PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
NOVEMBER 1978 • $2.00
MORE GLORIOUS THAN EVER!
THE BUNNIES OF '78
THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF
SEX IN CINEMA
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GERALDO RIVERA LEARNS HUMILITY
SPECIAL REPORT: WHO KILLED JIMMY HOFFA AND WHY!

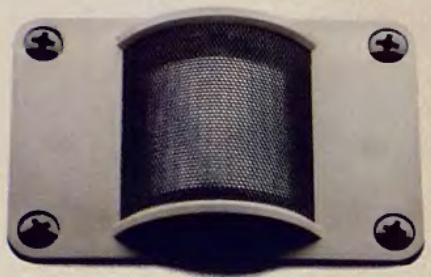
Most speaker companies try to impress you by describing the "wonderful" sound that comes out of their speakers.

At Pioneer, we think the most believable way to describe how good HPM speakers are is to tell you what went into them.

THE HPM SUPERTWEETER: SPEAKER TECHNOLOGY RISES TO NEW HIGHS.

In many speakers, you'll find that the upper end of the audio spectrum is reproduced by an ordinary tweeter.

In HPM speakers, you'll find that the high frequencies are reproduced by a unique *super*tweeter.

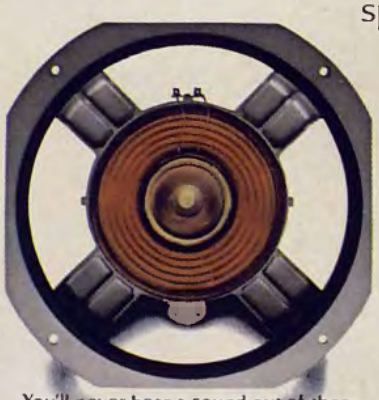


The High Polymer Molecular Supertweeter. So incredible, we named a whole line of speakers after it.

It works by using a single piece of High Polymer Molecular film, (hence the name HPM) that converts electrical impulses into sound waves without a magnet, voice coil, cone, or dome.

And because the HPM supertweeter doesn't need any of these mechanical parts, it can reproduce highs with an accuracy and definition that surpasses even the finest conventional tweeter.

As an added advantage, the HPM film is curved for maximum sound dispersion. So unlike other speakers, you don't have to plant yourself in front of an HPM speaker to enjoy all the sound it can produce.



You'll never hear a sound out of these die cast aluminum speaker frames.

MID-RANGE THAT ISN'T MUDDLED.

For years, speaker manufacturers have labored over mid-range driver cones that are light enough to give you quick response, yet rigid enough not to distort.

Pioneer solved this problem by creating special cones that handle more power, and combine lower mass with greater rigidity. So our HPM drivers provide you with cleaner, and crisper mid-range. Which means you'll hear music, and not distortion.

Level controls that let you adjust the sound to your listening area.

WOOFERS THAT TOP EVERY OTHER BOTTOM.

Conventional woofers are still made with the same materials that were being used in 1945.

Every woofer in the HPM series, however, is made with a special carbon fiber blend that's allowed us to decrease the weight of the cone, yet increase the strength needed for clarity. So you'll hear the deepest notes exactly the way the musician recorded them.

And because every HPM woofer also has an oversized magnet and long throw voice coil, they can handle more power without distorting.

OTHER FEATURES YOU RARELY HEAR OF.

Every HPM speaker has cast aluminum frames, instead of the usual flimsy stamped out metal kind. So that even when you push our speakers to their limit, you only hear the music and never the frames. In fact, our competitors were so impressed, they started making what look like die cast frames, but aren't.

HPM speaker cabinets are made of specially compressed board that has better acoustic properties than ordinary wood.

Their speakers have level controls that let you adjust the sound of the music to your living room.

And these features are not just found in our most expensive HPM speaker, but in *every* speaker in the HPM series.

All of which begins to explain why, unlike speakers that sound great on only part of the music, HPM speakers sound great on all of it.

At this point, we suggest you take your favorite record into any Pioneer Dealer and audition a pair of HPM speakers in person.

If you think what went into them sounds impressive, wait till you hear what comes out of them.

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We bring it back alive.

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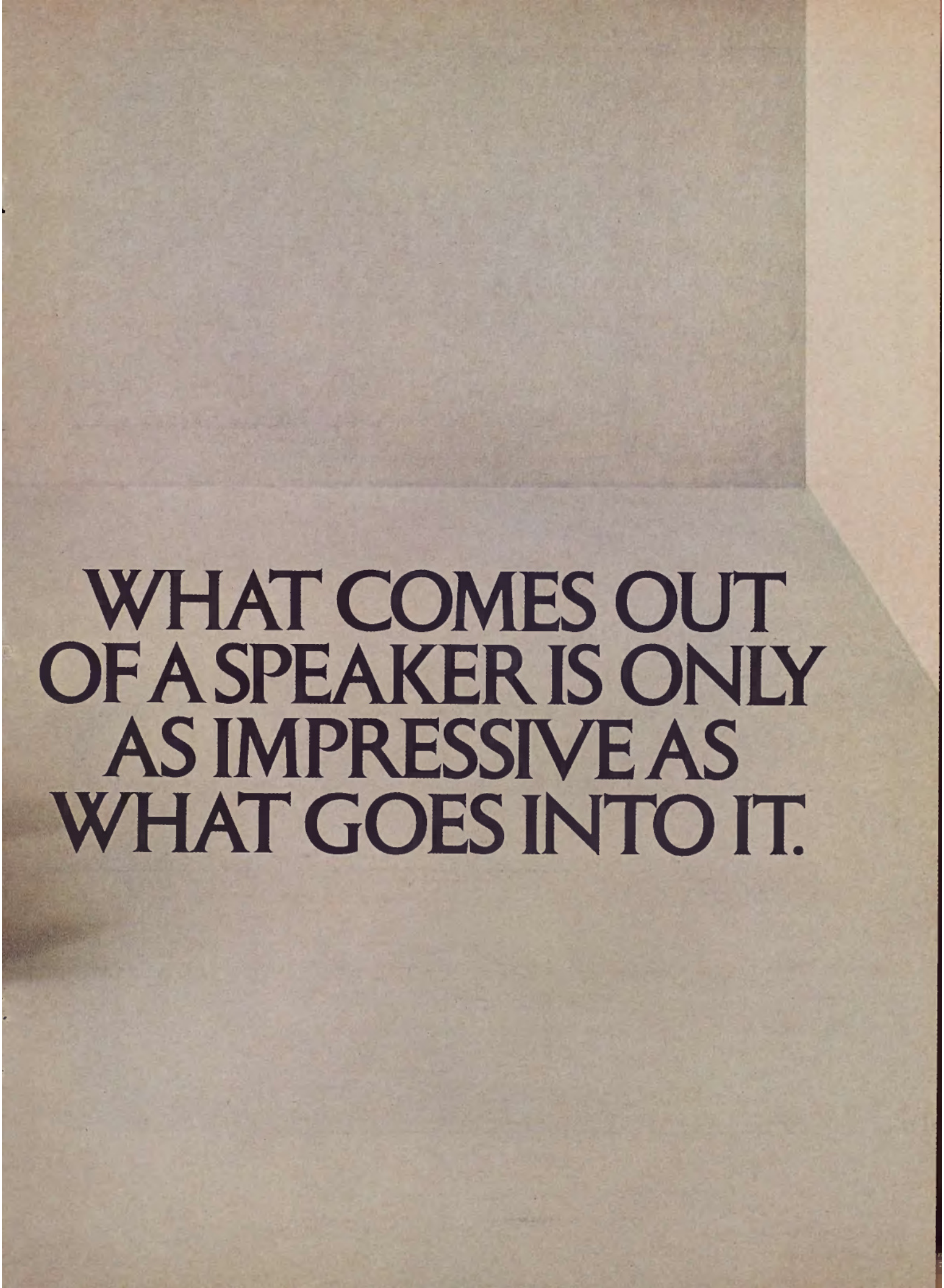
AND IT'S WHAT GOES INTO HPM SPEAKERS THAT MAKES THEM SOUND GREAT ON EVERY PART OF THE MUSIC.

HPM 60

HPM 100

HPM 150

HPM 40


WHAT COMES OUT
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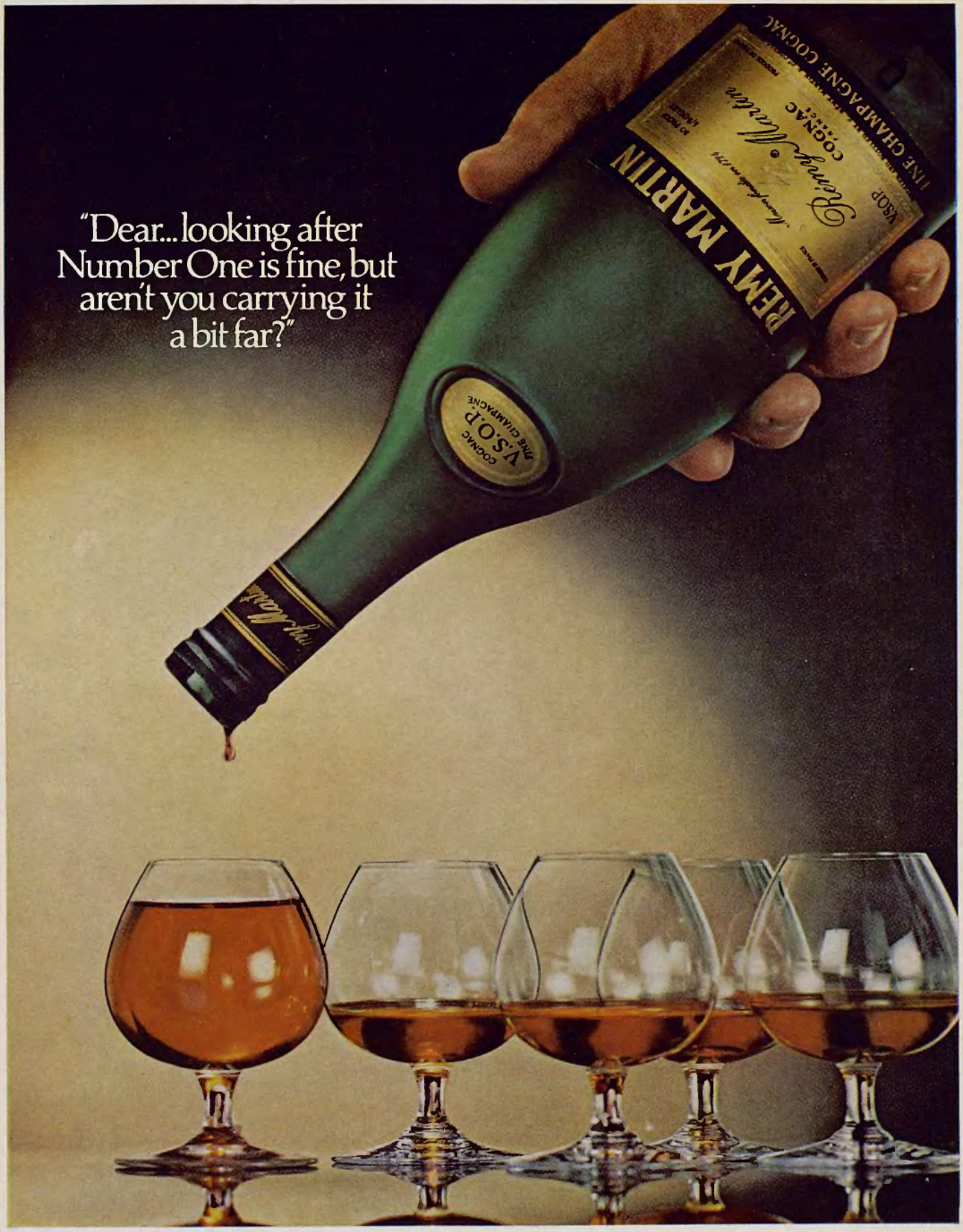

Rémy Martin V.S.O.P.

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PLAYBILL

WITH THE DOINGS of the House Select Committee on Assassinations in the news, we think you'll take particular interest in *The Hoffa Wars*, an adaptation of **Dan E. Moldea**'s book of the same name to be published by Paddington Press. Moldea, who has worked for Jack Anderson, *The Detroit Free Press* and NBC News, spent four years investigating the violent struggle for power within the Teamsters union. In the process, he gathered an enormous amount of evidence linking the Mob to the Teamsters—and has come up with what he thinks is the real reason for Jimmy Hoffa's disappearance. All this has taken guts: Moldea's life has been threatened several times since he began his book.

Another kind of courage was required of writer (and former PLAYBOY colleague) **Jim Siegelman**, who confronted fearsome television interviewer and reporter **Geraldo Rivera** for this month's *Playboy Interview*. "Geraldo was unflappable," says Jim (who's co-author of *Snapping*, a Lippincott book about cults), "except for one moment when I asked him about his days as a jet-set lover. He gagged and spit out his beer."

Which is exactly what a considerable number of Congressmen might do if you asked them if they smoked grass, because, as you'll discover in *High on The Hill*, by Washington journalists **Lois Romano** and **Ken Cummins**, marijuana is the second most popular intoxicant among our legislators. And, according to Romano, it's not easy being a Congressional head. "Each Congressman generally has only one connection, and he pretty much has to take what he can get, even if it's got paraquat."

Marijuana reminds us of the Sixties and the Sixties remind us of our excerpt from *The Great Sixties Quiz*, **Dan Carlinsky**'s new book to be published by Harper & Row. Carlinsky, one of the fathers of the trivia movement, is the author of the best-selling paperback *Trivia* and several other trivia quiz books.

One myth that has bitten the dust since the Sixties is that a college education leads to wealth. **Ben Stein**—a Norman Lear writer who also has his own syndicated TV show about money—tells the reasons dropouts become millionaires while Ivy League graduates draw pay checks in *Growing Poor by Degrees*, illustrated by **John Collier**. Speaking of degrees, our two fiction pieces this month will strike varying degrees of terror in your heart. First, there's the conclusion of **William Hjortsberg**'s voodoo tale, *Falling Angel*, condensed from his novel, due from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. And **Barbara Rochelle**'s *Perfect Match*, illustrated by **Christina Ramberg**, is macabre proof that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

What about a basketball player scorned? Says **Anson Mount**, the mastermind behind *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*, "There are so many good college basketball players in America, I could put together three teams with completely different players almost equal to the one I chose."

We rate players of a different sort in *Sex in Cinema—1978*, written by author, critic, lecturer and professor of cinema **Arthur Knight** and assembled by the PLAYBOY crew pictured at right: Assistant Photography Editor **Patty Beaudet**, Senior Art Director **Chet Suski**, West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson** and Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**. (The letters in front of them are part of the replica of the famous HOLLYWOOD sign, erected at Playboy Mansion West. For more on that, see *The World of Playboy*, page 9.) We've also got two great fashion features for you: *Take a Belt*, illustrated by **Laurie Rubin**; and *Reverse Gear*, about clothes you can turn inside out to suit your mood. If that mood isn't yet ready for Thanksgiving, check the golden bird in the centerfold, November Playmate **Monique St. Pierre**. Now, that's something to be thankful for!

MOLDEA

SIEGELMAN

STEIN

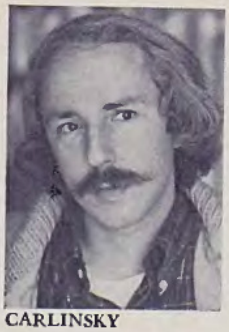
CUMMINS, ROMANO

HJORTSBERG

COLLIER

RAMBERG

MOUNT


CARLINSKY

RUBIN

KNIGHT

BEAUDET, SUSKI, GRABOWSKI, WILLIAMSON, MC NEESE

PLAYBOY

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COVER STORY

Surprise! The shy young lady is this month's Playmate, Monique St. Pierre. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed the cover, which was originally conceived by Corporate Art Director Arthur Paul. The sunglasses belong to Contributing Photographer Bill Arsenault; they never looked so good.

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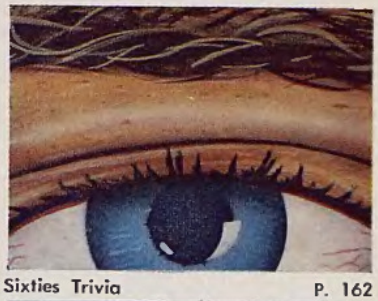

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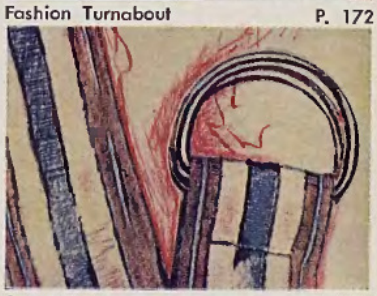

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More durability. Corollas aren't bolted together like some vehicles. They're built with welded unitized body construction. You'll notice this "tightness" when you examine a Toyota, drive a Toyota and own a Toyota.

More dependability. This year, for the first time—the Toyota Corolla line is equipped with fully transistorized ignition. It's designed to start when an ordinary "points/condensor" system could give you trouble.

More confidence. That's what we build every day. For more and more people discover why we can say, "If you can find a better built small car than Toyota... buy it." And more people are buying Toyotas, finding out that Toyotas are built better than they thought possible.

More 5-speeds. Toyota offers more models with 5-speed overdrive transmission than any other manufacturer. Another example of traditional Toyota operating economy.

More convenience. The SR-5 Liftback shown not only has more versatility than a sedan, but also features a special split, fold-down rear seat.

GET MORE NOW.

YOU GOT IT.

More fuel economy. The Toyota Corolla SR-5 Liftback's combined EPA mileage is 32 mpg—14 miles per gallon more than the national fleet standard for all cars. In 1978 EPA tests the Corolla SR-5 is rated at 38 mpg highway, 28 mpg city. These 1978 EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower.

More selection. The Corolla pictured here is only one of 29 different Toyota vehicles—no other import manufacturer offers more.

More brake power. Power assisted front disc brakes fight the enemy of all brakes... heat. And they resist fade. That's why they are standard on every Toyota.

More now. Right now. We can't tell you when, but all prices will probably go up including car prices. So if you're thinking about buying a new car, think about buying a Toyota now. There will probably never be a better time. And when you buy a Toyota now, you'll find out what real satisfaction is.

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"Scotch on the rocks."

If you like Scotch, you'll love light Jameson Irish.

Try a glass of Jameson Irish the way you would your favorite Scotch.

You'll notice how much it tastes like fine Scotch—only lighter and more delicate. Not smoky tasting like Scotch.

The dedicated Scotch drinker will instantly appreciate this flavor difference.

Though it may take a little time getting used to saying, "Jameson Irish on the rocks, please."

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

HEF HELPS SAVE HOLLYWOOD SIGN

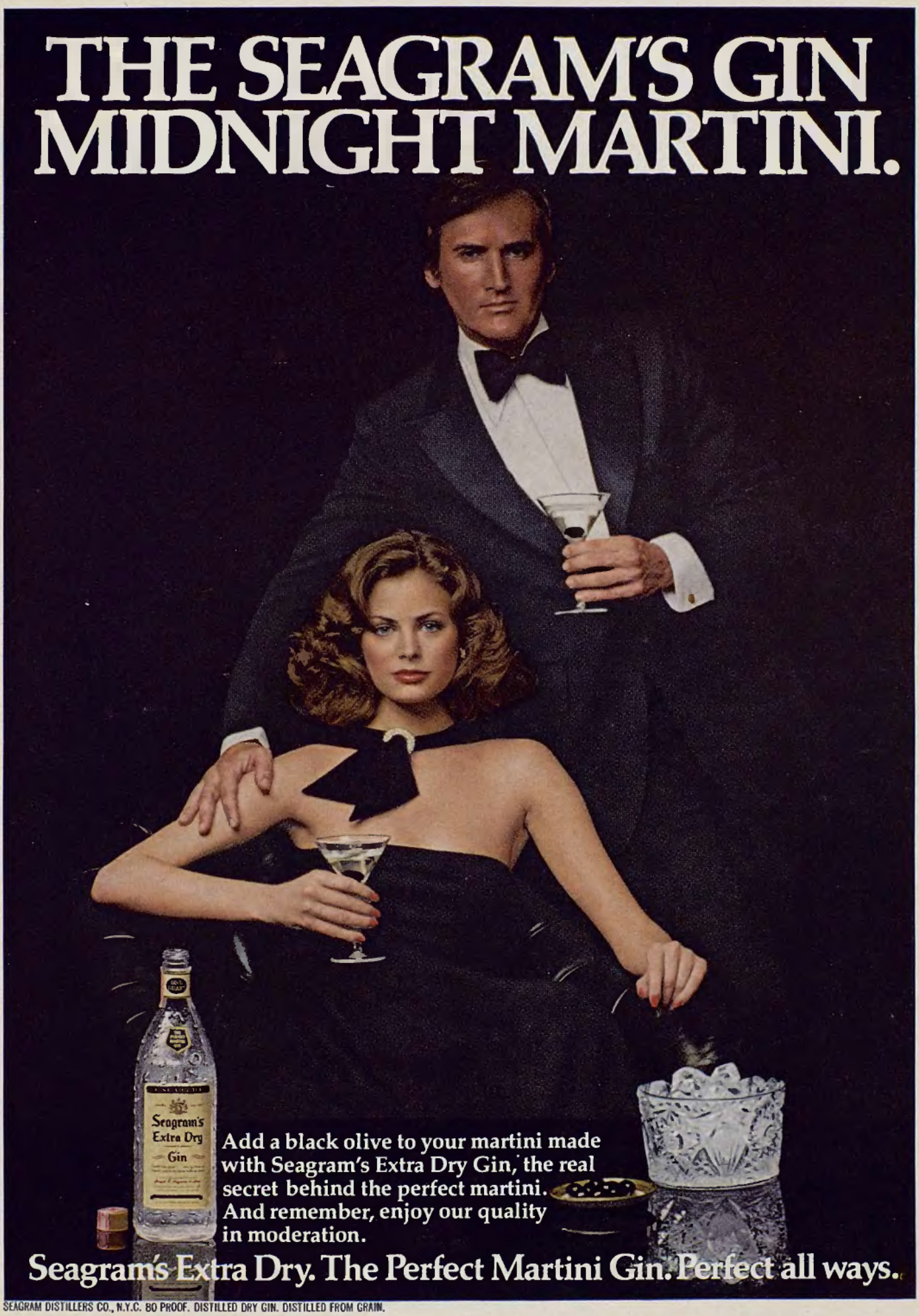
When the famous Hollywood sign, which has rambled across Mount Lee in the Hollywood Hills since 1923, looked as if it were going to crumble into oblivion, Hugh Hefner came to the rescue—not riding a white charger but throwing a gala $150-a-plate benefit at Playboy Mansion West in cooperation with the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. The bash raised $45,000 toward reconstruction, now nearing completion.

Actresses Vivian Blaine (left) and Rita Hayworth flank Hefner at the "Save Hollywood" party; in the background is a replica of the sentimentally popular sign. At left, KABC-TV reporter Tawny Little interviews Hefner, John Roche, who built the original sign, and singer Andy Williams. Among the other celebrity guests: CBS Entertainment Division president Robert Daly, Gabe Kaplan, Dick Shawn and Kristy McNichol.

Actress Ruta Lee extends an affectionate greeting to Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley (above); Hollywood Chamber of Commerce president Jack Foreman presents a plaque from the chamber, honoring Hefner's "major effort to restore the Hollywood sign" (below).

Hefner greets authors Irving and Sylvia Wallace on their arrival at the party (right). Below, July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore, Hefner, *The Tonight Show*'s Ed McMahon and comedian Bob Newhart pose for some of the seemingly dozens of cameramen present to cover the affair, which was held in a flower-filled party tent on the grounds of Mansion West.

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN MIDNIGHT MARTINI.



Add a black olive to your martini made with Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, the real secret behind the perfect martini. And remember, enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin. Perfect all ways.

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PLAYBOY IN SHOWBIZ

Playboy is everywhere in show business these days. In the movie *National Lampoon's Animal House*, July 1973 Playmate Martha Smith plays a coed in distress (left) and a frat float features ersatz Bunnies (below). At right, Maud Adams and Charles Napier in Playboy Productions' made-for-TV movie *Big Bob Johnson and His Fantastic Speed Circus.*

EX-BUNNY PLAYS MRS. HOLLY

A former Los Angeles Playboy Bunny, Maria Richwine, has won critical acclaim in her first major motion-picture role, as Buddy Holly's wife, Maria Elena, in the sleeper hit *The Buddy Holly Story*. Above, Maria with Gary Busey, who plays Buddy.

PLAYMATES OF PAST, FUTURE IN FILM

A Playmate and a Playmate-to-be are featured in the forthcoming film *Seven*. At left is Carol Needham, who'll be showing up on our centerfold any month, with Robert Relyea; below, January 1977 gatefold girl Susan Lynn Kiger mixes it up in the kitchen with Guich Koock. (Name sound familiar? He's one of the former owners of the little town of Luckenbach, Texas, featured in *Playboy After Hours*, May 1975 issue.)

PLAYBOY CHIEF BACKS TELETHON

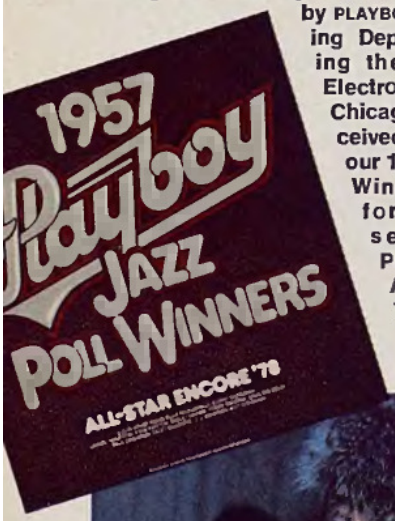
PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner visits Bunny volunteers helping staff the Thalians Telethon, which benefits the Thalians Community Mental Health Center in Los Angeles.

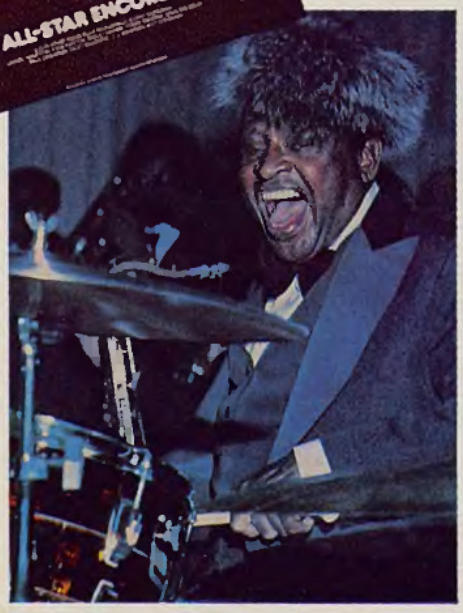
HEF NAMED HONORARY CHAIRMAN OF IMAGE AWARDS

Following his induction as the honorary chairman of the 11th Annual NAACP Image Awards presentations, Hugh Hefner chats with actor Lou Gossett and Virginia Capers at the L.A. ceremony.

HAMPTON PLAYS AT C.E.S. BASH

Jazzman *extraordinaire* Lionel Hampton, taking a turn at the drums below, celebrated his 50th year in showbiz by entertaining at a Playboy Towers party hosted by PLAYBOY's Advertising Department during the Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago. Guests received reissues of our 1957 Jazz Poll Winners album; for your copy, send $5 to Playboy Jazz Album, 747 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.





PUBLICITY POOL

Public-relations staffers from Playboy Clubs worldwide gathered at Playboy Clubs International H.Q. in Chicago recently for a seminar. Taking a break (left) are Publicity Director Elizabeth Lisboa from the New York Club and Margie Price, PR rep and co-owner of the St. Louis Club—getting eight-ball tips from Chicago Bunnies Claudia Mendron and June Thomas.

REVUE PLEASES L.A., CHICAGO KEYHOLDERS

A hot new *disco* revue, *Funk This/Vegas Flash*, choreographed especially for Playboy by Rochea Lea and Ron Jason, recently delighted patrons in the L.A. and Chicago Clubs.

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100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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IN SOLID STERLING SILVER

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Individual Proofs reserved by the casinos for presentation to important persons.

Complete Proof Sets available exclusively from The Franklin Mint.

Ordering deadline for Proof Sets is October 31, 1978.

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These are the great casinos of the world. Glittering palaces of fortune where millions are made—and lost—overnight. Exotic places of intrigue and romance where aristocrats and adventurers, moguls and movie stars, princes and potentates come to try their luck. Here glamorous women bedecked in diamonds mingle with oil sheiks and professional gamblers—and hushed conversation in many different languages provides a steady undercurrent to the clicking of dice and the shuffling of playing cards.

Precious metal gaming coins minted for private play

The most universally-recognized symbols of the world's great casinos are the chips which they issue regularly for play at their tables. Not as well-known, however, are the *precious metal gaming coins* that casinos often use for *private* play. Such gaming coins are distinctive—because they bear unique designs that capture the special character and the ambience of the casinos they represent.

The Franklin Mint, which is the world's largest private mint, is now striking a number of privately-issued silver gaming coins for the world's great casinos. These silver coins are struck in circulation quality for use by the casinos. In addition, an extremely limited number of *Proofs* are minted—for presentation by the casino to distinguished patrons.

The individual *Proofs* are not circulated, and only a very limited number are ever minted for any one casino. Therefore, they are extremely difficult to come by. But now, The Franklin Mint—with the express permission of the individual casinos—is assembling a collection of *Proofs* of these sterling silver gaming coins. And the mint is able to offer *complete Proof Sets* to collectors. These Proof Sets—comprising 25 silver gaming coins from as many leading casinos—are available on a limited basis *only* and strictly by subscription from The Franklin Mint.

Each silver gaming coin has an established face value, and is redeemable at the casino of issue. While the face value differs for each gaming coin, the *average* face value is equivalent to $25 U.S. at current exchange rates.

An exotic and varied collection

Each gaming coin bears an original design that symbolizes the casino issuing it. For example, the Colon International Casino gaming coin depicts an ancient Spanish galleon. The gaming coin of the Casino de Paradise in Nairobi features a majestic lion's head. The Spielbanken Austria gaming coin portrays the beautiful flying goddess of fortune . . .

Not only are the *designs* different—but the *shapes* and *sizes* vary throughout the collection as well. Furthermore, the edge of each gaming coin will bear a *unique reeding pattern*, which will distinguish that particular casino's gaming coin for security purposes.

Rare and intrinsically significant

Although these sterling silver Proofs will be redeemable—at face value—at the casinos themselves, it is unlikely that anyone would ever *want* to redeem them. For they are likely to be far more desirable as collector's treasures—possessing as they do both uniqueness and rarity.

The issue price for each solid sterling silver *Proof* is just $35—a rather modest premium for a limited edition Proof strike, over the average face value of $25. And a custom designed presentation case will be provided at no added charge.

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Your subscription application for The Official Gaming Coins of the World's Great Casinos must be entered by October 31, 1978—the world-wide deadline for this collection. After that date, these official gaming coins will *never* be offered again. To subscribe, mail the application below to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pa., by October 31.

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PLAYMATE UPDATE: DEBRA JO HITS THE ROAD

Newly elected Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren hardly had time to catch her breath before being whisked away on the first of many promotional tours. Two months later, she had traversed a good part of this continent, going as far north as Alberta and as far south as Acapulco. Her three-nation tour included a stop in Baltimore, where she was the subject of a syndicated TV documentary chronicling a day in the life of the Playmate of the Year.

Touring the Baltimore area was a snap in Debra's borrowed $20,000 velvet-lined van (above). Nothing but the best for her!

In Acapulco, fireworks welcome Debra Jo to the U.B.Q. *disco* (above); below, she busses jockey José Cruz Martínez, winner of the Johnnie Walker Cup at Mexico City's Hipódromo de las Americas, and, wearing her Calgary Stampede hat, wades in Lake Louise.

Shooting skeet is one of Debra's passions, and she got a chance to show off her skill, while a guest of the International Plaza Hotel in Vancouver, British Columbia, by visiting the Vancouver Gun Club (left). Debra got her first case of stage fright, understandably, when she posed (right) for 300 amateur and professional photographers at a picture-taking session at the hotel's swimming pool in Vancouver. It was estimated that more than a quarter million pictures were taken in the 40-minute session. One enthusiastic lensman actually climbed into the pool for a better camera angle.

$50,000

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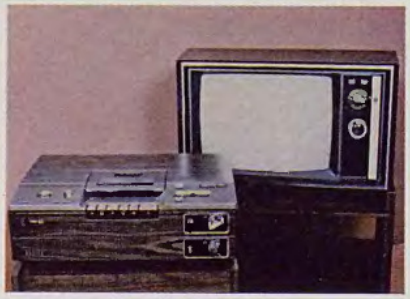
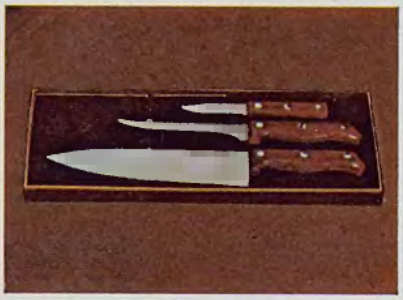


Third Prize:

Zenith Video Cassette Recorder and Color TV. Record and play back your favorite TV programs while you're at home or while you're away. Never again miss a favorite show or sports event.



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BEATLES *VS.* BEE GEES

I think perhaps Robin Gibb (*The Rise and Fall and Rise of the Brothers Gibb*, PLAYBOY, August) has let his ego tripping go a bit too far. He thinks that the Bee Gees' version of *Sgt. Pepper* will make it seem as if "theirs [the Beatles'] never existed." I hate to clue you in, Robin, my boy, but I was talking to a teenager who was born the year the Beatles sang on the Ed Sullivan Show and, believe me, he knew about the original *Sgt. Pepper* and who performed it. The Beatles were giants and will always be remembered for what they initiated. Unfortunately, the Bee Gees will always be remembered for what they were . . . imitating the Beatles at first, suffering many unsuccessful years in between, and then resurfacing by selling out to brainless *disco* music. *Stayin' Alive* will be remembered as reverently as *Land of a Thousand Dances*.

Marc A. Catone
Lansing, New York

As a personality here at WABC, I can attest to the overwhelming dominance these brothers, along with Andy, have had on our WABC Musicradio survey. At one point, Gibb recordings and/or written material were in the first, second, third and fifth slots, with another recording not far behind in the top ten. I enjoyed the early Bee Gees recordings but am glad as hell they went the route they did with their polished R&B influence.

Bob Cruz
WABC Musicradio 77
New York, New York

In the matter of the Bee Gees' placing five songs in the *Billboard* top-100 chart, what's so great about that? On April 4, 1964, the Beatles had five singles in the top five positions in *Billboard*'s charts. They were: *Can't Buy Me Love*, *Twist and Shout*, *She Loves You*, *I Want to Hold Your Hand* and *Please Please Me*. Along with those top five hits were an additional seven songs ranging throughout the top 100. That's 12 songs in *Billboard*'s top singles charts. The Bee Gees have never come close to that. Robin Gibb, please take note.

Chuck Tooley
Montoursville, Pennsylvania

Maybe if I were seven or eight years younger, I'd get into the Bee Gees and believe they had as much to do with *Sgt. Pepper* as they seem to think they do. But I am 21 and I don't think the Bee Gees have to worry about any comparison with the Beatles.

Tom Kagy
Salem, Illinois

Personally, it makes me sick that a trio of half-assed talents such as the Bee Gees should attempt to record songs by the Beatles.

Lawrence J. Freda
Fairfield, New Jersey

TOUGH-TALKING TED

I just finished reading your interview with Ted Turner (PLAYBOY, August). Fantastic! He really seems to have his shit together, except for the idea that the Braves will win the world series in 1982.

Mike Steenbergen
Jacksonville, Illinois

That interview with Ted Turner is one of PLAYBOY's best. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

Aaron Touchstone
Tallahassee, Florida

Your interview with Ted Turner is an outstanding insight into the greatest thing to happen to baseball in 20 years.

Verne E. Feller
Metter, Georgia

Congratulations on the splendid, uproarious interview with Ted Turner in the August issue. He's straight out of the pages of Mark Twain; Huck Finn

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grown up but still having fun and raising hell. And I bet he *will* have Atlanta in the world series by 1982. With a guy like Turner at the helm, who could help but keep the faith?

Peter Stamelman
Sherman Oaks, California

POPSICLE PEOPLE

In his article on cryonics (*Frozen Guys*, PLAYBOY, August), Bruce Jay Friedman doesn't quite come to grips with a key issue—his personal feelings about his own impending death. Those of us who find the idea of personal extinction horrifying don't have to make an intellectual decision to join the scientific crusade against aging, disease and death. Such a commitment has been an integral part of our beings ever since we first became aware that significant life extension with health and vigor is possible for every living person.

Saul Kent
Woodstock, New York

The concept of suddenly waking some bright morning in the year 3000 with no familiar faces to greet, hopheads shooting up some totally new and untried mind bender, teenage fans playing small aluminum discs of their favorite male vocalist (who has a voice even *less* palatable than those of today) and killing themselves at an alarming rate in some new and faster conveyance really leaves me cold!

Ray Schreiner
Tuckerton, New Jersey

VOTES FOR VICKI

Since you are looking very hard for your special anniversary Playmate, I find it hard to believe that Vicki Witt, your August Playmate, was overlooked for that position. You would be very hard pressed to find a girl who is more *super*-special than Miss August.

Martin T. Rich
Canton, Massachusetts

All the beauty of the North is personified in Vicki Witt. Move over, California!

Randy Pelletier
East Lansing, Michigan

Come on, you guys, I can appreciate that your August centerfold is a fox, but comments like "to be shipwrecked on an island with Lee Majors" leads me to think your photographers are hanging out in high school parking lots.

Tom Fought
La Habra, California

Bet you wouldn't feel the same about a similar situation involving yourself and Lee Majors' famous wife, Tom. See you in the parking lot.

Thanks to your August Playmate, I have unwittingly become the object of sneers and drools during attendance check at my classes at Michigan State University.

Jill Witt
East Lansing, Michigan

Vicki Witt is outrageous. Every photo makes her look like a completely different fox. I'm just ashamed to admit that Vicki isn't a relative.

Marc Witt
Huntington Beach, California

Since I have many relatives from Michigan, could you please find out if Vicki is one of them? I sure would hate to think my thoughts were incestuous.

Warren Witt, Jr.
St. Cloud, Minnesota

Looks like we've been thoroughly outwitted, relatively speaking. Why don't

you all take a closer look and see if there really is a family resemblance?

MONKEY BUSINESS

Scot Morris' article in your August issue, *Darwin and the Double Standard*, points out the dangers of retrospective sociobiological theorizing. "Facts" can always be used to come up with a glib retrospective argument to support almost anything. It all depends on which facts you choose to emphasize. Fortunately, we are not birds and there are major differences between the species that make it misleading to compare behaviors that look alike but may have entirely different roots. Human beings are far too complex to attempt the seductive reduction of their behavior to the level of being merely a manifestation of DNA.

Bennett Rosner, M.D.
Yonkers, New York

I think that the Scot Morris article is one of the most mentally stimulating hypotheses concerning male-female relationships offered in recent memory. That is not necessarily due to any belief in what Morris has stated but to his succinct presentation of the ideas as a plausible alternative to environmental behaviorists' theories. It is against the contemporary grain to allude to biological factors as major social forces. PLAYBOY has once again not hesitated to get into the middle of a controversial issue.

Mark S. Stuenkel
Chico, California

By natural evolution, feminism is doomed to fail. For childless feminists will weed out while more maternal women will breed, raise children and ensure survival of their genes. The submissive (meek) female will inherit the earth.

Mike Pientka
Merritt Island, Florida

What patriarchal bullshit. Buy this baloney, folks, and keep women in their place.

Lorraine Lathrop
Charleston, Illinois

As for females' not being promiscuous, Jane Goodall has reportedly witnessed seven male chimpanzees in succession mount one female; some of the males went back to the end of the line for seconds.

Richard C. Colombe
Vallejo, California

Scot Morris cites Frank A. Beach yet has curiously ignored—either inadvertently or intentionally—the experimental evidence cited by Beach and C. S. Ford (*Patterns of Sexual Behavior*) that has demonstrated that receptive female rhesus monkeys in oestrus "cohabit with several males in succession and many engage in as many as 50 to 60 completed copulations." Whereas, "for the majority of males, three or four ejaculations per day represent the greatest amount of copulatory activity."

David Berne
South Lake Tahoe, California

JOHNDICED MOVIE FANS

Your "Movie Essay" in the August issue isn't an essay, in the first place. It is merely an attempt by the writer, John Lombardi, to group together a few impressions he had regarding such movies as *Julia*, *The Turning Point* and *Coming Home*. He apparently refuses to take these very serious explorations of the human condition seriously and, in the process, forces us not to take him seriously as a writer. A sense of humor is always great, but that does not mean it should extend to flippant dismissals of great works of art. His "essay" is totally unconvincing. The author's central point—that men are being treated as inferiors in these new films—is ridiculous. But the old trend of treating women as inferiors in films was reprehensible,

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wasn't it? What does he want to do, go back to the old trend?

Joe Lackey
Perryton, Texas

So John Lombardi doesn't think that men in wheelchairs can be *macho*. It takes *macho* to take on a dozen Marine guards in protest against Vietnam, as Jon Voight did in *Coming Home*. If Lombardi needs further proof of *macho*, I'll be more than delighted to meet him behind any bar or in any alley and guzzle a six-pack before I push his face in from my wheelchair.

S. Chester Faller II
Springfield, Oregon

Along come a few movies that challenge the simp-woman stereotype by showing women not only strong but also complicated and some asshole like John Lombardi nearly has a shit fit. I guess he'd like to keep the girls doing their push-ups from their knees. Personally, I'd like to see more movies like those reviewed in his essay. It might make it easier for my son to find a fine woman.

Kim Lathrop
Irvine, California

SEEING THE LIGHT

Yesterday morning, a friend of mine knocked on my office door and gave me the new issue of PLAYBOY to look at. Instead of going back to my desk, my instinctive male curiosity got the better of me and I sat at my secretary's desk (nearer the door) to look at the centerfold. The fact that I sat at her desk to look at the centerfold, instead of returning to my work, saved my life. At that moment, the recessed light fixture holding four fluorescent bulbs, as well as part of the ceiling, came crashing down onto my chair and the portion of my desk at which I sit. The jagged metal sliced the chair in half and went right through some of the papers with which I had been working. Had I been on the phone at my desk when that occurred, I probably would not be here to write to you of the experience. I therefore wish to say that, in effect, your August issue was instrumental in saving my life.

Bruce Jacobs
New York, New York

Maybe now you'll subscribe instead of cadging copies from friends.

SAGAN, AGAIN

In his laudable article *Astral Projection and the Horse That Could Count* (PLAYBOY, July), Carl Sagan once more defames me and the Ancient Astronaut Hypothesis in a very bad manner. It is simply not true that I have ever written in any of my books that extraterrestrials have constructed the great Pyramids. Nor did I ever say extraterrestrials had built the tracks on the plain of Nazca. If one has the courage for such silly attacks, one should at least take time to carefully read

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OUI Asks: Is Sex That Important?

Along with wisdom and spaghetti, Oui, says far-out Italian film director Lina Wertmuller in this month's outrageous interview. Along with violence and labor relations, Oui, says super sci-fi writer Harlan Ellison in three hot little stories. And after a closer look at Carolyn (pictured above), you'll say Oui, too. Sex may not be as important as politics to Bill Bradley these days. But OUI's profile of the former basketball star reveals that he's still a master of the give-and-go as he campaigns in New Jersey for the U.S. Senate. Also this month: a look at the Stanford University Marching Band, whose erotic halftime formations and stoned-out gyrations have given rise to constant controversy in PAC 10 land. Plus more ladies who prove that sex *is* very important indeed. All in November OUI. At discriminating newsdealers everywhere.

oui

the respective passages in my books (Nazca plain: *Return to the Stars* and Pyramids: *In Search of Ancient Gods*). History seems to repeat itself. Always when new knowledge starts to emerge on the basis of hundreds of indexes, you find people within ultraconservative scientific circles trying to hem in progress. Those people, who for the public try to appear open-minded and progressive, are, in fact, already senile to such an extent that new thinking can no longer penetrate their calcified brains.

Erich von Däniken
Feldbrunnen, Switzerland

The article by Dr. Carl Sagan in the July issue of PLAYBOY is a real winner. Let's hope that at least some of those gullible enough to be so inclined as to believe in the various areas of the occult will take heed of this examination by one eminently qualified to make such an evaluation. Maybe someday "the cold light of reason" will rescue enough of the supporting public from the charlatans (and I was one of them) to make it financially unfeasible for them to carry on their nefarious endeavors. I was pleased to have my book *The Psychic Mafia* used as a source of reference.

M. Lamar Keene
Miami, Florida

FIGHTING BACK

A few days ago, seeing two current magazines next to each other on the

table, this possible juxtaposition occurred to me. I hope it amuses you as much as it amused me.

Mark Keiserman
Venice, California

We are not amused. In the same issue of "Scientific American" that featured this "Sage Grouse Mating Display" is an article on "Junctions Between Living Cells." We intend to counter with "The Secret Interface of an Analog Computer and a Ten-Speed Blender."

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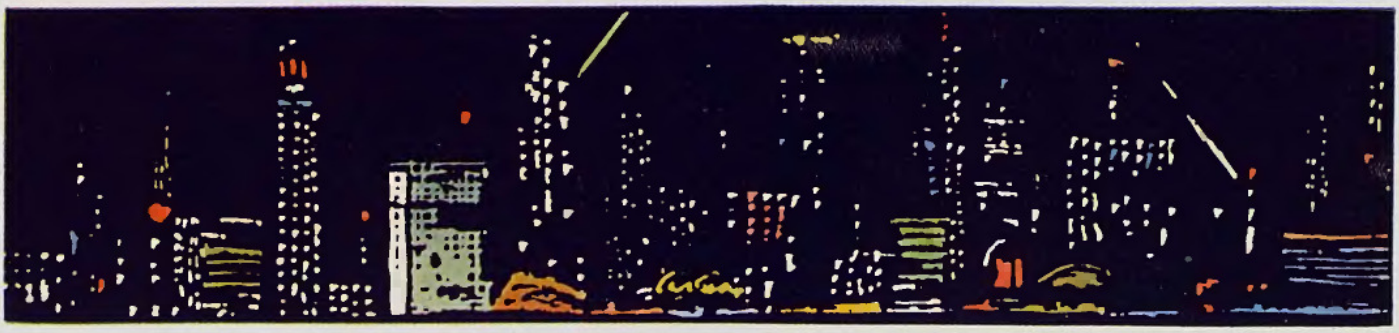
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



DOLPHIN ORGIES

Bees do it, birds do it, but dolphins do it most of all, it seems. We heard reports of bizarre after-hours activities at a certain aquatic park in Southern California and asked correspondent Frank Bies to check them out. Bies hung around the park for a few days and sent this report on what happens when the shows are over, the spectators have gone and the dolphins are left alone.

A male dolphin—usually the group's dominant member—may get things going by starting a game of tag with a submissive female (or male). While this playful prelude is taking place, other members of the group start getting turned on.

Two males may engage in flagrant homosexual activity while another male gleefully masturbates himself into a frenzied passion by fucking hell out of an inner tube or vacuum hose; when the first two are sufficiently aroused, they begin chasing a female around the pool. Suddenly, the dolphins in hot pursuit of one another will change directions and soar out of the water, quiet as cats. The dominant male finally catches the female, two males finally pin another female between them, and near the surface there is a lot of thrashing and merry vocalization of ecstasy.

On other occasions, a female will be the aggressor, like a shameless harlot with an insatiable appetite; or dominant males will attempt to rape nonsubmissive females. Threesomes, gang bangs and all-out orgies are all part of the dolphin sex scene.

I was told, in fact, that dolphin orgies are quite the norm at these aquatic parks, a behavioral side light that the parks' management likes to keep under wraps, lest the family trade take offense. Since, in the public mind, dolphins are closely linked to man in intelligence, emotion and psychology, the managers tend to get upset when the dolphins engage in a group grope or when a one-year-old gets excited and tries to fuck its mother.

But dolphins can also turn on to humans. Some become so affectionately attached to their trainers that they display their fond feelings by rubbing their teeth up and down the human's leg—which remotely resembles a dolphin's penis.

Most spectators at aquatic shows, however, haven't the vaguest idea of what dolphins are up to sexually. All they see are dolphins performing aquatic acrobatics with that famous built-in smile. If only the oceanariums had midnight, X-rated performances—then people could see what those smiles were really about.

BUS STOPPER

It happened on a San Francisco city bus and correspondent Zelda Gordon was there to observe it for us:

Two proper ladies—certainly in their 80s, purple-white coifed, smartly dressed and sour of face—boarded the bus grudgingly, paid their special senior-citizen nickel fare and took their places in two of the six front seats reserved for elderly and disabled passengers.

At the next stop, a rotund and jolly gentleman—at least 80 himself—climbed aboard the crowded bus, paid his nickel and sat down opposite the unsmiling ladies. He greeted the pair good morning and then made this statement for all to hear:

"We senior citizens have got it made—five-cent bus fare, guaranteed seat, and I can still get it up, even if it takes all night!"

Smiles all around.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"I think she got sucked into this controversy."

—Bob Hope, on Anita Bryant's antigay activities

THE SMOKEASY

While many of the cultural parallels between the current prohibition of marijuana and the prohibition of alcohol in the Twenties have been well remarked upon, we have recently heard of yet another: the emergence of the "smokeasy," a latter-day version of the speak-easy that has popped up in New York City. Before these places were closed down by some contemporary Eliot Ness, we sent correspondent A. Craig Copetas around to have a look.

Nearly a year old, the Sacco and Vanzetti Smokeasy (two great Americans, say the owners) is the country's first fully stocked drug bar. "Complete with various exotic grasses and the Cannabis Cabaret," extols the tuxedo T-shirted *maitre de marijuana*. "A membership here is the most sought-after ticket in New York. And we don't let just anybody in."

Members and guests, who have received

their weekly admission cards from their local pot dealer or through the mail, begin arriving about nine, climbing up dusty warehouse stairs and paying a five-dollar cover charge to a security-conscious peephole attendant. Inside the large, softly furnished loft, cumulus clouds of marijuana smoke hang from the ceiling like large mushrooms. People chat about music, Broadway and the Carter Administration, while toking from freshly rolled joints.

"I don't know if we are breaking the law," muses a popeyed bartender while handing a neatly stuffed joint to a couple in evening dress. "The Alaskan courts have ruled that an adult is allowed to smoke in the privacy of his own home. All of the pot here is donated, of course."

The Cannabis Cabaret begins to play rock 'n' roll. Some begin to dance, while others stand in corners and bob their heads. By ten P.M., there are 200 people bouncing, dealing, talking, drinking fruit juice and getting very stoned.

"I'm very pleased with the way things are going," says one of the Sacco and Vanzetti directors. "We intend to keep the mood as intimate as possible. Everybody knows everybody. The scene is reminiscent of the early coffeehouses, where artists, writers, business people and outlaws all sipped together."

"Would you like some of this?" asks a sultry model just returned from a job in Jamaica, a country known for its high-quality ganja. "I brought back a few pounds in camera cases for the people here to smoke. It seems to have made an impression."

"We get all kinds of people here," says the *maitre de marijuana*, while watching his three aides arrange joints on silver trays to be distributed like canapés to the Saturday-night crowd. "Our patrons are high-rolling corporate types, actors, musicians, a few stockbrokers, politicians and just freaks who like to frolic and fume on the weekend."

It is impossible to just walk into the Sacco and Vanzetti Smokeasy, which is located on Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village. You need an introduction, explained the *maitre de marijuana*, the "endorsement of a proven sponsor."

At one in the morning, an assistant maître de begins to distribute a "marijuana menu" to about 80 remaining patrons—a list extolling the salient qualities of bizarre and obscure epicurean marijuanas such as Mustang from Nepal, Antonia from Istanbul, Mazar-i-Sharif from Kabul, Kisumu from Kenya and Rhodesian Durban weed. The customers make their selections and toke on.

By three, the last of the Sacco and Vanzetti smokers have walked or stumbled back out to Bleecker Street. The maître de, who has smoked 32 giant joints from around the globe in less time than it would take a Concorde to reach Bogotá, rolls yet another spliff composed of leftovers. The door is locked and the money counted.

"Was it a good night?" I ask.

"Very good," chuckles the maître de. "I think we'll be open again next week."

MONEY & CANCER

Two doctors at Denver General Hospital have conducted a laboratory experiment in which they inserted sterilized dimes—ten-cent pieces—into the peritoneal cavities of 35 rats; nine of the rats subsequently developed cancer. Furthermore, said Drs. George E. Moore and William N. Palmer, "we estimate that malignant neoplasms will develop in more than 50 percent of the rats."

The doctors, in deriding the Government's "string of inane pronouncements on cancer dangers," somewhat facetiously suggest that "the FDA and the Consumer Product Safety Commission should convene an emergency meeting for the purpose of removing all coins from circulation."

HARD-CORE TYPOGRAPHY

An ad for an X-rated movie starring the well-endowed John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes appeared in a downstate Illinois newspaper with this interesting admission requirement: "You must be 18 and be able to probe it."

FLEECED

We often find *The Today Show* a pretty good way to perk up our mornings, and things were even perkier than usual one day not long ago when Kelly Lange, a perky blonde Californian who was sitting in for Jane Pauley, started to explain how Senator William Proxmire had bestowed his notorious Golden Fleece of the Month award on the National Institute of Mental Health for funding a study to the tune of $97,000 that included research into the social-class distinctions among customers in a Peruvian brothel.

We weren't too surprised to hear that Dr. Pierre van den Berghe of the University of Washington felt that Proxmire had misrepresented his study. After all, other recipients have voiced the same complaint and one wounded academic even sued Proxmire for $2,000,000, claiming professional character assassination.

But in receiving his Golden Fleece, which has previously gone to such Government-sponsored studies as why people fall in love and the effects of marijuana smoking on sexual response, Dr. Van Den Berghe found a deeper meaning. The award, he said, "helps us recognize the fact that Senator Proxmire has a sexual hang-up, evidenced by the fact that he so often chooses subjects with sexual overtones to pounce upon, and that the Senator only learned about the brothel study because it was written up in PLAYBOY magazine—proving he's an avid reader of PLAYBOY."

Van Den Berghe was referring to the fact that an item about his brothel study appeared in *Sexcetera* in October 1977.

We rang up Van Den Berghe and asked him why he chose to put a few verbal salvos across the bow of a powerful U. S. Senator. "Proxmire plays the same Populist politics as his predecessor," the sociologist told us. "He's a clownish version of Joe McCarthy. The whole thing was a blatant distortion of our research."

