that would be a terribly irresponsible thing for me to say unless I were positive. Unless you are in that huddle, you can't always be sure. If anything, my knowledge of football inhibits me from bullshitting and making wild, gambling guesses that could really hurt a player.

"I'm there to report the game, not to embellish it. The fact that I can't always get up there and unload my personal expertise is not that damned important to me. To brush my little ego, I'm not going to interrupt the flow of the telecast. I've been around enough people who are raving assholes because of their egos and they've botched up the lives of a lot of people to help themselves. That's why I suppress my ego. I don't feel a need to cultivate it.

"I have strong convictions and incredible respect for the power of television. When I'm doing a game, I detach myself from my political and philosophical feelings. I do it not because I'm afraid it will hurt my career but out of respect. It's a terrifying medium, as a former President will tell you. Once you put something out there, you can't take it back."

A 1957 profile of Gifford reported that he was undecided about whether he should build houses, act, write journalism, write a novel or become a broadcaster after he quit football. He eventually pursued the career that offered the smallest risk, something he doesn't deny. Although he was never paid more than $30,000 by the Giants ("$5000 more than I ever asked for"), he had become accustomed to a comfortable lifestyle that he was not willing to forgo. And he had the burdens of sending two sons and a daughter to college (his second son, Kyle, named after teammate Kyle Rote, recently graduated) and of a wife suffering from multiple sclerosis. But a relationship he developed with Bobby Kennedy shortly before the Senator was assassinated influenced Gifford to take a risk and run for political office.

"I realized I'd been so preoccupied with myself that I never thought of all the other folks," he says. "I really admired someone who was that big and had so much to lose and still felt so deeply about helping other people. He convinced me that the most rewarding thing any of us can do is to help someone else.

"When he was killed, I rode that train from Washington to New York and saw great loss in the faces of the people lining the route. Those faces switched my whole way of thinking."

Gifford remains close to Ethel Kennedy and her family, but he is a registered Republican. He thinks he is moderate enough to run for either party. He was recently approached to seek the nomination for governor of California. "But I could not run right now and afford it myself," he says. "Maybe in a few years I will not have to depend on anyone else.

"It's a shame that money is so vital to being elected. If it were not so important, the middle class could regain its voice and its enthusiasm, we could progress much further in civil rights and women's rights would be assured without any more of this ridiculous, prolonged discussion.

"My time is still down the road a bit. But I think it will eventually come."

Gifford puts on his suit and goes back to film. And I realize he has converted me from cynic to admirer in an afternoon. That Frank Gifford image that is sometimes so hard to swallow is not something he has frantically and calculatedly cultivated. He is simply a nice guy, at ease with himself, trying to be nothing more than he is.

•

The director has enough film to work with and the crew begins to pack up. "Just a minute; we have one more thing to do," the director says.

A few days earlier, the same crew shot another Palm Beach commercial in Central Park. Throughout the filming, Gifford persisted in pronouncing the name Dacron with a short A instead of a long A.

So, surrounded by an appreciative crew and doting sight-seers, Frank Gifford stands in the center of the manicured lawn, backed by the august manse and the Edenlike gardens, looking as elegant as any visitor to this scene could ever have looked.

And, with an embarrassed grin, he recites:

"Day-cron.

"Day-cron.

"Day-cron.

"Day-cron. . . ."

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SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 156)

"Bond, of course, is in bed with a beautiful blonde. 'Tell him to pull out of there immediately,' M says."

film—a sequence that includes a rape and the sadistic bludgeoning to death of a Russian soldierette, as well as the castration of a German soldier by a team of outraged female Bolsheviki—the action was not a good deal more explicit than the R-rated release prints would indicate.

But if total nudity and frank intimations of sex are fast disappearing from our films, explicit language is not. When last year's *All the President's Men* was granted a PG rating, the M.P.A.A. thought it had made it clear that Dustin Hoffman's repeated use of the word fuck, with numerous variations thereon, was not to be considered precedential (just as Clark Gable's "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn" was supposed to be nonprecedential in an earlier, more innocent time). It didn't happen that way. This year, films as varied as Woody Allen's *The Front* and Joseph E. Levine's costly spectacular *A Bridge Too Far* broke the M.P.A.A.'s sound barrier and won. True, Paul Newman had a fairly warm bed scene in *Slap Shot*, which also featured two busloads of hockey players and their female fans mooning out the windows of their vehicles; but the film's real shocker was the dialog, which caught accurately—some felt *too* accurately—the locker-room raunch of Newman and his teammates. Since the script was written by Nancy Dowd, an outspoken feminist (and probably was intended as a put-down of the *macho* male), there were those who weren't certain whether Dowd was attempting a turnoff or a rip-off. In Marty Feldman's PG–rated *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*, voluptuous Ann-Margret does a considerable amount of bed-hopping, but her charms at all times remain carefully under wraps. On the other hand, she is given to lines like "Screw the name of Geste!" In a wildly funny mock commercial that interrupts a desert battle, Feldman brings on a used-camel salesman whose business motto is "Let Hakkim Hump You." Similarly, while the latest James Bond episode, *The Spy Who Loved Me*, can boast the customary contingent of intercontinental charmers, the sexplay is largely by innuendo—and the innuendo is largely in the dialog. When he receives a summons from M to return to London, Bond, of course, is in bed with a beautiful blonde. "Tell him to pull out of there immediately," M says to Moneypenny. It's oral sex, but hardly in the Linda Lovelace tradition.

Not that the mainstream movies have suddenly become bereft of sex and nudity. They haven't. But during the past year or so, with many newspapers and TV stations becoming just as uptight about R-rated movies as about X-rated ones, an R can severely limit a film's box-office potential. As a result, the producers of both *The Front* and *A Bridge Too Far* (as had the producers of *All the President's Men* the year before) argued vehemently—and ultimately with success—before the M.P.A.A.'s Classification and Rating Administration that, despite the fucks and similar obscenities on their sound tracks, the social importance of their pictures warranted the broader audience that an R would exclude. For its part, the M.P.A.A. maintained that rather than change its present guidelines, which automatically assign an R tag to pictures using such language, it would prefer to consider the individual merits of each case brought to it on appeal. Which sounds reasonable enough until one begins to examine the guidelines themselves. By what possible yardstick do screw and hump warrant a PG, while fuck draws an automatic R? And if these are, indeed, vulgarisms, what are we to make of the scene in *Fun with Dick and Jane* in which Jane Fonda, squatting on a toilet, discusses domestic affairs with husband George Segal, wipes herself, flushes, draws up her panties and continues the conversation? It's all, according to the M.P.A.A., good, clean, PG–rated fun, though the setting was scarcely vital to the scene itself, which could just as easily have been played in a laundromat.

And yet the password around the M.P.A.A. continues to be good taste. The problem is, whose taste? In a recent interview, Charles Jarrott, director of *The Other Side of Midnight*, freely discussed his misgivings about taking on the film adaptation of Sidney Sheldon's sex-drenched best seller. "When you get offered a thing like this," he said, "you never know whether they really want you to plug the sex angle or not. Actually, no one said anything to me specifically about what I could and couldn't do. But I'm sure if I had tried to be very explicit, they would have told me, 'No way.' As a matter of fact, Frank Yablans [the producer] and I agreed that the last thing we wanted to do was frontal nudity. It was a matter of judgment. Explicit sex, you see, takes away a little of the

"Break it up, fellas—the sun is coming out."

fantasy, and *Midnight* was meant to play up to everybody's fantasy of sex."

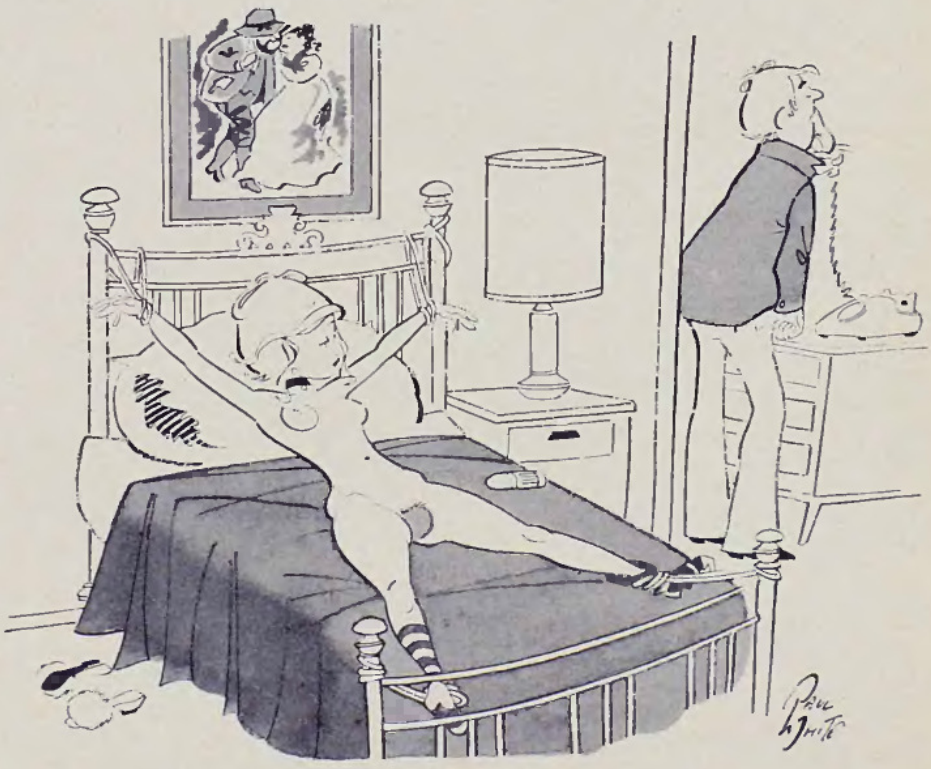
Nevertheless, following Sheldon's story line of a young Frenchwoman (Marie-France Pisier) who learns to climb the ladder of success on her back, Jarrott found himself obliged to supply not only several sex scenes but a strong abortion sequence as well—all of which, despite his efforts to be tasteful, earned the film its R. In Jarrott's version, the abortion, which Noelle (Pisier) commits herself with a wire clothes hanger, takes place in a bathtub. Through a cloud of steam, we discern a clutching hand and a trace of blood in the water. "You don't actually see anything," says Jarrott, "except in the mind. We may have a close-up on the screen, but in the mind you're seeing it all. And it hurts, it really hurts." The scene stands as a shocker; but so does Pisier's big sex scene, in which, according to Jarrott, "I wanted to establish her as a great courtesan. So I have her do something in the scene with some ice cubes, and everybody wonders, What's with the ice cubes? I did it quite deliberately. I wanted her to do something that was beyond the ken of the average audience. I actually thought the studio would fall down on me for that one, but not at all. True, it's a sex scene. But it's different. It has humor in it." Not, however, enough to avoid a Condemned rating from the U. S. Catholic Conference, which found it "scrupulously faithful to its trashy origins."

This was also the year when everybody—but *everybody*—was cracking down on violence in both films and television. It used to be argued, back in the days of the Production Code, that the reason American films were so violent was that normal sexual outlets were being repressed. When the wraps finally came off, late in the Sixties, oddly enough, the films became more violent than ever. Today, while the sexual quotient is on the wane, violence seems to have again escalated. In *Cross of Iron*, Peckinpah fairly dotes on bodies being hurled into the air by high explosives and includes one particularly repulsive shot of a corpse being crushed beneath the treads of a tank. In *Slap Shot*, Paul Newman, the coach and ace player of a losing ice-hockey team, instructs his cohorts to go out and commit mayhem upon rival squads and imports a trio of Neanderthal nitwits to ensure the action. *Black Sunday*'s sequence in which Bruce Dern tests the effectiveness of his weapon on the unsuspecting guard at an abandoned airstrip has to be one of the most cold-blooded, chilling murders ever depicted. Not to mention the graphic horrors that routinely turn up in such excursions into the supernatural (all obviously inspired by *The Exorcist*) as *Demon Seed*, *The Omen*, *The Sentinel* and, of course, *Exorcist II: The Heretic*—which managed to send its audiences into hysterics, but of laughter, not of fear.

Just as last year considerable concern was expressed for the physical well-being of actresses appearing in the so-called snuff movies (actually, there was only one—and it was a fake), this year's concern seemed to center on films featuring the sexual abuse of children. Ever since Linda Blair's graphic masturbation scene in *The Exorcist* and Jodie Foster's portrayal of a precocious child prostitute in *Taxi Driver*, the tendency to feature children in sexual roles has been notably on the increase—and not only in the pornos, where films like *Alice in Wonderland*, *Babyface* and *Baby Rosemary* have taken to using young women who can pass as nymphets for their hard-core sex scenes. (As to the hard-core loops involving children as young as three in sexual encounters either with adults or with other children, according to David Friedman, chairman of the board of the Adult Film Association, "They've been coming into the field either from Scandinavia or from amateurs who are caught up in this whole pedophile thing. I can only say that no member of our organization, which includes all the major producers, distributors and exhibitors of adult films in this country, would touch them with a ten-foot pole.")

On the other hand, in first-run moviehouses, kids are playing what isn't really kid stuff. Jodie was amusing enough (and believable enough) as a night-club chantoosie and kept woman in the all-kiddie *Bugsy Malone*; but having her do a bedroom scene with Scott Jacoby in *The Little Girl Who Lives down the Lane* (not to mention poisoning Martin Sheen and arranging a fatal accident for Alexis Smith) is something else again—too much, in fact, for the Catholics, who noted that "the film offends because it condones teenage promiscuity and makes a 13-year-old the object of sexual titillation." Blair, of course (after her searing television stint as a child raped with a broom handle by a group of older girls in NBC's *Born Innocent*), was back in *Exorcist II*, her pubescent body flimsily wrapped in gauzy, transparent robes. And Paramount at present has in production *Pretty Baby*, with New York's most beautiful child model, Brooke Shields, as a 12-year-old prostitute in a New Orleans brothel.

Quite apart from the pedophilic set, however, there seems to be a large and ready audience for movies featuring cheerleaders, pompon girls or anything else that suggests nubile teenagers in scanty dress. The formula generally mixes lots of fast cars, sexy talk, a rape (or attempt thereof) and an auto-chase finale. In A.I.P.'s *Joyride*, which is one of the year's better ones, Desi Arnaz, Jr., Robert Carradine and Melanie Griffith drive from Los Angeles to Alaska for the fun and adventure they expect to find there. Instead, life along the pipeline proves so hard and violent that they turn to crime, joined by teenaged prostitute Anne Lockhart. From then on, it's one escapade after another, followed by the inevitable car chases. In *Death Game*,



"I'm afraid she's tied up at the moment."

Sondra Locke and Colleen Camp play a pair of teenaged girls who terrorize San Francisco businessman Seymour Cassel for a long weekend, after having induced him into his bathtub for a bout of three-way sex. In such PG flicks as *Grand Theft Auto* and *Super Van*, the accent falls more heavily on the car chases than on the girl chases; but otherwise, the recipe remains unchanged.

For the most disturbing (and disturbed) teenage portrayals of the year, however, one must turn to the films starring the sad-eyed Sissy Spacek: *Carrie*, *Welcome to L.A.* and Robert Altman's interestingly failed *3 Women*. As Carrie, Spacek plays a scrawny high school girl, derided by the older, more experienced girls in the gym's communal shower room when she gets her first period. Gifted with supernatural powers to destroy, she revenges herself on her schoolmates in a variety of nasty and deadly ways. But what one remembers most is the innocent, virginal girl wonderingly exploring the mysteries of her nude, ripening body with her own hands. In *Welcome to L.A.*, aptly subtitled "City of the One Night Stands," Spacek plays Keith Carradine's live-in maid, who has a penchant for wearing only a skirt while doing the housework and even less when picking up money on the side with Carradine's horny friends. (Also in the film is Geraldine Chaplin as a restless, sexless Encino housewife who makes a determined play for Carradine's bod; she contributes what has to be the single most unappetizing and embarrassing nude scene of the year.) But Spacek's most complex and fascinating role to date is in *3 Women*, in which she plays the inverted, inarticulate, enigmatic girl who gradually assumes the persona (as well as the apartment and gentlemen friends) of Shelley Duvall, her roommate. As is frequently the case with Altman's films, one is never quite sure what it all adds up to, but the gradual transformation of this shy and seemingly vulnerable creature into an arrogant, spiteful, man-hungry demon is the kind of work that Academy Awards are made of. Typical of the kind of excitement that her performance generates is the scene in which she is secretly reading Duvall's diary. As Duvall returns to the apartment, Spacek hastily conceals the book but overlooks its key. At the time, you hope desperately that Duvall won't notice it; later, you only wish she had. Whatever the ultimate meaning of *3 Women* (the third is a kind of Earth Mother, played by Janice Rule), one senses that beneath its enigmatic surface Altman is trying to tell us something very deep and troubling about the role of the female in our society.

Nor are we sure just what Barbra Streisand was trying to say in *A Star Is Born*. There are those who think that Barbra can do no wrong, and for them the movie is a huge success. There are also some who think that Kris Kristofferson can do no wrong, and for them the pairing was like a Second Coming. But to a more dispassionate eye, neither the script nor the performances provide the slightest clue as to why a fading rock star, surrounded by groupies, would bother for a moment to lend a helping hand to a dowdy singer in a third-rate club. Or, for that matter, why, once they were married, the now glamorous and successful singer would be willing to put up with the moods, petulance and downright brutality of her lay-about spouse. When Judy Garland played the role some 20 years ago (and even more so when Janet Gaynor created it some 20 years before that), one felt the love and sympathy that flowed from those women for the sad wreckage of the man they had once admired. With Streisand, in this day of women's lib, it's hard not to believe that she's holding on to Kristofferson out of spite for breaking up her act in that seedy club. Somehow, despite the revealing gowns and a bathtub *à deux*, Streisand comes across about as sexily as an upended O-Cedar mop. Until she sings, of course.

On the other hand, whether singing her heart out or simply curled up in a corner with a good book, in *New York, New York*, talented Liza Minnelli projects an unprecedented warmth and allure. Looking and sounding more than ever like her mother, she seems to have acquired some of Garland's softness and vulnerability as well. No longer is she merely, like Streisand, a performer par excellence; as a singer married to an egocentric saxophone player who splits after she bears their baby, she touches one with her voice, her eyes, her entire body. And her co-star, Robert De Niro, is no less effective as her mean-spirited, competitive, male-chauvinist husband.

But no American film of 1977 has looked at the uneasy relationship between males and females with a more discerning eye than Woody Allen's endearingly semiautobiographical *Annie Hall*. In his witty and sophisticated marshaling of such cinematic devices as monologs delivered full-face into the camera or scenes from his childhood re-created with the adult Allen present in the frame, he is obviously paying tribute to director Ingmar Bergman (whose *Face to Face* is the movie he wants to take fresh-faced Diane Keaton to see on their first date). What is perhaps less clear is the fact that, in his own comedic way, Allen is also pursuing some of the ideological goals of the lugubrious Swede. Indeed, as *Variety* critic Joseph McBride observed, "This film could be called *Scenes from a Relationship*."

In *Annie Hall*, Allen has sought to expose the special angst—the "I'm not good enough for her / I'm not good enough for him" syndrome—that has undermined so many marital and premarital relationships. Allen opens his picture by quoting the Groucho Marx (and Sigmund Freud) line "Any club that would have me as a member, I wouldn't want to belong to"—and goes on to apply it to the women in his life: Carol Kane, Janet Margolin, Shelley Duvall and, especially, Diane Keaton. When Kane tries to coax Allen into bed, he prefers to talk about the two-gun theory in the Kennedy assassination. When he tries to rip the clothes off Margolin during a literary cocktail party, she cries, "Don't, there's someone from *The New Yorker* out there!" It's the battle of the sexes reduced to a no less deadly matching of wits. Certainly, we see it kill off Allen's relationships. And, as in Bergman's films, we come to realize that there are no villains. Allen, like Bergman, shows us the reasons people do what they do, and it becomes impossible either to hate or to blame—only to pity.

At the present writing, the usual crop of year-end biggies is still being readied for release. Will Mae West's *Sextette* reveal that life really begins at 80? Will Rudolf Nureyev, in Ken Russell's version of *Valentino*, be as exciting in a boudoir as he is in a ballet? How closely identifiable will Anthony Quinn and Jacqueline Bisset in *The Greek Tycoon* be with that other Greek tycoon and that other Jacqueline? How explicit will Richard Brooks be in the potentially grisly *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*? Will any of Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters* be of a sexual nature? Will *Equus* on the screen attempt the same total nudity that we saw on the stage? Is Gene Wilder really *The World's Greatest Lover*? At the moment, the answers to all these portentous questions are still locked in the cutting rooms of the major studios.

One answer that is definitely not locked away in those cutting rooms is where we go for our raunch. At one time, back around the era of *Myra Breckinridge* and *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart*, the major studios seemed bent on closing the gap that existed between them and the more successful purveyors of pornos. They had all the advantages—top stars who would shuck their chiffons if the price was right, access to top properties that no porn merchants could afford and the capital to make it all possible. But the majors also had stockholders in middle America who preferred *The Sound of Music* to *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* and boards of directors who preferred not to hear about *Portnoy's Complaint*. There was also their M.P.A.A., ready to stamp with an X any movie that offended its interpretation of "good taste." With notably few exceptions (Columbia's successful release of *Emmanuelle*, United Artists' involvements with *Last Tango in Paris*, for

(continued on page 206)

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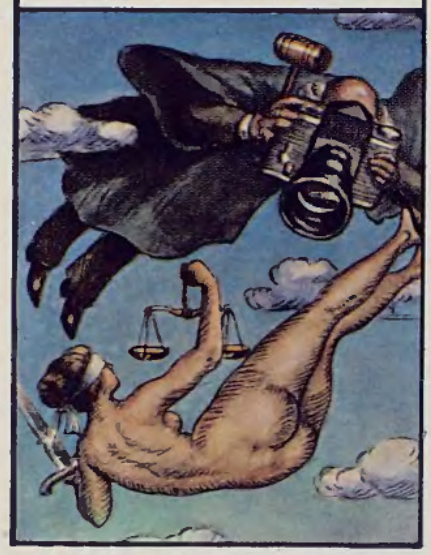

THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

SNAP LEGAL DECISIONS

You're standing at a busy intersection, taking pictures of the passing scene, when one of your subjects (call him Bruno) runs over and threatens to sue if you don't stop snapping him. Do you know your rights? Should you tell him to suck your lens cap or do you stop shuttering and start shuddering? "Very little is taught to photographers about themselves and the law," says a college photography teacher, "and then it's mostly fatherly advice." Despite the fact that photographers usually win most legal battles that do arise, very few guidelines exist.

To help provide them, Robert Cavallo and Stuart Kahan suggest in their book, *Photography: What's the Law?*, that you focus on three issues: (1) Can I take the picture? (2) Do I own it? and (3) If I own it, can I use it publicly? The answer to all three is a qualified yes.

In the first place, you are free to snap away as long as you and your subject are on public property and the pictures are taken purely for your own pleasure, with no intention of selling or exhibiting them. If Bruno lays a hand on you, that's called battery and he can be arrested. Some exceptions to this rule are pictures that are obscene or that invade privacy (if they're taken through a window, for example). Also, you can't make a public nuisance of yourself or harass a subject (as in the contretemps between Jackie Onassis and photographer Ron Galella). "You should weigh the facts and use your best judgment in those situations," says Clarence Wilson, an attorney who lectures on art and the law. "There is a good way and a bad way to go about it."

You should also be careful about taking pictures at concerts or stage shows. Celebrities have the right to sell their likeness for profit and can legally prevent you from clicking away. Also, you may be infringing on a copyright if you snap a play or even a picture that enjoys such protection.

As for ownership of the pictures, remember that you own what you take unless someone is paying you to do the work. Then he owns the prints and controls any further use of the negatives. It is in the third area, using or showing your pictures publicly, that 99 percent of the legal problems arise. If you want to display Bruno's picture at a gallery or sell it, you should get him to sign a release that provides him with some sort of "consideration" (usually money). As with the question of ownership, the best strategy is to plan in advance and get any necessary agreement in writing before you focus on anything.

Despite these caveats, the bottom line for amateurs is not to be inhibited when taking pictures for personal pleasure. Just tell Bruno to say "Cheese."

NATURAL MEDICINE

The discovery that the brain produces endorphin, a substance that is at least 20 times as effective as morphine in killing pain, is an exciting one. But the implications raised by the finding are even more exciting. Endorphin, which is a chain of amino acids called a peptide, is being cited as a potential key to understanding and treating drug addiction, unlocking the secret of acupuncture and explaining the complex chemistry involved with our mood, our growth and our sexuality.

The search for endorphin began in 1971 with the discovery that morphine attaches itself to specific receptor molecules in the brain. It was reasoned that there must be a natural substance in the body that also attaches to these receptors; and after much effort by scientists throughout the world, it was discovered in the brain and pituitary gland. It was then speculated that deficiencies in this substance called endorphin might be related to heroin addiction, since the body tends to cease production of its natural hormone when an artificial one is given to it. If you give your body heroin, a morphine derivative, will it stop producing endorphin? Researchers are looking for the answer.

As for acupuncture, Dr. Bruce Pomeranz, a Canadian neurophysiologist, has shown that endorphin is released in laboratory animals when acupuncture needles are inserted into

them. It's believed that the hormone then circulates through the nervous system and blocks out pain.

Dr. Avram Goldstein, director of the Addiction Research Foundation in Palo Alto, California, believes that there are receptors in the brain for hundreds of other peptides besides endorphin. "The idea that there are natural substances in the body that react with the receptors may be a new concept to the public, but not to pharmacologists," he says. It has recently been reported, for example, that the brain contains receptors for Valium, and it seems likely that the search will soon begin for the body's natural anti-anxiety substance.

SWAT'S NOT

"SWAT CONCEPT SWEEPING COUNTRY" was a common headline just a few years ago. Hundreds of police departments either enchanted or alarmed by the activities of television's SWAT warriors vied for Federal money to arm themselves with high-powered rifles and armored personnel carriers.

But critics have long maintained that all this firepower was at best a fad and at worst a waste of money. They cited cases such as the village of Minden, Nevada, with a population of 300, asking the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration for $20,000 to equip a SWAT team that could handle snipers and control riots. Too much Federal money was going for hardware at the expense of research and management, notes Marvin Wolfgang, a well-known criminologist.

Some city governments, such as those of Santa Cruz, California, and West Hartford, Connecticut, have eliminated funds for their SWAT units. *The New York Times* recently pointed out that members of various SWAT squads were performing such mundane chores as escorting movie stars to the Academy Awards.

Small towns are beginning to call on the more experienced forces of the nearest large city when trouble arises that requires special weapons or tactics. This was the case in New Rochelle, New York, when a sniper was holed up in a warehouse and the New York City SWAT team was called in.

In the meantime, hundreds of thousands of dollars have gone to small suburbs or rural towns that probably will never use the weapons they've purchased, except for target practice.

EYES HAVE IT

What would you say if we told you that the color of your eyes was an indicator of your emotional make-up or even your physical prowess? That clichés such as those associated with dark-eyed Latin lovers and blue-eyed beauties may have a basis in fact?

This news comes from Dr. Allan Markle, who works at the Huntsville-Madison County, Alabama, Mental Health Center and has studied such relationships for the past six years. Among other things, he has found that the more pigment (melanin) your eyes contain, the easier it is for you to be aroused by sexual stimuli.

Not only that but Dr. Markle has found that dark-eyed people tend to excel at sports that require quick, reactive behavior, such as batting a baseball. Blue-eyed persons do better at self-paced sports, such as bowling, where they win more money than dark-eyed keglers. The lights also make better baseball pitchers and basketball free-throw shooters. Markle cites blue-eyed golfer Jack Nicklaus as the "classic self-paced person." Markle and a colleague, Dr. Morgan Worthy, have even suggested that one factor in the differences between black and white athletes is really eye-color differences, since blacks tend to have dark eyes.

In sex, as well as in other sports, there are the quick versus the deliberate. When Markle measured responses to pornographic pictures, he learned that dark-eyed females were the most easily aroused, followed by (in order) light-eyed females, dark-eyed males and light-eyed males.

Markle suspects that melanin is the key to all of this. He suggests that melanin may permit faster neural transmission of messages from the eye to the brain, so the darker your eyes, the faster your reaction time. Remember that when next you search her eyes for some deep meaning.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 202)

"Cocks acquire a roundness. Breasts seem to dangle out of the screen, hovering over the audience."

example, or *Inserts*, or Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Salo, or the 120 Days of Sodom*—which U.A. has steadfastly refused to release in this country), the majors have shrunk back from anything dealing with explicit sex. It's a field they have left clear for their less-well-heeled, hungrier competition.

If nature abhors a vacuum, hungry producers abhor it even more strongly. For at least six years, roughly between 1970 and 1976, the porn merchants ground out their fuck-and-suck classics as routinely as MGM once made its *Andy Hardy*s or the Warners their *Perry Masons*. It soon became apparent, however, that in what had been considered a routine business, catering to a limited number of hard-core patrons, crossover films were possible. *Deep Throat* pointed the way, followed by *The Devil in Miss Jones* and the Mitchell Brothers' *Behind the Green Door*. Radley Metzger, a soft-core producer, got into the act, posing as Henry Paris, with *Score* and *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*. Producers of the hard stuff are now reaching out to that wider audience that they know can be attracted to the porn palaces only if their films have something of the production values that they have become accustomed to in studio-made movies, something of the technical finish of those films and maybe one or two porno-star names as additional bait. It is worth noting that, early in the year, Paramount began production on *First Love* as an X-rated feature, then changed its corporate mind. In its revised version, the film, starring William Katt (of *Carrie*) and Susan Dey (of TV's *The Partridge Family*), will emerge as "an old-fashioned romance," according to Wayne Warga in an on-set interview for the *Los Angeles Times*. Quoting the director, Joan Darling, he reported, "This is a story about what it's like to be in love for the first time, in a physical way. There will be some nudity, but I might shoot the love scenes from the shoulders up; I don't know if it would be that much different." The makers of porno know.

The whole thing is not to cheat the viewers—to give them more, if possible, than they came in for. *The Starlets*, for example, like *The Stewardesses* a few years ago, is in 3-D (with glasses); but where *The Stewardesses* eventually got an R rating, *The Starlets* boldly exploits its X. It's been handsomely produced, with a bevy of singularly attractive girls, but its plot—the girl who makes it by sucking up to a producer—is hardly a novelty. Add 3-D (which the producers have somehow managed to escalate, calling it 4-D), and the result is a definite turn-on. The cocks acquire a roundness, the female orifices have an inviting depth to them that, despite occasional flaws in the photographic registration, creates an extraordinary sense of intimacy just short of participation. Breasts seem to dangle out of the screen, hovering over the audience; penises ejaculate straight into the camera, producing the effect of squirting into the theater. One is tempted to theorize that 3-D was specifically invented for the pornos.

But then, so was Jennifer Welles. Jennifer, blonde and 40ish, has starred in such New York–based pornos as *Sweet Cakes*, *Honeypie* and *Little Orphan Sammy*. She is a good deal like Mae West at the height of her prowess. Mae always seemed to be kidding sex, but on the square. She not only loved it, she flaunted it. "It's not the men in my life, it's the life in my men that I'm interested in," she once observed. Which would seem to be the philosophy underlying *Inside Jennifer Welles*, a biopic that Welles purportedly directed (even as West was presumed to have written her own screenplays). Actually, it was done by Joe Sarno, a veteran of the New York hard-core scene with an uncanny knack for finding angles to maximize the stag action in his films. It's handsomely mounted, professionally done, and is almost literally a compendium of the sexual fantasies of its star. She loves to screw kids? An adolescent delivery boy knocks at her door. She has always wanted to make it with a Chinaman? Half a dozen Orientals surround her for the film's finale. "Twenty minutes from now, we'll all be horny again," one of them remarks, via subtitle, after she takes her pleasure with them. In her prime, Mae West couldn't have done better.

The point is that, like Mae, Jennifer relishes her sexuality. She may be amused by it, but when she is being sucked or fucked, she fondles her breasts to enhance the sensuality of the moment. She seeks the encounter, whether it be with a cabdriver or with a projectionist who is showing a movie. She may be catering to the male fantasy that the lady is always available and willing, but what makes Jennifer Welles so fascinating is that the choice is always hers and that she can terminate an affair when she has achieved her own satisfaction. Starring in her own film (which she claims will be her last), she delivers the narration as if everything happened exactly as she describes it. Jennifer Welles just may be the most liberated woman of 1977 and *Inside Jennifer Welles* its most liberated film.

On the other hand, the female image being projected by the youthful Sharon Mitchell seems almost calculated to bring down the entire women's movement on her pretty neck. In *Joy*, she portrays an innocent high school girl who gets raped by a couple of Puerto Ricans and discovers that she really likes it—so much so that she becomes insatiable, climbing into the bathtub with her high school boyfriend, chasing men into alleys, seducing another on the subway and working her way up (or down) to four in a men's room. In fact, the film describes her as a female rapist—with rape as her little way of bringing joy to the world. In *The Violation of Claudia*, she plays a bored housewife who, at the instigation of her tennis instructor (who also happens to be a pimp), takes up prostitution for fun and profit. The point of both films seems to be that women enjoy rape and get their jollies from pursuing men—notions that run counter to the views of most contemporary sociologists.

After the surprise success of last year's *Alice in Wonderland* (which began as a porno but was toned down for an R rating and broad general release), it was inevitable that other children's classics be fucked up. Like *Alice*, this year's *Cinderella* is a musical (although none of its numbers is likely to end up in the Top 40). Its action, however, is more hard core than *Alice*'s, with numerous lesbian interludes and a faggy fairy godmother. In this version, incidentally, it isn't merely a glass slipper that Cinderella has to fit. And although *7 into Snowy* purports to be the "adult" version of *Snow White*, its producers at times seem to have the plot mixed up with that of *Cinderella*, and maybe those of one or two other stories as well. No matter; nobody sees these movies for the story. They come for the girls, like blonde, sensuous Abigail Clayton, one of the "better-looking breed of uninhibited actresses" covered (or uncovered) this past July in PLAYBOY's *The New Girls of Porn*. Or like the gorgeous Catharine Burgess, who plays in yet another erotic adaptation of a fairy tale, *Cinderella 2000*. She's also seen, to better advantage, in *Through the Looking Glass*, a porno that has no connection whatsoever with the Lewis Carroll classic.

In addition to rummaging through the children's section of the library shelves, some few porn producers are fingering the classics of erotic literature. This year, for example, Alan Roberts produced and directed *Young Lady Chatterley*, a fast and loose adaptation of the once-incendiary D. H. Lawrence novel. (A considerably more chaste French version appeared in 1955, but its distributors had to carry the fight all the way to the Supreme Court before they could

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distribute it in this country.) In the present telling, a few flashbacks fill us in on the scandalous affair of the original Lady Chatterley and her virile gardener, but the center of attention is Harlee McBride, a London shopgirl who inherits the estate. Finding the diary of her departed ancestor, she enthusiastically relives all the more lurid passages. McBride brings a fresh and pleasing presence to the title role and the production, filmed on the old Harold Lloyd estate, has an opulence and a visual beauty far beyond the average sexploitation movie. As does the Mitchell Brothers' *The Autobiography of a Flea*, based on yet another of those anonymous 19th Century classics of erotic writing. The flea, in this instance, has taken up residence in Jean Jennings' shapely crotch, which proves an ideal vantage point from which to observe—and comment upon—the comings and goings of her numerous bed partners, including some local nobles, several clergymen (John C. Holmes among them) and her girlfriend's father. Directed by Sharon McNight, one of the increasing number of women who are getting their first chance at directing via the pornos, *Flea* boasts handsome settings, elaborate costumes, good-looking people and a forthrightly anticlerical bias. From Sweden have come *Bel Ami*, with our own Harry Reems in the title role (and, he claims, hard-core inserts that were added State-side without his participation), and *Molly*, a grand-scale adaptation of Daniel Defoe's *Moll Flanders* starring beauteous Maria Lynn.

Even television and old movies have become grist for the pornographic mills. *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* turns up, loosely, as *Hard Soap, Hard Soap*, while the phenomenal success of *Charlie's Angels* on the tube inspired Joel Scott (of *Sometime Sweet Susan*) to try *A Coming of Angels*, with Abigail Clayton in the Farrah Fawcett-Majors role and Annette Haven and Lesllie Bovee to round out the venturesome trio. Radley Metzger's latest, once more released under his Henry Paris pseudonym, is *Barbara Broadcast*, with the comely Annette Haven as Barbara You-know-who and C. J. Laing (the Barbra Streisand of porn) giving new meaning to an in-depth interview. Earlier this year, Bovee and Holmes essayed the Barbara Stanwyck–Fred MacMurray roles in a decidedly hard-core send-up of Billy Wilder's memorable *Double Indemnity* titled *Eruption*; and in *Fiona on Fire*, Amber Hunt assumes a porn equivalent of the Gene Tierney role in *Laura*. Wait until they discover the bondage possibilities of *I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*—with an all-female cast!

Despite continuing crackdowns from the cops and the heated protests of ultraconservative right-wing groups, there is every evidence that the makers of these so-called mature entertainments are slowly getting their acts together. When *Snuff* appeared last year, members of the Adult Film Association picketed the theaters in which it was playing to protest a type of film they felt should never have been made. This year, A.F.A. officers voluntarily appeared before a Congressional investigating committee to pledge their organization's assistance in quelling the rising incidence of child pornography. At the association's First Annual Erotic Awards presentation, held in Los Angeles on July 14, Stanley Fleishman, its eloquent counsel, reported to the assemblage that its basic tenet, propounded when the organization was formed a little over ten years ago—that every adult should have the right to see the film of his choice—will probably become the law of the land before the year is out.

Unless and until that happens, the biggest problem remains the Supreme Court's unwillingness, or inability, to supply proper guidelines as to what actually constitutes obscenity. Its 1973 *Miller* decision, with its emphasis on "contemporary community standards," may have made it easier for prosecutors to haul films into court, but it also made it more difficult for them to make their charges stick because of the inevitable vagueness as to what the contemporary community standards really are. As to the film makers, whether they be with the major studios or in sexploitation's minor league, every picture becomes a gamble. Since it is all too likely that any movie not in the Disney tradition will offend the contemporary community standards of some community somewhere, the Court has, in effect, applied a firm, strong brake upon the medium's First Amendment right to freedom of expression.