The bordello study, he explained, was done by an assistant on his own time and cost only about $50, which went for gasoline to and from the house of ill repute. Van Den Berghe's *main* study involved 18 months of researching ethnic and class relationships among Peruvian natives.

"But even if we'd spent the whole $97,000 on the brothel study, it would still have been worth it," he added. "I've written a letter to Proxmire, asking him how much of the taxpayers' money he's spent giving my research the publicity he feels it so richly deserves."

Good question. Proxmire does, after all, have staff aides who look at hundreds of letters and tips every month and follow up on the most promising leads (they hasten to add that, while they don't disparage any source, they *don't* get Fleece ideas from PLAYBOY). Since salaries for aides usually range from $15,000 to $50,000 per year, the cost to taxpayers for this research must add up. In one case, a junior aide spent two weeks researching the facts and a senior aide reviewed the research for three days prior to the awarding of a Fleece.

In the lawsuit mentioned above, the money for Proxmire's legal defense is coming from something called the Senate Contingency Fund. So far, the fund has

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AMC SPIRIT

been depleted by 67,722 taxpayer dollars, billed by the Washington law firm of Cole, Zylstra & Raywid. If the pro-Proxmire decision of the Federal Court of Appeals is challenged, the case would go to the Supreme Court and legal fees alone could reach Fleece Award–winning proportions. Finding volunteers to present the award to its founder should be a snap.

LEZ IS MORE

A national organization of lesbians has been established to combat the tendency of U. S. courts to automatically revoke the custody of children from a mother who admits to lesbian practices. The new organization is called Dykes & Tykes.

ATHLETES AND SEX

Why do athletes compete? Because they like their sports and are especially adept at playing them? No, nothing is that simple for modern psychiatrists and psychologists: They have their own, subliminal reasons for why athletes compete, most of which have to do with sex. As consider the following examples, collected by correspondent Robert Bahr.

Baseball: When the player swings his bat, he may be symbolically manipulating his penis, says British psychoanalyst Adrian Stokes, and the ball he sends flying represents his sperm. More likely, though, says Stokes, "the ball is itself the phallus," and, once sent soaring, "will be the instrument of intended phallic splendor. . . ." According to Dr. Thomas Petty, professor of psychiatry at Wayne State University, some baseball players are actually whacking their fathers' genitals when they swing their own bats.

Skiing: Those poles the skier jabs into the snow "are undoubtedly symbols of the erect, potent penis," contended the late English psychiatrist Dr. Michael Balint, author of *Thrills and Regression*. Having such objects "means also being in possession of a powerful, never-flagging penis," Dr. Balint wrote, magically reinforcing potency and sexual confidence. (But keep in mind that skiing is something the athlete does all by himself.)

Tennis: This game is an acting out of "the Oedipal competition between father and son," claims Los Angeles psychiatrist Dr. Arnold Beisser in *Psychoanalysis and Psychoanalytic Review*; the winner not only gets the gold cup but, symbolically, the right to go to bed with Mother. As long ago as 1926, the widely respected Vienna analyst Helene Deutsch wrote in the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis* that each tennis player is out to castrate the other; still, Deutsch wrote, "the sport situation provides the most ideal conditions for release from fear; namely, expectant readiness, contempt of the danger which threatens, the trial of the subject's own powers and rational attack and defense."

Golf: Like skiing, golf is a masturbatory sport. "Golf is a game in which the individual struggles with himself," says Dr. Carl Adatto, clinical professor of psychiatry at Louisiana State University medical school; "the emphasis is on the bag, balls, club," repeatedly fondled during the game.

Football: It is no coincidence that football stadiums are dedicated to Alma Mater (Dear Mother), says poet-author T. H. Ferril; while defending the end zone—Mom's vagina—from Dad, players simultaneously try to score for themselves against father's opposition. According to Ferril, football also permits men to express feminine urges: "After frantic hooking and pushing, there emerges the rich loot of the father's genitals [the football]" and, inevitably, the player is hurled to the ground and symbolically raped.

All of which explains the great popularity of spectator sports: Every weekend, millions of voyeuristic fans get to participate vicariously in public masturbation, screwing and sucking, with a touch of sadism and masochism thrown in.

Play ball!

SMELLS GOOD, TOO

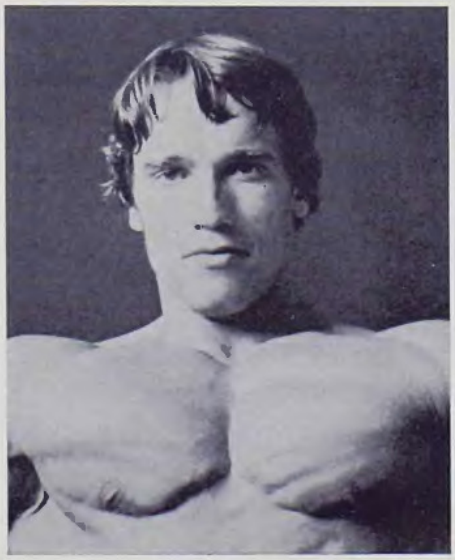
A bunch of the guys at the New York office were whooping it up one recent evening, getting loose, getting silly, getting strange. Just the time, they thought, to invent some cosmetic lines for *male* sex objects, in parody of those that exist for such ladies as Margaux Hemingway (Babe), Shelley Hack (Charlie), Farrah Fawcett-Majors (Farrah Fawcett), et al. And this is what they came up with:

Johnny Rotten: Dog Shit—"Step into the glamor of punk!"

Arnold Schwarzenegger: Lats—"Pumps up the love muscle."

Reggie Jackson: Home Run—"You'll score first time up."

Al Goldstein: Sit on My Face—"It leaves you breathless."



Burt Reynolds: Bulge—"She'll be glad to see you."

Muhammad Ali: Ali! After Shave—"You'll dance like a butterfly because it stings like a bee."

Michael Korda: Success!—"It makes cents."

GOOD HEAD

It was only a story about wintertime ice fishing, but the headline writers at Binghamton, New York, *Sunday* gave it that special twist: "SNATCH SUCKERS FOR WINTER FUN."

WHO DO THAT VOODOO?

In New York City, when you want to "fix" a lover, immobilize a wayward mate, influence a jury, kill an enemy or make the dice come up seven every time, you pay a visit to a local "botanica"—a sort of weird boutique catering to believers in and practitioners of Caribbean-style voodoo. Here's where you purchase the powerful charms that may or may not achieve the above effects, charms such as these spotted on a recent visit to a Manhattan botanica:

Lost & Away Oil
Graveyard Mystic Powder
Bend Over Oil
African Ju-Ju
Devil's Master Charm
Zonka Dust
Swallow's Heart Perfume
Ya Ya Oil
Ancient Wisdom Powder
Come to Me Oil
Easy Life Spray
Aunt Sally Dream Spray
As You Please Powder
Bat's Blood
Get Away Powder
Waste Away Tea
Boss Fix Powder
Anger Oil
Aunt Anna Wishbone
Fast Luck Powder
Fiery Command Spray
Graveyard Dust
Has No Hanna
Follow Me Boy
Haitian Lover Oil
Jury Winning Powder
Jinx Removing Wash
Inflammatory Confusion Perfume
Four Thieves Oil
War Water
Helping Hand Dust
3 Jacks
3 Kings
3 Knaves
Tryst Oil
Yuza Yuza
Get Together Drops
No Hex Perfume
Lucky Dog Powder
Lucky Lucky Oil
Weed of Misfortune
Nine Mystery Incense
Satan Be Gone

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3. $25 WORTH OF GREAT READING—Present your Key each month at any U.S. Playboy Club and pick up a copy of PLAYBOY or OUI. It's a newsstand value worth up to $25.00... the price of your first year's Key.

4. THE ULTIMATE ESCAPE—Indulge yourself at Playboy's beautiful country places, where your Playboy Club Key gets you 10% off the posted room rates. Whether at Great Gorge, New Jersey, or Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, these magnificent resorts are just a little over an hour's drive from Manhattan or Chicago. These's also a 10% discount at the Playboy Towers on Chicago's famous Gold Coast! (By the way, you can also indulge yourself at the exciting new Playboy Casino* in the Ambassador Beach Hotel in Nassau. It's open to all visitors to the island.)

5. YOUR CREDIT CARDS ARE WELCOME—You want to get fewer bills each month, right? All right, you won't get one from us for Club or Hotel purchases. With your Playboy Club International Key you have the option of using any one of the five major credit cards or paying in the coin of the realm. No hassle. Only pleasure from Playboy!

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Victor A. Lownes

Victor A. Lownes, President
Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

The night we visited the Lone Star Café in New York City, it featured the most curious performer-to-audience relationship: When the singer stood center stage, he or she would look out to a bar, a bartender, but no audience. The paying patrons were neatly tucked away upstairs or completely to the sides. Maybe that's what happens when you convert a very downtown Schrafft's into the city's only Texas-sized music bar.

So there we were, sitting on the side, just below the pedal-steel-guitar player's well-embroidered boot, awaiting what had been advertised as "**Marcia Ball**, the Circuit Queen from Austin, Texas," when a country quintet took the stage and launched into a wild Charlie Parker number, led by a sax player who was all but hidden from half the listeners. Following that unexpected dollop of bebop, a reed-thin dark-haired woman, straight and tall as a stick of chewing gum, stepped up to the microphone and announced: "Well, hey! Welcome to the Lone Star. I'd like to sing a Johnny Cash song I've recorded."

For the rest of the evening, we were treated to a set that swung from Bob Wills to Smokey Robinson (in case you didn't think the range from Parker to Cash was wide enough), peppered and spiced with bits of blues, Jimmie Rodgers and Ray Charles–ish Gospel. Somewhere in there, Marcia Ball sang several songs dealing with betrayal, duplicity—the kind of stuff you expect to hear from a gal from Austin and her country band. What we got was a totally modern synthesis of popular music styles chosen by a singer who may not be able to do what Linda Ronstadt can do for the eyes but whose subtle earthiness and pliant voice, not her derrière, are the main attraction. Anyone who can turn *I'll Be Doggone* into a cheatin' song with little reference to Marvin Gaye's version has got something cooking.

Marcia Ball recently released her first album, *Circuit Queen* (Capitol), and the record is what brought her to New York. It contains several of the songs she performs successfully (notably, the thematically paired *Leaving Louisiana in the Broad Daylight* and her remake of the Amazing Rhythm Aces' *Never Been Hurt*, which, with *Doggone*, make up three of the more powerful statements on the record) and, judging from both record and live show, Marcia should make an impressive entry with Rita Coolidge, Tracy Nelson and Emmylou Harris as countrified singers with catholic musical tastes and the pipes to match.

"It comes from being raised in the south Louisiana–southeastern Texas part of the country—it's real musical crossroads," said Miss Ball when we met after the show. "Johnny and Edgar Winter are from there; Janis Joplin, Gatemouth Brown, George Jones. . . . It's rural, so you get country music, of course, but it's also a soulful part of the country, because it has a large black population—and then there's the proximity to New Orleans and that music scene." But it was basically the rock 'n' roll Marcia picked up when she started playing "hippie clubs" after her short stay at LSU in Baton Rouge that kept her going through three and a half years of local club gigs, first in a band with her (now) husband, and then through a more successful stint as Freda and the Firedogs. As Freda, Marcia was taken under the wing of the likes of Doug Sahm and was a regular on the Austin scene right along with Greezy Wheels, Balcones Fault, Asleep at the Wheel and, of course, Waylon, Willie and Jerry Jeff. Freda and the Firedogs' last gig was at Willie Nelson's celebrated Fourth of July barbecue in 1974.

Marcia Ball: deep from the heart of.

Marcia meets Manhattan; Williams and Taylor make a surprisingly successful duo.

Unlikely merger works.

"Over the last few years, I've been trying to put bands together and trying to get recognized under my own name. Everyone in Texas seemed to know who Freda was, but Marcia Ball was an unknown. In the course of things, my music's changed," explained Marcia. "I go through phases of picking out songs. For a while, I wouldn't do 'location' songs. Then I'd pick a 'back to Louisiana' song or a 'leaving Louisiana' song or 'right under the T of Texas.' Then I'd only do songs in a minor key with the word fool in them. Then I'd move on to 'lovin' and losin' ' songs. But no matter what, I think the songs I choose reflect my attitude, probably more than my conversation does. I don't think I'm promoting a conscious image; I'm just reaching different people with different parts of me. Ultimately, I think I'm promoting entertainment, so I'll be anything."

While the songs chosen for the album point toward Marcia's stern-willed, nononsense personality, she manages to imbue each one with a sense of her vulnerability—and considering that none of the ten selections is an original song, she has deftly avoided some of the problems of self-indulgence that plague young singer-songwriters trying to put their best foot forward. Instead, she has found vehicles for great empathy among singer, song and listener, as in the title track, *Circuit Queen*:

I'm no million dollar beauty, but I come by what I got honestly.
And it's no big secret that a few good men have got their eyes on me.
I know I'll always get the Maybelline stares from the cowgirls with platinum hair.
I don't pay them no mind, I'm just biding my time.
There's a silver crown I'm gonna wear.

"You know," she said, "I don't think I'd ever come right out and say certain things, like, 'If I get burned, I split,' but that's my attitude, and the songs are there to reflect it." —STANLEY MIESES

•

That grand old cliché "They said it couldn't be done" kept popping up as we listened to the four sides of ***Mary Lou Williams & Cecil Taylor Embraced*** (Pablo). Here are two consummate pianists coming at their keyboards from opposite ends of the musical spectrum—Williams as a jazz classicist who has put more than 50 years into the business, Taylor as a

Enjoy the classics.

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ferociously uncompromising avant-gardiste—but, wonder of wonders, it *works*! Williams' rock-solid melodic lines provide a magic mirror off which Taylor's pyrotechnic displays are brilliantly reflected. We felt completely wrung out by the end of side four, but it was a happy exhaustion. We knew we'd been through an *experience*.

•

Legend has it (or soon will) that certain rivals of Shel Silverstein have conspired to spread the rumor that he is, in fact, a perfectly sane, clean-living, high-minded, conservative fellow who is only faking his march to a different drummer—and that his latest album is an attempt to combat such slander. At this he succeeds quite nicely, which will come as no surprise to his fans. The album's titled, disarmingly enough, ***Shel Silverstein*** (Parachute) and consists entirely of his own songs, stories and combinations of the two. The cuts alone should reassure any doubters that our illustrious cartoonist-composer-raconteur, etc., has true madness in his methods: *Someone Ate the Baby, Paranoid, Never Bite a Married Woman on the Thigh* and *The Father of a Boy Named Sue*, to name more than a few. And the familiar voice—like a rusty flute, accompanied by his own basic guitar—is pure Silverstein at his manic best, or whatever.

•

Harry, Harry, Harry, what're we going to do with you? We've tried to treat you well, bring you up right, give you the best education and what do you do? You sing these horrible songs and dress like a campus trucker. Your new record, ***Harry Chapin / Living Room Suite*** (Elektra), is a disgrace. What'll the neighbors say? How's this for a lyric: "What the hell is it all about?" Harry, Harry, Harry, you call that a lyric? Oy, we don't ask you should be a Nietzsche, but at least you could get some college dropouts to ghost the words for you. To ask you should sing on key—that would be too much. But can't you hire some decent musicians, maybe? We know a nice kid from Queens, plays the drums with his high school band. He could maybe give you some help. Harry, Harry, Harry—we always told you. You shoulda gotten a decent job.

•

Maybe we can be accused of blowing the horn too often and too loud for the Chicago Symphony. Well, no apologies will be forthcoming, because we think it is simply the best orchestra in the world. And it has some of the best soloists. A case in point is the first album in a new series, ***Music from Ravinia, Vol. I*** (RCA), in which James Levine plays and conducts Bach. Young J. L. plays old J. S. in some marvelously spirited, yet classically correct performances featuring stellar members of the symphony: Adolph Herseth, trumpet; Samuel Magad, violin; Donald

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Peck, flute; and Ray Still, oboe. The first side offers *Brandenburg Concertos* numbers two and five. If you know number two, with its incredibly difficult trumpet part, your ears will stand up when you hear Herseth's rendering. In fact, they'll stand up anyway. This is one of Bach's grand creations, and the second (andante) movement is one of the most serenely magnificent in all of Western music. Number five stars Levine himself at the harpsichord, whose virtuoso part is played off brilliantly against those of flute and violin. Bach wrote over 200 cantatas for Sundays, feast days and secular occasions—and many of them have been lost. Fewer are performed. Side two of this disc presents the *Wedding Cantata*, one of the most festive and delightful extant. Kathleen Battle sings this in a fine soprano voice (though her German could stand some improvement), accompanied by seven Chicago musicians. As in many of Bach's cantatas, you'll find some surprises—listen to the lilting six-eight time of the second aria (*Phoebus eilt*), in which Miss Battle's voice floats over the figures of the bass violin. Let's hope that the three succeeding volumes in the Ravinia series live up to this one.

•

If Crystal Gayle weren't Loretta Lynn's kid sister, nobody would think of calling her country. Her closest stylistic affinities are to Julie London or Gogi Grant. Does anyone out there remember Gogi Grant? "Oh, the wayward wind is a restless wind, a restless wind that yearns to wander." Remember that? It's on Crystal's new record—***When I Dream*** (United Artists)—along with *Cry Me a River*. The latter features the same cabaret-piano backing as Crystal's monster hit *Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue*, a tune that got so much air play it seemed like some FCC requirement. The sound is night-club *chanteuse*, circa 1951; she probably sits on the piano when she sings. Crystal Gayle is about as down-home as Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken.

•

This is the real item. Pablo Cruise, ***Worlds Away*** (A&M). Like, you know, when it says on the hot-dog package, PURE BEEF. Then you read the fine print and it says, "Beef snouts, beef toes, beef eyes, beef hair, beef feces, beef ears, beef bones, beef knuckles. . . ." The real, genuine number.

The Pablo Cruise band sounds as if it had taken a wrong turn at Sausalito, wound up out on Quaaludes and had a court reporter there to take it all down. Then they divided it up into roughly equal chunks and put the same music to each one. Pure Beef Wieners. Nothing finer. Next time you're anesthetized, you might want to listen to it. Then again, white noise might be more of a kick.

•

As writer and singer, Carole King has had a string of hit songs that goes clear back to her high school days. Lately, she has taken to living in a lovely spot somewhere in the mountains and writing songs telling the rest of us how lovely and inspiring it is to live in the country on your royalty checks. It is easy to agree with her sentiments, but difficult to think much of the songs she uses to express them on ***Welcome Home*** (Avatar). As Wordsworth might have told her, this God-in-a-flower stuff is hard to write. It tends to be vague and to rest finally on a bare assertion: This makes me feel holy, sacred and at one with the universe. It usually leaves us poor listeners behind. The best song on this record is *Main Street Saturday Night*, a ditty about teenage cruising whose details come from King's daughter! If ya wanna be a rock-'n'-roll star, maybe you should spend less time in the woods and more on street corners getting an education.

•

Hold on to your weenie, we've entered a new era: porno-*disco*, rubber-boot music, Vaselina Machina, Cosmolene Sadist Computer Noise. Here's how to get the sound: You get one of those

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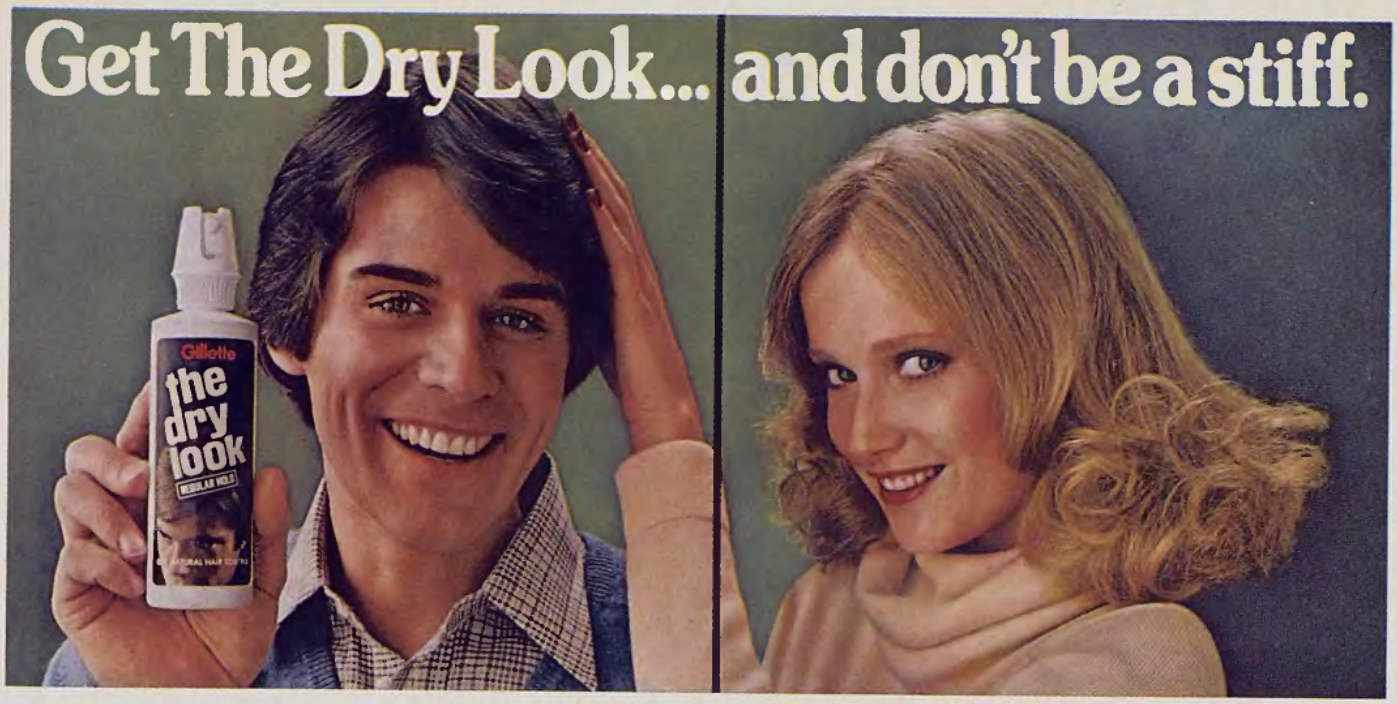

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electronic boxes that produce fake rhythm-section noises, like Spang-a-lang and Kssshhhh, kssshhh. Then you take a bunch of people and put them in a studio and slowly torture them. For the cover shot, you might want to grease up a bunch of chicks wearing 18-inch heels and not much else. An example: ***The Love Machine*** (Buddah). There's a spin-off from this style, too, a kind of PrimoFag genre. It's kind of difficult to tell what's going on with ***White Witch*** (you guessed it—Buddah), by The Andrea True Connection. Andrea True is an actual woman—an ex–porn movie queen, in fact—who does vocals. But on the back cover are all these—um—*guys*, who look like extras from *Night of the Fem People*. And they're all wearing this "Oh-my-God-I-can't-swallow-it" look. They also play that way: distasteful. They used the same Rhythmolene Disco machine the other group used. Buddah must have gotten a deal on one. At least the polyvinyl-chloride shortage must be over; Buddah couldn't afford to put out crap like this otherwise.

•

Count Talent and the Originals (Clouds) is such good rock 'n' roll it almost sounds old-fashioned. With the charts dominated by the Bee Gees and Barry Manilow, we don't get to hear much music with power behind it. Count Talent is Michael Bloomfield, once a Chicago teen infatuated with the blues produced by his native city, later a guitar wizard with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. Now, after some years of silence, he's a guitarist, singer and songwriter fronting his own group. The Originals are a diverse and versatile bunch. No fewer than six people take turns as lead singers. Stylistically, the band incorporates some blues, some Sixties soul, a bit of jazz and a lot of big-band rock of the sort created by groups such as Blood, Sweat and Tears and Bloomfield's own late-Sixties band, The Electric Flag. Bloomfield's guitar and Mark Naftalin's keyboards are at the heart of the instrumental sound, but there are lots of horns to flesh things out. Bloomfield wrote seven of the tunes, including some nice variations on old themes, *Saturday Night* and *Let the People Dance*, and a choice send-up of the L.A. scene, *Sammy Knows How to Party*. There's even a soft, dreamy guitar number, *When I Need You*, for some slow dancing.

•

The irrepressible ladies of soul are at it again. It would seem impossible for Grammy Award–winning Betty Wright to improve on her previous records, but on ***Betty Wright Live*** (Alston), with the aid of a combo that really takes care of business, she does just that, adding an amusing monolog to *Tonight Is the Night*, her song about losing her virginity, and adding some fine impressions of other singers—including such male stars as Al Green and Billy Paul—to *Clean Up Woman*. The album, which opens and closes with a pair of ass-kicking grooves—*Lovin' Is Really My Game*; *Where Is the Love*—slows down en route for some good old soul-singing balladry on *A Song for You* and Betty's own *You Can't See for Lookin'*.

Then there is Millie Jackson. The toilet seat on the back cover of ***Get It Out'cha System*** (Spring) typifies her wit: earthy, and funny enough to make up for her limitations as a singer. Bawdiness and a big *disco* beat, according to the Jackson formula, make good party records; this one doesn't prove her wrong.

SHORT CUTS

Merle Haggard / I'm Always on a Mountain When I Fall (MCA): He may be haggard, but he doesn't sound peaked yet.

The Good Brothers / Pretty Ain't Good Enuff (RCA): Southern-style rock from way up North. A loose, swinging Canadian band makes an impressive U. S. debut.

Charles Jackson / Passionate Breezes (Capitol): Back when Jackson toiled in PLAYBOY's Art Department, the breezes told him he'd do well in music. They were right.

MOVIE ESSAY

In an office just off Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles, animated film creator **Ralph Bakshi** is busy whipping a team of more than 180 young artists into the sort of frenzy needed to complete part one of what will eventually be a five-hour animation of J. R. R. Tolkien's contemporary fantasy classic, *The Lord of the Rings*—which, in case you've been under a rock somewhere for the past decade or two, is the saga of the adventures of Frodo the Hobbit. Hobbits, as you probably know, are pint-sized creatures with hair on their feet who like nothing better than to sit about their hole-in-the-ground homes, smoking their pipes and eating six meals a day. About a year ago, NBC-TV presented an Arthur Rankin, Jr., version of *The Hobbit*, the Tolkien book that preceded the *Rings* trilogy. It was a hit, but the members of Bakshi's group—a totally separate operation—hope to top its success with this more ambitious project. If they don't, it won't be for lack of attention to detail: Odd signs dot the offices where they're working, offering such sage advice as ATTENTION, ANIMATORS: ALL HOBBITS MUST HAVE HAIR ON THEIR FEET.

At 39, Bakshi is a burly man who bears a slight resemblance to Ralph Kramden (the Brooklyn accent helps). A veteran of two decades of fighting the good fight for creative animation, he began work in the Fifties as an inker for Terrytoons. When he read the Tolkien trilogy, he fell in love with the Hobbits. "I was very young when I first read those books," he says. "They gave me another world to think about, something besides Korea and the static thing our business was in in the Fifties." The era during which Bakshi discovered Tolkien was a particularly arid one for animators—indeed, for all forms of cartoon art. "Except for EC Comics, the strips were very dull, sellouts. It wasn't until the comics of the Sixties hit, when the underground loosened it up for all of us, that the art became great again."

Looking for something that would challenge his abilities, Bakshi suggested to his Terrytoons supervisor that the company acquire rights to *The Lord of the Rings*. It turned out that they were not available—a lucky turn of events, in Bakshi's opinion, as it kept him from working as an inker on someone else's vision of the trilogy.

After having spent ten years at Terrytoons, learning the art and science of animation, Bakshi in 1970 released his first independent film venture: a notably raunchy version of R. Crumb's *Fritz the Cat*. He followed *Fritz*, which became famous as the first X-rated cartoon, with *Heavy Traffic*, a highly personal fable of a young New Yorker who, depressed by his surroundings, finds release at his drawing board. Next came *Coonskin*, a highly controversial animation of ghetto life in America, which closed after only one week at a New York moviehouse because of persistent picketing—protesting its "racist" outlook—outside the theater. The film, which has never been re-released, nearly destroyed Bakshi's career as an animator, and he's still extremely bitter about its death.

Frodo and Gollum.

Frodo lives! A visit to the studio where Ralph Bakshi is turning the Tolkien trilogy into animated films.

To cool down after the disaster of *Coonskin*, Bakshi made *Wizards*, basically a simplistic battle between good and evil, and his most commercially successful film.

All in all, it has taken Bakshi 20 years to rise from being an inker at Terrytoons to what one source in the Disney organization once referred to, according to *Los Angeles Magazine*, as "the prince of animation." "*Los Angeles* also quoted them as wanting to out-Bakshi Bakshi in animation," says Bakshi. "I'm embarrassed, but they must feel I'm doing something right to want to out-me me." During those two decades, Tolkien's fable had also gone through quite a few changes. It grew from being an underground favorite to the champion, in the mid-Sixties, of the campus novel. The epic tale, half again as long as *War and Peace*, supplanted such classics as *The Catcher in the Rye* and *Lord of the Flies* in the process.

Like the plot of that runaway film hit *Star Wars*, *The Lord of the Rings*' story line is almost laughably simple. In Tolkien's previous book, *The Hobbit*, Bilbo Boggins, a well-to-do, complacent Hobbit, is induced by Gandalf, a wizard, to join a group of dwarfs who are setting off to regain their ancient kingdom from its present ruler, a loathsome dragon by the name of Smaug. In the course of their journey, they are set upon by goblins, deep in whose mountain cave Bilbo finds a ring that makes its wearer invisible. After Smaug has been dispatched, Bilbo returns to Hobbitown with the ring and a quantity of gold, which would seem to make for a sufficiently happy ending.

Actually, it was only a small beginning. The trilogy itself—consisting of *The Fellowship of the Ring*, *The Two Towers* and *The Return of the King*—opens some years later, when Gandalf reappears and persuades Bilbo to give the ring to his young cousin, Frodo, who is charged with the awesome duty of destroying it—because it happens to be The One Ring, forged eons back by the dark lord, Sauron, and should that arch-villain somehow recover it, evil would triumph and universal darkness would cover all. The ring can't simply be beaten to smithereens, either; it has to be thrown into the everlasting fires of Mount Doom, located smack in the middle of Mordor, not 30 miles from Sauron's Dark Tower.

By the time Bakshi was able to pursue the *Rings* rights for himself, they had been acquired by United Artists, which poured a reported $800,000 into the project. "The mistake those guys made was trying to take three books and condense them into one movie," says Bakshi, whose version will run to two films, the first of which, produced by Saul Zaentz of Fantasy Films (*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*), is scheduled for release by Universal Pictures this Thanksgiving.

To make *Lord of the Rings*, Bakshi has created an entirely new form of animation; he calls it "moving paintings."

"I want to create the most realistic piece of animation ever done," he asserts. "To do this, I can't have bodies stretching and eyes bugging out." Toward this goal, Bakshi filmed the trilogy in its entirety in Spain earlier this year, using live actors. The whole purpose of the live movie, including one scene in which thousands of horsemen chase down and defeat thousands of Orcs, was to supply forms in motion for Bakshi's animators.

"Actually," says Bakshi, "I found live action easier to deal with than animation. If it doesn't work out, you just put the people back in place and start over again."

—MERRILL SHINDLER

Telly Savalas is now appearing in "Mati."

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MOVIES

There has never been any doubt about Farrah Fawcett-Majors' status as top sex symbol and cover girl in these celebrity-smitten United States. But opinion was divided about whether the Charlie's Angel would make an equal splash as a full-fledged film star. You incurable skeptics who secretly expected Farrah to fall flat on her pretty face, don't hold your breath. ***Somebody Killed Her Husband*** is here, looking suspiciously like the romantic comedy–cliff-hanger most likely to succeed in 1978, and Farrah is just one of the happy surprises at hand. She's winsome (easy for her), breezy, totally unaffected and persuasive as a free-spirited but unhappily married Manhattan wife and mother who meets a toy salesman at Macy's and is about to do something reckless—and tell her husband the whole truth about it—when hubby (Laurence Guittard) unexpectedly gets a lethal blow from the business end of a murder weapon. Opposite Farrah, providing something for the girls, Jeff Bridges is sensational as the flabbergasted Macy's clerk who has written 29 unpublished children's books on the side and suddenly finds himself the prime suspect in what looks like a perfect crime of passion. He decides they'll have to stash the husband's body until the real murderer can be found. Then the killer strikes again, and again, with Bridges stumbling upon new bodies while deftly establishing a new image for himself as a top-notch light comedian and romantic leading man. In fact, the first 20 minutes or so of *Somebody Killed Her Husband*—when Jeff meets Farrah and makes love at first sight look as funny, fresh and warm-blooded as if the movies had just invented it—are a prime example of how to set up the pins in a sophisticated suspense comedy by involving the audience with a pair of irresistible protagonists.

To divulge too much of the plot would be unfair, but Reginald Rose's city-slick original screenplay stretches logic to the danger point without falling apart, building to a chase sequence through Macy's basement—where Mickey Mouse and scads of cunning stuffed rabbits allegedly hibernate until they are dusted off for Macy's celebrated Thanksgiving Day parade. Credibility is strengthened with sheer savvy by director Lamont Johnson, a film maker par excellence, who usually turns out small, superior movies (e.g., *The Last American Hero* and *One on One*) that never quite bring him the acclaim he deserves. Among the Broadwayites recruited for *Somebody Killed Her Husband* are Tammy Grimes, Patricia Elliott and London's John Wood: troupers all, on a carefree junket that combines murder, infidelity, high style and star power to accomplish the elusive chemistry of a big, bouncing hit.

Farrah, Jeff in *Husband*.

Farrah, Jeff,
Goldie and Chevy
make comic hay;
Woody waxes *serious*.

Goldie plays *Foul* with Chevy.

Interiors' Keaton, Griffith and Hurt.

•

With Mel Brooks between movies and Woody Allen on a sabbatical into serious cinema, Class A comedies are becoming an endangered species. Best of the current runners-up is ***Foul Play***, with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase co-starred in a Hitchcocky mélange of murder, mistaken identity and a misbegotten plot to assassinate the Pope (Pius XIII) during a gala opera performance in San Francisco. Goldie plays a librarian named Gloria Mundy, who stumbles onto evidence of evil deeds afoot, with Chase as the skeptical cop who believes she's scatterbrained but damnably attractive. Chevy is right. He also establishes a screen persona of his very own that the effervescent Goldie can neither upstage nor outsparkle. Despite the obligatory pratfalls (a needless reminder that this is the same Chevy we all knew and doubled up over on TV's *Saturday Night Live*), Chase projects the dry, self-mocking humor of a James Stewart with bits of Cary Grant thrown in for full measure. That's not bad for his first time as a leading man. Writer-director Colin Higgins, who wrote *Harold and Maude* and *Silver Streak*, pays homage to Hitchcock without coming close to the master's wit or smooth pacing. Too often, indeed, Higgins resorts to graphic violence, which sours the comic tone. But he shows consistent good taste in his choice of actors, with Dudley Moore, Rachel Roberts, Marilyn Sokol and Burgess Meredith among the livelier bodies in orbit around the stars.

•

Talk about changes of pace: Woody Allen's ***Interiors***, an austere and downbeat family drama with no more than three minutes of comic relief, can only be evaluated in the context of Woody's well-known lifelong ambition to make an Ingmar Bergman movie. Allen fans will be amazed to discover that he has damn near succeeded. *Interiors* begins with a series of silent shots into bleak, charmlessly perfect rooms, as if Woody were setting us up for a fine Bergmanesque parody. But he is dead serious, so serious that the film doesn't even have a musical score, merely the hollow sound of lonely footsteps echoing the human condition, which appears to be far worse than you might think after seeing *Annie Hall*. Woody himself is in no way visible except as an offscreen writer-director, but he has assembled a smashing company of actors for his stark Swedish charade. Geraldine Page and E. G. Marshall play husband and wife, a well-to-do New York WASP couple who call it quits in their middle years. The movie deals mainly with what happens after the breakup, when Mom has a series of mental collapses while father goes off to Greece with a fun-loving widow (Maureen Stapleton, who is first-rate and singlehandedly provides whatever fun

there is). The couple's three grown-up daughters, all tortured sibling rivals who might have sat through Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* any number of times, are the poetess (Diane Keaton, looking grim but definitely gifted), the film starlet (Kristin Griffith) and the frustrated also-ran (Marybeth Hurt), who was always Daddy's favorite. Richard Jordan and Sam Waterston, as the sorry bastards who have married into the family, are fine, believable, impeccable.

Might as well say it: *Interiors in toto* is impeccable and brilliantly performed. If my description of the story seems tainted with condescension, it's because Woody is a man of huge intelligence and admirable taste who has left himself wide open to critical barbs by doing something other than his own thing. Even when he does it extremely well, even when *Interiors* is emotionally effective and true, there's no escape from the nagging truth that these hapless all-American case studies would look more at home on some sunless island in the Swedish archipelago. They all suffer in various ways from smother love, Mom's orderly but unreachable demand for perfection, just as Allen suffers from inordinate allegiance to Bergman the master builder. Woody's fastidious letter-for-letter imitation of Ingmar somehow reminds me of a flashy impressionist who might do Laurence Olivier, Marlon Brando or Bette Davis to a tee. The effect is startling, but it's borrowed art rather than the genuine article. What Woody does best, nobody can do better. Why encourage him to make near-perfect reproductions, sans subtitles, of dour foreign films? Let's hope now that Bergman doesn't attempt a pseudo Woody Allen movie. Comedy, after all, is the toughest act to follow.

•

Peter Frampton, Steve Martin, the Bee Gees and Beatlesong may pull audiences to ***Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*** Go at your own risk. With bad word of mouth and a little help from their friends, this illustrated scrapbook of songs by John Lennon and Paul McCartney—narrated with salty skepticism by George Burns, who can do no wrong—should climb straight to the top of everyone's gone-and-soon-forgotten list. But who knows what abominations will be embraced by moviegoers who are young, affluent and fickle? *Grease* is a terrible movie, reaping a fortune. *Sgt. Pepper* is markedly worse, and could turn out to be another box-office bonanza. A theater full of poor, loyal unfortunates with whom I suffered through

Sgt. Pepper: more salt please.

Sgt. Pepper goes for *kitsch*; Burt Reynolds stunts around in *Hooper*; while *Nea* may take some of the kid-porn heat off *Pretty Baby*.

Nea: return of the nymphet.

Burt rides the range.

director Michael (*Car Wash*) Schultz's labored tribute to one of the Beatles' better albums seemed cheerfully indulgent, at worst. They laughed derisively when the movie turned serious and Frampton tried to act, mourning the accidental death of his girlfriend Strawberry Fields (Sandy Farina). Nobody *acts* here. Nobody has to. George Burns's narration takes care of that. Ignore the thread of plot sketched out by writer Henry Edwards: This movie is an elaborately staged concert, chock-full of stars, with musicians miming, comedians singing (Steve Martin plays mad Dr. Maxwell, whose silver hammer turns old folks into young'uns) and every true-blue Beatles fan squirming in his seat. Schultz is a talented director on a very wrong tack, and the literal images he conjures up for *Sgt. Pepper* range from cute to pretentious to pure *kitsch*.

•

Nea (pronounced nay-uh), by French writer-director Nelly Kaplan, was adapted from a novel by Emmanuelle Arsan, author of the erotic semiclassic *Emmanuelle*. The film's 16-year-old heroine, just to prove she can do it, writes a similar book (titled *Nea*), which is instantly hailed as a masterpiece and becomes a best seller. Only her publisher (Sami Frey) knows that she's not only a writer but a sexually precocious nymphet who has given him her virginity along with her first manuscript. Blonde Ann Zacharias performs with such scheming, steaming virtuosity that she may well draw fire away from Brooke Shields and the controversial *Pretty Baby*. The smooth sexploitation of *Nea* outstrips mere child pornography by studying a child pornographer who is twice as corrupt as any adult she meets. Although Kaplan's movie is no masterwork, *Nea* has erotic intensity combined with a daredevil sense of timing.

•

Burt Reynolds, his superstar status secured by such money-making hits as *Smokey and the Bandit* and *The End*, would be wise to find another *Deliverance*, that dramatic blockbuster of 1972 in which Burt proved himself a real actor, not just a personality kid. Since then, he's been churning out Burt Reynolds movies to keep the customers happy, and ***Hooper*** should make them happy as clams if it achieves no other distinction. Burt plays an aging Hollywood stunt man (*Hollywood Stuntman* was *Hooper*'s discarded working title) who has a worried girlfriend (Sally Field), a younger professional rival (Jan-Michael Vincent), a friend and mentor (Brian Keith) who used to be king of the stunt

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men and also happens to be the girlfriend's dad. As Reynolds vehicles go, nothing could be safer than *Hooper*. The movie is fast and high-spirited, full of daredeviltry and a kind of what-the-hell nonchalance that has become Burt's trademark. While a corps of brilliant stunt men leap off cliffs or walk through fire—or drive a jet-propelled car across the yawning chasm where there's supposed to be a bridge—Reynolds keeps his tongue in cheek and seems to be jauntily tipping his hat to those scarred, seldom-sung heroes who risk their lives daily but shrug off imminent disaster because "it's only a movie." The movie Hooper is at work on appears to be a James Bondian epic called *The Spy Who Laughed at Danger*, and director Hal Needham misses no opportunity to spoof his subject, abetted by comedian Robert Klein as the film's languid director and Adam West as its *macho* male star. The way they behave, you'd think stunt men came for a nickel apiece in throwaway wrappers.

•

The chase scenes are choice and definitely predominant in ***Stingray,*** writer-director Richard Taylor's promising first feature with Christopher Mitchum (Bob's handsome son) and Les Lannom as a couple of guys who drive away a crimson secondhand Corvette that just happens to be the hiding place for a stash of heroin and $250,000 in cash. Sherry Jackson, as the leading gangster on their tail, plays one of the baddest movie villains in years, while our own Sondra Theodore (PLAYBOY's July 1977 Playmate) debuts as a hitchhiker who gets lucky. This B movie boasts some touches of originality not common in films built mainly for speed.

•

The Cat and the Canary, a whodunit as durable as Agatha Christie's *The Mousetrap*, may turn out to have nine lives. A stock-company standard since 1922, when John Willard's classic chiller first knocked 'em dead on Broadway, the play was filmed as a silent movie, repeated with a new title and eerie sound effects in the early Thirties, made once in Spanish, then remade as a 1939 suspense comedy starring Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard. *Cat*'s fifth and latest incarnation has Michael Callan and Carol Lynley subbing for Hope and Goddard, and they play this vintage corn as if they believed every other word of it. Backing them up is a distinguished English cast headed by Wendy Hiller, Wilfred Hyde White, Edward Fox, Daniel Massey, Beatrix Lehmann, Honor Blackman (Pussy Galore of yore), Olivia Hussey and Peter McEnery. Willard's delicious old chestnut collects a family of avaricious heirs to hear the reading of a will 20 years after the death of their benefactor—in a

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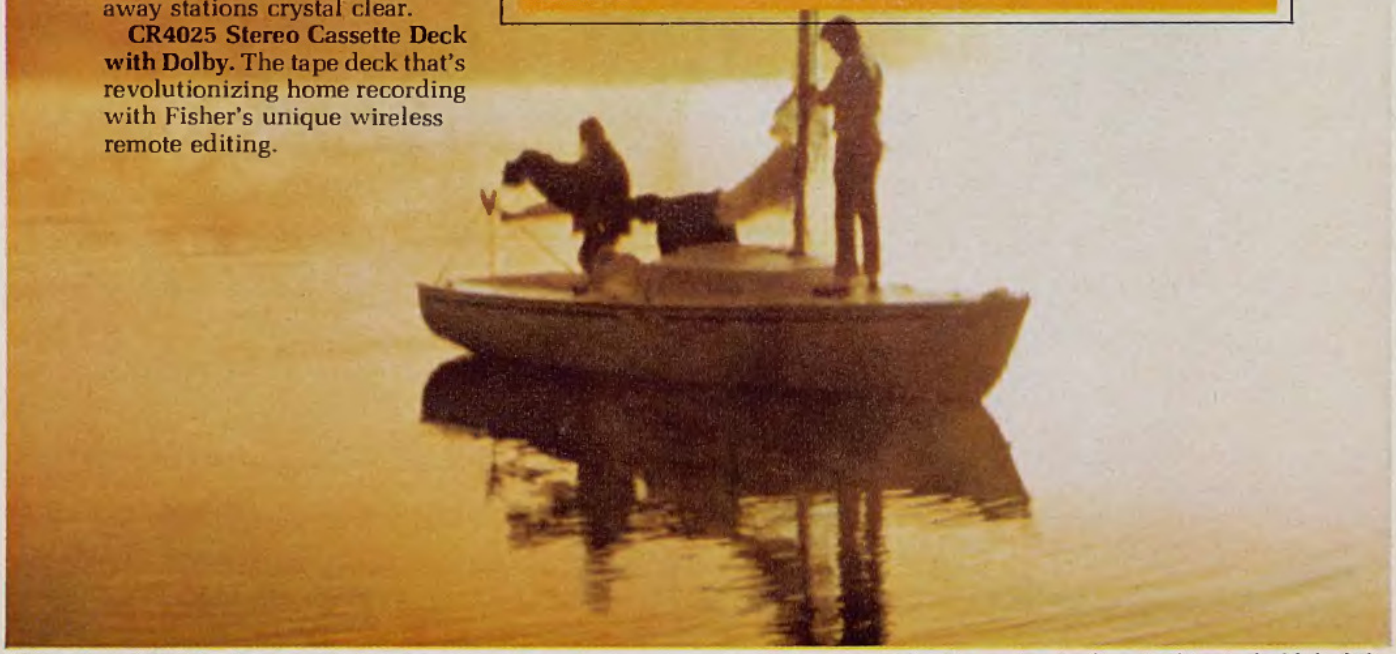

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spooky mansion replete with secret passages, of course, on a night when nonstop thunder and lightning rattle every pane. As if that weren't enough, there are rumors of a homicidal maniac on the loose. Any mystery-film buff who stays up to watch *Dracula* or *The Mummy's Curse* on the *Late Show* should relish the return of *The Cat and the Canary*. It is premium trivia, quaint and curious and stylishly directed as well as adapted by Radley Metzger, of all people—the same Metzger better known for turning out skin flicks (hard and soft) with a touch of class. Here he doesn't screw around much. By resisting mockery and playing it almost straight, he keeps his campy remake amusing all the way.

•

Produced by former beauty-salon entrepreneur Jon Peters (and previewed in PLAYBOY's August issue), ***Eyes of Laura Mars*** lives up to expectations as a sleek psychological shocker set in the world of high-fashion photography. If you'll leave your thinking cap at home, Peters can reasonably guarantee to make your hair stand on end. *Eyes* is as scary, chic and grisly as advertised, with offbeat backup performances by Brad Dourif, Rene Auberjonois and Raul Julia as important males in the entourage of Faye Dunaway, who wraps the title role around her like a lady going gallantly to pieces under tons of sable. Faye performs in the bravura manner of Crawford, Stanwyck, Davis and other superdames of that ilk, which is probably the smartest way to make sense of her role as an artsy fashion photographer whose life and work become a nightmare after she discovers she's visually plugged in to the rampages of a psychopathic killer. How or why the so-called linkage operates, nobody knows. Nobody really asks, because *Eyes* is the kind of old-school thriller that seldom lets logic impede a rising body count.

•

The only thing really wrong with Blake Edwards' ***The Revenge of the Pink Panther*** is that the latest in a long line of *Pink Panther* comedies looks as if it ought to be the last. Despite the seasoned clowning of Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseau, the series shows signs of becoming anemic. To restore their sagging prestige in the underworld, a gang of top crooks known collectively as The French Connection puts out a contract on Clouseau, who remains characteristically inept and virtually indestructible. The laughs are there but maybe numbness sets in because Edwards and Sellers have tickled us so often in the same spot. My own interest was perked mainly by Dyan Cannon, a droll, sophisticated comedienne who's got much more going for her in *Heaven Can Wait*.

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

X-RATED

Gail Palmer, formerly of Michigan State University, was no sooner uncovered as one of PLAYBOY's *Girls of the Big Ten* (see our September 1977 issue) than she set off a blizzard of publicity for making her first hard-core movie, *Hot Summer in the City*, filmed with fellow MSU students in active roles. Gail's second porno venture, ***The Erotic Adventures of Candy,*** features such sexual superstars as John C. Holmes, Georgina Spelvin, Paul Thomas and Carol Connors (best remembered as the nurse in *Deep Throat* until she graduated to a relatively straight role as the busty, comely greeter on TV's *The Gong Show*). Carol has the title role in *Candy* and—despite a farfetched screen credit for Voltaire's *Candide* as a story source—any resemblance between the misadventures of *Candy* and the French classic is purely coincidental. Although Miss Palmer may feel tempted to remind the world that she's a porno writer-director with a college education, her film studies in French are the usual kind. *Candy* is sweetest when Carol is oncamera as the quintessential dumb blonde, cantilevered 40-inch bosom bobbing, ready and willing to be corrupted by her daddy's handy man, her wicked uncle, her gynecologist and a guru who calls himself Balde Kishka. While director Palmer sometimes fumbles, Carol has a lusty air of innocence that should hold us well for a projected porno trilogy. Next titillater in the series will be *Candy Goes to Hollywood*, with Carol as a hopeful whose natural attributes attract the attention of one Johnny Farson and win her a spot on *The Dong Show*.

Carol sweetens *Candy*.

Peaches, Candy and more *Candy* to come? We spot *a* trend in pornoland: It's a food fixation.

Peaches: Well, they *are* pretty.

•

You and I may groan *ad nauseam* about the idiotic obligatory cum shots, but porno continues to use them. That's just one of the reasons why X movies never seem to grow up. Like incorrigible juvenile delinquents, they are stuck with past-tense notions of misbehavior, jacking off in public and constantly proving to themselves and us that this, hey, is *real* sex. Nothing new has been added except better-looking girl and boy performers and an occasional twist.

Alex deRenzy's ***Pretty Peaches*** ballyhoos plumpish, edible Desireé Costeau as "one of the world's leading models." Doubtful. Desireé has a certain zany charm, though, as a boyishly bobbed brunette who behaves exactly the way dumb blondes are supposed to. Playing a victim of amnesia, she bops around until destiny leads her to a West Coast orgy, where she goes down on dear old Dad. Is that cute? Otherwise, *Peaches* is kinda pretty, as porno goes.

A foxy lady billed as Samantha Fox plays the title role in ***Bad Penny,*** her natural beauty augmented by a rudimentary plot: some flimflam about solving a riddle that will help locate an inheritance from her rich uncle, recently deceased. All Penny has to do is follow clues through a bunch of men all named Sidney. The flick's hottest clue leads to a sequence in a brothel, where every customer comes as a character he'd like to be.

—B.W.

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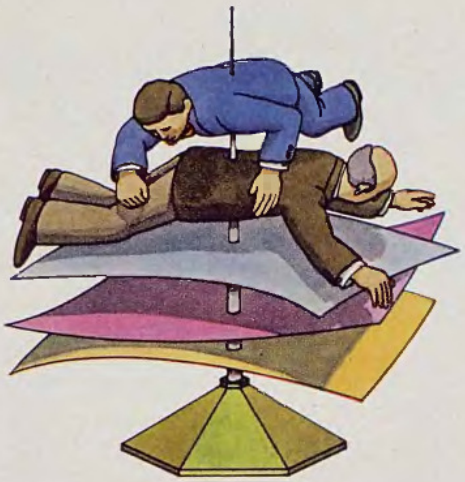
BOOKS

For a while there, self-help books resembled combat manuals. If not exactly sheer ruthlessness, at least enhanced self-interest was the operating principle of the rash of books that tried to teach us how to manipulate our way to the top of the heap. ***Upward Nobility: How to Win the Rat Race Without Becoming a Rat*** (Times Books), by Addison Steele, is a fine counterpoint to the savage career advice of Michael Korda and Robert Ringer. The pseudonymous Steele talks about her friends in the publishing world and how they create their own unhappiness. She tells us how not to buckle under pressure, that it's often better to turn down the wrong promotion and how to do it gracefully. Her best insights are on memos, about which she has gleaned some laws: "More people write memos than read them," "Memos are never written for the person to whom they are addressed" and "Unless you keep a copy of your own memo for future protection, there is no point in writing it in the first place." The quiz on memos—among several in the book designed to help the reader evaluate his own tolerance for corporate bullshit—tests the reader's ability to analyze the hidden power struggle involved in a series of seemingly innocuous communiqués. The answers, gathered in score groups, are analyzed with personality traits, and Steele tells a reader who scores very high on one test, "I hope I shall never have to work for you." Well, unfortunately, people who have to work for *anybody* will most likely have to work, sometime, for someone like that, and nothing's going to help the situation—except maybe this book, which conveniently has a chapter on how to handle a boss who's a creep.

•

Ernest Tidyman is best known as the white creator of the legendary black detective Shaft. If there was one universal criticism of the *Shaft* books, it was that all the white characters were pasteboard dummies, stereotypes for the flesh-and-blood black hero to play off. In ***Table Stakes*** (Little, Brown), Tidyman finally proves that he can create white characters with depth, though the absence of any blacks suggests that he can write convincingly about only one race at a time.

Table Stakes begins as a story about a professional gambler, David Burnham, and ends as a story about his son, Paul, who becomes a gambler of another sort in the motion-picture industry. It is the relationship between the two that holds the book together, and Tidyman's portrayal of it has a rare poignancy that lifts the book from the category of a good novel to that of a special



Upward Nobility: Down with rats.

How to fight the good fight via office memos; Tidyman takes up gambling.

Tidyman antes up.

one. David Burnham is one of the best high-stakes poker players in the world. He wins not so much because he knows the game (which he does, with computer-like accuracy) but more because he is a man of invincible courage. He perceives every turn of the cards as a test of character in which the real winners are those who can look upon fortune and loss with equal dispassion, never letting the hand life deals them disturb their steely self-confidence. Burnham's profession makes him a lousy father and husband. He's never home. Paul idolizes him precisely because he's hardly ever around.

Because David was admired as a gambler's gambler in elite circles, including men prominent in the entertainment industry, Paul finds entree into the movie business easy. He discovers that he has a talent for producing and gambles on a low-budget movie that winds up making big money. Then the Great Hollywood Whore opens her arms to him, and he must decide whether or not he will sell his integrity for success. He chooses success, only to find he isn't the gambler his father was.

•

No doubt, the Presidency will survive the Carters, but will the Carters survive the Presidency? Probably that depends on which relative next decides to capitalize on Jimmy's high office and write a book about the family. After Miss Lillian and cousin Hugh, sister Ruth Carter Stapleton is the latest entry in the field, with her insider's scoop, ***Brother Billy*** (Harper & Row). And it's just about what folks expected. We learn that young Jimmy once got a licking for pouring hair oil in his ornery little brother's face and later plinked his sister Gloria in the butt with a BB gun because she'd clunked him with a wrench; and that Billy has had stuttering problems, marital problems, drinking problems, etc., but is a wonderful and sensitive fellow behind his façade of redneck clowning. As for style, one sample should suffice: "He was walking a little taller with his own share of his father's creation. 'Buckshot,' Daddy once told him, 'one day this business is going to be yours to run.' Something inside Billy said that night, 'I made it, Daddy.'" A contender for the Pulitzer Prize in biographical writing this ain't, but it does have a certain hillbilly charm.

•

We were all set to grind out a "genre" review on the occasion of ***Texas Celebrity Turkey Trot***'s publication by Morrow. You see, at first, it appears that *T.C.T.T.*, by Peter Gent, is going to be another football-is-funny-and-gross novel. There have been some good ones, such as *Semi-Tough*, by Dan Jenkins, and *Fall Guy*, by Jay Cronley (both, we like to point out, PLAYBOY contributors). However, *T.C.T.T.* only begins as a football novel. It then explodes gently outward to encompass the entire Texas-money-showbiz crowd, which to our knowledge has never been done before. One of Texas' dark secrets is that it thinks it's California. Gent definitely gets in all the right moves. Mabry Jenkins, a turkey who has been a Dallas rookie for ten years by the end of the book, narrates his way through a hysterical, stoned, filthy freak-out. (Oh, for example, a whore, offended that the Dallas quarterback won't drive her home, waits until he passes out and then shits on his chest. Yum.)

The book is a bit out of control and undirected, but you don't want to get too critical of it. It's a nice ride and Gent is

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funny (he did *North Dallas Forty* a few years back). Anyway, on the copy we received, it says right there on the cover, "Author tour; first printing: 25,000. Initial ad budget: $20,000." If they're spending all that money on it, it must be good, right? And if it's not, well, they'll have an awful lot of books to eat.

•

Those who first met John Cheever in the pages of his spectacularly successful 1977 novel *Falconer* may be unaware that for three decades he has been demonstrating that he's one of the best short-story writers alive. For them, and for the rest of us who'd just like to reacquaint ourselves with Cheever's skillful mastery of characterization, Knopf is bringing out ***The Stories of John Cheever,*** a compilation of his work from the end of World War Two to the present. The stories, chronologically arranged, illustrate a kind of loss of innocence. In the early pieces, the characters—mostly people with unsatisfactory servants and servants with unsatisfactory employers, living in New York City and the fictional suburb of Shady Hill, spending the summer in seaside cottages—are rather touchingly naïve. By the time upward mobility has carried them on to Bullet Park—the occasional cleaning woman has supplanted their cooks and maids, and technology has taken them off the decks of their ocean liners and into the cabins of 747s—they have become more cynical. But they are, always, pulsatingly human. There are 61 selections—the last three of which, *Artemis, the Honest Well Digger, Three Stories* and *The Jewels of the Cabots,* appeared in PLAYBOY—in this fat volume, and at $15 it may be the best value of the season. Our Rx: Take one story daily. That way, you can savor Cheever halfway through the winter.

•

The Mario Puzo we have come to know is much too addicted to life's headier wines to waste his time with such foolishnesses as writers' seminars and workshops, yet his latest novel, ***Fool's Die*** (Putnam), his first serious enterprise since the great success of *The Godfather* catapulted him to the status of literary heavy, reads for the most part like a combined class assignment. This, in view of the already announced stupendous paperback-rights sale, will undoubtedly be a minority report, but how else can we account for the brilliant, truthfully dazzling first chapter, a mere three and a half pages, when the next 530 or so sink into the most pedestrian, banal autobiographical recitation? Puzo must have written the first chapter and the last, which is damn good (a page and a half, but not quite up to the level of the first), and then turned the rest over to his class—or a tape recorder. Even if he isn't the artist that the first few pages promise, even as a storyteller, Puzo commits the unpardonable sin. He bores.

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: **Gene Wilder** has been signed to star in the comedy Western *No-Knife*, the story of a young eastern European rabbi who emigrates to America and treks to San Francisco, encountering along the way an array of humorous Western characters—it's sort of a Jewish *Huck Finn*. . . . Production on *The Travels of Simon McKeever* has been delayed due to conflicting schedules. The film was to feature both **Henry** and **Jane Fonda**—the first time the two would have appeared in the same movie. Meantime, **Peter Fonda** is busy directing *Wanda Nevada*, co-starring **Brooke Shields**. . . . **John Updike**'s got a new novel coming out in December. Titled *The Coup*, it's about an African dictator of the fictitious sub-Saharan state of Kush: a man with four wives, a silver Mercedes, a Machiavellian mind and a fanatical dislike for the U.S. . . . ABC has acquired the TV rights to **John Steinbeck**'s *East of Eden*. Although Warner Bros. made a film of the book as recently as 1955, execs at ABC note that the **James Dean**

Fonda

Wilder

starrer covered only 25 percent of the novel. . . . **Otto Preminger** has signed playwright **Tom Stoppard** to pen the script for the film version of **Graham Greene**'s novel *The Human Factor*. . . . Director **Sydney Lumet** envisions making *two* films based on **Patricia Bosworth**'s bio of **Monty Clift**—one dealing mainly with Clift's mother, the other with Clift himself. . . . Comedian **Albert Brooks**'s first feature film, *Real Life*, will probably be distributed soon. Described as "a staged documentary comedy," the flick stars Brooks and **Charles Grodin**. . . . NBC's prime-time line-up for this winter includes **Ann-Margret** in a Christmas show from Radio City, **Steve Martin** in two one-hour comedy specials, **Bette Midler** set for a winter telecast and **Chevy Chase** in two one-hour specials.

•

ROOM SERVICE: Our man on the set of Columbia's *California Suite* (set for Christmas release) reports that one of the film's highlights will be the wild fight scene between **Richard Pryor** and **Bill Cosby**. Verbal ad-libbing is taboo on **Neil Simon** scripts, so Pryor and Cos apparently had to resort to physical ad libs. "And physical it is," says our source. "Pryor and Cos play a couple of M.D.s vacationing together at the Beverly Hills Hotel, accompanied by their wives. The constant disagreements between the two couples—forced, by a reservation foul-up, to share one tiny room—result in a

Cosby Pryor

hysterical battle, with Pryor taking an ax to the room." The two co-star with **Alan Alda, Michael Caine, Jane Fonda, Walter Matthau** and **Elaine May**, but such is the scheduling of the filming that neither will get a glimpse of the other stars.

•

TV OR NOT TV: Over a period of six years, beginning next February, PBS will present each of **Shakespeare**'s 36 plays. The series kicks off with *As You Like It*, followed by *Julius Caesar* and *Romeo and Juliet*, with 14-year-old **Celia Johnson**, the youngest Juliet ever to play in the U.S. Later on the roster is *Much Ado About Nothing* (starring **Michael York** and **Penelope Keith**). "Shakespeare wrote his plays to please an audience that was neither very sophisticated nor

York Keith

literary; he wrote for people, not coteries," says **Shaun Sutton**, head of drama for BBC Television. "We hope to bring back these plays on the same plain terms to a mass audience."

•

SPELLBOUND: Will 1979 be a "magic" year for Hollywood? You better believe it, or *in* it. Aside from **Joe Levine**'s *Magic* (based on **William Goldman**'s novel), Israeli film maker **Menahem Golan** is prepping *The Magician*, based on **Isaac Bashevis Singer**'s *The Magician of Lublin*. "This is the major work of my life," says Golan. "Something I've wanted to do for seven years." Budgeted at $6,000,000, the flick stars **Shelley Winters, Brenda Vaccaro, Carol Kane** and **Alan Arkin**, in the title role. Although Golan originally sent the script to **Dustin Hoffman**, Hoffman wanted **John Schlesinger** to direct. "Schlesinger also liked the property," says Golan, "but I insisted on directing it myself. I would have liked **Robert De Niro** for the role, too, because he has this kind of crazy quality, but Arkin read the script and agreed to do it—he's a very brilliant, versatile actor." Arkin's character in the film, that of a smalltime magician who believes he can fly, also calls for him to be something of a womanizer. "He's the kind of man who has to fuck three women every day," says Golan. "There's a scene in a huge, crowded square where he lifts the skirts of an elegantly dressed, bourgeois woman accompanied by her husband. Without a word, he fucks her—you see the climax only in the movement of the swirling crowd—then tips his hat and walks away."

•

THE RUMOR MILL: Rumors are circulating again that the **Allman Brothers** will reunite. "The possibility still exists," says our source, "but if it happens, it'll be far off in the future. Gregg's very much

Allman

in favor of it." Meantime, Gregg has apparently cleaned up his act—he's quit drinking and doping—and has been jamming with a Washington, D.C., group, Nighthawk. Word has it that Gregg and Nighthawk will do an album.

•

SAFETY PUNS: The punk-rock sounds (remember punk rock?) of the Akron, Ohio, group **Devo** will be featured in **Neil Young**'s upcoming film *Human Highway*. Shooting took place in San Francisco before a hand-picked audience (described by one crew member as "terminal weirdos") and Young is currently editing it down. *Easy Rider* star **Dennis Hopper** co-stars, though it'll be hard to recognize him in the film, since he always appears with a brown paper bag over his head.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

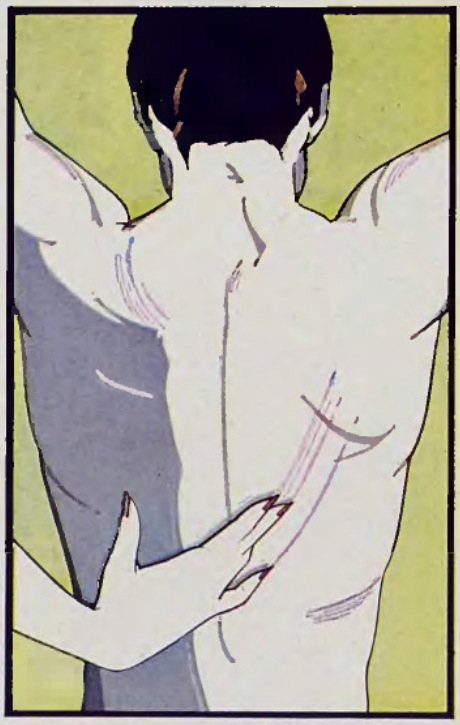
Maybe PLAYBOY can help me. I'm 21 and single. Hopelessly single, from the looks of it. Every month, I look at the girls in your magazine and wonder where I can find one of my own. But I don't know where to begin to look. Any suggestions?—E. S., Rochester, New York.

Try the girl next door. It has worked for us for 25 years. And, from what we've read, it works for other people. In "A New Look at Love," Elaine Walster and G. William Walster point out that proximity is a critical prerequisite for love. "One sociologist interviewed 431 couples at the time they applied for marriage licenses. He found that at the time of their first date together, 37 percent of the couples were living within eight blocks of each other and 54 percent lived within 16 blocks of each other." No, the study was not conducted in a 16-block city. Makes sense to us. After all, most traffic accidents happen near home, and some good must come from those random collisions.

Even though I'm just an amateur photographer, I always buy my color film in large quantities and store it in the refrigerator. But it occurred to me that if the refrigerator is good, the freezer might be better. Am I right?—O. M., New York, New York.

Because you're an amateur, we have to say no. But if you were a pro, we'd answer yes. The reason is most amateur films are chemically immature when you buy them; that is, they have not reached their optimum color balance. Manufacturers calculate how long the film is in transit or on the shelf before you buy it and pace the chemical changes accordingly. If you buy such film soon after it's made, you can retard its maturation by freezing. (Protect these films from heat and humidity by keeping them in a cooler.) Professional films, on the other hand, are mature when they are released and some pros freeze them right away to ensure consistent color characteristics. These films, by the way, must be refrigerated at all times, even between exposure and processing, if that is a substantial time.

Several years before we met, my boyfriend visited a massage parlor. As he tells the story, the lady in attendance performed a rather strange combination of oral sex and manual stimulation, which he claims was the most startling turn-on he'd ever experienced. While she gave him head, one hand masturbated him, while the other hand was busy finger-fucking his ass. He says that the experience at first disturbed him ("Why



did she think I would enjoy *that?*") but that eventually the attack proved successful. Now he wants me to try the same technique. My question: Is this practice abnormal? If not, how should I go about it?—Miss J. L., New Orleans, Louisiana.

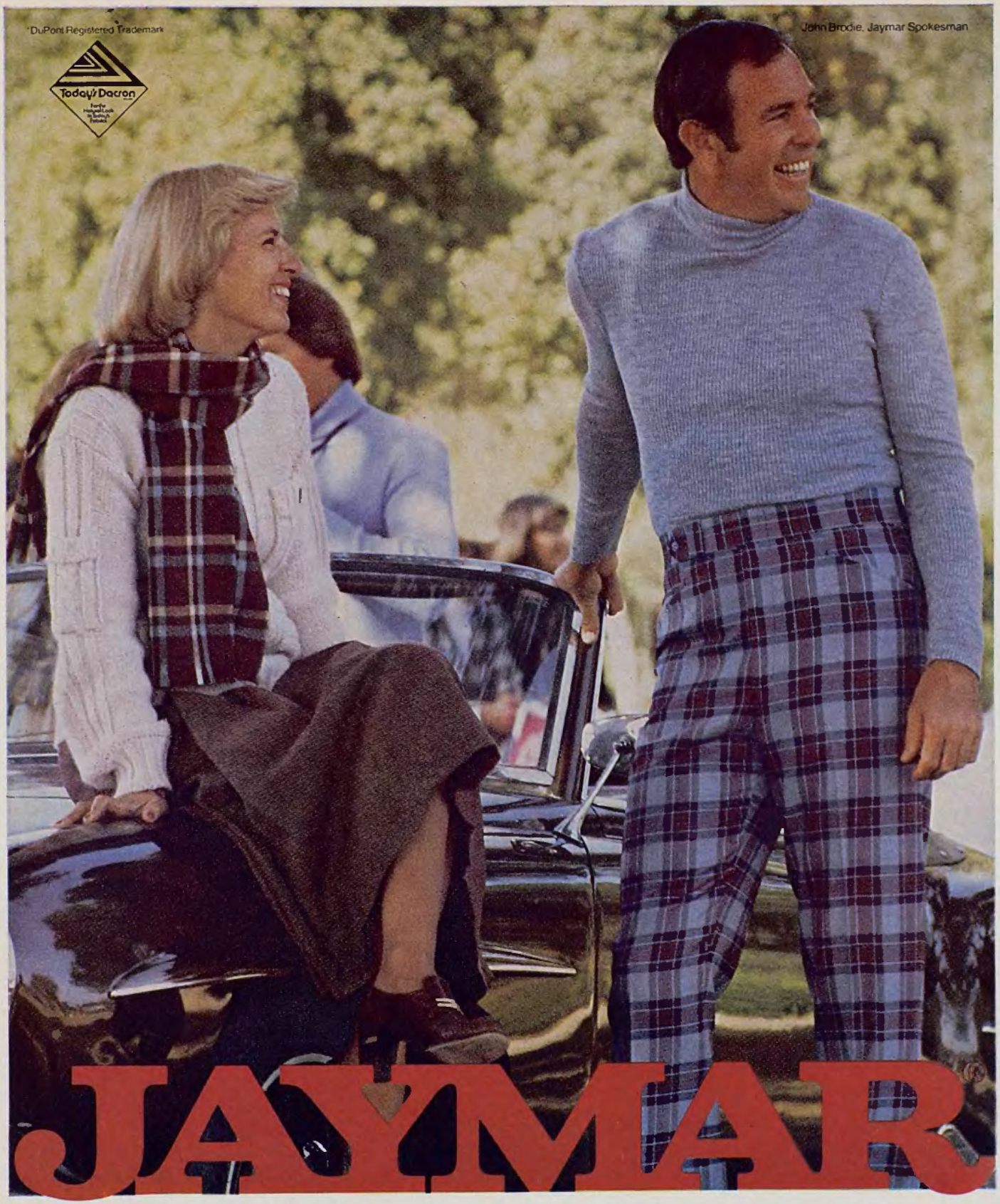
When you've been doing what we do for a living for as long as we've been doing it, nothing strikes you as abnormal. Certainly not this. The reason the lady in the massage parlor did what she did is simple—the technique works. The trick is a fairly standard form of play in the gay community—there's no reason that two devout heterosexuals can't get off on it. Our suggestion: Use a lubricant. Treat him as he would treat a virgin (i.e., somewhat gently). Fingernails should be clipped. You might consider purchasing a pair of surgical gloves. This will keep you from fretting about cleanliness. Also, the lubricant will last longer on a glove than on skin. The reason for buying a pair—you can wear one and he can wear the other. If you want a touch of class, you can always treat each other with kid gloves.

Because I'm a traveling salesman (no jokes, please), I spend an awful lot of time driving dark back-country roads. My stock headlights just don't do the job, especially on hilly terrain or in bad weather. I know that anything more powerful is illegal, so what's the answer?—R. D., Omaha, Nebraska.

We know of a farmer's daughter who calls her night light a headlight—but you asked us to be nice. Most standard sealed-beam headlights range from 950 feet on low beam to about 1250 on high beam. They don't do the job, but the manufacturers' lobbyists in Washington sure must. For years, the more effective quartz-iodine and quartz-halogen driving lights (which give you a minimum of 5000 feet visibility) have been illegal in the U.S. The various reasons we've heard for the ban range from problems of condensation, flickering and alignment to the rumor that the superheadlights attract giant carnivorous moths. The laws are beginning to change, though. Quartz lights are standard equipment on European cars, where driving is considered a religious freedom. We say it's better to be alive than legal. It is not necessary to replace your standard lamps with the more powerful ones—they can be mounted as auxiliary lights for the special situations you describe. Of course, you might consider carrying a flare gun—the kind they use to illuminate battlefields.

Maybe you can help. You see, I am very intrigued with acting out fantasies, with trying new things and learning how these things excite and affect my girlfriend. We both get into oral sex a lot. And the foreplay sessions last considerably longer than the actual copulation. In this there is no problem. My main concern deals with the period after the copulation is over—when the two people usually just lie there together and hold each other. My problem is that I cannot do this. It upsets my girlfriend a bit, because she is a true romanticist. She gets off on snuggling after we make love. I get a very different feeling, not about my girlfriend but about the situation. I will just get out of bed, get dressed and leave the room. I can't tell you how much this upsets her. In fact, she says she feels that she has just been laid like some two-bit whore. I hate to think that I make her feel this way, but my feelings won't allow me to lie there with her. This has happened with other girls. I would just want to take them home or do anything as long as I could get rid of them. The problem is really getting to me. I don't understand this feeling and it is very hard to describe. I'm wondering if there is anything I could do to change my feelings. What do you suggest?—B. P., Baltimore, Maryland.

A little bondage and discipline might help. If she ties you up, you can't leave. For a man who says he's into acting out fantasies and trying new things, you have an uncommon amount of guilt. You seem to be in a hurry to leave the scene of a crime. Or worse, a job. You view sex



John Brodie wears authentic Sansabelt ® slacks by Jaymar because they're the most comfortable slacks in the world. He knows there's nothing like the exclusive patented waistband. It has that famous triple stretch webbing that's unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the slack. Plus Sansabelt offers John all the colors and patterns he wants most. And the fabrics. Like Today's Dacron* Polyester. Take a tip from John Brodie. Try them on. You'll see why Sansabelt slacks are the one and only. Just like John.

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Phoenix — Diamonds
Phoenix — Goldwaters
Phoenix — Hanny's
Phoenix — Jalen's Big & Tall
Scottsdale — Diamonds
Scottsdale — Goldwaters
Scottsdale — Hanny's
Sun City — Quinn & Loe
Tucson — Diamonds
Tucson — Goldwaters
Tucson — Jalen's Big & Tall
Tucson — Levy's

CALIFORNIA
Bekersfield — Harry Coffee's
Bekersfield — Sailer's
Buena Park — Bob's Mens Shop
Buena Park — Stomann's Ltd.
Carmel — Dick Bruhn
Chula Vista — The Highlander
Concord — Lion's Den B & T
Concord — Rochester Big & Tall
El Centro — Sameha's
Escondido — The Highlander
Fallbrook — Don Vincent's
Fresno — Harry Coffee's
Fresno — Gottschalk's
Fresno — Rochester Big & Tall
Fresno — Walter Smith
Fullerton — Eagleson's
Granada Hills — Eagleson's
Huntington Beach — Anthony James Ltd.
Indio — Bob Williams
La Jolla — The Highlander
La Jolla — Lion Clo. Co.
Laguna Hills — King's Ior Men
Lodi — The Toggery
Los Altos — Lion's Den B&T
Los Angeles — Eagleson's
Marysville — Kauffman's
Marysville — Schneidar's
Mexicali Baja — Casa Montano
Milbrae — Michael Roberts
Mira Mesa — Don Vincent's
Modasto — Kauffman's
Modesto — Walter Smith
Monterey — Charmak & Chandler
Napa — Wigger Bros.
Northern California — Grodins
Northern California — Hasting's
Northern California — Roos/Atkins
Oakland — Aldar's Big & Tall
Oakland — Lion's Den B&T
Pacific Beach — Lion Clo. Co.
Petaluma — Mattei Broe.
Roseville — Richardson's
Sacramento — Bonney & Gordon
Sacramento — Kauffman's
Sacramento — Rochester Big & Tall
Sacramento — Wagner Big & Tall
Salinas — Dick Bruhn
San Bernardino — Big Guys
San Diego — Eagleson's
San Diego — The Highlander
San Diego — Lion Clo. Co.
San Francisco — The Emporium
San Francisco — Howard's
San Francisco — Rochester Big & Tall
San Jose — Dehle's B & T
San Jose — Howard & Gary Peterson
San Jose — Rochester Big & Tall
San Jose — Eli Thomas
San Leandro — Josef Duran
San Marcos — Don Vincent's
Santa Ana — King's King Size
Santa Maria — Kauffman's
Santa Rosa — Rosenberg's
Southern California — Buffum's
Southern California — Harris & Frank
Southern California — Silverwoods
Stockton — Bravo & McKeegan
Torrance — Del Amo Big & Tall
Torrance — Eagleson's
Vista — Don Vincent's
Wetsonville — Dick Bruhn

COLORADO
Colorado Springs — Lee's
Colorado Springs — The Regiment
Denver — Cottrall's
Denver — The Denver
Denver — Joslins
Denver — K-G Men's Stores
Denver — Jerry Leonard
Englewood — Kaufmans
Grend Junction — Village Fox
Greeley — Otis Bros.
Pueblo — Rosenblums

HAWAII
Honolulu — Kramer's Big N' Tall
Honolulu — Ross Sutherland

IDAHO
Boisa — Riley's
Caldwell — Natziger's
Nampa — Natziger's
Rexburg — Vern & Ferrals

ILLINOIS
All Stores—Baskin
All Stores—Karoll's
All Stores—M. Hyman & Son B & T
All Stores—Lytton's
All Stores—Rothschild's
Addison — Malina Inc.
Belleville — Union Clothing
Bloomington — Bergner's
Bloomington — Moberly & Klenner
Calumet City — Edward C. Minas
Centralia — Jim Ford's
Champaign — Bergner's
Chicago — Albert's
Chicago — Brighton Clo.
Chicago — Burton's
Chicago — J.V. Cizek & Sons
Chicago — Fit-All
Chicago — Gassman's
Chicago — Herbert Mens Shop
Chicago — Syd Jerome
Chicago — The Leading Man
Chicago — Maxis
Chicago — The Mister Shops
Chicago — Eric Salm
Chicago — Wieboldt Stores
Chicago Hgts. — Kline's
Decatur — Henry's
Decatur — Muirheid Men's Shop
Des Plaines — Allen's
Downers Grove — Herbert's
Edwardsville — Imber's Menswear
Elmhurst — Leonard's
Elmwood Park — Jack Robbins
Evergreen Park — Park Mens Shop
Flossmoor — Raymond Levine
Franklin Park — Franklin Clothing
Galesburg — Fred Schubach
Granite City — Schermer's
Harvey — Marks Toggery
Hickory Hills — Law Bess & Sons
Homewood — Brainerd's
Joliet — Kline's
Kewanee — Kirley & Sons
La Salle — Paul Khoury
Madison — Wayne's Menswear
Marion — The Village Squire
Mattoon — Jack and Bill's
Mattoon — Earl Ross Clothiers
Moline — F. Mona Apparel
Mt. Vernon — Carl's for Men
Norridge — Burton's
North Riversida — Jack's
O'Fallon — J. A. Severn
Oak Lawn — Burton's
Oak Lawn — Mel's Mens Shop
Oak Lawn — Malina's
Orland Park — Bylon's
Pekin — Russ Strauman's
Peoria — The Bell
Peoria — Bergner's
Rock Island — Mosenfelder's
Rockford — Hughes & Hatcher
Rockford — Knight's Armour
Schaumburg — Mister Big
Springfield — B & F Toggery
Springfield — Famous-Barr
Tinley Park — Jimmy's
Waukegan — Falnberg's
Waukegan — Storey's

INDIANA
All Stores—L. S. Ayres
Anderson — Clair Call
Angola — Strocks
Berne — Stan's
Carmel — Fogels
Columbus — Delton & Peyne
Columbus — Dell Bros.
East Chicago — Edwerd's
East Chicago — Lewin's
Elkhart — Myers Mens Wear
Evansville — Sater's
Ft. Wayne — Baskin
Ft. Wayne — Joseph's
Ft. Wayne — Mater
Ft. Wayne — Meyers & McCarthy
Ft. Wayne — Montgomery's
Ft. Wayne — Patterson-Fletcher
Gary — Mac & Dewey's
Hammond — Arnold J's
Highland — Lawin's
Highland — Zandstra's
Hobart — Edward's
Indianapolis — Arnold's
Indianapolis — Wm. H. Block
Indianapolis — Edrich Ltd.
Indianapolis — Fogels
Indianapolis — Hudson's
Jeffersonville — Keith Clothing
Kokomo — Maher's
Marion — Milton's Clothes
Merrillville — The Clothes Horse
Merrillville — Edwerd's
Merrillville — Mac & Dewey's
Merrillville — Edward C. Minas
Merrillville — Zandstra's
Michigan City — Bloke's
Michigan City — Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Mishawaka — Joseph's
New Albany — P.A. Niemaier
New Castle — Lloyd Beall
Richmond — Loehr's
Seymour — Dell Bros.
South Bend — Gilbert's
South Bend — Robertsons
Terre Haute — Schultz & Co.
Ankeny — Dave's Apparel
Burlington — Palace Clothiers
Cedar Falls — Palace Clothiers
Cedar Rapids — Armstrong's
Cedar Rapids — Holley's
Cedar Rapids — F. Mona Apparel
Davenport — Mosenfelder's
Davenport — F. Mona Apparel
Davenport — Syndicate-Hub
Des Moines — Bond's
Des Moines — Kucharos
Des Moines — F. Mona Apparel
Keokuk — Palace Clothiers
Sioux City — Karltons
Sioux City — Moreys-Raymonds
Waterloo — Palace Clothiers

KANSAS
Coffeyville — Weinberg's
Colby — His Shop
Goodland — Mr. Jim's-His Shop
Great Bend — Brentwood Ltd.
Great Bend — West Ltd.
Hays — Village Shop
Hutchinson — Calhoun's
Kansas City — Shepherd's
Lawrence — Campbell's
Libera! — Kelly's
Manhattan — Cunningham-Shields
Manhattan — Stevenson's
McPherson — Morris & Son
Overland Park — The Jones Stores
Overland Park — Jerry Leonard
Overland Park — Mailliard's
Overland Park — Stix Baer & Fuller
Overland Park — Skip Wantland's
Prairie Village — The Jones Stores
Prairie Village — Mailliard's
Salina — West Ltd.
Topeka — Ray Beers
Topeka — Cunningham-Shields
Wichita — Dillard's
Wichita — Henry's
Wichita — Jerry Leonard

KENTUCKY
Bowling Green — Golden-Farley
Bowling Green — Jim & Gils
Hopkinsville — Golden-Farley
Hopkinsville — Wedes
Lexington — Dawahare's
Lexington — Graves-Cox
Lexington — McAlpin's
Lexington — Tall & Big Men's Shop
Louisville — Bacon's
Lpuisville — Levy Bros.
Louisville — Loevenhart's
Louisville — Rodas
Louisville — L. Strauss
Madisonville — Golden-Farley
Murray — Corn Austin
Owensboro — The Coechman
Paducah — The Toggery Shops
Paducah — Trad Shop

MICHIGAN
All Stores—Anton's
All Stores—Crowley's
All Stores—J. L. Hudson
All Stores—Hughes & Hatcher
All Stores—Osmun's
Ann Arbor — Chelsea
Bay City — Ford's
Bay City — Marvin's
Benton Harbor — Hal's Clothiers
Burton — Binder's Big Men Shop
Canton — Shifman's
Davison — Binder's Big Men Shop
Devison — Homer Hill
Dearborn — Chelsea
Dearborn — Fifth Ave. Mens
Dearborn — Price's
Detroit — Leclair
Detroit — O'Brien's
East Lansing — Hattner's
Escanaba — Stein's
Farmington — Fredrick's
Farmington — Hank's
Farmington — Washington Clothiers
Fenton — The Haberdashery
Fenton — Saratoga Trunk
Flint — Blackstone's
Flint — Country Gent
Flint — Marvin's
Flint — Milt Weiss
Flushing — Homer Hill
Grand Rapids — Geo. Bullias
Grand Repids — Captains Quarters
Grand Rapids — Joseph's
Grand Rapids — Wm. Klein
Grand Rapids — A. May & Sons
Grend Rapids — Roger's Dept. Store
Ishpeming — Stein's
Kalamazoo — Al Traxler's
Lansing — J. W. Knapp
Lansing — H. Kositchek & Bros.
Lansing — A. May & Sons
Lansing — Stabler's
Livonia — O'Brien's
Livonia — Shifman's
Marquette — Palace Clothiers
Mt. Clemens — Teck & Marks
Dek Park — Shifman's
Rochester — Mitzelfelds
Royal Dak — Baker's Big & Tall
Saginaw — Bindar's Big Men Shop
Saginaw — Edward's
Saginaw — Van Horn's
St. Clair Shores — North Shore Valet
St. Clair Shores — Wales Big & Tall
Southfield — Jack's Place
Southfield — Jonathan's
Southfiald — O'Brien's
Southfield — Van Horn's
Southgate — Chelsea
Traverse City — Hamilton's
Troy — Sims
Wyendotte — Chelsea
Ypsilanti — Hattner's

MINNESOTA
All Stores—Dayton's
Brooklyn Canter — Jerry Leonard
Burnesville — Cedric's
Duluth — M & K Men
Mankato — Wilson's
Minneapolis — Cy's Mens Wear
Minneapolis — Eklund's
Minneapolis — Liemandt'a
Minneapolis — Jerry Leonard
Moorhead — Northport Clo.
Rochester — Hanny's
St. Paul — Liemandt's
St. Paul — Jerry Leonard

MISSOURI
Crestwood — Big Mens Shops
Dexter — Thrower's
Florissant — Dave's Clothing
Independence — Jerry Leonard
Independence — Peter's
Jefferson City — Czarlinsky's
Jefferson City — Thomas Jefferson's
Kansas City — Bule-Stark Ltd.
Kansas City — The Jones Stores
Kansas City — Jerry Leonard
Kansas City — Mailliard's
Kansas City — Michael's
Kansas City — Stix Baer & Fuller
Kennett — James Kahn
Kirksville — Mister Jim's
Lebanon — Clark's
St. Ann — Big Mens Shops
St. Louis — Aronson's
St. Louis — Big Mens Shops
St. Louis — Boyd's
St. Louis — Famous-Barr
St. Louis — Napoli Menswear
St. Louis — Peterson's Mens Shop
St. Louis — Stix Baer & Fuller
St. Louis — Wolff's
Springfield — Coles
Springfield — Ollard's
Springfield — Freeman's
Springfield — Ed. V. Williams
West Plains — Great American Clo. Co.

MONTANA
Billings — Dahle's B & T
Billings — Hart-Albin
Great Falls — Kaufmans

NEBRASKA
All Stores—Brandeis
Hastings — Ben Sherman's
Kearney — Ayer's Clo.
Lincoln — Ben Simon's
Norfolk — Berle's Men's Shop
Omaha — Landon's
Omaha — Jerry Leonard
Omaha — Ben Simon's
Scottsbluff — L. B. Murphy

NEVADA
Carson City — Murdock's
Las Vegas — Allen & Hanson
Las Vegas — Diamonds
Las Vegas — Harris & Frank
Las Vegas — Schwartz Bros. B & T
Las Vegas — Silverwoods
Las Vegas — Stan's
Reno — Dehle's B & T
Reno — Dee's House of Big & Tall
Reno — Kauffman's
Sparks — Murdock's

NEW MEXICO
Alamogordo — Trend Shop
Albuquerque — Goldwaters
Albuquerque — Henry's
Albuquerque — Jalen's Big & Tall
Albuquerque — Mr. Casual
Artesia — Collin Gerrell's
Carlsbad — Collin Gerrell's
Clovis — Town & Country
Farmington — Nygrens
Roswell — Ball & Ray
Santa Fe — Moore's

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck — Sharks & Evans
Fargo — Dayton's
Fargo — Northport Clo.
Fargo — Straus Co.
Grand Forks — Deyton's
Grand Forks — Ruetteti's
Grand Forks — Straus Co.
Jamestown — Straus Co.
Valley City — Straus Co.

OHIO
All Stores—Dismonda
Akron — Kenmore Tailors
Akron — Koch's
Akron — Lang's
Ashtabula — Carlisle's
Canton — The Harvard
Canton — Hughes & Hatcher
Canton — Mr. Ted
Canton — Vicary's
Cincinnati — Burkhardt's
Cincinnati — McAlpin's
Cincinnati — Pogue's
Cincinnati — Poley's Big & Tall
Cincinnati — Shillito's
Cincinnati — Steinberg's
Cleveland — B. R. Baker
Cleveland — Bill's Clothes
Cleveland — Davidson's
Cleveland — Gornik's
Clevelend — Halle's
Cleveland — The May Co.
Columbus — Walkers
Dayton — Dunhill's
Dayton — Elder-Bearman
Dayton — Herle's
Dayton — Metropolitan Co.
Dayton — Rike's
Dayton — Welkers

John Brodie, TV Sports Commentator, former All-Pro Quarterback

Delaware — Parker's
Findlay — The Toggery
Lima — Poley's Big & Tall
Lorain — Louis Cohn
Marion — The Toggery
Niles — Carlisle's
Painesville — Carlisle's
Steubenville — Myer & Stone
Toledo — J.L. Hudson
Toledo — Hughes & Hatcher
Toledo — The Lion Stores
Werren — Hughes & Hatcher
Wooster — Barney Lehman's
Worthington — Stuart Reed Ltd.
Youngstown — Hartzell's-Rose & Sons
Youngstown — Hughes & Hatcher
Youngstown — Man Size
Youngstown — Strouss
Zanesville — Larry Wade Ltd.

OREGON
Eugene — High & Mighty
Eugene — Rosenblatt's
Eugene — Baxter & Henning
Portland — High & Mighty
Portland — Prager's
Portland — Rosenblatt's
Salem — Bishop's

SOUTH OAKOTA
Huron — Hadblom The Clo.
Rapid City — Gliquist's
Rapid City — Seeley's
Sioux Falls — Dayton's
Sioux Falls — Norman's
Sioux Falls — Wilson's

UTAH
Ogden — Dehle's B & T
Ogden — Fred M. Nye
Ogdan — Tanner Clo. Co.
Orem — Dehle's B & T
Salt Lake City — Auerbach
Salt Lake City — Castleton's
Salt Lake City — Dehle's B & T
Salt Lake City — Arthur Frank

WASHINGTON
Faderal Way — High & Mighty
Kennewick — Lantor's
Seattle — High & Mighty
Seattle — Klopfenstains
Seattle — Le Roux Mens Waar
Saattle — Prager's
Spokane — Brook's Clothiers
Spokane — The Crescent
Tacoma — Baker Bros.
Tacoma — Klopfensteins
Vancouver — Prager's
Yakima — Lee Semon

WISCONSIN
Appleton — W. A. Close
Beloit — George Brothers
Hales Corners — Hellmann's, Ltd.
La Crosse — Newburg's
Madison — Beskin/Olson & Veerhusen
Madison — The Hub
Madison — Hughes & Hatcher
Milwaukee — Brill's
Milwaukee — Friedman's
Milwaukee — Gieringer's
Milwaukee — Gimbels
Milwaukee — Holtzman's Big & Tall
Milwaukee — Hughes & Hatcher
Milwaukee — M. Hyman & Son B & T
Milwaukee — The Leading Man
Milwaukee — Schmitt-Orlow-Stumpfs
Milwaukee — Walkers Ltd.
Racine — Jorgensens
Racine — Joseph Lawrence
Wausau — St. Clairs
West Allis — Modern Clo.
West Bend — Sager's

WYOMING
Casper — Rich's
Caeper — Ruckman's
Casper — Wood's for Men

SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS ENDS HERE.

ALASKA
ANCHORAGE
Reeni
FAIRBANKS
Reeni

ARIZONA
All Sunset Sport Centers
PHOENIX
H. Cook Sporting Goods
TUCSON
H. Cook Sporting Goods

CALIFORNIA
APPLE VALLEY
Apple Valley Sporting Goods
BERKELEY
Huston's Shoes
REI Coop
BURBANK
Humes Sport Goods Co.
CARMICHAEL
Metropolitan Army-Navy
CASTRO VALLEY
Binneweg's Boot Shop
CHULA VISTA
Stanley Andrews Sporting Goods
CITRUS HEIGHTS
Tower of Shoes
CRESCENT CITY
Crescent Shoes
EL CAJAN
Boot World II
Goodrich Surplus
Stanley Andrews Sporting Goods
ESCONDIDO
Stanley Andrews Sporting Goods
EUREKA
Jacobs Shoes
Milanders Bootery
GOLETA
Southwicks
LA CANADA
Sport Chalet
LA JOLLA
Stanley Andrews Sporting Goods
LAKEWOOD
Herman Survivor Shop
LONG BEACH
Thieves Market
LOS ANGELES
REI Coop
NATIONAL CITY
Herman Survivor Shop
MILLBRAE
Peninsula Shoe Mart
OAKLAND
Binneweg's Boot Shop
ORANGE
Andrews Sporting Goods
Army-Navy Store
Work Shoes Unltd.
PASADENA
Fowler Sports Center
PETALUMA
Wide World of Shoes
REDDING
Army-Navy Store
ROSEMEAD
Herman Survivor Shop
SACRAMENTO
Tower of Shoes
SAN CARLOS
Family Shoe Mart
SAN DIEGO
Boot World I
Goodrich Surplus
Stanley Andrews Sporting Goods
SAN JOSE
Mel Cotton's
SAN MATEO
Ellingson's Sport Center
SAN RAFAEL
Barney's
SANTA BARBARA
All American Sports
Duvalls Surplus Store
Southwicks
SANTA MARIA
All American Sports
SANTA MONICA
Texas Sporting Goods
SUNNYVALE
Sunnyvale Shoe Mart
UKIAH
MacNabs
VAN NUYS
Surplus Distributors
VENTURA
All American Sports
VISTA
Paul's Shoe Repair
WALNUT CREEK
Binneweg's
WEST COVINA
Miller's Outpost
WESTMINSTER
Long Beach Surplus
WHITTIER
Work Shoes Unltd.

COLORADO
All Dave Cook Sporting Goods Stores
All Gart Bros. Stores
BOULDER
Starrs Clothing
CRAIG
The Shoe Mart
DENVER
Hills Bros.
FT. COLLINS
Jax Surplus
GLENWOOD SPRINGS
Glenwood Shoe Service
LOVELAND
Quality Shoes
MONTROSE
Jim's Shoe Lounge
PUEBLO
Sunset Family Shoes

IDAHO
All Sunset Sport Centers
BOISE
Boise Country Store
Sunset Sports Centers
COEUR D'ALENE
Olmsteads Family Shoes

MONTANA
BILLINGS
Big Bear Stores
Billings Country Store
BUTTE
Bob Ward & Sons
GARDINER
Yankee Jim Trading Post
GREAT FALLS
Big Bear Stores
KALISTELL
The Sportsman's
MISSOULA
Army-Navy Store
Dixon-Hoon Shoe Co.
Sportsman Surplus

NEVADA
LAS VEGAS
H. Cook Sporting Goods
SPARKS
Herman Survivor Shop

NEW MEXICO
ALBUQUERQUE
H. Cook Sporting Goods
SANTA FE
H. Cook Sporting Goods

OREGON
ALBANY
Jered's Outdoor N'More
ASHLAND
Perrines
BEAVERTON
G.I. Joe's
BEND
Jered's Outdoor N'More
EUGENE
Burchs/Shoe Fair
Eugene Outdoor Store
John Warren Hardware
GRANTS PASS
Big John's Shoe Store
KLAMATH FALLS
The Shoe Store
McMINNVILLE
Jered's Outdoor N'More
MEDFORD
Black Bird
MILWAUKIE
G.I. Joe's
Jered's Outdoor N'More
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SALT LAKE CITY
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BREWSTER
Rawson's
CHEHALIS
Yard Birds
CHEWELAH
Chewelah Country Store
COLVILLE
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EVERETT
Sam Clothing
KENNEWICK
Basin Dept. Store
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Bob's Inc.
OKANOGAN
R. G. Rawson's
OLYMPIA
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Yard Birds
OROVILLE
Prince's Inc.
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Two Swabbies
PORT ANGELES
McLean's
Swain's
SEATTLE
REI Coop
SPOKANE
General Store
Two Swabbies
SUMNER
Steve's Shoe Service
SUNNYSIDE
Totem Sale
TACOMA
B & I
WALLA WALLA
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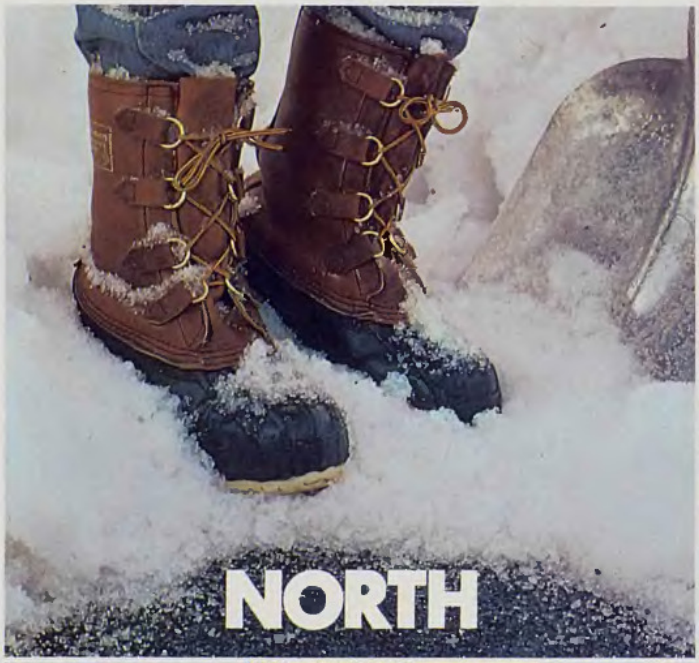

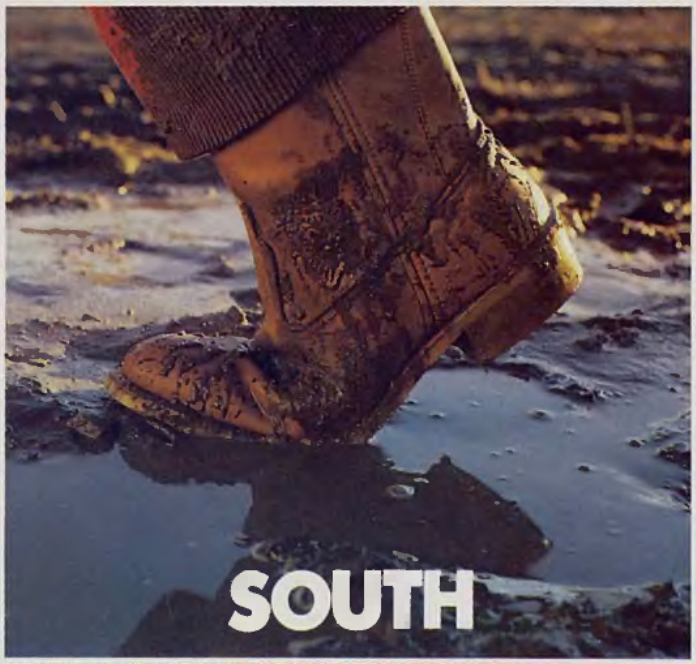

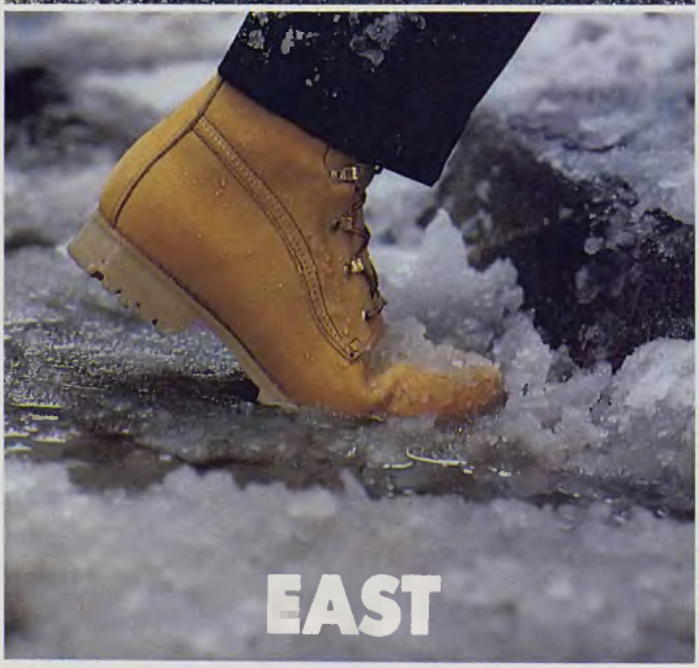

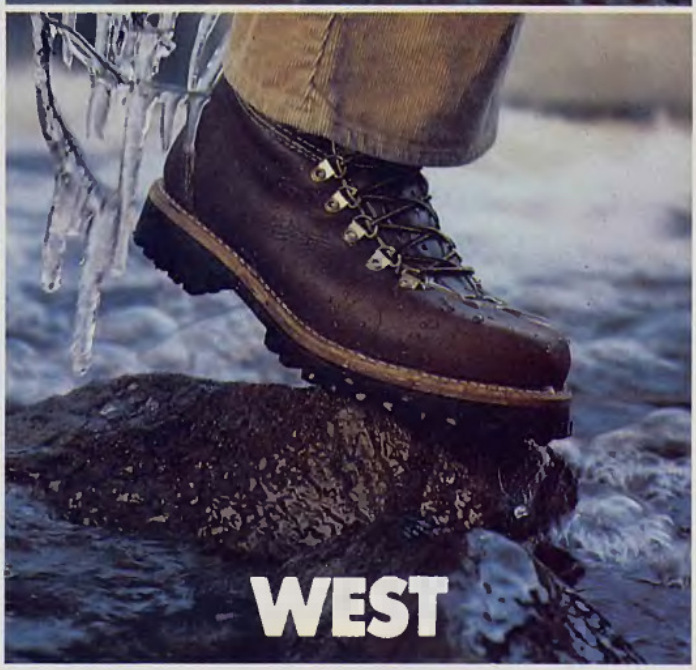

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as a task. You try tricks to see how they affect your girlfriend—not how they make the evening more enjoyable for both of you. If you want to change your attitude, you'll have to stop treating sex as a one-act play. Next time you feel the urge to leave, get out of bed, put on your clothes, leave the room, then go back and climb into bed—fully dressed. When you get to the end, start all over again.

Being in my mid-20s, I was surprised to find my hairbrush full of hair. Since I've just begun to use a blow drier on my hair, I wonder if that could be the cause. Or could it be I'm growing bald at my tender age?—L. M., Houston, Texas.

The answer is a possible yes, a probable no and a definite maybe. Time and your hairbrush will say for sure. But there are some things you should know about hair before you panic. First, blow drying will not kill your hair. Break it, split it, yes. But the follicle from which the hair shaft grows is unaffected by what you do to the hair itself. The shaft is, after all, only dead protein tissue. Usually a hair shaft will grow for about three or four years and then rest for three or four months. During that rest period, about 100 hairs a day typically fall out. Don't worry, though, your head contains upwards of 100,000 hair follicles. The average follicle goes through about 15 or 20 of those growth cycles. So it could be that you're right in the middle of a rest period—or it could be that you're going bald. In either case, it's not the end of the world. Considering the number of successful men who are also bald, loss of hair could mean little more to your future than a chronically chilly pate. And a fortune saved at the barbershop.

My problem is one that I am sure is shared by many other people. How does one remove dried semen stains from velvet chairs, vinyl couches, carpets, etc.?—M. B., Claremont, California.

If you're concerned about staining things in your house with ejaculate, we think you should plan ahead and cover them with a towel or some other washable item. If you get carried away, you might try some of the commercial spot removers (test a patch of the fabric first to see that the spot remover does not cause discoloration). Several of the people in our test bedrooms have reported that applying a baking-soda paste helps remove stains. Let it dry, then brush it off. If your furniture is covered with vinyl, it is best to let the ejaculate dry, then rub it gently. Or peel it off. In some circles, the result is known as a California potato chip.

Please settle an argument between my wife and me. I believe in UFOs and claim that most people do. My wife thinks UFO believers are in the minority and that I'm nuts. What do you say?—M. P., Los Angeles, California.

We say sanity is relative. On the other hand, a recent Gallup Poll on such phenomena agrees with you. Gallup found that of the people who have heard of UFOs, 57 percent believe in them. We should also mention in the interest of fair play that the next highest category of people, 54 percent, believe in angels and 39 percent believe in devils.

My girlfriend is leery of using the pill, due to various reports of adverse side effects. I'm leery of becoming a father. Can you tell us the relative safety and contraceptive value of other birth-control methods?—C. Z., Dallas, Texas.

We can do you one better. The Food and Drug Administration has a free chart that compares the different methods of birth control, including the advantages and disadvantages of each. Send a postcard to the Consumer Information Center, Department 692F, Pueblo, Colorado 81009, for a copy of "Contraception: Comparing the Options." The chart points out that no nonsurgical method of contraception is 100 percent effective (unless you count abstinence or an exclusive diet of oral sex). The pill is still considered the most effective: If 1000 women took the pill for a year under perfect conditions, three or four of them would probably become pregnant. But conditions are seldom perfect, as figures for the other methods show. The differences in various field tests are staggering. For every 100 women using a given method for one year, one to six will become pregnant using an I.U.D., two to 20 will become pregnant using a diaphragm with cream, jelly or foam, two to 29 will become pregnant using foam, cream or jelly alone and three to 36 will become pregnant if their partner uses a condom. The chart also gives interesting figures for various rhythm methods. The calendar method (in which the woman tries to calculate the time of her peak fertility from the time of her last menstrual cycle) is least effective: Of 100 women using this method, 14 to 47 will become pregnant. The temperature method is more successful: The woman keeps an accurate daily record of her body temperature using a special thermometer (body temperature rises after ovulation) and avoids intercourse during her hot days. Of 100 women using this method, one to 20 will become pregnant. The mucous method is almost as successful: The woman keeps an accurate daily record of vaginal secretions to determine ovulation. One to 25 will become pregnant. Variations on the temperature and mucous methods are more effective. If the woman abstains from lovemaking until ovulation has passed, she is fairly safe. Of 100 women using this approach, one to seven will become pregnant. Of course, you can't make love for half of each month, but that's not a problem if you have lovers on different cycles.

When my girlfriend moved in, she brought her kitten with her. The kitten has since become a very destructive cat, often mistaking my speaker grilles for scratching posts. Indeed, the little music lover prefers them to the post I bought to save my speakers. My girlfriend says if the cat goes, she goes, so what do I do?—M. K., Phoenix, Arizona.

Some folks have had luck trimming a cat's claws, especially if it's done at the neckline. A slightly more humane answer is to rub lemon extract on the grilles. Cats aren't too crazy about the odor, since it irritates their little nostrils. A bit of catnip on the cat tree wouldn't hurt, either. Perhaps if Tabby is stoned, he'll be as protective of your music system as you are.

Is premature ejaculation related to age? I've read sex manuals that claim all young men suffer from the condition but that they outgrow it in time. Or at least most of them do. I've heard that many middle-aged men also come too quickly to satisfy their partners. As a teenager who unfortunately belongs to the ranks of the minute men, I'm more than curious. What's the outlook for my future?—D. J., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

According to an article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *at least one study supports the theory that young men are more responsive than older men, and therefore more prone to sudden, acute overexcitement. In 1977, R. L. Solnick and J. E. Birren found that men aged 19–30 achieved erections 5.8 times faster than men aged 48–65. What the subjects did with the erections after they had them was a matter of personal control. Premature ejaculation is in the mind, not in the mouth or any other part of the body. Young men are not experienced, and they have not learned to identify the odd twitches and hair-pulling pulsations that signal an impending orgasm. Also, they can't believe their good luck and this astonishment often takes the form of a premature release—sort of like applauding before the end of a performance. It's a small embarrassment you will eventually avoid as you learn the score. Some young men master themselves quickly, some older men never do. Keep at it.*

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.

ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

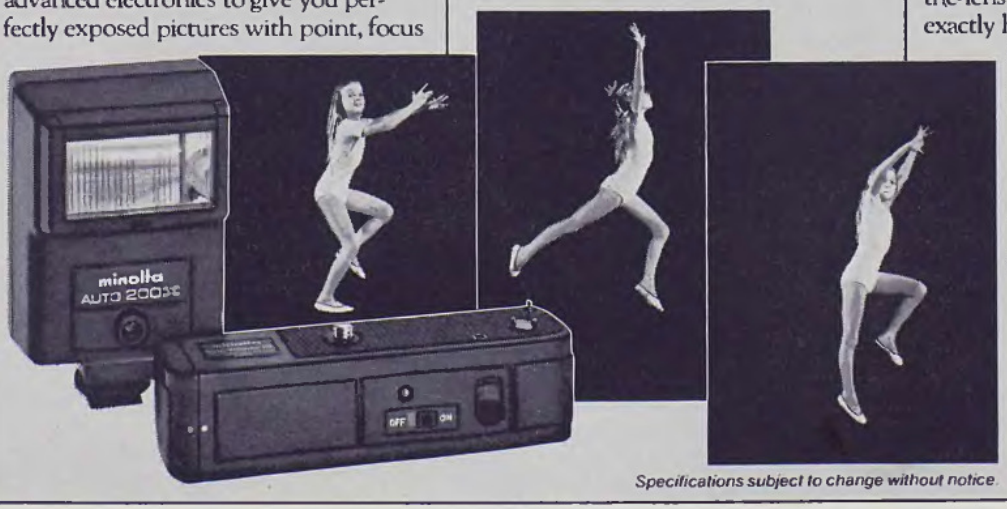
Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder?