Still, it must be said that American film makers operate with a greater degree of freedom than their confrères anywhere else in the world. Kissing is still *verboten* in Indian movies. The new Greek government has authorized the police to confiscate not only pictures with strong sex scenes but even those with "excessive nudity." Argentina's current, repressive regime has the authority to ban anything that it finds "offensive" (such as the excellent *Rebellion in Patagonia*, the true story of the brutal suppression of a worker-and-peasant uprising in the early Twenties, filmed three years ago, when another, more liberal government was briefly in power). In France, pornos have been permitted to be made for the past two years—but the government has slapped such a heavy tax on their exhibition as virtually to choke off the market. Political themes are also discouraged by denying production money to producers whose scripts are deemed inimical to governmental policy. In England and Sweden, violence is taboo. And in the Soviet Union and its satellites, nothing can be made that goes against the party dogma of the moment—and if the line changes, as it has been known to do from time to time, pictures can be halted in production or suppressed. Eroticism is officially condemned as a manifestation of "bourgeois decadence."

As a result, the flow of foreign films to these shores has markedly declined over the years. Where once the French, Italian and Scandinavian cinemas were demonstrably more liberated than our own, the balance has long since swung in the other direction. Today, if a European sex film is brought to this country, most importers find it necessary to heat up the action by

"This is only a coffee break—you should see the Christmas party."

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?

The Ginseng root has been blamed for centuries for the evils of the flesh.

While skeptical of its legendary aphrodisiac powers, English Leather has created a new men's cologne around this herbal root.

The result, a strangely gratifying effect on you and those around you. More than just a scent, it's a mood that envelops.

Mysterious how something one person puts on himself can make two people lose their heads.

For "Root of All Evil" poster (20" x 24"), send name, address, and $1 to MEM Company, Inc., Dept. GP, P.O. Box 359, Passaic, N.J. 07055 with check or money order payable to MEM. Allow 4 weeks.

GINSENG COLOGNE BY ENGLISH LEATHER®

The scent of the centuries.

$5 at fine toiletry counters everywhere.
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Photo by Barrie Schwortz

The Hot Tub Experience

Enjoy it daily. $1199

Already an essential of the good life for Californians, hot tubbing is fast going national. For the simple reason that it exactly fits the spirit of our time. It's healthy, it's natural. It's soothing and sexy. It can be convivial or ascetic, sociable or solitary — however you wish it. And as a practical matter, hot tubs are both ecologically sensible and an excellent investment.

Our brochure will tell you why hot tubbing is becoming the new American experience for all. Anyone can enjoy the benefits, thanks to the low cost of our new do-it-yourself package. You can build one of our tubs into a deck (as shown above), or it may be placed freestanding in the garden or patio. Just one weekend can transform your favorite spot into a sensuous new environment.

We deliver a complete hot tub spa package anywhere in the U.S. for only $1199 plus freight. Comes to your door pre-cut, pre-plumbed, complete. Includes 4' solid redwood tub, pump, filter, heater, hydro-massage spa jets, and accessories. All you need are household tools and a friend — it's that simple!

We offer several tub sizes, solar heaters and other options. Get the entire story from the world's leading hot tub maker.

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727

cutting in explicit sex close-ups before releasing their picture into the highly competitive hard-core market.

As for films aimed at a broader audience, there is a growing tendency among the American studios to enter into co-production deals with their European counterparts in order to ensure top production values and the presence of internationally known stars. Perhaps most typical of these international deals is Lina Wertmuller's four-picture contract with Warner Bros. The first film, starring Candice Bergen and Giancarlo Giannini, went into production with the unwieldy title *The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Hatful of Rain* (later simplified to *A Night Full of Rain*). The story line concerns an Italian Communist journalist who keeps falling in and out of love with Bergen, and Wertmuller has described it variously as a social farce, a romantic comedy-drama and a political satire.

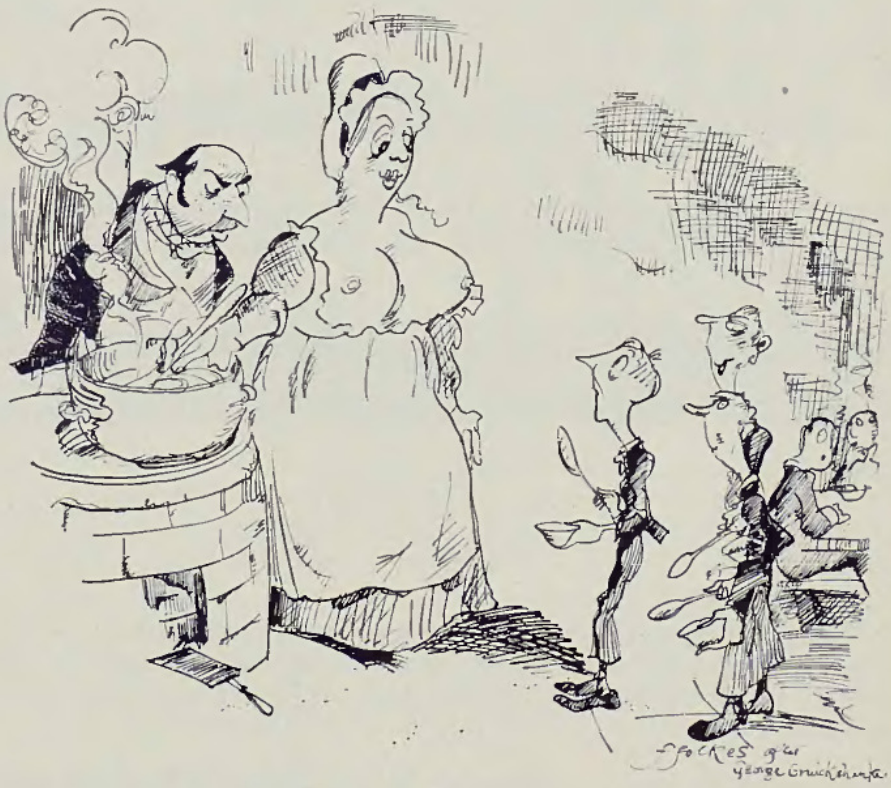
A resounding hit at the Cannes Festival in May was an Italian-Canadian coproduction, *A Special Day*. John Vernon and money seem to have been the principal Canadian contributions; Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni and director Ettore Scola headed the Italian contingent. The "special day" is the day that Hitler visited Mussolini in Rome and virtually all Rome turned out to greet him—all except Loren, married to a Fascist, and Mastroianni, a homosexual in an adjacent apartment. In the course of the eventful day, she finds love, he finds—momentarily—his manhood; and all ends in pitiable bleakness as the husband returns home to lead his wife to the bedchamber and Mastroianni is picked up by the police as a "defeatist element." Still to come, but from all reports no cop-out on the sexual frontier, is the Italian-based production of *Gore Vidal's Caligula*, backed by *Penthouse* magazine and furiously rejected by its outraged author.

The moribund British film industry is in perhaps the greatest need of imported dollars to pump blood through its clotted veins. Its deteriorating studios, its disastrously restrictive movie unions and spiraling costs of production have made it virtually impossible to get any locally filmed product off the ground. (One exception would seem to be the low-budgeted *Sebastiane*, based on the life of Saint Sebastian; but its main attraction—in England, at least—was its abundance of nude young men on the screen.) The high point of the year's American-backed British productions is Tony Richardson's *Joseph Andrews*, a welcome return to the time and tone of his earlier *Tom Jones*. Joseph (Peter Firth) is an attractively simple-minded young man who is constantly being led astray by the lusty ladies he encounters in 18th Century England (including an alarmingly buxom Ann-Margret). It's an adroit film, clever without being cutting, sexy without ever resorting to porn. The social climate in early 18th Century England was fairly bawdy and Richardson has captured its bawdiness with humor and restraint. In *Tom Jones*, it took the better part of a reel to depict, over mounting platters of food, the growing mutual desire of Albert Finney, as Tom, and Joan Greenwood; here Ann-Margret says it all in the way she nibbles a stalk of asparagus.

Even more markedly British, with its ivy-clad country homes and well-tended lawns, its Pinteresque dialog and the highly civilized performances contributed by such British stalwarts as Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud and David Warner, is Alain Resnais' *Providence*. The only thing is, it's French—a French film made in English, its polished cast supplemented by Ellen Burstyn and Elaine Stritch, and featuring a score by the veteran Hollywood composer Miklos Rozsa. As always, Resnais creates a fascinating confusion of time and place, of the real and the imagined in this sardonic study of a dying author who much prefers his bastard son (Warner) to his legitimate son, a chilly lawyer (Bogarde), and is trying to place both of them, along with their assorted wives and mistresses, in an autobiographical novel that he is writing. The framework for the film is a reunion of the clan at Providence, the family manor, during which we discover that the writer had been a notorious womanizer, that Bogarde holds him responsible for his mother's suicide and that Bogarde also suspects Warner of making advances to his wife, Burstyn. The dialog is frequently funny, often bawdy and occasionally scatological, making it emphatically an adult family portrait.

Adult also, but more typically French, is *Cousin Cousine*, probably the most profitable of the year's imports. By saddling middle-aged Victor Lanoux with a neurotic, pill-popping wife (Marie-France Pisier) and the blonde, delightful Marie-Christine Barrault with a philandering husband (Guy Marchand), the film seems to give a nod of approval, even of sympathy, to adultery. Ironically, the relationship is not at all adulterous at the outset. The two meet at a family wedding, find a quick rapport and decide not to spoil a perfect friendship with sex. But when word gets around that the two are seeing each other with suspicious frequency, the immediate conclusion is that they have been sleeping together. Since they are suspected of it anyway, they decide they might as well enjoy themselves—and do.

Irony, not sympathy, suffuses François Truffaut's latest, *The Man Who Loved Women*, which details Charles Denner's insatiable pursuit of any pair of pretty legs that crosses his line of vision, regardless of the age or marital status of their owner. He writes a book about his obsession, blaming it on a mother who neglected him to spend her time with



"Apart from the food, Oliver, it's not such a bad school."

I'm not entering any beauty contests. So why do I use a skin moisturizer?

—Joe Namath

Because shaving, wind, weather and old man sunshine can make a man's skin feel dry, chapped and uncomfortable.

That's why a man needs new Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer. It's a greaseless lotion containing twelve moisturizing ingredients that are quickly absorbed by the skin.

Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer can do for a man's skin what a workout can do for his body. Condition it. Tone it. Make it feel good all over.

And like all physical fitness programs, skin care works best when you stick with it. Just rub a little Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer into your face, hands and body every time you shower or shave. Even one application can help make your rough, dry skin feel smooth and comfortable again. (If it makes your skin look better too, don't complain.)

Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer for men, from Fabergé. Because being rough and tough doesn't mean your skin has to feel that way.

Brut 33 Skin Moisturizer

Physical fitness for a man's skin.

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other men—then proceeds to seduce his lady editor. In a final irony, he gets hit by a car while following yet another girl and, hospitalized, breaks his neck falling out of bed in a lunge after the nurse.

Claude Chabrol, that most Hitchcockian of French directors, demonstrates an odd change of pace in *Alice or the Last Escapade*, a frequently chilling trip into the supernatural. It stars Sylvia Kristel (late of *Emmanuelle*) as a woman who leaves her husband in a huff and drives away. On the road, her windshield cracks and she pulls up at an old dark house. It isn't Boris Karloff who answers the door, but she gets the weird feeling that somehow she has been expected—a feeling that is confirmed in her various encounters through the night and the following day. Ultimately, the car is fixed, she drives off—and the windshield cracks again. Returning to the house, she descends to a dark cellar, where she discovers herself and her car, smashed against a tree. Chabrol brings to the film his invariable technical panache, and also reveals that Kristel has far more than just a pretty face—or body, for that matter. Although *Alice* includes one nude sequence, Kristel's performance makes it amply clear that she wasn't chosen for that alone. Indeed, her ability to perform with her clothes on was confirmed a bit later in *René la Canne*, a raffish crook picture that became one of the year's most popular in its native land. In it, she plays the girlfriend of one of the robbers (Gerard Depardieu) but is willing to share her favors with his pal, a corrupt police inspector (Michel Piccoli), while operating a gaudy bordello.

Meanwhile, Just Jaeckin, Kristel's director on *Emmanuelle*, has come up with another of his handsomely photographed, discreetly soft-core pornos in *Madame Claude* (subject of a PLAYBOY pictorial this past August). Madame Claude happens to be one of the best-known madams in Paris, with a reputation for infallibly supplying the right girl for the right occasion, whatever that might be. In the convoluted plot, the girls are used for everything from influencing Japanese politicians in behalf of the American Government to initiating into the mysteries of sex the son of a Greek shipping tycoon. It all gets to be a bit complicated, but the girls are bountiful and beautiful, so who cares?

For the most far-out French film of the year, however, one must turn to Walérian Borowczyk's *The Beast*. Borowczyk, of course, is the Polish-born director who upended the entire European sexploitation field two years ago with his ribald *Immoral Tales*. In his version of *Beauty and the Beast*, the Beast is real enough—the furry descendant of an aristocratic family with connections right up to the Vatican; and Beauty (Lisbeth Hummel) is an American heiress eager to marry a title. What makes the film a shocker is the fact that the Beast's great passion, until Miss Hummel enters the scene, is breeding his prize stallions onscreen with willing mares.

But the biggest revelation of 1977 has been the emergence of a youthful, vibrant, vital new cinema in West Germany. Best known are the works of the prolific director Rainer Werner Fassbinder, whose most recent film, *Shadows of Angels*, deals with Jewish manipulators in the postwar real-estate market. In contrast, his elegant, eloquent *Effi Briest* is based on a late–19th Century novel that, like *Madame Bovary*, dares to question the conventional role that society has assigned to women; while his *Fox and His Friends* ingeniously class-angles the plight of the proletarian homosexual. Fassbinder is a phenomenon—a prodigy on the order of Orson Welles.

Another young German to watch is Wim Wenders, whose *Kings of the Road* captured the Gold Hugo last November at the Chicago International Film Festival. In *Kings*, Bruno, the protagonist, is perfectly happy driving from town to town, delivering films and repairing broken-down projectors (and enjoying casual affairs with the theater employees he meets en route). And then comes Robert, a child psychologist, fresh from a breakup with his wife. The two develop a real camaraderie until they discover (quite unlike the boys in our own "buddy" films) that they can't get along without women.

And then there is *Ex und Hopp* (which would roughly correspond to our own phrase "No deposit, no return"), a semidocumentary tour of the homosexual bars and drug centers of Charlottenburg, in West Berlin. The film, with ample nudity and several sexual encounters, has already become a classic of the Berlin underground. *Vanessa*, by Hubert Frank, almost too obviously follows in the footsteps of *Emmanuelle* with its Hong Kong settings and lush photography. Vanessa (gorgeous Olivia Pascal), raised in a convent, gets to take over her family's chain of brothels in the Far East but remains virginal, despite numerous temptations set in her path. *The Evolution of Snuff*, by Richard R. Rimmel, is a documentary that proceeds from the assumption that even though an actress may not actually be killed in the production of a porno movie, the experience can destroy her psychologically—an assumption that Rimmel attempts to document through interviews with the people who make such films, including the actresses themselves (one of whom committed suicide shortly after talking to Rimmel). It's a particularly nasty kind of voyeurism, the kind that has it both ways: Clucking away self-righteously against what it's showing but existing only to show it. But then, that's one of the oldest dodges in the business. Everything considered, we might well be disappointed, but not surprised, that it has cropped up once more in the films of 1977.

"Do I complain about your men friends?"

CREATIVE QUIZ *(continued from page 177)*

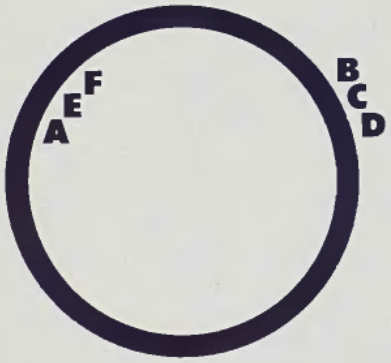
"It's the obvious that escapes our notice, because we have been conditioned to look for the complicated."

can make a new cigarette. He finds 25 butts, enough to last him until the stores open, if he smokes one cigarette every hour. How long does his supply last?

IN AND OUT LETTERS

Creative solutions to problems are often simple, elegant, even obvious. Yet it is the obvious that frequently escapes our notice, because we have been conditioned to look for the complicated when solving problems.

A man draws a circle, then begins to place all the letters of the alphabet either inside or outside the circle. A goes inside, B belongs outside, C belongs outside, D belongs outside, E goes in the circle, F goes in the circle. Where do G, H and the rest of the alphabet belong? What is the system being used?



LOOSE ENDS

This problem illustrates how defining a problem too narrowly can inhibit and delay finding a solution.

Look at the sketch below and imagine that you are the person shown standing in the room. You have been given the task of holding the ends of the two strings suspended from the ceiling. The strings are located so that you cannot reach one string with your outstretched arm while holding the second. The room is bare and you have only the resources you would normally have in your pocket or handbag. How do you solve this problem?

THE COLLECTED WORKS

We are frequently hampered in creative problem solving by our habitual ways of looking at things. The more familiar a situation or an object is, the harder it is to see it differently. Creativity, however, requires a "fresh pair of eyes."

While this problem looks deceptively simple, it is actually quite difficult. As a matter of fact, only about one person in 100 is able to solve it the first time around. The problem is included because it is extremely instructive.

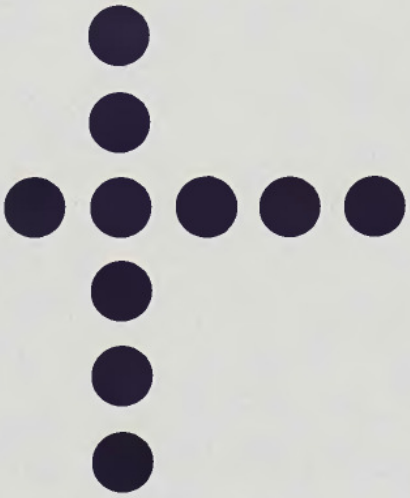
There are four volumes of Shakespeare's collected works on the shelf. The pages of each volume are exactly two inches thick. The covers are each one sixth of an inch thick. The bookworm started eating at page one of volume one and it ate through to the last page of volume four. What is the distance the bookworm traveled?

THE GREEK CROSS

This problem trains your ability to avoid restrictions that hamper your mind and that don't exist in the given problem statement.

Ten coins are arranged as below.

Move just *two* coins to another position so that a Greek cross, containing *six* coins in each of the two rows, will be formed. (This problem is best solved with actual coins on a table.)



A WOMAN'S INGENUITY

With some problems, a creative solution can occur only after the elements or parts of the problem have been reorganized into a different pattern. This requires that, in your mind's eye, you do some juggling of the parts visually.

A businessman brought back from Europe four pieces of chain in solid gold, each consisting of three links:

He wanted to keep these as an investment, but his wife felt that, joined together, these pieces would make a lovely necklace. So she went to a jeweler and said, "I want you to connect these pieces to make a necklace. How much will it cost?" The jeweler laid the individual pieces of chain out in this pattern:

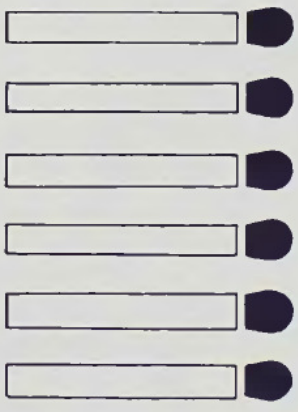
He told the lady, "I charge two-fifty to break a link and two-fifty to melt it together again. Since you have four corners, it will cost you twenty dollars."

The lady said, "That's too much. Actually, you can do it for fifteen dollars."

The problem, then, is to construct a necklace, breaking and joining only three links. How would you do it?

MATCHING TRIANGLES

Using six kitchen matches, make *four* equilateral triangles out of the *six* matches.



DRAW YOUR WATCH

Creativity requires exact, recallable observation. It requires that we make

Technics introduces cassette decks that only sound expensive.

You can build a $200-$250 front-loading deck to look expensive. Or you can build one the way Technics does—to sound expensive. Without those meaningless knobs and gadgets on the outside. But with Technics high-priced, high-performance technology on the inside.

Technology that makes Technics RS-615US and RS-630TUS sound a lot better than you'd expect a mid-priced deck to sound.

Both decks give you inaudible wow & flutter: 0.10% RMS for the 615, 0.09% RMS for the 630. The reason: The kind of electronically controlled DC motor found in our more expensive decks.

And instead of tape hiss, you'll hear music, even in soft musical passages. Because Technics low-noise circuitry in addition to Dolby* give both decks a distinctively expensive S/N ratio: −63 dB (CrO_2 tape).

Both decks also give you long-lasting super alloy heads. Oversized VU meters. Lockable pause control. And automatic pre-timed recording or playback with a standard timer (not included).

The 630 adds a dual-output control. Separate bias and EQ switches to get the most out of normal, CrO_2 and ferrichrome tapes. And a peak check meter to help avoid overload distortion.

The RS-615US and the RS-630TUS. Everything about them sounds expensive. Except the price.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
Simulated wood cabinet for RS-630US.

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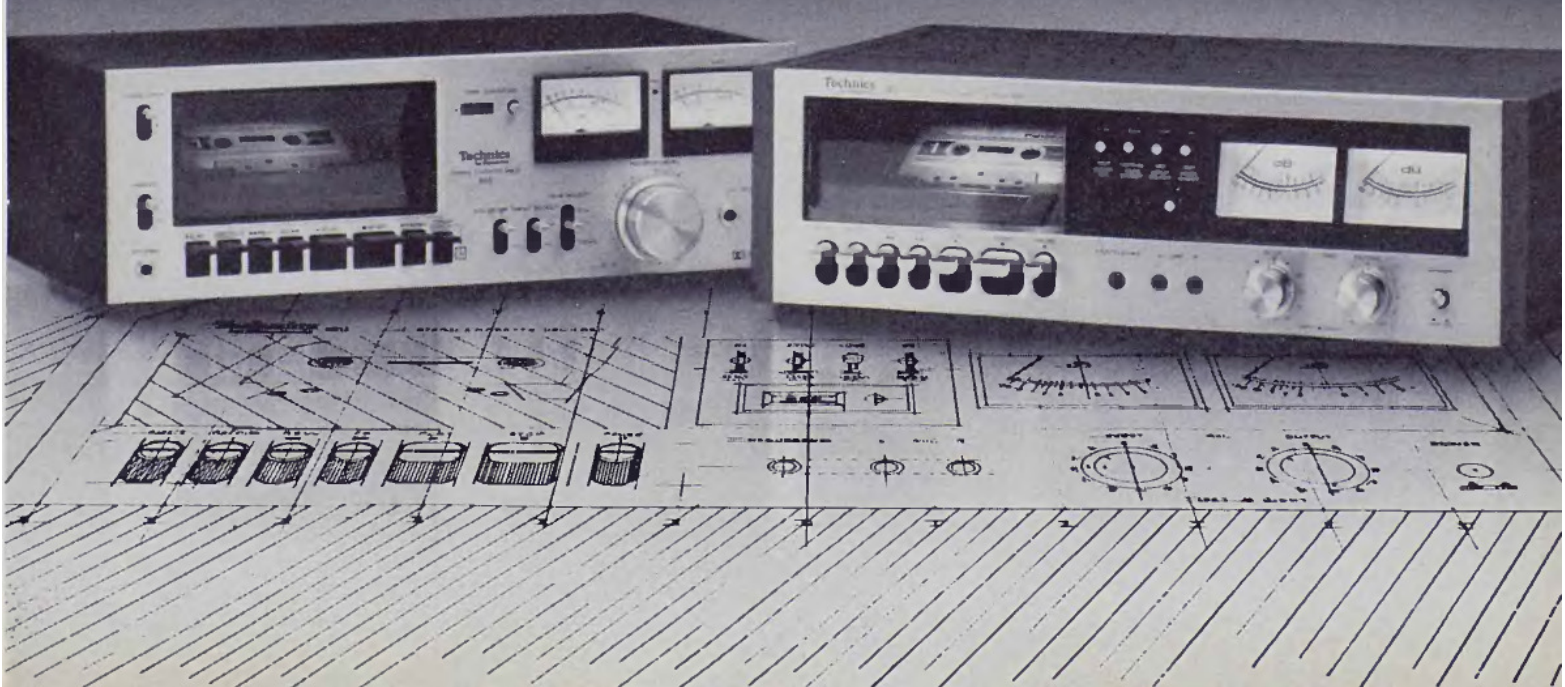


Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

After shave, after shower, after anything.®
Brut® lotion by Fabergé.

discriminating and refined use of our senses.

On a piece of paper, draw the face of your watch without looking at it.

Now look at the result. Chances are that you missed a few important details or drew them wrong—almost everybody does.

DRAW YOUR STEERING WHEEL

If you think you screwed up your watch face badly or if you don't wear one, try drawing the steering wheel of your car—probably the only object in front of which you spend more time than your television. Cheaters who go out into the garage to peek get extra points for effort.

IT'S IN THE BAG

This exercise shows that with some problems requiring a creative solution, you need to reverse the problem, or stand it on its head, so to speak. How would you solve the following problem?

It was the 16th hole. The newcomer had an excellent chance of winning. His iron shot had fallen short of the green and he had a good chance of making a birdie. Smiling broadly, he bounded down the fairway, then stopped short in utter dismay. His ball had rolled into a small paper bag carelessly tossed there by someone in the gallery. If he removed the ball from the bag, it would cost him a penalty stroke. If he tried to hit the ball while it was in the bag, he would lose control of the shot. For a moment, he stood there pondering the problem. Then he solved it. How?

KINDRED RELATIONS

Think of a fifth word that is related to the preceding four words. (You can form compound, hyphenated words, in some cases, or commonly used expressions.)

Examples:

1. Elephant, bleed, lie, wash _____

Answer: White (white elephant, bleed white, white lie, whitewash)

2. Sleeping, contest, spot, shop _____

Answer: Beauty (sleeping beauty, beauty contest, beauty spot, beauty shop)

3. Style, love, jacket, span _____

Answer: Life (lifestyle, love life, life jacket, life span)

Now train your own associative powers with the following sets:

1.	Bug	rest	fellow	cover	_____
2.	Cross	baby	blood	ribbon	_____
3.	See	carpet	hot	cent	_____
4.	Touch	palate	soap	sell	_____
5.	Easy	hush	belt	order	_____
6.	Tree	cup	cake	forbidden	_____
7.	Wagon	stand	aid	dance	_____
8.	Dust	movie	gaze	sapphire	_____
9.	Tooth	talk	potato	bitter	_____
10.	Alley	date	snow	spot	_____
11.	Call	nap	burglar	hep	_____
12.	Rest	post	linen	fellow	_____
13.	Bulldog	cuff	toast	windows	_____
14.	Opera	no	box	stone	_____
15.	Brain	watching	bath	house	_____
16.	Wire	out	feed	play	_____
17.	Studies	work	science	welfare	_____
18.	Storage	shoulder	comfort	cream	_____
19.	Walk	new	scape	beam	_____
20.	Business	suit	wrench	shine	_____
21.	Fire	hole	bent	catch	_____
22.	Days	biscuit	collar	ear	_____
23.	Clay	breast	English	hearted	_____
24.	Play	breast	pox	wire	_____
25.	Belt	magic	market	head	_____
26.	Guy	crack	up	man	_____
27.	Mouth	shot	stick	time	_____
28.	Dirty	cycle	office	school	_____
29.	Beater	head	roll	rotten	_____
30.	Dress	musical	star	prayer	_____

BRIDGE THE GAPS

Most of us hamper our creative thinking by letting our vocabularies become rigid. This exercise will enable you to attain greater freedom and fluency in your vocabulary. It will also loosen up your mind to form quick associations. And associations are the stuff from which new concepts and original ideas are made.

Playing it with others makes it an interesting game to stimulate imagination.

Fill in each of the three spaces between the two key words with words that

have a meaningful relation with the one preceding and the one following it.

Examples:

1. Dark _____ _____ _____ shovel

Possible answers: Dark color white snow shovel

2. School _____ _____ _____ run

Possible answers: School guard house dog run

Now it's your turn:

1. Star _____ _____ _____ before
2. Lemon _____ _____ _____ dog
3. Fire _____ _____ _____ scared
4. Dog _____ _____ _____ white
5. Postage _____ _____ _____ knee
6. White _____ _____ _____ about
7. Short _____ _____ _____ out
8. Blood _____ _____ _____ color
9. Light _____ _____ _____ test
10. Blue _____ _____ _____ ball
11. Hunt _____ _____ _____ house
12. Cat _____ _____ _____ car
13. Sleep _____ _____ _____ bad
14. Concert _____ _____ _____ machine
15. Puppy _____ _____ _____ home

WORD CHAINS

Most creative people are noted for the voluminous vocabulary they have at their command. The more words you can think of, the more readily you can form associations. Words represent ideas, and most new, creative ideas are the result of a thinking process called association of ideas.

Here is a series of four-letter words that have nothing in common. By changing only one letter at a time, think of a series of words to build a bridge between the two.

Example: Work/lame

1. Work, pork, pore, tore, tome, tame, lame
2. Work, cork, core, come, came, lame

The fewer words you use to build the bridge, the better.

Now experiment with these:

1. Fire/mint
2. Love/part
3. Rise/bath
4. Came/dirt
5. Hate/love
6. Find/lose
7. Nest/mean
8. Swim/clip
9. Give/take
10. Tour/sort
11. Male/word
12. Miss/base
13. Cake/bill
14. Mean/soap
15. Pave/tort
16. Wild/more
17. Book/list

WHAT'S THE DRIFT?

Effective problem solvers are noted for their keen observational powers. Alertness of observation frequently provides the necessary clues that lead to effective solutions to problems.

This exercise is designed to train and strengthen your observational ability.

In the following series, the words are related not by meaning but by spelling. Find the relationship and the rule used in creating each series.

Example:

Uniform dungeon stunning immunity tribunal thereunder excommunicate superabundance

Answer: The letters UN move with each word one letter to the right.

Now try these series:

1. Friendliest siesta disinterested supercelestial incontestable festering prestigious suggestiveness pestilential destructively establishment
2. Artful spectacular tartly sweetheart starve surcharge retarded smartly forearm smarting
3. Bath think pithy ethereal leather methadone stealthily deathless playthings
4. Antagonism commandant cantaloupe dilettante plantation supplanted synanthous implanting phantasm romantic banter shanty ante cant
5. Rotunda oration pronounce northern chromatic florescence metropolis uncorrected primrose sartorial rapturous immemorial metachromatic metaphor

(Answers begin on next page.)

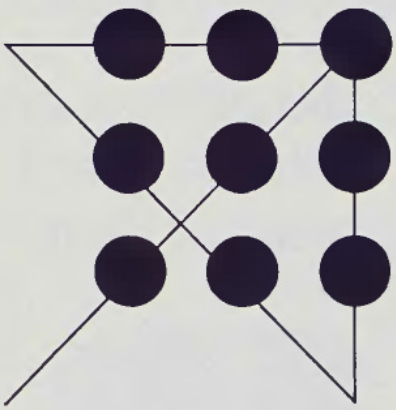
Brut 33 Deodorant Stick.

Solid protection with the great smell of Brut.

Glide-on protection against odor. Part of a complete line of Brut 33® grooming products for men—all with the great smell of Brut® by Fabergé.

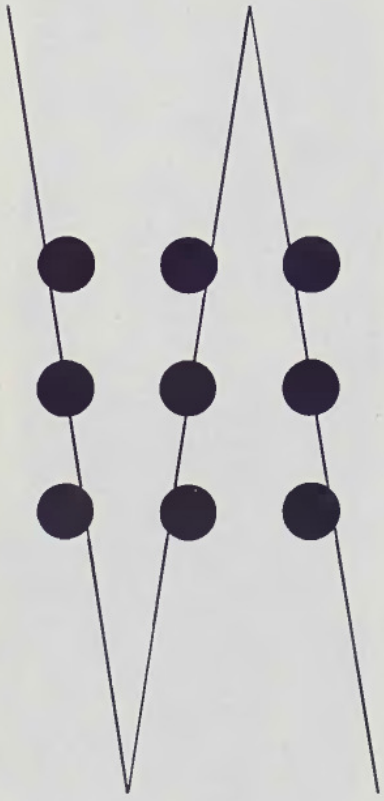
Answers:

BREAKING OUT

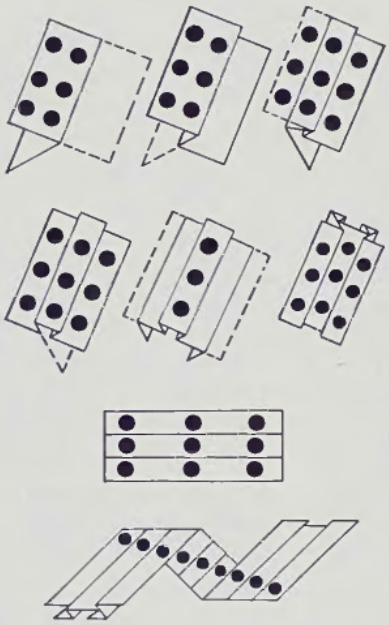


This puzzle is a perfect illustration of how rules and restrictions that we carry with us unconsciously can inhibit problem solving and why most people cannot exceed the imaginary square-shaped boundary. (Note that the restriction of the boundary was not part of the rules.)

Researchers at Stanford University were given an even more ingenious solution to this puzzle. One subject realized that it wasn't necessary to draw four lines through the centers of the dots; it could be accomplished with only three lines:



As if that weren't enough, a friend of Professor James L. Adams of Stanford provided yet another solution, which allows all nine dots to be crossed off with one straight line. All it requires is a little unblocked thinking and ingenious paper folding:

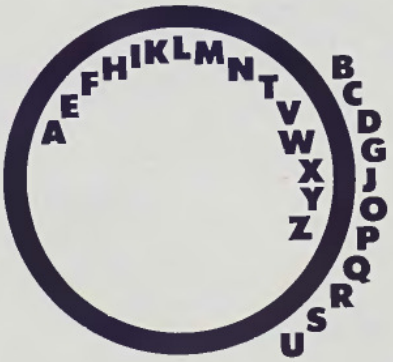


THE COMPULSIVE SMOKER

Six hours. After having smoked his five cigarettes, he has another five butts, which are good for another cigarette.

IN AND OUT LETTERS

The key to this problem lies not in some complex interrelationship of numbers of vowels and consonants but in the shape of the letters themselves. Letters with straight lines belong inside the circle; letters with curved lines, outside.



LOOSE ENDS

Most people will see the difficulty as a shortness of reach. That is, they state the problem to themselves as: "How can I get to the second string?" The consequence of that is that all the creativity goes into vain efforts to find a means of making one of the strings longer. But the givens of this problem make such a solution impossible.

If, however, you define the problem as, "How can the string and I get together?" another sort of solution may occur to you. It requires that you see the difficulty in terms of getting the second string to come to *you*. If you tie a small object—say a key or a ring—to the end of one string and set it swinging like a pendulum, then you can grab it while holding the end of the other string in the other hand.

THE COLLECTED WORKS

Five inches.

If you had trouble with this one, you were probably trapped by a habitual way of visualizing. All our lives, we've been accustomed to seeing a book in a certain position—facing us, with the first page near the left-hand cover and the last page near the right-hand cover. That is the way we prepare to open a book and read. But we specified in this problem that the volumes were on the shelf. With the backs facing you, the order of pages is reversed:

In creative problem solving, it serves well to heed the rule: The more familiar the object, the harder it is to see it in another context.

THE GREEK CROSS

This problem can be solved only if you shift one coin to a position on top of the center coin:

Not fair, you say? Sure it is. There is nothing in the directions as given that prevents you from working in more than two dimensions. In most problems of this kind, the solution involves *sliding* the coins from one position to another. This problem illustrates how easy it is to read into a problem constraints that are not there at all.

A WOMAN'S INGENUITY

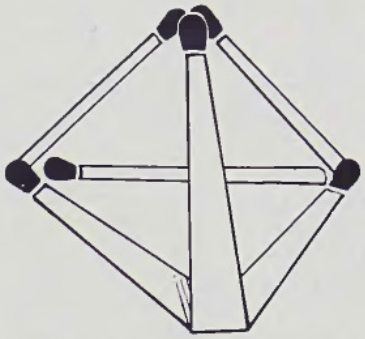
As long as you think of the segments of chain as four sides of a square or segments of a circle, you can't solve this problem. The moment you can shift your focus and regard the segments not as immutable structures but as stockpiles of individual links, you've made the necessary breakthrough. At the woman's suggestion, the jeweler placed three segments in a triangular pattern, took apart the remaining segment and used those three links to close the three corners of the necklace.

Most people will need to juggle the elements visually, drawing them in different arrangements before arriving at the triangular pattern that leads to a solution. This juggling of the parts of a problem results in a reorganization—but before that can happen, you have to feel free to destroy the original pattern.

MATCHING TRIANGLES

Most participants begin by using three matches to form one triangle, and then try in vain to form three more from the remaining three matches.

As in the previous problem, this can



be solved only by using the third dimension. Three matches can be used to build a triangle on the table and the remaining three to build a pyramid with the initial triangle as a base.

Lack of flexibility in moving from one dimension to another has been demonstrated by several experiments, among them this simple but ingenious problem-solving experiment:

A group of individuals was presented with the task of extracting a ping-pong ball from a long and narrow cylinder, which was bolted to the floor. A great variety of tools, including a hammer, pliers, a piece of string and thumbtacks, was laid out. None of these was applicable for the solution of the problem. There was, however, also a bucket of dirty water standing on the floor. About half of the individuals present finally got the idea that the ping-pong ball could be extracted by filling the cylinder with the water.

DRAW YOUR WATCH/ DRAW YOUR STEERING WHEEL

These exercises are illustrations of overfamiliarity. It would be difficult to think of an object most of us look at more frequently each day than our watch or steering wheel. We look at them so often that we *cease* to really see them.

Whenever behavior becomes automatic, or we take objects for granted, we cease to observe them—and observation is vital to creative problem solving.

IT'S IN THE BAG

The golfer reached into his pocket, extracted a book of matches, lit one and put the flame to the bag. When the bag had burned to ashes, he selected an iron, swung and watched the ball roll to the rim of the hole. Unable to get the ball away from the paper bag without a penalty, this golfer was imaginative enough to recognize that the problem could be solved by getting the paper bag away from the ball.

The reversal of problems, the purging of habitual, accepted or established ways of thinking about things has brought many important advances.

KINDRED RELATIONS

1. Bed; 2. Blue; 3. Red; 4. Soft; 5. Money; 6. Fruit; 7. Band; 8. Star; 9. Sweet; 10. Blind; 11. Cat; 12. Bed; 13. French; 14. Soap; 15. Bird; 16. Chicken; 17. Social; 18. Cold; 19. Moon; 20. Monkey; 21. Hell; 22. Dog; 23. Pigeon; 24. Chicken; 25. Black; 26. Wise; 27. Big; 28. Business; 29. Egg; 30. Evening.

BRIDGE THE GAPS

Examples:

1. Star light day long before
2. Lemon yellow paint house dog
3. Fire escape fast run scared
4. Dog tag laundry wash white
5. Postage stamp foot sore knee
6. White wash clean face about
7. Short fall down cast out
8. Blood test paper white color
9. Light cigarette smoke screen test
10. Blue sky high jump ball
11. Hunt man gun fire house
12. Cat house light load car
13. Sleep sound sour taste bad
14. Concert piano practice teaching machine
15. Puppy love sick leave home

These series of small, conceptual steps are *examples only*. You may have found different and equally valid steps.

This exercise requires that you identify the steps you take in arriving at solutions. Some problems requiring a creative solution consist of a problem situation and a goal. The steps toward reaching the goal are not immediately apparent and require that you exercise your creativity. In a way, it is like building a bridge.

WORD CHAINS

Examples:

1. Fire, fine, mine, mint
2. Love, lore, pore, port, part
3. Rise, rite, bite, bate, bath
4. Came, care, cart, dart, dirt
5. Hate, rate, rave, cave, cove, love
6. Find, fine, line, lone, lose
7. Nest, neat, meat, mean
8. Swim, slim, slip, clip
9. Give, live, like, lake, take
10. Tour, pour, pout, port, sort
11. Male, pale, pare, pore, wore, word
12. Miss, mist, mast, cast, case, base
13. Cake, bake, bale, ball, bill
14. Mean, meat, seat, sear, soar, soap
15. Pave, pare, part, tart, tort
16. Wild, mild, mile, mole, more
17. Book, boot, loot, lost, list

WHAT'S THE DRIFT?

1. The letters EST move from the end of the initial word one letter to the left with each subsequent word.

2. The letters AR move from the beginning of the initial word to the end of the second word, and then alternately one letter to the right and one letter to the left with each subsequent word.

3. The letters TH move from the end and the beginning of the words to the center.

4. The letters ANT move the same way as in number two, but in addition, they have alternately an equal number of letters either following or preceding them:

An*tagonism command*ant (7)
Can*taloupe dilett*ante (6)
Plant*ation suppl*anted (5)
Synan*thous impl*anting (4)
Phan*tasm rom*antic (3)
Ban*ter sh*anty (2)
An*te c*ant (1)

5. The letters RO and OR alternate and move one letter to the right.

 (continued from page 150)

"He poked a Colt into Hassan's back. 'If you wish to stay alive, I advise you to say and do nothing.'"

for the Liberation of the People of Palestine (O.L.P.P.). They were making their final preparations for a surprise attack against Israel.

Not far ahead, Ori could see the point at which the rarely used byway intersected the main road. He checked his watch. Timing was extremely critical. At what he believed to be precisely the right moment, Ori cut into the honking traffic heading toward a check point on the approach to the chalet. He waved wildly, as though apologizing to the driver behind him. A guard, wearing the same uniform as Ori, raised his hand. Ori braked to a stop and handed his security pass to the guard.

"Days like this we don't need, brother." Ori tried to sound casual. "Is the general here yet?"

The guard looked at Ori, a trace of suspicion crossing his dark face. One of the Israeli commandos reached very slowly for his Kalashnikov gun, his colleagues bracing for trouble. A few endless seconds passed.

"None of your business," the guard snapped. But, before he could pursue his suspicion, he heard the singsong horn of an approaching black Mercedes. The guard nervously waved Ori toward the chalet. "Move quickly. It's Safat!"

Ori rammed his stick into first gear and the armored car resumed its ascent. The Mercedes did not even bother to slow down at the check point. From the back seat, a burly man waved at the guard, who noticed that he had only three fingers. Then the Mercedes proceeded toward the chalet, directly behind Ori's armored car. Not by coincidence, Ori had become Safat's advance escort.

The caravan did not even stop at the last check point. Ori merely lowered his window and shouted, "Safat, Safat, brother; out of the way!" The two cars rolled into the circular driveway of the main house and stopped in front of an arched entranceway. The four Israeli commandos jumped out of their car and formed a makeshift honor guard for Safat, Ibrahim and Moussa, who walked into the house. Safat waved perfunctorily at the commandos. Ibrahim shot a glance at Ori. Nothing more. Then, as though they had been assigned to protect him, the commandos escorted Safat through a large foyer to a second-story conference room. Ori nodded to a Syrian officer who guarded a heavy oak double door.

The conference room was crowded with uniformed officers from various Arab countries. Aides in mufti scurried from one group to another, carrying attaché cases and papers. A large map of the Middle East stood on an easel behind a long rectangular table covered with green felt. Bottles of mineral water and trays of fruit were placed at neat intervals along each side of the table. Safat shook hands with the leaders of each delegation, showing special deference to General Abdul Hassan, the defense minister of Syria.

General Hassan took his seat at the head of the table. The deputy defense ministers of Iraq, Algeria and Libya and the chairman of the O.L.P.P. seated themselves behind their respective flags. The heavy doors were shut and locked. Two guards stood at attention, flanking the door. Ori positioned himself opposite Safat and Ibrahim. One commando stood about ten feet from Ori. The two others braced for action.

"Brothers, we are gathered here at a solemn hour in the history of the Arab family." Hassan began reading al-Bakr's message. "The Zionist entity is planning a new war of aggression, aided and abetted by American imperialism. This is not a new circumstance, and we must prepare for every eventuality." Hassan continued reading al-Bakr's boiler-plate welcome; and, when he had finished, with just a trace of disgust, he dropped it onto the table. Hassan pushed back his chair, placed both hands on his knees, stared at each delegation head with deliberate care and then boomed: "Brothers, we are here to plan the final details for a holy war against the Zionists. That war will start at dawn tomorrow, when the sun will blaze into the eyes of the enemy, by Allah's will, and he shall be blinded." Most of the men around the table nodded. Safat, who shared al-Bakr's reservations, sat motionless. Hassan then launched into a detailed rundown of his plans for war.

When Hassan had completed his statement, Ori glanced at his three colleagues and quickly at Ibrahim. Then, with sure-footed care, he approached Hassan and whispered in his ear:

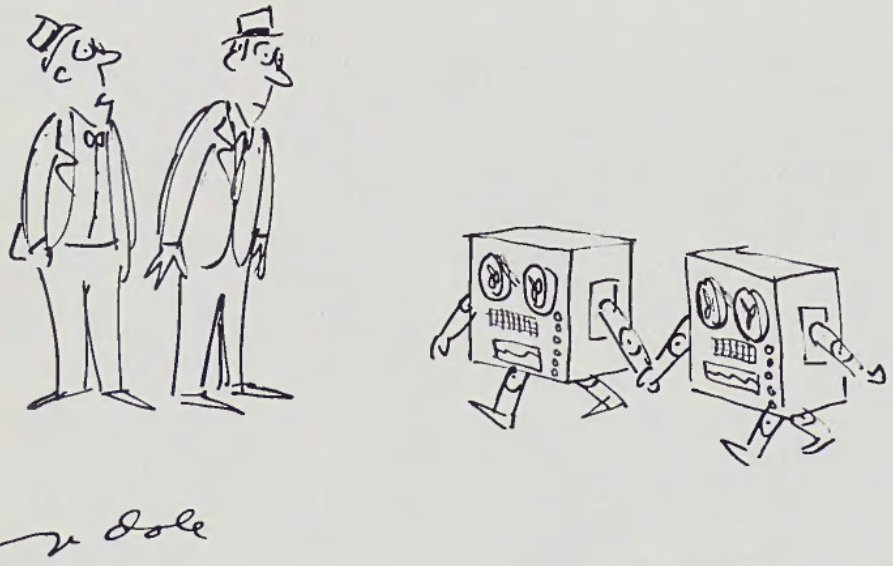
"My name is Ori Elad, head of a special Israeli paratroop unit." Ori spoke in perfect Arabic. He poked a Colt into Hassan's back. "If you wish to stay alive, I would strongly advise you to say nothing, to do nothing, merely to sit where you are and watch." Hassan broke into an icy sweat.

Each of the three remaining commandos had already unsnapped the protective flap of his holster, while transferring his Kalashnikov to his left hand and resting his right hand on the butt of his electronic dart gun. Each man had a preassigned primary target. Within the space of five seconds, three almost inaudible ripping sounds punctuated the stillness of the room. The noise was no more than that of the slitting open of an envelope.

Moussa was the first to die, a tiny dart embedded in the base of his neck. The personal bodyguards of the Iraqi and Libyan deputy defense ministers seemed more surprised than injured. Each man gave a small gasp, clutched at his back and collapsed.

The first apparent sign of panic in the room came from Ibrahim, who, with surprising speed, pushed his own chair back and, tearing at Jamaal Safat's sleeve, pulled him under the table.

The Algerian delegate's bodyguard had



"I'm not sure I like the idea of computer dating."

"I had just about decided that photography and I weren't meant for each other. My pictures were dull and amateurish, but I figured that a really good 35mm camera would be both too complicated and expensive for me.

"Boy, was I wrong! Luckily, before I gave up, I talked to a friend who knows about cameras. He put his Nikkormat FT3 into my hands. Told me how it was made by the Nikon people, who make the sophisticated cameras most professional photographers use. He showed me how easy it was to use . . . took me just minutes to get the hang of it. When he mentioned how little it cost, my mind was made up. The next day, I went out and bought my own Nikkormat FT3.

"Things haven't been the same since. My very first roll of film had the sharp, clear photos I'd always hoped for–just about every shot was perfect. And, once I started using the camera more often, I found out what that Nikon quality and reliability did for me.

"Who would have thought I could take pictures like these?"

"Now I'm taking sports and wildlife shots with my new Nikkor telephoto lens, fabulous closeups with my Nikon extension tubes, and indoor party photos with my Nikon automatic electronic flash. Next, I've got my eye on a Nikkor wide angle lens!

"One of the nicest things about this camera is that it grows with you. There are more than 55 Nikkor lenses and dozens of accessories you can buy to help you get the pictures you want".

For details on the Nikkormat FT3 as well as a schedule for the traveling Nikon School of Photography, check your local Yellow Pages for the Nikon dealer nearest you. Or, write for Lit/Pak N-40 to Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Indust. Inc. EPI *(In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)*

NIKKORMAT FT3

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What every stubble bum should know.

The closer you cut your stubble, the longer it takes to grow back. The longer it takes to grow back, the less likely you will look like a stubble bum before you have to shave again. Which brings us to Mennen Skin Bracer® Pre-Electric Shave Lotion. It tightens your face, conditions your stubble so you can shave extra close. It even helps lubricate your razor head, and it's got that clean Skin Bracer fragrance. Congratulations. You are soon to join the ranks of the ex-stubble bum.

managed to rise to his feet; he was fumbling for his pistol when he took a dart in the chest.

The Israelis seemed to pick their targets with casual ease, pivoting slightly toward each new sign of movement. Two Syrian guards, flanking the door, died within two paces of where they had stood. Only one managed to emit a muffled cry before crumpling to the floor.

The Iraqi deputy defense minister reached for a spot just below his right ear, even as he tried to slide under the table. His colleagues from Algeria and Libya remained rooted to their chairs. The Algerian had managed to place both hands on top of his head, in a gesture of surrender, when he, too, was shot in the neck. The Libyan was the last to die.

Within no more than 60 seconds of efficient slaughter, the Israeli commandos had killed everyone in the room—with three exceptions: Safat, Ibrahim and Hassan.

"Yankel"—Ori pointed at Hassan—"tie up this bastard." One of the commandos pulled a spool of special cord from his boot and tied Hassan's feet to his neck, tightly, arching his back in the process. If Hassan tried to move or stretch, he would choke himself to death. "Lie still and say nothing," Ori warned, while stuffing his mouth with heavy gauze. Ori then pounced on Safat and grabbed him by the collar. "I'd kill you, too, with great pleasure," Ori panted. "But, for some reason, my government wants you to live. You will walk out of this room with us and this fat pig of yours." Ori grunted at Ibrahim. "My orders are not to kill you, unless I have to. I am told you are an intelligent man, a leader of the Palestinian people. If you wish to remain their leader, you will do exactly what I say. One word, one false step—you're dead. You understand?" Ori was gripping his collar so tightly that Safat felt as though he couldn't breathe. Safat nodded. "You will leave this building walking between us. You will get into your car." Ori shot a glance at Ibrahim. "You understand, pig?" Ori punched him in the stomach. Ibrahim doubled up in pain. "You will drive directly to your headquarters in Damascus. You will not look back. We shall be directly behind you."

Ori checked the bodies quickly, making sure all of them were dead. He kneeled next to Hassan. "Good luck in the morning, General. We'll be waiting."

The Israeli commandos rearranged themselves into an honor guard, surrounding Safat and Ibrahim, and opened the door, quickly shutting it behind them. A Syrian officer saluted Safat, but the Palestinian leader paid no attention to him. Ori returned the salute. Trying to affect an unrushed and yet military appearance, the honor guard walked down the stairs and into the foyer. Syrian troops snapped to attention when they saw Safat. Ori paused for a moment to tell a Syrian officer that General Hassan was engaged in detailed discussions and he did not wish to be disturbed. Then, as though confiding a secret to the officer, Ori added: "Safat has to return to Damascus, but he has left his chief of intelligence upstairs. We shall all be back in about an hour." The officer escorted Ori's group into the courtyard.

Ori waved for Safat's car, while one of the Israeli commandos rushed to get the armored car. Safat got into the Mercedes, along with Ibrahim, and the four commandos hopped into their car. Slowly, the two cars pulled away from al-Bakr's hideaway and headed toward the first check point on the way down the road toward Damascus.

The Syrian officer was puzzled. Years of arch-flattening duty had sharpened his senses. One question rattled through his mind: Why had an officer of al-Bakr's special guard bothered to talk to him at all? That was most unusual. He decided to check the conference room. From the outside, everything appeared to be normal. But he turned the elaborate iron knob, just for good measure, and the door opened. It should have been locked. He unhooked his pistol and pushed open the door. He stood in momentary bewilderment, still unsure of what had happened. Then, at the far end of the room, he spotted Hassan, lying, as though paralyzed, in an awkward position. He raced toward him and cut his bonds. Hassan pulled the gauze out of his mouth. "Stop them," the defense minister shouted. "They've kidnaped Safat." The officer, filled with a mixture of pride and panic, ran down the stairs, screaming out an alert to all check points.

Without any challenge, however, the Safat procession had passed through the first check point, and then the second. At that point, the Mercedes began picking up speed, as it careened down the mountain road toward Damascus—Ibrahim, a human shield, spread-eagled over Safat on the floor of the car; their driver, ignorant of what was happening, rose to the occasion by keeping a heavy hand on his horn and scattering a few peasants and goats that had somehow managed to get onto the road.

Ori, meantime, had turned his armored car off the road—back onto the unpaved byway that would lead him to the hilltop, where he hoped the helicopter would be waiting. Within seconds after he turned, a Syrian guard at the nearest sentry point got word of the attack and fired his rifle into the air. He rushed toward a jeep that was parked nearby. Ori was driving at a brisk pace when he saw through his rearview mirror that he was being followed.

He increased his speed. In the distance,

he saw the helicopter. Its rotors were already turning. The four commandos leaped out of their car and into the helicopter; even before the fourth commando had hit the deck, the helicopter was airborne, zigzagging into the sky, in an evasive pattern, to avoid the blast of machine-gun fire coming from the pursuing Syrians. The Israelis returned the fire, but it was merely a reflex action. They were already out of range.

•

Darius Kane sat at his desk, in his hotel room, nursing a bleeding knuckle. He was staring at a mark on the wall where, in growing frustration, he had just slammed his fist. He knew, instinctively, the moment he had left Felix Vandenberg's suite, that his story on Soviet and Israeli penetration of the O.L.P.P. would have to wait. Vandenberg had, for the moment, provided a more pressing alternative. Darius started typing the lead of a radio report.

> NNS News has learned that U. S. intelligence satellites have picked up alarming evidence of massive troop build-ups on both sides of the Syrian–Israeli border. Secretary of State Vandenberg is known to be deeply concerned that war could break out on the Golan Heights, possibly within the next 24 hours.

Once Darius began typing, he felt better. It was the story of the hour, no question about it. The other material could, quite legitimately, wait.

When he had finished three versions of the "war" story, Darius placed his call to New York. When the phone rang, he asked to be connected with a recording studio. He gave them a voice "level" but no preliminary comment. It was only after he had finished that he asked to speak with the editor.

"I'm already on." It was Vic Laslo. "Hey, Darius, guy, that's a helluva story! Does anybody else have it?"

"Not to my knowledge."

Laslo seemed to sense that something was wrong. "Can I get anyone else for you?"

"No, thanks, Vic. Just tell TV what I've got; and tell them I'll be in touch a little later."

Darius hung up quickly. He had been concerned that the Israeli censor might not allow him to complete his reports. He wasn't far from wrong. The phone rang again.

"Mr. Kane? This is the military censor's office."

"What can I do for you?"

"Would you mind telling where you got the information for your report?"

"Yes, I would."

"Pardon?"

"I said I would mind; very much."

"Oh." The Israeli sounded surprised.

"Well, nice talking with you." Darius hung up before the censor could respond.

It took less than an hour for Darius' reports to rebound from NNS Radio back to Jerusalem. Every wire service in the U. S. had tried to confirm his story independently. When they failed, they began quoting NNS. Israeli radio and television were not far behind.

By three o'clock, the Israeli foreign office, under enormous public pressure, released a statement confirming half the report. Arab forces, the statement conceded, were massing on or near the Golan Heights.

At 3:30, a limousine carrying the Secretary of State pulled up in front of the prime minister's office. A top-heavy battery of microphones had been set up. Vandenberg ignored them and walked into the hallway and up the stairs that led to the prime minister's office.

Ya'acov Ben Dor greeted him with a broad smile.

"Don't look so glum, Felix. Things can always get worse."

Vandenberg smiled; a tight, professional smile. "In this part of the world, Ya'acov, I think there's a law to that effect."

Ben Dor drew his colleague into a private office. "Sit down, Felix. Can I get you something?"

"You can relieve my curiosity. What are you so bloody cheerful about?"

"I've given you some cards, Felix. Trumps."

"I don't play bridge. What are you talking about?"

Ben Dor pulled a cigarette from the pack that lay on his desk and tapped the filter end against the glass cover of his watch. "Late this morning, a team of Israeli commandos flew into Damascus. I won't bore you with details, but they engaged in a degree of . . . selective elimination. The Pentagon would like that term, don't you think?"

Vandenberg sat as though frozen to his seat.

"The principal members of the Iraqi, Algerian and Libyan delegations were eliminated; but the Syrian defense minister was spared, and so was Safat. Our men made it absolutely clear to them that they, too, could have been killed but that they were being deliberately spared, because Israel wants to prevent war and to continue moving toward a settlement. Our men went in and out without suffering a single casualty."

Vandenberg had turned pale with fury. He was obviously having trouble controlling his voice.

"You're saying that after giving me your solemn pledge of twenty-four hours of negotiating time, you launch an attack

in the heart of Damascus?" Vandenberg looked frantically around the room, as though searching for any vestige of solace that might help him regain his self-control. He found none.

"You have in all probability destroyed whatever infinitesimal chance I might have had of preventing war. How *could* you have put me in this position? What do you imagine that the Arabs will do now? What *can* they do, except attack you? Their honor's at stake!"

Ben Dor assumed an air of almost patronizing formality. "*Mr.* Secretary," he began, "you seem to have overlooked the fact that we are not totally inexperienced in dealing with the Arabs. Whose pride are we talking about? The Iraqis'? The Libyans'? Even *you* don't like dealing with them. The only ones whose pride could be involved are the Syrians, and we've taken care of that. I told you that Hassan was deliberately left unharmed. *Honor*. Is that the word you used? Do you really believe the Syrians are going to admit that a handful of Israeli commandos was able to penetrate al-Bakr's most tightly guarded home, break up a meeting that no one in the world is even supposed to know about and then escape without a single casualty? My God, Felix, they don't even have a scrap of evidence that we were ever there!"

The Secretary had regained his composure. "From what you've told me," he noted dryly, "the corpses of those people that you—what did you call it, 'selectively eliminated'?—those corpses could provide some fairly convincing evidence."

Ben Dor adapted himself to the change in mood. "I don't believe, Felix, that they're about to advertise that." Resting his elbows on the desk, the Israeli leaned toward Vandenberg. "Believe me, they won't say a word. I'll even go one step further. This may be the best possible time to approach the Arabs for a settlement. Safat knows that he could've been killed. Al-Bakr knows that we not only spared his defense minister but humbled the most dangerous adversary that he has. They won't attack us now, Felix. They've lost whatever element of surprise might have existed. They know we're on full alert; but, even more important, we've also let them know in unmistakable terms that we're ready to negotiate. Talk to them now, Felix. Go to Damascus and talk to them."

Vandenberg shook his head. "I don't even know if they'll see me now."

"They'll see you," Ben Dor said firmly.

"Let me think about it," responded Vandenberg. He had already made up his mind to go.

•

Frank Bernardi was stunned at the news of the raid. His pessimism about its consequences filled the room. "I don't see that we have any options, Felix."

Vandenberg watched his Undersecretary without expression.

"If we stay here or go back to Washington, we forfeit any ability to influence the outcome. The only thing you *can* do is go to Damascus, Felix."

Vandenberg issued a thin smile of approval. "I agree," he said. "Any word yet from the Syrians?"

"No," scowled Bernardi, "and I don't think there will be. After all, to them, it's got to look as though you knew about the whole operation."

"That's what worries me more than anything else," Vandenberg agreed. "Even if al-Bakr sees me, how the hell do I convince him that the Israelis pulled this stunt without our knowledge?"

"You don't." Bernardi was crushing a throw cushion between his hands. "He's not going to believe you, anyway. Ben Dor's got to give you something; a concession, something tangible."

Vandenberg viewed his friend with open approval. "I think there's hope for you yet, Frank. Get Ya'acov on the phone for me, will you?"

The conversation was brief and deceptively simple.

"Ya'acov, I don't have time to argue and I don't have time to play games. You're the one who got me into this mess and you're the one who's going to help me get out of it. I want your authority to tell al-Bakr that Israel is ready to engage in a serious West Bank negotiation, *if* he can get Safat to publicly acknowledge two forty-two and three thirty-eight."

This was a reference to a pair of United Nations resolutions that, among other things, confirmed the right of "all nations in the area" to an independent existence. A Safat acknowledgment of resolutions 242 and 338 would amount to an indirect O.L.P.P. recognition of Israel's "right to exist"—an issue that lies at the core of the Arab-Israeli dispute.

"Not enough, Felix." Ben Dor's voice was flat and final.

"What the hell do you mean, 'Not enough'?"

"Not enough." He paused, searching for the right words. "If they want our cooperation"—he raised his voice—"if *you* want our cooperation, Safat is

"After the game, you damn fools! Wait until after the game!"

going to have to get his friends to rewrite the O.L.P.P. covenant that calls for Israel's destruction. Otherwise, putting aside my own feeling, there'd be no chance of getting such an agreement through the Knesset."

"Supposing they just drop the phrase calling, in effect, for Israel's destruction. That, plus explicit acceptance of two forty-two and three thirty-eight?" Vandenberg was holding his breath.

Ben Dor reflected for a few moments in silence. Then, he said, "Felix, we Israelis are modest people. We're not asking for the moon."

Vandenberg decided to press his case. "In that case, Ya'acov, I also want to be able to say that you're willing to accept Safat as a legitimate representative of the Palestinians."

"Absolutely not!" The prime minister's voice rose in outraged indignation.

"You're not listening to me, Ya'acov. I said *a* legitimate representative, not *the*."

There was silence at the prime minister's end. While the raid against al-Bakr's headquarters was in progress, Ben Dor had held an extraordinary meeting of his cabinet, during which he had advised his colleagues of the attack and warned that Israel would have to be prepared to make concessions, in the event that negotiations did materialize, subsequent to the raid. He had already requested—and he had already received—authority to proceed essentially along the lines that Vandenberg had just outlined. Ben Dor confided none of this to the Secretary of State.

"You know what you're asking, Felix?"

"I do know, Ya'acov, believe me."

"Even if it works, my opponents will introduce a no-confidence vote against me in the Knesset."

"I understand that, but you're exactly what Israel needs now, Ya'acov—a statesman, not just a politician."

"Don't start flattering me, Felix. I may change my mind."

"I have your permission, then?"

"My very reluctant permission."

"Thank you." Vandenberg hung up. His father had once told him, "When someone gives you what you want, don't press your luck. Take it and run."

•

By late afternoon, Darius' story was being graphically confirmed throughout Israel. Military reservists were seen in the large cities and the small kibbutzim rushing to active duty, hitchhiking rides to their units. Israeli housewives were stocking up on staples in a frenzy of panic buying. Even members of the Israeli cabinet, summoned to Jerusalem by the prime minister earlier in the day, were now confirming, confidentially, that they had been ordered not to return to their offices in Tel Aviv but to stay close to the Knesset in the event of an emergency

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meeting. There was an almost palpable air of crisis.

At seven P.M., a grim-faced prime minister appeared unexpectedly at the King David Hotel. He refused to talk with reporters, but he did deliver a short, ominous speech to a largely American gathering of the United Jewish Appeal. Ben Dor, speaking in English, said, "Israel always has and will continue to exercise restraint in the face of provocation; but it would be a tragic miscalculation if anyone were to confuse restraint with the inability to act. The government of Israel does not seek confrontation, but neither will it shrink from it. Israel is dependent on the help of others; but our course of action will never be controlled by that dependency. We have the strength and the daring to inflict a crushing defeat on anyone who plans or tries to carry out our destruction."

The speech, though delivered in a flat monotone, brought the audience to its feet. The applause continued even after the prime minister left the hotel.

At eight P.M., Darius was just about to leave the hotel himself, on his way to the satellite facilities in Hertseliya, when spokesman Carl Ellis cornered him in the lobby. "The Secretary's flying to Damascus tonight."

"What time?"

"The press buses leave here in half an hour."

Darius raced back to his room and called Jerry Blumer at the National News Service office at Hertseliya. "Jerry? Now, don't interrupt me and just listen. I've got to leave here in just a few minutes. Vandenberg's going to Damascus tonight. I'll need a crew at the airport. Did you hear about Ben Dor's speech?"

"Yeah. Kol Yisrael carried it live."

"All right. We've got that on film. Now, I suggest we handle the story this way. We can use the film you've got of the reservists hitchhiking to their units. We've got some good footage here of housewives and panic buying. I'm going to start voice-over with the same stuff I used on my radio spots—the satellite intelligence material. Cover that any way you can. Then the reservists, then the housewives. Then we go to a big chunk of Ben Dor, here, this evening; and I'll do an oncamera close at the airport. If you want to, you can cover part of that with the Vandenberg departure footage. Any problem?"

"No. I'll see you at Ben Gurion."

By 9:15 P.M., the newsmen arrived at the airport. By 9:30, Darius had filmed his oncamera close, twice, and recorded his three radio spots. He was about to hand Blumer copies of all his scripts, when a small black-and-white Israeli police car, flashing a blue light on its dome, led the Vandenberg motorcade to the side of the Secretary's waiting Boeing 707. There was no departure statement, not even a *pro forma* wave in the direction of the cameras. Vandenberg got out of his limousine and strode purposefully up the front steps of his aircraft.

There was no briefing on the flight to Damascus.

•

Syrian president al-Bakr thumbed an endless succession of amber worry beads across his forefinger, past the palm of his right hand. He had accorded the proper protocol to the Secretary of State, but there was not even a suggestion of warmth. The interpreter was a Syrian, a member of al-Bakr's personal staff; his English was flawless, though lacking in elegance. Vandenberg had the uneasy feeling that certain subtleties, shadings, nuances eluded the man and therefore evaporated, without ever reaching the Syrian president. Vandenberg, believing that diplomatic flexibility decreases in direct ratio to the number of people involved in a negotiation, had proposed that he and al-Bakr meet alone. The Syrian president, however, had insisted that his foreign minister join them; and so Vandenberg had included Bernardi, too.

Al-Bakr seemed to be in a sour mood.

"There is only one issue to be discussed: Israeli aggression." The interpreter reduced the Arabic to stenographic notes and repeated the sentiment, flatly, in English. It was the third time in less than ten minutes that al-Bakr had returned to the same theme.

"Mr. President," retorted Vandenberg, "I don't minimize the gravity of the situation. But unless both sides are prepared to exercise utmost restraint, simple inertia will carry us into a war, the consequences of which are impossible to anticipate, except that I think we can confidently predict that it will bring untold anguish to *all* peoples of the Middle East."

Vandenberg felt it was time to break the cycle of platitudes. "Mr. President. What I'm about to say carries with it the risk of grave misunderstanding; and I'm sure you'll believe me when I say that I do not lightly violate diplomatic confidences. However, I think it's vitally important that we grasp the opportunities as well as the obvious dangers of the current situation."

The progress of the worry beads was momentarily stalled.

"During the past few hours, acting under instructions from my President, I have communicated with the leaders of the Soviet Union. We have proposed an immediate and total halt of arms shipments from the United States to Israel, against the assurance of a similar halt in Soviet war supplies to Syria."

The proposal had, in fact, been tacked to the end of a blistering cable that Vandenberg had sent to the Kremlin early that morning. There was little or no chance that the Soviets would even respond. The Secretary did not expect al-Bakr to be favorably impressed, either, but he wanted to underscore the probability that if war broke out, America's role as a mediator would be finished. The Arab world would fall, once again, into the Soviet orbit. Israel, with U. S. backing, would oppose them. Since al-Bakr

"I couldn't resist her, dear. She reminded me so much of you."

had, in recent months, thrown his personal influence behind a policy of moderation, such polarization was not, for him, a promising prospect.

"Our actions, Mr. Secretary, as you well know, have always been those of an independent nation. While we value the support of our Socialist friends, we pursue our own policy—if I may say so, sometimes with the encouragement of parties who are not always able to live up to their commitments." The U. S. Congress had yet to authorize all the economic aid that Vandenberg had pledged to al-Bakr seven months earlier. "Also, it is my impression that U. S. generosity to Israel has been at such an extraordinary level for so long that their capacity to wage war would hardly be affected by a *temporary* break in the supply line." Al-Bakr paused before adding, "Even if the American Congress were to permit such an interruption."

The meeting was not going well. Al-Bakr's tone was getting angrier. Bernardi leaned over to Vandenberg and suggested a 15-minute break.

The Syrian president, inclining his head politely, placed his right hand over his heart. If his guests required a short rest, then, of course, they would take a break.

Vandenberg and Bernardi walked out of the conference room, down a flight of stairs and outside into the garden. The Secretary of State was depressed, almost morose. "We're getting nowhere, Frank. Maybe we should just pack up." They walked in figure eights around the rose bushes. "I think I'm going to tell al-Bakr that I feel my usefulness has been exhausted. If I put Ben Dor's proposal before him now, he'll piss all over it. He's not in a mood to negotiate."

Bernardi had been exposed to the Secretary's fluctuating moods on more than one occasion. He brushed aside Vandenberg's pessimism. "You're only reacting to what he *said*, Felix. Did you hear what he *didn't* say?" Bernardi didn't wait for an answer. "He didn't even mention the Israeli raid." He smiled. "Ben Dor was right. He's not going to bring it up. Give him something to salve his pride, Felix, and I think the man's ready to deal."

They continued walking through the garden, almost brushing shoulders, their voices lowered. Vandenberg had his hands clasped behind his back. "It's possible," he conceded. "You could be right." Vandenberg's voice had taken on a faintly more optimistic tone. "I don't have to let him know that Ben Dor's proposal is firm. I could raise it as a possibility."

"Exactly."

"And if he doesn't bite?"

"You can still threaten to leave the area."

"I'm not very hopeful, Frank."

Bernardi placed a big hand protectively around his friend's shoulder. "You

A&C Grenadiers can't be imitated.

never are, Felix. Let's go upstairs."

They returned to an empty conference room. Al-Bakr had left, as had the interpreter and the foreign minister. The Secretary and the Undersecretary of State sat down and waited. Several minutes passed before a young man, whom they both recognized as a mid-level functionary of the Syrian foreign ministry, entered. "The president asked if you would be kind enough to come and join him upstairs."

Vandenberg and Bernardi exchanged glances but said nothing.

Al-Bakr greeted them at the entrance to a small, second-floor dining room. He was as openly effusive now as he had been grim before. "Mr. Secretary!" He took obvious pleasure in the look of surprise that, involuntarily, had crossed the faces of both of his American guests. A splendid Arabic meal had been arrayed on a long wooden table; but standing before the table, almost in a receiving line, were the Syrian defense minister, Abdul Hassan, the foreign minister, who had participated in the earlier meeting, the chairman of the O.L.P.P., Jamaal Safat, and his chief of operations, Ibrahim el-Haj.

"I believe you know all of my Arab brothers." Al-Bakr was enjoying the scene.

Vandenberg was still somewhat nonplused, but he walked down the line, regaining a little of his composure with each handshake. By the time he reached Safat, he even permitted himself a warm smile, grasped the Palestinian's elbow firmly with his left hand, enclosing Safat's hand with the other. Then, still holding Safat's elbow, Vandenberg turned toward the table and a huge roast lamb, which occupied center stage. "Which end of the lamb should I talk into?"

There was a burst of nervous laughter.

During the meal, Vandenberg made a good deal of small talk, waiting for the Syrian president's move. When at last there came a lull in the conversation, al-Bakr picked up his water glass.

"I would like to propose a toast. For some time now, with the help of our inexhaustible friend"—he nodded in Vandenberg's direction—"and his distinguished predecessor, we have been moving slowly, but gradually, in the direction of a just and lasting peace in the Middle East. We have long known that a final settlement would not be possible unless it took into account the legitimate interests of the Palestinian people. This issue has been too long deferred and the wholly justifiable indignation of our Palestinian brothers has been too long contained. We are at a crossroad; and we may not pass this way again. If we fail in our efforts to achieve political ends by political means, the alternative is obvious. The alternative is war, and war is a tragedy for mankind. The tragedy may be unavoidable, but we owe it to history—to our children and to our children's children—to summon up every last remnant of good will that is within us, before the dogs of war, which even now are restrained by nothing more than threads, are finally and irrevocably unleashed."

It was a remarkably moderate statement, which all but begged Vandenberg to prevent a new war. It was the kind of opportunity for which the Secretary of State had been silently praying. Al-Bakr was inviting him to deal directly with Safat.

"Mr. President, Chairman Safat, distinguished colleagues," Vandenberg began, speaking very slowly. "Every confrontation has, within it, the seeds of opportunity. Wars are not begun because of events but because of the ability or inability of men to perceive the nature of the opportunity inherent in those events. If war, which has already brought so much suffering to all the peoples of this region, is avoided, it will be because of the vision of statesmen like you, Mr. President.

"Those of us whom history has chosen to play the role of intermediary can act only in the context of leaders whose perceptions transcend the facile solutions of brute force."

Vandenberg turned slightly, as he said those last words, so that he was facing Safat.

"We stand ready to lend our support to all those who favor peaceful solutions; and the United States will always exert its influence in that direction. I propose a toast, therefore, to the vision of President al-Bakr and the courage of those who are prepared to join with him in the search for a just and lasting peace in the Middle East."

The stage had been set. Al-Bakr, his ministers of defense and foreign affairs, withdrew silently from the room. Only the interpreter, Safat, Ibrahim and the two Americans remained behind.

Vandenberg was more than a little discomfited by the presence of Ibrahim, knowing that every word of his conversation with Safat would be transmitted back to the Israeli government, but he proceeded, nevertheless, explaining his perception of Israeli thinking with meticulous care.

A major roadblock came during their long discussion of a single word: a.

Safat had been expounding his views.

"The Arab summit conference of 1974, at Rabat, named Yassir Arafat as *the* legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. Since the O.L.P.P. now occupies the role among the Palestinian people once held by the P.L.O., I, Jamaal Safat, am the rightful inheritor of that responsibility. If I agree to accept UN resolutions two forty-two and three thirty-eight, I must insist that the Israelis accept my leadership of the Palestinian people."

Vandenberg felt seriously inhibited by the presence of Ibrahim. "Frank," he said, turning to his Undersecretary of State, "I think you and Mr. el-Haj should examine the question of how we're going to implement this exchange of understandings."

Bernardi understood immediately and rose to his feet, but Ibrahim remained seated. Safat nodded to his deputy.

"It's premature," whispered Ibrahim in Arabic. "There is no understanding yet."

"Go with him." It was an order.

Ibrahim looked sullen, but he complied.

Safat gripped both arms of his chair in a show of mock apprehension. "Am I to be subjected now to the full force of the Secretary's renowned persuasive powers?"

Vandenberg smiled deferentially. "From what I've heard, the chairman's powers of resistance are certainly more than equal to the challenge. However," he added quickly, "my powers of persuasion have been grossly exaggerated. If I have any abilities in this field at all, they lie in the capacity to find areas of common understanding and interest. For example, in our first meeting, you impressed me with your conviction that the O.L.P.P. would benefit from recognition by the United States Government. As I indicated to you then, and I repeat now, that would be feasible only after the O.L.P.P. conceded Israel's right to exist. What we're discussing, therefore, would seem to transcend the importance of one word."

Safat began to interrupt, but Vandenberg overrode his objections. "Especially . . . especially since the perception of reality is sometimes far more important than objective reality itself. Recognition by the United States, which could flow out of this agreement, would confer upon you, Mr. Chairman, the last remaining vestiges of international legitimacy. I'm not insensitive to the distinction that exists in being 'a' representative or 'the' representative of the Palestinian people; nor would I insult your intelligence by suggesting that the Israeli government would not prefer to deal with another representative. But, if you'll forgive me for being blunt, Mr. Chairman, that is purely an internal Arab problem. You've pointed out, quite correctly, that the Rabat conference of 1974 indirectly conveyed to you the authority to speak on behalf of the Palestinian people. You either retain that authority or you don't. The United States can neither confer it upon you nor take it away. If the Arab world regards you as 'the' legitimate spokesman for the Palestinians, then you are. If, on the other hand, the Arab world believes that you must share that authority, then you will share it. What

(continued on page 228)

"I'm a lawyer. If you have a loophole, I'll find it."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

DEUTSCH TREAT

Achtung! Old German World War Two vehicles, such as Mercedes 170 diesel convertible staff cars, courier-type Kübelwagens and—oh, boy!—NSU Kettenkrad double-track combat motorcycles, never die, they just wind up in the inventory of Dirk Schuster, a used-*Wehrmacht* dealer at Christinenstrasse 8, 2050 Hamburg 80, West Germany. Write for Schuster's latest poop sheet. The prices will leave you wondering who really won the war.

WHAT A CHEST!

We admit we have a weakness for handsome artifacts of the sea, and here's one: an 18″ x 12″ x 13″ handmade solid-mahogany captain's spirit chest that comes with six hand-blown lead-crystal decanters, two tumblers and two cordial glasses comfortably nestled in its velvet-lined interior. Pairpoint Glass Company, 851 Sandwich Road, Sagamore, Massachusetts 02561, manufactures this contemporary antique for $725, postpaid. Just looking at it is a blast.