The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of



Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

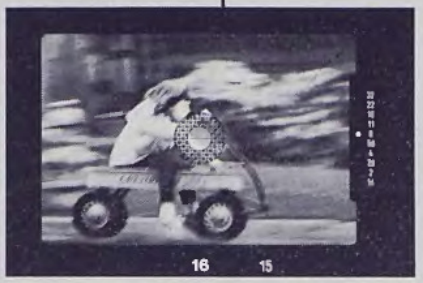
How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

Have you heard about the man whose girlfriend got so hung up on her vibrator that she no longer wanted to have sex with him? The crafty chap came up with an ingenious solution: Every night before he tiptoed to bed, he glued a photo of her plastic love machine to the middle of his forehead.

Don't worry, fellas. Life in the boudoir hasn't reached that point of absurdity, though, admittedly, it came close when women's lib gave birth to the blues by shouting furious antimale rhetoric. Back then, a lot of studs were scared. Their fear: Women would learn to pleasure their own bodies with such a vengeance that we men would become an anachronism, our penises romantically extinct.

Well, years have gone by and that bleak vision has proved paranoid. From all reports, erogenous fun and games have not disappeared, they've gotten better. We asked 100 men and 100 women to tell us in what way (if any) women's lib had improved their sex lives and those of their partners.

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Q: WOMEN, HOW HAS LIBERATION IMPROVED YOUR PARTNER'S SEX LIFE?

Forty-eight percent of the females with whom we talked guessed that their lovers appreciated the new aggressiveness women show. Men could relax and let a woman take control: "I'm sure that the new-found, guilt-free ability to be passive while making love is the most popular answer you'll hear from the fellas. Remember, inside every *macho* pig is a pussycat longing to be stroked."

Twenty-five percent assumed that men would find sex wilder and less repressed now that women were liberated: "Not only do we *do* it more, we *enjoy* it more." "Gary, my fiancé, I am sure, is like every other male. He is convinced it made it possible for him and me to talk honestly about fucking, discussing every bit of nitty-gritty. He loves it when I tell him what gives me top-quality sex, saying that's what has turned him into a first-class lover. Now I never have to fake my orgasms. Just last night, we had the greatest time fucking in the shower. First he used the soap to lather our erogenous zones, putting his fingers and prick in me while the strong spray tickled our skin. Then he held back coming and actually got off watching me climax so many times I nearly drowned from rapture."

Q: WOMEN'S LIB AND SEX

Fifteen percent thought that sex had become more reciprocal. Now that women were free to ask for more pleasure and satisfaction in bed, men were less reluctant to spell out their specific desires: "One night years ago, after a consciousness-raising rap session, my husband for the first time let me play out my private fantasies in bed. I had always wanted to swallow a penis all the way down to the balls. He helped me work it down slowly, then finally, when I thought I'd gag, he moved it back and forth gently till he came. He's never forgotten that evening and from then on, our bedroom scene has been different. He saw how good it was to experiment."

Twelve percent cited the "zipless fuck" as a new source of pleasure for men. With women more willing to have one-night stands without love or commitment, men are the beneficiaries: "The men I date would most likely say the feminist movement has made it possible for them to do more balling without having to constantly worry that women will fall in love like we did so often in the past. We females are more independent than ever before. Just because I relish fucking and sucking some dude from dusk to dawn, when it's time for me to get up and out, I have no sense of obligation. It's over."

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Q: MEN, HOW HAS WOMEN'S LIB IMPROVED YOUR SEX LIFE?

Forty percent of the men with whom we talked said they enjoyed the reversal of sex roles. At last, they could be passive, while the woman took control: "I'm totally involved in running my company—manufacturing luxury furniture. It's a pretty big operation for someone as young as me. By six o'clock, I've had enough of giving orders to my several hundred employees. I want to unwind with the kind of secure lady who has become more common—the type who doesn't expect me to continue my tough-boss role in the bedroom. My latest heartthrob loves the fact that I surrender my will to hers in the sexual arena. I lie motionless, not even moving a muscle, while she gets off over and over doing the most unimaginable things to my prick with her perfect tits, ass and cunt."

Twenty percent answered that women were now less repressed and able to enjoy the bedroom scene. What's good for the gander is good for the goose: "Years ago, it was hard enough just to get a woman into the sack. Now they'll do anything once they get there. My current flame feels the need to explore the extremes. Not just with cunnilingus, anilingus, whatever, but in designing far-out, memorable erotic experiences. Last month, she had me shave her pubes to make her feel more sensitive. It's almost as though she's making up for the generations of females before her."

Seventeen percent found that it was easier to have sex with strangers. The liberated woman likes to fuck with no

strings attached: "The opposite sex can't get to bed fast enough these days. When I take a girl to the movies, she can hardly wait for the lights to go down to get my fly unzipped and my dong in her hands. One chick actually got off the seat and mouthed me—there were so few people at the show. But when her slurping made me come, we made so much noise and sounded so good, we actually received some applause. I gotta say I didn't object to her knowing my cock before I knew how to spell her last name."

Fifteen percent cited more open lines of communication. Now that women can define and ask for their own sexual satisfaction, men feel freer to ask for *their* own special treatment: "Sex in bed is 100 times more fulfilling, because now that girls have the guts to say what they want and get it, they have instituted reciprocity. Dates beg to know my favorite delight. For me, I soar when a babe sucks me hard just to the moment I feel I'm going to come. Then I adore pulling out and letting my juices spread all over her face."

Eight percent remarked that women had become so experienced in bed that they were ready, willing and able to teach them new sex tricks.

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Q: MEN, HOW HAS WOMEN'S LIB IMPROVED YOUR PARTNER'S SEX LIFE?

Thirty-eight percent of the men with whom we talked guessed that ladies had benefited most from the publicity given to the female-superior position. Lib makes it possible for women to take the initiative, to take control, to dominate the man: "If I find myself in bed with one more innocent-looking chick who turns out to be hung up on the ravaging of men, I'm going to fly over to England and kill Germaine Greer. The last one, a petite little waitress, took it pretty far. After handcuffing my hands over my head to the shower nozzle, she let freezing water run all over my body. I was so cold my goose bumps got bigger than my prick. She played with herself while I strained to get free. Finally, she turned the water off. She put cognac in her mouth and then on my cock. The liquor felt real hot. When I came, it was so powerful I'm surprised I didn't shoot her head off."

Twenty percent assumed that girls enjoyed the new sexual responsibility—that they were at last getting sexual satisfaction, rather than just giving: "No question about it. Girls will say it in unison. Because of feminism, they aren't afraid to ask for their own pleasure in bed. My latest lover tells me how she digs me rough, then supergentle—heavy love taps to her backside until it's rosy pink, then smothering the burning skin with my tongue and kisses. At this point, she practically purrs until she's relaxed enough to let my cock get in. I know that's what she wants. She tells me this over and over."

Seventeen percent thought that women got off on one-night stands: "If you ask me, they would say equal rights has removed their guilt. Now it's fine and dandy for them to have great impulsive nights of fucking, jumping from bed to bed, never looking back. I just met a girl at a party who 15 minutes later told me she was suffering from an attack of the hornies. Off we rushed to my apartment; after some particularly fierce fucking, she sucked me till I came, too. Then she got dressed and left me, saying, 'See ya!' She was there less than an hour."

Fifteen percent believed that women's lib had opened up new sexual vistas, that a woman was free to do anything in bed: "Every woman would have to admit that the greatest thing lib uncovered was the multiple orgasm. I find these days that all a gal cares about is coming. Like, 80 times. First she likes me to get her climaxing with my fingers, then with my tongue flicking her clit, and finally with my nice long hard-on. But I don't mind. It's exciting to help unleash that much energy."

Ten percent thought that women had learned to be more in touch with their own bodies, that they were more inclined to pleasure through masturbation: "The geography of sex has changed. Now that women are masturbating, they know the source of their own pleasure and how to get there. Even in the dark."

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Q: WOMEN, HOW HAS LIBERATION IMPROVED YOUR SEX LIFE?

Fifty-one percent of the women with whom we talked said that lib had provided them with equal pleasure rights. Now they were free to expect, even to demand, gratification: "The era of my not having a good time is dead and buried. Nowadays, if I have trouble coming, I let my fiancé know. Sometimes he has to be totally creative. Once I didn't think I could climax, but my man didn't want to disappoint me, so he took me gently and placed me in the tub. Then he rubbed me with bath oil until I got so slippery he could glide his fingers in and out of every hole so easily that he almost got his fist in. He never used his penis, but he knocked me for a loop. His magical hand was enough."

Twenty-one percent of the ladies found that liberating the mind had liberated the body. They enjoy sex more, feeling that it is all right to go wild: "When I read the *Hite Report*, I found other women like me were dealing with new kinky feelings, so I figured it was OK. Currently, I'm especially turned on by light S/M whippings. My beau used his belt and a ping-pong paddle the other night until I thought it was almost too much, then he made me do the same to him. First I did it lightly, then as he got hard, I whacked with more strength, at the same time massaging his penis. Then we screwed. Our climax was so powerful and simultaneous that afterward we just lay there in stunned silence, shaking all over."

Sixteen percent enjoyed the new sexual assertiveness. They liked to initiate sex, to dominate the man: "I run the show in the sack. I like my boys obedient and helpless. I use a male body like a mere tool. The more I treat their cocks like nothing more than dildos, the more they love it."

Twelve percent responded that they liked casual affairs. Sex without love and one-nighters without guilt were the prime advantages of the new lifestyle.

Summary: According to our statistics, a whopping number of the females (48 percent) guessed that submitting to an assertive lady was the change most men liked in this postlib era. They were right. This received by far the largest number of male responses (40 percent). Now that it is socially acceptable to be passive, men can relax, rid of the old pressure to perform—to keep it up, as it were. Guys can lie back, enjoying the role of sex object.

So intrigued are males with their newfound submissiveness that 38 percent of them assumed the majority of the women would be delighted running the carnal show and would get off by being on top. Well, the men were wrong. Only a small number (16 percent) of the gals preferred to be boss of the ball. Sure, females find dominance exciting sometimes—if that's what they feel like that particular night with that particular guy—but, oddly enough, for most, women's lib doesn't mean sexual role reversal: It means getting in touch with pleasure.

Fifty-one percent, far and away the largest female category, said feminism had revolutionized their sex life by effectively getting across the point that it's OK for women to seek their own gratification in bed. Finally, satisfaction has replaced frustration. A woman who still fakes it is about as hip as the frug, the Edsel, Hopalong Cassidy, glue sniffing and wired bras.

An invitation to readers: All right, gang. In an attempt to improve the quality of life in America, we want to know: What is the difference between good oral sex and great oral sex? We want you to answer from both sides of the orgasm—both giving and receiving. We will personally test all suggestions. Send your answers to: The Playboy Reader Sex Poll, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. —HOWARD SMITH

SEX POLL FEEDBACK

our readers respond to sex polls past

THE SPORTING LIFE

For months now, I've wanted to write to your Reader Sex Poll, but never really felt that I had anything to add. However, I've just finished your July issue and, after reading your request for responses to the topic of sexy sports, I knew I had to chip in my two cents' worth.

When I think of sexy sports, there's only one in my book, and that's wrestling, either a couple of chicks going at it or a guy and his girl. Several years ago, I had this chick up in my apartment. We had been dating for a couple of months, but from her actions, I took the hint that the bedroom was, for the time being, off limits. We were sitting on the floor, listening to the stereo, and I decided that since Mother Nature wasn't getting me anywhere, I might as well see what I could try. I'm usually very easy with a woman, but I was tired of playing games, so I grabbed her by the arm and dragged her next to me. The next thing I knew, she had me locked up with her body-scissors/full-nelson combination. I was surprised to find that she was so strong and, even worse, knew most of the counters for my holds. After five or ten minutes of wrestling, she had me pinned, but that was one match I sure didn't mind losing. We still date now and then, and we even get into a little wrestling from time to time; and the OFF LIMITS sign has long since been taken off the bedroom. We've even had tag-team matches with some couples who are very close friends. All in all, wrestling has provided us with some very interesting four-ways.—D. N., Carthage, Illinois.

Here are some answers to your question "What sport is the sexiest to play or watch?" The five girls at the office all voted for watching men lift weights. I'd say that's second place, as I have a lifeguard friend who plays a mean—and sexy—game of tennis. He's got one hell of a stretch on his serve and, my God, sometimes I miss the return just to watch those shorts go creeping up, revealing more and more of those sexy legs and that tempting crotch. Half the time I get so excited I can't stand it anymore and we'll hit the shower together for some underwater sports before finishing the set.

Calisthenics are a part of my daily routine and my next-door neighbor hasn't missed a session yet. He'll come and watch me every day. Of course, I do add a little imagination and a few extra movements, which excites both him and

me. Usually, he won't let me finish my exercises; he says he's too excited to just sit and watch, so I let him join in the fun. I guess I'd have to say that men enjoy watching women exercise: horseback riding comes in a close second.—Miss B. W., Burlingame, California.

Tennis. The sexiest lover I ever had played tennis so fluidly that I could not take my eyes off him. The concentration involved is so total, the strength is so controlled that it is like an enactment of sex. I still sneak around the courts just to watch him and re-experience how terrific the sex was.

When I play, it's the same way. I stop thinking about the moves I'm making and give myself up to the game. Afterward, the feeling of physical well-being is just like relaxing after a good romp in bed. I think men get turned on by watching women in contact sports such as roller derby or wrestling. They enjoy the sight of women tangled up together and being very physical with each other.—Miss C. F., Chicago, Illinois.

Women's gymnastics, in which I can watch those limber, trim bodies going through graceful motions during a routine, sends me sky-rocketing. To watch a woman spread her legs in splits, on the mat or on the balance beam, shoots a hot flash right to my cock. Talk about maximum exposure!

The basic leotard worn by gymnastic participants gives a fair view of the superb bodies possessed by these little wonders, but it's a shame the Olympics aren't held *el buffo*, as in the days of yore.—M. V., Omaha, Nebraska.

I thoroughly enjoyed your July poll. These are my contributions to the new questions: I think the sexiest sport to watch is women horseback riders. Not long ago, I had a chance to stop at a riding academy. There I spied a gorgeous blonde, about 29 years old, taking her horse through some moves. I watched intently as her breasts bounced rhythmically as she trotted the horse around the corral. I imagined her pressing hard against the saddle, rubbing her cunt with the leather horn, until she'd climaxed a dozen times while I watched. Needless to say, I became rather aroused, and my girlfriend couldn't figure out how watching horses could make me so horny.

I think the sexiest sport to play is racquetball. Just the thought of being locked in a room with a sexy woman with powerful arms and legs, wearing shorts and a T-shirt, really makes for a fantastic fantasy.

I think women will say that the sexiest sport to watch is football. I'm sure they wish they could be on the bottom of a pile of *machos* instead of the football.

I think women will say that the sexiest sport to play is golf. Where else can a woman have unlimited putz?—M. Z., New York, New York.

SEX AND INTELLIGENCE

In reference to your recent investigation of the relationship between intelligence and good sex (June), I would like to bring to your attention my previously published book *Sex and the Intelligent Woman*. The findings reported in that book were based on questionnaires filled out by several hundred women from different parts of the world, all of whom had high I.Q.s. The questionnaires dealt in great detail with the sexual attitudes, desires, experiences, practices and fantasies of the women. The major finding was that there is every indication that women of high intelligence not only are as sexy (i.e., responsive) as most other women but, in all likelihood, are *more so*. Other studies have confirmed my basic finding.—Manfred F. DeMartino, Syracuse, New York.

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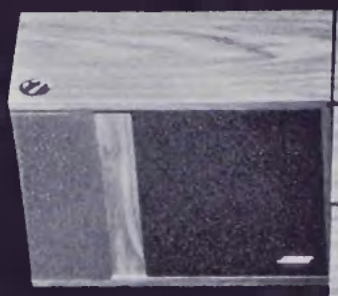

Small size, small price, big performance. That potent combination is the reason why over a quarter of a million Model 301 Direct/Reflecting® speakers have been sold since they were first introduced. And that probably makes the Model 301 the best-selling bookshelf speaker in the world.

But we didn't build the Model 301 to win popularity contests. We built it to give you Bose sound...open, spacious, clear, room-filling sound...in a small, economical package.

And to do that required an exceptionally sophisticated design.

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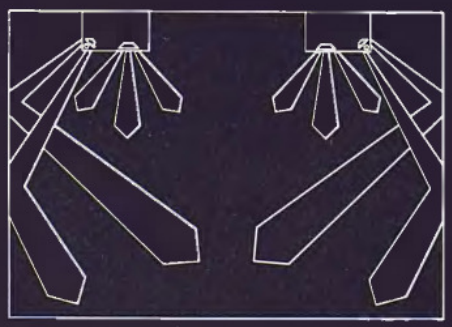

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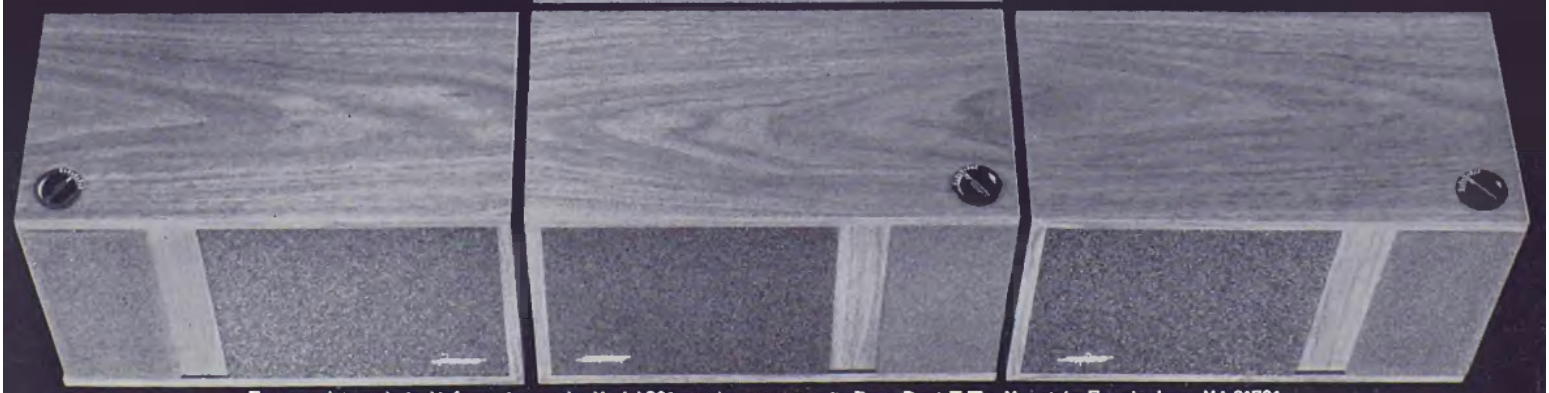


For complete technical information on the Model 301 speaker system, write Bose, Dept. T, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SUFFERING SUCCOTASH!

I recently met and spent the night with one of the most beautiful women I have ever known. Just as our lovemaking reached a fever pitch, she asked me to get a tray of ice cubes. Although puzzled, I did as she asked. Then she told me to insert them into her vagina. I would have much preferred sticking my cock there, but I obliged her, thinking that kind of thing was a kinky turn-on for her. To my dismay, however, the ice was only an appetizer for the vegetable salad that was to follow. She wanted to be screwed by carrots, zucchini and cucumbers. By dawn, my cock was about the only growing thing that had not been inside her. From now on, I'll stick to meat eaters.

(Name withheld by request)
Edison, New Jersey

GOOD B.S.?

The amazing bullshit that I read in *The Playboy Forum* is what keeps me reading it. I never cease to be amazed at the issues, debates, whatever, that your correspondents come up with. I don't honestly know what to make of the tri- or quadrisexual issue, the banana shows on Okinawa, the mobile blow jobs, etc. Do you make those up? I can't imagine real people writing in such things.

Arthur Gordon
New York, New York

We routinely edit letters, but if you find any of them hard to believe, you should see the ones we don't publish.

HIGH TIME FOR HIGH NOON

In the good old days of murder, assault and battery, you usually got yours for good reason and usually by someone you knew. Nowadays, though, it's not at all uncommon to get terminally creamed by a stranger for occupying a disputed parking space or having brown hair.

I think circumstances have overtaken such simple remedies as gun control. I propose, instead, a gun-distribution program, a return to the law of the old West, as it were. Give weapons to each able-bodied man, woman and child, together with fast-draw instructions, and then let them rip. Only then will anonymous creeps reconsider their senseless attacks, because the next time they take aim, they just might find themselves looking down the barrel of the new Gary Cooper.

James Green
Los Angeles, California

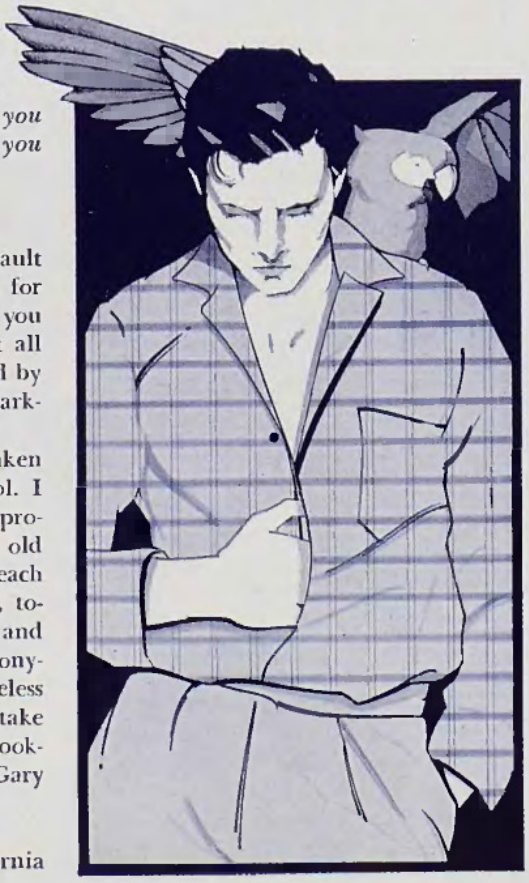
NO DUMBBELL

I am a weight lifter whose muscles aren't the only things that bulge as I pump iron. For some reason, I get very horny during my lifts. Usually, there's nothing to do but add 20 pounds and concentrate on my bench pressing.

One night, though, a very attractive girl came into the exercise room just as things were jumping. My prick got noticeably harder and I was sure that with every clean and jerk, she thought I was one. To my amazement, she approached me, pulled my shorts down and proceeded to engage me in a delightful floor exercise. We spent one hell of a half hour on the mat that night and five more memorable evenings since.

"I was sure that with every clean and jerk, she thought I was one."

(Name withheld by request)
Troy, New York



STORYTELLING TIME

A little story that might benefit some of your readers:

A while back, I spent three months in Washington, D.C., working on a temporary Government project and remaining totally chaste. That wasn't exactly intentional; I just didn't have time or energy or opportunity to fuck around. Also, I had my possibly future wife coming up to meet me at the end of my tenure, so I could suffer through and say that because of morality and faithfulness on my part I wasn't getting laid.

So what's my reward for such fidelity and conscientiousness? I catch the goddamn crabs is what—I swear, without touching a woman. Or anybody else, for that matter. All I could figure was that I got the crotch crickets from staying in the apartment of some friends who had gone on vacation and left me in charge of their two miserable dogs, a flea-ridden cat, a parakeet and a killer parrot that could only bark "Fuckyou" and bite off fingers.

Now, I know you can't catch crabs from public-toilet seats, and I knew my wonderful woman was not going to buy any dog-cat-bird excuse. (I could just hear her: "So now you're fucking animals? Is that what you're trying to tell me?") Anyhow, I had three weeks to cure the crabs or make up a better excuse, and the stuff I got from a drugstore seemed to have no effect whatever. It was a little bottle of oily fluid that smelled like kerosene, and while it killed the ones that were loose and rampaging around in my pubic area, itching like crazy, it didn't touch the next generation of bugs that would hatch two days later and propagate the species.

With only a week to go, I found myself in a grocery store examining a can of powder in the pet-supplies department that said: "Guaranteed to kill mites, lice and fleas." So what the hell? Despite the warnings on the label, I figured if it wouldn't kill a Pekingese, it wouldn't kill me; and the fact is that the good old dog powder actually worked. In three days, I was pure again—and by dousing clothes and bedding for three more days, I stayed uninfested.

My then possibly future wife and I cohabited for nearly a year and we now are both happily married to other people, so, in retrospect, it wasn't as much of a crisis situation as I thought at the time. But it could have been and I

just wanted to pass on my medical-science discovery.

I probably should add that one of the reasons I didn't catch the crabs from a woman in Washington is because that town is terribly overrated, unless you are extremely desperate, totally undiscriminating and willing to make a serious project of getting into the loud but otherwise melancholy singles-bar scene.

"Crab Meat, U. S. Gov. Insp."
Vienna, Virginia

A very moving story and exceptionally well presented, with suspense, resolution of crisis and modest epilog. We would add: Neither the traditional kerosene-like medication nor your dog powder is the modern-day solution to the problem of crab lice; and the dog powder, we're advised, could create a health hazard—unless you're a dog.

F.U.C.

I'm a 62-year-old retired physics professor who doesn't ordinarily read PLAYBOY and would, under ordinary circumstances, never consider writing you a letter. But my son-in-law called my attention to the formula in your August *Playboy Forum* ("Forum Follies") and I have to admit I got a good laugh. The idea of translating penis motion during intercourse into theoretical distance traveled, and calling this a Fornication Utilization Constant (F.U.C.), is just the sort of delightful nonsense I had to put up with from some of my better students. The formula is a bit simplistic; to deal with some of the variables in sexual intercourse, one would have to get into some pretty sophisticated mathematics and a good computer would come in handy. But I couldn't resist the challenge and have calculated that, since I lost my virginity in 1936, my penis has "traveled" from New York to Chicago, turned left and, as of last weekend, had reached the city limits of Joplin, Missouri. I figure that I met my wife somewhere around Cleveland and together we hope to make it all the way south to the Mexican border.

(Name withheld by request)
Somewhere in Missouri

OK. Now take the turnpikes to Oklahoma City and then Interstate 35 south through Fort Worth and San Antonio to Laredo. Let us know when you pass the little town of Orvil so we can start arranging for the parades.

Being a mechanical engineer (and a good one, I might add), I found the "Forum Follies" item very interesting. The formula seems fairly sound, but I question the value of t (time). The example used a value of t equal to 12 minutes of actual intercourse. My experience indicates that it is very difficult to keep t up for 12 minutes, unless your mind is not on what you are doing. A more

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ROCK DEMONS

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—*At the behest of fundamentalist evangelist Johnny Todd, who bills himself as a "Druid priest turned born-again Christian," more than 150 local high school students burned some $5000 worth of recordings and rock-music paraphernalia. Todd told the students that the*

master tapes for such recordings are taken to a "Satanist temple" in West Hollywood, where demons are ordered to follow the recordings to the home of each purchaser. The evangelist alleges that he once asked singer David Crosby of Crosby, Stills and Nash if they still invoked demons on each rock master tape and that Crosby replied, "Yes, of course we do." The principal of the small church-affiliated school expressed the hope that "the press will not make a mockery of this fundamentalist stand against the evils of rock music."

KEEPING THE FAITHFUL

GARRY OWEN, IOWA—*State fire officials have ordered a local church to remove the remote-controlled electric door locks it had installed to keep parishioners from slipping out of services early. The officials said the locking system, which reportedly was tripped by the priest at the beginning of Mass, illegally blocked a potential emergency exit.*

THE LESSER EVIL

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA—*A University of Virginia research team has found evidence that children survive divorce better than constant parental feuding. Discussing the results of a two-year study, psychology professor E. Mavis Hetherington reported at a symposium in Washington, D.C., that the team's findings "suggest that in the long run, it is not a good idea for parents to remain in a conflicted marriage for the sake of their children. . . . Marital discord is associated with more adverse outcomes for children than is divorce."*

NO PEACE FOR THE UNPATRIOTIC

HASKELL, OKLAHOMA—*The Haskell Heritage Committee has announced it is buying a $600 outdoor sound system with four powerful speakers, so that the citizens of the small eastern Oklahoma town can awaken each morning at seven A.M. to booming strains of the national anthem and "Stars and Stripes Forever." The chairwoman of the committee explained, "It was my idea. I played the anthem on my organ one morning and it just gave me such a lift."*

LEGAL LOOPHOLE

FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA—*A 28-year-old Virginia man has beaten a major cocaine rap on a legal technicality. The defense presented evidence that both Federal and Virginia state law prohibit only organic cocaine derived from the coca plant or its chemical equivalent, not the other kinds of synthetic coke that can be manufactured in laboratories. When the prosecution was unable to prove that the coke seized from the defendant was the illegal kind, a county circuit judge decided he had no choice but to find the defendant not guilty.*

SURPRISE PACKAGE

BURLINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—*In holding their regular auction of unclaimed property, Burlington police inadvertently disposed of a sack of marijuana. The pot had been seized as evidence years earlier and somehow found its way into a "grab bag" along with other auction items. An anonymous caller later tipped the cops to their error and the pot was recovered, apparently intact, from the surprised bidder.*

POT WITHDRAWAL

LOS ANGELES—*Researchers at UCLA believe they have found actual physiological withdrawal symptoms among heavy marijuana users who suddenly*

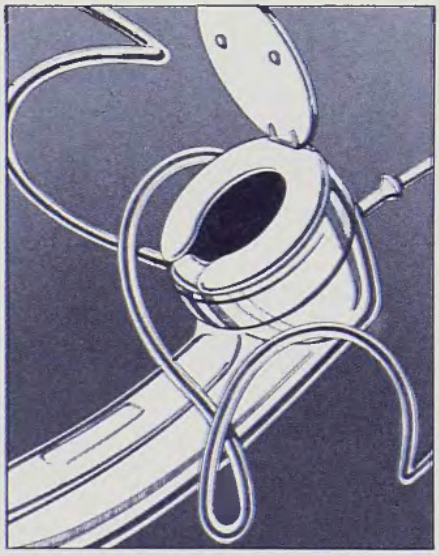
quit. Thirty male volunteers in a study smoked from two to ten joints a day for 64 days, then stopped cold turkey. The researchers said that all of the subjects suffered distinct withdrawal symptoms for several days thereafter, including sleeplessness, mild nausea, loss of appetite and general irritability. The doctors noted that none of the symptoms was either serious or permanent.

MINOR TECHNICALITY

SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA—*A wife of more than 20 years has been declared ineligible to collect alimony after her divorced husband was found physically to be a woman. After hearing evidence in the unusual case, a divorce judge found the marriage to be invalid because it had occurred in Arizona under a law specifying that the parties must be a man 21 or over and a woman 18 or over.*

PHANTOM PHONE CALLER

ST. GEORGE, UTAH—*At first, the attorneys in a local law office couldn't figure out why their phone often rang when there was no incoming call. Then they noticed that it seemed to ring only when someone used the bathroom. Further research determined that it rang only when someone sat on the toilet. Telephone-company technicians finally traced the phenomenon to a faulty ground wire. Weight on the*



toilet momentarily broke the electrical connection to a water pipe in the plumbing under the pot and thereby triggered the ringing circuit.

SEX LAW UPHELD

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U. S. Supreme Court has upheld North Carolina's sodomy law by refusing to hear arguments that the statute violates the constitutional right of privacy of homosexuals. The Court's ruling also upholds the conviction of a Jacksonville man sentenced to a year in prison for engaging in what the law calls the "abominable and detestable crime against nature."*

MORE RED TAPE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Secretary Joseph A. Califano, Jr., of the Health, Education and Welfare Department has made it tougher than ever for poor women to obtain Government-funded abortions. Restrictions enacted by Congress last December limited such abortions to victims of rape or incest or serious health problems. Califano has tightened the reporting requirements in cases of rape or incest and a woman now must obtain certification from two doctors "financially independent of one another" when the pregnancy is claimed to threaten her life or health.*

ABORTION BACKLASH

ROME—*Large numbers of Roman Catholic doctors are reportedly registering as conscientious objectors who will not perform abortions under Italy's new law legalizing the operation. In addition, a Church spokesman said that any Catholic doctor performing abortions would be excommunicated and that no Catholic can work at any clinic where abortions are performed.*

SKY JINKS

MIAMI—*Passengers flying from Miami to Los Angeles on a National Airlines DC-10 got more in-flight entertainment than they expected when a woman described as very attractive and in her mid-20s gamboled naked through the "no-frills" section of the plane, hoisting a bottle of champagne and saying she had just inherited $5,000,000. Her performance was eventually halted by flight attendants, despite laughter and cheers from the other spectators. One passenger said that the woman's traveling companion "just crawled under the seat." Another added, "He didn't even go after her or anything."*

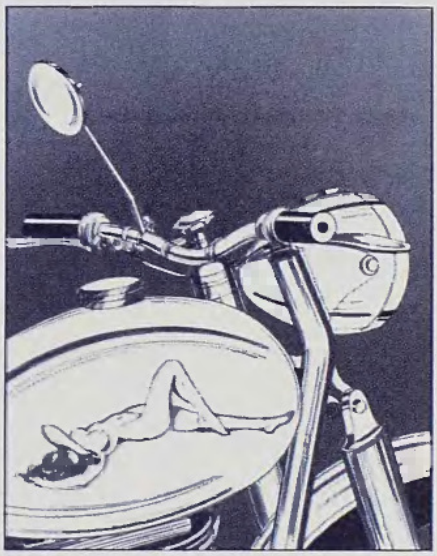
CHANGING TIMES

VACAVILLE, CALIFORNIA—*A spokesman for the California Department of Corrections has acknowledged that 13 transsexual inmates of the California Medical Facility at Vacaville are not only being given female hormones as part of their continuing sex-change treatment but are routinely supplied with brassieres at state expense. The facility's chief medical officer said, "We've kicked this around and considered having the inmates themselves buy them, but then they would have to be available to any inmate, and it's ridiculous to let anyone who wants a bra buy one. That gets into problems." He added that the transsexual prisoners are not allowed to wear skirts.*

Meanwhile, the California Court of Appeal has decided that the state must pay the costs of two welfare recipients' sex-change operations. The court found the surgery medically necessary by doctors' determinations and overruled a state health official who had argued that such surgery was primarily cosmetic.

CYCLE CENSORSHIP

WINDSOR, ONTARIO—*Arrested after a motorist complained about the pictures on the tank and fenders of a motorcycle, its 25-year-old owner complained*



to the judge that he'd paid a professional artist $300 for the elaborate decorations. The judge, unmoved, fined him $50 for displaying obscenity in public.

MAKE DO WITH MORPHINE

ST. LOUIS—*The American Medical Association has refused to endorse efforts to reclassify heroin under Federal law to permit its use in the treatment of terminally ill patients. Despite support for the idea from numerous medical experts, an A.M.A. panel decided to oppose any change in the law, claiming morphine is adequate and that prescribable heroin would make the drug more accessible to addicts.*

SMALL WORLD

TAMPA—*Police responding to a car accident were puzzled to find that both drivers had fled the scene running in opposite directions. When officers made a routine check on the vehicles, they understood why: Both cars had been stolen earlier in the day.*

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reasonable number would be in the four-to-seven-minute range. If the author used this revised number, he would find that instead of screwing from Los Angeles to San Francisco over the past 26 years, he really reached only Bakersfield.

Nick Wusz
La Habra, California

You people may eventually come to regret the prominence you gave that Fornication Utilization Constant (F.U.C.) mathematical equation. During an enjoyably misspent 22-year career that has ranged from college teaching to elective office, I've heard many people complain about another universal constant that they usually refer to as follows: "If the Government could calculate screwing, they'd tax people for that, too."

Now you've blown (sorry) that cover by publishing just the complicated type of formula that bureaucrats have been looking for. I can see it now: a new Copulation Report Form, including split deductions for group sex, Government performance and frequency standards, premature ejaculation regarded as tax avoidance.

But then logic dictates the next Governmental step: special-assistance programs for those who do not receive the Government-decreed minimum. And consider the problems of regulation and enforcement! You may have created a new industry and jobs for thousands more civil servants. As a matter of fact, my application for the post of inspector of nunneries (no discrimination or exemptions, right?) is sitting on my desk, ready to be mailed.

G. Murray Davidson
Kingston, Ontario

Quite a number of readers have submitted "improved" formulas for calculating one's F.U.C. If we (and our typesetter) can figure them out, we'll present a refined version of the equation in a future issue.

OFFICER FRIENDLY

I would like to inform the readers of PLAYBOY of an excellent case of police "discretion." A few weeks ago, some friends and I were driving through Montana late at night and were in the process of lighting up a bowl of hash. We had the interior light on and were not aware of the presence of a nearby police car. The policeman saw exactly what was happening and pulled us over. He told us that if we gave him what we were smoking, he would dispose of it and release us. After some deliberation, we complied. We handed over a block of hash the size of a silver dollar. He informed us that possession of that amount of hash constituted a felony. He gave us a 15-minute speech about the law, how we should go about trying to change it and what we should *not* do from then on. While

Since when do you drink Jim Beam?

"Since I first heard it ordered thousands of drinks ago."

Ron Lenzi, Bartender.

People like Ron enjoy smooth, light, mellow Jim Beam for exactly the same reason you do: taste.

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BOOKS IN PRISON

By Thomas E. Wicks

In the war zones of prison, books suffer a high mortality rate. Burning them is one common practice. Some convicts use this principle of rapid oxidation because they feel a need to wear their books. The end product is not for clothing but for ink, and here, at least, they always turn to the Bible in their times of need. I cannot explain the origin of this discovery, but I can report that Biblical paper, reduced to ashes, makes an excellent tattooing medium. More than one chapter of *Revelations* has been cremated only to be resurrected as a cross on someone's arm.

Then throw that someone into the hole for burning Bibles and he'll probably figure out a way to sneak in a book—one filled with contraband tobacco and matches. If he runs out of rolling papers, he'll smoke the index.

Books that haven't been inhaled or metamorphosed into skin pictures serve as a means of communication and transportation. For instance, if a man is still in the hole and finds that all of his smoking material is gone, the well-read book quickly becomes a distress signal and a means of transportation when tied to the end of a fishing line made from torn bed sheets. A good book will slide 100 feet easily, which is usually sufficient to reach one's comrades for more supplies.

And as a book serves its sentence, it collects all sorts of interesting graffiti. Besides the usual racial noise, one can find lengthy conversations along the margins and on blank cover pages. If you want to sell some pot, list it beside the advertisement for escape plans. Until recent Federal court orders opened up uncensored communication with the outside world, convicts coded the pages of outbound books with tiny pinholes and other secret markings above the words of choice. Emotional communication is sometimes produced from the solid-colored cover pages, inside the flap. If you have ever received a homemade Christmas card from prison, it probably came from a book.

As most prison cells were designed without the human in mind, inventiveness really flourishes here. Books around the cell have been made into everything from rolling machines to faces on a clock. Convicts locked in their cells as a result of riots or food strikes find basket weaving and picture-frame making a favorite pastime. The favorite here is the *National Geographic* for its high yield of colored paper. Serviceable shelves can be made from the strong cardboard found hugging the pages of hardbound books.

Worried about those mice coming in under the cell door? Four or five PLAYBOYs rolled up, with a sock over each end, make an excellent doorjamb. One PLAYBOY rolled up will make a clothes rack, hanger, towel rack, handle to cook coffee over your toilet-paper fire, or an extension arm to pass a cup to your neighbor. For a long time, Jacques Cousteau's *Undersea World* was my combination writing table, dinner table and straight-edged ruler.

Being locked in a cell all day during the riot season is no fun and even less exercise. I knew a guy who had a $500 bar bell . . . made out of fancy-bound lawbooks. When his booklifting was done, he'd use them for exercise cushions.

Speaking of riots, they can get pretty nasty. Ever consider *Webster's* as a weapon? I have, more than once. But lacking a *Webster's*, take a rolled-up magazine with a few bars of soap in a sock tied to the end and your Neanderthal club is complete. I knew one paranoid soul at Soledad who feared a knife wound so much that he used to walk the yard all day with a couple of old *Lifes* under his shirt.

I remember another man who tried to pass himself off as a page of *The Rolling Stone*. His escape invention was a crude mannequin made out of spare blankets and paperback novels. The supposed sleeping figure was given the face of a rock star, which had been surgically removed from the magazine and placed over a puffed-up pillow. In the semidarkness, it looked real enough, but there was one major flaw. While the inmate was demonstrating his fly-by-night talents up and over the wall, a guard making bed inspections was attempting to get an answer out of the stand-in as to why his hair was so long.

Mr. Wicks is an inmate of the Arizona State Prison in Florence.

giving us the lecture, he broke the block of hash into little pieces and threw them one by one into the field next to us. I would like to thank that policeman (and all others who have used their discretion in that manner). I am a public school psychologist and if I had been arrested that night, I would have lost my job.

(Name and address withheld by request)

GOODBYE TO RED LODGE

For nearly two years, *The Playboy Forum* has covered my case in Red Lodge, Montana. That attention by a magazine of PLAYBOY's stature and the support of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) are the primary reasons that ordeal is over and I am free to resume my life (*The Playboy Forum*, September).

It was a strange, terrifying, yet greatly enlightening experience, and I want to take this opportunity to thank the Playboy Defense Team and NORML for the immense assistance rendered in the defense of the Red Lodge Five.

My codefendants and I realize that were it not for that assistance, we would likely now be serving time, or worse, in the Montana State Prison for marijuana cultivation. I am only disappointed that Montana's drug law was never put to a full constitutional test.

As you know, in Montana, a person who grows even one marijuana plant can be charged under the same state law as a person who sells a ton of heroin, and both crimes carry the same penalty—up to life imprisonment.

It was quite disheartening to be locked up with original bail set at $25,000, charged with growing marijuana on someone else's property, and learn that accused murderers, robbers and rapists usually are freed on much smaller bail.

It was equally disheartening to contemplate a possible life sentence on a pot offense when, for the same penalty or less, I could have been robbing banks and shooting up bars.

Now all that remains of the Red Lodge Five case is our hope that the U.S. Justice Department will fulfill its promise to investigate the Drug Enforcement Administration in the matter of the evidence that we and others still believe was planted when the raid flopped.

Hoping to see the reform of the archaic marijuana laws in Montana, and in other states, I remain joyously free and grateful to all of you at PLAYBOY.

Lake Headley
Not from Red Lodge, Montana

PEER PRESSURE

A 22-year-old woman tells of how she was rejected by her friends because she did not smoke pot. Her explanation was that you can "do your own thing . . . as long as it's what everybody else is

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doing" (*The Playboy Forum*, August).

I am a 21-year-old male and have not had as much as one toke in a little over four years, and have not lost a single friend, have not been labeled weird and have been growing up just fine, thank you. My friends respect me for what I am, and vice versa. I think that your correspondent should seriously reconsider the kind of friends she keeps if they reacted as she says in her letter. Rather than blame the bad social reaction on her decision to quit smoking pot, she should blame it on the kinds of people she selects as friends.

Gary Hucul
Vancouver, British Columbia

SIMPLE SOLUTION

Marriage is not a basic human right. It requires a license from the state (see estate) and a monetary fee. The one and only purpose of marriage (meaning a legal union) is the production of heirs. The production of illegal children—called bastards, and who do not inherit—requires no license.

To control the production of heirs, it is hereby proposed to raise the license fee for marriage to at least $1000. Thus, only the more affluent can afford it and we will have a means of population control that not only should be acceptable to Catholics but also will reduce the divorce rate drastically. Because sex outside marriage is the crime of fornication under both civil and Church law and can only produce bastards to inherit, the only people able to produce heirs will be those already wealthy enough to afford them.

Frank Makara, Ph.D.
Counselor at Law
Jericho, New York

How simple; why didn't we think of that?

POT TESTING

Testing marijuana for paraquat contamination obviously isn't quite the precise science I was led to believe. Per directions, I sent a sample to a West Coast lab and was dismayed to find that it tested positive. Since I was holding nearly a kilo that my roommates and I had acquired in a group purchase, I sent off six more samples from the same batch. Three showed positive and three negative. Now, what's the sense of having this service if the results are suspect?

(Name withheld by request)
South Lake Tahoe, California

Even the most carefully conducted paraquat tests can yield varying results for a number of reasons. Two common causes: The testing procedure may be designed for nearly 100 percent accuracy above a certain level of contamination, below which the results will be erratic; also, contamination will not necessarily be uniform over an entire field or even a single plant—and a particular batch of refined pot will often include plants from different fields.

MEDICINAL HEROIN

As I'm sure you're aware, the American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs has recommended against the reclassification of heroin from a Schedule I to a Schedule II drug, which would permit its use in treatment of certain terminally ill patients. Our committee is appalled that the A.M.A. would make an impulsive decision of that kind while admitting that it has not thoroughly reviewed the material on the subject.

Numerous reports are available by scholarly and conscientious physicians. If the A.M.A. is unfamiliar with the published reports, we can send it a bibliography.

Judith H. Quattlebaum, President
National Committee on the
Treatment of Intractable Pain
Washington, D.C.

See "Make Do with Morphine" in this month's "Forum Newsfront."

WAGES OF SIN

Some witty fellow (*The Playboy Forum*, August) notes that the numbers of pot smokers and C.B.-radio operators are now about the same, citing that as proof of the hopelessness of outlawing marijuana. With equal wit, PLAYBOY responds with a short scenario on the romance of smuggling contraband C.B. radios "into fog-shrouded coves by moonlight."

Why didn't we starving C.B. retailers think of that? If we could have gotten the FCC to *outlaw* C.B. radios instead of going to 40 channels at exactly the wrong time, we could now be rich.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

START AT THE TOP

What a wonderful thing that President Carter's departed drug-abuse advisor, Dr. Peter G. Bourne, got tangled up in the country's drug laws. If enough of the top dogs get their tails stepped on, maybe our righteous lawmakers will decide it could also happen to them and they'll start getting off their prohibition kick.

(Name withheld by request)
Washington, D.C.

We haven't told anybody yet, but PLAYBOY *has a contingency plan for reforming drug laws if all else fails: We're going to assemble a special task force of defrocked narcotics agents who will set about entrapping the sons and daughters of high-ranking public officials and getting them arrested for smoking pot. That should do the trick.*

ANITA, NUMBER ONE

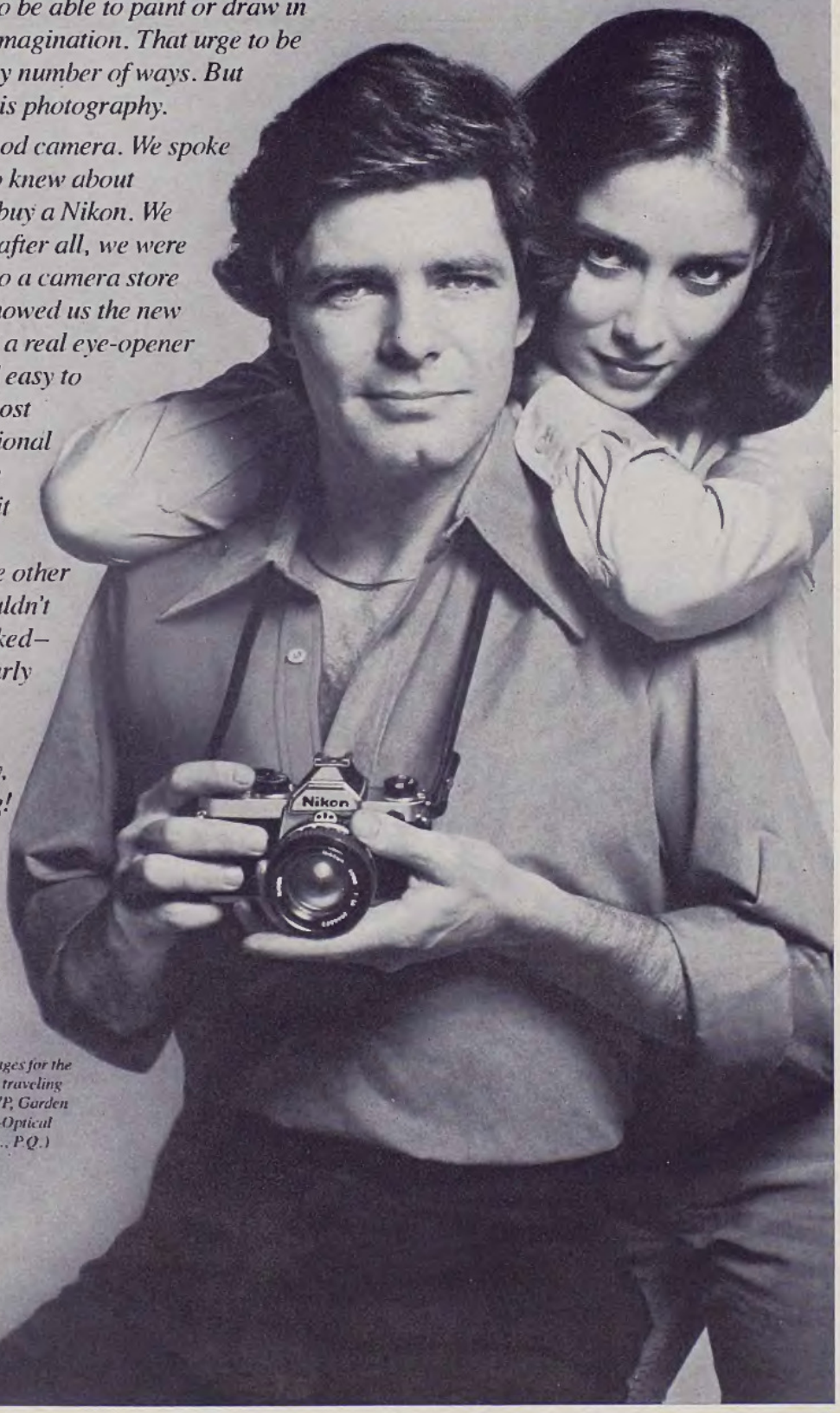
Guess who a bunch of high school students selected in a magazine survey as the woman who has "done the most damage to the world"? Now, think! There must be a fiendette worthy of the

"She can't draw. I can't paint. But no one can say we're not creative."

"We found there's no need to be able to paint or draw in order to make use of a lively imagination. That urge to be creative can be satisfied in any number of ways. But the one we find most exciting is photography.

"What we needed was a good camera. We spoke to a couple of our friends who knew about cameras. They suggested we buy a Nikon. We thought they were kidding . . . after all, we were only beginners. So, we went to a camera store and spoke to the dealer. He showed us the new Nikon FM. It turned out to be a real eye-opener . . . compact, lightweight, and easy to operate. And, while it didn't cost nearly as much as the professional Nikon F2, it offered that same Nikon quality. When we held it in our hands, we both felt as if it were made just for us! The other cameras we looked at just couldn't compare. Another thing we liked– there is a motor drive and nearly 60 Nikkor lenses available for the FM. So, as we get more involved in photography, we can try just about anything!

"Now we're having the time of our lives with our new Nikon FM. The pictures are sharp, the colors vivid, and the opportunity for expression and creativity unlimited."



For details on the Nikon FM, check the Yellow Pages for the Nikon dealer nearest you. Ask him also about the traveling Nikon School. Or write to Nikon Inc., Dept. N-37P, Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

Nikon FM

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honor. Lucrezia Borgia, perhaps, or Mata Hari, Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, Eva Braun, or maybe good old Lizzie Borden. No, the future leaders of America overwhelmingly chose the former Miss America runner-up Anita Bryant. (Hitler got the top spot for the worst man.)

Now, I'm not crazy about Anita myself—I think the most memorable thing she ever did was donate her face to advertise banana-cream pie—but the most damaging woman in the world? Come on, patriots, what she did was to express her opinion, guaranteed under the you-know-what. It was the voters of Miami, not Anita, who finally beat down the gays. Ignorance, fear and intolerance did the real damage.

B. Davis
Los Angeles, California

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the State Bar of Texas.

SPECIAL RATES

The enclosed ad appeared in a Texas newspaper last summer and was sent to me by a friend who practices law down there. I'm a lawyer and it's been good for a lot of laughs, plus a few scowls, depending on the mood a particular client is in. I particularly like the "deadline" aspect. It conjures up the vision of some married couple rushing over to file for divorce because they can't resist a bargain. I scratched out his telephone number for obvious reasons . . . the deadline has expired.

(Name withheld by request)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

Publication of the July *Playboy Forum* letter announcing formation of our Medical Reclassification Project has brought a gratifying response from throughout the country. I have not been able to keep an accurate record of all the inquiries, but they easily exceed 200. Surprisingly, most have been directly related to marijuana's potential as a medical drug (with cancer and glaucoma being the main areas of concern), as opposed to health questions regarding marijuana's effects.

This has been immensely pleasing to me. It has become obvious that the medical issue has attracted a large number of persons who otherwise would have nothing to do with marijuana reform. This year has seen favorable marijuana legislation passed in four states, with three others considering the issue but failing to act. I fully expect 1979 to bring around an equal number of states and possibly many more. The most exciting thing about these actions is the manner in which they have sprung up across the country. In every case, the legislation that has passed has been the direct result of constituents' contacting their representatives and requesting their help.

I believe that PLAYBOY has done a great public service by heeding the importance of this issue from the very first. So many people with whom I have spoken have expressed frustration and despair in their dealings with the Federal Government while trying to obtain information on marijuana's medical utility. Invariably, they mention their relief at having seen the letter in PLAYBOY. At the present time, NORML and the center are the only sources of easily obtained information on this subject.

Marijuana's medical uses are many. While it is not a cure for glaucoma, cancer, asthma or multiple sclerosis, it can provide a degree of relief unobtainable through conventional drugs. Despite research funded by Federal agencies, a 5000-year medical history and an ever-expanding volume of anecdotal accounts, marijuana remains generally unavailable for medical purposes. That will be true until people become aware of the problems. PLAYBOY is helping increase that awareness.

Alice O'Leary, Coordinator
Medical Reclassification Project
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

JAILED AMERICANS

The Committee of Concerned Parents, an organization formed in 1977 by the families of American prisoners in Bolivia, is preparing to champion the long-neglected rights of the 1500 Americans incarcerated all over the world. The U. S. Government cannot continue to condone, ignore and even participate in the abuse and neglect of its own citizens, as it has in Bolivia. It cannot continue to protest injustices against foreign dissidents without raising its voice against the injustice done to its own people.