FOUR-WAY STOPPER

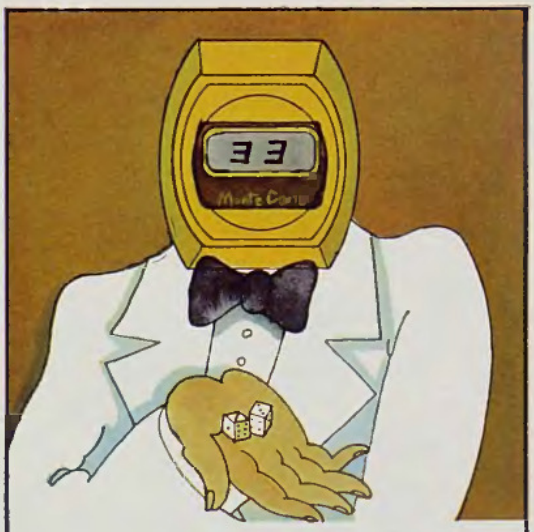
Wouldn't you know, just when you've mastered the Ruy Lopez opening gambit, some clown invents a *four*-man chess game called Quadra-Chess? No, you don't have to be a member of Mensa to play it, though the rulebook does suggest that you "take a good look before you move." Order one for $29.95, postpaid, from the California Game Company, P.O. Box 26862, San Jose, California 95159, and get Bobby Fischer, Boris Spassky and Tigran Petrosian on the phone.

IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE CUZCO

Earthwatch, Box 127, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178, is a nonprofit clearinghouse that matches paying volunteers with scientific expeditions that need people. Here's how it works: For a contribution of about $500 to $900, you can join an expedition for two to three weeks in some exotic part of the world—monkey watching in Katmandu, maybe, or a cacti survey in Uruguay. The catch is that you also have to pay your air fare to the locale; but here's the good news: The entire trip is tax-deductible.

WIRED FOR THE ROAD

The Hell's Angels would probably consider it sissy, but all the rest of you cold-weather easy riders out there will want to get plugged into a 100-watt Electra Suit manufactured by Gerbing's Electra Products, Inc., 25806 S.E. 192nd Street, Maple Valley, Washington 98038, which connects directly to your bike's battery. Price for a complete touring outfit is about $149. After last year's electric bills, we just may live in one all winter.



TIME TO BET

When you look at your watch, you're probably checking the time, but when somebody who owns a Datatime Monte Carlo Digital Game Watch does it, chances are he's playing dice, roulette or jackpot. World Horizons Limited, 4340 Redwood Highway, Suite 352, San Rafael, California 94903, makes the $99.95 watch in both stainless-steel and gold-plated models. Oh, yes, it tells the hour, day and date, too.

BOO!

In the Forties, Rondo Hatton was the only horror actor who didn't have to wear make-up, as the poor chap suffered from a glandular disease called acromegaly that caused the bones in his skull and limbs to grow to abnormal size. Hatton's now gone, but his grotesque features aren't forgotten: An artist named Bill Nelson (1402 Wilmington Avenue, Richmond, Virginia 23227) is producing heavy latex Rondo Hatton face masks for $40 each, postpaid. Although you didn't ask, Hatton's most famous role was that of The Creeper—a man who broke people's backs.

FUNNY PLACES

The next time you go traveling, instead of *schlepping* along the latest *Mobile Guide*, pick up a copy of *An Eccentric's Guide to the United States*, a $4.95 softcover Baedeker of the bizarre by James Dale Davidson, published by Berkley Publishing Corporation. So what's bizarre? Would you believe a hotel for bats on Sugarloaf Key, Florida? The grave of Mother Goose in Boston, Massachusetts? And, for the truly jaded, Jesse James's home in St. Louis, Missouri, where you can "stick a finger into the hole in the wall made by the bullet as it left James's body"?

OK! EVERYBODY INTO THE HUDDLE!

The 7′ x 9′ Huddlecouch pictured here is the brain child of Jim Hull, who, in an effort to make his own environment more human, began to design furniture. (Huddle stands for Hull Urban Design Development Laboratory, Etc.) The chrome-and-canvas frame (no pillows or rug) goes for $169 (freight collect) sent to H.U.D.D.L.E., 3416 Wesley Street, Culver City, California 90230. Huddle, of course, rhymes with cuddle.

 (continued from page 224)

"He was engaged, almost singlehandedly, in nudging the Middle East back from the brink of war."

you will have to consider, Mr. Chairman, is whether your position will be undermined or enhanced by an additional degree of international legitimacy."

Safat sat, tugging thoughtfully on a ragged tuft of hair. "And how," he asked finally, "does the United States view King Mohammed's role?"

"As I said, Mr. Chairman, ultimately, that becomes an Arab question. Certainly, in the initial stages of contact between the O.L.P.P. and the Israelis, King Mohammed may play an invaluable role. But, I repeat, eventually, the question of who represents the Palestinian people will have to be resolved by the Arab world. *That* discussion is premature."

"I think," Safat said slowly, "that you are somewhat too modest, Mr. Secretary, in your assessment of American influence. Whom will Washington back in this matter?"

"The question," Vandenberg repeated, "is premature. It depends on far too many variables. In the course of the next few years, Jordan and the O.L.P.P. will create their own realities. The United States is not inflexible. We adjust to a changing world. Look at China, look at Vietnam, Cuba, Syria."

"Why should I trust you?" Safat was beginning to yield. He needed one more gentle push, one more measure of encouragement.

"I'm not asking for your trust, Mr. Chairman. I'm asking you to make a cold, clinical evaluation of the world, of your own interests, as you see them. By becoming a recognized participant in future negotiations, do you damage your position or enhance it? That's the issue; and only you can decide it."

Safat sat silently for a few minutes. "Is that all?" he asked finally.

"No, Mr. Chairman. I would be less than candid with you if I didn't raise one more point."

"And that would be what?"

"That would be dropping a certain phrase from the covenant of the O.L.P.P." Vandenberg paused. "I would have hesitated even to raise the issue, if it hadn't been suggested to me that you were already going to consider it at the next meeting of your National Council." The Secretary was smiling.

"It is too late to engage in games, Mr. Vandenberg. Your intelligence is extraordinarily good. That has already been decided, as you indicated, but I must tell you now that we have no intention of substituting any explicit recognition of Israel." Safat looked at Vandenberg. "Certainly, not now."

"Nor would I expect you to." Vandenberg barely missed a beat. "Now."

The silence that followed must have lasted several minutes, but neither man moved or spoke. Finally, Safat stood and extended his hand to the Secretary of State. Vandenberg took the Palestinian's hand. One of the most troublesome log jams in the Middle East had cracked.

"I think," suggested Vandenberg, "that we should ask our colleagues to join us, don't you?"

Safat nodded.

It was four o'clock in the morning by the time the final arrangements were concluded. Safat would return to Beirut, where, later that morning, he was scheduled to give an interview to the British Broadcasting Corporation. In the course of that interview, which was to be released at noon, he would reveal the O.L.P.P.'s willingness to recognize UN resolutions 242 and 338. He would say nothing at that time about changes in the covenant. At the same time, he would announce his understanding that the Israeli government was prepared to recognize him as "a legitimate representative of the Palestinian people." That announcement would be confirmed by Israeli prime minister Ben Dor. At noon, precisely, the governments of Israel and Syria would announce the simultaneous easing of the alert status of their troops. Secretary Vandenberg would then announce the impending release of an important statement by the White House at eight A.M., Eastern standard time. The Washington statement would contain American guarantee of all the understandings reached by the Syrians, the Israelis and the O.L.P.P. The United States would also announce, for the first time, that the U. S. Government was itself giving serious consideration to recognizing Jamaal Safat as "a legitimate representative of the Palestinian people." By six P.M., Middle Eastern time, the governments of Israel and Syria would begin pulling back their forces along the Golan front.

The subject of the Israeli commando raid on Damascus the previous day was never broached.

•

During the night, Darius had obtained from his Armenian cameraman, whose sources were legion and frequently reliable, some tantalizing pieces of information. The previous day, Darius learned, there had been either an attempted coup or an Israeli raid near Damascus. The sources differed on that key point. They agreed, however, that there had been casualties at President al-Bakr's mountain hideaway. Several ambulances had been seen leaving the area and there had been an exchange of gunfire on the outskirts of Damascus. Darius had struggled, for much of the night, to put that information into the larger context of his knowledge. Shortly before three, though, he, too, had fallen asleep.

When it came time to leave for Tel Aviv, Darius was a little surprised at the haste. Fifteen minutes after he and the other reporters had arrived at the airport, the Secretary's limousine arrived, pulling up so tightly to the front ramp of the aircraft that no questioning was possible. Within three minutes, they were airborne—and, again, there was no briefing on the plane.

It was not quite six o'clock in the morning when the Secretary's plane taxied to a halt in front of the main terminal at Ben Gurion Airport. Vandenberg had slept exactly two hours out of the past 48, and it was beginning to show. He stood for a moment at the head of the El Al ramp, took a deep breath of air and picked his way slowly down the stairway and toward the knot of Israeli officials and security men who awaited him on the tarmac.

A crowd of Israeli and foreign journalists was trapped in a distant press enclosure, shouting questions—to no avail. The traveling newsmen tried to hear snatches of conversation between Vandenberg and the Israeli ministers who had come to welcome him.

Darius walked toward the Secretary's limousine. He approached one of the agents. "Which side is he getting in?"

"Right here," murmured the agent.

Darius intercepted the Secretary some ten feet from the car, falling into stride with him. "Congratulations," he said quietly.

Vandenberg hesitated for only an instant, looking at Darius with the trace of a smile. "One of these days, Kane, I'm going to tell you about these last forty-eight hours."

"I'm glad you got it."

Vandenberg made no effort to discredit Darius' assumption of success; but just before he got into the car, he warned, "Don't go overboard, yet. I still have to talk to Ben Dor."

"When do you do that?"

"As soon as I can change my shirt." Then, just as the door was closing, Vandenberg leaned forward in his seat. "I want to see you for a couple of minutes, after I talk to Ben Dor."

Darius knew what was troubling the Secretary. The man's power to concentrate on a wide variety of problems, simultaneously, was extraordinary. He was still engaged in the process of nudging the Middle East almost singlehandedly back from the brink of war, but one small part of his brain was still

Uncommon

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occupied with Darius' story about the O.L.P.P. penetrations. Darius shook his head in grudging admiration.

•

Ben Dor was solicitous. "You're tired," he observed, helping Vandenberg off with his coat.

"I'm fine," remarked the Secretary of State, heading for the prime minister's study.

Ben Dor poured two cups of coffee and pushed a plate of buns across his desk. "Have one. Esther made them herself."

Vandenberg reached first for the coffee.

"So," began the prime minister, "how did it go?"

"I thought you'd know already." Vandenberg looked up with a slightly malicious smile. He knew that there was little chance that the Israeli agent could have summarized and transmitted the substance of the all-night meeting in the brief time that had elapsed.

Ben Dor pouted. "No. That fast it doesn't go."

Vandenberg reached for a bun; he took a large bite. "In that case, I feel a little better. I don't like to bore you with stale news."

Ben Dor tapped impatiently on his desk with a letter opener. "Come on, Felix. Don't play games with me."

Vandenberg rubbed his eyes wearily. "All right. It went well. I'll tell you the part you'll like least first. I finessed your agent out of the room during the key part of my conversation with Safat. He may be a first-rate spy, but I don't know how much he understands about diplomatic language. I didn't want him fouling things up at the last minute."

Ben Dor shook his head from side to side. "I'm not so sure how well I understand your diplomatic language, either."

"You understand it, Ya'acov, better than anyone. I had to convince Safat that he was only 'a' legitimate representative. I told him that's all that you or we could accept and if he wants any kind of recognition from either one of us——"

Vandenberg hadn't really expected to slip it past Ben Dor that easily, but the Israeli didn't even let him finish the sentence. "Wait a minute. When did U. S. recognition become a part of the deal?"

"I didn't promise him recognition. I promised him a statement from the White House this afternoon, if everything else goes according to plan, saying that the U. S. Government is giving *serious consideration* to recognizing Safat as *a* legitimate representative of the Palestinian people."

"You had no right to go that far, Felix."

Vandenberg smiled solicitously. "Ya'acov. My old and dear friend, Ya'acov. For years now, we have withheld recognition from the O.L.P.P. on the specific grounds that they persistently refused to recognize *your* right to exist. Now, if everything goes according to plan, Safat is going to make that policy shift public during a BBC interview about three and a half hours from now. If he doesn't do it, there won't be any announcement; but, for God's sake, Ya'acov, you can't expect the United States Government to take a more rigid posture toward the O.L.P.P. than your government does."

Ben Dor conceded the point, reluctantly. "You still shouldn't have done it without discussing it with me. What about the rest of it?"

Vandenberg ran his hand briskly over the rough stubble on his face. "The *quid pro quo* for the BBC interview is that you make a similar announcement, any way you see fit, that you're prepared to recognize Safat as 'a' negotiating partner if the O.L.P.P. goes along with two forty-two and three thirty-eight. Unless you have some other preference, you may want to leak it to Kane. It'll keep him off the penetration story, until I have a chance to talk to him again." Vandenberg paused. "And, by the way, he confirmed what we already know about the O.L.P.P. changing its covenant again."

Ben Dor nodded. "What about the Arab army on the Golan?"

"Twelve noon. You and al-Bakr will release a simultaneous statement that the alert is being lifted and the troops on both sides are being pulled back."

Ben Dor leaned back in his chair. "It seems you've done it, Felix. *Mazeltov!*"

Vandenberg gave an audible sigh of relief and dropped the bun he'd been holding onto the floor.

•

Eight-fifteen A.M. The lobby of the King David Hotel was jammed with tourists, security men, reporters, cameramen and a dozen or so members of the hotel staff. Jerusalem continued to be gripped by war fever. There had been no indication from any quarter that there were grounds for relaxation. An expectant hush enveloped the lobby as Secretary Vandenberg passed through the main entrance. Everyone had been pushed unceremoniously behind the rectangular boxes of plastic plants and the entranceway in front of the registration desk was empty. A dozen hand-held floodlights bathed Vandenberg and his security escort in a harsh brilliance. Lines of fatigue were etched on the Secretary's face and he seemed, literally, to have trouble walking. He ignored everyone.

Darius was waiting on the sixth floor, near the elevator.

"You're going to have to wait a few minutes," Vandenberg grunted, as he moved toward his suite. He turned, trying to see past his security detail. "Frank, I want you with me."

As he entered the room, Vandenberg stripped off his jacket, tie and shirt, flinging them onto a chair. He turned abruptly, motioning Bernardi to him into the bathroom. "First thing we've got to do is cable al-Bakr and Safat. Repeat the details of the understanding and tell them Ben Dor agrees on all counts." Vandenberg started to shave. "What time is it in Washington now?"

Bernardi calculated quickly. "One-thirty in the morning."

"Well, that's too goddamn bad. If I can't sleep, why the hell should they? Get Stewart and the President for me."

The conversation turned out to be brief but warmly cordial on the President's part. First, Vandenberg sketched out the terms of the agreement he had reached with the Arabs and the Israelis. He said that, if the President approved, he'd dictate a rough draft of a statement to Harlan—for release the next morning.

"When I heard you were calling," the President said, "I thought we might be going to war—now I'm damned pleased that it worked out so well. I have no questions. You're to be congratulated, Felix."

After he'd dictated the draft to the National Security Advisor, Vandenberg collapsed on a couch. "Go and get a few hours' rest," he said to Bernardi, "and, by the way, you might send Kane in."

Vandenberg made no effort to conceal his own exhaustion as Darius entered the suite. "You can imagine," Vandenberg droned, "how eager I am to engage in a protracted discussion of First Amendment guarantees; but before I take my allotted hour's sleep for the night, I wanted to determine whether the National News Service can survive the deferral of another war."

Darius grinned. "It's a good thing you're tired. I was afraid you might indulge in some hyperbole."

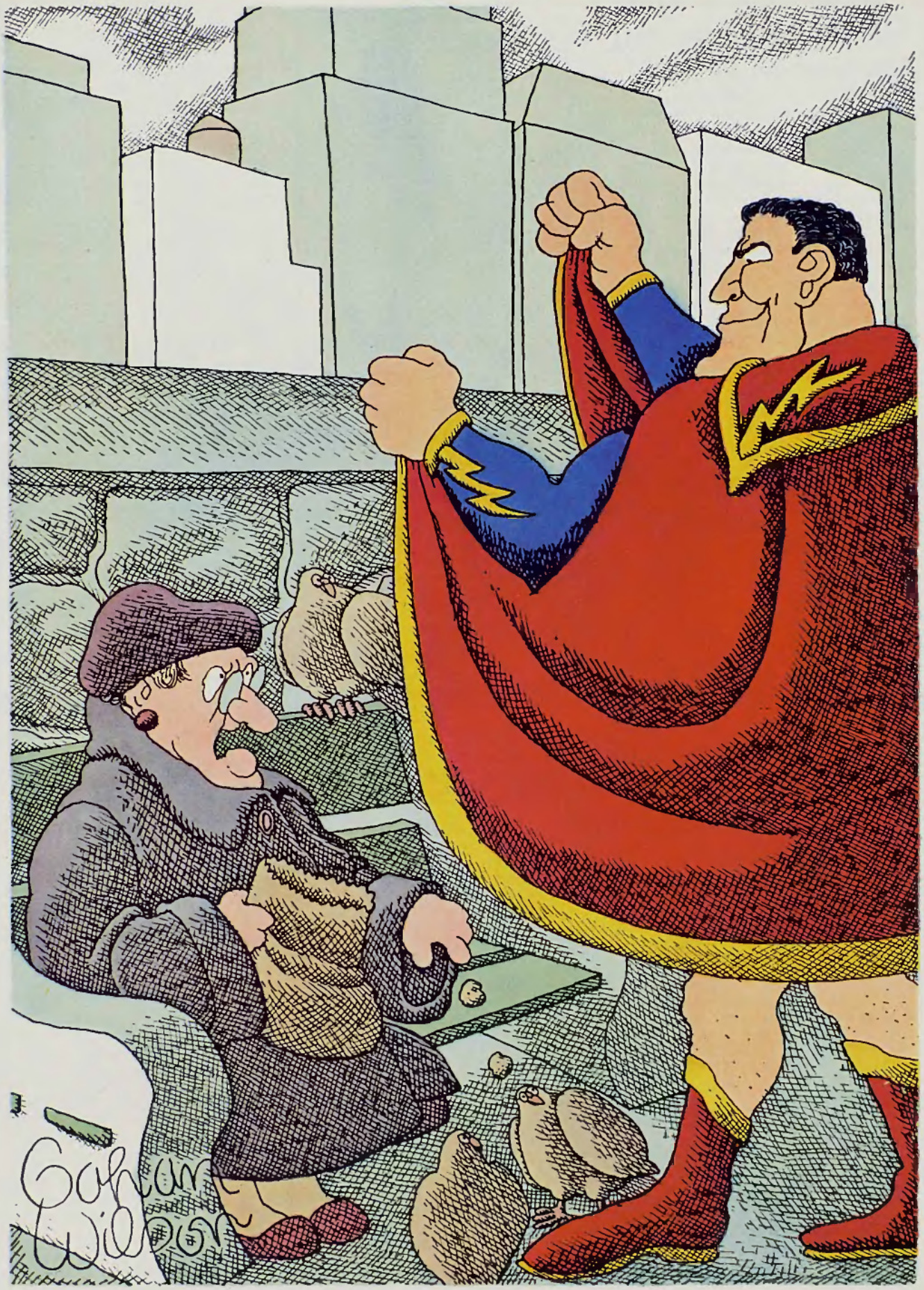
The Secretary pushed out his lower lip, thoughtfully. "Tell me what you think you've got."

Darius saw that there was to be no further bantering. It was time to lay out everything he knew and, where possible, to fill in the gaps with educated guesses.

"All right, Mr. Secretary. Let's take it in order. I don't know whether the Russians initiated the kidnaping of your wife, but I am sure that one of Safat's top lieutenants is a Soviet agent. So at least they knew about it and played a key role in it. In any event, they've tried to make the most of it by undermining, in fact, by trying to destroy, your role here in the negotiating process.

"For the longest time, I couldn't understand the Israeli connection in all of this. Nothing Ben Dor's done these past several days has made much sense. For a while, I thought the Russian agent might even be an Israeli, or vice versa; some kind of double agent. But now I'm convinced that there have been at least two high-level penetrations of the O.L.P.P. The Israelis have got a man in there, too. Just what part he played in your wife's kidnaping, I don't know.

"Now, just twelve hours ago, everything here spelled war. You spend the



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night in Damascus and the whole picture's been turned around. Why?" Darius answered his own question. "I can think of two reasons. I know that there was some kind of military operation in Damascus yesterday, before you arrived. If it was a coup attempt, it had to be unsuccessful. If al-Bakr had been overthrown, you wouldn't have any deal now. But I'm more inclined to think that the Israelis pulled one of their John Wayne stunts. They've got a man on the inside; so if there was a war-council meeting of the Rejectionist Front—and they're the only ones who'd really be pushing hard for a military showdown these days—the Israelis would have known about it and could've broken it up. I can't see al-Bakr getting too upset over anything that undermines the influence of his defense minister's friends."

Darius was waiting for some kind of reaction from Vandenberg, but the Secretary of State hadn't moved.

"So, in that context," Darius continued, "you fly into Damascus and meet with al-Bakr and Safat. You blow the Soviet agent's cover and deliver some kind of conciliatory message from the Israelis. Al-Bakr figures he's never going to be in a stronger position domestically and puts the arm on Safat." Darius paused again, but there was still no reaction. "That's it," he added.

Vandenberg stared blankly at Darius for a long moment, struggling to understand how the reporter could have constructed a scenario so close to reality. Finally, he responded, in a voice heavy with gloom. "Don't you think we have enough problems already?"

"You're not denying any of it?"

Vandenberg exploded. "For Chrissake, Darius, you don't really believe that I'm going to respond point by point to that patchwork of speculation and hypothesis, do you?" Lowering his voice, the Secretary confided, "Look, you're right about one thing. We're on the verge of a historic agreement. Within the next few hours, the Israelis and the O.L.P.P. are going to announce a modified recognition of each other; and that's going to be followed by an immediate pullback of forces along the Golan border. Now, I'm telling you this, off the record, to impress upon you the incalculable harm you could do with your exploration of the dark corners of rumors about raids and penetrations. I mean, there has to be *some* outer limit where the requirements of a free press are subordinated to matters of peace and war."

Darius could feel a tightness in his chest. "I'll hold the story, Mr. Secretary, but I won't kill it."

Vandenberg sighed with exhaustion and exasperation. "I'm too tired to argue now, Darius. Just promise me, before you

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write anything about what we've discussed, that you'll talk to me again."

Darius gave the pledge reluctantly. "All right," he frowned. "What about the O.L.P.P.-Israeli recognition story? When can I use it?"

Vandenberg picked up the phone, depressing a button that connected him with one of his secretaries. "Get the prime minister for me."

He replaced the receiver. "I don't know how you feel about being involved in history, but since Safat is making his end of the announcement in a BBC interview, I suggested to Ben Dor that he might want to deliver his part through NNS."

The buzzer on the phone interrupted the conversation.

"Ya'acov? I've got Darius Kane here with me." Ben Dor seemed to be raising some kind of objection.

"No, of course," Vandenberg concurred. "It would have to be on a 'hold for release' basis for noon." The Secretary looked at Darius, who nodded his agreement. "I'll put him on."

Darius found himself, five minutes later, standing in front of the elevator outside the Secretary's suite, in a state of utter confusion. On the one hand, he had, scribbled in his notebook, the text of an extraordinary Israeli announcement. Despite the qualified nature of the language, the Israeli prime minister had acknowledged his archfoe, Jamaal Safat, as "a representative of the Palestinian people." Darius alone had just been handed one of the major stories of the year. On the other hand, he recognized that he was being used as an instrument of high-stakes diplomacy.

"Screw it," he muttered to himself. "What the hell's the difference if he gives it to me alone or announces it at a press conference?" There *was* a difference, though, and Darius knew it. By limiting the announcement to a single news agency—and a foreign one, at that—Ben Dor had retained a margin of deniability, in the event that anything soured in the interim. Furthermore, Vandenberg had, once again, maneuvered him into a position where the story of the penetration and the raid would have to be deferred for at least a few more hours. Darius Kane felt dirty, resentful, and yet excited.

•

The satellite report had gone smoothly.

"Piece o' cake," was Blumer's verdict, though his screams had echoed throughout the building when it appeared for a while, earlier in the evening, that film of the defense minister had been misplaced.

Darius had discovered long ago that the big stories are generally the easiest to do. Besides, there were no late developments.

By seven P.M., Secretary Vandenberg had emerged from the prime minister's office, exuding a sense of accomplishment and satisfaction.

"I will," Vandenberg had told the crowd of waiting reporters, "be returning to Washington tomorrow morning. Immediately upon my return, I'll be meeting with President Abbott. It's possible that I will be back here in the Middle East in two weeks, to engage in a more intensive search for a west-bank settlement, based on the O.L.P.P.'s acceptance of resolutions two forty-two and three thirty-eight and the decision of the Israeli cabinet to allow me to proceed on that basis."

With that piece of film securely in hand, Darius had reached Hertseliya before 8:30 and he had been able to spend more than three hours composing his report.

Now it was approaching two o'clock in the morning and Darius had passed beyond simple exhaustion. As his car eased into the King David driveway, Darius wanted nothing more than an uninterrupted half hour, soaking in a hot tub.

The lobby was empty. The bar was closed. Darius took the elevator to the fourth floor, unlocked the door to his room and stepped over a pile of messages and communiqués that had been gathering since late afternoon. He was tempted to ignore them all. He had already stripped down to his shorts and was making his way into the bathroom when he gathered up the harvest of paper, glancing quickly at one sheet after another. Then he found the message from one of Vandenberg's secretaries. "Come up to the Secretary's suite whenever you return." The word whenever was underlined.

Darius closed his eyes. He didn't feel up to another confrontation with Vandenberg; but he knew that one was unavoidable.

At two-thirty, after a quick cold shower, he was once again escorted into the Secretary's suite.

Vandenberg was standing by the window, holding a glass of soda water. He motioned in the direction of the bar. "Help yourself."

Darius poured himself a glass of ginger ale before joining the Secretary. "It's an impressive sight, even at night." He inclined his head in the general direction of the Old City.

Vandenberg's manner was preoccupied; his expression, mournful. "It's ironic, isn't it?"

"What's that, sir?"

"Here I am, on the verge of reaching a breakthrough of almost inconceivable proportions between the Arabs and the Israelis, and the whole thing may be jeopardized by the nature of our own adversary system."

Darius tried to find a suitable response but couldn't; a brief period of silence followed.

"I can't argue this with you, Darius. I'm genuinely trying to understand it. Perhaps you can explain it to me."

"Aren't you being just a little disingenuous, Mr. Secretary?"

Vandenberg turned on Darius without anger. "No. I'm absolutely serious. I know that you, and several of your

"I think you're being silly. Would you like it better if I was thinking of you and sleeping with Robert Redford?"

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colleagues, believe me to be insensitive to the democratic process; but perhaps you can explain how the cause of democracy will be served by destroying the only real chance for peace that the Middle East has known."

Darius was feeling dizzy with fatigue. "I'm sorry, Mr. Secretary, but it isn't a journalist's duty to weigh the consequences of a story he writes—only to judge its accuracy. Even if you convinced me you were right in this case, it would be irrelevant to the general rule."

"I'm sure you don't expect me to believe that no reporter has ever compromised his ideals and broken the rule," Vandenberg said. "Then why do we have to be so hypothetical? If you broadcast a story saying that the Russians and the Israelis have planted agents in the O.L.P.P.'s upper echelon, what do you think Safat's chance for survival would be?"

"Slim."

"Exactly. And even if he managed to hang on after that, do you seriously believe that he'd be able to conduct a policy of moderation toward Israel? And if there were an Israeli agent in the O.L.P.P., how long do you think that man would go on living after you broadcast your story?"

Darius' head was throbbing. He put down his glass on the window ledge and leaned against the back of a chair.

Vandenberg apparently decided that he had pressed his argument to maximum advantage. "I can't tell you what to write and what to withhold; but, please, Darius, I ask you as a friend to consider carefully what you're doing."

Darius nodded. "You know," he acknowledged, "I was planning to get a couple of hours' sleep tonight, but I think you've just taken care of that."

Vandenberg looked at Darius sympathetically. The Secretary realized that Darius was in the grip of an impossible dilemma.

•

Darius *didn't* sleep at all that night. He was up at seven. He showered, shaved and pulled on the clothes he would wear on the plane later that morning.

He was seated at a desk in the corner, trying to fashion his lead sentence. It took a long time before he began typing, but once he started, his fingers flew across the keys of his typewriter with a relentless fury.

By the time Darius completed the story, all of his self-doubt had vanished. He *knew* he was doing the right thing. He pulled the last carbon book of paper out of the typewriter, stacked it with two others on the desk, then picked up the phone and dialed the press room just off the lobby. "Morning. This is Darius Kane. What time are we leaving for the airport?" Pause. "And do you know what time we're scheduled to get into Andrews?" He scribbled on a hotel memo pad. "Where are we refueling?" Another note on the pad. "OK. Thanks very much."

In less than ten minutes, Darius had packed his suitcase and garment bag and placed them outside the door. They would be picked up, taken to the airport and fluoroscoped by security personnel. The bags would reappear on the tarmac at Andrews Air Force Base.

Darius telephoned Blumer at the bureau. "Jerry. I'm going to go downstairs in about five minutes to film a standupper. It's a very good story and I can't tell you anything about it over the phone, but it's very, very big. I'm going to film it twice. I want one version to go to London, for a possible bird tonight. The other one I want you to ship to New York.

"Now, wait a second, don't interrupt. I know it won't get there in time for the show if you send it on a regular commercial flight. What if we chartered to Athens?

"All right, I'll let you worry about it, but, believe me, money is not going to be an object on this one; and it's got to get there in time for tonight's show.

"OK. I'll see you at the barricades."

He filmed his report against the backdrop of the Old City. His Israeli cameraman, Gregor, couldn't believe his ears. "You sure about all that, Darius?"

"I'm sure." Darius took him by the arm. "Gregor, for a few hours, anyway, please don't say anything to anyone about this story."

Gregor shrugged. "My English, you know, is not very well. I no understood what you said." He pointed his thumb in the direction of his sound man. "He speaks even worse English than me."

"Than I." Darius corrected him with a grin.

"You see?"

•

At the airport, Darius conveyed the essence of his story to Blumer, who merely whistled. "Too risky to try satelliting that stuff out of Hertseliya," Jerry agreed. "The censors'd kill it in a flash. Better to ship it out your way."

Even though Darius was conscious of

"Sales of dildos are steady, the double dong is 75 percent ahead of last year, French ticklers are up a little, the minibrute with vibrator is doing well. . . ."

the roaring of the airplane engines, he still lowered his voice. "Call O'Conner and tell him he's got a bombshell flying his way, but don't spell it out. Tell him I'll call him from Torrejon, when we refuel."

"Darius?" Blumer looked at his protégé with pride. "You're one hell of a reporter."

"I know." Darius whacked Blumer across the back. "Not bad yourself," he grinned. He picked up his typewriter and carrying case, walked slowly across the tarmac and boarded the Vandenberg plane.

He sat down next to Brian Fitzpatrick, whose Irish imagination had been sprung by exhaustion.

"I'm starting to feel like one of the ancient Visigoths," Fitzpatrick growled, "doomed to wander endlessly around the earth."

"Yeah," said Herb Kaufman, with perfect timing, "but at least *they* got to rape and pillage. All we get is briefed."

"Not on this leg." It was Carl Ellis. He squatted down in the aisle, next to Darius. "Try not to be too conspicuous about it," he whispered, "but the Secretary'd like to see you up front after we take off."

Darius barely moved his head in agreement. He delayed as long as he could, waiting until his colleagues had settled into their customary "long flight" pattern of reading, sleeping and liar's poker. After they had been airborne for about 30 minutes, Darius sauntered up the aisle, stopping briefly to chat with one of the secretaries. Then he slipped into the forward cabin, noticing that Bernardi was making a conscious effort to avoid him. Ellis motioned Darius into the conference cabin. "He's waiting for you."

Secretary Vandenberg sat on one of the couches that were attached to the inner cabin walls. He made no pretense of being otherwise occupied. Darius seated himself a few feet away.

Vandenberg's expression was impassive. "What have you decided?"

Darius tried to keep his voice calm. "I filmed the report in Jerusalem. It's already on its way. It should be on air tonight before we get back."

There was a flicker of panic in Vandenberg's eyes, but it was almost immediately replaced by a look of fathomless sorrow. He seemed to be fighting to control his anger. "Darius, you people in the media pretend to be the guardians of our way of life—but you're actually the gravediggers of democracy!" he said with icy contempt. "If the press won't govern itself, sooner or later somebody does it for them. I scarcely have to mention Germany, Greece, Hungary and other examples. That's not a threat. It's just one of the laws of history if you insist on limitless freedom without responsibility." Vandenberg had regained some of his self-control. "Could you still keep the story off the air?"

"I could," Darius replied coldly, "but I won't."

"Then there's nothing more to be said."

Darius got to his feet. "I'm afraid you're right."

Leaving the conference cabin, he almost collided with Bernardi in the aisle. "I thought you had a few more brains than the others," Bernardi said.

Darius had anticipated the reaction but felt stunned, nevertheless.

In the forward cabin, Bernardi was just being summoned by the Secretary of State.

"I want that story killed, Frank."

"What did he do? Film it and leave it in Israel?"

Vandenberg pounded his fist on the couch. "I don't know."

"Look, it may not be all that bad, Felix. We can call the Israelis and have them confiscate the film. If he sent it somewhere else, we can find that out quickly enough. Film cans have a way of getting lost."

Vandenberg shook his head. "No. What good does it do if we get the film? All we gain is a couple of hours. He'll just do the story when he gets back to Washington."

"We don't get into Andrews until after the evening news shows are off the air."

"Goddamn it, Frank, talk sense, will you? I want the *story* killed. I don't want it on tonight, or tomorrow night, or a week from next Tuesday." Something occurred to Vandenberg. "Isn't Ed Langston the board chairman at NNS?"

Bernardi nodded. "Do you know him?"

Vandenberg was wiping his glasses with a paper napkin. "I've met him a couple of times. What's more important, though, is that he knows me. Also, I think he's the kind of man who'd be suitably impressed if he thought he could do his country a service." The Secretary made his decision. "I want to talk to Langston."

•

Arrangements had been made for the Secretary of State to use the American base commander's office at Torrejon. Communications already had Edward Langston on the phone; the network chairman had been advised that the nature of Secretary Vandenberg's business with him was a matter of urgent national security.

"That means," a U.S. official explained apologetically, "no recording devices, no secretary on the extension."

"I understand," Langston had answered, softly; but he really didn't understand and he was nervous, wondering what in God's name could have prompted the Secretary of State to be calling *him* in such dramatic fashion.

Vandenberg did nothing to diminish the sense of drama.

"Ed. I'm calling on you as a friend and as a patriot." Vandenberg knew his man. "I'm counting on you to keep the essence of this conversation in the strictest confidence."

"I think you know me well enough for that, Felix." Until that moment, it would never have occurred to a man like Langston to address the Secretary of State by his first name, but Vandenberg seemed to invite the familiarity.

"Good. I want you to know, first of all, that I've never made this kind of request before; and if I didn't believe that world peace were at stake, I wouldn't make it now."

Langston's mouth had begun to feel a little dry.

"One of your reporters, Darius Kane."

"Yes?"

"He's a first-rate journalist, but he's stumbled onto part of a story that could have devastating consequences if it's broadcast prematurely."

"What's the nature of the story?"

Vandenberg repeated the main points of what Darius had told him the previous day. Aware of Langston's right-wing reputation, Vandenberg concluded: "As long as the Russians are unaware of what we know, Ed, we have an edge on them; but, most important of all, if the Middle East explodes because of this story, it'll drive the Palestinians and possibly the Syrians and the Egyptians right back into the Soviet camp. You can imagine what kind of pressure that'll put on the Saudis and what that's going to mean, in turn, to our oil supplies. We've worked damn hard to get the Russians out of the Middle East. I don't think it's worth one television report to let them get their hands back on the area again." Vandenberg waited for a response. "Ed?"

"What are you asking me to do, Felix? Kill the story?"

Vandenberg picked his way through this mine field very carefully. "I wouldn't put it that bluntly, Ed. I'm asking you to delay it. Give us a chance to get things rolling in the Middle East. A few weeks from now, the situation could be radically changed."

Langston gazed at the Manhattan skyline from his 52nd-floor office. He had never before felt so close to the shaping of his nation's destiny. He was elated but controlled, responsible. He phrased his answer with the instinctive caution of a successful businessman. "Whether or not I decide to help you, Felix, one thing must be understood. This conversation never took place."

Vandenberg leaned back in his borrowed swivel armchair. "I understand totally, Ed. I'm very much indebted to you."

The transatlantic line died. Langston felt a little short of breath. He looked at the phone, hoping it would ring again. He wanted desperately to be able to talk to someone, anyone. He was, he mused, in the awkward position of the apocryphal pastor who, having squeezed

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in a few holes of golf on Easter Sunday, shot a hole in one and couldn't tell anyone about it.

He pressed a button on his intercom, connecting him with his secretary. "I want O'Conner up here, right away."

•

Bill O'Conner found Langston in an expansive mood. Langston harbored no doubts about his ability in the business world, but news had always been a slightly different matter. His distaste for journalists had matured over the years and the fact that he now ran his own stable had never relieved him of the suspicion that his subordinates considered themselves members of an elite to which he could never aspire. Langston savored the unfamiliar intoxication of having just been absorbed into the establishment. He was about to participate in "making policy" and, onerous as the burden might be, there was no doubt in Langston's mind that he was acting in the national interest.

"Have you talked to Kane yet?" Langston asked.

"I just got off the phone with him, Ed. How'd you hear about it so fast?"

Langston ignored the question.

"I want the story killed."

O'Conner had expected more of a preamble. "You're joking." He hadn't intended to say that. It had just slipped out.

"I want it killed," Langston repeated.

"Do you mind telling me why?"

Langston was very much in control of the situation. "I'd like to, Bill." He sounded genuinely regretful. "I'm simply not in a position to discuss it."

"Well, I'm sorry, Ed, I can't accept that. You don't just pretend that a story like this doesn't exist——"

Langston interrupted. He adopted an avuncular tone. "Bill, before you say something that you may regret later on, I think you should know that I do not consider this matter open to debate. There are larger issues at stake here than you know about. The story is to be dropped. That's an order."

O'Conner was not a coward and his commitment to news was genuine. "Don't put me in this position, Ed. I don't want to resign, but you're not leaving me much of an option."