The denial of human rights, intolerable prison conditions and neglect by U. S. officials are not exclusively the problems of American prisoners in Bolivia, by any means. They are too often the consequences of being arrested and jailed anywhere overseas. The Committee of Concerned Parents is presently forming a national coalition of the families, friends and supporters of Americans incarcerated abroad to act as the voice for those forgotten and powerless citizens. For more information, write to The

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Susan Z. Ritz, National Coordinator
Committee of Concerned Parents
Washington, D.C.

THE DEVIL MADE US DO IT

Your flippant reply to Satanist inmate Danny Schertz, who complained that his freedom of religion was being abridged in prison, is very disappointing (*The Playboy Forum*, June).

Schertz is apparently a criminal and almost certainly a nincompoop; but if the man is sincere, neither is a valid reason for the denial of his right to worship however and whomever he pleases.

The religious articles to which Schertz refers are probably nothing more demonic than a few candles and a bit of chalk to draw his pentagram. PLAYBOY should be as ready to defend his right to possess those religious articles as it would defend the right of others to possess a cross, a Star of David or a prayer book. Shame, shame.

Dan Bracewell
Winter Park, Florida

"Sincerity is fine, but it's no excuse for stupidity," as somebody once must have said. And knowing how well prison authorities tolerate nonconformists, we can't think of a better way for an inmate to make his life even harder than by declaring himself a Satanist and demanding special rights. Besides, Schertz got us into hot water with the International League of Wiccans by also declaring himself a witch, and we had to straighten that out in our September issue. Seems that witchcraft and Satanism don't mix and we didn't call him on it.

UP THE REVOLUTION!

In keeping with the unique nature of American revolutions, California's tax "revolt" is merely a middle-class self-aggrandizement, not a true revolution. Like the lower classes of 1776, California's black and poor were economically pre-empted by "revolutionaries" in the Monticello–Mount Vernon mold. Proposition 13—the tyranny of the majority manifesting itself in the ballot box—is a myopic affront to the plight of the poor and only precipitates the sad day of calamitous Marxian class war.

John M. Wolfe, Jr.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

We forget: Is the proletariat the good guys or the bad guys?

"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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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GERALDO RIVERA

a candid conversation with tv's most passionate newsman about jet setters, junkies, jewish puerto ricans, network executives and other social outcasts

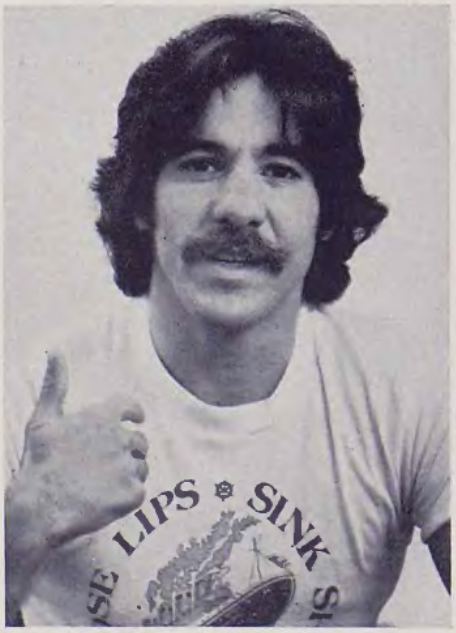
In 1972, while still in his late 20s, at an age when most journalists are still chasing police sirens, Geraldo Rivera had established himself as the hottest, hippest, most seriously committed newsman on the New York scene. His powerful ten-part series for WABC-TV's "Eyewitness News" on the abhorrent conditions at the Willowbrook State School for the mentally retarded on Staten Island generated an unparalleled response from local viewers, politicians and community leaders and earned him more awards than you could shake a camera at. A year earlier, a local Associated Press organization had cited Rivera for excellence and inscribed its citation to him as "a special kind of individualist in a medium which too often breeds the plastic newsman."

Rivera was anything but plastic. In his emotional Willowbrook exposé, he cried, fumed and nearly retched oncamera as he barged into the run-down institution's locked wards and revealed stark rooms overcrowded with small children, many of them naked, festering in their own feces and moaning like wounded animals. "This is what it looked like," said Rivera oncamera. "This is what it sounded like. But how can I tell you about the way it smelled?"

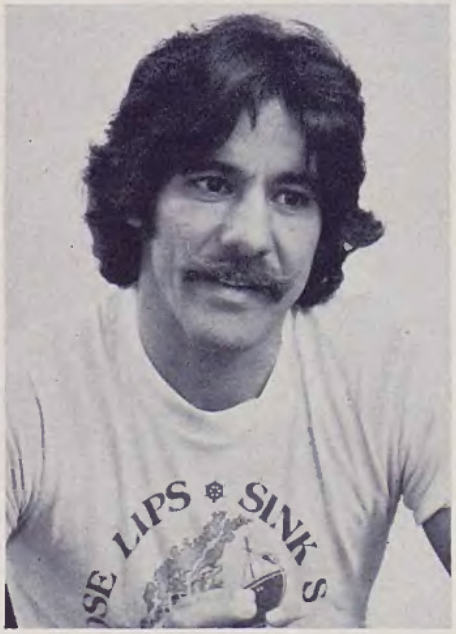
Willowbrook was only the first of many triumphs in Rivera's earnest crusade to use television as an instrument for social reform. After embarking on a purposeful and promising career as an attorney for minorities and the poor, in June 1970 he jumped professions, convinced that he could be much more effective as a TV reporter than as a lawyer. Eight years and 3000 stories later, his early inclination has been validated—at least by the response he has received to his impassioned reports on controversial issues such as the plight of migrant workers, the forgotten existence of the elderly, the hardships facing returning Vietnam veterans, the discrimination encountered by the physically handicapped, child abuse and the entire spectrum of the nation's drug crisis, from heroin to cocaine to the latest teen craze, angel dust. He has taken action on his own, as well, mobilizing the response to his Willowbrook series and forming One-to-One, a broad-based community organization for the deinstitutionalization and personalized care of the mentally retarded. "I'm not just in the business of making people cry," he has said. "I'm in the business of change."

Now, at 35, Rivera has reached a new stage of journalistic prominence: His special reports were recently singled out for star billing on ABC's flashy—though widely criticized—newsmagazine "20/20." This latest assignment provides Rivera with a regularly scheduled prime-time forum for his special brand of advocacy journalism and puts him in a unique position among broadcast journalists.

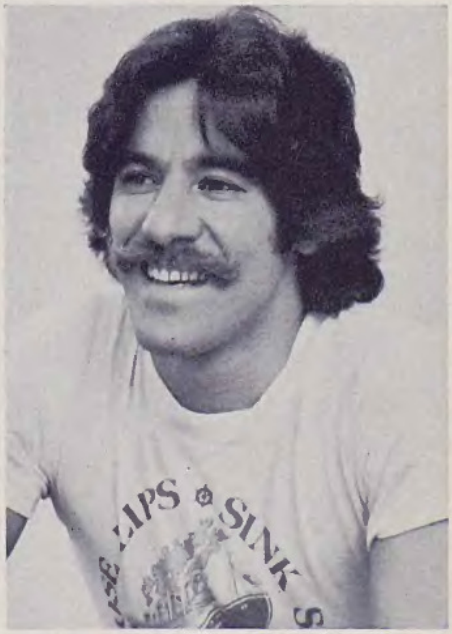
Born July 4, 1943, the son of a Puerto Rican father and a Jewish mother, Rivera grew up in Brooklyn and Long Island before heading West to attend the University of Arizona, from which he graduated in 1965. He returned to New York to prepare for his legal career and graduated from Brooklyn Law School in 1969, after serving as vice-chairman of the Black and Brown Lawyers Caucus and working with two New York legal-aid operations: the Harlem Assertion of Rights and the Community Action for Legal Services. He received a graduate fellowship to the University of Pennsylvania and, shortly thereafter, became involved with the Young Lords, the first militant, grass-roots organization in the Puerto Rican community. When the Young Lords took over an East Harlem church at the beginning of 1970, Rivera



"Am I melodramatic? Am I heavy-handed? There are undoubtedly cases where I have been; but I think, generally speaking, my emotional involvement in the stories I do is sincere."



"An ABC newsman charged that I'd staged a film report from Israel. I confront him. He admitted it and I knocked him down. I punched him a multitude of times about the head and body."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"The Puerto Ricans at my bar mitzvah outnumbered the Jews by at least four to one.... They were all given yarmulkes to wear and they placed them over their hearts to show respect."

received widespread media attention as their lawyer and official spokesman. Several months later, impressed with his voice, appearance and the fact that he was an "acceptable" Puerto Rican, WABC-TV offered him a place on its news team, and in almost no time, Rivera became the first young, hip, liberal minority face in a field dominated by lily-white, conservative father figures.

At the same time, Rivera also became the darling of the New York jet set. Following Willowbrook and his much-publicized second marriage to Edie Vonnegut, the strikingly beautiful daughter of novelist Kurt Vonnegut, Rivera's career and social life took off on an apparently wild and unrestrained joy ride. In 1974, he became the host of ABC's late-night news-and-entertainment program, "Good Night America," and attempted to air his brand of social and political reporting in the midst of a stampede of movie stars, rock stars and other celebrities eager to reach his loyal and growing audience. Only moderately successful and moderately comfortable in the role of talk-show host, Rivera in November 1975 switched again and became the traveling correspondent for ABC's "Good Morning America." Once again a no-nonsense reporter and commentator, this time at the network level, Rivera brought back reports from two dozen countries and 75 cities at home and abroad before landing a featured position with Barbara Walters and Harry Reasoner on the "ABC Evening News" in July 1977.

The winner of a number of Emmy awards, as well as the DuPont-Columbia Journalism Award, the Scripps-Howard Foundation Roy W. Howard Award, the Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Award, the George Foster Peabody Award, Associated Press Broadcasters Association Awards, plus over 100 other humanitarian awards—and the author of four books to boot—he has garnered more glory in a shorter time than most journalists on television or in print. But Rivera's image is not without tarnish: He has been widely accused of being maudlin and melodramatic, and over the years he has gathered as many detractors, irate colleagues, ex-wives and outright enemies as he has walnut plaques and gold-plated trophies. Rumors of personal debauchery and professional scandal abound. He divorced Edie and married Sheri Raymond. A PLAYBOY *Researcher recently estimated that there are probably more Geraldo Rivera stories floating around than there are Polish jokes in the Midwest. To sort them all out, as well as to find out something about one of the few truly passionate figures left in what is rapidly becoming known as nonfiction television,* PLAYBOY *sent free-lance writer* **Jim Siegelman** *to interview Rivera and bring back an up-to-date picture of the man and his work. Siegelman reports:*

"When PLAYBOY *asked me to do this interview, I had just about had it with celebrity puff jobs, insider scuttlebutt and media types in general; but I'd spoken with Geraldo a few times back in the early Seventies and have always had a suspicion that he was different. So, curious to see what he was up to these days, and frankly interested in finding out whether any or all of the rumors swirling around him were true, I accepted the assignment.*

"We met at the trendy Ginger Man restaurant across from Lincoln Center in Manhattan, where virtually everything having to do with Geraldo begins, as I soon learned, because it's midway between his office at ABC News and his apartment on Central Park West. After drinks, he invited me home to meet his wife, Sheri, and we promptly got down to some serious interviewing.

"Our conversations consisted of a number of long, hard sessions conducted over a three-week period, which was interrupted repeatedly while Geraldo flew off on assignments to, among other places, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, London, Berlin and Milan. The interview was further complicated by the fact that part of my mission was to get to the bottom of a number of sticky rumors about his personal and professional life, and without pulling any punches, I think we both did a pretty fair job of making things as painless as possible for each other.

"Contrary to popular opinion, Geraldo struck me as quite candid and unassuming—and surprisingly unslick for a TV personality who has himself logged many hours as an interviewer. Several times, in fact, the interview almost turned on its head as Geraldo, the indomitable investigator, began questioning me about some research I'd been doing.

"As a man, he seemed repentant about some of the excesses in his past and genuinely and passionately committed to using television as a tool for social reform. Something in me tended to sympathize with his assessment of his critics, but I tried not to let him know. Instead, for PLAYBOY*'s sake, and in the interest of history, I endeavored to be forceful and at times even downright rude in my questioning. I must say, he held up well from the beginning, when I decided to lead with my left (I'm a lefty), hit him with a backhanded interviewer's haymaker—and duck."*

"I was definitely arrogant and pushy. I would always answer my critics by saying, 'What do you know? When was the last time you were in the streets?'"

PLAYBOY: There seems to be a fundamental contradiction in your public image. On the one hand, you have chalked up some remarkable successes in your campaign to use television as an instrument for social change. On the other, you have taken a lot of heat in recent years. In view of the outstanding work you've done and all the awards you've garnered, why do so many people think you're an arrogant, pushy son of a bitch?

RIVERA: Yeah, I have to admit things were much more adoring in the early years. Since then, there has been this feeling that I must be something other than who I say I am.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to detect that attitude?

RIVERA: I think it began when I got my first overseas assignments in 1973. I covered the coup in Chile, then the war in Israel; and I began getting an awful lot of negative letters that said, "Oh, look, now you're just another overseas foreign correspondent. You've deserted the people." A lot of that. I think a lot of people never got over the fact that my interests went beyond Spanish Harlem, the Lower East Side, central Brooklyn and the south Bronx. They saw my doing things other than ghetto reporting as an act of hypocrisy. That was the first step. Then I think I really opened myself up to it when I started doing programs that had entertainment mixed in with the reporting, about the time of *Good Night America*. I mixed heavy things and light things on the same show. I did a show on Broadway plays. I did another show with Hugh Hefner. I felt that I could do anything, that I had a lot of interests, that I could go from the President to the junkie. That's where I lost at least half of my critical support, right there. People began to picture me as more of a flippant person.

PLAYBOY: Was that when you got the reputation of being arrogant and pushy?

RIVERA: That was in a *New York* magazine article, sometime around then, maybe a little earlier.

PLAYBOY: *Were* you arrogant and pushy?

RIVERA: Oh, yes. I was definitely arrogant and pushy, but I was other things, also. *New York* just ran two pages on my arrogance and pushiness. Arrogance is definitely part of my life. My defense against criticism has always been arrogance. I would always answer my critics by saying, "What do you know? When was the last time you were in the streets? What have you lived through? What have you seen?" That's one of the things

that my wife, Sheri, has helped me learn, how to be humbler. She's said that to me so many times that I've really tried to make it part of my life. I try to explain things more now than just simply saying, "What do you know?"

PLAYBOY: Would you say you overreacted to your critics in the early days?

RIVERA: I was and remain a very sensitive person, and it hurts my feelings when I hear things about me. Back then, I would always react first, never thinking that what they were saying might be true.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

RIVERA: Oh, I'm sure that in the beginning, in my first couple of interviews, certainly I exaggerated the harshness of my early life. I mean, we always had food and I was always in school. I didn't do real well, I was a tough guy, but a lot of people had a harder time than me. And I suppose there was some aspect of irresponsibility in a lot of my early political activism—although I think the times probably called for it, since there was certainly irresponsibility on the part of the Government and its policies. Take the Vietnam war, for instance. I'd talk about it as if it were a very simplistic phenomenon: a fascist involvement in a peasant civil war. Of course, it was far more complex than that. Then I remember once saying how, if push came to shove, I'd feel far more comfortable about allowing Patty Hearst and the Symbionese Liberation Army into my house than the FBI. That was irresponsible.

PLAYBOY: Did you say that on the air?

RIVERA: I think so. In fact, I'm sure it was on *Good Night America*. That was probably the last of my radical overstatements.

PLAYBOY: Overstatements are one thing, but what seems to bother your critics is that you often come across oncamera as heavy-handed and melodramatic. Do you ever see yourself that way?

RIVERA: Am I melodramatic? Am I heavy-handed? There are undoubtedly cases where I have been melodramatic and heavy-handed. But I think, generally speaking, my emotional involvement in the stories I do is sincere. What I put on camera is a sincere reflection of what I believe at the time the story is done. I don't act. People who think I do give me much too much credit as a manipulator and an actor, and I'm neither.

PLAYBOY: What about the charge that your oncamera sincerity is a pose, a self-serving ruse?

RIVERA: How can you test the sincerity of a person? What am I going to do, get plugged into a lie detector so people can test whether I'm sincere or not? You know, I've been in this job for eight years now. After eight years, you'd think people would start to believe me. I've been at this for approximately one fourth of my life. I've grown up on television, to a large extent. It's very rare that people go through so much of their life in public. My positions have been published and republished and rehashed. Sometimes it hurts my feelings, I admit.

PLAYBOY: What do you think people want from you?

RIVERA: That's a good question. Look, let's be honest about it. Television creates celebrities. It doesn't matter if you're a game-show host or Frank Perdue advertising chickens or a TV reporter. I am now a celebrity on television and I get paid substantially for what I do. When you do achieve success, there's a feeling that the person can't be sincere because he's so successful. Look at the difference between Geraldo Rivera's standard of living and the standard of living of so many of the people he talks about. If he were sincere, why wouldn't he give away all his material wealth to help cure all those social problems?

PLAYBOY: And how do you answer that?

RIVERA: That's not an easily answerable question, because you become immediately defensive about it. I don't work for the Government. I work for a company that makes enormous profits. I give 60 percent of my earnings to the Government, and I've given a great part of what's left to the charities I've become involved with. I don't think my critics would be satisfied with anything less than my becoming a member of a monastic order, someone who only sallied forth to do Don Quixote's work and then came back to live a life of austerity and personal deprivation.

"I don't act. People who think I do give me too much credit as a manipulator and an actor, and I'm neither."

PLAYBOY: Where do you think that attitude comes from?

RIVERA: I think it comes from a prevailing cynicism. I think the people who think those things or who write about those things are products of the times. That's kind of tired now, but it's true.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the times, doesn't your commitment to social reform seem a little out of place in 1978? The past few years haven't exactly been a heyday of social progress, to say the least. Do you ever feel like an anachronism, a throwback to the Sixties?

RIVERA: I definitely think that after the war in Vietnam, after Watergate, we stopped being an outward-looking nation. People were no longer getting involved in things that didn't specifically concern them. The boundaries of their concerns started shrinking from the country to their state or city, their town or neighborhood, the four walls around their house, until finally they shrank right down to the "me" generation. I wouldn't say it's still all that way, but at least up until a year ago, people wouldn't become involved in anything that didn't concern them. It was pretty discouraging to watch. Remember, it was just a decade ago that people were marching in massive numbers in the streets. Hundreds of thousands of people got involved, and the net result of all that involvement was nothing. The war dragged on and became the longest, most bitterly unpopular war in American history. So I can explain where their discouragement comes from, but that doesn't make it any better.

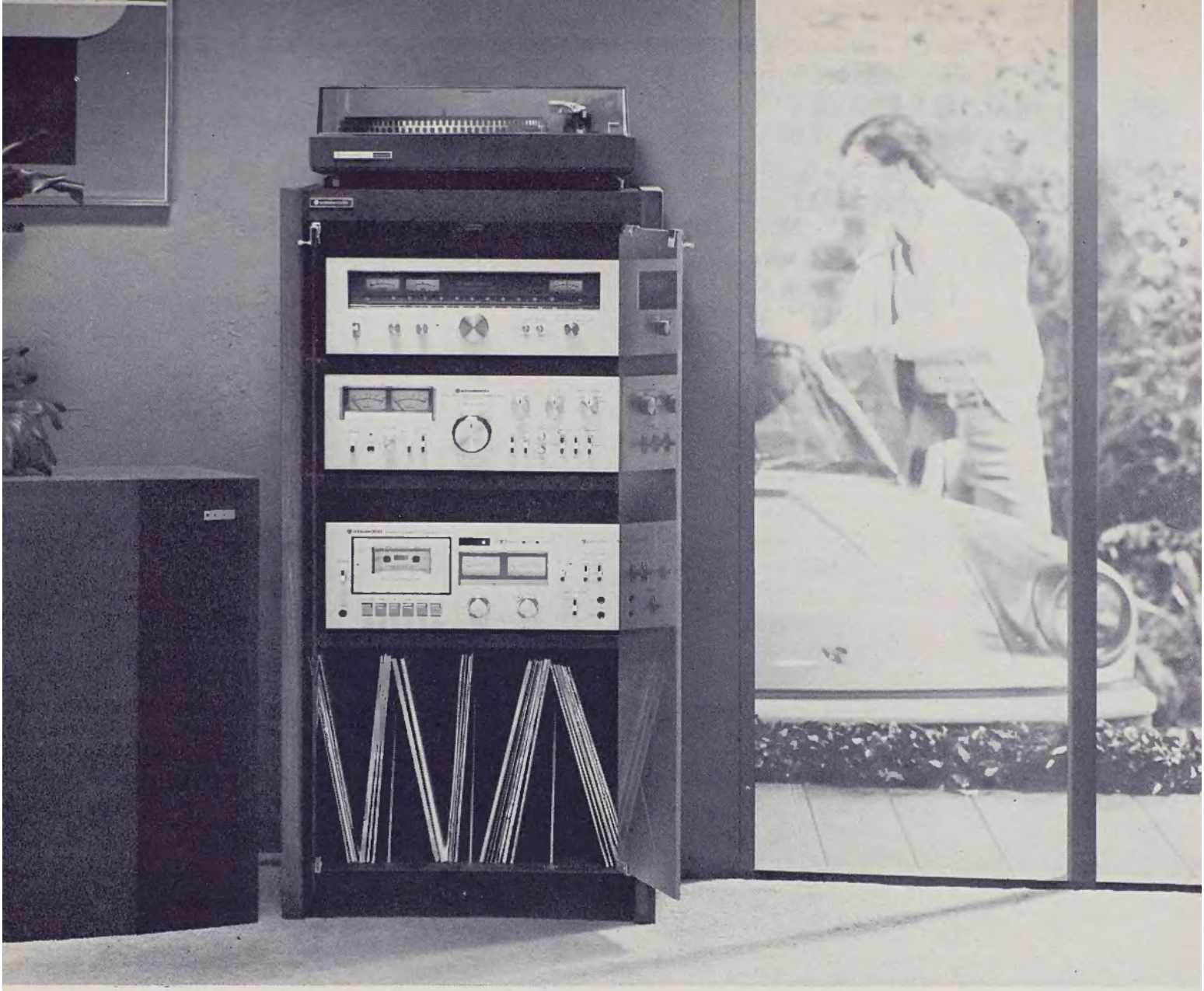
PLAYBOY: Would you say that the lesson of the Sixties has been that social reform isn't possible?

RIVERA: No. I think that the lesson of the Sixties is that social reform is a necessary process. But it's also extremely difficult to achieve. I think that people still believe that change is necessary, but there's a growing awareness that just the desire for change won't cause it. That it takes hard work. It takes going up to Seabrook in New Hampshire, if that's what you're into. It takes going out to Willowbrook, if that's what you're into. It takes going out to the reservation. It takes getting off your ass and getting involved in hard work and really being specific about the causes that you're supporting, not just going to a rock festival and smoking dope and saying, "Cool, brother."

The movement has become much more specific than it was, and expectations are lower now, but within that framework, there's still an enormous area for working to make things better. Now that I've traveled so much, I think that this really is the best country I've seen, in terms of fair distribution of wealth and resources, but there are huge areas in need of social reform. There are huge areas where miseries can be alleviated and inequities ironed out. That's the area that I function in, and I think it's as important today as it ever was.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the people in a position to effect that kind of social change don't care anymore, or have they just found that the amount of work required is much more than they bargained for?

RIVERA: You know, if you had asked me that question a year or two ago, I could have given you an unequivocal answer. I would have said, yes, they're jaded. They're emotional dropouts. They don't care about any kind of involvement at all. But I see now we're in a period of extreme flux. Maybe this retreat from the extreme involvement and extreme disappointment of the Sixties is a recuperative period. Five years have now passed since the war and Watergate. Maybe now people will start to get involved again. When I do a story that touches a particularly sensitive chord in the public,



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I'm still amazed at the response it generates, people writing letters and calling to ask what they can do to help.

PLAYBOY: Has that response increased in the past year?

RIVERA: Definitely.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for that?

RIVERA: I don't know. I think Americans have an innate guilty conscience about the fact that this is such an opulent society, that we have been given so much to work with. They know that there are inherent imbalances and unfairnesses here, and I think most Americans have an intuitive sense of when things are fair. More importantly, most Americans want to be on the side that's fair.

PLAYBOY: So you haven't become cynical?

RIVERA: No, I'm definitely not cynical. I am skeptical of easy answers to complex problems. I'm skeptical of cure-alls. I'm skeptical of messiahs. I'm skeptical of heaven-on-earth schemes. I'm skeptical of a lot of things, but I'm not cynical.

PLAYBOY: Were you cynical in your more radical, firebrand days?

RIVERA: I was angry then, and a lot of that anger for a time became enmeshed in cynicism; but then I came to television and found that television meant power, and with that growing power came an almost parallel growing sense of responsibility and a conscious effort not to abuse the power. How many people are in a position where they can really effect change? Probably a lot more than think so, but I really am in a very privileged position now. I can help influence positive change.

PLAYBOY: And from that privileged position, what kind of long-range effect do you hope to have?

RIVERA: Just to make the world a little fairer, I'm sure. Who knows what the cumulative effect will be?

PLAYBOY: How do you assess your track record so far?

RIVERA: I assess it probably mediocre to fair. I've done about 3000 stories; probably about 500 of them were about an issue that was truly relevant or significant. And maybe one in ten has had some real impact. So that's 50 out of 3000, which is only one in 60; but it's still 50 things where I've made some contribution.

PLAYBOY: What would you say has been your greatest success?

RIVERA: That's a hard thing to decide; I don't really keep a list.

PLAYBOY: What about Willowbrook? What is the situation there now compared with how you first found it?

RIVERA: Well, the population of the institution was 6500—inhumanly overcrowded. Now it's 1200. There are now Federal court orders modeled on the New York court order upgrading care of the mentally retarded that are being applied in at least eight states; and there has been an upsurge of community living centers under the banner of the Association for Retarded Children. But

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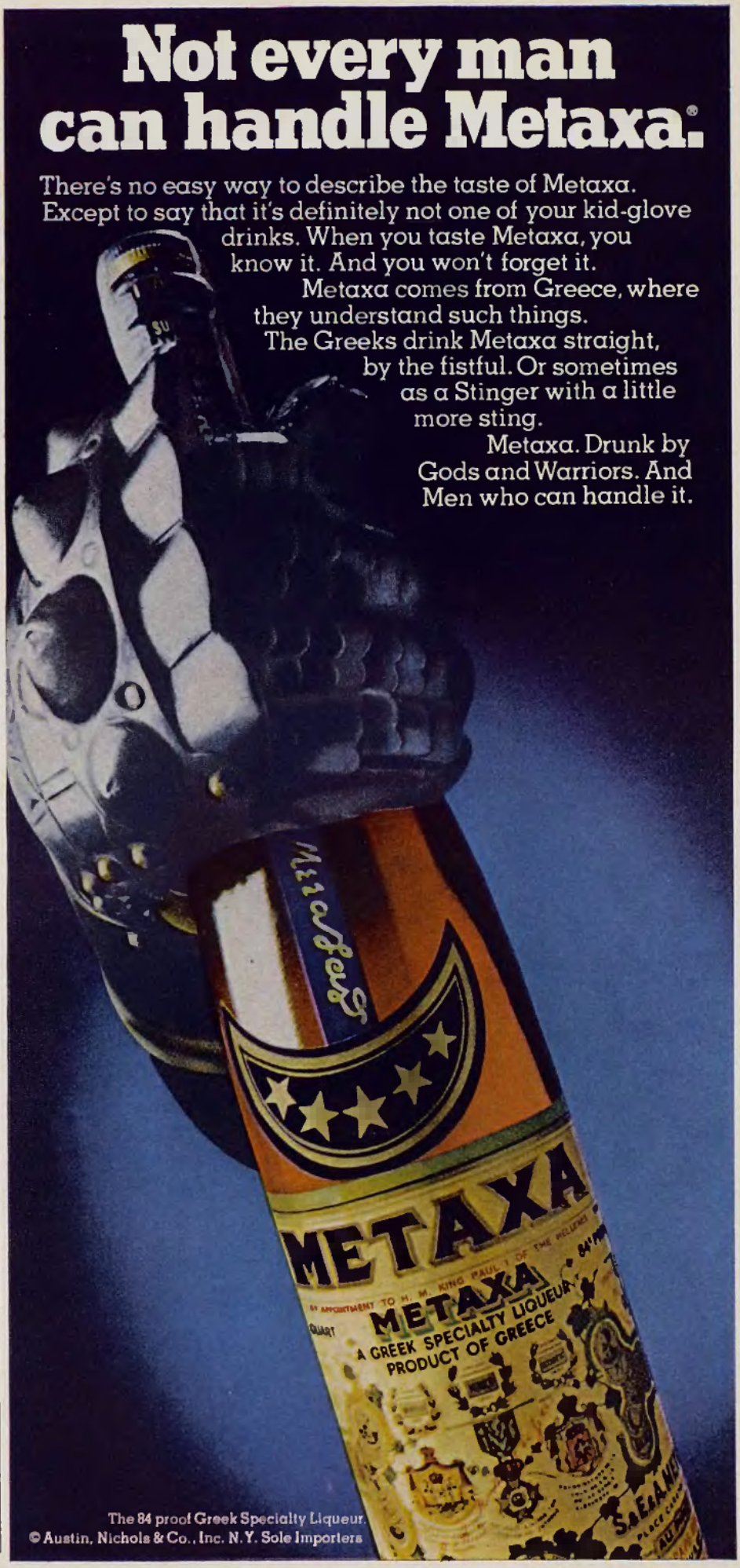

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probably more importantly, there was a feeling in the early Seventies and before that if you had a retarded relative, it was cause for embarrassment, like tuberculosis was at one time, or V.D. It was a horrible thing. Now people who are involved with mentally retarded people are not nearly as humiliated or embarrassed to admit it or to talk about it in public, to group together and demand of the Government their rights to join voluntary organizations. There's a genuine motivation now to get together and improve the situation in an activist way, whereas before there was a shying away from it. Even the Kennedys, although they've done huge work in this area, were not very free in the early days with the information that Rosemary was retarded. Only later did they make that public, then use it as the basis for their involvement in this cause. Their involvement has been wonderful since, but they went through an evolutionary process.

Since you ask about my track record, I was thinking that today there were a whole bunch of Puerto Rican people in the park having some kind of festivities. And I thought that just my being on TV has been something of social progress, not only to Puerto Rican people but to whoever I am and represent. I'm different, and I think I've been part of a liberalizing phenomenon in the history of broadcasting. So there has been progress on the one hand, but there has also been excruciating frustration and disappointment. Some things have just taken so damn long and will probably take the rest of my life to change the slightest bit.

PLAYBOY: Even with TV as your tool?

RIVERA: You know, I look on television with a certain suspicion now. I mean, how potent *is* it? Sometimes I wave my sword and it flops around like it's made of rubber. That's the main reason I wanted to move from local news to national news. I definitely felt that frustration as the predominant fact of my professional life. I was a blower of smoke rings. I didn't have the reach and the power to cause significant, substantive, lasting change. It's easy to point out problems, to highlight and dramatize them, but it's hard to correct them. Drug addiction is a classic example. I've done more heroin, antiheroin, heroin-smuggling, heroin-using, heroin-this, heroin-that stories than anyone in the history of television. But people are still using heroin. At most, all we've managed to do is blunt the outer edge of the epidemic.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to take on the heroin issue?

RIVERA: In 1972, 1973, it became almost chic in certain areas to be into heroin, because the world was such a fuck-you proposition that you might as well go with the heaviest kind of self-administered poison you could find. I did a three-part series, "Drug Crisis in East Harlem," in which I'd go up to a drug

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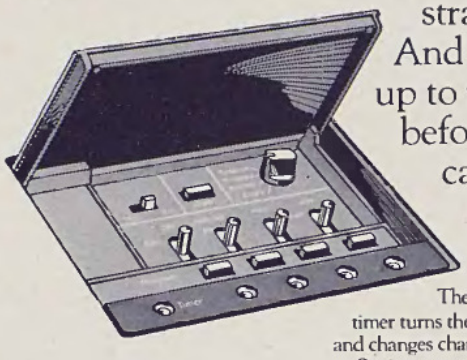

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The 400's new varactor tuner. To select the right channel, just touch a button.

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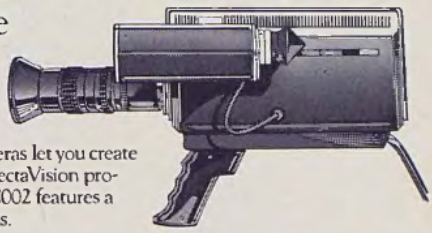

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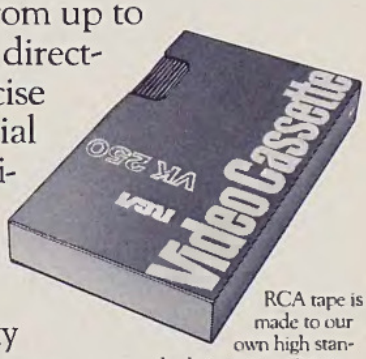

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addict and I'd say, you know, "You're killing yourself. What's this about? For what? Are you a big man because you're doing this?"

PLAYBOY: Did they answer you?

RIVERA: No. None of them could. Most of them ended up saying, "You're right, man." No one could really say anything that would make somebody else want to be like they were. And the image of them was always so unappealing. I was very careful not to romanticize the situation and to condemn it in a way that I thought I had the standing to do. In my neighborhood on the Lower East Side during that period, three out of four men between the ages of 18 and 25 were engaged in heroin activities. They were either mainlining or skin popping or at the very least snorting.

PLAYBOY: Do you always take such a strong stand on the stories you do?

RIVERA: No, not always. There are times when I'm just a recorder and a communicator of what is going on, because the situation I'm in may be too ambiguous for me to make a judgment. Then I simply collect the data and present it. Panama is a good example. There were just too many sides to the Panama Canal story, and almost every side had a certain amount of equity. For me to take one side and say the other sides were morally, politically or philosophically bankrupt would have been the height of presumption. So I reported Panama more than I commented on it. I was very evenhanded in the amount of time I gave the various factions.

Other times, it's easy for me to become involved in a particular issue and say, "This is where I stand." There's no one in the world who can tell me that the mentally retarded need to be institutionalized or that babies should be born addicted to heroin or that migrant farmers have to work for three dollars a day or that blacks have to be discriminated against in the South because it's traditional. In the case of greyhound racing, which I reported on for *20/20*, there's no one in the world who can convince me that there is a need for an industry that captures wild jack rabbits and then ships them to 40 states for the sole purpose of being torn apart by other animals for entertainment.

PLAYBOY: PLAYBOY was happy to see you take a strong stand on the rabbit issue.

RIVERA: Thank you. The point is, I much prefer to take a stand, to play the role of commentator as opposed to reporter, but only when there is a fundamental unfairness that I have to show people, when there is someplace that society or that situation or that region can move in order to make things better. That role is important to me. As a reporter, you don't really move society anyplace. You inform, which is an important role and certainly not one that I would degrade. It's just that as a commentator, I can

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become more involved in the process of positive social change. I want to do stories on which I can be effective. I don't want to just do stories to grandstand and say, wow, it's a great story. That's not really where it's at.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that your professional style probably violates every canon of objectivity taught in journalism schools?

RIVERA: Objectivity, I'm certain, was invented by journalism schools. It has very little to do with real life. There's no such thing as an objective person, and if they teach that in journalism schools—I don't know, because I never really went to journalism school—then they're doing a grave disservice. They're making people be something they're not. They're making people blind to reality.

PLAYBOY: You take your responsibility as a journalist pretty seriously, don't you?

RIVERA: I am very appreciative of the power of the media. The media definitely influence events, even if people don't admit it. They're not benign observers.

Let me give you an example. In my coverage of Panama, I reported every point of view, and toward the end, I was clearly in favor of the treaty. I felt that, regardless of my own personal or political feelings, or of the identity I felt with the students or the Panamanian left or with the whole sense of Panamanian nationalism versus U. S. imperialism, the treaty was the best possible compromise. I realized that it was as good as it was going to be, and even as weak as it was, it was barely going to get through the Senate anyway. The vote was so close at that point it could have gone either way, and I knew while I was down there that if I continually focused on the radicals and on the suppression by Torrijos of the political activists within his own country, then I might be in part responsible for the Senate's rejection of the treaty, which would probably have led to physical violence and to bloodshed. The day the treaty was signed in Washington, the Panamanian National Guard came down on the students and started belting them with rubber hoses. That was also the day that I got arrested, but we really played the whole thing very mellow. We could have made a lot more of that than we did, because they roughed me up, really belted me around.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing when you were arrested?

RIVERA: We were filming an antigovernment demonstration, and they didn't want to be embarrassed on the day that General Torrijos was in Washington with President Carter and the leaders of all the other Latin-American countries. So they picked me up, but, you know, they were so unsophisticated. They thought that was the way to prevent bad publicity, and it was really the way to *generate* bad publicity. I could have made the whole country pay for the

For the American body, the Scandinavian morning ritual.

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stupidity of 12 secret policemen. But we downplayed the whole incident. That was the day I decided that I had to be very careful about what I said, because I could defeat the very thing I wanted to achieve. Later, I had dinner with some people from *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, and we all felt the same way.

PLAYBOY: All of you? Doesn't that smack of a little too much media power seated around the table discussing strategy?

RIVERA: It was tremendous, if you think about it. There was ABC News, the *Times* and the *Post* having dinner together. You don't have to be a real student of the media to understand that that is a lot of power. And we all realized, you know, we could have a great story and sink the whole thing. We talked about that the day before the Senate voted, when a group of radicals informed us that they were going to go to the U. S. embassy and throw paint on the walls. We started thinking what a better story we would have if there was violence following this paint-throwing incident. Then we just stopped and said, wait a second, if there's violence, these people in the Senate are going to ask what we're doing. We're giving back this property to a bunch of anarchists who are *worse* than dictators! At least we can deal with dictators. Then we stopped hoping for violence and started hoping for passivity, even if our stories wouldn't be as dramatic or vivid.

PLAYBOY: Did you convey to any of your sources what would be better for them?

RIVERA: There were definitely some conversations that went on, yes, a very careful explanation of the mentality of the Senate and the problems that President Carter was dealing with.

PLAYBOY: In a situation of power like that, didn't you feel a conflict between your personal views and your responsibility as a reporter—which you admit you were on that story—to stand back and be as neutral as possible?

RIVERA: No. I am not a stand-back-and-be-neutral person and I made my feelings clear. ABC reports were being shown in Panama on the Armed Forces network, and I told them, "Listen, if you believe in me and my reports, then cool it, because you're going to sink the treaty." That kind of influence is certainly open for abuse. I don't think I have abused it, though. I think I am responsible.

PLAYBOY: Do those kinds of situations arise frequently in your work?

RIVERA: It happened in Nicaragua, too. I was talking to a group of radicals and I said, "Listen, I'm just here to cover what is going on, but if every time I get out of my car people are going to shoot bullets in the air, then your story is not going to get on American television. The only story that is going to get on is

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General Somoza's, and if that is what you want, fine, I'll go back to the hotel."

PLAYBOY: It would seem you were giving them a crash course in the proper use of the media.

RIVERA: People need information and education, always, and I like the idea of being an educator; but, more than that, I really think of the power of the media as almost a fourth branch of Government. I definitely think of it as the executive, the legislative, the judicial and then the media.

PLAYBOY: We're sure many people would agree with you; Alexander Solzhenitsyn, for one, has questioned that kind of unbridled media power. In his address at Harvard last spring, he said that the press had become the greatest power in the West, but he asked, by what law has it been elected and to whom is it responsible? Are you at all concerned that you are not an elected representative of this branch of Government?

RIVERA: Well, as a broadcast journalist, you are elected in an indirect way by the fact that people opt either to watch you or to watch somebody else. I think it is a pure democracy in that sense, a democracy that works on an almost nightly basis. It is pure choice.

PLAYBOY: Do you see TV ratings as a form of voting?

RIVERA: I think that I have been voted on more than almost anybody else in office: 3000 stories, and people have had the choice of listening and agreeing, listening and disagreeing or not listening at all.

PLAYBOY: How do you know if people agree or disagree with you?

RIVERA: It varies, of course, from story to story. I'd have to say that, in general, people are a bit more conservative than I am.

PLAYBOY: Do you have many battles with the top brass at ABC?

RIVERA: My biggest fights at ABC have been with the legal department, arguing over the possibility of being open to lawsuits. They're extremely conservative. There are two floors of lawyers over there at 1330 Avenue of the Americas, and their job is to keep ABC out of trouble.

PLAYBOY: They must love you.

RIVERA: Oh, yes. I bet I'm 50 percent of their work. There was a time when I estimate I was spending about one fourth of my energy arguing with ABC's lawyers. Being a lawyer has helped me tremendously there, because when they throw a law at me, I know it as well as they do. I've kept abreast of new communications laws, libel laws, antitrespass laws.

PLAYBOY: How often do you win?

RIVERA: I win. Sometimes they make me change or modify something, but they only really beat me down one time that I can recall. That was on a story I did about aspirins' causing ulcers. We had

both sides represented. We had an aspirin spokesman saying all the wonderful things aspirins do. Then we had people who had bleeding ulcers and other problems. The lawyers killed the story.

PLAYBOY: Completely?

RIVERA: Completely. That was the only time I lost. I must have had several hundred run-ins with ABC lawyers.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there anything you could do?

RIVERA: I could have gone to the other media. Very often, I've said, if you don't let me do this story, I'm going to call a press conference and tell everybody why it didn't go. Looking back, I should have called a press conference. I regret that now.

PLAYBOY: It seems you have the potential to put your network in a very uncomfortable position.

RIVERA: It has a tiger by the tail. I think that what has happened is that I now have more credibility than my network.

PLAYBOY: Would Roone Arledge agree? As your boss at ABC News, he seems to be second only to Fred Silverman as the most controversial man in television these days.

RIVERA: Roone is my ally. He's an activist and he has really had a bum rap over there—more than I have.

PLAYBOY: Within ABC, you mean?

RIVERA: Within and without. He started getting bad press from day one, from the second it was announced he was moving from head of sports at ABC to take over the news. Yet ABC News under Arledge is much better than it ever was. Stories are covered in greater detail; we're more aggressive and more competitive. That's his leadership.

PLAYBOY: How did Arledge become your ally?

RIVERA: I was boycotted by ABC Network News for years. They told me I wasn't ready to leave local broadcasting, even after my Emmys and my national exposure. It was pure bullshit. So I went to ABC Entertainment and got them to do *Good Night America*—and I moved from there to *Good Morning America*, which is also under the jurisdiction of the entertainment division. I had to do an end run around the network-news people. So when Roone was appointed head of news, the first thing he did was offer me a job on the *ABC Evening News*.

PLAYBOY: Your latest project, *20/20*, has had its ups and downs. It has been widely criticized for its mixture of news and entertainment. Do you think the TV-newsmagazine concept—as ABC has done it—is viable?

RIVERA: I definitely think it's viable. The phenomenon of news documentaries' not being watched by as many people as watch entertainment programs is a real thing that news people have to deal with. If a news program like *20/20* can reach more people in prime time by

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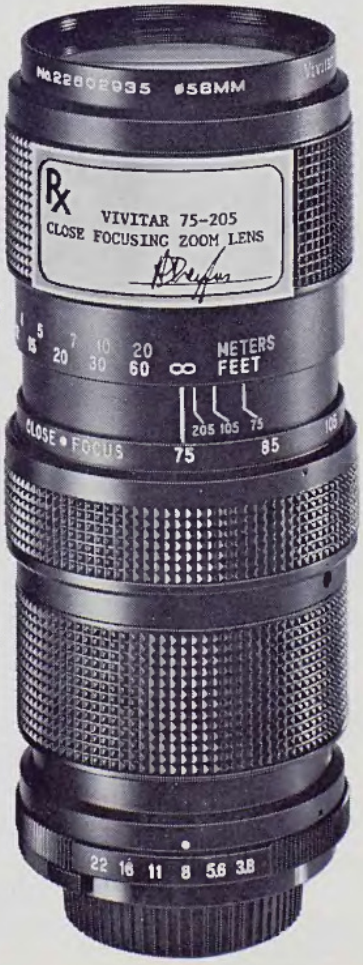

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having one light segment along with three serious ones, I don't see anything morally wrong with that.

PLAYBOY: Yet you're appealing to people when they've just got home from work, when, the surveys tell us, all they want to do is tune out the real world and slip into some mindless sitcom or cops-and-robbers show. Can your brand of journalism be as effective in that format and time slot?

RIVERA: I can't answer for prime-time television. I'm not a spokesman for the industry, and a lot of what's on television these days is really repugnant to me. I think it's lousy, flaky, frivolous and superficial. But if a program is entertaining as well as informative, what's wrong with that? When it began, *20/20* was universally condemned by the critics, yet what was up against it in that time slot? At least with *20/20*, there were two or three segments dealing with important issues. If people watch because the show looks good and is presented well and has upbeat theme music, I'm not outraged by that at all.

PLAYBOY: What about other recent trends in television? We suppose you've heard about TV's "new sexuality."

RIVERA: You couldn't miss it. It's on the cover of every magazine. Every magazine that condemns television for having too much sex has had a picture of what's-her-name, Suzanne Somers, with her tits hanging out. Television's trend toward sex sure sells magazines.

PLAYBOY: We take it you're of the opinion that sex is here to stay.

RIVERA: Sex is definitely here to stay, on television, anyway. And well it *should*. I think there should be provisions, however. Family hour is not a bad idea, though most people in television think it's horrible and a form of censorship. I think children should not be exposed to some things before they're really ready. They need a little breathing space before they get hit by the heavy sex.

PLAYBOY: You've always expressed a concern about children—poor kids, retarded kids, "the littlest junkies" who are born addicted to heroin because their mothers are addicts. Do kids touch you in some way that adults don't?

RIVERA: I think kids are terribly important because they're so vulnerable. I can stand up to anybody, I would stand up to anybody; but a kid can't, he's defenseless. It's not a fair fight when something happens to a young kid or when someone does something to a kid that affects his life in some drastic way.

PLAYBOY: What about your own childhood? Do you have any idea where your sense of social justice and responsibility came from?

RIVERA: My parents had a lot to do with that. My parents are very ethical people. They believe in good, not cute or slick

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or any of those things. They're not in any way manipulative people. They're open, honest. For a long time, I rejected them. I thought, What did they give me? They gave me a legacy of being Jewish and Puerto Rican, which stank. They gave me poverty, which was a pain in the ass. They gave me the worst schools. That's the way I saw it, then I realized that they gave me everything. They gave me love. They gave me a sense of fairness. They gave me a sense of rooting for the underdog. They gave me a sense of the importance of formal education as opposed to street savvy.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about them.

RIVERA: Both of my parents are stereotypes of their racial-ethnic backgrounds. You have to see them, really, it's almost comical. My father is totally a Puerto Rican man in the way he looks, talks and acts, his genteel mannerisms, his *machismo*, everything. He is very, very Latin, a romantic, a dreamer, a lover of humanity. He came here in 1937 from Bayamón, Puerto Rico. He had been valedictorian of his high school class in Puerto Rico, and the first job he got here was as a pot washer in Stewart's Cafeteria at the corner of 42nd Street and Sixth Avenue. That's where he met my mother, who was a counter girl in the same restaurant. Her name was Lily Friedman and she was born in Newark, New Jersey, of eastern European Jewish parents. She is as typically Jewish as my father is Puerto Rican. She's much more practical than my father. I used to be fond of saying that I was my father from the waist down and my mother from the waist up.

PLAYBOY: That must have been some marriage.

RIVERA: It was. They got married in 1940 and my father nominally converted to Judaism and changed his first name from Cruz to Allen, because Cruz in English means "cross," which is not exactly a very good Jewish name. It didn't matter, though; my grandparents on my mother's side were knocked out with shame. To them, this Puerto Rican was just a brown nigger. My grandfather died almost immediately. My grandmother died when I was very young. The day I was born my father was drafted into the Service. We lived in Williamsburg in Brooklyn at the time, which was then divided almost evenly between Puerto Ricans and Jews. The identity problems were enormous. It was like being black and white; I encountered resistance from both groups. I can remember one fight I got into where I was simultaneously called a dirty Jew and a lousy spick. I mean, that's tough. Then around the time of the Korean War, my father got a job in a defense plant in Long Island and we moved to West Babylon, where I lived until I was 17.

PLAYBOY: Were you *bar mitzvahed*?

RIVERA: Yes, I was 13.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn Hebrew?

RIVERA: Oh, yes. I remember the *broches*, the prayers and all that.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember any of the details of the ceremony?

RIVERA: I can picture my *bar mitzvah* almost exactly. It was in the volunteer-fire-department hall in Lindenhurst. A reformed congregation had just started and I was the first person *bar mitzvahed* there. It was traditional, except that the Puerto Ricans at the *bar mitzvah* outnumbered the Jews by at least four to one. I have a wonderful picture of me at my *bar mitzvah* with all these Puerto Ricans standing around. They were a riot, because it was their first experience with Judaism and they were so wonderfully tolerant. They didn't know what to do at a *bar mitzvah*, but they were very happy to be there. They were all given *yarmulkes* to wear, because that is part of the ceremony, and during the most solemn parts of the service, they all removed their *yarmulkes* and placed them over their hearts, thinking that was the way to show respect. They were trying very hard to be ecumenical but suffering from a lack of information.

PLAYBOY: What kind of identity did you

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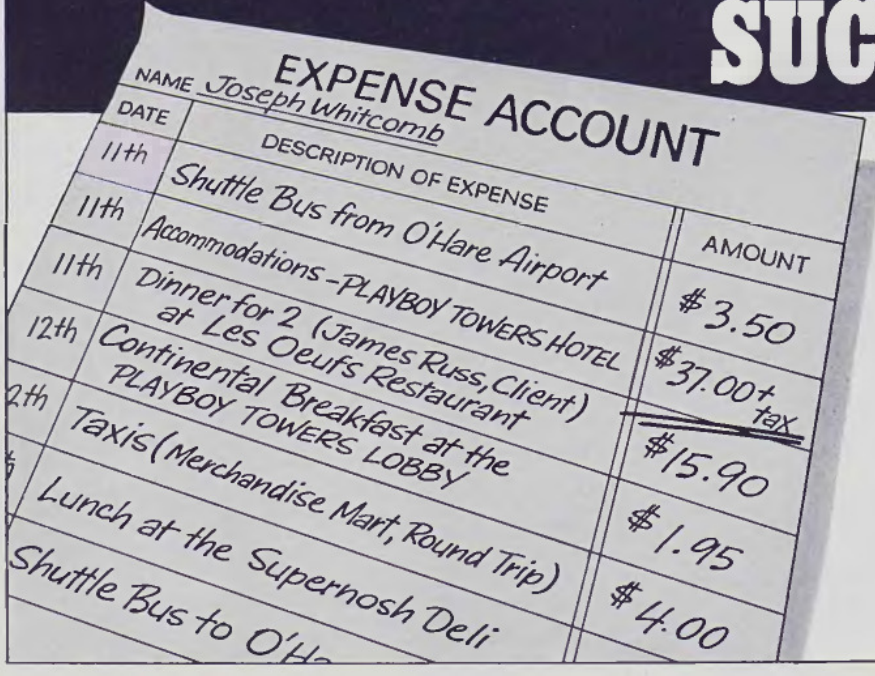

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feel as a teenager?

RIVERA: Blue collar by then. Blue-collar tough guy.

PLAYBOY: What happened to the nice little Jewish boy who was just *bar mitzvahed* in the Lindenhurst fire hall?

RIVERA: By the time I was in high school, I had started my period of religious waffling. There was intense pressure from the Catholic environment we lived in, and I got much more into local gangs, the clique that ran the school, things like that.

PLAYBOY: Were you comfortable in the gangs?

RIVERA: Very comfortable. I was a semi-hood, a hubcap stealer. I used to have about a fight a week. One of the last people electrocuted in New York was a classmate and a pal—also a cop killer.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get busted?

RIVERA: I was arrested once for stealing tires. It was ridiculous. It held up my admission to the bar.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good student?

RIVERA: I was a good athlete but a terrible student. I was so bad in high school that I had to take remedial English and math, because that was the only way I could possibly get into college. The principal of my high school had served as a Navy captain in San Juan, and he had real affection for Puerto Rican people. He advised me to go to the Merchant Marine Academy, because that was where he had gone.

PLAYBOY: Did you like that idea?

RIVERA: I was very enthusiastic about it. I saw it as my ticket out of the limited world I was in. But during my third semester at Maritime, I decided that that was for the shits. I told them that I was leaving and asked if I could have more liberal courses than marine transportation and navigation. I started taking all English courses, and I had this Ivy Leaguish English professor who wore all the things I was not familiar with: cardigan sweaters, cushiony shoes; he smoked a pipe. He was the only one there who spoofed the military life. That's really when I started writing. He is the person I credit with making me literate as opposed to illiterate, which I was until that time.

PLAYBOY: Was that when you transferred to the University of Arizona?

RIVERA: First I moved out to California for a while and became a clothing salesman. Then I enrolled at Arizona.

PLAYBOY: Did you like collegiate life?

RIVERA: Well, that was my most obscure and embarrassing period.

PLAYBOY: Why?

RIVERA: It was still early Sixties, remember, and at that time, Mexicans had the same stigma in the Southwest that Puerto Ricans did here. I was always mistaken for a Mexican. I remember getting blackballed by the Sigma Nu fraternity because of that. It really hurt me badly. I spent those two years trying to be like all those people who were giving me the cold shoulder. It was a bad time. It was hard enough just trying to be an American. Bass Weejuns were the big shoe, and I couldn't afford Bass Weejuns, so I got a Bass Weejun knockoff that I could wear without socks and madras shirts. Of every period in my life and every choice I made, that was the biggest waste of time.

PLAYBOY: Where did you go from college? Did you have any career in mind?

RIVERA: No. I had vague ideas of going to Africa and starting a revolution.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get those ideas?

RIVERA: Don't ask me. The civil rights movement, maybe? You know, if I were to piece it together, how the fuck did I ever think that I wanted to go to Africa? But by the time I graduated, I had already gotten married to my first wife, Linda. It was her father who said to me, "Why don't you go to law school?" So I took the legal aptitude tests and applied to Brooklyn Law School, because it was the law school that I thought was the worst and therefore the easiest to get into. I really studied hard there. I graduated fifth in my class.

PLAYBOY: You must have buckled down.