"I hope you don't mean that; and, for both of our sakes, I'm going to pretend you didn't say it. I think there are a few factors you should consider. I want to assume first off that my executives have some faith in my integrity. If I don't give you a specific reason for my decision, it's not because I don't choose to, it's because I'm not able to. Then, too, I think you ought to give some thought to the quixotic reaction that your resignation might have. You have a home, a family. You're at the peak of your career, but you're not a young man, Bill. I don't think any of your former employers would trip over themselves to rehire you. Anyway, your financial stake in this company is not inconsequential."

The company's stock-option plan had just crossed O'Conner's mind, too.

"But, most important of all, Bill," Langston continued, "is the fact that your resignation wouldn't alter my decision one bit. The story would still be killed."

"Kane will leak it." The argument seemed suspended in mid-air, lacking any potency.

"That's a very real possibility," Langston conceded. "But if he does so, I hope you'll impress upon him that he would be taking the action in his capacity as a private citizen of this great democracy, not as an employee of the National News Service."

O'Conner sighed. He knew now that he wasn't going to resign. He was trying to salvage a grain of self-respect. "Can't you even leave open the possibility of re-examining the story?"

Langston was feeling magnanimous. "Of course!" He waited a beat. "But not today."

O'Conner left the executive suite without a further word.

•

Shortly after eight in the morning, Washington time, a CIA official named George Tipton received a message in McLean. It had been sent from the U. S. Embassy in Tel Aviv through a back-channel communications system, so that it would not appear in the White House or State Department cable traffic. It was very simple: "STORY TO RUN AS DISCUSSED."

At 9:30, Tipton was able to get through to his contact at the White House, Whit Traynor. "That will take care of a lot of things," Traynor said. "By the way, what are you going to do about the Israeli agent?"

"Better you shouldn't ask," Tipton said in one of his rare attempts at humor. Just before nine, he had set in motion a series of actions that would lead to the release of an American intelligence officer who was being held by one of the radical wings of the O.L.P.P. Kane's story, when it came out, would be one of the crucial parts of that series in convincing the O.L.P.P.

Tipton took no joy in eliminating a friendly foreign agent, but Ibrahim el-Haj was close to outliving his usefulness. Tipton firmly believed that the agency should extract every possible advantage from any given situation.

By three P.M., Washington time, the CIA agent had been freed. Ibrahim was already dead.

•

Darius sensed that something was wrong the moment he stepped off the plane at Andrews Air Force Base. There

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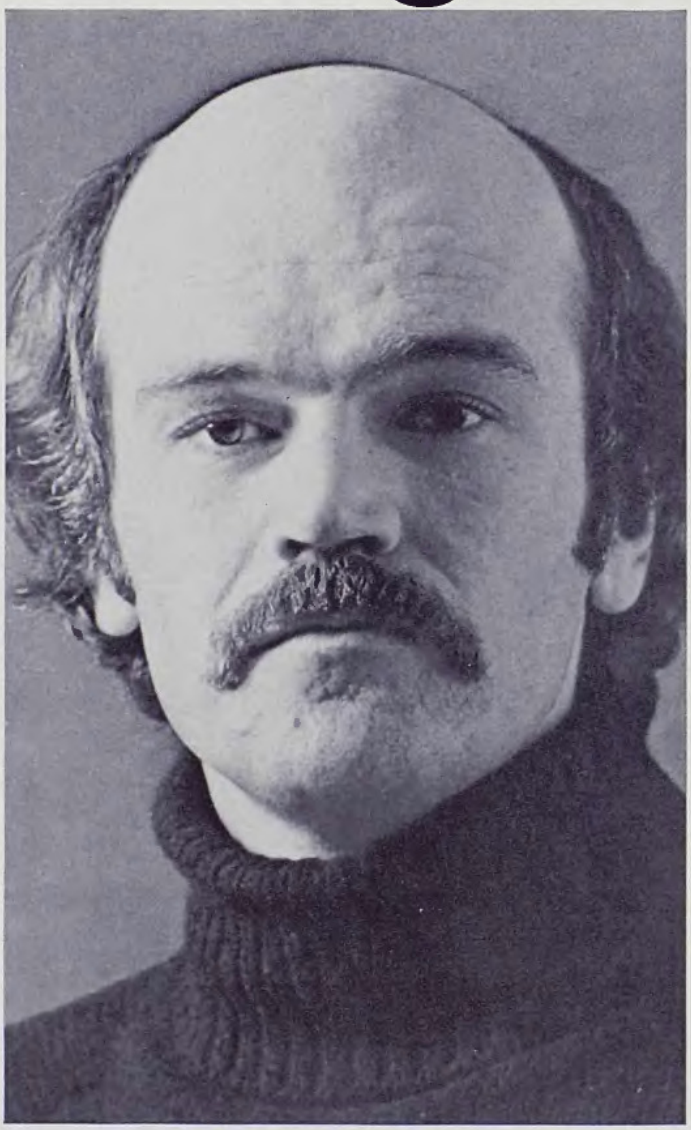

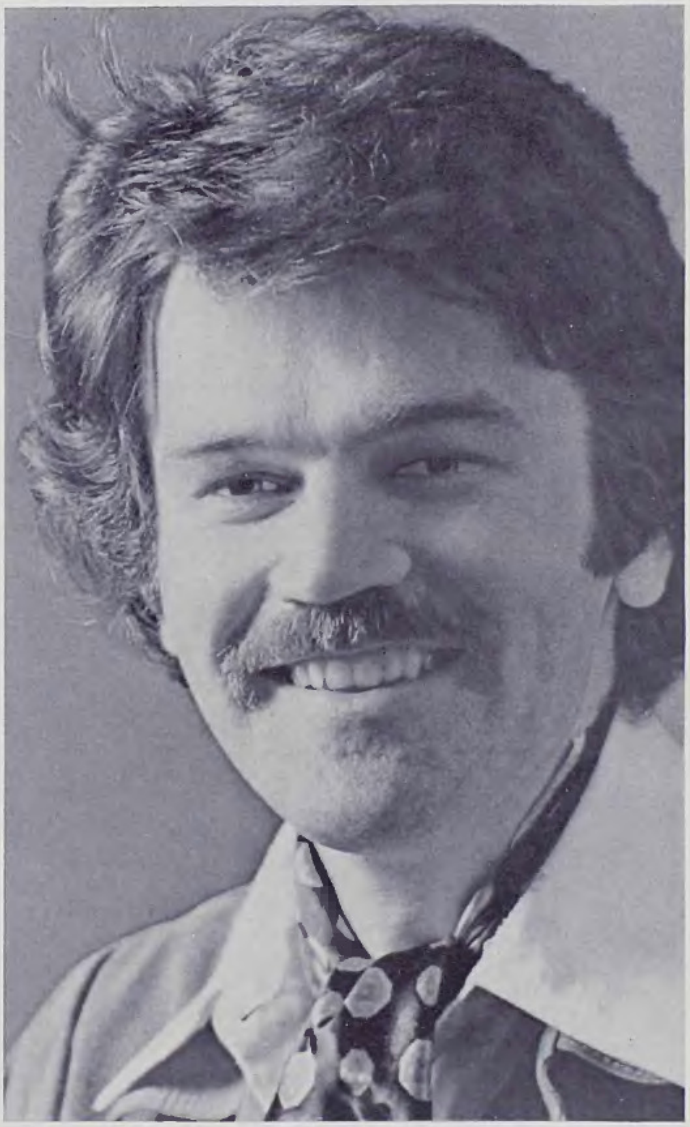

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was nothing in the air of impending crisis, no electricity that usually precedes a big story, no restlessness among the reporters waiting behind steel barricades, no live-camera units, nothing. The usual line-up of State Department officials, wives and diplomats waited near the ramp of the giant Boeing. Several hundred Air Force men and their families waved paper American flags from behind a fence near the VIP lounge. The tower, with its rotating beacons, was white against the dark sky. The President's "doomsday" plane, a massive 747, was parked at the far end of the apron.

Darius descended the ramp, trying to contain his anxiety. He approached the bull pen, hoping for a barrage of questions from his colleagues. There were none. Several friends waved, a few others shouted hello. The A.P.'s Ken Dawson hung in mock fatigue over a steel barricade. "I see Felix has made the world safe for democracy again." Now Darius *knew* that something was wrong. He checked his watch. It was 7:45 P.M., Washington time. NNS should have released his story to the news agencies at least two hours before.

"There he comes!" one TV reporter bellowed over the whine of the dying engines. "Start rolling." Vandenberg walked happily down the ramp, waving in the general direction of the TV lights. He shook hands with a succession of diplomats and dignitaries, enjoying the compliments and congratulations. He stopped to kiss Linda Bernardi. "Without his help," Vandenberg said, pointing to his Undersecretary, "we might have been able to finish this job a week earlier." Vandenberg grinned and continued his handshaking walk down the receiving line. When he had run out of hands, he paused and then slowly approached a cluster of microphones, positioned on his side of the barricade; he tried to look reluctant, as though, with each step, he were fighting the pull of an invisible magnet.

"Really, I have nothing to say." Vandenberg smiled at several familiar faces on the other side of the barricade.

"Could you move just a little closer to the microphones, Mr. Secretary?" It was a young reporter, who spoke with a proper mix of reverence and eagerness.

The Secretary turned serious. "I'm delighted, of course, to be back again in. . . ." Vandenberg turned, in a convincing imitation of confusion to Bernardi, who dutifully played his straight man.

"This is Washington, Mr. Secretary."

"I'm delighted to be back here in Washington. As most of you no doubt know by now, we've made considerable progress these past few days in averting another war in the Middle East. I understand that the President is holding a news conference in a little over an hour. So I hope you'll understand if *I* don't take any questions now. The President has asked that I return to the White House as soon as possible. Thank you all for coming out here."

Vandenberg turned toward a waiting helicopter before anyone could ask a question.

Darius grabbed Dawson by the sleeve. "Ken, what the hell is going on here?"

Dawson was puzzled. "You heard your friend. The President's holding a news conference. You didn't expect him to let Felix take *all* the credit, did you?"

Darius felt a wave of nausea sweep over him. "What about my story on the O.L.P.P.?"

Dawson was under deadline pressure. "I don't know what you're talking about. Why don't you get your bags while I file this junk and I'll drive you in to the White House."

"OK," he grunted. "I'll meet you in the VIP lounge. I have to make a call myself."

Darius found his suitcase and garment bag among the pile of luggage stacked near the plane's tail section. He carried his bags across the tarmac and into the VIP lounge. He dialed double nine for an outside line and when he heard the dial tone, he called the NNS Washington bureau. The operator seemed genuinely pleased to hear his voice. "Darius! Welcome back."

"Thanks, Mary. Do me a favor, please? Get me Bill O'Conner at home?"

"Sure. Hang on."

Somehow, the operator's warmth was reassuring. Perhaps, Darius told himself, he was just overreacting. Maybe the film hadn't reached New York or London in time. He could hear the phone ringing and then O'Conner's voice.

"Mr. O'Conner," Mary said, "I have Darius Kane on the line for you."

Darius was in no mood for preliminaries. "What happened, Bill?"

"What do you mean, 'What happened'?"

"You know what I mean. What happened to my piece?"

"I made the decision to hold it until we can get a double confirmation. Jackson's checking it out at the White House."

Darius felt dizzy. "You mean you got the film and you didn't use it?"

"Yes. We got the film. It looked fine. I screened it myself."

"Well, then, Bill, for Chrissake, why the hell didn't we use it?"

O'Conner was being uncharacteristically patient. "I told you. I think we need to check out some of the details."

It had suddenly become very clear to Darius. "How'd he get to you, Bill?"

"How did *who* get to me?" Now there was a note of irritation in O'Conner's voice.

Darius was beyond caring, though. "*Who?*" he flared. "*Vandenberg*, that's who! I had this goddamn story cold, and you know it. Don't give me this bullshit about checking out details."

"Look, Darius, you're tired. I can understand you're upset, but why don't we talk about it in the morning?"

Dawson had arrived and he was impatiently pointing at his watch. It was, Darius knew, pointless to continue the argument. The *Evening News* was already off the air.

"Yes," he agreed limply, "in the morning."

Dawson helped carry Darius' luggage to his car. They were on Suitland Parkway, heading toward Washington, before Dawson brought up the subject. "What did you start to tell me before about the O.L.P.P.?"

Darius felt torn. If he gave the story to Dawson, it would probably appear, in weakened form, on the Associated Press wire. If there was any chance, though, of still getting the story on NNS, it made little sense to leak it to the A.P. It would dilute the effect of the report and it would infuriate O'Conner.

"Forget it. I'll tell you about it later."

They parked near the Washington Monument and walked to the Executive Office Building. Uniformed guards examined their White House press cards at the southwest gate and then again as they entered the E.O.B.

The auditorium was already crowded. Television cameras blocked every aisle. Darius found a seat near the back row.

At exactly 30 seconds after nine P.M., President Abbott entered the auditorium, looking serene and dignified. Nothing became him more than a public ceremony. He walked, with a confident stride, toward the lectern, which had been decorated with the Presidential seal. Secretary Vandenberg and Harlan Stewart, the President's National Security Advisor, sat down on the only two chairs on the thickly carpeted stage. The President motioned the reporters to be seated.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I have a brief opening announcement, and then I'll take your questions"—Abbott paused, theatrically—"if you have any." The reporters laughed, despite themselves. The President smiled. He loved his prime-time performances.

"First, I would like to extend my sincerest congratulations to the Secretary of State." Vandenberg nodded deferentially in the President's direction.

"Were it not for his untiring efforts, we might find the world to be in a far different condition this evening, and it would certainly not have been possible for me to make the following announcement. I

will be leaving Washington in early March for a six-day visit to the Middle East. Some of the specific dates have yet to be worked out, but I will be meeting with the leaders of Israel, Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Saudi Arabia"—here the President paused—"and it is also my intention to meet with the chairman of the Organization for the Liberation of the People of Palestine."

The senior A.P. correspondent had already jumped to his feet, but the President raised his hands. "I haven't quite finished." The reporter sat down. "Secretary Vandenberg will, of course, be accompanying me to the Middle East; and it is my plan that he will remain there, following my own discussions, for the purpose of establishing at least the framework of a solution to the festering problem of a Palestinian homeland. Now, Mr. Wilmington, I'll be happy to take your first question."

The A.P. reporter stood, glancing down at his notebook. "Mr. President, you've just announced your intention to meet with the chairman of the O.L.P.P. Would it be correct to assume that the United States has now granted official recognition to the O.L.P.P.?"

President Abbott stole a quick glance at the "guidance material" that had been drafted under Vandenberg's direction only minutes earlier. "Within certain limits, Mr. Wilmington, yes, that would be correct. As you know, the United States has withheld any recognition of the O.L.P.P. for as long as that organization refused to acknowledge the existence of the state of Israel. We consider Chairman Safat's acceptance, earlier today, of the appropriate UN resolutions to be a reversal of that policy; and therefore, within the same terms enunciated by the Israeli government itself today, we are prepared to recognize the O.L.P.P."

Darius knew that his own story was being masterfully and deliberately smothered, that if he failed to raise it now, it would be so overtaken by events that it could never be revived. He jumped to his feet. "Mr. President!" In his sense of mounting frenzy, Darius had overlooked the traditional sequence of Presidential news conferences. President Abbott was pointing at the woman from U.P.I. Darius fought to restrain his impatience during the string of questions that followed from the respective White House correspondents from ABC, NBC and CBS.

The news conference was more than 15 minutes old before President Abbott began recognizing outstretched hands beyond the first row. The President's eyes never seemed to stray in Darius' direction.

It is not easy, at a White House news conference, for a reporter to gain recognition, especially when the President chooses to ignore him. It is not, however, impossible. The technique has been perfected, over the years, by such insistent White House gadflies as Clark Mollenhoff and Sarah McClendon. It calls for a carefully timed combination of volume, breath control and a steely determination to complete a question, no matter what interruptions threaten to cut it short.

Darius got to his feet just as the President was coming to the end of his answer to a previous question. "Mr.-President-you've-avoided-all-reference-here-this-evening"—Darius strung his words together in a continuing stream, until he was sure that his voice had overridden all challengers—"to-the-events-that-led-the-Middle-East-to-the-brink-of-war." A number of heads had turned in his direction and Darius was now confident that he would be able to complete his question in a more normal cadence. "There is indisputable evidence that both the Soviet Union and Israel succeeded in planting intelligence agents at the highest level of the O.L.P.P." Almost every head in the auditorium had now swiveled toward Darius. "Furthermore, there is evidence that the Soviets, in particular, knew about, may have initiated and certainly tried to exploit the kidnaping of Secretary Vandenberg's wife to lead the Middle East toward another war; and that the principal reason that war did not break

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out was the secret raid, by an Israeli commando unit, in the heart of Damascus some 48 hours ago. My question, sir, is this: Was your sudden announcement here this evening—that you are going to the Middle East—prompted by a desire to keep those facts from becoming public?"

President Abbott's expression turned grim; he gripped the lectern with both hands. "Mr. Kane," he pronounced, evenly, "I must say that I find both the tone and the substance of your question offensive. I understand that, where the Middle East in particular is concerned, any President must expect that not only his actions but even his motivations will be subjected to intense scrutiny. And it's perfectly proper that this should be so; but to suggest, as you've just done, that the President of the United States would travel to the Middle East for the express purpose of saving the Soviet Union from embarrassment is, to put it very bluntly, absurd." The President turned, very deliberately, away from Darius, inviting another question; but Darius had remained standing. "Mr. President, a follow-up question, if I may: First of all, sir, without intending any disrespect, you've ignored the substance of my question; that is, both the Israeli raid and the dual penetration of the O.L.P.P. Secondly, isn't it a fact that the decision to hold this news conference within an hour after Secretary Vandenberg's return—before you could even discuss the implications of his trip—that that decision was made at Mr. Vandenberg's suggestion for the specific purpose of overshadowing the other events I've referred to?"

"Mr. Kane. You seem to be laboring under the misapprehension that the only time the President can talk to his Secretary of State is when the two of them are in the same room at the same time. We have been in constant touch by both telex and telephone; and the decision to hold this news conference was made a number of hours ago. Now, as to all of your other allegations, I hardly know where to begin. In fact, it might be best if Secretary Vandenberg himself addressed these incredible charges. Come on up here, Felix."

Vandenberg cleared his throat nervously as he approached the lectern. His right hand chopped at the air, giving his words additional emphasis. "As the President has just told you, the decision that he would visit the Middle East and that the announcement would be made at this news conference was reached several hours ago. But that is only a circumstantial denial of all the points that Mr. Kane has raised. I am not aware that any foreign government has succeeded in penetrating the O.L.P.P. I am not aware that the Israeli government launched a commando raid in Damascus; nor, I might add, is it clear to me how such a raid could have been instrumental in preventing a war." Vandenberg's eyes moved slowly up the rows of seats until they settled on Darius. "I have always regarded Mr. Kane as a serious and responsible journalist. I can only assume that he has fallen victim to a condition that, at one time or another, plagues the most careful and well-intentioned among us—bad information."

Secretary Vandenberg started to return to his seat, but Darius exploded with one more question. "Mr. Secretary, are you flatly denying the raid and the penetration by Soviet and Israeli agents of the O.L.P.P.?"

Vandenberg returned to the lectern. His voice and his eyes were cold. "Mr. Kane. I just have."

Darius sank into his chair, overcome by waves of shock, disbelief, frustration and finally fatigue. He was vaguely aware of another reporter's question about what kind of Congressional reaction the President expected.

Abbott's voice seemed to be coming from another planet. "It is the requirements of global peace that dictate our trip, not politics. I am confident that all members of Congress, Republican and Democratic, will recognize that it is in the national interest of the United States that I undertake this effort. The Congress will respond accordingly."

At 9:30, almost to the second, the A.P. correspondent rose to deliver the traditional "Thank you, Mr. President," ending the news conference. Across the noisy auditorium, filled with rising or departing reporters, Vandenberg caught Darius' eye and held it for a moment before falling into Abbott's wake.

•

Secretary Vandenberg was in the private office of the President's National Security Advisor. Most of the White House staff, including Stewart, had gone home shortly after the news conference. President Abbott had retired to the family quarters.

Vandenberg had accepted an incoming call from the Israeli prime minister; he would have preferred delaying this confrontation, but he decided to get it out of the way.

"Ya'acov. Why aren't you asleep?"

Ben Dor's voice registered a chilly monotone. "You'll forgive me, Mr. Secretary, if I dispense with our usual pleasantries."

Vandenberg sounded resigned. "Of course, Mr. Prime Minister."

"Don't you think it would have been courteous, to say the least, if the Government of the United States had seen fit to inform the government of Israel that the President was planning to meet with the chairman of the O.L.P.P.?"

Vandenberg looked out at the front lawn of the White House and sighed. "Mr. Prime Minister. Sometimes the exigencies of a situation leave little room for courtesy or even formalities. My principal concern, as you should know, was to override Kane's story before it destroyed everything that you and I had worked toward these past few days. Believe me, that announcement was, quite literally, a last-minute decision."

"And the sacrifice of an Israeli agent—was that a last-minute decision also?"

"I'm sorry, Ya'acov. Now I really don't know what you're talking about."

The Israeli prime minister hesitated for an instant. "Very well," he snarled, finally. "I assume you've taken whatever steps are necessary to avoid any personal implication or embarrassment. But believe me, Mr. Secretary, I wasn't born yesterday. An American agent was released by the O.L.P.P. in Beirut this afternoon, only an hour or two before our own man was killed. I'm not so naïve as to believe that we could ever find proof of your complicity in this affair; but you believe me, Mr. Secretary, I won't forget it." The line went dead.

Vandenberg stared at the phone in helpless rage. Then he picked up an ashtray and hurled it across the room. "Goddamn this fucking job!"

A second later, a secretary knocked tentatively at the opening door. "Is anything wrong, Mr. Secretary?"

Vandenberg stared at her for a few seconds and shook his head slowly. "No," he muttered, "not a thing."

•

Darius Kane was sitting in his cubicle in the Washington bureau of NNS. Several editors and technicians were still on duty, but when Darius entered the newsroom, they all seemed preoccupied. Not a word was exchanged, though the night editor, an old friend, nodded. Darius knew of no formal communication from New York, but the grapevine had carried the message of executive displeasure. It was enough. Darius' story was submerged but not ignored in the wire-service reports on the Presidential news conference, and he had little doubt that it would become the source of heated debate in Congress within a day or two. He also had little doubt that, as the debate intensified, it would embarrass NNS.

If the story was accurate, why had NNS ignored its own correspondent? A reporter's error was forgivable. The reporter who underscored the error of his network was not. Within the National News Service, Darius Kane was already a pariah.

Darius tugged open a drawer of his desk; he took out a blank interoffice memorandum. He rolled the sheet of paper into his typewriter. "FROM: Darius Kane. TO: Bill O'Conner. SUBJECT: Kane's status." Darius advanced the paper four spaces. Then he typed out a terse note of resignation. "In the immortal words of Ernest Hemingway: 'Upshove job assward!' "

He slipped the note into an interoffice envelope and dropped it into his secretary's OUT basket.

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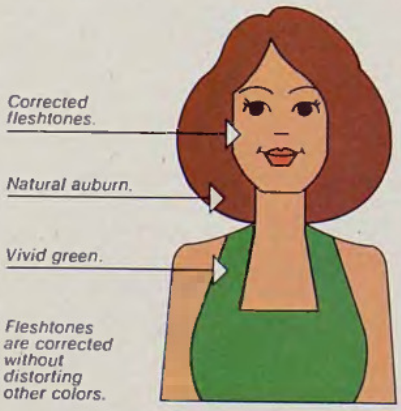

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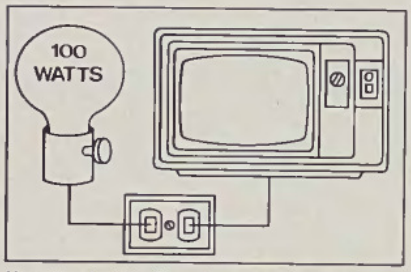

New XtendedLife Chassis uses about as much energy, on average, as a 100 watt bulb.

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To assure RCA excellence, we test ColorTrak throughout production. Circuits are tested by our new computer system which rejects parts that don't meet our high standards. And RCA technicians perform hundreds of tests on materials, parts and subsystems, making ColorTrak the most thoroughly tested set in RCA history.

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CHECKING YOUR CREDIT RATING

UNLOCKING THE MYSTERY

With credit bureaus today keeping tabs on about 125,000,000 adult Americans, the odds are that there's a file on you at one of them.

That mysterious file does not have to remain a mystery, however, since everybody is entitled, under the Federal Fair Credit Reporting Act, to know what is in his personal dossier at the local credit bureau. And while this knowledge is essential if you are ever denied the privilege of borrowing from a bank, a store or any other credit grantor, it is also important for you to be aware of your credit standing with others.

"First you should get a medical checkup, then a dental checkup and then a checkup on your reputation," says Norman Horwitz, a New York specialist in consumer-credit rights. "I think everyone should check on his reputation every two years."

There's a simple way to get this type of credit checkup—a lot easier and cheaper than the medical or dental variety. It starts with a visit to or a written request for a call from the local credit bureau, a clearinghouse of consumer-credit data that generally can be found through the Better Business Bureau or the Yellow Pages under "Credit Reporting Agencies."

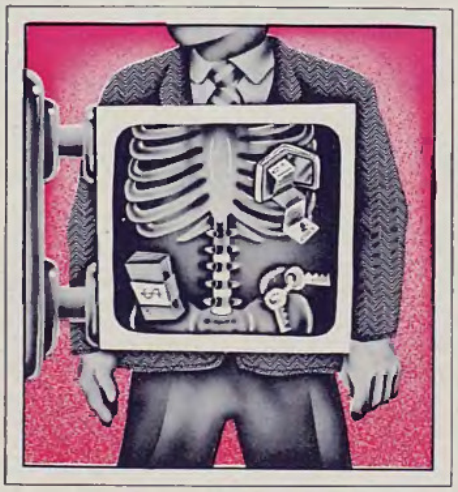
Although known to the public as credit bureaus, the organizations that collate and sell credit information on individuals to grantors, insurers and other businesses are technically called consumer reporting agencies. There are almost 2000 of them throughout the country, some of which are cooperatives run by the merchants in a city or a region and some of which are part of nationwide chains.

Whatever their ownership, they do not grant credit themselves nor investigate your character by interviewing third parties. Their function is to gather credit data and provide it to members, who are legally entitled to use it only when they are considering someone for credit, insurance or employment. Bureaus cooperate with one another by exchanging files and computer tapes when persons move to a new area and apply for credit where they are unknown.

When you ask for the nature and substance of the facts in your file, the credit bureau will probably insist on proper identification before offering access, which is in the form of an oral or written review as required by the law or the full transcript or computerized print-out given to credit grantors that many bureaus make available to individuals as a matter of course. If you have been denied credit within the past 30 days because of a report from a bureau, that information must be offered at no cost. Otherwise, the charge is from two dollars to ten dollars.

WHAT'S ON FILE

A typical credit report contains the following: identification, such as name, current and former addresses, wife's name and both Social Security numbers; employment data on husband and wife (names and addresses of present employers, years employed and salaries); public-record notations that have a bearing on credit history and potential, such as litigation, judgments and bankruptcies; and a credit profile of actual accounts outstanding.



Those accounts are normally summarized in a coded form, or in what the credit bureaus call a common language. Each account is listed, along with the opening date, date of last sale, amount owed and amount past due. The report also indicates the type of account—open, revolving or installment—and describes the manner of payment.

THE WAY YOU PAY

Of all the information contained in a credit report, the manner of payment has always been the most controversial. (Numerical and alphabetical codes have long been used on credit reports to reveal whether a customer usually pays his account according to the agreed-upon terms or is a bad risk.) Now, instead of making subjective interpretations about the customer's ability or willingness to pay, many bureaus are beginning to use a system that will merely report the way payments were made over a 12-month period.

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

After examining your record, you have the right to question any of the facts that you believe to be vague, misleading or erroneous. The credit bureau is required to reinvestigate those items and remove them from the record if they cannot be substantiated.

But if the bureau, instead, reaffirms the disputed items, you can file a 100-word explanatory statement that must be entered into the same record. Moreover, whenever an adverse item is deleted or an explanatory statement added, you can request that all credit grantors who have received reports on you within the past six months be notified.

Credit users, in addition to finding errors, sometimes discover that their reports are incomplete. For example, a man who checked on his record not long ago found that one local credit bureau listed 11 of his accounts, while another had entries for only four. In fact, he had more than 20 department-store, oil-company, bank and other charge accounts.

To update the record of your credit activities—particularly if that record is good—you can give the bureau the names and numbers of the missing accounts and ask that they be included. Many bureaus charge about $1.50 a name for this service and give no guarantee that the contacted companies will respond with information.

Nevertheless, bureau reports are used so widely that no one can overlook the possibility that inaccurate or incomplete reporting about his credit history may be stored in a computer and made available to companies that are asked to grant credit. As long as this information about you is on record in our credit-oriented society, you can make certain that it is right by checking up on the credit checkers.

—LEONARD SLOANE

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Not everyone can afford the Marantz Model 2500. In fact, you'll find that you have to spend a little more for any Marantz audio product. But when you do you'll possess the finest audio equipment in the world because you're buying better engineering and better quality.

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The Model 2500 includes virtually the most sophisticated amplifier section on the market today: a ***full complementary symmetry direct-coupled output.*** *The result is the highest possible day-in, day-out operating reliability and lowest Total Harmonic Distortion:* ***no more than 0.05%.***

The Model 2500 also includes the most impressive performance feature package ever engineered into one receiver. You get a ***built-in oscilloscope,*** *for precise signal display.*

Plug-in optional Dolby* FM noise reduction circuitry *for lowest noise possible with FM reception. And the most advanced noise filtering system ever developed. First, the* ***18 dB per octave Bessel-derived high filter****—the most advanced in audio—reduces high frequency noise with a more natural, less colored sound. The* ***18 dB per octave 15 Hz sub-sonic Butterworth low filter*** *assures that all your power is used to reproduce only actual program material, not wasted on unwanted noise or rumble.* ***2 LED peak power indicators*** *let you know when transients drive the amplifier to full output.* ***5-gang FM tuning capacitor,*** *and* ***dual-gate MOS FET FM front end*** *ensure superior linearity and rejection of spurious signals with an IHF usable sensitivity of 1.5 microvolts and a 50 dB "quieting sensitivity" figure in stereo of* ***25 microvolts****—the finest such specification ever obtained in a receiver—or even a separate tuner.*

For music lovers who will accept nothing less than the very finest...and are willing to spend a little more to get it...the Model 2500 is the most significant receiver ever developed.

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THE BOTTLED-WATER BOOM

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

A stemmed goblet of chilled, bubbly Perrier, with a twist of lime or lemon, has become the status drink of expense-account luncheons and dinners. Richard Burton and Ed McMahon bless the day they discovered bottled water. Jet-set high priestess Diana Vreeland tucks away bottled drinking water on all air trips. Henry Ford's first wife, Anne Johnson, not only drinks bottled water but also washes her face with it—"and I wouldn't think of serving anything but Evian to my dogs." The Palace restaurant on New York's Upper East Side uses only Evian and Perrier as cocktail mixers; Texas oil barons pour Mountain Valley spring water on their house plants. And Perrier has come forth with handy supermarket six-packs.

Drinking mineral water is not a recent snob fad. Julius Caesar was refreshed by the alkaline waters at Vichy, where he built a health spa. Italy, Germany, Sweden, Mexico and the United States also flaunt their spring and mineral waters with claims that they have hardly any calories, are without carcinogenic additives found in diet colas and can be beneficial to one's well-being. For decades, Europeans took the waters at favorite restful spas for "the cure."

Bottled waters come as both purified drinking water and mineral water. Although there are doctors who frown on drinking too much mineral water, European diagnosticians prescribe the alkaline water from Vichy for overfed diners and for hangovers, and Americans concur that these waters taste better than bicarbonate of soda. "A hangover consists of dehydration in the body," notes Bruce Nevins, the man who brings all that Perrier into the States. "Water takes care of it quicker than most 'cures' and, from what we know, naturally carbonated water is absorbed into the system 15 times faster than still water." Some water addicts argue that an excess of carbonation is not good; they lean on bottled still water for a regular diet. Shelf life of bottled waters appears to be unlimited and the variety of flavors is considerable—and surprising.

BOTTLED STILL WATERS

1. Contrexéville claims renown since 1760 and, to promote its noncaloric content, it advertises that it is the water of "aware Frenchwomen." Bottled in Vosges, France, it has an unattractive nose, smells like ice that's been in the refrigerator too long, has a taste that is clean but flat.

2. Evian Water from Evian-les-Bains, France, is the undisputed queen of the Gallic still waters, inviting to drink, with its natural bouquet, and tastes deliciously fresh, with a country-creek clarity.

3. Fiuggi from the Fiuggi springs in Italy is a winner. The label avers that it is "absolutely free from pathogenic microorganisms as shown by the microbiological analysis"—whatever that means. All the same, it makes for a most refreshing

drink, is an unfailing thirst quencher and has none of the "off" mineral taste some waters have. Fiuggi has been the drink of royalty, Vatican hierarchy, even Michelangelo.

4. Poland Water comes from the state of Maine, and a recent bottle had such a fishy nose and flavor that I wondered if local lobsters were scrubbed in it. (Later, another bottle turned out to be squeaky clean and I was impressed with its clarity and freshness.)

5. Mountain Valley is bottled in Hot Springs, Arkansas. A natural spring water ("Famous for 100 Years"), Mountain Valley is the most refreshing American bottled water I tasted, brook clean, with a natural aftertaste. A wonderful thirst quencher, it's excellent for coffee, tea or cocktails.

BOTTLED CARBONATED WATERS

1. Vichy, from the Célestins Spring in Vichy, France, has a pronounced alkaline taste, which takes getting used to. Salty as a mouthful of ocean water, it is slightly carbonated and considered a relief for upset stomachs.

2. Ramlösa in the ice-blue bottle from the original spring at Ramlösa Brunn in Sweden has royal-court sanction, is gently effervescent, brisk on the palate and free from iron. Good.

3. Apollinaris in the emerald-green bottle from Bad Neuenahr, Germany, is labeled "the queen of table waters" and has been around for a century. It is puckeringly salty—a splash of sea spray down one's throat—and if I were a low-sodium dieter, I'd be careful. It doesn't hold its carbonation, so the fizz is artificially augmented with its own natural gas.

4. Agua de Tehuacán from Tehuacán, Mexico, contains bubbles that are too large; consequently, they quickly vanish from your glass. A mineral water, Tehuacán is pleasant and refreshing, with a trace of saltiness—though one could describe it as bland.

5. Perrier from Vergeze, France, is the hottest bottled-water item on the American market today. Of all the naturally carbonated waters, it is the best balanced, with a low sodium content and sufficient natural effervescence for one to recap it and drink it two days later (unlike some artificially carbonated waters).

6. San Pellegrino from Bergamo, Italy, is the most popular drinking water throughout Italy. It's fresh-tasting, with added carbon dioxide and a slightly metallic edge in the aftertaste.

7. Calso is bottled in Menlo Park, California, and is recommended both as a mix and as an aid for the relief of acid conditions caused by overeating and overdrinking. The water comes from the San Mateo reservoirs and is carbonated. Salty and fizzy as Bromo-Seltzer, Calso is known for its hangover cures. The question is: Can any hangover be that bad?

TASTE

Taste is what all bottled-water lovers praise, and thereby hangs a controversy—to chill or not to chill? Diana Vreeland believes all water should be drunk at room temperature; Vic Gotti of Ernie's restaurant in San Francisco prefers his Fiuggi refrigerated. Of course, one never, never pollutes bottled water with tap-water ice cubes.

—GEORGE CHRISTY

"It takes Two Fingers and one glass to turn strangers into friends."

Two Fingers was never one to pass up making a new friend—be it man or woman.

"After all, my business is selling Two Fingers Tequila," he often told customers.

Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the 30's.

Sometimes, our sources say, he got too friendly for the likes of Honey, the woman who always accompanied him north of the border.

We could never pin the story down for sure about how Two Fingers lost those fingers. But Honey was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Of course, Two Fingers is reported to have said just the opposite about their relationship.

"I take her along to keep an eye on her," he grinned to a Flagstaff hotel man.

Whatever the case, they had a lot of time to keep track of each other on the dozens of trips Two Fingers made throughout the mid and late 30's.

The only trouble is, nobody seems to know what happened to them after 1939.

Two Fingers just stopped coming north. Maybe he moved to South America. A cafe owner in Yuma told us Two Fingers often joked about owning some land there.

"Maybe I'll show the South Americans what they're missing. Like making fine tequila."

It's hard to say where he disappeared to. The one good thing is that Two Fingers Tequila is still making plenty of friends today.

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COLD-WEATHER GROOMING

HAIR CARE

A lot of men think that when the thermometer plummets, it's a signal to cut down on the frequency of their shampooing. Wrong. Winter's air is as polluted as summer's. Daily shampooing makes sense year round. However, cold air and central heating conspire to dry up hair's naturally protective oils. Hair conditioners, which you might have needed only rarely, if at all, during autumn, may now have to become a daily affair. Conditioners close up the hair shaft by depositing filler agents between the shaft's fishlike scales, thus protecting the hair by making it less penetrable. Conditioners also eliminate static build-up, another problem when humidity falls.

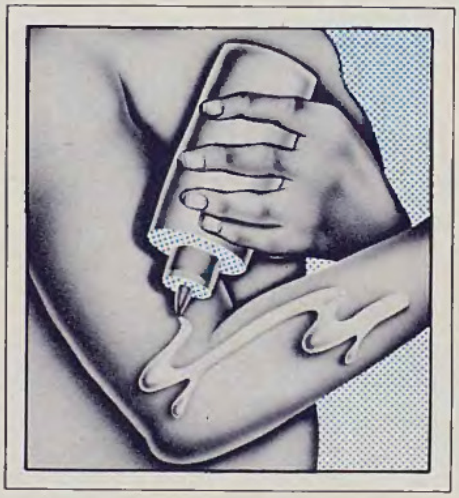
Of course, greeting freezing temperatures with damp hair is an open invitation to a dandy head cold. During cold spells, blow driers are often timesaving necessities. If you use one, don't put it on its highest heat setting even during the initial drying step, since the upper reaches of all that hot air can dry out the scalp, exactly what you don't need when ruthless weather conditions are working to do so on their own. Blow away most of the wetness on a safer warm setting. Direct the nozzle *up* and *through* the hair, not at the scalp. Complete the styling at the lowest heat setting.

Headwear, though supposedly protective, has its limitations. First, some hats and caps may mat the hair. And those that are unventilated stimulate bacteria-breeding perspiration. Knitted headgear is better, though not always appropriate with a business suit. Fresh air and sun—even wintry sun—promote healthy growth. An everyday air bath of half an hour or so is a good idea, whatever the temperature. A brisk, hatless walk also helps tone the system during a period when too many fellows' lifestyles roughly approximate hibernation. But, remember, when the temperature drops to frostbite level, let discretion be the better part of ventilation.

FACING THE ELEMENTS

As potentially dangerous as winter is for the hair, it's harsher on the constantly exposed face. But shave we must, meaning that we face each chilly morning with skin sporting tiny abrasions. If steps aren't taken, the face is soon riddled with a network of superficial wrinkles and raw spots. Even naturally oily skin can suffer from the ravages of winter, becoming less supple.

To the rescue come soothing products called after-shave conditioners or balms. In truth, these are really moisturizers; and, despite the feminine connotations of the term, moisturizing should be part of a male's winterizing routine. When moisture is lost from the skin—which is accelerated during winter—the human organism has no way of hastening a replacement. It must come externally, via plain old water. But to keep the moisture from evaporating again, a barrier of



some kind must be erected—and that's where the moisturizer comes in.

Strictly speaking, moisturizers don't really add moisture; they merely entrap it. So, after shaving, you should splash your face with handfuls of water. Then, while the skin is still damp (use your palms, not a towel, to "dry" your face), quickly smooth on an after-shave balm, conditioner or moisturizer, any of which will leave a fine, invisible shield to lock in the extra water to which you've just treated your face. If the shield isn't invisible, blot with a tissue.

DON'T GO NEAR WATER

In sub-zero weather, however, moisturizing with a wrong product is risky. And the wrong ones are water-based, since they might literally freeze on the face. An oil- or cream-based moisturizer is the answer when the blasts are icy. The easiest way to determine the type is to drop a dab into some water; if it mixes, the product is water-based; if not, it's oil- or cream-based. The latter ones might look a little greasy after application. Wait five minutes, check the results in a mirror, tissue away any shiny excess.

Since winter is so tough on the skin, it's a good idea to moisturize the face—first splashing loads of water, then spreading the protective film—before going to bed as well. Obviously, the face should always be properly cleansed first. Soap and water are fine unless you have unusually sensitive skin. Then, theatrical or not, ordinary cold cream can help save face. It can also serve as a moisturizing protector.

BABYING YOUR BOD

Too-frequent bathing is a common cause of dry, itchy skin during winter. Still, resorting to a weekly Sunday-night special just isn't acceptable. Brief showers are one recommended alternative. But baths don't necessarily need to be drying. Rubbing the body (or, better yet, having it rubbed) with mineral oil before luxuriating in the tub not only is sensuous but also helps smooth away dry skin while soothing away daily cares.

Conservation-minded individuals are bad-mouthing languorous baths as wastes of natural resources. Maybe so. But another severe energy crisis can be the consequence of rushing head on into strenuous exercise during winter—and courting a coronary. Naturally, it's wise to keep in shape during the cold war, but always warm up slowly and carefully. The body should never be traumatized by too sudden exertion nor by stopping too suddenly. Winter slows down circulation. Exercise a bit of sanity in physical exertion. On the other hand, if you want to come off smelling like a rose, recognize that cold weather inhibits colognes from reaching their full potential without heat and body warmth to activate them. To get the most from the bottle, you should (within reason, of course) douse extra amounts on your chest and arms.

Your hands and feet deserve some loving, too. Put on a hand cream before putting on your gloves. And smoothing some of the same lotion on your feet after showering will help fend off rough, scaly patches.

—CHARLES HIX

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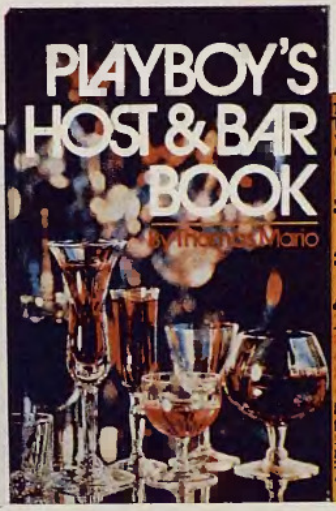

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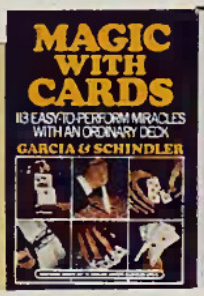

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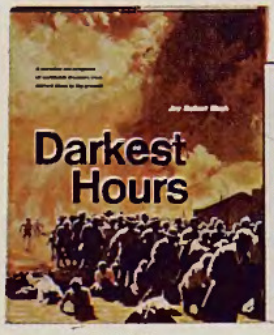

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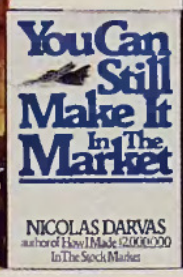

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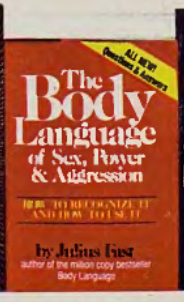

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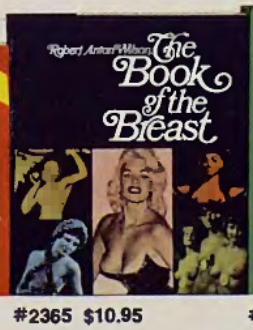

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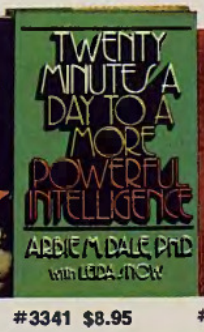

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G 11

ROOTS

(continued from page 129)

"By slighting these subterranean esculents, we are denying our heritage. European chefs value roots."

Carrots are inevitably mated with soggy peas, beets are consigned to boiled dinners or a sweet-and-sour sauce, parsnips are something for the stockpot and turnips are fit only for Li'l Abner and the denizens of Dogpatch.

By slighting these subterranean esculents, we are, in a sense, denying part of our culinary heritage. European chefs value roots and prepare them imaginatively. The French exalt *navets*, the maligned turnips, in such classic dishes as *caneton aux navets* and in creamy *potages*. They also have a nice way with crisp, early red globe radishes—just a dab of sweet butter and a sprinkling of salt.

John Fletcher, 17th Century English playwright, promised, "I shall rise again, if there be truth in eggs and butter'd parsnips." Parsnips are still a tradition in Britain, roasted to tenderness with a joint of beef or baked in pies. The Russians make a lusty borsch from beetroot—magnificent hot or cold. And the Turks go the Russians one better with a surprisingly soft vodka, Izmira, distilled from massive *white* beets, each weighing four or five pounds. As for mundane carrots, you can soufflé, purée, flambé, sauté, make them into candy, cake and pudding—their variety is virtually infinite.

Not everything that grows underground is a root. Potatoes are tubers, onions are bulbs and taro roots are rhizomes. A root, properly, is the lower portion of the plant that collects water and mineral nutriments. It has no function in regeneration (bulb) or storing food for the new plant (tuber). Paradoxically, neither gingerroot nor arrowroot is a root vegetable, but the sweet potato is. And it's a native American—mentioned appreciatively in the records of Columbus' fourth voyage of discovery as tasting "not unlike" chestnuts. It happens to be one of the most nutritionally complete foods and was a major factor in bringing the colonials through the Revolutionary War. A physician of the period considered sweet potatoes "the vegetable indispensable." Another native root, in the sweet-potato family, is known as man-of-the-earth, being similar in size and shape to a man's body. The Cheyenne, Arapaho and Kiowas will eat it roasted, when hungry, but they don't consider it palatable.

Not quite so exotic and definitely more inviting are burdock, celeriac, or celery root, jicama, salsify—known colloquially as oyster plant—icicle radish, lotus root, yuca and horseradish, names calculated to produce a Pavlovian reaction in any card-carrying epicure. While not available in *all* seasons and *every* greengrocery, they're by no means rarities and are worth seeking out.

We commend the recipes below to everyone bemused by the subject of roots.

HOT BORSCH, RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

Rudolph Bing wants only the clear liquid; Woody Allen prefers his borsch on the dense side. The Russian Tea Room serves it to your taste, even cold.

- 4 cups beef stock
- 3 large beets
- 1 carrot
- 2 stalks celery
- 2 onions
- 1 parsnip
- 1 cup coarsely shredded cabbage
- 1 cup tomato pulp, fresh or canned, strained
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 clove garlic, split
- Salt, pepper, to taste
- Thick sour cream, at room temperature
- Fresh dill, finely chopped

Most home kitchens don't have beef stock on hand. You can make some from canned bouillon or bouillon cubes. Peel beets and shred coarsely. Scrub carrot and celery; peel onions and parsnip; chop fine. Bring stock to boil and add vegetables; simmer, covered, 20 minutes. Add cabbage, tomato, sugar and garlic on a toothpick, so it can be retrieved before serving. Simmer 15 minutes or until cabbage is just tender. Taste before adding salt and pepper, as the stock ingredients can be quite salty. Top each serving with heaping spoonful sour cream and sprinkling dill.

Note: For more vivid color, grate ½ raw beet and soak in 2 tablespoons water. Drain, pressing out all liquid with back of spoon; add to pot just before serving.

SALSIFY COTE BASQUE

A favorite of La Côte Basque's manager, Albert Spalter, and of the restaurant's savvy clientele, as well.

- 1 can (15 ozs.) salsify
- 2 ozs. sweet butter
- Salt, pepper, to taste
- 3 tablespoons fresh chives or *fines herbes*, minced
- Veal stock or Saucier Glace de Viande

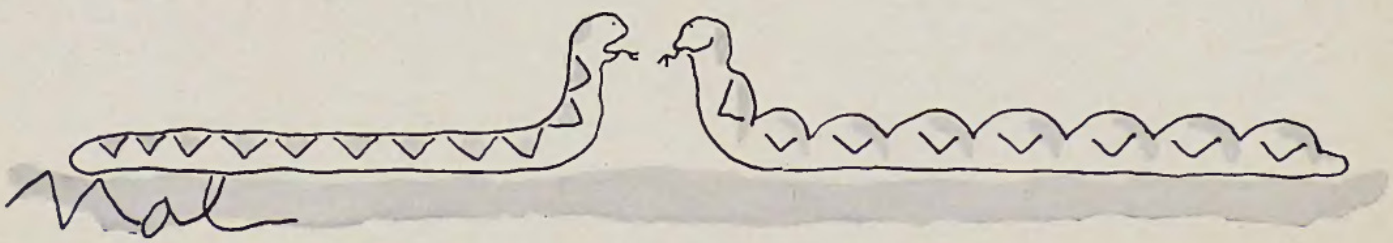
Empty contents of can into strainer and rinse under cold water. Drain well; pat dry with paper towels. Heat butter in 10-in. skillet over fairly high heat. When lightly brown, add salsify and sauté until golden—about 5 minutes. Shake pan constantly. Add salt, pepper, chives or *fines herbes*; mix quickly and serve.

For special occasions, chef Laverne sauces the dish with reduced veal stock, rarely available in home kitchens. You can get similar results with the new frozen Saucier Glace de Viande. Add 2-oz. cup to pan just before seasoning. When heated through, add salt, pepper, chives. Stir well. Generally served with chicken or veal at La Côte Basque.

JICAMA TEQUILIANA

Jicama (*he*-ka-ma) is a Mexican import that's becoming better known in the United States. It's a juicy, mild, crisp vegetable that retains its texture when cooked—like the Chinese water chestnut. What's more, jicama is low in calories and relatively inexpensive—a combination of virtues that's hard to resist.

- 1 lb. jicama
- 1 tablespoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon chili powder
- Light sprinkle cumin
- Dash cayenne
- Lime wedges



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Wash and peel jicama. Cut into bite-size pieces, roughly 1 in. x ¼ in. Combine salt, chili, cumin and cayenne in dish. Feel free to use more or less of any ingredient, depending on your taste. The procedure is to rub jicama with cut side of lime, dip into seasoning mixture and munch—with a shot of cold tequila to send it home.

SEVEN HAPPINESS SALAD

2 thin slices fresh gingerroot
2 tablespoons cider vinegar
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons sugar
1½ tablespoons sesame oil
1 lb. fresh lotus root
1 small bunch water cress

Combine first 5 ingredients in salad bowl. Stir well to dissolve sugar; set aside. Bring water up to boil. Prepare separate pan of salted, cold water. Trim and peel lotus root; cut horizontally into thin slices, dropping them into salted water. Pour out water, then cover lotus-root slices with boiling water; let stand 4 to 5 minutes. Meanwhile, wash cress thoroughly and trim stems; drain well. Rinse lotus slices under cold water; drain well. Combine vegetables with prepared dressing; toss well. Chill about ½ hour.

MAXWELL'S PLUM'S HORSERADISH SAUCE

The hip singles at Manhattan's Maxwell's Plum like this sauce with prime ribs, boiled beef and poultry. If you've never tasted it, go easy; it's quite sharp!

1 Spanish onion, chopped fine
1 cup white-wine vinegar
3 cups rich beef stock or bouillon
1 teaspoon salt, or to taste
½ teaspoon white pepper
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons sour cream, at room temperature
½ cup grated fresh horseradish
1 teaspoon lemon juice

In saucepan, heat onion with vinegar until almost all vinegar has evaporated. Add stock, salt, pepper and simmer on low heat until cooked down to half original volume. Melt butter over low heat in large skillet. Stir in flour and blend thoroughly. (This paste is known as a *roux* in French kitchens.) Remove from heat and slowly stir in seasoned beef stock. Return to heat and simmer 20–30 minutes more. Stir in sour cream. Taste for seasoning; strain. Stir in horseradish; add lemon juice. Serve warm.

THANKSGIVING SWEETS

Put chestnuts in sweet potatoes, instead of turkey, for agreeable change of taste. You can roast your own, of course, but it's hardly worth the bother.

4 medium sweet potatoes, cooked, peeled, sliced
3 cooking apples, peeled, thinly sliced
1 cup Minerve marrons or other dry-roasted chestnuts, coarsely crumbled
⅔ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
⅓ cup butter
2 tablespoons dark rum

Set oven at 350°. Lightly butter shallow baking pan. Combine sugar and orange rind. Arrange layer of sweet potato on bottom of pan; cover with layer of apples. Sprinkle with chestnuts and brown-sugar mixture; dot with butter. Repeat until all ingredients are used, finishing with topping of sugar and butter. Sprinkle with rum. Bake, covered, about 40 minutes, then another 10 minutes uncovered. Worthy of any Thanksgiving bird.

SAVORY CELERY-ROOT SALAD

Though usually boiled, celeriac is delicious raw, in a salad. The hard, young roots are best; the older ones tend to lose their snap. Serve with *rémoulade* sauce, mustard cream, vinaigrette or tangy dressing given below.

1 lb. celeriac (celery root)
⅓ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup yoghurt
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
⅛ teaspoon Coleman's (dry) mustard

1 teaspoon chopped fresh dill weed or *cilantro*
¼ teaspoon salt
Chopped parsley
Paprika

Peel celeriac, removing all fibrous material. Cut into quarters; remove core if woody. Drop pieces into acidulated water (1 pint cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice). Combine mayonnaise, yoghurt, mustards, dill weed and salt; set aside. Coarsely shred celeriac on *mandoline* or cut into matchstick widths. Taste dressing and correct seasoning; there should be noticeable tang of mustard. Add squirt lemon juice or dash white wine if it seems too dense. Toss celeriac in dressing, making sure all pieces are coated. Chill in refrigerator about an hour. Serve in lettuce cups; sprinkle each portion with parsley and paprika.

STUFFED TURNIPS GRATINEE

4 large white turnips
Salt
¼ cup butter
¼ cup chopped onion
1 tomato, peeled, chopped
¼ cup shredded Swiss cheese
½ cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon caraway seeds
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Shredded Swiss cheese, for topping
Parsley

Peel turnips, remove centers to leave shells about ½ in. thick. Chop turnip removed from centers. Cook shells in boiling salted water 30 minutes or until just tender. Drain and cool. Set oven at 350°. In large skillet, melt butter. Add onion and reserved chopped turnip; cook until tender. Remove from heat. Add ½ teaspoon salt, tomato, cheese, nuts, sugar, caraway seeds and pepper. Lightly sprinkle insides of turnip shells with salt and fill with vegetable-cheese mixture. Sprinkle tops with additional shredded cheese. Place in baking dish and cover. Bake 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley sprigs.

Note: Turnips may also be cooked whole, hollowed out, then heaped with minted buttered carrots or *petits pois*.

WHOLE BABY CARROTS A LA CREME

1 lb. whole baby carrots (or frozen baby carrots)
4 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon brown sugar
⅛ teaspoon dried tarragon
2 tablespoons heavy cream
Parsley

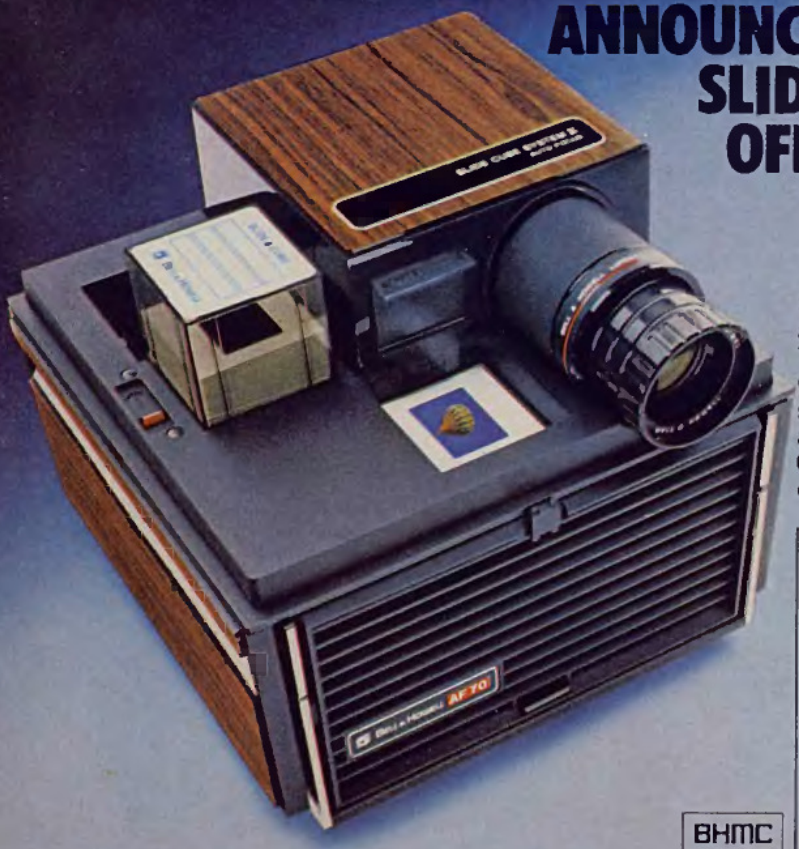
Scrape carrots. Melt butter in deep heavy skillet. Add carrots and salt. Cover pan; cook over low heat, shaking pan occasionally, until carrots are just tender. Do not let them brown. Uncover, add sugar, tarragon and cream. Cook until cream heats through and reduces slightly. Garnish with parsley sprigs.

SOUTHERN YAM SOUFFLE

6 medium yams
5 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup orange juice
⅓ cup chopped onion
Salt, pepper, to taste
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
4 eggs, separated
1 egg white

Cook yams in boiling water to cover for 20 minutes or until soft. Cool, peel and mash smooth in large bowl. Add 4 tablespoons butter and orange juice; mix well. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in small skillet, add onion and cook until tender; add to yams with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Beat in egg yolks, one at a time. In large mixing bowl, beat egg whites with pinch salt until stiff but not dry. Stir about ¼ of the egg whites into yam mixture, gently fold in rest. Turn into greased 1½-quart soufflé dish. Bake in 375° over 50 minutes or until mixture puffs and is lightly browned.

The subject of roots is so intriguing one could write a book about it. But then, what would you call it?



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BUNNIES (continued from page 117)

"They may look soft, but on the diamond these girls are savage, especially if they're pitching for a good cause."

Japanese have taken kindly to the world of Playboy. The Japanese edition of the magazine is a success, and any day we expect to see the first transistorized Bunny. Work is in progress on a lavish 33-story, $50,000,000-plus hotel complex in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Right now, excitement centers on the annual Bunny of the Year contest, currently in progress; keyholders filled out ballots for their favorites in late August. If for nothing else, 1977 will be remembered as the year the Bunny got the vote. For the first time, we allowed cottontails to support their own co-workers. Finalists representing each Playboy Club and Resort will appear in the Bunny of the Year pageant. Who will wear the gold outfit of the International Bunny of the Year? Stay tuned.

Whoever the winner is, she deserves your support. Being a Bunny is not an easy job. The girls deal with a variety of tasks that would baffle the ordinary worker. Those at the Phoenix Club, for example, had to handle sell-out crowds last summer for a series of jazz concerts featuring Margo and Francine Reed. That was nothing compared with the job facing the cottontails at Lake Geneva, which this year opened a festival fairgrounds. There the Pieper Road Spring Band Bluegrass Jamboree featured Bill Monroe, Ralph Stanley and The Clinch Mountain Boys, J. D. Crowe and the New South, the Country Gentlemen and The Pieper Road Spring Band. Say that three times fast. On Labor Day, Lake Geneva Bunnies celebrated the end of the summer with a concert by Blood, Sweat and Tears and Frankie Avalon. Beach Blanket Bunnies?

Meanwhile, back at the hutch, the Denver Club held a talent hunt every Tuesday and Thursday night: a kind of *Bunny Gong Show*. In Detroit, keyholders were treated to Bic Carroll's Feathers and Girls revue. The Chicago Club featured *Pouff*—a musical revue—and Playboy's Angels 77 with Paula Ramsey.

Bunnies showed their commitment to music in other ways: The cottontails of Cincinnati took to the softball diamond to raise money for the Cincinnati Symphony. They won, of course. Bunnies always do. They may look soft, but on the diamond these girls are savage, especially if they're pitching for a good cause. Teams of them took to the softball field in several cities for charities such as the American Cancer Society and The March of Dimes. In Phoenix, the Bunnies trounced a team of colonels (rank has its privileges) from nearby Williams Air Force Base. The cause—a camp for underprivileged kids. Great Gorge Bunnies bested a team of state troopers to raise money for the Fresh Air Fund. Margie Price of the St. Louis Club explains the Bunny strategy for victory: "Well, first, the other team has to play by our rules. When we tell a girl to hold a man at second, she holds a man at second. As a rule, we always have a girl on third in a scoring position. How she gets there is a state secret. Sometimes, she goes directly to third, bypassing first and second on a walk. Also, we have a great defensive strategy. Every girl on the field has a glove and a ball. No matter where the batter hits the pitch, it's an easy throw to first."

Softball is not the only sport mastered by the cottontails. Bunny Heather at the St. Louis Club is a foosball champion who will take on all comers. In New York, the foursome of Sarita Butterfield, Tammy Marazzo, Debra Richmond and Sybil Englert has conquered golf courses for the American Cancer Society.

And then there's backgammon. At the Lake Geneva Resort in August, Bunnies eagerly observed Dominic Freud teaching interested parties the secrets of the game. If the name sounds familiar, you're right. Dominic is the grandson of Sigmund Freud, the father of modern psychiatry. Let's see; that makes Dominic the son of modern psychiatry?

If you think that being a Bunny is a 24-hour job, you're probably right. Still, there are a few girls who manage to develop outside interests. In Miami, Chris McNeil and Laura Stewart have gotten into C.B. radio. Chris, whose handle is the Faygo Kid, is the terror of the Sunshine State Parkway. She commutes 60 miles a day to work. Laura Stewart, alias Foxy Warlock, raises horses—and when she's not riding them around Miami, she talks to the world from the front seat of her Dodge pickup. (She has yet to find a way to mount C.B. gear on her horse.)

Yes, these are great girls. We'd especially like to commend the Bunnies of the New York Club, who handled the Great Blackout with calm and skill. Said one survivor, "Well, you've got to realize that the New York Club is fairly dark to begin with—for intimacy. At first, no one noticed the loss of power. Since all of the Bunnies carry flashlights, we were able to evacuate the keyholders without any problem. Then we climbed seven floors to the roof of the building to watch New York. It looked like a ghost town." Seven floors. We keep these girls in good shape. But you can see that for yourself.

"Deep down, I believe there is a higher intelligence screwing up the world."

BASKETBALL PREVIEW

(continued from page 176)

last season, so the Dukes will be a much more experienced team.

Rutgers' cage fortunes will depend largely on the skills of James Bailey and Hollis Copeland. Bailey, a dunking specialist, showed flashes of brilliance last season. Copeland has all the skills to become a fine pro player but needs to become consistent.

With four of last year's top five scorers returning, the George Washington team will put a lot of points on the board this winter. Sharpshooter John Holloran has graduated, but heralded transfer Bob Lindsey should ably fill the gap.

The West Virginia team was dismembered by graduation. Fortunately, superstar center Maurice Robinson remains. Most of his teammates will be green but talented. Dennis Hosey is the best of the recruits and could win a starting berth.

Penn State suffered from lack of size

THE EAST

EASTERN EIGHT

1. Villanova
2. Massachusetts
3. Duquesne
4. Rutgers
5. George Washington
6. West Virginia
7. Penn State
8. Pittsburgh

IVY LEAGUE

1. Princeton
2. Pennsylvania
3. Columbia
4. Harvard
5. Brown
6. Cornell
7. Yale
8. Dartmouth

EAST COAST CONFERENCE

1. Lafayette
2. Temple
3. La Salle
4. Hofstra
5. Delaware
6. West Chester State
7. Lehigh
8. Drexel
9. Bucknell
10. Rider
11. American
12. St. Joseph's

INDEPENDENTS

1. Holy Cross
2. Syracuse
3. Providence
4. St. Bonaventure
5. St. John's
6. Georgetown
7. Army
8. Old Dominion
9. Niagara
10. Seton Hall
11. Connecticut
12. Manhattan
13. Navy
14. Boston College
15. Iona
16. William & Mary
17. St. Francis
18. Virginia Commonwealth
19. Canisius

TOP PLAYERS: Herron (Villanova); Pyatt (Massachusetts); Drinks (Duquesne); Bailey, Copeland (Rutgers); Anderson (George Washington); Robinson (West Virginia); Miller (Penn State); Harris (Pittsburgh); Sowinski (Princeton); Byrd (Columbia); Ness (Lafayette); Senser (West Chester State); Stephens (Drexel); Barry (Bucknell); Perry, Potter (Holy Cross); Orr, Bouie (Syracuse); Misevicius (Providence); Sanders (St. Bonaventure); Johnson (St. John's); Jackson, Shelton (Georgetown); Winton (Army); Valentine (Old Dominion); Allen (Niagara); Tynes, Galis (Seton Hall); Whelton (Connecticut); Grant (Manhattan); Sinnett, Kuzma (Navy); Ruland (Iona); Lowenhaupt (William & Mary); Figueroa (St. Francis); Henderson (Virginia Commonwealth).

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and strength in the front court last season, but that problem will be solved by three 6′8″ rookies, freshmen Frank Brickowski and Mike Ice and transfer Gary Korkowski. The guard corps remains intact, so if coach John Bach can strengthen the pivot play, the Nittanies could be the surprise team of the league.

Everybody returns to a Pittsburgh team that was dominated last year by freshmen and sophomores, several of whom showed flashes of brilliance. They'll be joined by a pair of prize recruits who could immediately mend the Panthers' weaknesses. Rugged freshman Sam Clancy should alleviate last year's rebounding woes and junior college transfer Gary Smith should add muscle and scoring punch under the basket. Steady senior Larry Harris will be one of the top scoring forwards in the country this winter.

Princeton will again dominate the Ivy League. Only one starter is missing from last year's 21–5 team that led the nation in defense. The Tigers' top gun will again be Frank Sowinski. He has incredible long-range shooting accuracy.

If Princeton should falter, either Pennsylvania or Columbia could take the league crown. Pennsylvania lost only two starters from a sophomore-dominated squad, so the Quakers will profit from added maturity. Multitalented Keven McDonald will again be the top offensive threat.

The Columbia team was unscathed by graduation and will be reinforced by two quality sophs, Kevin Best and John McElaney, plus the return (after a year's absence) of Ed Shockley. Guard Alton Byrd, at 5′8″, is a spectacular player who dominates the tempo and style of play in games.

Three sophomore starters from last year's Brown team will be joined by an excellent new crop of sophs to give the Bruins a quality stable of athletes. Perhaps some of last year's close losses can be turned into close wins.

Yale's superleaper Carnell Cooper has graduated, along with four other squad members, leaving a dearth of talent. Four promising sophs will improve the team's speed and ball handling, but this looks like it will be the Yalies' tenth losing season in a row.

Despite the rigors of its most difficult schedule ever, Lafayette should win its fourth straight East Coast Conference title. New head coach Roy Chipman must find a center to replace graduated Kris Grundberg and shore up the weak defensive play.

Temple, on the other hand, has a strong defense, but the team's rebounding skills leave much to be desired.

The La Salle team will be paced by forward Michael Brooks, who was one of the country's most impressive freshmen last winter. Darryl Gladden and Kurt Kanaskie are a dynamite backcourt combination.

The Hofstra team was obliterated by graduation, so it's back to the drawing boards for coach Roger Gaeckler. Two freshmen (Gary Cheslock and Doug Swanson) and transfer (from Hawaii, yet) Henry Hollinsworth should earn starting jobs.

Lehigh is rebuilding at a startling pace. Only 1–23 two years ago, the Engineers have a good chance to post their first winning season since 1968.

The atmosphere at Holy Cross is heavy with euphoria and optimism. Nearly everyone returns from last year's team, which won three tournaments, posted the most wins (23) in 23 years, set a school scoring record and finished eighth nationally. The returnees will be rejoined by onetime starting center John O'Connor (out much of last season with an injury) and Leo Kane, who missed last season but who was a starter as a freshman. Coach George Blaney also recruited three blue chippers, Garry Witts, Tom Seaman and Dave Mulquin. If everything falls into place, the Crusaders could be one of the half-dozen best teams in the country.

The Syracuse team should at least duplicate its 26–4 record of a year ago. The Louie and Bouie act (Louis Orr and Roosevelt Bouie) is a year older and wiser after its sensational freshman debut. Two newcomers, Marty Headd and Eddie Moss, will contribute much their first year. Headd could give the Orangemen the consistent outside shooting they lacked last winter. The schedule is tougher and there is lack of experience in the backcourt, but look for Syracuse to wind up in the postseason play-offs.

Providence's graduation losses were few (Joe Hassett and Bob Cooper), but they were staggering. The Friars' success this year will be largely dependent on the play and leadership of their excellent senior front court, center Bob Misevicius and forwards Bill Eason and Bruce Campbell. Campbell, especially, must fulfill his long-predicted (but as yet unfulfilled) destiny of greatness.

St. Bonaventure will have a high-scoring team, but the rebounding may be inept. Tim Waterman can help solve that problem if he plays this year like he did in the National Invitation Tournament. Keep an eye on deadeye shooter Greg Sanders—his accuracy from the floor is breath-taking.

George Johnson will probably break all of St. John's career scoring and rebounding records his final year. His supporting cast will feature many new faces. Best of the newcomers are transfers Reggie Carter and Bernard Rencher, plus freshmen Frank Gilroy and Wayne McKoy.

The Georgetown team faces the toughest schedule in the school's history, but 13 veterans are returning, including All-America candidates Derrick Jackson and Craig Shelton. Jackson is one of the country's premier guards and Shelton can dominate a game when he's healthy. He should provide the muscle and inside scoring punch the Hoyas needed so badly while he was out with injuries last year.

Army won 20 games last season and should do even better this time, because the line-up returns intact. Third-year coach Mike Krzyzewski has done a masterful job of rebuilding the Cadets' cage fortunes; the year before he took over, they won only three games. The key man on this year's team is Gary Winton, who is already Army's all-time career and season scoring leader.

Top scorer Ronnie Valentine returns at Old Dominion, but four of last year's other starters have departed. Welcome reinforcement will come from transfers Larry Orton and Tony Ellis.

Niagara combines a wealth of experienced players (best of whom is Vern Allen) with an excellent crop of newcomers, providing the Purple Eagles with a deep and talented squad that could challenge Syracuse and St. Bonaventure for the mythical championship of Upstate New York.

Best news at Seton Hall is the arrival of sharpshooting freshman John Davis. Two other frosh, Andy Arrington and Tony Massaro, will give the Pirates much needed height. The team leaders will again be superguards Greg Tynes and Nick Galis.

The Manhattan team will again lead a nomadic existence, playing all but one of its games on the road while awaiting completion of its new campus gymnasium. As before, the Jaspers will be led by pivot man Steve Grant. Either of two newcomers, Sergio Bardaji or Jo-Jo Walters, could win a starting job.

Navy enjoyed a 13–11 record last winter, its best showing in 15 years. The Middies' two main threats, Hank Kuzma and Kevin Sinnett, are back, along with most of their supporting cast. Ergo, this could be an even better year in Annapolis.

New Boston College coach Tom Davis has recruited an impressive group of freshmen as his first step in turning the Eagles' cage fortunes around. Best of the rookies are Vin Caraher and Carl Baldwin. Davis will have to find some accurate shooter among the youngsters if his team is to show much improvement this season.

Little Iona College landed one of the most sought-after prep players in the country, 6′9″, 225-pound forward Jeff Ruland. He's the kind of player who can make an ordinary team into a very good one his first season in camp.

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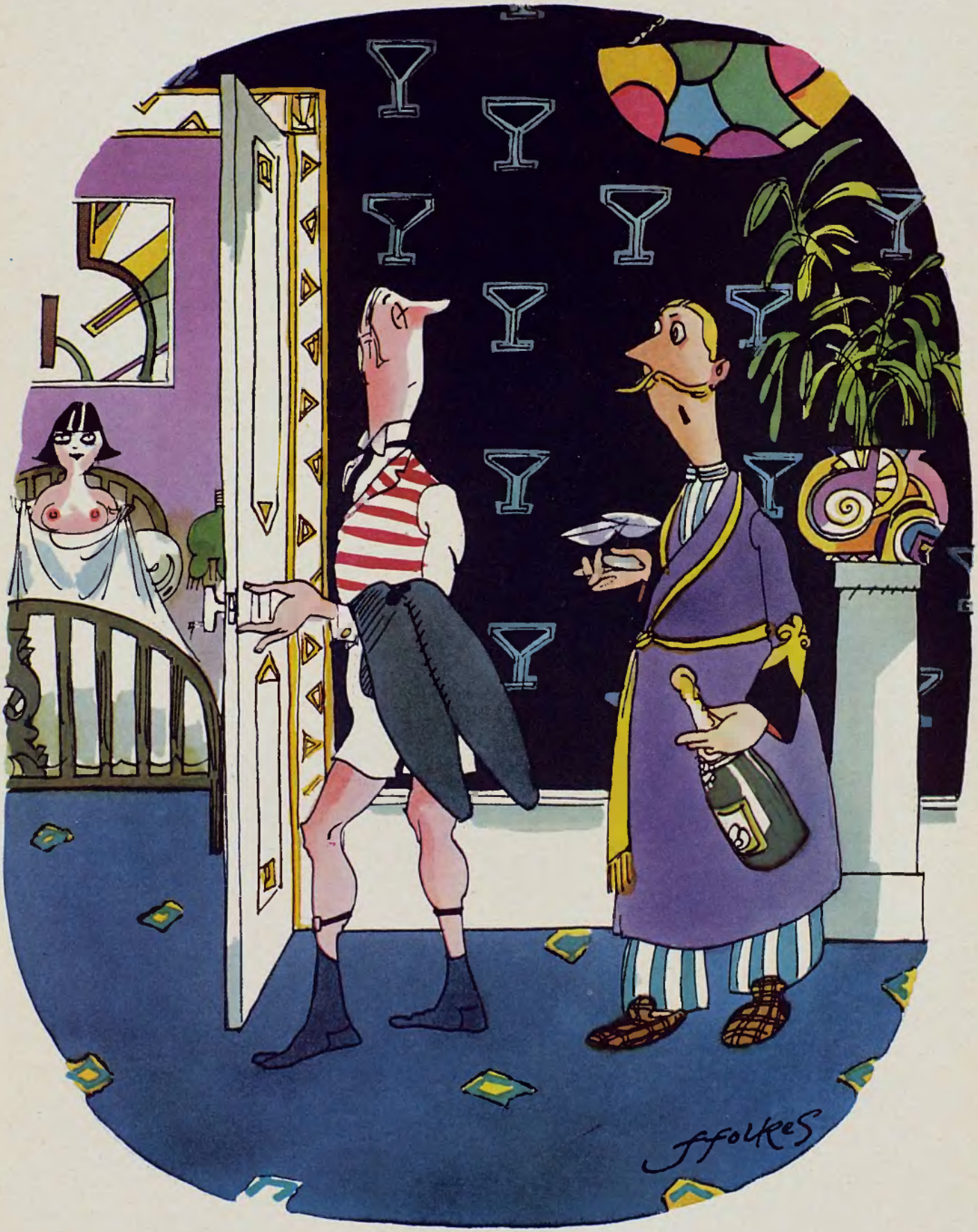
Purdue should be the top team in the Big Ten this year, with Michigan and Minnesota not far behind. Purdue is so loaded with experience and expertise that the recruits will have few chances to play. Seniors Walter Jordan, Eugene



"Now, you understand, Jeeves, only the foreplay."

Parker and Wayne Walls have started virtually every Big Ten game since coming to Purdue. Jordan, the emotional leader of the team, is poison if the defense lets him get the ball with his back to the basket. Sophomore center Joe Barry Carroll—a seven-footer—will play full time this winter and his potential boggles the minds of his coaches. Freshman Roosevelt Barnes (though he won't get to play much this year) has an impressive future.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

1. Purdue
2. Michigan
3. Minnesota
4. Iowa
5. Indiana
6. Michigan State
7. Wisconsin
8. Illinois
9. Ohio State
10. Northwestern

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

1. Miami
2. Toledo
3. Central Michigan
4. Western Michigan
5. Ball State
6. Ohio University
7. Northern Illinois
8. Bowling Green
9. Eastern Michigan
10. Kent State

INDEPENDENTS

1. Marquette
2. Notre Dame
3. Detroit
4. Illinois State
5. Loyola
6. DePaul
7. Dayton
8. Xavier

TOP PLAYERS: Jordan, Parker (Purdue); Hubbard (Michigan); Thompson (Minnesota); Lester (Iowa); Woodson (Indiana); Kelser (Michigan State); Gregory, Matthews (Wisconsin); Matthews (Illinois); Williams, Page (Ohio State); Aldridge (Miami); Williams (Toledo); Skaggs (Ohio University); McGhee (Kent State); Lee, Whitehead (Marquette); Flowers (Notre Dame); Long, Tyler (Detroit); Lewis (Illinois State); Wakefield (Loyola); Corzine (DePaul); Paxon (Dayton).