RIVERA: I did, but that was also when I became politicized. The antiwar and civil rights movements began merging

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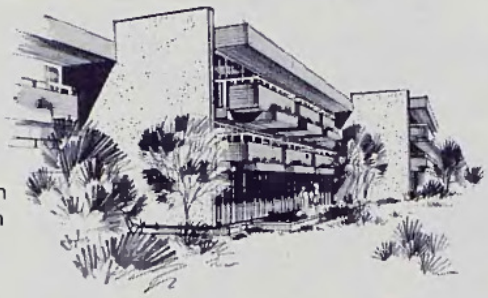

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then, and I was working as a law student for the Harlem Assertion of Rights. I was also really getting into being Puerto Rican. I became intensely involved in my neighborhood on the Lower East Side, even while I was still working weekends and nights in a department store.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider going uptown to one of the big law firms?

RIVERA: The opportunity never presented itself. I was in a bad law school to begin with and I never sought it out. Maybe it was because I didn't want to be blackballed as I had been by Sigma Nu, I don't know. Maybe that was the turning point in my life, when I look back on it. So I decided to just say, "Fuck it. They don't want me and I don't need them." Then I became a very different person. I went from being Gerald, the name I had been using, to Geraldo, which was what my father's relatives always called me. That was about the time Lew Alcindor became Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

PLAYBOY: What did you do when you graduated from law school?

RIVERA: I graduated in the spring of '69—I think I was the only Puerto Rican in the country to graduate from law school in 1969—and by that time, I was already representing a lot of poor people, just regular landlord-tenant cases or people who had been arrested on the Lower East Side. I used to have clients sleeping on the floor of my apartment. I had at least one full-blown jury trial every week. I was enormously busy, but it was the best year of my life. It was the first time I ever felt really effective. Racism was my enemy and I had a weapon now as a lawyer. I was using the law as an instrument for social change.

PLAYBOY: When did you become involved with the Young Lords?

RIVERA: That was in the fall of '69. The Young Lords were the first real militant, grass-roots organization in the Puerto Rican community. They were a lot like the Black Panthers, but the leaders were a much more elite group than most of the followers were. They started community-service programs, free-breakfast programs, day-care centers, lead-poisoning-treatment centers.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved in any landmark cases with them?

RIVERA: Their most famous action—in fact, the one that led me to my present job—was when the Young Lords took over a church in East Harlem and held it for 11 days. It belonged to a Puerto Rican Methodist congregation that had prospered and left the neighborhood and came back to the church only on Sundays, so the building was dark six days a week. The Young Lords seized the building and opened it for day-care and free-breakfast programs. I was their

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spokesman; they didn't give interviews.

PLAYBOY: Were you nervous about all the excitement?

RIVERA: I was much more revolutionarily matter of fact than nervous. We had a very good reason to be there. We had justice on our side, and that's the way I told it. I felt extremely proud to be representing the Young Lords, because it was the first dramatic case of Puerto Rican self-expression to hit the media.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Puerto Rican independence today? Are you still for it?

RIVERA: Yes. I think Puerto Rican independence is necessary for the preservation of the Puerto Rican people as a cultural entity. The genetic pool that makes up what we call Puerto Ricans is so varied and has been so mixed over the years. It started with the Spanish and the Indians; then the slaves were brought in; then the pirates came. There are so many different races and creeds and colors in this mixed breed of people, and all they have in common, aside from their language, is the island of Puerto Rico, now the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. I think today, with the American occupation and later political affiliation with the Puerto Ricans, and with English making such a heavy penetration into the island's life, there remains a real danger of total assimilation, which would result in the loss of any kind of feeling of national heritage. The main reason I want Puerto Rico to be an independent nation is to preserve that homeland. Right now, Puerto Rico is neither an independent country nor a state of the U.S. Its ambiguous position works against its cultural identity.

My feelings about Puerto Rican independence are the same as my feelings about the state of Israel. Since the establishment of the state of Israel, it has been much easier for Jews throughout the Diaspora to be Jews, even if they never see Israel, even if they're Ashkenazic Jews from eastern Europe or Sephardic Jews from Spain. Israel is their homeland.

PLAYBOY: How did your involvement with the Young Lords land you a job in television?

RIVERA: I met a lot of media people during that time, including Gloria Rojas, who was then a reporter for WCBS-TV in New York. About two months later, she said to me, "Why don't you come be a television newsperson? ABC wants you." I said, "What do you mean, ABC wants me?" And she said, "Frankly, they want a Puerto Rican person and they know you speak well and why don't you come try it?" That was about the time affirmative action was beginning to catch on. I had never considered being a media person, but Gloria talked me into it by saying I could be more effective in doing the things I wanted to do by being in the media than I could by being a lawyer. She said, "Every day, I talk to hundreds of *thousands* of people." And it was true. It took me less than a week to decide to change professions. My parents had a heart attack.

PLAYBOY: What was it like when you went to meet the brass at ABC?

RIVERA: It wasn't as if I had an interview at all. We spoke awhile and I talked a little about my legal career. They had been briefed on everything. They were just sizing me up, not as an intellect or a particularly gifted person but as a piece of meat. I was Puerto Rican and they had a slot to fill. They hired me, but they didn't want to put me right on TV with no experience, so they sent me to the Columbia School of Journalism for a three-month crash course with other minority students from around the country. It was all very practical. There were no white people in the course. Everybody was an outsider—either black or Puerto Rican or Mexican—and the people who were teaching us were not traditionalists. We were a very hip, very radical group.

PLAYBOY: When you entered television, did you take any flak from people in the streets who thought you were selling out?

RIVERA: No, not truly. The flak came from my so-called colleagues at ABC. They were resentful of the fact that a

person with no journalistic training was being hired strictly because he was an acceptable Puerto Rican. I got iced out at the beginning. No one talked to me, except for the two blacks on the staff. And ABC shut me out in its own way, because it wouldn't let me cover any important stories. They were afraid of what I'd do with anything that had the slightest political connotation, so they sent me to cover fashion shows, car shows, things like that.

PLAYBOY: When did you get your break?

RIVERA: My break came one day when I was walking down Bleecker Street with a camera crew on my way to cover a fashion show in the Village. We looked up and there was a guy on the roof of this hotel, obviously getting ready to jump. We started rolling the camera and the guy jumped and landed on the corner of MacDougal and Bleecker. Then the guy's twin brother came rushing outside, shouting that his brother and he were both heroin addicts with $150-a-day habits and that they had just come to the end of the road. I knew exactly what questions to ask him, because I was from Avenue C and there's a zillion junkies down there. I took the story back for the 11-o'clock news, and they let it run three minutes and seven seconds—which was unprecedented for me. After that, I remember, I went back to the newsroom and it was obvious that I had an expertise the other people didn't, an ability to ask questions about subjects with which they had no familiarity.

PLAYBOY: What kind of response did you get to that story?

RIVERA: I don't recall a particularly dramatic response, but I remember that one of my colleagues, so-called, subsequently came up to me and said, "You'd better take that story and stick it in your hat, buster, because you're never going to have another one like it." From then on, I became the ghetto reporter, but that was OK, because up until then, the only time you ever saw ghetto people on TV was when there was a riot or buildings burning or mass murders.

PLAYBOY: Your award-winning coverage of Willowbrook has been well documented. You've told how a doctor friend who worked there put you on to the story. But can you recall how you felt when you first walked into that gruesome scene?

RIVERA: I felt so many emotions. I felt absolute shock, because it was worse than anything ever. Worse than war, worse than anything on the Lower East Side, worse than tenement fires or overdose deaths or any kind of violence. It was worse than child abuse: Those kids were helpless and they were being made more miserable even than their fate had dictated by total negligence. So first I felt shock, caused partly by compassion and partly by a lack of information. Then it turned to outrage, because it takes so little time to realize that it doesn't have to be that way. It wasn't just a question of lack of funds. It was a question of commitment to changing the way the state was caring for the mentally retarded. And for that you needed an outsider—such as a reporter—because the people living in that shit had come to accept it as the norm. The parents were too close to it. They were embarrassed by the fact that they had institutionalized their kid, embarrassed to admit that their flesh and blood was mentally handicapped.

PLAYBOY: When you were reporting Willowbrook, did you feel that perhaps you should hide your own emotions and try to be objective about it?

RIVERA: No. You know, it took me all day to finish that first report, and I got to the office late, an hour and a half before air time, still filled with the thing. I didn't talk to anybody. I told them how much time I needed and went on the air and—poof!—exploded. I was very emotional and passionate and outraged. I was pissed off and that really came across. And people saw the film and everybody was pissed off. We got 703 phone calls in the first ten minutes,

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people asking what they could do or just saying, you know, "This is terrible."

PLAYBOY: How did the people at ABC deal with that?

RIVERA: It made everybody step back and say, "Let him alone." I was filled with a moral fury and they knew not to mess. We were showing faces of kids in the institution. We had committed a criminal trespass. We had stolen a key. They knew all those things, but they knew if they came near me, there would be an explosion.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone try to stop you?

RIVERA: No way. I think there was a sense that this was a really big story, also an appreciation of the fact that I was crazy. One time, somebody asked me a question about something technical and I exploded and yelled, "Don't come near me! Don't come near this editing room!"

PLAYBOY: Are incidents like that the reason you've been labeled hypercharged and overemotional? After all, you've cried oncamera, you've gotten sick to your stomach oncamera.

RIVERA: I got punched in the nose oncamera, too.

PLAYBOY: You did?

RIVERA: Yeah. Got a bloody nose doing a story about single-room-occupancy hotels, where they take all the people on welfare or from mental institutions and all the money goes right to the landlord. There are no clean linens, no sanitation, no garbage pickup, nothing, and rats, roaches everywhere. I was totally appalled when I saw it.

PLAYBOY: Who hit you?

RIVERA: One of the tenants invited me in, so I wasn't committing trespass; but they had a uniformed guard there and the guy said, "You can't come in with your camera." I said, "This guy's invited me in. I can go in. And I'm Geraldo Rivera and I'm going in." He gave me an overhand right, landed right on my nose—my first bloody nose in memory. My immediate response was, I'm Geraldo Rivera and this guy has just punched me in the nose. Then I started fighting him oncamera.

PLAYBOY: There you go again. That's not exactly what TV newsmen are supposed to do. Has it occurred to you that you might have the wrong temperament for the business you're in?

RIVERA: Yeah, it has occurred to me from time to time. But you know what I find? I find that people relate to real emotions more than they relate to a person who restrains his emotions or doesn't really feel any emotion. To me, if you go to the scene of any kind of disaster and you aren't emotionally involved, at least inside yourself, then all you're doing is using the disaster for your story. It's the fodder, and to me, to be that kind of scavenger of disaster is too much of what news is about. You have to feel a brotherhood with those people, a real sympathy. Otherwise, you're just exploiting them.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a danger that after

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3000 stories and eight years of this, you're going to get numb to their situation?

RIVERA: No. I don't get numb. I really don't. I get numb to bullshit stories, to political stories, to features and fashion shows and the Saint Patrick's Day parade—all that crap. But I feel the Willowbrook story. I feel the heroin story. I get numb to foreign-policy stories, to all Washington stories. I've seen the tactic of civil disobedience used for so many really silly issues and selfish issues that I'm sort of numb to that. And you know what else numbs me? The physical requirements of putting a story together. The airplanes numb me. The no sleep numbs me. The seven-day weeks numb me. And because I think of myself as an emotionally honest person, the fact that people don't see me that way also numbs me. Critics don't see me that way, a lot of them; and I haven't gotten over the fact that everyone doesn't love me. That has a certain numbing effect.

PLAYBOY: We're back to that contradiction again: You do all this significant TV journalism, and yet something about you makes the critics salivate and bare their fangs at the mention of your name. Could it have anything to do with your much-publicized image as a jet setter and a swinger?

RIVERA: Oh, I definitely went through the jet set.

PLAYBOY: When did that start?

RIVERA: Around '74, when I started doing *Good Night America*. A lot of entertainment people were on the show and I really started living it up in a heady environment that I could never exist in before. I started getting invited to every party, every Senator's and duchess' thing, or flying to some bash in Mexico.

PLAYBOY: Did you go to them?

RIVERA: I went to most of them, yeah. I went to a lot of them.

PLAYBOY: Were you at ease in that crowd?

RIVERA: Was I truly at ease? I don't know. I certainly appeared comfortable, which is almost the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy yourself?

RIVERA: Sometimes. I enjoyed the libertine aspects of it, clearly, the sensuality of it, the pleasures. I enjoyed living out the fantasies that almost everyone has, especially people who have been brought up in a world that's alien to the world you read about in all the columns. Yeah, I definitely lived through a phase where I totally enjoyed it.

PLAYBOY: You talk about it now as if it were a passing thing.

RIVERA: It was definitely a phase I went through. If I had to make a demarcation, I'd say it ended in the fall of '75, when *Good Morning America* began. Now we never go to parties. Invitations stack up. We never go to any.

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RIVERA: I outgrew it. It wore real thin. It wears out real quick.

PLAYBOY: Was there a particular scene or event that turned you off?

RIVERA: I'll tell you one thing. There was a party for the other daughter of Ingrid Bergman. Not Pia Lindstrom, her sister—young, dark hair. She was in New York and the party was at Orsini's. After the party, we all went down to my house on the Lower East Side, which was a kick, because there was this convoy of limousines. Mick Jagger was there and Rudolf Nureyev and there was the wife of a Senator—I really shouldn't tell you the story, because there are other people involved.

PLAYBOY: Go ahead. No one's listening.

RIVERA: Only millions of people. Well, anyway, people were coming on to me, people of both sexes. And there were all these people that you read about, I mean that the people who follow those things read about. It was just so, I don't know, alien. Yet, in one sense, it was the logical culmination of that phase I was in. It was the high point or low point—however you look at it—of that era. I don't think I want to go into it any more specifically than that.

PLAYBOY: It must have been around that time that all the Geraldo Rivera stories started circulating in the media and in the gossip columns. Since you're beyond all that now, maybe this would be a good time to lay them to rest, if you can.

RIVERA: OK. Just list the things and if they're true, I'll tell you, and if they're not, I'll debunk them.

PLAYBOY: You've already admitted that your personal life was more or less profligate for a while.

RIVERA: Yeah, my personal life was wasted, but the fact was I worked long, hard hours during those years, and my personal life did not affect the product or the sincerity of what I did. I justified it by saying the professional me is one thing. What I do in my off hours is my business.

PLAYBOY: Did your marriage to Kurt Vonnegut's daughter, Edie, take place around that time?

RIVERA: No, I met Edie before all that happened, back in 1971, at a party that Andy Warhol gave for fashion designer Giorgio Sant'Angelo. A local arts critic invited me to the party, and I was standing around, not relating to anybody, when she walked in wearing this big sheepskin coat. She had just come from Jamaica, where she had been living.

PLAYBOY: Did you hit it off right away?

RIVERA: In one day. She moved out of her father's place to my place on the Lower East Side.

PLAYBOY: Did you take any flak from her dad?

RIVERA: No. Nothing at all. He is very liberal in that sense. I came to appreciate and admire Kurt. It was kind of a geometric progression, because I learned the man and his work at the same time. I came to love him in a different way than I loved Edie. He's such a gentle man. He taught me to be on the side of the people who have the least. Morally, I tend to believe it's the weak ones who need your help, the unprivileged or the underprivileged. My parents taught me that, but a lot of that was Kurt's teaching, too.

PLAYBOY: That marriage didn't make it, though, did it?

RIVERA: No. It was hard for me. The problem was that I was also getting famous at the time, and fast, real fast. Edie and I got married in December of '71 and Willowbrook was January of '72. So everything was happening at the same time. We were still living on the Lower East Side, even though I was as famous as can be, and the people there loved us. Edie lost her wallet once and it was returned. We left the door open a couple of times and people would close it and leave us notes. They were totally protective of us. That's when I started getting flashy and wearing satin pants and velvet jackets and doing things socially.

"Mick Jagger and Rudolf Nureyev and a Senator's wife came over to my house on the Lower East Side.... People of both sexes were coming on to me.... It was the logical culmination of the phase I was in."

PLAYBOY: And you got screwed up?

RIVERA: Yeah, I was definitely leading a schizophrenic life, in that sense. I separated my personal persona from my professional persona, which was totally sacred to me. The work that I was doing was right on point. I did things that had never been done before and I was getting results. On the other hand, personally, I was just a real fuck-up.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by that?

RIVERA: My personal life became grab-it-when-you-can-get-it. It was not something I could regulate. I mean, I was not monogamous. That was the only thing I did badly.

PLAYBOY: Why?

RIVERA: Well, that's one of the problems with Hispanics generally. The male domination, the unilateral monogamy, the fact that a husband can kill his wife if he catches her cheating, but a wife has absolutely nothing to say if her husband has a mistress.

PLAYBOY: Do you see that as a strong part of your make-up or did you just seize on it as an excuse?

RIVERA: Like they say at the track, pick 'em. I really only grew out of it maybe three years ago. You could go on forever like that, but that's not where it's at for me anymore.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're finally pulling things together?

RIVERA: Yeah, but it's taken me a long time. Just look at what I went through and what I put other people through. It was because everything was open to me. You know, a person who is not a handsome person, not a rich person, not a privileged person, suddenly had the world coming at him. I remember very famous women coming to me with their daughters—famous people, ballerinas, movie stars, politicians' wives—trying to fix me up, knowing that I was married. Everything was available and I was not strong enough to resist. I had never lived through anything like that, that fantasy existence. That's really what sank that marriage. Edie is a wonderful person, an extraordinarily sensitive person and an extremely talented artist. I think of her only with soft feelings. I feel that I totally victimized her.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though you were a real rat for a while.

RIVERA: I take total responsibility for that period. It just came together and, I guess, exploited weaknesses that were inherent in me. I mean, I didn't have lust only in my *heart*; I had it all over my body.

PLAYBOY: While we're tracking down rumors, what about the stories about your homosexuality?

RIVERA: You left a couple of rumors out. I'll mention them to you next. I really don't know where the homosexuality one came from. Maybe because I was in *After Dark* magazine with tight pants on. I didn't know what the magazine's audience was. I've always been for gay rights. I still am, and if I were, in fact, gay, I would not hesitate to admit it. It's just something I never got into. I was never really accused of it, except by *Screw* magazine. It had a headline—"DOES GERALDO RIVERA SUCK COCK?" I had done a V.D. program on Public Television and we devoted a whole hour to homosexual venereal disease. The story had nothing to do with the headline, but that's all people remembered. I hung it up on my wall.

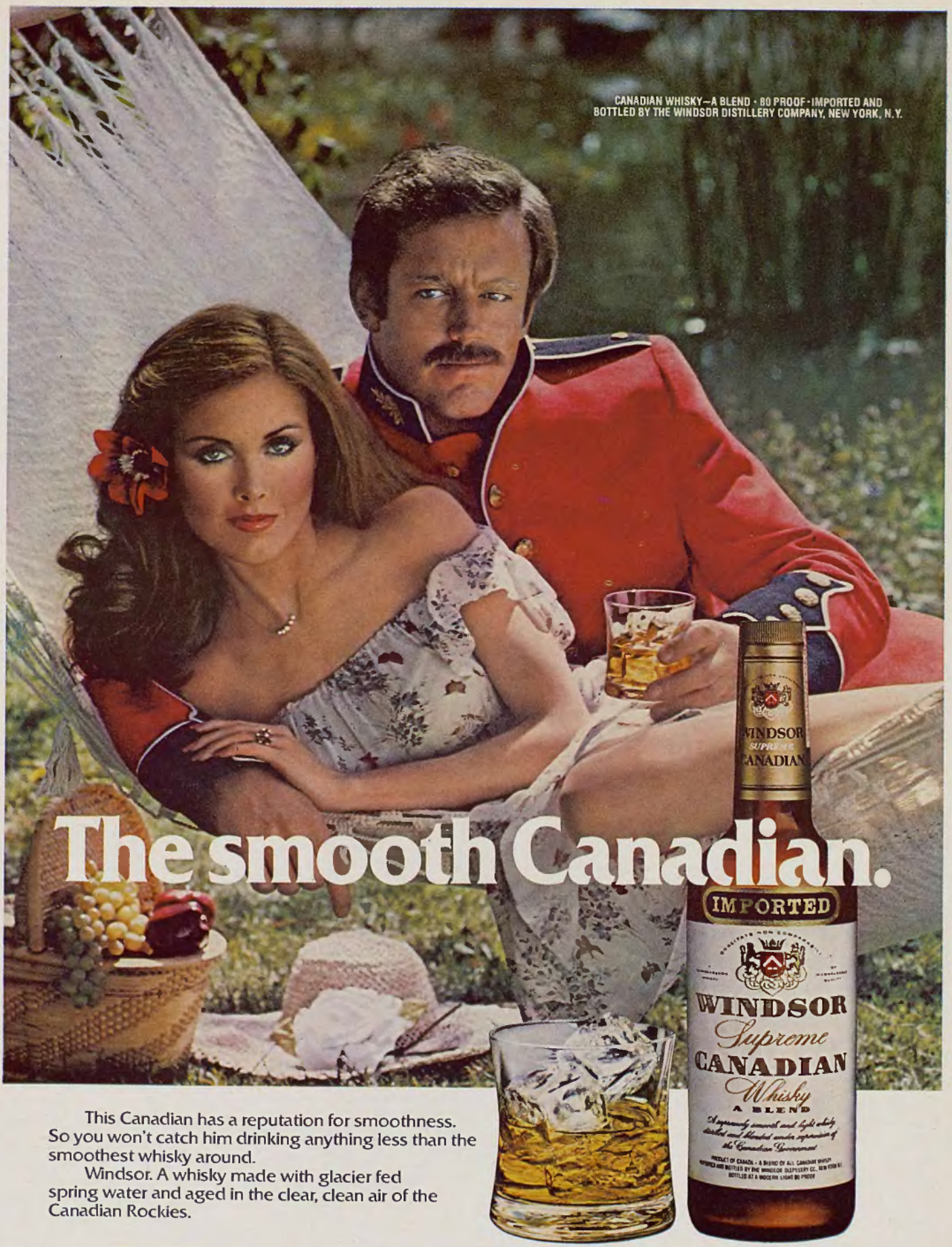
PLAYBOY: What rumors did we leave out?

RIVERA: I think the most vicious rumor was that my real name was Jerry Rivers.

PLAYBOY: Where did that one come from?

RIVERA: I think it probably came from the *Daily News* article that published it. It's absolutely untrue.

PLAYBOY: What was the point, that you



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were a little wimp from Long Island masquerading as a tough P.R.?

RIVERA: Yeah, as a Puerto Rican. My parents suffered the most from that, because it reflected on them. Their friends read those stories.

PLAYBOY: But in the past, you have admitted using the name Riviera when you were in the Southwest.

RIVERA: Right, in college, but there's a quantum leap from that to Rivers and what Rivers implies. Gerald Rivera is on my birth certificate. My family has called me Geraldo since I was 16 years old.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think people are out to discredit you?

RIVERA: What else do I give them to write about these days? I don't go out. I'm not a libertine anymore. I work harder than almost anybody I know. I've really become a pretty boring person personally.

PLAYBOY: OK, if you say so. Now can we get back to the rumors?

RIVERA: Go ahead, I've got plenty. Have you heard the one about my being Tony Orlando's brother? I'm not.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with gossip like that? Do you fight back?

RIVERA: No. I once had a long conversation with Gay Talese about that after a particularly hurtful article. He said, "Whatever you do, don't ever respond." So my rule has been if people attack me personally, I don't respond. Only if they attack me professionally, then I respond like an avenging angel. I'm not talking about subjective criticism, I'm talking about saying I didn't tell the truth or that my facts were incorrect. I won't take slander professionally.

PLAYBOY: Have you been slandered professionally?

RIVERA: Oh, yes. I can give you an example. When we were in Israel during the '73 war, we were coming back from the Golan Heights one day. We had already been as close as the Israeli army got to Damascus, maybe one kilometer from the front line; and we were coming home, when all of a sudden, the Syrians started shelling. They were bracketing the road. Shells were landing on both sides of the car, and we got out of the car, cameras rolling, shells blowing up behind me. I did the stand-up report right there. "We're here . . . things are blowing up." True drama, really great stuff. We put it on the satellite that night, and when I came back from Israel, the story was all over New York that I had staged that incident, that it had never happened. And this is where in the same frame of film you see me in the foreground and an artillery shell exploding 50 yards away.

PLAYBOY: How did they say you'd done it?

RIVERA: It didn't matter how I'd done it. The rumor was enough. Every newspaper and magazine in the country called me with that allegation. I had no idea where

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Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method.
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it had come from. So I denied the story. ABC News denied the story. We made the film available to everyone and they saw that it was physically impossible to have faked it. It would have cost us millions of dollars in opticals just to stage an artillery attack. So, anyway, months passed. A *TV Guide* guy interviews me and, because he likes me and has spent a lot of time with me, he tells me who made the charge. I confront the person with the charge.

PLAYBOY: Will you tell us who it was?

RIVERA: I'd rather not. It was another New York newsman. Another ABC newsman, in fact. He admitted it and I knocked him down.

PLAYBOY: You punched him?

RIVERA: I punched him a multitude of times about the head and body. He was knocked down. I got on top of him and grabbed him by the throat and I had my right hand cocked. I said, "I never felt more like killing someone than I feel like killing you right now." Then I just got off him and walked away and that was the end of it.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think he started the rumor?

RIVERA: I think he was motivated totally by jealousy. It was the worst thing that ever happened to me professionally, and that's the way I responded. I thought I was going to get arrested for assault—though he did touch me first.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there another media uproar over your coverage of the Son of Sam last year?

RIVERA: Yeah, they said I didn't use the word alleged killer and I did use the word fiend in describing Berkowitz. But, in fact, I did use the word alleged and, once again, the letter that started the whole thing was written by my colleagues at ABC. Then they leaked it to the papers, as they always do. Maybe I did say the word fiend, but what I said was so moderate compared with, say, the *New York Post* or the *Daily News*.

PLAYBOY: Who was responsible for the letter?

RIVERA: The Washington bureau of ABC. I call them the prep schoolers, that's what they are. They were far more comfortable in the era of trench coats and faceless people.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to emerge from that period of debauchery?

RIVERA: About November '75, when I started on *Good Morning America*. I was then free to be a newsman again. I didn't have to court the celebrities anymore, always thinking in the back of my mind, Wouldn't it be great if this person would be on my show? I'm so glad to be out of that. I never have to be beholden to any celebrity ever again. If they turn me on and I turn them on, in terms of being friends, that's cool. But I'm not going to plug anyone's movie, because I don't

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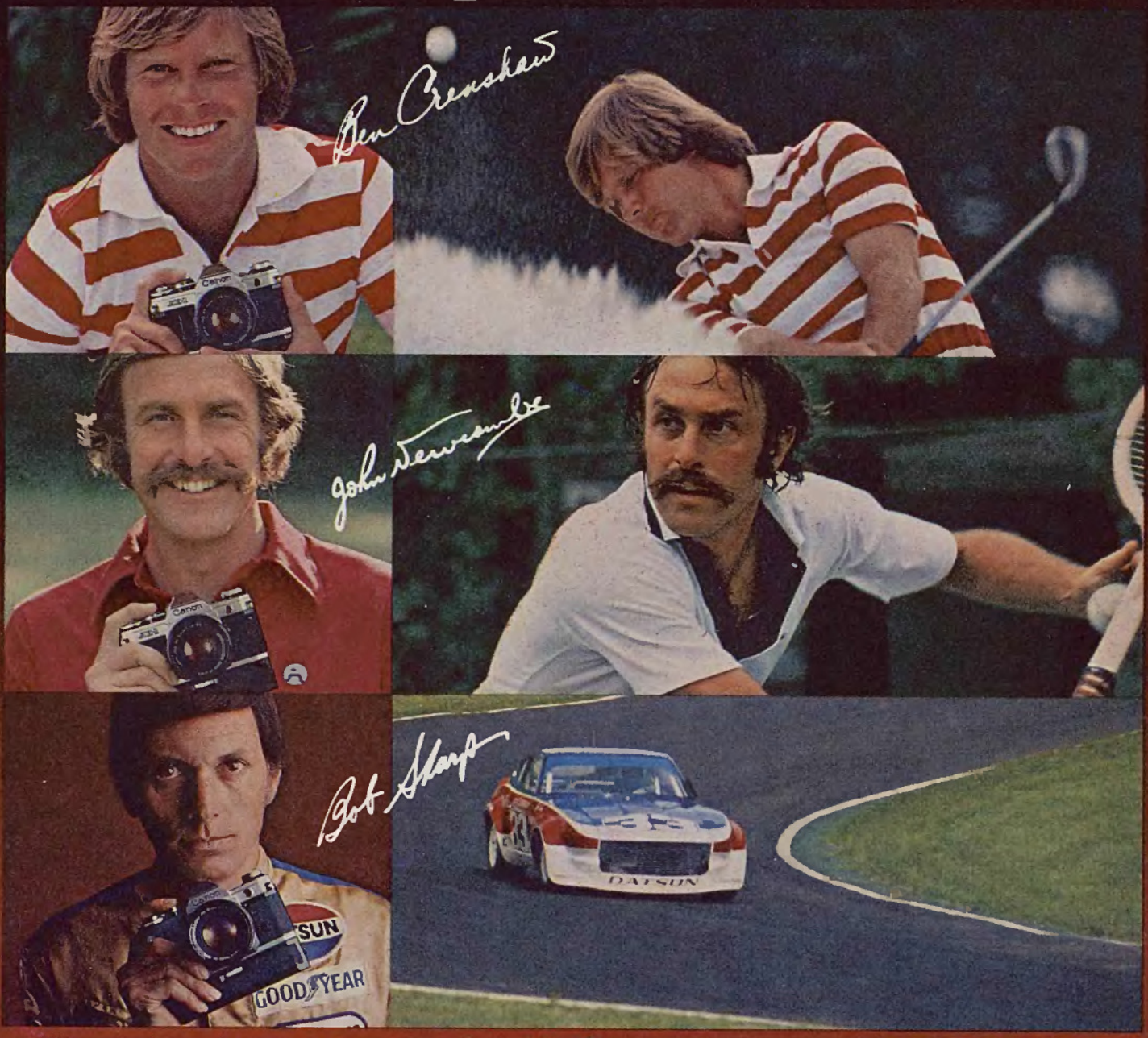

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plug movies anymore. I have no time for that. I'm serious now.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Sheri?

RIVERA: I met her years ago. At the time, she was the wife of someone I knew in Los Angeles, and she was my only woman friend for about four years before we got together. I would call her up and she would call me up and we'd rap about things, even during the height of that period when I was running around. Then there came a time when she was getting out of her marriage and I had moved to Los Angeles. We started living together and we got married the last day of 1976.

PLAYBOY: Has she been a good influence on you?

RIVERA: She's been a fantastic influence. First of all, she's organized. I'm not. And she really is an objective person, as far as that's possible, and I am not objective. We're not only lovers, we're comrades, confidants. I'm a romantic, she's practical; that really is a match made in heaven. I definitely think of our relationship as a lifelong relationship.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be leading a very quiet life these days.

RIVERA: Yeah, we really have a very quiet private life.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel the need for more action and excitement?

RIVERA: Yes, definitely. I'm still wild, in that sense. I'm a boxer. I still ride my motorcycle. I love sailing, basketball.

PLAYBOY: What about your old friends; do you still see them?

RIVERA: My old friends are the only ones I do see. I make new friends very reluctantly. Generally, my friends are the friends I had before I was well known.

PLAYBOY: What about the jet setters with whom you used to run?

RIVERA: If I see them, I'm polite. They're polite with me, but lately even the invitations have started to trickle off.

PLAYBOY: No regrets?

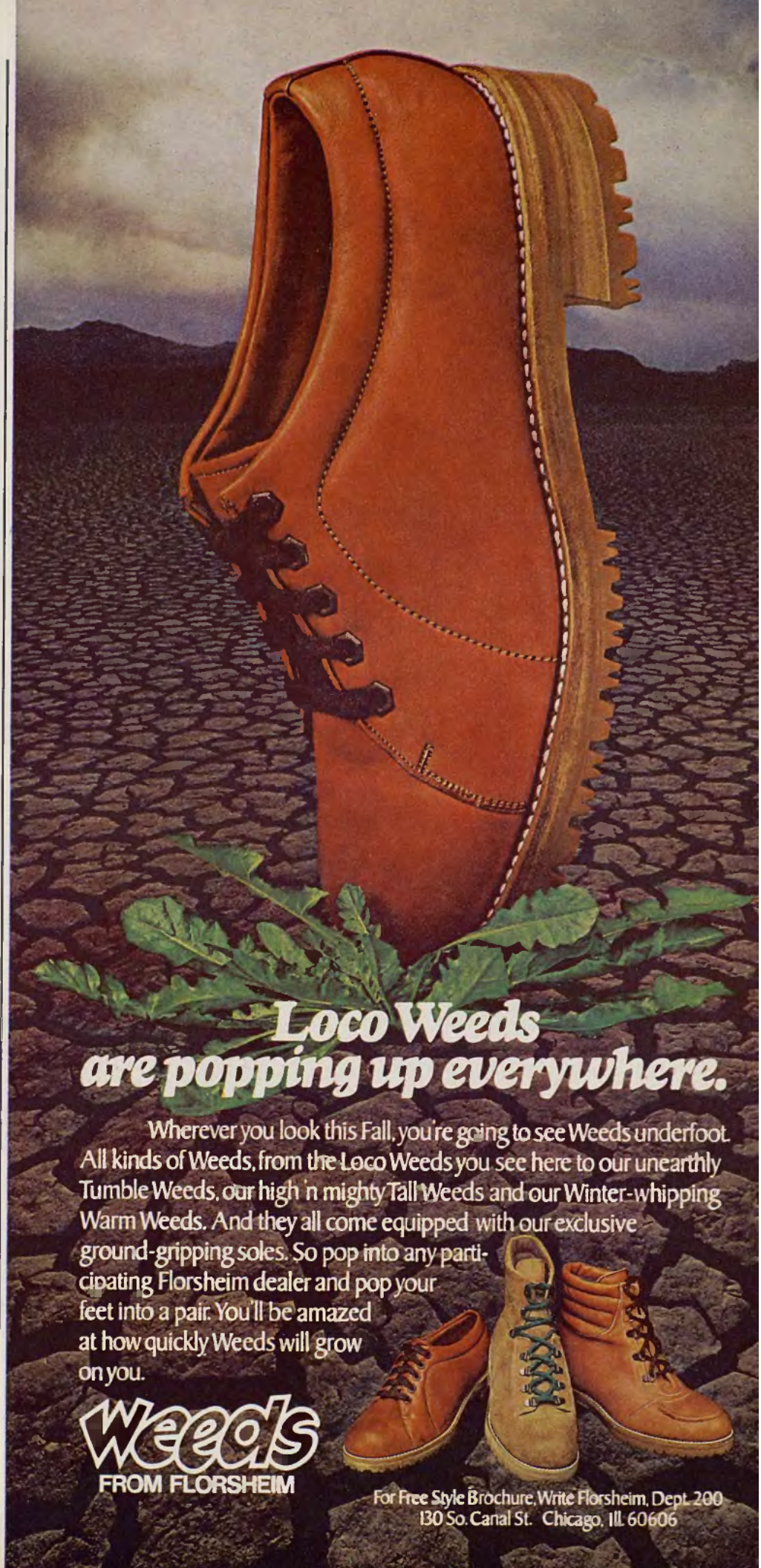
RIVERA: No regrets at all. It's something to experience, but I don't miss it. It's a cliché to call it shallow, but it is.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wonder how a nice stay-at-home guy like you ever got caught up in something like that?

RIVERA: One of my greatest strengths is my total social mobility. I am now a classless person. I am a raceless person. I'm not a white person, not a black or brown person. I'm a rainbow person. I cross boundaries freely. I have total freedom of choice, and my choice now is to live in my off time a relatively rural, active, sportsmanlike life at our place in California. I don't like "the scene" anymore. I don't know, maybe in the years ahead, there will be some new scene that will turn us both on.

PLAYBOY: What about the future? You can't always be a hip young TV journalist, you know.

RIVERA: Hell, no. I might always be hip,



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though. I think that as long as I maintain discipline, my choices will only increase as I get older. I've gone beyond the phase of my career where I'm a youth person. My audience has matured with me. I hope I keep getting better at what I do. I know I am certainly more professional about what I do now.

PLAYBOY: In what ways?

RIVERA: I have consciously reduced the level of rhetoric in my work. In the early days, when I was involved in the antiwar movement, there was a lot of rhetoric and demagoguery, a lot of overstatements and exaggerations. There has definitely been a very conscious scaling down of language on my part. Now when I identify a bad guy—for lack of a better term—I am specific about what this entity, person, organization, corporation or government is doing that is wrong. I define exactly why it is wrong and how it can be corrected. I research my material much more carefully and I'm very conscious of the impact my words have, that my appearance has, that the arrangement of segments within a story has. I'm very conscious of the responsibility that comes with 20,000,000 or 30,000,000 people watching and listening and believing in what I say.

PLAYBOY: Sounds as though you've tightened up your act a bit.

RIVERA: I've tightened it up, but it's the same act.

PLAYBOY: Would you still call yourself a radical?

RIVERA: The way civilization defines the term, I don't think I'm a radical anymore. I'm more of a moderate. I'm just a radical within the Ivy League halls of broadcast journalism.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about growing old in this age of disposable media stars?

RIVERA: I'm not worried about the sex-symbol business. I'm not worried about getting old. I'm just worried about continuing to make a difference.

PLAYBOY: You were once quoted as saying you wanted to be the first Puerto Rican mayor of New York. Do you still?

RIVERA: That was a long time ago. Mayor is a shitty job.

PLAYBOY: What about national politics?

RIVERA: Look at me. I've been married three times. I lived through that whole decadent period. Even if I were electable, I still think I could be more effective and influential outside Government. It's not really outside. It's only outside Washington. It's not outside the hearts and minds of people.

PLAYBOY: Are there any big stories you'd really like to get your hands on?

RIVERA: I want to be the first reporter in space. I'm looking forward to taking the space shuttle. It's just a few years away and I think I can make it if I stay in shape.

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Stan Smith : ATP Member
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for red shirt it was just another little fire—for me it was the ultimate thrill to see that house burst into brilliant orange flames

fiction

By BARBARA ROCHELLE

PERFECT MATCH

I HAD OUTGROWN my parents' dreams and was toddling toward my own when I met Blowy John Twist in Memphis. He was the perfect confidant, the avid listener with lustrous dark eyes. His rapt stare, diverting only to catch the waitress' eye, encouraged me. His gaze surrounded me, held me in place while romantic illusions struck against my imagination and ignited my 20-year-old heart. I experienced a physical lightness, as if my lungs were filled with helium. Elation: a sensation I had experienced only once before, with Barry. Barry Silverstein.

I was eight and he was ten. I remember him clearly, how I envied his hair, thick brown ringlets, and his deep secretive eyes always shining through some fantasy. I remember a late-summer afternoon in our small Tennessee home town.

•

We are giggling. I am finishing the dousing of Mrs. Hanley's prize white tulips—the smell of gasoline is delicious in the air. Barry tells me to hide the can. I leave and return without the evidence.

He is holding a book of matches in his hand, tapping the cover with his thumb. We are carrying out a sacred

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTINA RAMBERG

mission. Barry spits into the flower bed and I spit after him.

"May the spirit of Red Dog be avenged," he says. He lights a match and holds it before his face. I see the flame reflected in his eyes.

"May the spirit of Red Dog be revenged," I say.

"A-venged," he corrects, not looking at me but staring at the burning match.

"A-venged," I say.

"Get back," he says. I go and stand on the sidewalk in front of the white fence in Mrs. Hanley's yard. Barry steps back a few feet, tosses the match and the flower bed bursts into flames. He runs to join me on the sidewalk and we stare into the fire. We do not feel wicked. The conflagration redeems us.

Mrs. Hanley peers out of her kitchen window. She appears again, seconds later, running out of her house. Hateful Mrs. Hanley with her crow voice and her flapping broom. Mrs. Hanley poisoning poor Red Dog, saying that he shat in her tulips. Crazy Mrs. Hanley, screaming at Barry, pounding her broom on the blazing flowers.

Barry and I have moved to the street. Sirens are screeching through the air, neighbors running out of their houses. Mrs. Hanley is yelling and crying at the same time, spitting out the words that freeze Barry's eyes: "Christ killer, Christ killer, Christ killer!"

It is late night. I've been spanked and sent to bed without supper, but I'm not hungry. I sit looking out my window, watching a white pickup truck stop down the street. Three men get out and take something big from the back of the truck. It takes two of them to carry it.

I see them take the thing to Barry's front yard. It's hard to see what they are doing, but they soon leave without the thing and drive away. A few minutes later, they are back. The pickup pulls in front of Barry's house this time and one man gets out and runs into Barry's yard.

Suddenly, the whole lawn is lit. There's a giant cross burning in front of Barry's house and the flames are beautiful against the darkness.

Two days later and Barry's family has moved to New Jersey, and Mrs. Hanley is sitting in our kitchen, sipping alfalfa tea from one of Mother's good china cups.

"I know it wasn't none of her doin'," the old woman says, pointing at me. I'm sitting across from her. I have already apologized. I am thinking about connecting the brown spots on the backs of her hands with my orange crayon, but I'm connecting the dots in my picture book instead.

•

Blowy John loved to tell that story about Barry and me. He'd describe the tulip fire to our friends in terms of cosmic righteousness (he claimed to love justice), and he'd always admonish me (at the end of the story) for my apology. I would remind him that I was only eight at the time of the incident, but he'd already have plunged into his adamant philosophy of remorse as a cancerous growth.

"It sucks your virility," he'd say. "And it reduces the effectiveness of the act you're apologizing for. If you did it, you must have meant it." I didn't believe he trusted those notions. I believed in his affectionate side, and his radiance. Like the way he carried the sun in his face in Mexico.

•

We are stretched out on the sand, the air from the bay clearing our heads. We're watching the dark-skinned woman as she walks barefoot and balances a wicker tray of watermelon slices on her head. She glides through the sand on hard-muscled legs, haloed against the powerful sun, passing by us like a floating mirage.

"This is where I belong," Blowy John says. He sits up and brushes the sand from his legs. We've been here only two days and he's already tan. I'm covered in protective lotions, turning medium rare, poking the flesh on my arms and watching it turn white where I touch.

We meet few English-speaking people, so we think of ourselves as being invisible. Blowy John says we can be like God; seldom seen but sometimes flaring up like the burning bush. He makes it our game.

Sometimes he stands on a corner, grabs his chest and screams, "Heal me, heal me!" I rush up to him and lay my hands on his head. He goes through a series of violent convulsions, then he picks me up in his arms and carries me away, screaming, "I'm saved, I'm saved!" This we do in front of shrines.

Or sometimes he puts on his sunglasses and goes inside a restaurant. I go in a few minutes later, run up to him and make a pretense of fawning over him. I hand him a pen and paper and he gives me his autograph. Within minutes, other people in the restaurant are bustling around him, shoving pens and pieces of paper in his face. When the game is played just right, we get a free meal from the owner. After we've eaten, we hit the street and become invisible again.

Bananas, oranges, pineapples, tangerines, fish frying copper in the skillet over a campfire on the purple evening beach. This is our usual supper, eaten while the day cools. We take a swim and dry off on our sleeping bags. The beach is deserted now, we are undressed and turning toward each other.

Blowy John kisses me. "I like making love here," he says. "I never want to live with walls again."

"I love you," I say. He pulls me to his chest and I can see tiny grains of sand among his chest hairs. I close my eyes as his hands stroke my back very lightly. I tilt my mouth toward his and he kisses me. My eyes are open, his are closed. His body has a salty smell, his skin is warm from the sun.

I move as close to him as I can and his arms tighten around me. "This is what it feels like to be alive," he says. The waves against the shore sound like explosions.

Later, we go to watch the divers. We sit on rocks at the bottom of a steep hill, huge rocks slippery with spray and moss; the waves splash over our dangling feet.

I'm dreaming in the cool evening, swaying with the rhythmic water, watching the diver kneel before the shrine on top of the cliff. He poses himself on the edge and leaps headfirst into the dusk. There's a year of silence while he drifts through space; even the waves hold their breath.

He is a perfect sweep of form in the air, a Brancusian bird. I think he will not fall into the bay but soar into the cloud-streaked sunset.

No. He is unable to maintain perfection and disappears under the water.

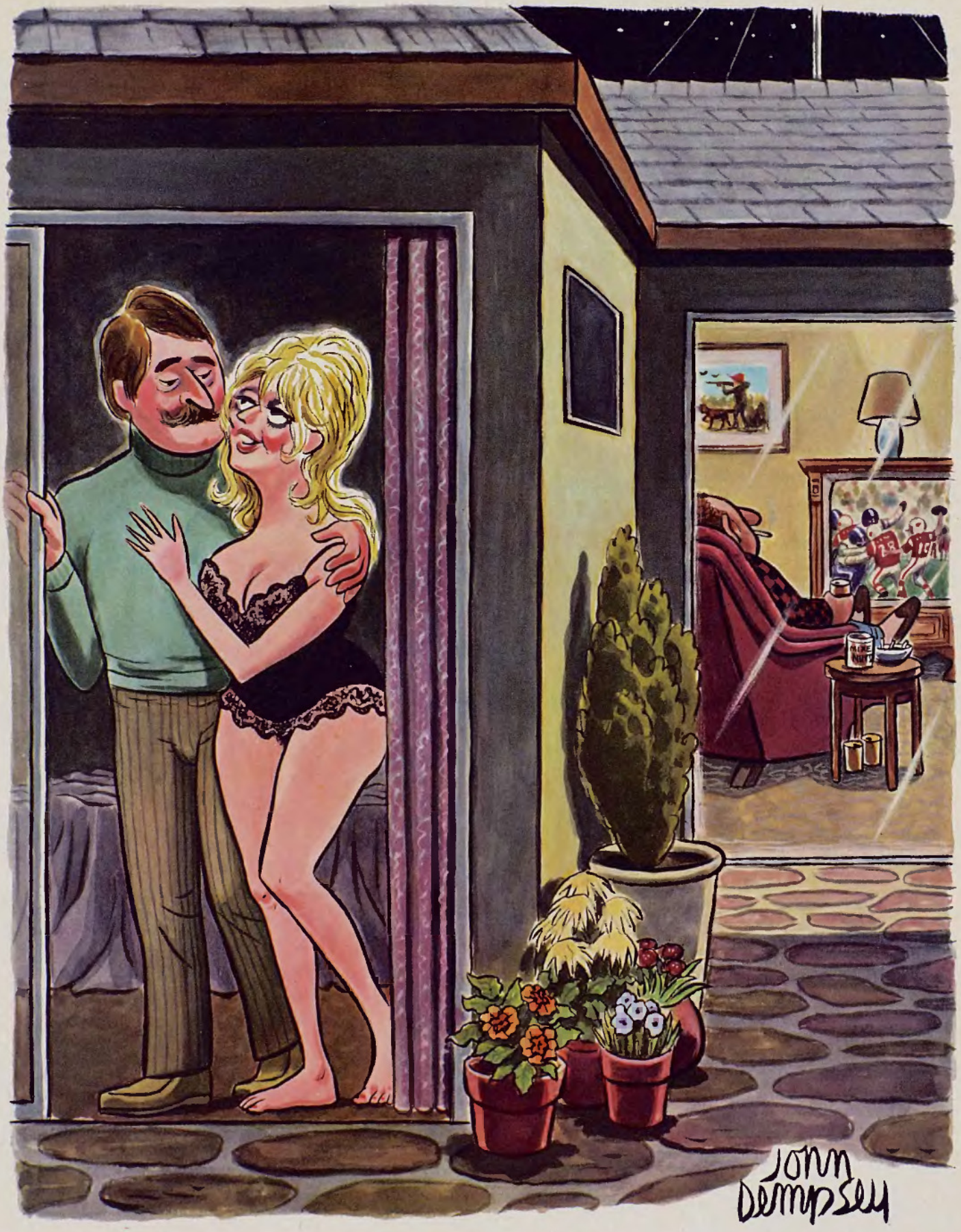
•

I think of Mexico a lot now. Especially during the winter months, when everything is snowy and white and the wind raises red marks on my face. I walk down the street with my coat closed tightly around me, and I tuck my head down and try to imagine myself in warm climates I've known. I remember being invisible in Mexico. I turn up the walkway to the small white house where I live with Blowy John. I turn my key in the lock and hesitate before pushing the door open. He's been staying home less and less and I'm reluctant to discover his absence.

I go inside and am greeted by silence. I turn on the television, the news, but the flat noises of monotoned voices don't hold me. I think about cleaning his room to surprise him. I like to do this, to get involved with his belongings. When I hang up his clothes, I feel closer to him. I put on one of his shirts sometimes or wear his socks. Dressed in his garments, I can pretend he is dependent on me, that there is no pain in our sleeping in different bedrooms.

I was opposed to the idea, but he said he felt cramped, needed space. "If we share the same room, we only have two walls apiece," he said. "I need at least four of my own or I feel trapped." At first, he would come to my room to sleep every night. Gradually, he began falling asleep on the couch, in front of the television, or reading in his room. He began

(continued on page 130)



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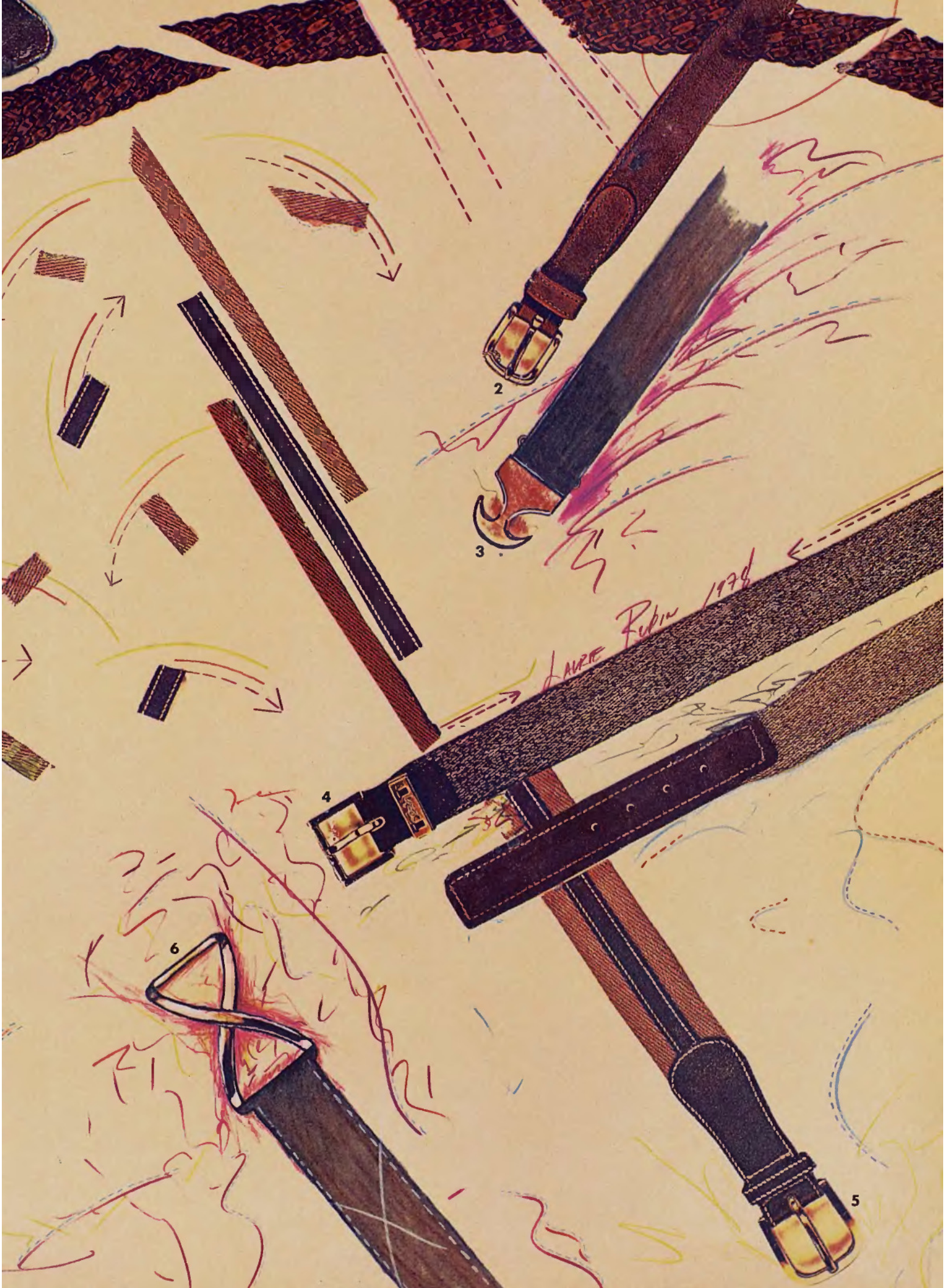
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3
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Laure Rubin 1976

PERFECT MATCH

(continued from page 126)

"He leers at me, his face inches from my own, as if blowing out the match were a secret rite."

staying away in the evenings, coming home late or not at all.

When I question him, he reminds me of my freedom. The last time we made love, he didn't even put his arms around me.

I find his shirt and a pair of jeans on the bathroom floor. The tiles are still wet and I know he's left recently. I throw his shirt into the clothes hamper and walk down the dim hall to his room carrying his pants.

The door is locked. I push against it, but it doesn't budge. I notice that under the doorknob, a new silver lock sparkles on the old wood.

I hold his jeans against my face and bite down hard into the denim. I'm willing to break my teeth to keep the tears back. A piece of paper falls out of his back pocket. I pick it up and read the writing on it. It's a note about a party at a hotel downtown. It's tonight.

•

I've followed Blowy John to the party. He's seated on a couch across the room with another woman. She is gesturing obsessively and he is consuming her with his attention. He doesn't see me. I sit down on a bench near the champagne table.

There's a huge dance floor at one end of the room. The rest of the room is carpeted and lined with couches and leather-cushioned benches. Guests are dressed in a variety of costumes, some formal, some casual, but all very fashionable.

Some of them make cozy-looking circles. A man is standing by the table, smiling at a smooth-looking lady in a strapless floral chiffon. She's running her fingers across his wide beige lapel, while a man standing on the other side of her explores her buttocks with a blue sports-jacket-sleeved arm. Next to him is another woman in a long black hugging knit with a sequined mushroom on each bosomy bulge. One mushroom is pressed into the rib cage of the man in blue, while a beige arm slips slowly down the back of her black knit.

At the end of the table, there's a tall, slender young man in a bright-red shirt. It appears to be made of satin, the way the light dances off it. He's leaning against the table, striking matches one after another and watching them burn down, almost to his finger tips.

I watch him for a few minutes, volleying my attention between him and Blowy John. Red Shirt's jeans are new and cling tightly to his long legs. He's wearing black-and-white tennis shoes.