Michigan will be an especially interesting team to watch, because last year's weaknesses—few as they were—could become this season's strengths. The Wolverines will be slower, but with the addition of fabulous 6'10", 265-pound Mike Robinson, there will be more muscle to compensate for less speed. If either of two 18-carat freshmen, Mike McGee and Johnny Johnson, can nail down a forward position opposite Playboy All-America Phil Hubbard, the scoring and rebounding from the front court will be superb. Coach Johnny Orr's main problem will be the blending of all that awesome new talent with the old.

Much of Minnesota's success this winter will depend on how quickly and effectively the backcourt can be rebuilt. Osborne Lockhart is the only veteran guard on the squad, but an impressive group of rookies will provide plenty of raw talent. The Gopher front line, with Dave Winey, Kevin McHale and Playboy All-America center Mike Thompson, is one of the best—and tallest—in the nation. Any (or all) of three sterling newcomers, Ricky Wallace, James Jackson and Brian Pederson, could crack the starting line-up before the winter snows melt.

With a little luck, Iowa could make a serious challenge for the Big Ten title. Eight of last year's top ten players are back, including four starters. All of the eight still have at least two years of eligibility remaining, so the Hawkeyes will stay a young team. Sophomore guard Ronnie Lester is a brilliant and exciting player, who should be a consensus All-America before he graduates.

The Indiana team, as everyone by now surely knows, has had more defections than East Germany. The graduation of superstar Kent Benson further depleted the Hoosier squad. This will, therefore, be a rather green (albeit talented) crew. There is also an impressive collection of rookies on hand to fill out the ranks. Brightest of the new faces are center Ray Tolbert (who looks like the best candidate to fill Benson's shoes) and Phil Isenbarger (brother of football-famed John). As always, Indiana will emphasize defense.

Michigan State, like most of the other Big Ten teams, had a fruitful recruiting year. This was especially fortunate for the Spartans, because their bench was all but useless last season. With more talent, size and depth, this should be a turnaround year. Two of the better recruits, Earvin Johnson and Jay Vincent, are from nearby Lansing. Another, Len Williams, was the top scorer in Chicago public school history.

Wisconsin will be the most improved team in the Big Ten. Unfortunately, after a 9–18 season, the Badgers have a long way to go. Four freshmen were starters most of last winter and they came on strong toward the end of the campaign. To this accrued experience, add two prize recruits—center Larry Petty and guard Wesley Matthews—and the future is dazzling in Madison.

Although everyone returns at Illinois, a tough nonconference schedule will make it difficult for the Illini to win more than half their games. This will probably be the best shooting team in school history, and with the advent of freshmen Eddie Johnson and Mark Smith, the rebounding (last season's big weakness) should be much improved. If a team leader emerges (none was apparent last winter), the Illini could be a sleeper team.

Lack of height was Ohio State's undoing last year, but coach Eldon Miller landed a pair of biggies during the recruiting season. Herbie Williams (6'11") was generally regarded as the best prep center in the land last winter and Jim Smith (6'9") is so aggressive he could play for Woody Hayes. Add to that awesome twosome four other high school blue chippers (best of whom is Kenny Page, potentially the best outside shooter in the country) and you get an idea of why football may not always be the main spectator sport in Columbus.

Northwestern lost both its best offensive and its best defensive players from last year's 7–20 squad, so the ones remaining will have to learn to play more as a team than as supporting actors. The experience factor will be much better this season and rookie guard Rod Roberson will be a big help.

The Miami team will be motivated by resentment left over from last season's frustrating experience: The Redskins were cochampions with Central Michigan of the Mid-American Conference but (having lost twice during the season to Central Michigan) were snubbed by the postseason tournaments. With four starters returning, the Redskins should take it all this year.

Miami's principal challengers for the conference crown will be Toledo and Central Michigan. Although Toledo won't have the stifling defense it had a year ago, the scoring will be better. The Rockets still need a true center and the rebounding (or lack of it) will again be a problem. Ted Williams is one of the better offensive players anywhere.

Central Michigan lost too much talent via graduation to maintain last year's excellence. The starting line-up will be strong, but some of the taller reserves must show major improvement if the Chippewas are to have adequate rebounding and inside defensive strength.

Although Western Michigan won't be able to replace graduated star Tom Cutter, the Broncos will be much more experienced and will have better outside shooting. Best of the newcomers are Dave Stavale and Todd Dietrich.

Ball State coach Steve Yoder, conscious of his team's numerous deficiencies, recruited at least four new players who could be starters this year, even though only one player is gone from last year's squad. Randy Boarden (who has great potential) is the only returning starter whose job seems secure from the newcomers.

Ohio University, also with all but one squadman returning, will have much better (and much needed) height this season with the arrival of freshman John Patterson and transfer Brewer Gray, plus the return of Jim Marhulik from the injured list.

The Northern Illinois team suffered from woeful outside shooting last winter, but that ailment will likely be cured by the finest crop of recruits in school history. Best of the rookies are Ron Hicks, Ernest Starks and Steve McCuiston.

Bowling Green, having exhausted all the imaginative and innovative ways to lose games last season, will probably settle down and win a few of the close ones this winter. The Falcons will have to learn to live without graduated superstar Tommy Harris, but the arrival of transfer George Marshall and freshman

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Graduation devastated the Eastern Michigan team, with three of the top four scorers among the missing. Fortunately, three blue-chip transfers, Gary Green, Al Cicotte and Tony Jamison, will provide immediate help.

The Kent State team will again be led by Burrell McGhee, a superb offensive player who would receive national recognition if he played for a "name" team.

Al McGuire, Marquette's colorful master of ceremonies, has retired from coaching, leaving the reins to Hank Raymonds, his assistant for the past 13 years. It's a tough situation for Raymonds, a pleasant, folksy type; not only must he replace the flamboyant McGuire but he also inherits the defending national-championship team and there's nowhere to go but down. Raymonds, however, is a shrewd and resourceful coach. He has most of last season's top ten players (three starters and the three top reserves) returning, and superrecruit Odell Ball (a transfer from Kent State) will add his skills to the already impressive talent bank. Any team with the services of two such players as Playboy All-America guard Butch Lee and center Jerome Whitehead (one of the nation's dominant big men) can't lose many games. Marquette, in short, has an excellent chance to retain its national championship.

Notre Dame's major weakness last season was the lack of a big, dominating pivot man. That problem will be solved by the return to duty of 6'11" center Bill Laimbeer, who sat out last year. The Irish also need better depth, which, it's hoped, will be supplied by the incoming freshmen. The rebounding, among the best in the nation last season, could be even better this time. Playboy All-America Bruce Flowers may be the best defensive player in the country. No one, therefore, is going to score freely against Notre Dame; and if the Irish can generate a little more team speed, they'll be in the thick of the national-championship race.

Detroit will again have an awesome scoring machine. The Titans are fast and deep. Best of all, it is a squad that bubbles with enthusiasm and confidence, and it has captured the imagination of the entire city. Dennis Boyd is the only major loss from last year and he will be adequately replaced by either Wilbert McCormick or freshman Kevin Smith. Terry Duerod, an explosive streak shooter, should win national renown his last two years in school.

Illinois State lost seven-foot intimidator Jeff Wilkins to graduation, a serious setback for any team. He will be replaced by another seven-footer, Joe Galvin, and by Roy Herold, a 6'8" import from Finland. Another gem-quality prospect is coach Gene Smithson's son Randy. If everything falls into place, the Redbirds could be nationally ranked by season's end.

Both Loyola and neighbor DePaul lost only one starter from last season, so both teams will be much improved by experience alone. Loyola of Chicago lacked only bench strength and a good tall player last year. Both needs were filled by a recruiting bonanza. Best of the rookies is 6'11" transfer Chester Giles. After a break-even season last winter (its best showing in seven years), the Loyola team should post a winning record, despite a tough schedule.

DePaul's big gun is 6'11" center Dave Corzine, who could become a consensus All-America if his playing style were a bit more aggressive. He will probably become DePaul's all-time leading scorer before he graduates.

With just one more good big man, the Dayton team would have won 20 or more games last season. Nearly everybody returns, and either of two recruits, Jim Rhoden or Richard Montague, could be that needed player. Standout Jim Paxon seems to do everything better than anyone else. The Flyers' immediate future looks bright, except for one problem: the schedule. It's a scorcher.

The Xavier team lacked shooting ability last winter, but that problem is now solved by two incoming frosh sharpshooters, Gary Massa and Broderick Dow. Other good news is that onetime regular center Joe Sunderman, out last season with injuries, is now healthy. Let's hope the emotional climate is healed, too. When things started to go bad last winter, morale and discipline deteriorated, and it was a very unhappy year for everyone. If the Muskies can get their heads together, this could be the banner season they were supposed to have a year ago.

•

The Atlantic Coast Conference remains—despite counterclaims of the Big Ten—the toughest league in the nation, and North Carolina appears to be the strongest team in the conference, as well as the best bet to win the national championship. The reasons evoke some other superlatives: (1) Playboy All-America guard Phil Ford could be the best player in college basketball and may be the best pure point guard ever to play the game; (2) Mike O'Koren was probably the best freshman in the country last year and plays with the savvy of a senior; and (3) Dean Smith is good enough to be acclaimed PLAYBOY Coach of the Year. The Tar Heels will miss three graduated starters, to be sure, and the defensive game and rebounding may suffer a bit, but the replacements are heavy on talent and gained much valuable experience last year as reserves. Freshman Al Wood is the only newcomer with a chance to start.

Clemson, once a perennially horrible team, has been turned by coach Bill Foster into a national power in only two seasons. The Tigers should match last winter's superb showing, largely because of the return of leading scorer Stan Rome and the arrival of new center John Campbell.

Wake Forest will again have a plethora of talented players, best of whom is Playboy All-America forward Rod Griffin.

THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

1. North Carolina
2. Clemson
3. Wake Forest
4. Maryland
5. Duke
6. Virginia
7. North Carolina State

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

1. Kentucky
2. Alabama
3. Florida
4. LSU
5. Mississippi State
6. Vanderbilt
7. Tennessee
8. Auburn
9. Georgia
10. Mississippi

METROPOLITAN CONFERENCE

1. Cincinnati
2. Memphis State
3. Louisville
4. Florida State
5. Georgia Tech
6. St. Louis
7. Tulane

OHIO VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Middle Tennessee
2. Austin Peay
3. Murray State
4. East Tennessee
5. Morehead State
6. Western Kentucky
7. Eastern Kentucky
8. Tennessee Tech

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

1. Furman
2. Virginia Military
3. Appalachian State
4. Marshall
5. Chattanooga
6. Western Carolina
7. Davidson
8. The Citadel

INDEPENDENTS

1. North Carolina–Charlotte
2. South Carolina
3. Virginia Tech
4. South Alabama
5. East Carolina

TOP PLAYERS: Ford, O'Koren (North Carolina); Rome (Clemson); Griffin (Wake Forest); King (Maryland); Spanarkel, Gminski, Banks (Duke); Iavaroni, Castellan, Lamp (Virginia); Whitney, Austin (North Carolina State); Givens, Robey (Kentucky); King (Alabama); Bonner, Glasper (Florida); Higgs (LSU); Brown, White (Mississippi State); Davis, Elliott (Vanderbilt); Mitchell (Auburn); Mercer (Georgia); Miller (Cincinnati); Wilson (Louisville); Thompson (Florida State); Johnson (St. Louis); Zuniga (Tulane); Joyner (Middle Tennessee); Howard (Austin Peay); Stamper (Morehead State); Bryant (Western Kentucky); Moore (Furman); Carter (VMI); Yarbrough (Chattanooga); Gerdy (Davidson); Massey (North Carolina–Charlotte); Graziano (South Carolina); Mallard (South Alabama); Mack (East Carolina).

Sophomore guard Frank Johnson looks like a future great. Despite all the skilled veterans on hand, three incoming freshmen (Fran McCaffery, Ed Thurman and Wilbert Singleton) look good enough to break into the starting line-up before season's end.

How do you lose a pair of players such as Steve Shapperd and Brad Davis and still field as strong a team as last year? Maryland coach Lefty Driesell has

apparently done it by retaining supersophs Jo Jo Hunter and Bill Bryant and corralling Albert King, one of the two most coveted high schoolers in the country. Hunter and Bryant, superb as freshmen, should be even better after a year's experience, and King is one of those magnificently skilled recruits who can make a good team into a great one from the first game of their freshman year.

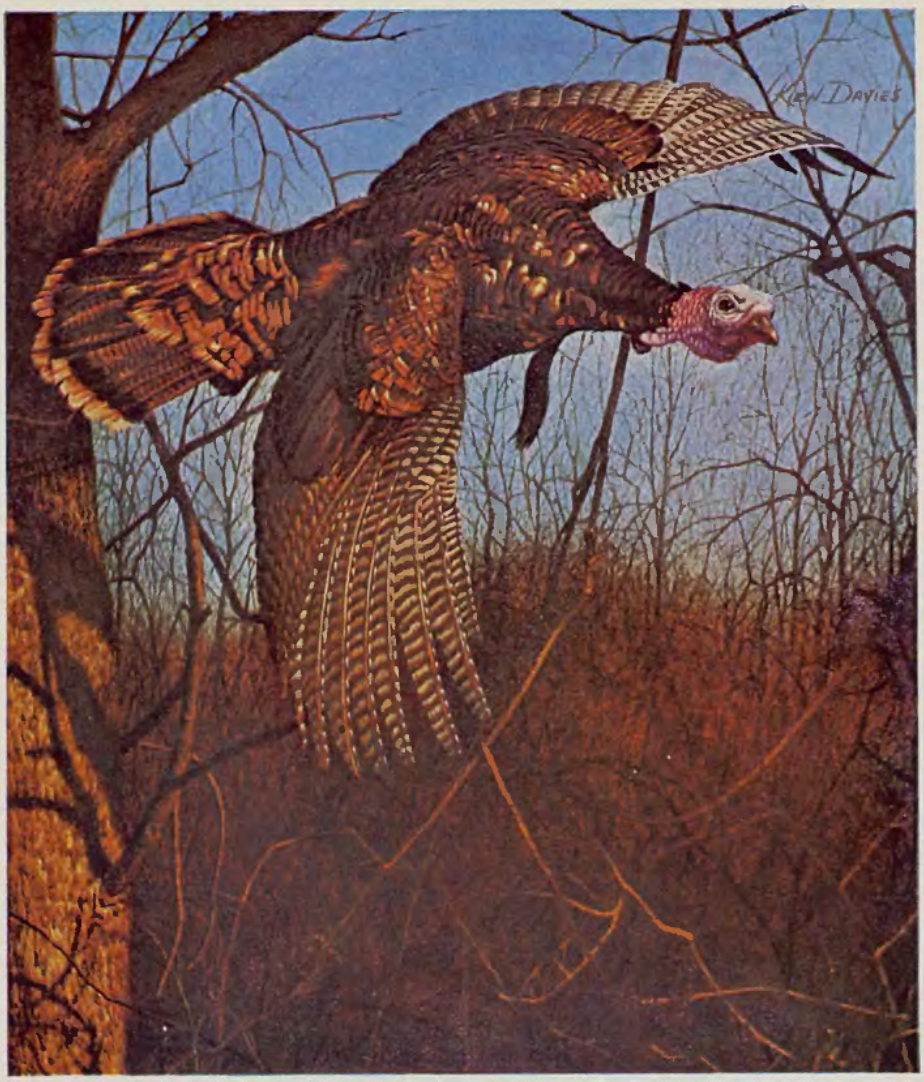
The other most coveted of this year's recruits, Gene Banks, enrolled at Duke. Banks, an excellent power forward, will cure many of last season's team deficiencies. He will join Jim Spanarkel (probably the most underrated player in the conference) and Mike Gminski (who, at only 18, should be the premier center in the league this winter). Banks and three other newcomers, Bob Bender, John Harrell and Kenny Dennard, will solve last year's most severe shortcoming, a lack of depth. Add it all up, and Duke should be a greatly improved team.

Likewise Virginia. Cavalier coach Terry Holland had a banner recruiting season by getting two superstuds, guard Jeff Lamp and forward Lee Raker, from the same high school (Louisville Ballard). They'll help cure last year's fatal flaw, poor shooting. Defense will continue to be Virginia's forte and the team will be quicker and much more physically imposing.

The North Carolina State team would likely be a preseason favorite in many leagues, but it will do well to escape the cellar in the Atlantic Coast Conference. The loss of Kenny Carr will be impossible to overcome in one season and the Wolfpack will again be inexperienced (four of last winter's starters were newcomers). Added seasoning for the returnees, plus three recruits (Kendal Pinder, Art Jones and Ken Matthews) who are good enough to be instant starters, could make the Wolfpack a sleeper team. It is also, like Virginia, an emotionally close-knit squad, so look for both teams to come on strong by the end of the season.

Kentucky, loaded with talent and experience, may have its strongest-ever team. The only serious graduation loss was guard Larry Johnson, but he will be more than adequately replaced by Kyle Macy, a transfer from Purdue. Two other newcomers, Scott Courts and Chuck Aleksinas (both 6'10"), will add to the already impressive depth. Aleksinas, who couples unbelievable strength with a deft shooting touch, could displace one of the veteran starters before the winter is over.

If Kentucky falters (an unlikely event with all that depth), Alabama will have the best shot at the Southeastern Conference championship. The Crimson Tide has been one of the nation's more successful teams the past six years, primarily because of sound defensive play (man to man, with a great deal of pressing) and an offensive concept built on



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"we" rather than "I." Nevertheless, an occasional superstar emerges from the group, and this year, as last, it will be Reggie King.

Florida also emphasizes team play with no superstars. One incoming freshman, 6'9" Reggie Hannah, threatens that concept. He was the best catch in the best recruiting year in school history. Add all that new talent to returning Al Bonner and Richard Glasper (last winter's top offensive and defensive players, respectively), and Florida could be the surprise team of the Southeast before the season is over.

The LSU team will also be much improved. Kenny Higgs, a do-everything type, returns, along with three other regulars who started as freshmen last year. They will be reinforced by two incoming frosh with glowing credentials, DeWayne Scales and Willie Sims.

New Mississippi State coach Ron Greene inherits a team that suffered minimal graduation losses. The Bulldogs have the makings of a better-than-average team if Greene can fix the poor outside shooting and the inept defense. Their 6'10" center Rickey Brown will dominate the inside play and incoming freshman Greg Grim could be a one-man solution to the outside-shooting problem.

Vanderbilt will benefit from the return of nine of last winter's top ten players, including Charles Davis, the team's leading scorer and rebounder, who could become the best forward in school history. He was one of three freshmen who were starters last year, so the Commodores will be much more seasoned. Despite all the returnees, three incoming frosh, Brian Allsmiller, Mike Rhodes and Pat Berwanger, are sufficiently skilled to usurp starting jobs.

A severe regression of Tennessee's basketball fortunes seems inevitable. The three most valuable players on last year's team are gone. Two of them, Bernard King and Ernie Grunfeld, were first-round pro-draft picks. The two remaining starters, John Darden and Reggie Johnson, will face challenges from incoming freshmen. The rookie contingent, in fact, is so loaded with gem-quality prospects that Vol fans may have trouble recognizing their team by season's end. Best of the newcomers is forward James Ratiff, who should be an immediate starter.

Auburn's disappointing showing last season was primarily due to the lack of a big, dominating center (plus the puzzling inability to win games on the home court). The center problem will probably be solved by the arrival of 6'9", 240-pound freshman Bobby Cattage. Another freshman, Earl Banks, will add some needed scoring punch. If the good crop of rookies grows up quickly, Auburn could have the banner season it was supposed to have—but didn't—last year.

Georgia was the sad-sack team of the S.E.C. last winter, largely because of an unbelievable season-long seizure of injuries. With a presumably healthier squad and some additional talent, the Bulldogs should recapture their respectability. Chief among the reinforcements are Lucius Foster, who sat out last season, and freshman Charles Carter. As soon as guard Tony Flanagan reports for duty after football season (he's a quarterback for the grid 'Dogs), Georgia will be capable of knocking off some of the conference biggies.

Ole Miss could have an improved basketball team but, because of a horrendous extraconference schedule, will have less to show for it at season's end. The Rebs will be a more settled squad after a year under coach Bob Weltlich. Three newcomers, Elston Turner, Larry Baldwin and Chris Barrett, will see much action.

Four of Cincinnati's top six players return, along with three others (Pat Cummings, Greg Johnson and Bobby Sherlock) who sat out last season with injuries. Cummings and Johnson will combine with Bob Miller, one of the nation's premier centers, to give the Bearcats a vastly improved inside game. Incoming freshmen Lionel Harvey and David Kennedy will see a lot of action.

If Memphis State can find an adequate replacement for graduated Dexter Reed (Darrell Hollimon seems the likeliest candidate), the Tigers will give Cincinnati a close race for the Metropolitan Conference championship. An outstanding group of recruits, best of whom is guard Kevin Fromm, will give the Tigers impressive depth.

Louisville lost superstar Wesley Cox, last winter's leading scorer, and suffered a lean recruiting year. Thus, both squad depth and the team's inside strength will suffer.

Six of Florida State's top 11 players last season were freshmen, so the Seminoles should be much improved by virtue of added experience. Only two squadmen graduated, but both were guards. Their likely replacements are sophs Tony Jackson and Mickey Dillard.

Three of Georgia Tech's top five players have departed, so most of the ingredients of last year's surprising 18–10 finish will be missing. Some of the slack will be taken up by the arrival of forward Sammy Drummer, last season's Junior College Player of the Year, but it will still be a rebuilding year in Atlanta.

St. Louis University, once one of the premier basketball schools in the country, has seen its team fall on bad times in recent seasons. This year, it will be different. New coach Ron Coleman, a persuasive recruiter, corralled three Missouri all-state high schoolers (Ricky Frazier, Mike Smith and Mark Alcorn), plus junior college All-America Everne Carr. They'll join seven of the Billikins' top ten players from last year to give

Coleman an impressive stable of talent.

The immediate future looks grim at Tulane. Last year's team had poor defense, poor rebounding, poor shooting and poor speed—and the two best players from that team have graduated. Three newcomers, Craig Harris, Eric Dozier and Clarence James, will help, but the Greenies face a murderous schedule.

Middle Tennessee's only serious loss from last season was Lewis Mack. Greg Armstrong, a transfer from Florida, will be a more than adequate replacement. Two other newcomers, John Sauer and James Riley, will add much muscle to the rebounding, last winter's only noticeable weakness. Look for forward Greg Joyner to become one of the nation's best during the next two years.

Although Austin Peay will have nearly everyone back from last year's 24–4 team, the Governors must adjust to new coach Ed Thompson. The front line, featuring Otis Howard, Calvin Garrett and Gary Greene, will again be awesome. Best of the newcomers is Sterling Harris, the nation's second-leading junior college scorer last season.

The Murray State team will be deep, experienced and fast. If the Racers can develop a respectable defense, and if newcomers Bobo Jackson (a transfer from North Carolina State) and Johnny Thirdkill live up to their advance billings, the team will challenge Middle Tennessee and Austin Peay for the league title.

East Tennessee and Morehead State each have bumper crops of quality rookies, so both teams will be a mixture of seasoned veterans and raw recruits. How well the old mixes with the new will determine the fortunes of both teams. Best of the newcomers are Charles Thaxton at East Tennessee and Terry Bemore at Morehead.

Inexperience and injuries scuttled Western Kentucky's fortunes last winter. All five starters at season's end will return, so the savvy factor will be much better this time. Transfer Darryl Turner looks good enough to displace one of the vets.

Eastern Kentucky's hopes are based on the return of four starters, plus the arrival of superrecruit Lovell Joiner.

Tennessee Tech's defense, miserable last year, will be much improved, but the schedule is probably the toughest in school history. Transfer Brian Troupe will help give the Eagles better shooting.

Furman is set to take the Southern Conference championship from VMI. The Paladins lost only one starter, who will be more than adequately replaced by high-scoring freshman Rodney Arnold. He, sharpshooting guard Bruce Grimm and center Jonathan Moore (who was sensational last year as a freshman) will form a fearsome offensive combo.

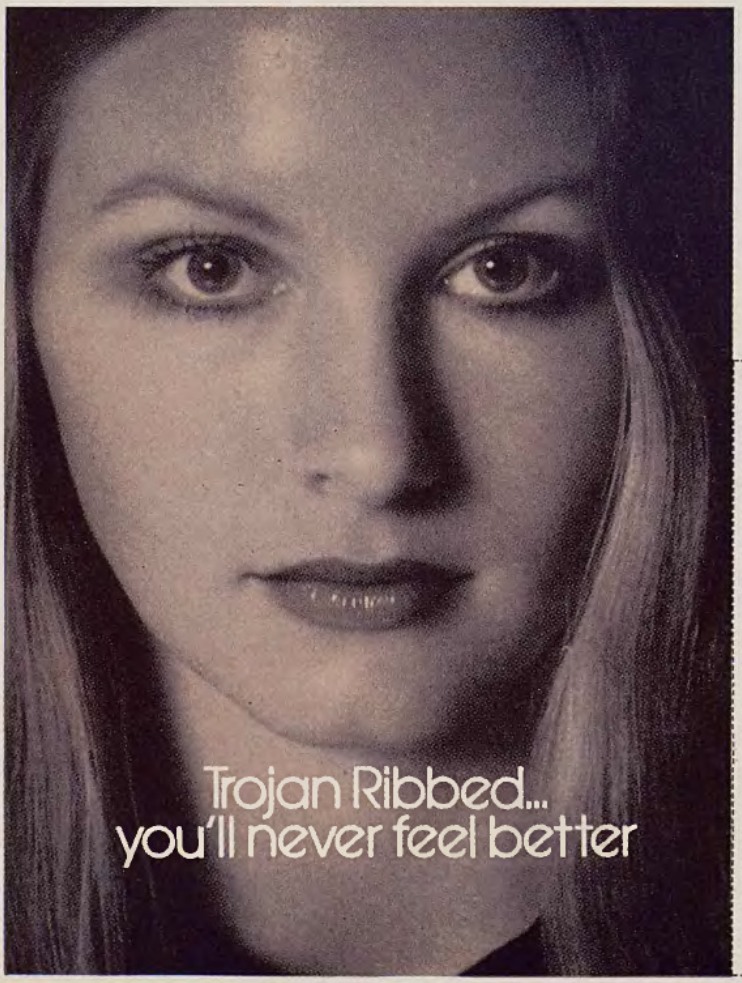
VMI lost its two all-time top scorers to graduation, but sensational Ron Carter (who should eclipse both of those departees before his career is over) returns, along with two other starters. A couple of freshmen, Dennis Johnson and Marty Cristo, are good enough to become immediate starters, but the bench will be dangerously underpopulated.

Appalachian State, with a little luck, could usurp the league throne. The Apps are a close-knit crew and they have one of the better backcourts in the country. High-scoring freshman Paul Keller and transfer Renaldo Lawrence will make large contributions their first year.

Marshall has a new coaching staff (headed by Stu Aberdeen), a new system (1–3–1 offense) and some good new players (best of whom are Greg White and Ken Labanowski). The Herd is also new to the Southern Conference and will soon have a new $19,000,000 area in which to play. The sweet smell of future success hangs heavy in Huntington.

Chattanooga and Western Carolina are also new to the Southern Conference. Chattanooga won the N.C.A.A. Division Two championship last winter, but its entry into Division One play will be dampened by the loss of five of last season's top seven players.

Western Carolina was also gutted by graduation, but most of the departees



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weren't as talented as the incoming recruits. Best of the new players is Gary Plamondon.

Although nearly everyone returns at Davidson, the Wildcats will still be extremely young and will face a masochistic schedule. Guard John Gerdy is an All-America-caliber player. Any or all of three incoming frosh, Brad Walker, Rich DiBenedetto and Chris Dodds, could crack the starting line-up.

At The Citadel, the top seven scorers and top four rebounders return from last season. Point guard Randy Nesbit is the only recruit with a good shot at making the starting line-up.

The North Carolina–Charlotte team's main problem will be learning to play without Cedric Maxwell and Melvin Watkins, both high pro-draft picks. The adjustment may not be so difficult, though, because three skilled starters and four experienced reserves return, along with two sterling freshmen, James George and George Devone. Veteran Lew Massey will carry the scoring burden and soph Chad Kinch's breath-taking perimeter shooting should be even sharper.

South Carolina's 14–12 record last winter was its poorest showing in ten years. Fabulous freshman Jim Graziano carried the team at center, though he would be even more impressive at forward. He'll probably have to be the pivot man again, because the recruiting efforts didn't turn up a quality big man for the job. The Gamecocks will still be a small team, the bench strength questionable and the schedule again awesome.

Although only two starters return at Virginia Tech, the replacements seem good enough for the Gobblers to retain the excellence of the past two years. The keys to the season will be how well Sam Foggin plays the pivot position and how quickly two promising new forwards, transfer Tic Price and freshman David Bennett, can learn their jobs.

South Alabama was a very physical team last year, starting a front line that averaged 6'8" and 225 pounds. The Jaguars, with nearly everybody returning, will be even bigger and tougher this time. Freshman Ed Rains and transfers George Torres and Ronnie Davis will add much scoring punch.

New coach Larry Gillman takes over an East Carolina squad that suffered from internal problems last year. Gillman's infectious enthusiasm will inject new life into the team and a best-ever crop of recruits will raise the talent level. Junior college transfer Oliver Mack is the most prized recruit ever to matriculate in Greenville.

•

Although Kansas State is again the preseason favorite in the Big Eight championship race, the Wildcats will be facing the same problem—lack of big men. Their success a year ago came despite a front line that featured three 6'5"ers, two of whom have since departed. The 'Cats will continue to be a super shooting team—Playboy All-America guard Mike Evans and teammate Curtis Redding are among the nation's top marksmen. With even an average year (for him), Evans will wind up his brilliant career as the leading scorer in Big Eight history.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

1. Kansas State
2. Oklahoma
3. Kansas
4. Colorado
5. Missouri
6. Oklahoma State
7. Nebraska
8. Iowa State

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

1. Arkansas
2. Texas A & M
3. Texas Tech
4. Houston
5. Texas
6. Baylor
7. Southern Methodist
8. Rice
9. Texas Christian

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Indiana State
2. Creighton
3. Southern Illinois
4. Wichita State
5. New Mexico State
6. Bradley
7. Drake
8. West Texas State
9. Tulsa

INDEPENDENTS

1. North Texas State
2. Oral Roberts
3. Oklahoma City
4. Centenary

TOP PLAYERS: Evans (Kansas State); McCullough (Oklahoma); Douglas (Kansas); Lewis (Colorado); Johnson (Missouri); Holder (Oklahoma State); Uthoff (Iowa State); Brewer, Moncrief, Delph (Arkansas); Foreman (Texas A & M); Russell (Texas Tech); Baxter, Krivacs (Texas); Bird (Indiana State); Apke (Creighton); Johnson (Wichita State); Jones (New Mexico State); Phegley (Bradley); Mitchell (North Texas State); Dahms (Oral Roberts); Krause (Oklahoma City); White (Centenary).

Oklahoma will again have a very young team—there isn't a senior in the group. One of the youngsters, soph center Al Beal, could become the league's best pivot man after he acquires a bit more maturity. The backcourt was the major area of concern last season, so coach Dave Bliss recruited two all-state guards from Indiana, Ray Whitley and Max Perry.

A fruitful recruiting season will give the Kansas team much improved speed and depth. Freshman Darnell Valentine, one of the five top prep guard prospects in the country last year, could be an immediate starter. John Douglas, who again will be the Jayhawks' big gun, may be the best all-round player in the league. Much of the team's success will depend on the play of Paul Mokeski. He's the Jayhawks' first seven-footer since Wilt Chamberlain, has great potential but has been benched most of his college career with injuries.

You won't recognize the Colorado team—it has made a complete turnaround since last season. Last year, the Buffs had only one starter over 6'4" and depth was nearly nonexistent. Coach Bill Blair had the best recruiting year in school history (and one of the top four or five rookie harvests in the nation), so this Buffalo team will be big and deep but young. Only one of the five returning starters (Emmett Lewis, the Big Eight's leading scorer) is secure in his job. Last season, the Buffs were pitifully weak in rebounding, but that should be changed with the advent of three rookies, 6'9" Dave Netherton, 6'8" Brian Johnson and 6'9" Craig Austin. Youthful mistakes will be a problem, but a light schedule will give the youngsters a chance to develop. Keep an eye on them—they're a team of the future.

The Missouri team was dismembered by graduation, so depth will be a serious problem. Best of the returnees is Clay Johnson. He's skinny enough to tread water in a test tube, but he jumps well enough to pluck quarters off the top of a backboard and leave small change. He's only 6'4", but slam dunks are his specialty. Much of the Tigers' success this year will depend on whether or not two players who were sidelined last season, Stan Ray and Jeff Currie, can regain their form.

New Oklahoma State coach Jim Killingsworth inherits a team that is a walking compendium of incongruities. Olus Holder, by far the team's most valuable player, has less native talent than anyone on the squad—he has terrible hands and poor vision and he can't jump—but he's a winner and always gets the job done. The team's most talented player is Eli Johnson, but he's a sluggard on defense and considers rebounding an unnecessary expenditure of energy. If 7'4" center Lonnie Boeckman can gain some confidence and toughness, and if newcomer Mark Tucker pans out, the Cowboys will be improved.

For the past six years, the Nebraska team has been known primarily for its tenacious defensive play, but the scoring has been weak. The good defense may be combined with more productive scoring this year because of the added maturity of junior marksmen Brian Banks and Carl McPipe (both from Hammond, Indiana). Another Hoosier, freshman Eric Eckelman (from Muncie), will add even more firepower.

Iowa State's rebuilding program is centered on two sophomores, Dean Uthoff and transfer (from Kentucky) Bob Fowler. Last year's poor shooting should be cured by four rookie guards, all sharpshooters. Two of them, Charles Harris and Joe Gideon, are good enough to displace the returning starters.

Basketball has suddenly caught on in the Southwest Conference. In an area where football once overshadowed all other spectator sports, basketball arenas are now jammed and athletic departments are scurrying to build teams of national stature. Arkansas is already in that position and Texas A & M, Texas Tech,

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Houston and Texas aren't far away.

Arkansas had a 26–2 record last year, with six players logging practically all the court time. With a couple of top-grade reserves, the Razorbacks could well have been undefeated. All of which bodes well for this season, because graduation losses were minimal, rugged Chris Bennett returns from knee surgery and two blue-chip freshmen (James Crockett and Michael Watley) have arrived. Playboy All-America guard Ron Brewer and teammates Sidney Moncrief and Marvin Delph are wonderfully multiskilled players. The Razorbacks, in short, have no apparent weaknesses and could make a serious run for the national championship.

Texas A&M will be one of the most improved teams in the country. Four starters, including do-everything Willie Foreman, return. They'll be joined by Karl Godine and Jarvis Williams, both of whom started as freshmen two years ago but sat out last season because of recruiting violations. Also on tap are three freshmen, Vernon Smith, Rynn Wright and Albert Culton, all of whom are capable of earning starting jobs.

Mike Russell will again be the key to Texas Tech's fortunes. Russell was the starting center last year, but at 6'7", he often gave up much height to opponents. With two hot-shot new pivot men in camp (freshman Leslie Nichols and transfer Joe Baxter), Russell will likely be moved to forward, where he'll be even more effective.

Houston will have a hard time adjusting to the absence of graduated game breaker Otis Birdsong. The Cougars' depth will still be excellent, with ten or eleven players capable of starting. If some muscle can be put into the rebounding, the Cougars will again be a strong factor in the S.W.C. championship race.

The Texas team's best asset is second-year coach Abe Lemons, who is busily building a basketball power. Lemons will have all his key players back from last year, plus redshirt Brent Boyd (a transfer from LSU and a protégé of Pete Maravich's) and junior college All-America Philip Stroud. Lemons also recruited the co–players of the year in Los Angeles, Henry Johnson and Dave Shepard. Give Lemons a couple of years and he'll be making waves in the N.C.A.A. play-offs.

Baylor's major weaknesses last season were the lack of good outside shooting and inconsistent guard play. Both problems appear to have been solved with the recruiting of junior college guards Vinnie Johnson and Mike Little.

SMU lost Pete Lodwick to graduation, and there isn't much talent left. If junior college transfers Raymond Dean (a point guard) and Reggie Franklin (a forward) come through, the Mustangs will be respectable.

New Rice coach Mike Schuler inherits an experienced team with a dearth of talent. Elbert Darden is a class player who does everything well, but his teammates are so small and slow that the Owls are outmanned in nearly every game.

Texas Christian also suffers from lack of talent. Two newcomers, transfer Steve Scales and freshman Larry Frevert, will bring immediate help.

The Missouri Valley Conference is rapidly becoming one of the strongest basketball leagues in the land. Two new members, Indiana State and Creighton, join conference play this year and either of them could take the championship. Indiana State will be nearly unbeatable. Only one starter, Danny King, is missing from the squad that posted a 25–3 record last winter, and he will be ably replaced by transfer Leroy Staley. Another rookie, 6'11" center Richard Johnson, could usurp the pivot spot. The Sycamores main asset, though, is Playboy All-America forward Larry Bird. His coaches insist he has more playing skills than any other collegian in the country.

Creighton also has a superstar—Rick Apke, whose older brother Tom is the head coach. The incoming crop of recruits, one of the best in recent years, will give the Bluejays better inside defensive and rebounding strength. With added experience, they should avoid a repeat of last year's season-end debacle (after a 21–3 start, they lost their last four games).

It will be impossible for Southern Illinois coach Paul Lambert to adequately replace graduated Mike Glenn, the most efficient scoring machine in Saluki history. This will be a young team—no seniors—and how well it does depends on how quickly it can adjust to Glenn's absence. Gary Wilson and Wayne Abrams will have to carry most of the load.

The Wichita State attack will be built around Lynbert "Cheese" Johnson, probably the best player in school history. With much added experience (only one starter was lost) and two excellent recruits (point guards Johnny Taylor and Lawrence Howell), the Shockers could be the surprise team of the league. That would be fitting—this is the first time in two years they haven't been preseason favorites for the league crown.

New Mexico State won a share of the Missouri Valley championship last year with a freshman-dominated team. Despite all the added experience, that will be a difficult feat to duplicate, because last year's leaders, Rich Robinson and Dexter Hawkins, have graduated. Much depends on the contributions of the rookies, especially junior college transfer Robert Gunn.

The Bradley team is built around Roger Phegley (who plays every position on the court), guard Bobby Humbles and Harold McMath (who led the team in rebounding as a freshman). Although everyone returns from last season, junior college transfer Robert Jenkins is talented enough to win a starting berth before the season opener. Another newcomer, seven-footer Tom Prusator, is the tallest player in Bradley history.

Drake will miss the inside scoring punch of graduated Ken Harris, but added experience and the arrival of freshman forward Ernie Banks will help the rebounding, last year's major weakness. This will also be a more aggressive team, which will help avoid a repeat of last year's many narrow-margin losses.

Few teams are ever so wiped out by graduation as was West Texas State. The Buffaloes, a wonderfully balanced team last season, will be more dependent on the performance of one player, Maurice Cheeks. A small and inexperienced squad, the Buffs will have difficulty competing physically with bigger teams.

Tulsa suffered through one of its worst seasons ever last year (7–20), but an excellent recruiting campaign brought in six rookies who could furnish immediate help. Best of the new players are Lester Johnson, Marcus Peel and Bob Stevenson.

North Texas State has won more than 20 games each of the past two years but was snubbed by postseason tournament selectors both times. The Eagles are determined not to let that happen again. The all-senior front line, featuring forward Fred Mitchell, is the main strength of the team. The only major loss from last year was point guard Walter "Weasel" Johnson, but his replacement, Jon Manning (a transfer from Oklahoma City University), looks better.

There couldn't be a more appropriate year for Oral Roberts' motto "Expect a miracle." It would, indeed, be a miracle if new coach Lake Kelly could lead the team to a ninth consecutive 20-game winning season. Graduation took away four starters, including superscorer Anthony Roberts, and the young replacements face a grueling schedule. There is a wealth of pivot talent on hand, including 7'5" (that's no typo) John Hollinden, who could dominate games when he gains more experience and strength. Two transfers, Antonio Martin and Lamont Reid, freshman Rodney Wright and back-again Ben Uzell will challenge for starting jobs.

Seven of Oklahoma City's top nine players return, led by Greg Krause, one of the country's better defensive players. With four newcomers capable of making immediate contributions, the Chiefs are optimistic.

Centenary also has seven of its top nine players returning, including the entire backcourt. Bobby White will again be the top scorer and he will be joined at midseason in the front court

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by George Lett, a transfer from Hawaii. If seven-foot Rudy Manne can nail down the center spot, it will be a good year in Shreveport.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

1. UCLA
2. Oregon
3. Oregon State
4. Washington State
5. Washington
6. Stanford
7. California
8. Southern California

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

1. Utah
2. New Mexico
3. Wyoming
4. Arizona State
5. Arizona
6. Colorado State
7. Texas–El Paso
8. Brigham Young

PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

1. Long Beach State
2. Fullerton State
3. San Diego State
4. San Jose State
5. Fresno State
6. Pacific
7. Santa Barbara

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

1. San Francisco
2. Santa Clara
3. Nevada–Reno
4. Seattle
5. St. Mary's
6. Portland University
7. Loyola Marymount
8. Pepperdine

BIG SKY CONFERENCE

1. Montana
2. Idaho State
3. Weber State
4. Boise State
5. Northern Arizona
6. Montana State
7. Gonzaga
8. Idaho

INDEPENDENTS

1. Nevada–Las Vegas
2. Utah State
3. Portland State
4. Air Force
5. Hawaii

TOP PLAYERS: Greenwood (UCLA); Drummond (Oregon); Johnson (Oregon State); House (Washington State); Stewart (Washington); Belton (Stanford); Ransom (California); S. Smith, D. Smith, Robinson (Southern California); Judkins (Utah); Cooper, Johnson (New Mexico); Cunningham (Colorado State); Gray, Wiley (Long Beach State); Bunch (Fullerton State); Gilbert (San Diego State); Haynes (San Jose State); Adams (Fresno State); Coleman (Pacific); Cartwright, Boynes (San Francisco); Rambis, Theus (Santa Clara); Jones (Nevada–Reno); Richardson (Seattle); Pappageorge, Jones (St. Mary's); Claus (Loyola Marymount); Matson (Pepperdine); Richardson (Montana); Cook (Idaho State); Collins (Weber State); S. Connor (Boise State); Henson (Northern Arizona); Robinson, Theus (Nevada–Las Vegas); Santos (Utah State); Williams (Portland State); Schneeberger (Air Force).

UCLA's losses were heavy: all-everything Marques Johnson and coach Gene Bartow. Johnson graduated and Bartow gave the shaft sign to the flakiest collection of fans in the country. Nothing short of unending national championships will satisfy the Smog City zealots. Despite their howling, this will again be an excellent team. David Greenwood seems ready to become the Bruins' next superstar. The center position, last year's weakness, will be stronger if either Gig Sims or Darrell Allums can take charge. It will be a young crew (only one senior is on the squad) and it will have to mature quickly if it is to match the performance of previous Bruin teams.

If UCLA should falter—even slightly—Oregon is in a perfect position to take over the Pacific Eight championship. The Ducks will be much improved, thanks to the return from surgery of center Dan Hartshorne and the arrival of blue-chip freshmen Felton Sealey and Phil Barner. With a squad of fast sprinters on hand, coach Dick Harter will likely utilize the fast break often this winter. When they don't run, the Ducks can kill opponents with deadly outside shooting. Soph John Murray may become the best pure shooter in the country. At most, Oregon is a year away from becoming a nationally prominent team.

Oregon State seems similarly destined, but it will take a little longer. The Beavers are big, fast, deep, good ball handlers and good shooters; and 13 of the 17-man squad are either freshmen or sophomores. If Steve Johnson can learn to stay out of foul trouble, he could become one of his school's all-time greats. Freshmen forwards BoBo Campbell and Bill McShane have luminous futures.

Washington State was nearly wiped out by graduation. Fortunately, a fruitful recruiting season a year ago has produced several talented sophs who are ready to take over. Junior center James Donaldson, at 7'2", dominates play around the basket, and if he continues to improve, he will become one of the premier big players in the country. Redshirt John Tessem and transfers Clarence Clark and Dennis Smith will also help restock the talent bank.

The Washington team will feature freshman center Petur Gudmundsson, a native of Iceland. Petur is 7'2", 260 pounds, and will be an impressive young man when he finishes growing up. Unfortunately, he is also somewhat leadfooted, so Washington, a fast-break running team last winter, will be much slower. The roster is loaded with flashy forwards, so the Huskies could go with a three-forward line-up.

Stanford will have good depth for the first time in many years. Only one starter graduated, two prize forwards (George Schader and Jay Carter) who were injured last year have returned and two quality freshmen guards (Mark Pitchford and Peter Lallas) have joined up. Sophomore forward Kimberly Belton should become an All-America before he graduates.

California is a small but scrappy team with a lot of hustle. It finished strong last season and four starters are back. A little height has been added in the person of 6'9" transfer Charles Mitchell. Cal's 5'9" guard Gene Ransom may well be the best small player in the country.

After a disastrous 6–20 season, three of Southern California's starters (including the best offensive and defensive players) graduated. That would appear to leave bleak prospects for this year, but it isn't so. Coach Bob Boyd cleaned up in the recruiting wars, garnering two top-notch junior college transfers (Steve Smith and Darryl Smith) and four prep All-Americas (Cliff Robinson, Purvis Miller, George Ratkovich and Barry Brooks). Boyd says he could field a quite respectable team with only those six players and by season's end, he feels, the Trojans will be a contender for the league championship. Nevertheless, it's a tricky job trying to mold so many new players into a cohesive team. We wish him luck.

Utah seems a sure bet to retain its Western Athletic Conference championship. The Utes have four starters and most of the bench returning, plus five of the country's most coveted freshman recruits. A key to the season's success will be whether or not coach Jerry Pimm can find an adequate replacement for graduated floor general Jeff Jonas. The Utes' only shortcoming, rebounding, will be helped by rookie Danny Vranes, who is said to have been the best prep player in the history of the state of Utah.

Two years ago, six black players, including four starters, quit the New Mexico team before the last game of the season. Coach Norm Ellenberger had to rebuild from scratch, starting five junior college transfers last winter. To the astonishment of everyone, including themselves, the Lobos finished third in the conference race. This year, with nearly everyone returning, they will be one of the fastest teams in the West. The only noticeable change (other than much more experience and depth) will be the added playmaking abilities of transfer guard Russell Saunders.

The Wyoming team's lack of quickness and mobility appears to have been cured by a bountiful recruiting harvest. Best of the new players are Lonnie Buckner, Tub Bradley and Kenneth Ollie.

Much of the Arizona State team's success will depend on the performances of junior college transfers Ray Joshua and Alton Lister. Forward Johnny Nash seems destined to become a superstar before he graduates.

Arizona was decimated by graduation. This year's team will have much less physical strength but will be faster. Best of the recruits is Russell Brown, who should be an immediate starter.

There is much optimism at Colorado State. Only one of the top 11 players graduated and last year's major weakness, the bench, is much stronger. Alan Cunningham will likely repeat as the league's leading scorer.

Graduation wiped out the Texas–El Paso team, so this edition will be made up almost totally of freshmen and sophomores. Fortunately, it will be a taller team—last year's tallest player was 6'6". Best (and tallest) of the freshmen are

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Darold Molix, Joe Garrett and Kevin Jones.

Brigham Young lost its four best players, but the recruiting efforts were so productive that only one of the returning squadmen seems assured of a starting job. Best of the newcomers is Danny Ainge, who could be the team's star player his freshman year.

Long Beach State seems destined to continue its dominance of the Pacific Coast Conference. Three supersophs (Michael Wiley, Donnie Martin and Francois Wise) will combine with two gilt-edged transfers from New Mexico (last season's redshirts Larry Gray and Rickey Williams) to make the 49ers one of the top teams on the West Coast. There won't be so many quality players available as a year ago, but the good ones will be better. Let's hope the injury bug doesn't strike.

The addition of a much needed tall pivot man (6'11" redshirt Dave Rohde) and a fabulous freshman (Greg Palm) to five of last year's six top players will make this Fullerton State's finest team ever. Senior forward Greg Bunch, an explosive jumper, will again be the team's sparkplug.

Optimism abounds in San Diego. Eight lettermen return and are joined by four gem-quality transfers (Steve Malovik, Rock Lee, Hilton Hale and Kim Goetz) and one precocious freshman (Tony Gwynn). Presnell Gilbert, last year's freshman sensation, will still be the team's big gun.

A talented group of sophomores at San Jose State will have to mature quickly if it is to successfully cope with the ambitious schedule. The arrival of transfer center Dawan Scott will help.

The only thing new about the Fresno State team will be the coach, Boyd Grant.

At Pacific, conversely, almost the entire squad will be brand-new. Coach Stan Morrison warns that his new charges are more tough-minded and hungrier than last year's squad.

Santa Barbara coach Ralph Barkey seems to have cured his team's fatal lack of quickness by importing junior college transfers Matt Maderos, Jeff Perry and Pete Aronchick, but the Gauchos still need a big man in the middle.

San Francisco will again dominate the West Coast Conference. In fact, it will dominate the West Coast. Playboy All-America center Bill Cartwright and guard Winford Boynes may be the best pair of players on any team in the land. The only newcomer with a chance to become a starter is redshirt Doug Jemison, whose presence will add some rebounding muscle.

Santa Clara has the quality big man the Broncos have been looking for since Dennis Awtrey graduated in 1970. He is 6'10" center Mark McNamara. He will team with three top-flight returning starters (Kurt Rambis, Londale Theus and Eddie Joe Chavez) to give the Broncos their best team since the late Sixties.

Nevada–Reno was plagued with inaccurate shooting last winter, so coach Jim Carey recruited four junior college marksmen during the off season. All of them (Johnny High, Michael Gray, Michael Stallings and Aaron Cusic) will see a lot of action this winter.

The best news at Seattle is that leading scorer Clint Richardson is healthy again after being injured most of last year. He and teammate Jawann Oldham are among the best in the West.

The St. Mary's team will be greatly reinforced with the arrival of two junior college All-Americas (Ken Jones and Pat Holmes), plus transfer center Norm Kelly.

Neither Portland University nor Loyola Marymount lost any players to graduation, so both teams should be improved by accrued experience.

Pepperdine lost last season's superscorer Flintie Ray Williams (he'll eventually wind up at UCLA), but rugged Ollie Matson, Jr., and three excellent junior college transfers (Jim Hill, Marcus Adams and Doug Hopkins) and Brazil's Evaristo Soares will take up much of the slack.

The Big Sky Conference championship race is a tossup. Any of five teams (Montana, Idaho State, Weber State, Boise State or Northern Arizona) could take the prize. Montana, with the leadership of Michael Ray Richardson and the strong incentive brought on by having 11 of its victories forfeited to the opposition last year, looks like the best bet to us.

Idaho State, having lost the three top scorers from last year's championship team, faces a rebuilding year under new coach Lynn Archibald. Junior college transfer Lawrence Butler and redshirt Gene Bowen should win starting jobs.

Weber State's great new hope is transfer Tom DeMarcus, who shoots 62 percent from the floor.

Boise State will be stronger, because only one squad member graduated. It may be the only team in the country on which the coach (Bus Connor) has two sons (Steve and Bret) as players.

Illness, injury and ineligibility scourged the Northern Arizona team last year. Nearly everyone is now in good shape and newcomers Troy Hudson and Greg Henderson will bring a big injection of talent.

Montana State, lacking a productive pivot man, will still suffer from low scoring.

Gonzaga lost its top three players to graduation, but wily coach Adrian Buoncristiani captured two prime junior college players, Paul Cathy and Harold Brown, to take up the slack.

The Idaho team will be much improved, but (after a 5–21 season) it has a long way to go. Two tall newcomers, Jeff Brudie and Jim Kaczmarek, will be the difference.

Graduation made severe inroads at Nevada–Las Vegas. Fortunately, center Larry Moffett and guard Reggie Theus remain. Moffett neutralizes nearly every center he faces and Theus does everything else. They'll be rejoined by stellar forward Jackie Robinson, who sat out last year with an injury. Also on hand are four superrecruits, transfers Gerald Sims, Eddie McLeod and Earl Evans, plus freshman Manuel Johnson. All will likely be regulars this season.

Utah State will have a stronger team, not only because superquick Mike Santos is back but also because of newcomers Gary Furniss and Brian Jackson. Santos may be the best big player in the Western states this winter.

Portland State will feature marksman Freeman Williams, who consistently puts 'em in from 30 feet out.

All of last year's Air Force Academy team will return, and they'll be rejoined by center Randy Gricius, who was suspended last season. The schedule is tougher, but it's hoped that the Falcons will get off to a better start than last year, when they lost six of their first seven games.

The Hawaii team, in the most painful throes of a rebuilding process, is a strange ethnic contrast to the Rainbow football team: not a Hawaiian, Samoan or Japanese name on the roster. Except for Cliff Sanchez and Ed Torres, the surnames are all straight Anglo-Saxon. Whatever happened to the melting pot of the Pacific?

Finally, a comment about one of basketball's more questionable contributions to contemporary culture—the cult of height. The idea that a basketball player's excellence is always directly proportional to his vertical measurements has become so ingrained in the minds of the public (and even some sportswriters) that sports publicists, coaches and even hopeful parents have for years fudged the truth in an effort to draw favorable attention (and postseason honors) to their charges. It happens in the case of even the most excellent of players.

Phil Ford of the University of North Carolina is widely acclaimed as the best college basketball player in the country. On a lovely June afternoon last summer, Ford sat on a balcony of the Playboy Resort Hotel in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, watching a gaudy sunset and talking with Dr. Eldred Wiser, a vacationing surgeon from Tennessee.

"Tell me," asked Dr. Wiser, "how tall are you, Phil?"

"Well," answered Ford, "officially I'm six-foot-five. But if I was on the operating table and you measured me, you'd find out I'm six-foot-one. But please don't tell anybody."

"And that's what I call balling the jack."

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HABITAT

ICING UP

With the holiday season not too far away, your ice bucket once again comes into its own as an indispensable item for entertaining. If you're in the market for a new one, avoid the too-cute conversation piece that looks like a hollow log or a French chamber pot. An ice bucket, above all, should be functional; it should keep your cubes cold and crisp and it should be large enough. Nothing can kill a cocktail party faster than running out of ice. An ice bucket usually falls into one of three categories: the overgrown Thermos-bottle type, the kind in which one container nestles inside another for insulation purposes or, the simplest of all, a clear-glass container. Choose one that either coordinates with your decor or becomes an accent; something glass and chrome, perhaps, set among antiques. —ROBERT L. GREEN

Above, left to right: a large cylinder of chrome and pigskin incorporated with an authentic porthole closure, from Hunting World, $1100. A polyvinyl and straw model, from Y. B. Sales, $36. A pine-box model complete with a Lucite lid and interior ice caddie, from Edgar Watkins Cubics, $75. Left, left to right: Sterling-silver bowl can be used for ice, fruit or as a service dish, from Tiffany, $600. The Marley, an elegant crystal bucket with brass handles, from Baccarat, $180. A brass rectangular ice bucket, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $125. And an Italian pewter container resembling a stein, from Plummer McCutcheon, $35.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM ZUK

MOVING INTO MENSWEAR

Known for his innovative clothing sense of fabrics, colors and styles, Paris-based designer Jean-Charles de Castelbajac is making his youthful mark on the American scene. And if he has his way, the men's fashion market will feel his presence just as much as the women's. "The most important thing I would like to do in men's clothes is to break the tradition that a businessman must wear a tie and a workman wear a particular uniform. When President Carter can be seen in jeans, the world is fast learning that respectability and elegance are related to the person, not to what he wears. I want to give men a way to express themselves—to show their fantasies other than by wearing a pink tie or a turtleneck." To don Castelbajac's clothes is to express more than a little whimsy, but then, Americans in large numbers are already wearing warm-up suits and other active sports gear everywhere but the places they were designed for. His message that clothes should be both practical and fun is manifested here, for instance, in the superwarm and comfortable nylon reversible parka (lower left) that, through the use of four basic colors and two zippers and by reversing the sleeves, is, in effect, four jackets. Castelbajac's styles are available in several major U. S. stores and he has plans in the works to open his own shops—first in Los Angeles in 1978 and in New York sometime after that. —DAVID PLATT

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JOYCE RAVIO

Above left: Designer Jean-Charles de Castelbajac wryly surveys the bright and bold styles he hopes American good sports will soon be taking to. Above right: Black zippered jump suits. His in treated cotton with wool lining, $315 (all prices are approximate). Hers in stretch nylon satin, $200. Below left: His reversible nylon jacket, $235, worn with nylon sailcloth drawstring pants with elastic cuffs, $50. The lady's layered, hooded wool top (three separate tops), $90 each. Below right: Signature French army wool double-breasted blanket coat with canvas trim, wide roll-up sleeves. His, $375, worn with black cotton gabardine trousers, $60; hers, $275.

GAMES & GADGETS

PADDLES, PARTNERS & PARLAYS

BILL FRANTZ

RICHARD IZUI

You won't have to say "Cheese," but you'll have to watch the birdie when you play Hot Tennis (above), an Asian-designed paddle game that combines tennis, badminton and ping-pong and can be played indoors or out. It comes with four birds designed for different playing conditions; $19.95, mat extra, from Jokari/U.S.

Instruction cards that come with Kenner's Turn On! action game (about $11, left) make you touch your partner's nose, etc., while holding on to the knobs. If you do it right, the box starts to buzz and you score points. You can create your own cards, do your own scoring.

Tired of betting on nags because they have the same name as your high school girlfriend? Track down a "handicapping computer" (right) from Comp-U-Turf (P.O. Box 690, Arcadia, Cal. 91006) and pony up $24.95. It statistically combines three "cycles" based on track records and says whether or not old Rubber Legs is the best of the lot.

RICHARD IZUI

DON PETERSON

Furry Film

It's a little too soon for the country's Freak Brothers fans to start holding their breath, but master cartoonist GILBERT SHELTON has closed a deal with a movie producer to bring Phineas, Fat Freddy and Free-Wheelin' Franklin to the silver screen. Shelton is a former Texan turned San Franciscan who inadvertently pioneered the underground-comic phenomenon in the early Sixties by creating its first superantihero: Wonder Wart-Hog ("fearless, fighting, foulmouthed"), who still battles and blunders his way through the pages of some 50 college and other weekly papers. His Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers made their national-magazine debut in PLAYBOY in 1971 (the "Feds 'n' Heads" board game) and now appear monthly in "High Times" and periodically in their own comic-book format. An artist of few words, Shelton describes his career simply: "Smoked some dope when I was a college kid in Texas. Made me crazy." The producer and Shelton plan to donate part of the movie profits to the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Sounds sane to us.

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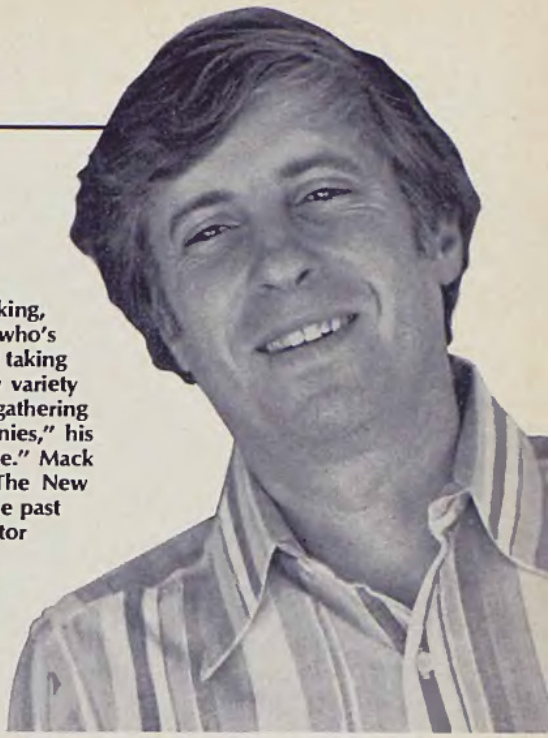
"Annie's" Daddy

If for no other reason, MARTIN CHARNIN voted for Jimmy Carter so that he could take his musical, "Annie," to Broadway. "I firmly believe that musicals of inspiration—of which 'Annie' is an example—are written only during Republican administrations and put on during Democratic ones." Based on the "Little Orphan Annie" comic strip, supersmash "Annie" was conceived by Charnin almost six years ago, at the height of this country's political upheavals. "I wrote it as a reaction to what we were going through—and I pushed and pushed to get it on stage. It was a hell of a long pregnancy." Charnin, who's been the writer, producer and director of a number of Emmy-winning TV specials, as well as the lyricist for several Broadway musicals, labeled some of the recent New York shows "neurotic": "They were dazzling, technically expert—but there were no feelings conveyed. At the end of 'Annie,' people are helplessly weeping and cheering." Charnin plans to take the show on the road to several cities in the U.S. and to England. And beyond "Annie"? He's got a couple of musicals in the conceptual stage: "My game plan is to have three or four shows running at the same time within the next five years. But there will never be another 'Annie.'"

BENNO FRIEDMAN

Mack Trick



VERNON L. SMITH

If you live in New York, that decent-looking, modestly dressed fellow in the corner who's eavesdropping on your conversation and taking notes may not be a CIA spook or a new variety of pervert—he could be STAN MACK, gathering material for "Stan Mack's Real Life Funnies," his weekly comic strip in "The Village Voice." Mack was for several years art director of "The New York Times Sunday Magazine"; but for the past three, he's been free-lancing as an illustrator and doing the strip—which means attending conventions of fat people, of believers in UFOs, singles rap sessions, anything slightly off the beat. This naturalistic approach is entirely new—"Blondie" done documentary style. "Unfortunately, they don't pay enough for me to put in a full week. So I'm constantly battling between the amount of time it takes to do one and. . . . Syndication would help, but, so far, my phone hasn't been jumping off the hook." In any event, the next time you're out in public in the Big Apple, watch what you say. Otherwise, see you in the funny papers.

Selling the Sizzle

The decor of Maxwell's Plum and Tavern on the Green—two of Manhattan's most successful restaurant-spectaculars—lies somewhere between Victorian sporting house and the back lot of Warner Bros. And no wonder; WARNER LEROY (his grandfather was the Jack Warner and his father is Mervyn LeRoy, the director) is their rotund ringmaster who puts as much—some say more—emphasis on the interior theatrics of his restaurants as he does on what's cooking. And he also puts emphasis on expansion: "Maxwell's is doubling in size," LeRoy says. "And we're going to open five new variations on the same theme, beginning with L.A. in about two years, followed by Chicago, Paris, Tokyo and London. We will probably put about $4,000,000 into each location. They'll all be different." Other possibilities: the revitalization of the old Penn Central Railroad yards into a spectacular 80-acre Tivoli-type garden and the transformation of Liberty Park in New Jersey into a 1000-acre "permanent world's fair." When Warner LeRoy dreams, he dreams big.

DAVID GUNN

Storing Up Laughs

MITZI SHORE, the major-domo of a burgeoning collection of Comedy Stores, and mother superior to a score of aspiring comics who stream in and out of her laugh lounges, finds it too embarrassing to go onstage herself.

Shore, who began The Comedy Store five years ago with her then-husband, comic Sammy Shore, and comedy writer Rudy DeLuca ("I took over when they dropped out after the first year to pursue their careers"), has taken the one-room comedy workshop and expanded it to four showcases (three in Los Angeles, one in La Jolla) offering an incredible 35 different acts nightly. "And I allow only comics; no singers, no acts, nothing but laughs." It's a successful formula; Jay Leno, a Comedy Store regular, once observed, "Mitzi is becoming the McDonald's of comedy. Any day now, I expect her to put up a sign: OVER 3 MILLION JOKES TOLD."

NO BITTER PILL TO SWALLOW

Birth control may be taking a new twist that involves some surprising areas of your body. The Gupta Pill Implant would be inserted in your arm, thigh or belly. Invented by Dr. Gopi N. Gupta, associate scientist of The Population Council at Rockefeller University in New York, it's the first subcutaneous birth control designed for *both* men and women.

"It's the size of a grain of rice and easily inserted with a needle. There's no surgery required," enthused its creator. "What also makes this pill different from anything else yet invented is the fact that it's made entirely of hormones—pure progestin for women, progestin and testosterone for men—mixed with a minute amount of cholesterol. There are no chemicals involved. So it will slowly dissolve into the body, acting as an effective contraceptive over a period of one to three years. And as it uses only one 20th to one 50th the amount of hormone that standard birth control pills now contain, it will be much safer and a lot cheaper to manufacture."

Unlike all the other products currently in the research stage, Dr. Gupta's pellet for women is actually going into widespread experimental use within a few months—in India, Chile, Brazil, Dominican Republic, Austria, Sweden and Finland. "They have more lenient licensing systems than we do," the doctor explained. "I've tested the implant for several years—enough to be sure of its safety and effectiveness. Theoretically, it's ready to be marketed in the U.S.A. right now. But I must apply for a patent, get a drug company to manufacture it and have it reviewed by the FDA—so it will be another couple of years before it reaches the American public."

CURT GUNTHER / CAMERA 5

Kubla Khan may have dwelt in a wondrous pleasure dome, but it's nothing compared with what Edward Bishop of Canyon Country, California, creates. Bishop takes a room, seals it from light and paints the interior flat black. Then he hangs hundreds of rotating mirrors from the ceiling and adds black lights and sound to create a shimmering, pulsating Mirror-Go-Round ballroom. The price for this room was $25,000. Still interested?

THINKING KINKY

A pair of dainty feminine feet encased in shiny spike-heeled shoes is a classic erotic image for a lot of men. Here are a couple of psychiatrists' thoughts on why.

"High heels are tremendously exaggerated footwear, which emphasizes the difference between men and women. Any kind of specific feminine clothing that points up their sexual distinction is going to arouse men," thinks Dr. Gene G. Abel. The University of Tennessee–Memphis psychiatry professor feels that "this exaggeration principle is also evident in bras, lacy stockings and certain styles of underpants. Which is one reason why artists portraying sexy women wearing high heels would put them in one of those other garments, too."

We heard something different from Dr. John L. Schimel, who's associated with the William Alanson White Psychoanalytic Institute in New York. He speculates that guys get turned on by a female stereotype that's been around since the Victorian days, when a lady who showed any part of her legs was considered immoral. Visible high heels were worn only by prostitutes. So the traditional idea that a woman wearing stiletto shoes is sexually available emerged, and it is still a subconscious sex image for many men today.

READY OR NOT

When people talk about rampant teenage sexuality these days, they're usually referring to teenage girls. Not too much had been written about how young boys were handling this upsurge of female postpubescent passion until Dr. Murray M. Kappelman, a professor of pediatrics at the University of Maryland, took the matter into his counseling den, and out came the new book *Sex and the American Teenager*. Dr. Kappelman outlined for us the curious social reversal that's taking place:

"Young boys of 15, 16 and 17 are faced with the problem of not feeling ready to be involved sexually. Formerly, a teenage boy could hide behind an attitude of false sexual *machismo*—and get off the performance hook by telling his girl, 'I respect you too much to take you to bed.' This also kept him in control. But since teenage females have been surrounded by all the women's liberation doctrines, they've begun to 'come out'—very aggressively—into their own sexuality at increasingly younger ages. The boys who are their peers are generally not as mature, biologically or emotionally. They find themselves in the same position that girls used to be in—having to say no and feeling guilty about it."

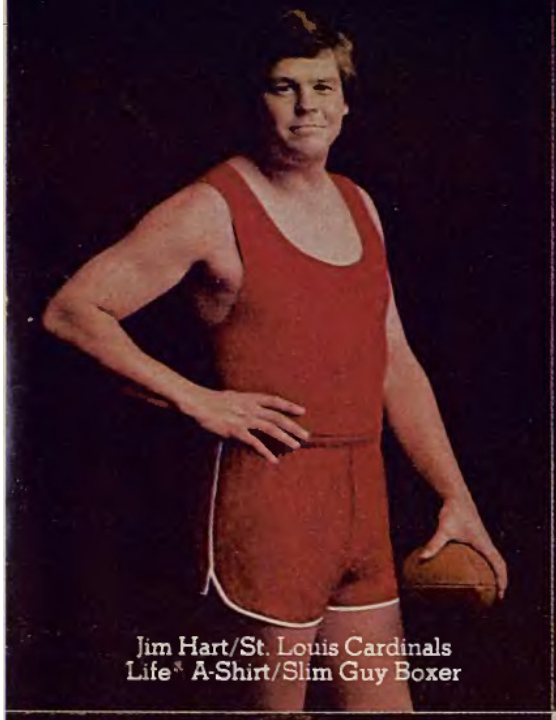
UP AND COMING

Tired Businessman's Syndrome. An awful lot of men know what that is, especially guys who work 15-hour days in their rugged climb to financial success and the big time. T.B.S. has one major symptom: Although the mind is willing, the body is not. You want sex, but you're just too damn tired.

It's been reported that amphetamines can restore libido, but with only occasional use, indicates Dr. John Kuehnle, assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. "They are mood-enhancing drugs, not aphrodisiacs," he says. Speed will intensify whatever emotion or state of mind a man is experiencing when he takes it. "If he's preoccupied with his work, he'll get an increase of intensity in that direction, rather than a boost of energy for his sex life. There's absolutely no guarantee that a person with or without Tired Businessman's Syndrome will want sex after taking speed."

But if he does, he's got to be careful. The doctor cautioned that "libido is restored in sudden bursts. A man who gets into the habit of popping uppers regularly will find, in a short time, that he must keep increasing the dosage to get the same upsurge of sexuality. That could have alarming consequences, over a period of time, resulting in paranoid feelings, which may present a clinical picture of paranoid schizophrenia."

—HOWARD SMITH AND BRIAN VAN DER HORST



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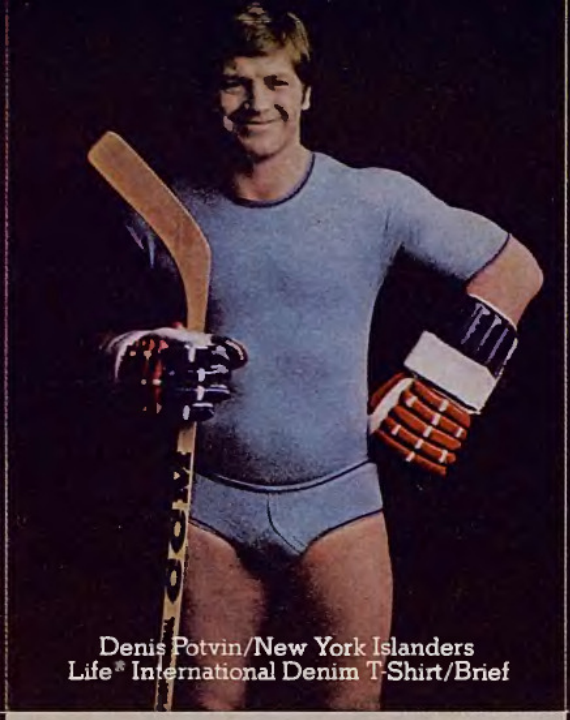

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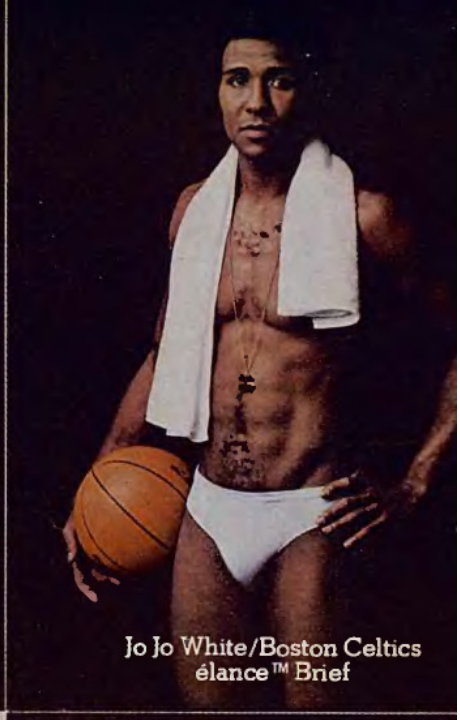

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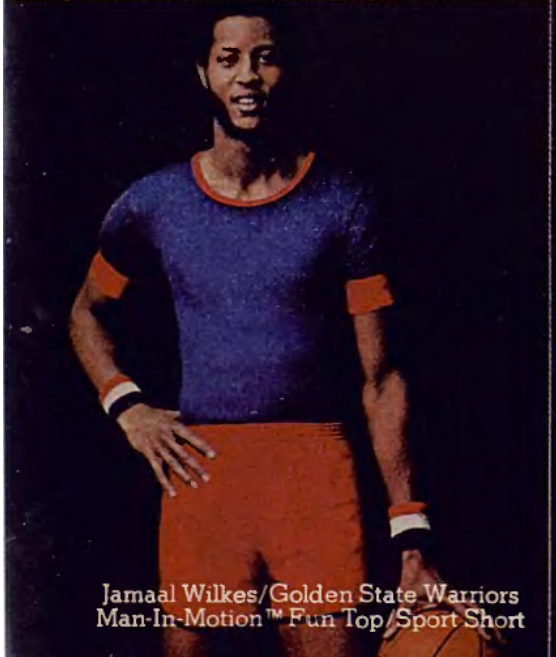

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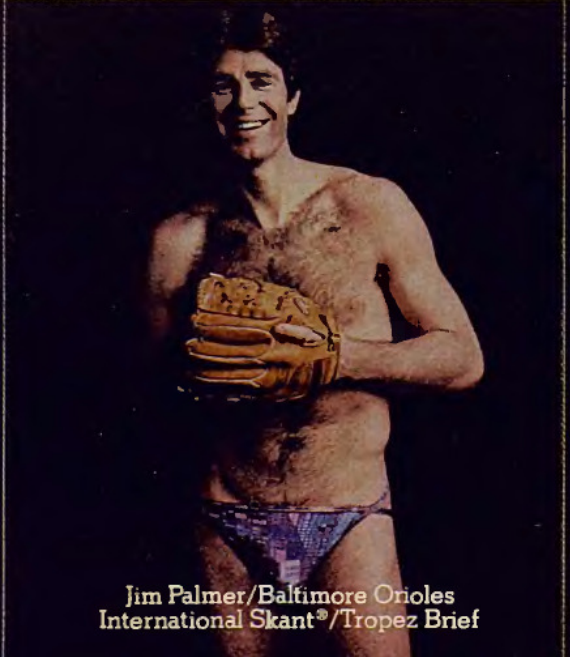

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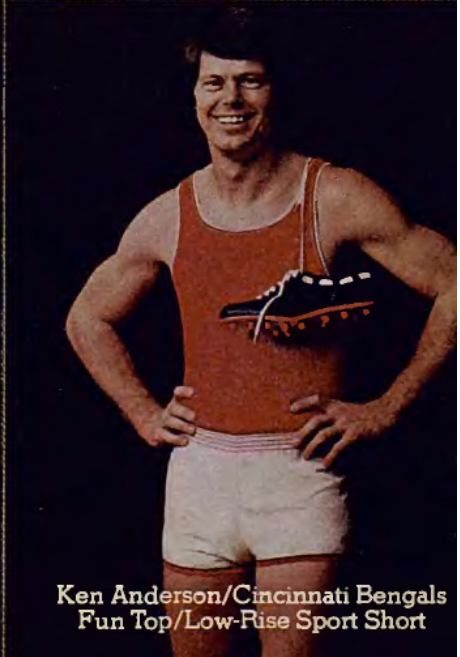

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MAURICE ZOLOTOW CONSULTS A HARD-NOSED EXPERT IN VEGAS AND LEARNS ALL ABOUT **"BLACKJACK FOR BLOOD"**

ARTHUR KNIGHT, WHO FIRST TOLD YOU ABOUT SYLVESTER STALLONE, REVEALS THIS YEAR'S HOT PROPERTIES: **"SEX STARS OF 1977"**

EDWARD F. MURPHY COMPILES SOME QUOTABLE QUOTES ON EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE SUBJECT: **"SEX FROM THE SAGES"**

JAY CRONLEY SUITS UP AS A SHOPPING-CENTER SAINT NICK AND BECOMES **"THE DIRTIEST OLD SANTA ON THE BLOCK"**

JUDITH WAX DOES IT AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH **"PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS"** AND **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**

DAVID STANDISH TOURS THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENT WITH THE FAR-OUT ROCK GROUP KISS: **"HOW I SPENT MY SPRING VACATION"**

PLUS: "WHEN ROCKET SHIPS WERE REALLY A BLAST," SOME EARLY VERSIONS COMPLETE WITH AN EXCLUSIVE POP-OUT SPACESHIP OF YOUR VERY OWN; **"LITTLE ANNIE FANNY MEETS MUSCLEMAN"; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; "THE YEAR IN SEX,"** AN IRREVERENT LOOK AT LIFE AND LUST IN 1977; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE HOUSE PARTY,"** WHICH IS DEFINITELY NOT THE ONE YOU SAW ON TELEVISION; **"SWINGERS' SCRAPBOOK,"** WORDS AND PICTURES FROM PEOPLE WHO ARE REALLY DOING IT; **"PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL AWARDS,"** EXPANDED TO HONOR ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY AS WELL AS WRITING; ALL THIS AND MUCH, MUCH MORE ON EATING, DRINKING, PARTY THREADS AND YULETIDE GIFTING FOR THE MERRIEST HOLIDAY SEASON EVER.

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

The man's all legs and knows everything about feet. Listen:

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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**
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*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

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Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.