Another young man, with wild hair and rocky-red eyes, sits down close to me on the leather-cushioned bench. The bags under his eyes are dark and layered and seem to be looking through me. I consider going over and joining Blowy John and his new friend, but I know that would prove him right—that I'm dependent on him to fill in too much of my life. I decide to introduce myself to Red Shirt. I stand up and take a cigarette from my pack. He doesn't see me approach.

"Can I get a light?" I ask. He moves a match to my cigarette and I inhale. Our faces are very close and I can see the flame reflected in his eyes. I pull back a little, take another drag off my cigarette and glance around to Rocky Eyes back on the bench. He's still watching me. I can feel his look in my stomach. Red Shirt says nothing.

"Do you know the host?" I ask. He strikes another match.

"No," he says.

"I don't, either," I say.

His hair is black and shiny and curly. He looks innocent and somewhat removed from the party. We stand together for a few minutes and I listen to the many voices drumming in the air, catching tones but none of the words. I see Blowy John is still listening to the woman on the couch. Her lips are moving rapidly and, for an instant, I think I'm watching a silent movie. I see Blowy John's eyes towing her closer and I remember how easy it is to flow into him.

"Did you come here alone?" I ask Red Shirt. I'm hoping Blowy John will look this way and see us talking, that if he does, it will make some difference.

"Yes," he says. The last match in his book has burned out and he throws the empty matchbook to the floor. For the first time, he looks into my eyes. "I work downstairs in the kitchen and I just got off."

"Oh," I say.

"Yeah," he says, his eyes flashing. "I'm just a gate crasher. You going to tell?" He smiles for the first time. His teeth are very even and he looks more innocent when he smiles. He knows this and draws himself up to his full height to look more powerful.

I shake my head. "What else do you do?" I ask.

He studies me for a long moment, as if he's trying to ascertain my zodiac sign or something. I return his look with sophisticated and studied steadiness, a look I learned in charm school in tenth grade. We seem to be engaged in an undeclared battle.

"I'm an arsonist," he says. He is not smiling now. Our eyes hold, in contest.

"Oh, really?"

"You don't believe me," he says. I smile and shake my head. My eyes are looking at the floor where I am stepping on my cigarette.

"It's OK if you don't believe me," he says. "It's better for me if you don't." He reaches into his jeans and pulls out another book of matches, which he begins to light one by one.

I've returned my attention to Blowy John, who now has his arm around the woman, when Red Shirt interrupts my thoughts. "I try to limit my outbursts to once a year," he says.

"Yes," I answer. "I guess that's the best way."

"Look," he says, holding a burning match straight up in front of me. "Can you see the three colors in the flame? See, on top it's a bright yellow, then kind of shaded, then blue. Notice how the flame is thin and deep at the same time. See how it halos itself as it burns down, separates on either side of the match, leaves the match glowing red?"

I stare at the match, seeing all that he tells me to. The movement of the flame *is* graceful, almost liquid. Occasional streaks strike out from the main body of the flame but are quickly drawn back to it. Suddenly, the head of the match starts glowing red and pushes up through the flame like a sunrise. I am surprised by how suddenly the flame dies out.

"Sometimes," he is saying, "I do it more than once a year." He strikes another match and frowns at the light. For the first time, I notice how the match flame fills his eyes with color. The intensity seems familiar.

"Sometimes," he continues, "it builds up faster, the need, you know, and before I can stop myself . . . whoosh! . . . I'm watching some dump go up in a blaze." He smiles. "It's great. Releases a lot of stress."

"Yes," I say, picturing it in my mind. Thousands of matches burning together, thousands of matchheads glowing. "I guess it must."

Suddenly, a small gust of sour air snuffs out the match. It's Rocky Eyes from the bench. His wiry hair seems to flame out of his scalp in long, thick spirals. He leers at me, his face now inches from my own, as if blowing out the match were a secret initiation rite. I take a step back, but he moves in close enough to brush my arm.

I look across the room for Blowy John and see he now has a hand on the

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BUNNIES OF '78

What's even more fun than a new Club? New Bunnies, of course. Queuing up at Playboy's Dallas digs are (from left above) Kelly Murphey, Cathy Gobel, Monica Walker and Pamela Rawlings. (You'll remember Cathy from last year, we're sure.) The bartender, if you care, is Bill Wagner. Lucky keyholders in Osako, Japan, get to meet Miyuki Kishimae (below), who paints as a hobby.

the ears have it! playboy presents yet another bumper crop of cottontail delights

EVERYONE KNOWS nothing multiplies faster than rabbits. And, as you'll see on the following pages, our own crew of cottontails, the Playboy Bunnies, is growing larger and lovelier by—uh—leaps and bounds.

New hutches are springing up all over the place. Just over a year ago, for instance, we christened our new Dallas Playboy Club. Already, Big D Bunnies threaten to take over PLAYBOY's annual pictorial report. Six—count 'em, six—Lone Star ladies caught our roving photog's eye. Our new Playboy Casino in the Bahamas at Nassau's Ambassador Beach Hotel was opened last spring and was still expanding at presstime. *(text concluded on page 164)*

The new Playboy Cosino in Nassau in the Bohamas is the current home of Croupier Bunny Naomi Shashoua (right). Born in Bombay, she's into yoga, backgammon and toasted cheese sandwiches.

Bunny Michelle Palombi (above) is a dancer. Formerly of the MGM Grand in Vegas, she now calls the L.A. hutch her home. Texan Vangie Silva (right) enjoys four-wheeling and the soaps when she's not turning heads at the Club in Big D. Watch out, though: She's competitive and likes to win.

Sun worshiper Shannon Starling (above left) gets her share and more when she's not working at the Miami Club. One of last year's favorites, she just may become a regular in these pages. It's the first time, though, we've pictured Donna Marie Zuk (above right), an avid ceramist who hangs her ears in the Chicago Club. You've got to travel some to get a peek at Nobuko Chitane (below), but obviously, it's worth it. She's a Tokyo Bunny, a gymnast and she likes men with mustaches. Pardon us, while we grow one.

Bunny Sharon Reid (above) left Minnesota and found her place in the Phoenix sun. She calls herself a "dreamer" and a "one-man woman." Dallas (got to get there—and soon) is home base for Bernie McCool (below), who hopes to be a concert pianist. McCool fans should keep checking our centerfold. She's Playmate material.

Want to capture a queen? Next time you're in London, look up Bunny Pamela Bunn (below), who's a whiz at chess. Back in Miami, you'll find Susan Crane (right) underwater, after hours, doing her scuba thing. Illinois-born Bunny Brooke Rawe (below right) brightens Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort and Country Club while looking for a "soft-spoken man."

This lovely discovery (above left) is appropriately named Yurika Aoki. Yurika collects books and, no doubt, compliments at the Tokyo hutch. Fast cars, gentle horses and macho men make life worth living for Bunny Dori Knecht (above right), a Kentucky native who now rides the range in Phoenix. Up in Great Gorge, they sing the praises of Bunny Diane Schwehr (below), who keeps her fabulous shape by running, swimming and playing field hockey. Snobs and pushy people get a wide berth from Diane.

ST. LOUIS

GREAT GORGE

MANCHESTER

If you don't feel a twinge of *déjà vu* looking at the lass at left, you haven't been paying attention. She's Janis Schmitt, of course, the St. Louis Bunny who bicycled her way to fome os our February Ploymate. Cuddly Bunny Julie Makin (below) makes England swing in our Manchester Club just by being there. Julie breeds cots for kicks.

Body beautiful Monica Barry (below) of our New York Club likes to attend body-building contests—though *she's* probably the main attraction. Monica also has a degree in X-ray technology. Bunny Cheryl Furuya (right) came to the Miami Club from Hawaii. She enjoys car and van shows in her off hours and eventually hopes to own her own night club. She hulas, too, natch.

Hollywood-born Leigh Portner (above) is right at home in our L.A. Club—that is, when she's not on the polo field. A love of water-skiing and para-sailing makes Nassau the perfect place for Croupier Bunny Leila Hunt (below).

NEW YORK MIAMI

special report:

THE HOFFA WARS

an investigation of the violence and corruption surrounding the missing teamster leader whose influence extended to nearly every corner of american public life

including

HOW JIMMY HOFFA BECAME INVOLVED WITH ORGANIZED CRIME
HOW MOB MONEY WAS FUNNELED TO RICHARD NIXON
HOFFA'S SECRET ROLE AS THE CIA'S LINK TO THE MOB
THE HATRED BETWEEN HOFFA AND THE KENNEDY BROTHERS
WHY HOFFA WAS KILLED AND WHO DID IT

article
By DAN E. MOLDEA

At presstime, the U.S. House Assassinations Committee was about to reveal some surprising details regarding the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Many of the same names that were to be discussed by the committee are also major characters in my book "The Hoffa Wars."

In October 1974, as a free-lance writer, I began investigating Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters. Ten months later, I was concentrating exclusively on the union's extortion schemes against trucking companies and terrorist activities against internal rank-and-file reform groups. Investigations of the Hoffa–Frank Fitzsimmons power struggle and of Hoffa's disappearance were of only peripheral concern to me; and I had absolutely no inclination to investigate the alleged assassination plots against either Fidel Castro or John Kennedy. Ironically, however, my conclusions on labor terrorism, rebel movements and shakedowns led me into these areas, which I had, at one time, considered distant and unrelated.

After a brief stint as a Teamsters researcher with NBC, I continued my independent investigations. Then, in late 1975 and early 1976, I received $2100 from the Hoffa Reward Fund, which had been established in the wake of the Hoffa murder. Hoffa's son, attorney James P. Hoffa, Jr., who was the administrator of the fund, simply told me to do whatever I had to do, no matter how embarrassing to him, his family or his father's memory, in order to help uncover the truth about Hoffa's execution.

Meanwhile, I was hired part time by The Detroit Free Press. *We worked for the next eight months on the extortion plots I had uncovered, during which time I severed my financial relationship with young Hoffa. Soon after, I began receiving a series of grants from the Fund for Investigative Journalism in Washington, D.C., which continued after my story was published. Simultaneously, I was doing some work on the same subject for columnist Jack Anderson. With the help of money and contacts supplied by the F.I.J. and Anderson, my investigations snowballed, forcing me into those areas that I had thought to be unrelated to my work.*

I was not completely new to the Teamsters union and its problems when I started my work on "The Hoffa Wars": I had worked on a loading platform and had even driven a small truck while in college. On a hot summer day in 1971, while I was en route to Columbus, Ohio, the cargo I was hauling exploded and I was nearly killed. Eight truckers pulled over and probably saved my life. "The Hoffa Wars" is part payment on my debt to those eight men and to the dissident rank-and-file Teamsters who kept me alive during my four-year investigation.

JIMMY HOFFA'S most valuable contribution to the American labor movement came at the moment he stopped breathing on July 30, 1975. The involuntary act occurred in the midst of his dramatic bid to recapture the general presidency of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, which he had lost during five years in prison. Still popular among reporters with short memories who insisted upon portraying him as a working-class hero, and among rank-and-file admirers who had forgiven him for stealing from them, Hoffa nevertheless had a slim chance of a comeback. His release from prison in late 1971 led to a futile four-year struggle for power; his execution opened the floodgates for investigations into the Teamsters and the underworld, their illicit enterprises, their influence on the Nixon White House and their role in assassination plots against a foreign leader—as well as a possible involvement

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

in the assassination of an American President.

Convicted in two separate trials of jury tampering and of defrauding the union's pension fund, Hoffa had become an outsider to the Teamsters' high command when he entered Lewisburg Penitentiary in March 1967. His problems began less than a month later, when he and his successor, Frank Fitzsimmons, disagreed over a union appointment. The increasingly bitter war between the two old friends lasted until Hoffa died and was to be carried on by Hoffa's supporters even after he was gone. Many would think that this split with Fitzsimmons was the key factor in his death. But there is evidence that could lead to the possible conclusion that he was murdered for other reasons: specifically, his alleged role in the plots to murder Fidel Castro—plots that involve figures linked for the first time to events surrounding the assassination of President Kennedy.

ROOTS OF POWER

In 1967, Fitzsimmons suddenly inherited the uncontrollable monster Hoffa had created over the previous 25 years: an alliance between the union and organized crime. While this alliance has been well documented by the McClellan committee hearings of 1957–1960, its roots have been unclear until now. Hoffa, I found, was introduced to Detroit mobsters Frank Coppola and Santo Perrone in or about 1934 by his lover, Sylvia Pagano. He asked for and received Mob muscle seven years later, when the local Teamsters in Detroit were being strongly challenged by a rival union. After the Teamsters-underworld alliance had driven the opposing labor organization out of the city, Hoffa reciprocated the Mob's strong-arm work by giving it access to union funds. With a new façade of legitimacy, the Detroit underworld became the center of the international narcotics traffic from 1947 to 1952, after Coppola was deported to Italy and became a lieutenant to Charles Luciano, the New York mobster who had been released from jail and deported. Because of his importance in that drug connection, Hoffa was introduced to other dope peddlers in Chicago, Florida, Louisiana and New York. Those associations were a major reason for his rise from a union organizer and business agent to president of the Detroit local in 1946 to I.B.T. vice-president in 1952 and to I.B.T. general president in 1957.

When Fitzsimmons took over ten years later, he was unwilling and unable to battle the underworld. So, instead, he promptly decentralized the union autocracy Hoffa had used to build his empire, hoping to insulate himself from direct contact with organized crime. Among the immediate benefactors of Fitzsimmons' policies were local and regional Teamster leaders around the country, who acquired a considerable amount of new power in the 2,000,000-member I.B.T. Instead of clamoring for the attention of one man, such as Hoffa, mobsters merely had to call their area Teamster representatives for favors. Teamster bosses who cooperated became wealthy.

Without the daily burden of defending his professional relationship with organized-crime figures to the press and the rank and file—as Hoffa had spent much of his career doing—Fitzsimmons used his free time to back up his union subordinates and to make new friends in politics and big labor.

THE NIXON CONNECTION

Things were going well for the I.B.T. under Fitzsimmons. Its first- and second-level officials were happy, and so was the national crime syndicate. Then, in November 1968, Richard Nixon was elected President of the United States. Because the Teamsters had gone with the rest of organized labor and supported Hubert

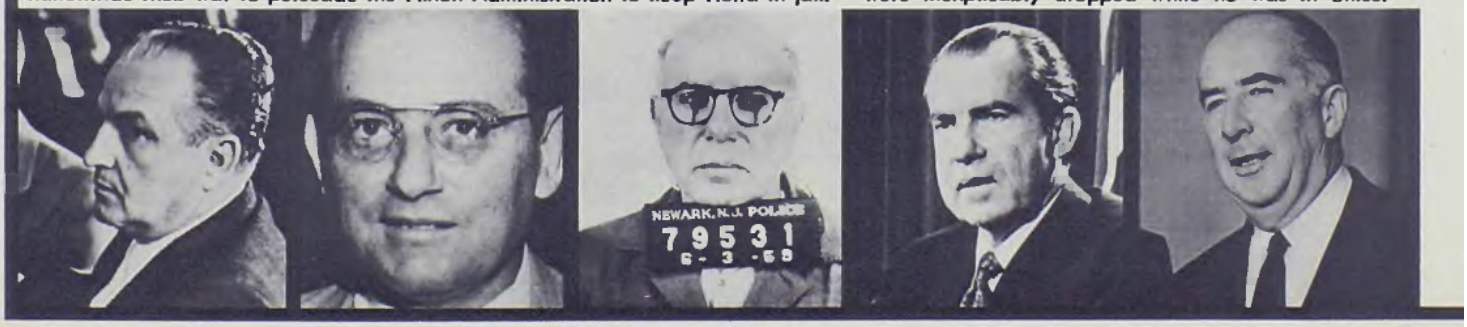
A HOFFA SCRAPBOOK

Jimmy Hoffa (left) and Frank Fitzsimmons (right) rose through union ranks together, starting in Detroit in the Thirties. Years later, Fitzsimmons succeeded Hoffa as Teamster president. Their power struggle began a month after Hoffa went to jail in 1967, when Fitzsimmons began to undercut Hoffa's authority and support.

Attorney General Robert Kennedy led the Government investigation of the Teamsters. Hoffa hated Kennedy and their enmity mode headlines for years.

By 1961, the CIA was recruiting powerful crime-syndicate figures to try to kill Castro. Hoffa may have been an early CIA-mobster go-between.

Chicago mobster Sam Giancona was recruited to help kill Castro. Before he could talk to the Senate in 1975, he was murdered in his home.



Carlos Marcello (left), Santos Trafficante (center) and Joseph Bonanno formed a powerful crime alliance in the Southern states. Bonanno underboss Carmine Galante (right) befriended Hoffa in prison in 1967. Those four became Hoffa's chief supporters when crime bosses in Northeastern states backed the newly appointed Fitzsimmons. Fitzsimmons' allies used the possibility of that split's erupting into a nationwide Mob war to persuade the Nixon Administration to keep Hoffa in jail.

Hoffa had supported Richard Nixon in 1960 and expected an early release from jail once Nixon was in the White House. Attorney General John Mitchell had pledged law and order for the country, but investigations of Teamster officials and underworld figures were inexplicably dropped while he was in office.

Humphrey that year, Nixon's election was bad news.

Nixon had formed a *quid pro quo* relationship with Hoffa during his 1960 Presidential campaign against John Kennedy, brother of Hoffa's archenemy. Until he resigned to manage his brother's campaign, Robert Kennedy was the chief counsel to the Senate Rackets Committee, which investigated the Teamsters in general and Hoffa in particular. Those wars between Hoffa and Robert Kennedy were headline news for three years. That, combined with rumors that Robert Kennedy would become Attorney General if his brother were elected, led Hoffa to put his union at Nixon's disposal.

According to new information, just before the first of the Nixon-Kennedy debates that began on September 26, 1960, Hoffa quietly made a trip to New Orleans to meet with Carlos Marcello, a Louisiana Mob figure whom he had met through Coppola. Hoffa associate Edward Partin, who was present at the meeting (and later provided the Government with the damning testimony that led to Hoffa's jury-tampering conviction), told me that Marcello passed Hoffa a suitcase stuffed with $500,000 in cash. (Partin was considered by the Kennedy Justice Department an impeccable source of information in this matter.) The money was half of a $1,000,000 contribution being given to the Nixon campaign. The other half was coming from other Mob sources on the East Coast and in Miami. There is no proof that the money ever reached its destination, but on January 6, 1961, columnist Drew Pearson wrote that by the end of the previous September, Vice-President Nixon had successfully intervened with Attorney General William Rogers, convincing him not to indict Hoffa for a land-fraud scheme in Florida.

Knowing of that transaction, it was no surprise to Fitzsimmons and the rest of the Teamster leadership that Nixon, upon being elected in 1968, was considering an early release for Hoffa. Unlike Fitzsimmons, Hoffa had supported Nixon in 1968 through his influence with remaining friends in the union.

For Hoffa, however, problems remained, and they would prove to be his undoing. In Lewisburg, he had made an alliance with dope trafficker Carmine Galante, the underboss of the Joseph Bonanno crime family of New York, which was in internal conflict over the family's line of succession. Although other Mob families had at first been neutral in these "Banana Wars," which lasted from 1963 to 1969, their attitude quickly changed when they uncovered a plot to murder two other New York crime-family bosses. Because Bonanno's elder son was implicated in the plot, a majority of the members of the national crime syndicate ordered Joseph Bonanno to respond to the charge. When he refused to cooperate and began raiding other underworld jurisdictions, Bonanno was expelled from the ruling council, which quietly began supporting the rebels in the Bonanno clan. Fearful of Mob reprisals and Government prosecution, Bonanno arranged for his own disappearance, which lasted from 1964 to 1966.

Although it was staged to appear as though Bonanno had been kidnaped, former New York police detective supervisor and organized-crime expert Ralph Salerno told me that Bonanno had been spotted after he had vanished and "was obviously moving independently. There didn't appear to be any restriction on his movements." While underground, Bonanno made a coalition with two other powerful organized-crime figures, Marcello of Louisiana and Florida's Santos Trafficante. Moving his New York operations to Arizona—where he already had considerable clout—Bonanno, with his new friends, formed a triumvirate that rivaled the New York underworld forces.

By making his prison pact with Galante, Hoffa was also allying himself

John Roselli did tell the Senate about the Castro plots. Four months later, his body was found in a 55-gallon drum floating in Miami's Biscayne Bay.

President Kennedy's murder sparked conspiracy rumors. Mobsters linked to the CIA Castro plots (and to Hoffa) are known to have threatened him.

"Bobby Kennedy is just another lawyer now," Hoffa told a reporter after the President was murdered. Jack Ruby (center) had much closer ties to Hoffa associates and the underworld than the Warren Commission claimed. David Ferrie (right) worked for New Orleans mobster Carlos Marcello and went to Cuban Revolutionary Council meetings in the same building where, at that time, Lee Harvey Oswald (left) headed the local Fair Play for Cuba committee.

During Nixon's final days, General Alexander Haig, White House Chief of Staff, conducted a secret investigation into Nixon's ties with the Mob.

William Bufolino (below left) was Hoffa's attorney. He shared an office with Chuck O'Brien (below right), Hoffa's "foster son," who was questioned about the murder. David Johnson (bottom, far left) and Rolland McMaster (bottom, far right), old friends, became key figures in Hoffa's war to regain Teamster leadership.

Government investigators believe that Russell Bufalino (left) and Anthony Provenzano (right) are key figures in the Hoffa disappearance. Bufolino, who is William Bufalino's cousin, has also been linked to the Castro plots. Provenzano is serving a life sentence for killing a rival New Jersey Teamster leader.

with Bonanno. It can be surmised that Hoffa became a key figure in this brewing North-South Mob power struggle. As president of the Teamsters, Hoffa controlled the multimillion-dollar Teamster pension funds and the loans that were coming out of them. The Mob, therefore, relied on him to help finance their illicit activities. Before going to prison, he had had a close working relationship with the New York crime families, as well as with Marcello and Trafficante, but his ties to the latter two mobsters were exceptionally close and personal.

THE CIA-MOBSTER LINK

After the Cuban Revolution in 1959, Fidel Castro began throwing the American Mob off the island. Marcello and Trafficante were among the big losers who were exiled by the new government. Both had lost their best gambling and narcotics connections and were interested in ways to recoup their losses. At the same time that they were trying to recapture their lost territory, the CIA, which was in the process of planning the Bay of Pigs invasion, got wind of the losses suffered by Marcello and Trafficante and other underworld figures and tried to capitalize on them. Trafficante was among those mobsters solicited for the now-famous CIA plots to assassinate Castro. The offer came to him via a series of contacts that included Robert Maheu (an advisor to Howard Hughes with a complex background in the intelligence community), gangster John Roselli and Chicago Mob boss Sam Giancana.

But before those connections were established by the CIA, others were solicited to help subvert the Cuban government who had been approached before Maheu, Roselli and Giancana became active participants in the plots.

Hoffa's attorney, William Bufalino, a Detroit Teamster official, had a cousin, Russell Bufalino, who had had an interest in a large gambling casino and a race track near Havana during the Batista regime. Russell, a powerful Mob figure in the Northeast U. S., had been the cohost of the famous 1957 Apalachin mobster conference. Among his partners in New York were underworld figures Salvatore Granello and James Plumeri, two captains of the Thomas Lucchese crime family. Granello and Plumeri were also in business with Hoffa at the time, splitting kickbacks on loans from the Teamsters' Central States Pension Fund to enterprises in Florida, New Jersey and New York. According to Senate investigators, when Castro purged Batista and closed down the business interests of Bufalino and his associates, these organized-crime leaders left $750,000 in cash behind in Cuba. When the CIA learned of that during the planning of the Cuban invasion, the mobsters were approached by a middleman—his identity is still unconfirmed—who suggested that in return for their cooperation, the CIA might be able to help recover their money.

Although Maheu freely admitted to me that he was responsible for bringing Roselli, Giancana and Trafficante into the intelligence agency's strategy to overthrow the Cuban government, he denies having had any role in or any knowledge of the covert activities of Bufalino, Granello and Plumeri.

"Things were happening before I became involved," Maheu says. "Therefore, I might not know about them."

If Maheu did not contact Bufalino and his associates, who did? Charles Crimaldi, a Chicago underworld hit man and Giancana associate turned Government informant, says the "original liaison" between the CIA and the Mob was Jimmy Hoffa. (Crimaldi, who is considered "absolutely reliable" by several officials of the Bureau of Narcotics, was the subject of a biography titled *Contract Killer*.) Given knowledge of how the CIA operated at the time and of how deeply Hoffa was connected to the men the CIA was soliciting for its activities against Castro and the Cuban government, Crimaldi's information strongly implies that it was Hoffa who pursuaded Bufalino, Granello and Plumeri to cooperate with the agency. During my investigation, I learned that Hoffa not only had been a direct participant in the gunrunning traffic to Batista before the revolution but also had tried to obtain loans from the Central States Pension Fund, prior to the Mob's expulsion from the island, for a fleet of airplanes to be delivered to the new Castro government.

When the murder of Castro became the secret trump card that would precede the invasion, the CIA would have decided to replace Hoffa with Maheu because of the mounting legal pressure being placed upon the Teamster leader by the Kennedy brothers, who were unaware of the Castro murder plots and of the fact that the CIA was cooperating with the Mob at the time.

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Hoffa's relationship with those close to the American-Cuban crime community can be documented back to 1957. Hoffa had sent his number-one organizer, Rolland McMaster of Detroit, to Miami to establish Local 320, which, according to the McClellan committee, ultimately served as a front for many of the Mob's gambling and narcotics activities. Trafficante—who, according to union officials, was also instrumental in setting up the local—occupied a small office in the union hall.

The key man in helping McMaster start Local 320 was an assassin for Giancana named David Yaras, once a pinball/slot-machine concessionaire under Al Capone. Yaras was among the first members of the Chicago underworld to "discover" Florida after Capone went to jail in 1931. He was second only to Trafficante with his number of Cuban contacts and was heavily involved in the gambling operations of the island before the fall of Batista.

A year after McMaster and Yaras set up Miami Local 320, McMaster, with Hoffa's approval, named a convicted New York extortionist, Harold Gross, to head it. Gross was a close friend of McMaster's and, according to the McClellan committee, a former associate of the Syndicate hit team Murder, Inc. His duties included passing out sweetheart contracts and shaking down taxicab companies, service stations and parking-lot attendants. McMaster also set up several other locals in the Miami area and packed each one with talent almost equal to that of Local 320. Eventually, many of the gangsters helping out with organizing activities in Miami would become involved with Russell Bufalino in the CIA plots against Castro that began with the planning of the Bay of Pigs invasion.

PLOTS AND THREATS

The fact of America's most secret Government agency teaming up with its most powerful criminals is sinister enough. Even more troubling, however, was my realization that ties between the plots to kill Castro and the murder of President Kennedy keep showing up once certain other relationships are fitted into the puzzle.

In February 1961, the CIA passed a set of poison pills, earmarked for Castro, to Maheu's liaison with Trafficante, John Roselli. The pills were then passed to a mystery man who until now was known only as a leader of Cuban exiles.

That man, whose identity was confirmed to me by three sources, was Antonio de Varona, the former president of the Cuban senate, who had been training the invasion forces in Guatemala. However, like the invasion, De Varona's attempts to murder Castro failed.

De Varona was a cofounder of the Cuban Revolutionary Council, the government in exile that had hoped to return to power had the assassination of Castro and the invasion succeeded. One member of the C.R.C. in New Orleans was anti-Castro activist David Ferrie, who was employed as an investigator-pilot for Carlos Marcello. Four days after the Kennedy assassination, Ferrie had been questioned by the FBI about his alleged

(continued on page 256)

"Eureka! I've invented the garter belt!"

TORTOISE WINS AGAIN

relax, conservationists—the stylish paraphernalia pictured here wasn't made from the back of a reptile; it just looks that way

modern living

Above: Tortoise-shell-type products include two-sided grooming mirror, from Marshall Field, $25; shoehorn, $3.75, and French handmade toothbrushes, $8.50 each, all from Boyd Chemists.

Left: A three-inch-high tortoise-lacquer-finished desk clock with Roman numerals and sword-shaped hands, from Cartier, $200, sits atop a similarly finished cigarette case that holds ten smokes, by Colibri, $24.95. In front of the clock: The same look—this time in a cigarette lighter with invisible mechanism, from Cartier, $215. Right: Tortoise-type plastic highball glasses and matching old fashioned glasses, from H. J. Stotter, $12 each for a set of six.

WEALTHY ancient Romans prized tortoise shell as an ornamental veneer for their furniture. And until recently, it was used for everything from snuffboxes to cabinetry inlays. We can understand why. Tortoise shell (taken mainly from the hawksbill turtle) has a compelling, masculine appearance that makes even insignificant objects such as tissue and cotton-ball containers appear incredibly good-looking. None of the items pictured here is made of genuine tortoise shell, of course, but they all look and feel like the real McCoy. What more can you ask?

Above: Cotton-ball container, $3, and tissue dispenser, $13.95, both from Canal Street Plastics. Left: These boar-bristle brushes are crafted in France, using a method whereby each bristle is hand-tied to the brush. They include: An all-purpose hairbrush, $85, and, above it, a man's blow-drying hairbrush, $30, and a back brush for the bath, $29.95, all from Boyd Chemists. Below: For those who wish to travel incognito—a pair of Bill Blass–designed tortoise-rimmed sunglasses, by Titmus, $35.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

UNIQUE MONIQUE

she's a model, a psychiatric technician and an outdoors (indoors, too) lover

YOU WILL notice that the sled dogs at left seem to be smiling. We don't blame them. The lady holding the reins is Monique St. Pierre, a 25-year-old German-born model who, for the time being, is the great good fortune of Denver, where she's in extreme professional demand. The poster for Lange skiing equipment at the top of this page is an example of her work. Kinda makes you want to crawl around the slopes a little with her, doesn't it? "I always feel free in front of the camera," Monique says, "because no matter what the job is, I make it mine." Once, trying out for a national soft-drink ad, she made her entrance into the audition room by simply extending her arm through the cracked door, holding a bottle of the product in her hand. Her head followed, grinning from ear to ear, then the rest of her whizzed in like Loretta Young and she introduced herself. Needless to say, they called her back, "despite the fact that according to my agent, I was almost 'too sexy,' which, in the modeling business, means I have breasts." Indeed

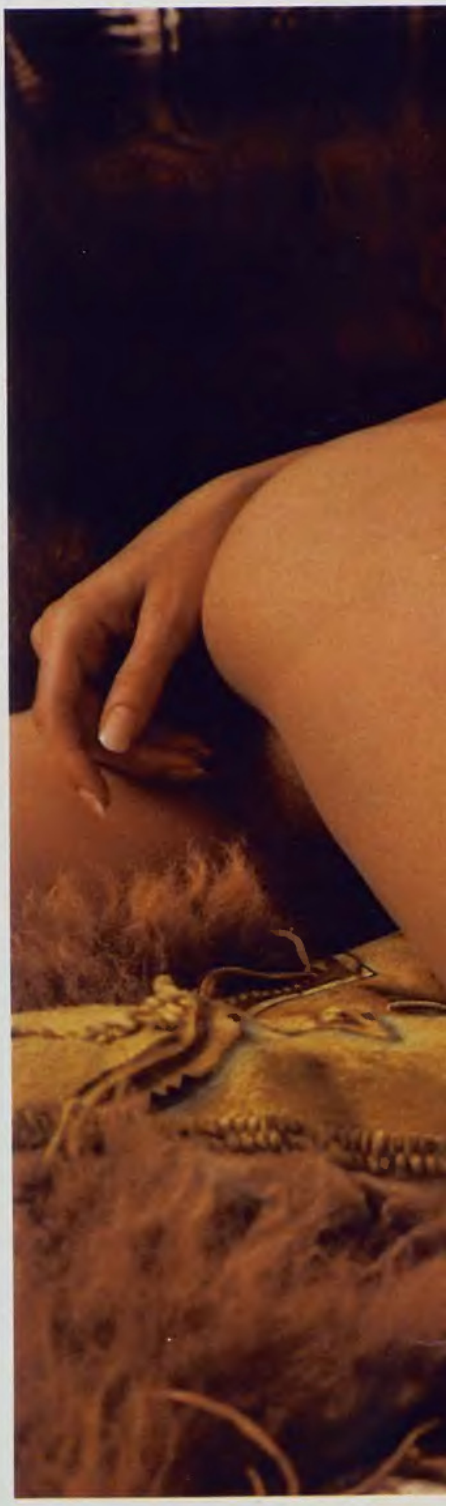
"I love making love when it's a little chilly. Particularly under an open window. It's kind of nice to feel a little cool air on your behind sometimes."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

At left, Monique checks out some of the local flora in André's, an Aspen restaurant, with a friend who presumably has hair on his chest. "I love men's chests. They're as beautiful as women's. It's the hair that gets to me."

she does, and many other assets as well. She speaks fluent German and some French, and she holds a degree as a psychiatric technician. And she's an outdoors person with enough savvy to stalk the wild asparagus. "I'm incredibly well informed about the outdoors. I can look at any track in this part of the country and tell you exactly what animal made it." (So watch your step, fella.) Every morning, she gets up at six, eats breakfast, reads the paper, calls her agency and schedules her day. Then she goes out to swim, bicycle or jog five miles around a nearby lake. Part of Monique's appeal as a model is her obvious comfort with her body. She attributes her aura of healthy sexuality to her European upbringing. "Europeans are raised much more liberally as far as sex is concerned. For instance, in Europe, nude beaches are old hat. Here, they're still controversial." Monique was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, and when she was two and a half months old, moved with her parents to Munich, where she grew up. She graduated from high school in Munich at 17 and came to America to go to college and nursing school in Madison, Wisconsin. She moved from Madison to Boulder, Colorado, in 1973 and began her skyrocketing

Monique kills an après-ski beer (bottom left) at the foot of Aspen's Little Nell ski run. That's what we call suspendered animation.



"I like lovemaking to be very slow, relaxed. People put too much energy into making things happen rather than letting them happen. I think the best lover I ever had was a very romantic American."

"Sometimes sex is better when it happens in odd places. A jet, an elevator, a fire escape, a park. I find that very exciting."

modeling career. She's serious about her independence. "My individuality is very important to me. I cannot stand to be dominated and I cannot stand being mediocre at what I'm doing." Right now, she's working on being the best model she can be, and she's studying to be the best actress she can be. "I've been studying acting here in Denver, and I love it. I've signed with Wilhelmina in New York and I'll be moving there soon. I'm going to find the best New York acting instructor I can and devote myself to the art until I know I have the ability to take a major role in a play or a movie." One source of Monique's admirable confidence is hypnosis. "My life last year was moving more quickly than I could handle. I desperately wanted to relax. By coincidence, I met a hypnotherapist, who put me under, then suggested that I wake up feeling calm and refreshed. I stayed under for three hours, just loving the feeling. Then, when he brought me out, I felt great. He hypnotized me out of a cold once; just made my fever vanish." We wondered if a strong-willed person like herself wasn't afraid to submit to hypnosis. "Not at all. You really won't do anything you don't want to do. As an experiment, the hypnotist suggested I meet him in his hotel room at a certain time. Of course, I didn't show up." On the other hand, he might be a better hypnotist than she suspects.

Monique, who classifies herself as an enthusiastic intermediate skier, heads for the slopes at nearby Aspen whenever she can. Below, she shops at Silver Threads, a popular leather-and-fur shop.

When a girl as lovely as Monique heads out for a ski weekend, it seems everybody wants to help her have a good time. Above right, she has her bindings fitted in an Aspen ski shop. Below, she attracts admirers in Little Nell's bar at the base of Aspen Mountain.

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Monique St. Pierre

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Monique St. Pierre

BUST: 36 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 117 SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 11/25/53 BIRTHPLACE: Weisbaden, Germany

GOALS: To continue to do fashion and commercial modeling and to become a competent actress.

TURN-ONS: Camping and making love outside in the summer in the rain. The smell of fresh ground coffee, silk tops, the whitecaps on mountains, strawberry cheesecake, thunder.

TURN-OFFS: Hypocrites, litter, people who mistreat animals.

FAVORITE FOODS: Escargots, trout cooked on a campfire, watermelon, carrots, jalapeño peppers, which I eat till I perspire.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Styx, Fleetwood Mac, Barbra Streisand, Gino Vannelli, Ferrante and Teicher, Head First, Stevie Wonder.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Driftwood Valley by Theodore Fletcher, Erogenous Zones by Dr. Wayne Dyer, Looking Out For No. 1 by Robert Ringer.

FAVORITE PASTIME: I love to do total body massage. Starting at your feet, working each bone in your feet, then coming up the legs, not missing a square inch of your body, all the way up to the eyes.

age 3: I wanted to be a little movie star, I think.

age 8: It looks like everything's under control.

age 17: Just love those cheeks.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When the realtor offered coffee to the lusciously built house hunter, she appeared to be somewhat offended. "Look," the man reassured her, "we both know that you're a very attractive woman, but I'm not being presumptuous. It's pretty standard real-estate practice to discuss a customer's needs over a cup of coffee."

The woman seemed mollified. "Yes, please," she said, "I will have some."

"Fine!" chortled the man. "Tell me," he continued, "do you take cream in your pussy?"

Young Tommy was being read the riot act by his father after having been caught abusing himself in the attic. "But it was a patriotic gesture, Pop," insisted the boy.

"*Patriotic* gesture?"

"Sure. I had a red cock, white knuckles and blue balls."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotent mariner* as a salt with a dead weapon.

It's understandable why pimps don't go to night school. Who wants to crack the books when he can book the cracks?

When a kinky old loner named Chase
Had a sitter report to his place
And she asked, "There's a kid?"
He said, "No—there's an id!
You're a sitter . . . so sit on my face!"

I'm really curious," said a fellow to his buddy. "Level with me: Did you somehow manage to get laid last night on your date with the Siamese twins?"

"To be frank with you," replied the buddy, "yes and no."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *neighborhood orgy* as a naked friendsy.

What is your favorite party activity, Susie?" inquired the visiting grandmother.

"Taffy pulling," replied the girl.

"That's a nice, old-fashioned recreation," beamed Granny. "Did you do that at your last party?"

"No," said Susie.

"Why not, dear?"

"Taffy's zipper was stuck."

The Treasury Department *really* could have stirred up controversy about what female should be featured on a U. S. monetary unit by announcing that a new three-dollar bill would bear the likeness of Anita Bryant.

A furniture salesgirl named Niles
Brings quickie male-customer smiles.
Her talents are fabled
When couched, chaired or tabled,
Since she comes in a wide range of styles.

We've been told there's a new Soviet morality play about a defector to the West who loses both his morality and his sanity. He takes to wearing and flaunting sexy panties day and night and keeps attempting to seduce elderly women. The title of this enthralling drama is *Lacenik and Old Arse.*

You will be granted three wishes," announced the genie, "but with a kicker—your worst enemy will receive double what you do."

"I'd like to have a dozen stunning girls at my sexual beck and call!" exclaimed the man.

"Here are their names and phone numbers," responded the imp, "but twenty-four new entries have been magically made in your enemy's datebook."

"I'd also like to have two inches added to my manhood!"

"You now have them, but your enemy's endowment has grown four inches."

"And as my third and last wish, Mr. Genie," said the fellow, smiling, "I'd like to have *one* of my testicles disappear."

Not many people today know that Horace Greeley had scrambled hormones. It was when a handsome youth had become exhausted in a strenuous private session with him that Greeley counseled, "Go West, young man. But weturn to my woom tonight."

Horny as hell, the man had been aggressively caressing his blasé wife in the hope of bringing her to an appropriate level of physiological response. "Come, now, Charles," chided the woman with a yawn as her husband impatiently eyeballed her pudenda, "don't you know that a watched twat never boils?"

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.*

B Kliban

THE SIXTIES TEST

you lived through them, but did you learn anything?

By DAN CARLINSKY

IF THERE'S anything more terrifying than running into a kid at a rock concert who tells you he wasn't even born when the Beatles came onto the scene, it's being reminded that the Sixties began *18* years ago. So even if you never thought the Sixties were a proper subject for nostalgia, test yourself on these questions. You may be surprised to find out how long ago it all happened. This quiz was excerpted from the forthcoming book of the same title.

WHERE?

1. Where was Adolf Eichmann captured?
2. Can you locate Lincoln Park, People's Park and Thompson Square Park? (No credit unless you name every city.)
3. Where did Governor George Wallace "stand in the schoolhouse door"?
4. Where did the CIA train anti-Castro troops for the Bay of Pigs invasion?
5. Complete this phrase: "Beautiful downtown _____."
6. Name the motel in which Anthony Perkins stabbed Janet Leigh in *Psycho*.
7. What was the name of L.B.J.'s ranch in Texas?

WHY?

1. "This is John Chancellor, somewhere in custody." Why?
2. In 1967, smart folks were keeping their eyes open for a certain kind of one-dollar bill. What kind and why?
3. Selective Service reclassified Cassius Clay 1-A in 1967. Earlier, he had been deferred. Why?

AND ONE TO THROW YOU FOR A LOOP

There was Sandra Dee, Ruby Dee and Dee Dee Sharp. Now, what about these other "ee" types—all singers? Can you match them?

1. Joey Dee — sang *Sweet 16*
2. Bobby Vee — sang *Massachusetts*
3. The Bee Gees — sang *Devil or Angel*
4. B. B. King — sang *Peppermint Twist*
5. Dee Clark — sang *Raindrops*

MEMORABLE MARRIAGES

1. Who raised eyebrows by marrying Happy Murphy?
2. Where were Herbert Khaury and Victoria May Budinger married on December 17, 1969?
3. Where did Jackie marry Ari?
4. Where was Patrick Nugent's wedding reception?
5. Does the name Hope Cooke ring a bell? (Ten points extra credit for naming her alma mater.)
6. Which celebrity couple staged a "bed-in" for peace during their honeymoon?
7. Ready? When Debbie and Eddie divorced so Eddie could marry Liz (whose third husband, Mike, had died in a plaue crash), Debbie married _____. (Ten points extra credit: What was his business?)
8. Later, of course, after Liz and Eddie split and Liz married Dick, Eddie married _____.

COMPLETE THE QUOTE

1. "Michael, row the boat ashore, _____."
2. "Hare krishna, hare krishna, _____."
3. "War is not healthy for _____."
4. "I have a _____."
5. "I can't get no _____."
6. "Sorry about that, _____."

THE MOVIES

1. What was Barbra Streisand's first movie?
2. Charles Laughton and Clark Gable did it in 1935. Who did it in 1962? Did what?
3. Paul Newman was in five H movies of the Sixties. Two of them were *Harper* and *Hud*. Can you name the three others?
4. Who played Lolita?
5. Yes, Peter Sellers played the strange President in *Dr. Strangelove*. But what was the character's strange name? (Ten points extra credit: Give the film's subtitle.)
6. What was the last line spoken in *Easy Rider*?
7. She played the lead in *Myra Breckenridge* and, for part of the time, she—of all people—played a man. Who was she?
8. In the Sixties, only one film won *four* of the top six Oscars (Best Picture, Actor, Actress, Supporting Actor, Supporting Actress, Director). Name the film and the award winners.

IF YOU CAN'T ANSWER THIS ONE, THE WHOLE DECADE WAS A WASTE

What's the proper response to "Say good night, Dick"?

BOOKS

1. What funny book contains the line "Who promoted Major Major?"?
2. Repeat the Peter Principle precisely, please.
3. And who called his life story *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*?
4. And whose posthumous autobiography, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, was a big seller in 1960?
5. A young lawyer wrote this one, and it triggered Federal legislation. Figure

it out: *U*_____ *a*_____ *A*_____ *S*_____, by R_____ N_____.

6. Franny and Zooey's last name, please.

TRUE OR FALSE?

1. Frank Borman walked on the moon.
2. Ebbets Field was converted to an indoor athletic facility.
3. Princeton gave Bob Dylan an honorary degree.
4. Mayor Daley testified at the trial of the Chicago Seven.
5. Glen Campbell was once a Beach Boy.
6. Spiro Agnew nominated Richard Nixon in 1968.

MUSIC: TAKE 25

1. Of whom did this group sing, "You were my first love, and you'll be my last love"? And name the group.
2. Who sang, "All the leaves are brown, and the sky is gray"?
3. This guy was the type, according to one of his hits, "who likes to roam around." Can you name him, his group and the hit?
4. What can stop the Duke of Earl?
5. What did Aretha Franklin do to the Beatles' *Eleanor Rigby*?
6. Who started the twist?
7. According to Malvina Reynolds, what were the little boxes on the hillside all made out of?

SALUTES

1. The most famous salute of the Sixties was given at a funeral. By whom?
2. What celebrated news photo showed American military officers extending middle fingers?
3. Describe the Vulcan salute. (Ten points extra credit if you know the appropriate accompanying blessing.)

FRIENDLY ANIMALS

1. Name Caroline Kennedy's pony.
2. Walt Disney Studios did a movie in 1961 about more than 100 dogs of a certain breed. How many, precisely, and what breed?
3. Remember L.B.J.'s beagles—the ones he hoisted up by the ears? Name them.
4. What pig was put up for the Presidency in 1968?
5. Where's the best place to put a tiger?

ONE LITTLE WORD

1. In *The Graduate*, Dustin Hoffman is told the key to the future lies in _____.
2. What's the word the young Helen Keller tries to say in the film *The Miracle Worker*?
3. In a word, describe Jackie at the time of the November 1960 election.
4. A young singer's TV special: *My Name Is* _____.
5. *The Group* was Mary McCarthy's story of eight _____ graduates.

QUICK ASSOCIATIONS

Read down the list and see what these entries make you think of. Just say the first thing that pops into your head.

1. The shape of a table.
2. A woman named Viva.
3. Mudge, Stern, Baldwin and Todd.
4. Hump the Hostess.
5. Clay Shaw.
6. A TV commercial showing a little girl, flowers and a mushroom cloud.

WHAT DO THEY HAVE IN COMMON?

1. Richard Chamberlain and Vince Edwards.
2. Adam West and Burt Ward.
3. Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner, and Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis.
4. Ramon George Sneyd, Paul Bridgman, Eric Starvo Galt, John Willard.

THE HONORS TEST

A connoisseur's quiz, with tough questions. Don't ask a friend for help.

1. What was Benjamin's last name in *The Graduate*?
2. Whose name meant He Who Enlightens?
3. For what is Hibbing, Minnesota, famous?
4. What did Winston Churchill break on June 28, 1962?
5. What is Charles Manson's middle initial?
6. In 1962, Studebaker introduced a neat new model. Name it.
7. Who was Marni Nixon?

FOR HIGH HONORS

1. Who said, "Don't trust anyone over 30," and how old was he at the time?
2. What was Lee Harvey Oswald's nickname in the Marines?
3. Who was Captain Christopher Pike?
4. The Soccer War was an undeclared conflict between Honduras and El Salvador, the result of a riot following a close soccer match between teams of the two Latin-American nations. Who won the crucial game, by what score?
5. By what name was the Singing Nun known around the convent?
6. In September 1963, a tree was chopped down at Rutgers University. It was a 165-year-old white oak. Why did that get a lot of attention?

ANSWERS ARE ON PAGE 196

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MAGDICH

BUNNIES OF '78

(continued from page 131)

"Miami Bunnies make regular trips to the Veterans Administration Hospital to cheer patients."

By next month, the whole 7500-square-foot casino will be in full swing, with some of the sexiest croupiers ever to shuffle a deck. In Japan, a new Club in Osaka joined our Tokyo hutch and two more are already under discussion. Scheduled for opening during the next 12 months are a Club in Manila in the Philippines, a Club-Hotel in Costa Rica and a fantastic penthouse Club on the island of Hawaii; and we're making good progress on our Atlantic City Hotel and Casino. It's no wonder more than 160,000 new keyholders were registered last year.

But there's more to being a Bunny than attending to all those keyholders. We've found over the years that when you get a wide range of Bunnies, you also get a wide range of interests and talents, not to mention social concerns. Indeed, the most pervasive interest of the Bunnies world-wide has been helping to raise funds for a number of charitable organizations.

In New York, for instance, a softball team dubbed the Bad News Bunnies took on the city's 11th Homicide Division in a benefit game for the Guild for Exceptional Children, followed by a party at which bandleader and drummer *extraordinaire* Buddy Rich played.

Two of the New York Bunnies, Reily Rehn and Bibi Rebosio (honest, that's her name), took part in a Celebrity Splash for Easter Seals last June with the cast from the Broadway show *Annie*, the New York Jets and local media celebs.

Chicago Bunnies participated in the Chicago Baseball Cancer Charities Hutchinson Fund Golf Tournament. Among the more interesting Chicago cottontails are Maynell Thomas, who takes her long-anticipated bar exams in January; Claudia Mendron, who's in her second year as a Honey Bear cheerleader for the Chicago Bears; and Michelle Pease, who, for some reason or other, has adopted a ten-foot boa constrictor.

Apparently, they're education oriented in Cincinnati. Bunny Evvie Highouse has a degree in respiratory therapy; Cleo Wilson just got her bachelor's degree in history and is off to law school; Patti Seaman has a master's degree in educational counseling; Bobbi Goodman has a sociology degree; and Lauren Kraft is a medical nuclear technician. On the sports front, keep your eye on the ladies' pro-golf circuit for Cincy Bunny Vickie Dickerson, an impressive amateur golfer who could easily turn pro soon.

Over at the Great Gorge Resort and Country Club in New Jersey, Bunnies got together a softball game for the World Hunger League.

Actually, all kinds of talent abounds at Great Gorge. Bunny Janie Cupit is soon due to receive her pilot's license and Terre Woodards regularly serenades keyholders with her renditions of popular tunes. Diane Schwehr, whom you'll find in our pictorial, proved so good at her duties that she has just been promoted to Assistant Bunny Mother; hutchmate Heaven Fulmer spent the spring in Japan prepping the new cottontail contingent for the Osaka Club.

Down in Miami, Bunnies make regular trips to the Veterans Administration Hospital to cheer patients, but keyholders get their share of cheer, too. It might be from Melissa Schiffman, who puts on *disco*-dancing exhibitions for the feverish Saturday-night crowd or, if you're really lucky, you can get Sabrina Barlowe to do her famous Steve Martin impression. She's a wild and cuh-razy kinda girl!

Boasting an undefeated softball season are the Bunnies of the St. Louis Club. When they played the managers of the Khoury League (children's baseball) in a special benefit game in Belleville, Illinois, they sold more than 1000 tickets. People actually camped out overnight at the ball field to await the coming of the St. Louis Bunny bunch—thanks to the local media promotion.

If you're in St. Louis, by the way, be sure to stop by and catch the cocktail hour at the Club. You'll find Bunny Heather Davis onstage body-painting a Bunny pal. It's a popular attraction and smart folks take their cameras to capture the action.

As you know, the Dallas Playboy Club is in the same office building as the Dallas Cowboys' headquarters. So, naturally, the Bunnies there play football. It's the flag variety, but even at that, the games are played for real. A recent game against a team from the JabberWocky Lounge in the LeBaron Hotel benefited the Ileitis Foundation.

The St. Louis softball contingent isn't the only road team in the Rabbit league. The girls of the Lake Geneva Resort and Country Club last summer bussed it to Brookfield, Wisconsin, where they challenged a team headed by Brookfield's mayor for the sake of Jerry Lewis' Muscular Dystrophy drive.

While you're visiting Lake Geneva, you might want to strike up a conversation with Jeryl Dezlick, who is working toward a degree in biochemistry but spends her weekends at the Resort's stables, assisting on the trail rides; or with Bunny Rebecca Steadman, who used to be an assistant golf pro. No doubt, she finds the Resort's Brute course a good way to keep in practice. If *disco* is your thing, look for Bunny Lesley Parker, a dance instructor from Scotland, who keeps herself in practice tripping the light fantastic in the Bunny Hutch.

Speaking of *discos*, by the time you read this, our Phoenix Club will have a spanking new *discothèque* complete with a regular "Bunny's Choice" dance feature. If Bunny Christy Brumfield chooses you as her partner, be sure to ask her about the furniture she makes for herself.

The hottest thing in pastimes among the cottontails at the Phoenix hutch is tubing—getting a rubber inner tube and floating down the Salt River. Anywhere along the bank is a good place to watch the fun.

Out in Los Angeles, the Bunnies indulge in widely varied off-duty pursuits. What do you suppose Sarah Driver does in her off hours? Times race cars for Mario Andretti, that's what. Bunny Kat Flores, who is working on a degree in criminology, will attack law soon, while Kate Hovey has a children's book due to be published. As you might expect from the Century City crowd, showbiz is in their blood. Shane Lain has appeared in a *Baretta* and a *Quincy* episode. Gayla Maxson does voice-overs for TV cartoon shows and Monique George studies opera. So many of the girls are into either modeling or acting, in fact, that a Hollywood casting director could easily fill his bills right there at the Club.

There are four Clubs in Great Britain: The Playboy Clubs of London, Portsmouth and Manchester and The Clermont Club Limited in London. More than 300 present and past Bunnies gathered in mid-July at the suburban London digs of Playboy Clubs International President Victor Lownes for a gala reunion. Among the guests: Ringo Starr, Susan George and Dudley Moore, plus a host (is that the word?) of lords and eligible bachelors. Prince Charles declined an invitation, but then, he didn't attend Princess Caroline's wedding, either. Even without him, all those in attendance said Lownes' Bunny reunion was the highlight of the season.

Obviously, if we ran down everything that everybody was doing on the entire Club circuit, we'd have to go into extra innings, er, pages. But you get the idea. The best solution is to simply invite you out to the Clubs. What do we promise? Well, if what you've seen on these pages isn't enough of an inducement, we don't know what is.

SOUND BASES

if what emanates from your stereo rig withers your ears, maybe it's time for a change. it needn't break you. here's some reasonably priced gear to ponder

The PS-T1 direct-drive semi-automatic turntable features a front-panel rejection system that can be operated without lifting the dust cover; the high-torque motor brings the unit up to speed within a half rotation of the platter, by Sony, $130, including dust cover.

This handsome unit, Fisher's Model MT 6224 linear-motor direct-drive turntable, includes an automatic return and shutoff, push-button reject, strobe light with adjustable pitch control and a dynamically balanced platter that rests on a walnut-grain-vinyl slab enclosure, about $200, including removable dust cover. (Five-year warranty available from some dealers.)

For a sonic treat, flick the ON button of B.I.C.'s model 914 fully automatic turntable with automatic-repeat feature and settle back; the unit has an ultralow mass-dynamic tonearm, isolated and decoupled belt-drive system, variable pitch and illuminated strobe, $159.95, including dust cover.

The Kenwood KD 2070 direct-drive turntable offers outstanding specifications combined with economy; the key to the unit's high performance is a new 20-pole, 30-slot brushless motor that's coupled to a heavy 12" platter, all of which produces a smoother, quieter, more accurate rotation that cuts wow and flutter appreciably, $165, including removable dust cover.

SHERWOOD
S-7450 CP STEREO RECEIVER
POWER
PHONES
SPEAKERS
BASS
TREBLE
BALANCE
VOLUME
SELECTOR

NIKKO
NR-715
STEREO
FM 88 90 92 94 96 98 100 102 104 106 108 MHz
AM 540 600 700 800 1000 1200 1400 1600 KHz
PHONES
SPEAKERS
BASS
TREBLE
VOLUME
BALANCE
SELECTOR

Studio-Standard BY FISHER
STEREO RECEIVER RS-1080
PHONES
SPEAKERS
BASS
TREBLE
BALANCE
VOLUME

KENWOOD
AM-FM STEREO RECEIVER MODEL KR-3090
FM 88 90 92 94 96 98 100 102 104 106 108 MHz
AM 600 800 700 800 1000 1200 1400 1600 kHz
POWER/SPEAKERS
PHONES
BASS
TREBLE
BALANCE
VOLUME
LOUDNESS
TAPE
SELECTOR

Left, top to bottom: Each of Sherwood's S-7450 CP stereo receivers comes individually notarized as to its exact specificatians; the tuner picks up both AM and FM and the receiver has a power output of 30 watts per channel; other controls include a tape monitor, loudness control, muting and noise filter. The workings are housed in an attractive veneered case that includes a cleanly styled control panel and tuning dial. The price: $300.

Nikko's NR-715 AM/FM stereo receiver—a good-looking, relatively inexpensive unit that delivers 38 watts' continuous power per channel—offers such features as a dual speaker control, separate bass and treble controls, high filter, loudness switch, FM muting and tape-monitor switch. The inner technical design also ensures the owner an extended frequency response and low noise and distortion. The price is $310, which should keep you out of the hands of the loan sharks.

The RS 1022 AM/FM receiver by Fisher is the perfect unit for fledgling hi-fi buffs to wing it with on their maiden sonic flight. Continuous power is rated at 22 watts per channel and there's no more than .5 percent harmonic distortion. Controls include tuning meter, loudness switch, tape monitor, high filter, bass, treble and balance knobs and—Holy Captain Midnight!—a phase-locked loop FM MPX decoder. The music-to-your-ears price is $250.

Kenwood's KR-3090 AM/FM stereo receiver is claimed to have the quietest phono section of any receiver in its class. And the amp section puts out 26 watts per channel with no more than .05 percent harmonic distortion. How does it do it? With a direct-coupled pure complementary amplifier circuit. We don't understand it, either, but we do know that the KR-3090 looks great, features FM auto muting, tape monitor and other refinements. It goes for $260.

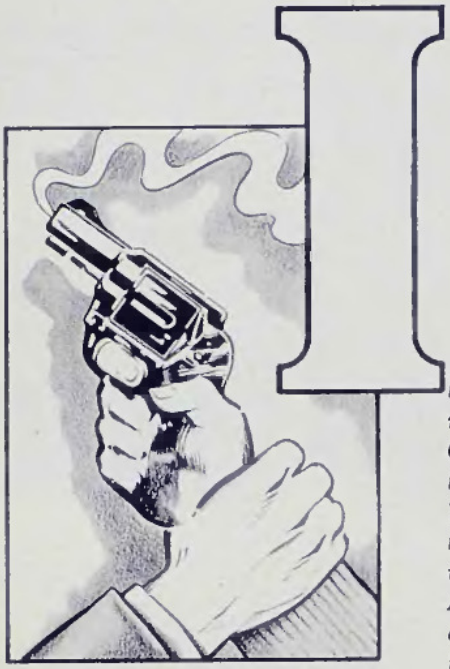
Above left: Advent's /1 (pronounced slash one) speaker system incorporates unusually costly components that give the units a wide-range response, about $200 a pair in walnut vinyl, $250 in walnut veneer.

Above right: JBL's L-19 two-way speaker delivers very smooth sounds, thanks to its 8" woofer and 1.4" high-frequency radiator that are connected by a sophisticated crossover network, $300 a pair.

Below left: Synergistics' S-22A acoustic-suspension speakers are highly recommended for inexpensive hi-fi systems; they can handle continuous power ranging from 6 to 60 watts per channel, $260 a pair.

Below right: Jensen's LS-3 is a new two-way bookshelf speaker system incorporating a 10" low-frequency driver and a 2" cone direct radiator controlled by a knob on the back of each speaker, about $240 a pair.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA



SYNOPSIS: It is 1959. In the one-room office of the Crossroads Detective Agency on Times Square, tough-talking private eye Harry Angel spends his empty hours reading the moving headlines on the building across the street. A telephone call from a Wall Street lawyer named Herman Winesap sends him to a lunch date at 666 Fifth Avenue with his new client, Louis Cyphre, a wealthy international traveler. Cyphre wants Angel to check up on a hospital in Poughkeepsie where a swing-era pop singer named Johnny Favorite (whose real name is Jonathan Liebling) has been in a coma since he was injured in World War Two. Cyphre has a contract with Favorite, collateral to be forfeited in the event of death. He became suspicious of the hospital when they refused permission to visit his old companion.

In Poughkeepsie, Angel discovers that Favorite, suffering from amnesia, was taken from the hospital in 1943 by a man named Kelley and an unknown woman. He learns this from Dr. Albert Fowler, an elderly morphine addict who was paid $25,000 by Kelley to keep Favorite's disappearance a secret. By faking the records, Fowler kept the lid on for over 15 years.

When Fowler refuses further information, Angel locks him in his bedroom, without his fix, to think things over. He returns later to find the doctor with his brains blown out. It looks like suicide, but Angel's instincts cry murder.

Back in the city, Cyphre hires Angel to find the missing singer. Angel digs around in old newspaper files and begins interviewing musicians who remember Favorite from the old days. A Harlem piano player, Toots Sweet, tells him of Favorite's love affair with Evangeline Proudfoot, a West Indian herbalist. Angel learns from her daughter, Epiphany, that Evangeline is dead.

Later, Angel tails Toots to Central Park, where Toots takes part in a voodoo ritual in which Epiphany is the priestess. A rooster is sacrificed. Angel roughs Toots up a bit in his apartment and gets him to tell about Favorite's involvement with the Harlem voodoo cult.

The next day, Angel finds Toots murdered, his body mutilated, voodoo scribbles in blood on the wall. He does not call the police. Out in Coney Island, he learns that a fortuneteller Favorite once consulted was in reality Margaret Krusemark, Favorite's social-register girlfriend, currently a high-priced mid-town astrologer.

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

where was johnny favorite? who killed toots, margaret and the doc? and what did those voodoo rituals mean?

When Angel's card is found by the cops in Toots Sweet's apartment, two of them, Lieutenant Sterne and Sergeant Deimos, come calling. Angel tells them most of what he knows, protecting his client's identity and leaving out Epiphany and Favorite. The cops are not satisfied but don't press it.

Later, Epiphany goes to Angel's office, fearing for her life, and confesses that Favorite was her father. Angel follows the girl to Margaret's apartment. He eavesdrops with a contact mike and soon tails a greatly alarmed Margaret to her father's office in the Chrysler Building. There, posing as a window washer and armed with his contact mike, Angel risks his neck hanging outside Ethan Krusemark's window.

He overhears enough to finger Krusemark as the Kelley who took Favorite from the hospital. Krusemark instructs his daughter to use any means necessary to find out who Angel is working for.

That same afternoon, Angel uses a skeleton key to break into Margaret's apartment but finds that he is too late—she has been murdered.

FINDING MARGARET KRUSEMARK split like a Christmas goose upstairs in her apartment left me feeling grim and apprehensive. I dialed Epiphany Proudfoot's number from the phone booth on the corner. Listening to the endless ringing didn't make me feel any better. There was something ominous about not getting an answer.

I flagged down a cab on 57th Street and it dropped me in front of Proudfoot Pharmaceuticals 20 minutes later. The shop remained closed for business, the long green shade hanging behind the glass door like a flag lowered in defeat. I knocked and rattled the knob without success.

Epiphany had mentioned an apartment above the store, so I walked to the building's entrance farther down Lenox and checked the names on the mailboxes in the lobby. Third from the left: PROUDFOOT, 2-D. The hall door was unlatched and I went inside.

The narrow, tiled hallway smelled of urine and boiling pigs' feet. I climbed the age-scalloped marble steps to the second floor. Apartment 2-D was at the far end of the landing. I rang the bell as a precaution, but there was no answer.

The lock was no problem. I had half a dozen keys to fit it. I pulled on my latex gloves and opened the door,

ILLUSTRATION BY RON VILLANI

FALLING
ANGEL
PART II
fiction
By WILLIAM
HJORTSBERG

sniffing instinctively for ether. The large, corner living room was decorated with functional lay-away-plan furniture and African wood carvings. The bed was carefully made in the bedroom. A pair of grimacing masks flanked a bird's-eye-maple vanity table. I went through the dresser drawers and the closet without finding anything other than clothing and personal effects. The kitchen was clean and orderly, no dishes in the sink or crumbs on the table. Fresh food in the refrigerator was the only sign of recent habitation.

It was dark as a cave in the last room. The light switch didn't work, so I used my penlight. Once upon a time, it must have been an extra bedroom, but that was long ago. The window glass had been painted the same deep, midnight blue as the walls and ceiling. Over this swirled a neon rainbow of graffiti; leaves and flowers, crudely drawn fish and mermaids.

The room was a voodoo temple. An altar stood against the far wall. Upon it, rows of covered earthenware jars were ranked in tiers, like a stall in an outdoor market. Candle stubs rested in saucers beneath color lithographs of the Catholic saints pinned to the wall. I saw several gourd rattles and a pair of iron clappers on a shelf.

I thought of Epiphany in her white dress, chanting and moaning, while drums throbbed and the gourds whispered like snakes moving in dry grass. I remembered the deft turn of her wrist and the bright fountaining of rooster blood in the night.

I went through the hall closet without a score but got lucky in the kitchen and found a flight of narrow stairs leading to the store below. I went over the back room, searching among the inventory of dried roots, leaves and powders without knowing what to look for.

The front was dim and empty. There was a pile of unopened mail on the glass countertop. I checked it with my flash: a phone bill, several letters from herbal supply houses, a printed message from Congressman Adam Clayton Powell and an appeal from the March of Dimes. On the bottom was a cardboard poster. My heart turned a sudden cart wheel. The face on the poster was that of Louis Cyphre!

He wore a white turban. His skin looked burnished by the desert wind. Across the top was printed: EL CIFR, MASTER OF THE UNKNOWN. The bottom bore this message: "The Illustrious and All-knowing El Cifr will address the congregation at the New Temple of Hope, 144 West 144th St., Saturday, March 21, 1959. 8:30 P.M. ADMISSION: FREE."

I slipped the poster inside my attaché case. Who can resist a free show?

•

That night, I dreamed I was awakened from a deep sleep by the sounds of shouting on the street. I went to the window and parted the curtain. A mob seethed from curb to curb, howling and incoherent. Through this throng inched a two-wheeled cart carrying a man and a woman. The woman was Margaret Krusemark. The man was me.

The cart rolled on. Over the heads of the crowd, I saw the guillotine's unmistakable silhouette. The cart jogged to a stop at the foot of the scaffold. Among the front ranks of the spectators, one revolutionary caught my eye. It was Louis Cyphre. His liberty cap hung at a rakish angle, crowned by a bold tricolored badge. When he saw me, he waved and gave a mock bow.

Drums rolled, the blade crashed, the executioner stood showing Margaret Krusemark's head to the adoring crowd. I heard my name called and stepped from the cart. Louis Cyphre smiled.

The scaffolding was slick with blood. I nearly slipped as I turned to face the taunting crowd. A soldier caught my arm and directed me almost gently toward the table. "You must lie down, my son," a priest said.

I knelt for a final prayer. The executioner stood beside me. A gust of wind lifted the black flap of his hood. I recognized the pomaded hair and mocking smile. The executioner was Johnny Favorite!

I woke up screaming louder than the ringing telephone. I lunged for the receiver like a drowning man after a life preserver.

"Hello . . . hello? Is this Angel? Harry Angel?" It was Herman Winesap, my favorite attorney.

"Angel speaking." My tongue felt several sizes too large for my mouth.

"Good God, man, where've you been? I've been calling your office for hours."

"I've been sleeping."

"Sleeping? It's practically eleven o'clock."

"What's so important you couldn't leave a message?"

"Mr. Cyphre suggested you have lunch with him today."

"Same place as before?"

"No. Mr. Cyphre thought you might enjoy Le Voisin. It's at 575 Park."

"What time?"

"One o'clock. You can still make it if you don't fall back to sleep."

"I'll be there."

Wearing a pressed brown worsted suit, a white shirt crisp from the laundry and an unstained necktie, I was ready for the snottiest French restaurant. I drove uptown on Park and found a parking spot near the Christian Science Church on the corner of 63rd. Le Voisin's awning boasted a Park Avenue address, but the entrance was around the corner. I went in and checked my coat and attaché case.

The headwaiter greeted me with diplomatic reserve. I gave him Louis Cyphre's name and he led me past the pastry tray to a table on the banquette. Cyphre stood up when he saw us coming. Highlighting his lapel was a small gold star. It was upside down.

"Good to see you again, Angel," he said, gripping my hand.

We ordered lunch when the drinks arrived. Cyphre spoke to the waiter in French and I couldn't follow what was said. I know enough of the language to stumble through a menu and ordered *tournedos Rossini* and an endive salad.

As soon as we were alone, Cyphre said, "And now, Mr. Angel, a full report, if you please." He smiled and sipped his ruby-red drink. "I take it that you haven't found Jonathan?"

"Not yet. I've found out a lot about him, none of it very endearing."

Cyphre twirled his swizzle stick in his highball glass. "Do you think he's still alive?"

I said it appeared that way and filled him in on the events of the past three days. He listened without a flicker of emotion as I told him of the voodoo sacrifice in the park and Toots Sweet's murder, but he perked up when I mentioned breaking into Margaret Krusemark's apartment and finding her with her heart cut out.

"There was no mention of any heart in the newspapers."

"The cops always leave out certain details so they have some way to judge all the crackpot confessions that come in."

"You also seem to be one of the details omitted."

"That's because no one knows I was there. I skipped. The law already has me connected to the Sweet killing, which is bad enough."

Cyphre frowned. "How exactly are you connected to the Sweet killing?"

"I gave him my business card. The cops found it at his place."

Cyphre didn't look happy. "And the Krusemark woman? Did you give her a card as well?"

"No. I'm clean on that score. I found my name on her desk calendar and a horoscope she'd drawn up, but I took them with me."

"Where are they now?"

"They're in a safe place. Don't worry."

"Why not destroy them?"

"That was my first thought. But the horoscope may lead somewhere. When Margaret Krusemark asked for my birth date, I gave her Favorite's."

At this point, the waiter arrived with our order. He uncovered the plates with a magician's flourish and withdrew as silently as a pickpocket frisking a crowd.

"Do you think Jonathan killed all

(continued on page 178)

"And not only that, they'll probably rape and ravish our womenfolk! Oh, what'll we do . . . ? What'll we do . . . ?"

REVERSE GEAR

who says a split personality has to be bad? this fashion trend is toward a double life

attire BY DAVID PLATT

POSSIBLY, IT originated in the theater when an actor was called on to play more than one role without adequate time to change, but the idea of reversible clothes has come of age in fashion. Not just as a cheapie, two-for-the-price-of-one notion, either. Sure, there are economies and conveniences to be considered: The savings in closet space is considerable. (And if you're having trouble checking your fur jacket in a restaurant, simply reverse it to corduroy.) Nevertheless, practicality was a secondary consideration in choosing the two-way garb we show here. Reversibles have turned the male fashion scene inside out—and everybody's better for it.

Left: Talk about your split personalities! On the far left, our man has on a cotton/polyester poplin jacket with wool tweed lapels, $80, worn with a plaid cotton flannel shirt, $20, and a wool knit turtleneck, $27.50, all from the New York Sportswear Exchange; plus wool tweed slacks, from Trousers by Barry, about $72.50; and zippered half boots, from the Florsheim Designer Collection, about $60. The jacket reverses to the wool tweed model shown, to which has been added a suede-front vest, from the New York Sportswear Exchange, $80; and brushed-cotton slacks, by Country Britches, about $45.

Right: This wool/polyester *blouson*-style jacket, by Gayle Kirkpotrick, $137, reverses to a wool plaid one. Either looks greot when teamed with a plaid shirt, $45, or o wool challis one, $60, and o pair of wool/polyester slocks, $47, all by Goyle Kirkpatrick; plus fleece-lined lace-up ankle boots, from Hush Puppies by Wolverine, $25.

Left: Come winter, this fellow will weather any storm in o tweed belted single-breosted coat with a shirt-type collar, roglon sleeves, ongled button-through pockets ond belted cuffs, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, $445; that reverses to o ton cotton poplin steamer coat with the same feotures. The coot is worn with a pair of cowboy-style boots with stitched design, topered heels and pointed toes, by Nocona Boots, $87.50; o hand-woven wool fringed scarf, from Manos Del Uruguay, about $18; and perforated leather gloves, by John Weitz, $15.

Right: Double your pleasure with a polyester/cotton poplin three-piece suit, by John Karl for Chorsel, $120, that can be turned into a tweed model with poplin lapels; a twill shirt, by Roland, $27.50; and a plaid flannel one, from Gordon of New Orleans, $33; plus rowhide construction-type boots, by the J. M. Herman Shoe Co., $35.95.

Left: Take your choice and wear a natural raccoon jacket, by Lee Levy for QMB2, $425; with a knit pullover, by Roland, $75; corduroy slacks, by Nino Cerruti Sport for Joymar Ruby, about $32.50; and tanned leather boots, by Dingo from Acme, $47.95; or convert it to a corduroy jacket worn with denim jeans, by Levi Strauss, about $17.50.

Right: A wool parka, by Lee Wright for G. B. Pedrini, about $125, that reverses to poplin, plus a wool shirt, about $40, knit pullover, about $55, and corduroy slacks, about $50, all by Lee Wright for Pedrini; plus corduroy slacks, by David Shopiro for Ursel of Italy, $35; cowboy boots, by Nocona, $86.50; and a scarf, from Monos Del Uruguay, about $15.

Here, turnabout is foir play when you come on in an acrylic pile jacket, by David Shapiro for Ursel of Italy, $125, that changes to a waffle-knit one. It's worn with an alpoca/lamb's-wool pullover, $60, and a fringed scarf, $30, also by David Shapiro for Ursel of Italy; plus wool/polyester slacks, from Country Roads by Robert Stock, $45; and prefoded denim jeans, by Wrangler, about $17. The loafers are by Clarks of England, about $40.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS CALLAS / PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE

High on The Hill

playboy surveys congress and finds there are many joint sessions that are not held on the floor

article **By LOIS ROMANO and KEN CUMMINS**

NANCY, an attractive brunette from Florida working on Capitol Hill, was understandably excited when a U.S. Senator invited her to lunch one day last spring. Upon arriving at their designated meeting place at the west front of the Capitol Building, Nancy—who had met the Senator during the Carter campaign—was startled to see him sitting on a bench, peacefully smoking a joint.

"I couldn't believe it," she later said. "Right there in front of people! I told him, 'Hey, you're a Senator—this could ruin your life!' He didn't seem to care if anyone found out."

During Nancy's five-month stay in Washington, she and her Senator friend would frequently "lunch" together at the Capitol, looking out over the verdurous, roamy Mall, the historic monuments and the low, massive Federal buildings of downtown Washington. They would smoke a few joints, then he would return to the business of government.

A few months ago, Nancy's Senator friend answered a constituent's inquiry about marijuana laws with a forcefully worded letter in which he said that he was "strongly opposed to the use of marijuana" (though he said he would support "carefully circumscribed decriminalization").

This Senator is not alone in the conflict between his personal drug-use habits and his public position on the drug issue. According to a survey that PLAYBOY recently conducted among members of the House of Representatives and the Senate, at least 26 members of the House have smoked marijuana and the majority of those are regular users.

Our 17-question poll was the first Congressional survey ever to ask members of the House and the Senate if they smoke pot, how often they smoke and whether or not they get stoned in the company of other Congressmen. It also proved to be one of the most sensitive questionnaires ever distributed on The Hill.

Reactions of Congressional aides, when we handed them the survey to give to their bosses, ran the gamut from suspicion to hysterical laughter. Aides to Senators Robert Byrd and Harry Byrd refused even to take a copy of the survey, and an administrative aide to Senator Herman Talmadge told us, "I'm not going to give this to him; he'd laugh me right out of the office!"

Our survey elicited a considerably larger response from House members than from members of the Senate: Of the 435 House members, 101 answered the poll and 26 of them admitted to having smoked grass; in the Senate, only 17 of the 100 members answered the survey, and not one confessed to smoking dope (however, subsequent interviews identified five dedicated Senate pot smokers).

Most of the respondents seized the option of answering their questionnaires anonymously, with only 11 of the total 118 respondents signing their surveys. One Senator went as far as to answer each question with a plus or a minus sign, possibly out of fear that his handwriting would be recognized.

Surprisingly, most of the acknowledged marijuana smokers in the House are between the ages of 35 and 60, while the 25-to-35 age group—where one might expect to find the majority of grass *aficionados*—contains only a handful of confessors. In fact, according to survey responses, there are two regular smokers in the House between 60 and 75.

"My conservative guess is that at least ten percent of the members smoke," commented Morris Udall, 1976 Democratic Presidential candidate and Arizona Congressman, in a follow-up interview. Udall quickly added that he is not among the ten percent.

The number of Congressmen getting stoned these days appears to be even greater

than Udall's estimate, judging from replies to our inquiries. We were even told of the killer weed's having been smoked in the Senate cloakroom while matters of national and world importance were being debated on the Senate floor a few feet away.

Yet before 1977, it had been impossible for any type of marijuana-reform legislation to get out of committee in either chamber. In 1977, a decriminalization bill managed to get through the Senate (buried in a massive bill reforming the Federal Criminal Code) but has little support in the House—where pot smoking seems more prevalent.

Of the House members who responded to the survey, many indicated that they were aware of pot smoking among their fellow Congressmen ("Some of them are sure on something," one Western Democrat responded to the question). Only four admitted to getting stoned with another member.

"I can't believe what chickenshits these guys are," rejoined a well-placed staff aide who regularly parties with House members. "I was at a party at the Georgetown apartment of a Southern Congressman where there was a tray of joints on the bar. I recognized at least seven members who were smoking."

The most noticeable potheads in the House and the Senate eluded attempts to interview them as adroitly as dope runners slip past Customs. One Michigan Congressman even denied to a friend that he had smoked pot, forgetting he had once gotten stoned with that same friend.

But through interviews with 31 Congressmen, aides, former girlfriends, mistresses and pages, it was confirmed that:

• An Indiana Democrat with a reputation for being straight and wholesome was generating complaints of excessive pot smoking from his staff. "It got so bad that I couldn't even get him to do radio tapes," groused an aide.

• An elderly and powerful Texas Democrat not only smokes in the sanctuary of his office and indiscreetly at parties but cultivates his own variety of marijuana in the security of his living room.

• A Midwestern freshman Democrat is especially popular among Capitol pages, partly because he has turned some of them on.

• An unmarried Northeastern Congressman who strives to project the image of the all-American boy became a regular dope smoker when his longtime girlfriend turned him on; while the two are no longer dating, his fondness for grass has endured.

• A prominent Republican Senator from New England was observed by pages smoking a joint in the Marble Room, just off the Senate Chamber; when asked about the incident, the Senator laughed and said he was *not* going to submit to an interview about marijuana.

"If I'm with friends, people I know, I'll smoke it," explained a California Democrat. "But I've been at parties where staff and other people were passing it around and I've walked out. I don't need the hassle."

New York Representative Edward "Ned" Pattison, once a casual marijuana smoker, was one of ten House members who indicated on the survey their willingness to be interviewed about their pot experiences; unlike his fellow statesmen, however, Pattison was the only member willing to have his comments attributed. The 46-year-old Democrat told us that he was on vacation in the British Virgin Islands in 1970 when he first tested marijuana. "Nothing happened," he recalled. "I didn't feel a thing. I guess you never do the first time."

Shortly thereafter—during a trip to Bermuda—Pattison tried again. "The second time, I really got stoned. I was sitting around smoking and saying, 'Well, Jesus, this stuff doesn't affect me.' And then, *vavoom!* Everything was a giggle."

Pattison said that he smoked marijuana a few times after his election to the House of Representatives in 1974 but that he no longer does so. "I don't have it around and I don't smoke it anymore," he says, "and I have no intention of doing so."

Reactions differed as to whether or not admission of pot use spelled political trouble. Congressman Pattison predicted that his public admissions about having once smoked dope won't torpedo his chances for re-election this fall. "And I'm from the Kansas of New York," he added. "I don't think it's an issue that the Congress needs to be afraid of anymore."

But other House members shake their heads at what they consider Pattison's naïveté. "Saying you have smoked marijuana once in your life is one thing," explained California Democrat George Miller, who has informed his San Francisco Bay constituents that he once tried pot. "You may get by with telling your constituents that you once tried marijuana, but advocating its use—which is what admitting that you smoke it regularly is doing—is not something that voters in this country are going to accept. It's not wise for a Congressman to advocate the use of *anything*."

FALLING ANGEL

(continued from page 170)

"An icy terror ran through my body like a current. I felt mesmerized by Cyphre's immaculate smile."

those people?" Cyphre asked when the waiter was gone.

"Not a chance."

"Why not?"

"Because the whole deal seems made to order. I think Favorite is being set up as a fall guy."

"Interesting hypothesis."

I met his glacial stare. "Trouble with it is, I don't know why. The answers are buried in the past."

"Uncover them. Spadework, man."

"My job would be a whole lot easier, Mr. Cyphre, if you'd stop holding out on me."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Everything I know about Johnny Favorite I had to find out on my own. You never gave me a clue. Yet you were mixed up with him. Had a deal going. You and this simple orphan kid who cuts pigeons apart and carries a skull in his suitcase. There's a lot you won't tumble to."

Cyphre crossed his silverware on his plate. "When I first met Jonathan, he was working as a bus boy. If there were skulls in his suitcase, I knew nothing of them. I'll be more than happy to tell you anything you care to ask."

"OK. Why are you wearing an upside-down star?"

"This?" Cyphre glanced at his lapel. "Why, you're right, it's on crooked." He turned it carefully upright in his buttonhole. "It's the insignia of the Sons of the Republic. One of those zealous patriotic organizations. It never hurts to appear patriotic." Cyphre leaned forward, his smile whiter than a tooth-paste ad. "In France, I always wear the tricolor."

I stared at his dazzling smile and he winked at me. An icy nightmare terror ran through my body like an electric current. I felt frozen, unable to move, mesmerized by Cyphre's immaculate smile. It was the smile at the foot of the scaffold. *In France, I always wear the tricolor.*

"Are you all right, Mr. Angel? You look a bit pale."

He was toying with me, grinning like the Cheshire cat. I folded my hands in my lap so he wouldn't see them shaking.

"I'm fine. Don't worry. Nothing's going to stop me from getting to the truth."

Cyphre pushed his plate away, his elaborate *pâté* half eaten. "The truth, Mr. Angel, is an elusive quarry."

•

We skipped dessert in favor of brandy and cigars. I held up my end of the conversation as best I could, the feeling of dread gone hard in my gut like a cyst. Mind reading is the world's oldest con, but knowing it didn't keep my fingers from trembling.

We left the restaurant together. A silver-gray Rolls waited at the curb. The uniformed chauffeur opened the rear door for Louis Cyphre. "We'll be in touch," he said, gripping my hand before climbing into the spacious car.

The Chevy seemed a touch shabby as I turned on the ignition and started back downtown. I turned west. There was a parking spot on 45th mid-block between Sixth and Seventh, and I grabbed it.

In the outer room of my office, I found Epiphany Proudfoot asleep on the tan Naugahyde couch. Her body curved in a graceful Z shape, legs folded beneath her. She looked as lovely as the figurehead of a sailing ship.

I gently touched her shoulder and her eyelashes fluttered.

"Epiphany?"

Her eyes opened wide, glowing like polished amber. She lifted her head. "What time is it?" she asked.

"Almost three."

"That late? I was so tired."

"Where were you yesterday afternoon? I came to the store, but no one was there."

She sat up, easing her feet to the floor. "I was at a friend's. I've been afraid to stay at home."

"Why?"

"First Toots got killed. Then I heard on the news that the woman who was engaged to Johnny Favorite was murdered. For all I know, I'm next."

"Don't get cute with me, Epiphany. I followed you to Margaret Krusemark's apartment when you left here yesterday. I overheard the two of you talking. You're playing me for a sap."

Her nostrils flared and her eyes caught the light and flashed like gem stones. "I'm trying to save my life!"

"Both ends against the middle isn't the smartest way to go about it. What exactly did you have cooked up with Margaret Krusemark?"

"Nothing. After I phoned you yesterday, I got a call from this woman, Margaret Krusemark. She told me she was a friend of my mother's from long ago. She wanted to come up and see me, but I said I had to go downtown, so she invited me to drop by her place when I had the time. There was no mention of Johnny Favorite until I got there, and that's the truth."

"All right," I said, "I'll take your word for it. There's no one to contradict you. Where did you spend last night?"

"The Plaza. I figured some swank hotel'd be the last place anyone would think to look for a black girl from Harlem."

"Still staying there?"

Epiphany shook her head. "Can't afford it. Besides, I didn't really feel safe. I couldn't sleep a wink."

"You must feel safe here," I said. "You were out like a light when I came in."

She reached up a delicate hand and smoothed the lapel of my overcoat. "I feel a whole lot safer now that you've come."

"Me big brave detective?"

"Don't put yourself down." Epiphany took hold of both of my lapels and stood very close. Her hair smelled clean and crisp, like sun-dried linen. "You've got to help me," she said.

I lifted her chin until our eyes met and traced my finger tips across her cheek. "You can stay at my place. It's more comfortable than sleeping in the office."

•

I parked the Chevy close to the corner of Eighth Avenue and 23rd Street, in front of the old Grand Opera-House. The cast-iron facade of an old commercial building caught Epiphany's fancy. "I don't think I've ever been in this part of town before."

We passed Cavanaugh's Restaurant. "Diamond Jim Brady used to court Lillian Russell in there. Here's where I live."

Epiphany craned her neck and stared up at the red-brick Victorian extravagance of the Chelsea, charmed by the delicate iron balconies embellishing every floor. "Which one is yours?"

I pointed. "Sixth floor. Under the arch."

"Let's go in," she said.

I had two rooms and a kitchenette with a small balcony overlooking the street. "These are the accommodations," I said. "We'll work out some kind of arrangement."

"I'm sure we will," she said, her voice husky with innuendo. She sat down on the couch by the fireplace. "Does this work?"

"It does when I remember to buy wood."

"I'll remind you. It's a sin not to use it."

I opened my attaché case and showed her the El Cifr poster. "Know anything about this character?"

"El Cifr? He's some kind of swami. Been around Harlem since I was a little girl. He preaches anywhere he's invited, for Daddy Grace, Father Divine, the Muslims, you name it. I get his posters in

(continued on page 275)

"Boy, what a day. I turned in six reports, closed two deals and nailed that little blonde in research."

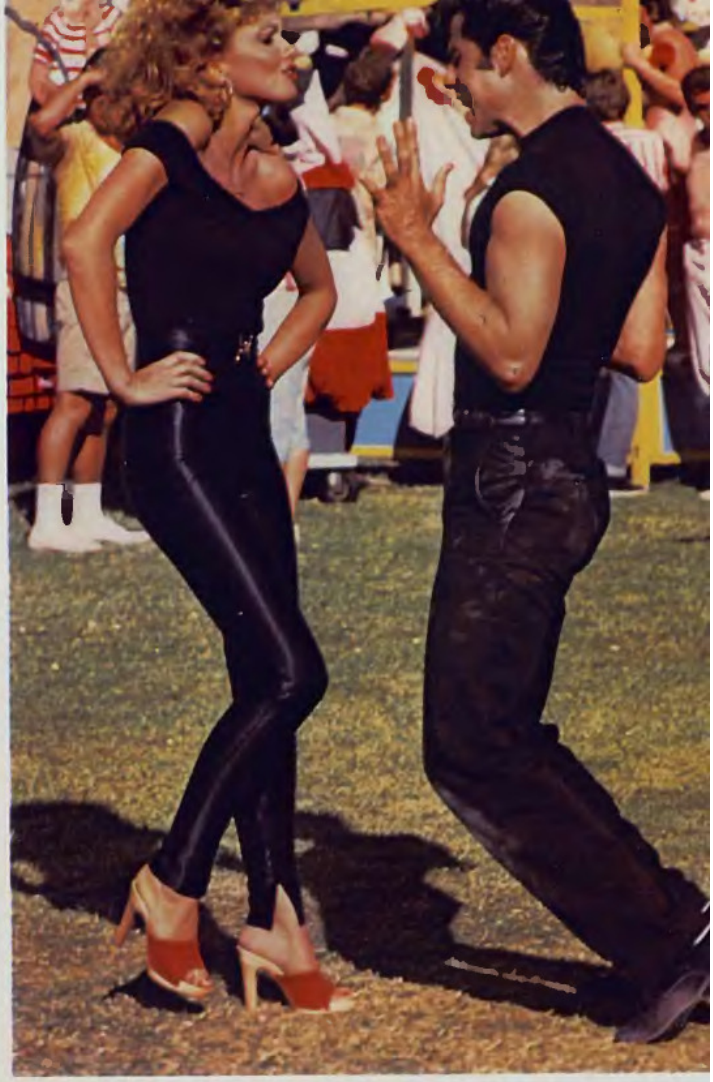
IT'S A BIRD...
IT'S A PLANE...IT'S

SEX IN CINEMA 1978

IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE YEAR SUPERMAN MADE IT BIG IN THE MOVIES, BUT IT WAS ALSO THE YEAR IN WHICH WOMEN RETURNED, TRIUMPHANTLY, TO THE SCREEN

article **By ARTHUR KNIGHT** NO DOUBT ABOUT IT; 1978 was the year in which the movies rediscovered women. Apart from the forthcoming *Butch and Sundance: The Early Years*, 20th Century-Fox's "prequel" to *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, the decade of male-only buddy movies that began with *Easy Rider* and *Midnight Cowboy* would seem to be just about over. Occupying center stage—and capturing major awards during this past year—were such films as *Annie Hall, Eyes of Laura Mars, The Turning Point, The Goodbye Girl* and *An Unmarried Woman*, all of them focused on the female of the species. Not only that but the numerous *disco*-flavored offerings of the year—*Saturday Night Fever, Grease,* *(text continued on page 236)*

SEXPOTPOURRI: *There was more being intimated than actually happening onscreen in 1978's major releases. Opposite, Christopher Reeve as that ultimate sex symbol, Superman. This page, top: Marjoe Gortner pursues his co-star (and new bride), Candy Clark, in "When You Comin Back, Red Ryder?" (left); models Darlanne Fluegel and Lisa Taylor pose for kinky shots in "Eyes of Laura Mars" (right). Center: Rock's David Bowie finds himself abed with Kim Novak in "Just a Gigolo" (left); while, in "Restless," Richard Johnson cops a feel of Raquel Welch's celebrated cleavage (right). Above: Sylvester Stallone eyes Joyce Ingalls in "Paradise Alley" (left); Jon Voight woos Jane Fonda in "Coming Home" (right).*



SONG & DANCE: *Some of the year's hottest vibes were given off by musical films, starting with the sensationally popular "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta and Karen Gorney heating up the dance floor (above left). Travolta scored again in "Grease," with Olivia Newton-John (above right). "Hair" finally made it from stage to screen with, among others, Don Dacus, Annie Golden and a seminude Sunny Leigh (below left); and women everywhere joined in sighing at love scenes between their newest ballet idol, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and budding ballerina Leslie Browne (below right) in "The Turning Point."*

YOUNG PASSION: *Far from neglected in current film fare is the youth market. Above, William Katt forsakes his surfboard long enough for a scuffle in the sand with Patti D'Arbanville in "Big Wednesday"; below left, coeds Mary Louise Weller, Karen Allen, Sarah Holcomb, Lisa Baur and July 1973 Playmate Martha Smith (arms upraised) stage a topless pillow fight in "National Lampoon's Animal House"; and, below right, Brad Davis, in an unforgettably poignant scene from "Midnight Express," masturbates while he imagines touching his girlfriend, Irene Miracle, through the glass of a Turkish jail enclosure.*

STAYING POWER: *Youth isn't the only segment of the population being served in the cinema these days. Such hardy perennials as Anthony Quinn are seen romancing the likes of Dominique Sanda (opposite, top) in "The Inheritance" and Marilu Tolo (far left) in "The Greek Tycoon"—a film in which Quinn also beds and weds Jacqueline Bisset. (Quinn, Tolo and Bisset, respectively, play thinly disguised versions of Aristotle Onassis, Maria Callas and Jacqueline Kennedy.) In "The Cheap Detective" (near left), Sid Caesar, aged beyond his years, and Ann-Margret play a couple named Ezra and Jezebel Dezire. The idea that maturity has its merits is affirmed in the title "In Praise of Older Women," starring Helen Shaver and Tom Berenger (above). The experienced actress Anne Heywood plays John La Fayette's schoolteacher rape victim in "Good Luck Miss Wyckoff" (above right) and Joan Collins, in "The Stud" with Oliver Tobias (right), proves that sex appeal's alive and well past 40.*

CHUCKLES: *What's a sex comedy without a little spoof of whips and chains—not to mention "marital aids"? Demonstrating a bit of S/M are Valerie Leon and Peter Sellers, mining yet another vein in the comedy gold mine of Inspector Clouseau films, "Revenge of the Pink Panther" (above); and Cloris Leachman and Harvey Korman, coming out of the closet in Mel Brooks's wacky "High Anxiety" (top right). Goldie Hawn and Dudley Moore meet an inflatable companion in "Foul Play" (right).*

SWITCHEROOS: *Reliable sources assure us Anita Bryant had nothing to do with either of these films; nevertheless, both provide the spectacle of gays going straight. Above, "A Different Story," with Meg Foster and Perry King; at right, "A Special Day," with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.*

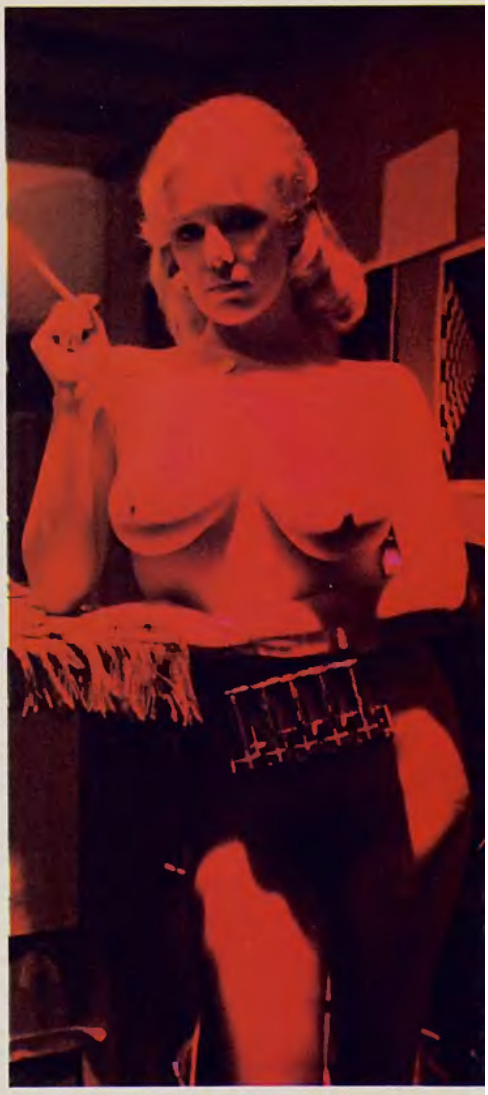
CHILLS: *Suspense, gore and a hint of the bizarre add extra fillips of titillation to such pictures as "Jaws 2" (with Ann Dusenberry and Gary Dubin more or less innocently smooching away seconds before their boat is attacked by a shark, above left) and "Tintorera," another shark spectacular filmed off the coast of Mexico, with the added attraction of considerable nudity. Its stars (including February 1976 Playmate Laura Lyons) go skinny-dipping every five minutes or so, it seems—the better to get eaten, perhaps? That's Jennifer Ashley and Hugo Stiglitz above. "The Boys from Brazil," based on Ira Levin's best-selling novel, features a merciless hit man—his victim at left is Linda Hayden—who is part of a sinister plot involving the postwar cloning of Hitler masterminded by Gregory Peck as Auschwitz' "angel of death," Dr. Josef Mengele; and "Deathsport" (bottom left) stars our own Claudia Jennings, 1970 Playmate of the Year, opposite David Carradine in a futuristic epic about combat waged on horses and motorcycles.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS: *Five of the year's more successful imports have been built around sexual themes. Clockwise, from top left: In "The Lacemaker," a French-Swiss production, Isabelle Huppert loses her virginity—and finally her sanity—to Yves Beneyton. Brazil's "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" is a sort of sex-changed "Blithe Spirit," wherein Sonia Braga's deceased first husband (José Wilker) keeps intruding on her second marriage. Pretending to fix a shower, Victor Lanoux spies on a bathing beauty in "We Will All Meet in Paradise," a sequel to the French hit "Pardon Mon Affaire." Italy's "Submission" stars Lisa Gastoni as a frustrated woman brutalized by Franco Nero; and Fernando Rey is tantalized by Angela Molina (aided by David Rocha) in Luis Buñuel's "That Obscure Object of Desire." (To ensure obscurity, Molina and Carole Bouquet play the same character.)*

X-PLOITS: *That master of skin-flickery, Russ Meyer, returns with "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens"; coming clean above are Steve Tracy (you saw him with more clothes on in TV's "James at 16") and Kitten Natividad. At right, the Old King Cole segment from a current porn feature, "Fairy Tales"; and, below, actor/photographer John Derek's first hardcore film effort, "Love You," starring Annette Haven and Leslie Bovee.*

PHOTOS BY MAUREEN LAMBRAY

BABES IN BORDELLOLAND: *Louis Malle's sensitive direction of "Pretty Baby," a film about a brothel in New Orleans' historic Storyville district, won acclaim despite controversial subject matter. At top, prospective customers ogle the merchandise; at center, Keith Carradine, as photographer E. J. Bellocq, snaps a portrait of whore Susan Sarandon. Above, her daughter Violet (child model Brooke Shields) in a tiff with Carradine, soon to become her husband.*



A WALK ON THE SEAMY SIDE: *In Paul Schrader's forthcoming "Hardcore," George C. Scott, a Grand Rapids businessman, sets out to find his missing teenaged daughter, following the sole clue that she has appeared in a porno movie. Shot on location in Michigan and California, the film visits genuine massage-parlor/topless-bar/adult-bookshop neighborhoods to achieve an air of realism. Linda Morrell (below left) is cast as the cashier in a San Diego sex bar—where, in the film, Scott meets a helpful hooker. "Hardcore" promises a bit of everything, from naked ladies in Darth Vader masks (below) to such established actors as Scott and Peter Boyle (who portrays a sleazy private detective—seen unceremoniously depantsing Gigi Vorgan, above right).*

PHOTOS © ERIC KNOLL 1978

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

Wolfschmidt Vodka • Distilled from grain • 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

the wife who came back

from a Siamese folk tale

THIS HAPPENED many years ago in Siam. Every night, an old fisherman and his wife would take their little boat out onto the canals in the countryside and, when he found a promising spot, the old man would cast his net.

One night, when he drew the net in, the only catch was a small earthenware pot with its lid securely sealed.

"Open it, husband."

"I am doing that, you see."

"Quick, tell me, is there a treasure inside?"

"No, there is nothing at all."

"Listen! Did you hear the rushing sound of a great wind? But the grasses do not stir."

"I heard nothing. But I felt a hot, burning feeling in my member."

"Well, throw the pot back into the water—it's bad luck."

Early the next morning, a beautiful young maiden came to their door and asked if she might stay awhile. The old man noticed her supple thighs, like the graceful curve of a fish in the water, and her breasts, like two small moons. The old woman noticed her straight back and her strong arms, strong enough for much work in the house. And they both said yes.

Now I am going to fly backward in time a few seasons.

In the same province, there used to live a young soldier named Nai Boonmark. He was married to an entrancingly lovely girl whose name was Nang Nark. They were at that time of fresh marriage, when everything is love, everything is sport and the only hours in the day that count are those spent tangling limbs on the mat. Nang Nark was a hungry lover, with her cleft, with her mouth. And she was both clever and agile. Day and night, she thought of new ways of joining bodies, until the little house on stilts trembled.

But one day Nai Boonmark received a summons to rejoin the king's army far away. With many tears and a hundred farewells, he went off to serve his three years.

Not long afterward, Nang Nark discovered that she was with child and, in time, she came to her labor. But, sad to say, she died and the baby died with her.

Even in the remotest part of Siam, it is well known that a woman who perishes thus becomes a spirit of the most fierce and malignant kind. There was trembling amongst the villagers when they buried Nang Nark in their small temple.

A medicine man, a magic doctor, happened along the road to the village one night and, seeing the deserted temple, decided to open a coffin to procure some ghost oil to make up powerful love philters. As he raised the lid, Nang

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

Nark's evil spirit struck him senseless and flew into the darkness.

From that moment on, the region was accursed. Whole houses would quake violently in the middle of the night. A horrifying shape with a tongue a yard long would suddenly appear before good people and sour their brains. A fiery-red vagina would appear in the sky.

The villagers sent for a great magician and paid him well. He went out at night alone and, after fearful struggles that he refused to describe later, he imprisoned the spirit in an earthen pot and threw it into the canal.

Now Nai Boonmark's three-year service was over. The news of his wife's death had never reached him, and so, when he came along the path to his house, he expected to see his wife awaiting him at the door.

At just this time, the beautiful girl bade the fisherfolk farewell and disappeared.

Nang Nark was waiting in front of her husband's house. She threw her arms around him and drew him inside. For three days and three nights, her lovemaking was of the most unbelievable kind. Nai Boonmark felt himself falling through terrible flames; he felt himself drowning in the depths of the sea. He was haggard and his knees trembled when he tried to stand. He thought he had taken some illness in the war. He could not imagine that it had anything to do with his lovely girl.

But one day Nang Nark was pounding peppers with a piece of wood and the wood slipped from her hand and fell beneath the house. Not knowing that her husband was awake, she calmly stretched her arm out some 15 feet and picked up the wood.

At once, Nai Boonmark knew that his wife was not his wife. He was being destroyed by a devil. As calmly as he could, he rose, mentioned that he must go outside to relieve himself and left the house. He went to a large jar filled with rain water and punched a hole in it so that it made a pissing noise. Then he fled into the forest and took refuge between two nart trees. If your wife ever appears to be so ravenous for love that she is draining your body into hers, find two nart trees. They are inhabited by strong and benevolent spirits who will ward her off. And the evil spirit of Nang Nark found that to be true.

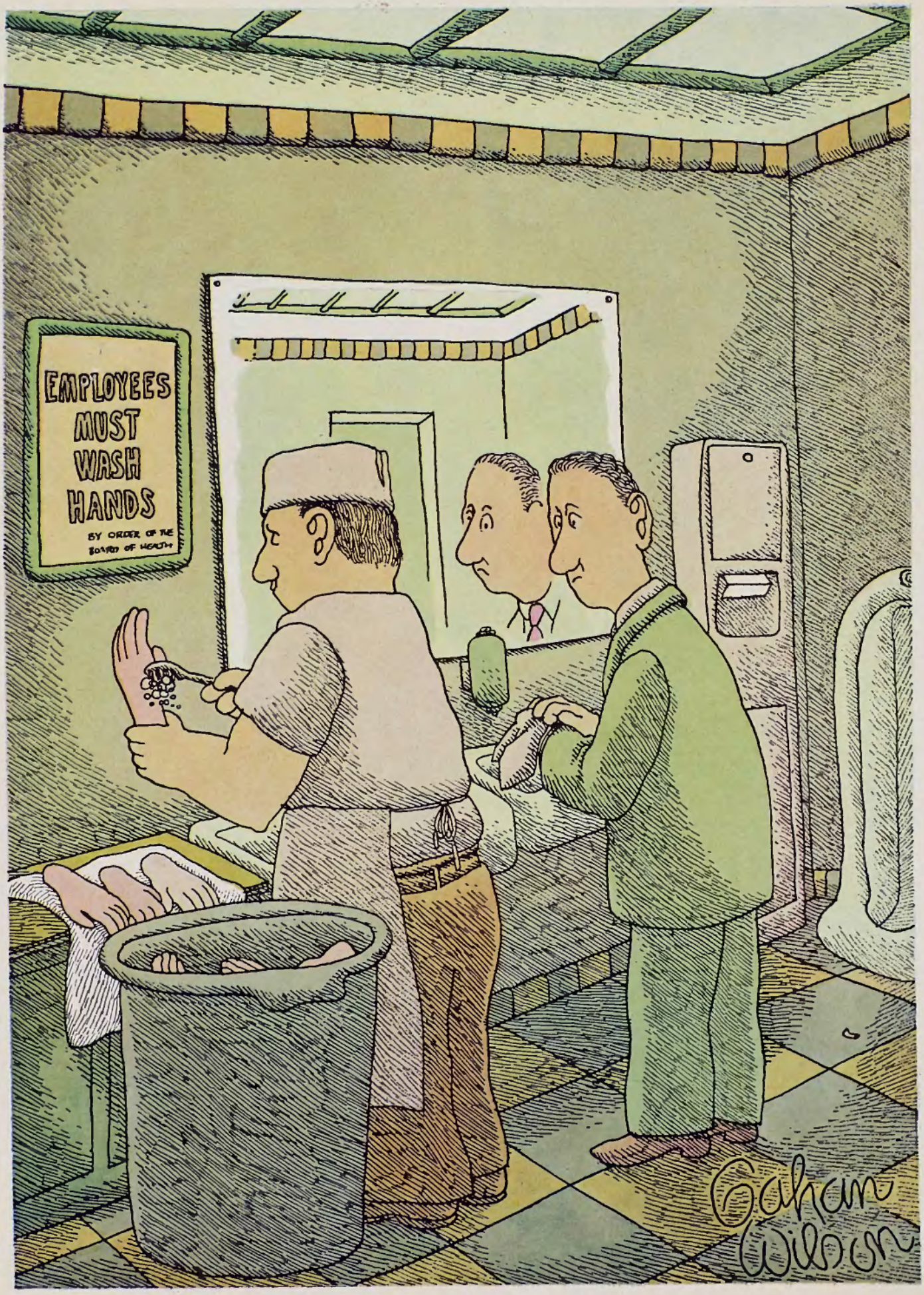
Hearing of these events, the villagers again sent for the magician, who managed to imprison the spirit for good this time.

As for Nai Boonmark, he went around asking each marriageable girl he met the same question. Finally, he came across a dull, kindhearted girl with a squint. She answered his question:

"What's that little thing between my legs for? Why, it's just a hole to let out the water."

And so Nai Boonmark happily married her.

—Retold by Jack O'Donnell


EMPLOYEES
MUST
WASH
HANDS
BY ORDER OF THE
BOARD OF HEALTH
Graham Wilson

Great music must be created twice.

True sound reproduction can be elusive. Yet it doesn't have to be. All that's required is to recreate the original performance. With nothing added, nothing subtracted, nothing distorted.

At JVC, we've spent over half a century working to bring true-to-life sound reproduction into your home. Our high fidelity products reflect a design philosophy that strives constantly to achieve a level of musical reproduction that brings your listening experience as close to the musical truth as possible.

Great musical performances are moments to be treasured, not only at the time they take place, but again and again. With JVC high fidelity components, those moments are yours for years to come.

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SIXTIES QUIZ *(continued from page 163)*

"Silver certificates, unlike the new Federal reserve notes, could be turned in for silver."

WHERE?

1. Argentina.
2. Chicago, Berkeley and New York.
3. The University of Alabama.
4. Guatemala.
5. Burbank.
6. Bates Motel.
7. The L.B.J. Ranch.

WHY?

1. He was being escorted, against his will, from the floor of the 1964 Republican National Convention in San Francisco, as NBC viewers witnessed.
2. Silver certificates, because they, unlike the new Federal reserve notes, could be turned in for silver.
3. He didn't meet the mental standards.

AND ONE TO THROW YOU FOR A LOOP

1. Joey Dee sang *Peppermint Twist* (with the Starlighters).
2. Bobby Vee sang *Devil or Angel.*
3. The Bee Gees sang *Massachusetts.*
4. B. B. King sang *Sweet 16.*
5. Dee Clark sang *Raindrops* (on the Vee Jay label).

MEMORABLE MARRIAGES

1. Nelson Rockefeller (and wags were singing, "Forget your troubles, come on, get Happy . . .").
2. On Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show* (they're Tiny Tim and Miss Vicky).
3. On the Greek island of Skorpios.
4. The White House, which was the proper place for the groom of Luci Baines Johnson.
5. It might—she was the American student who married Crown Prince Palden Thondup Namgyal of Sikkim in 1963. (Extra credit: Sarah Lawrence.)
6. John Lennon and Yoko Ono.
7. Harry Karl. (Extra credit: Shoes.)
8. Connie Stevens.

COMPLETE THE QUOTE

1. Hallelujah! (folk song).
2. Krishna krishna, hare hare (religious chant).
3. Children and other living things (popular poster slogan).
4. Dream! (Martin Luther King, Jr.).
5. Satisfaction (Rolling Stones song).
6. Chief! (*Get Smart* catch line).

THE MOVIES

1. *Funny Girl* (1968).
2. Trevor Howard and Marlon Brando did it—co-starred as William Bligh and Fletcher Christian in *Mutiny on the Bounty.*
3. *The Hustler, Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man* and *Hombre.*
4. Sue Lyon.
5. Merkin Muffley. (Extra credit: "How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love the Bomb.")
6. "We blew it."
7. Raquel Welch.
8. *West Side Story*; George Chakiris and Rita Moreno won for supporting roles; Jerome Robbins and Robert Wise shared the directorial award; and the film took Best Picture as well.

IF YOU CAN'T ANSWER THIS ONE, THE WHOLE DECADE WAS A WASTE

"Good night, Dick" (Rowan and Martin *Laugh-In* routine).

BOOKS

1. *Catch-22.*
2. "In a hierarchy, every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence."
3. Lenny Bruce.
4. Errol Flynn's.
5. *Unsafe at Any Speed,* by Ralph Nader.
6. Glass.

TRUE OR FALSE?

1. False.
2. False—it was demolished.
3. True.
4. True.
5. True—briefly.
6. True.

MUSIC: TAKE 25

1. Their *Soldier Boy*; the Shirelles.
2. The Mamas and the Papas (*California Dreamin'*).
3. Dion, the Belmonts, *The Wanderer.*
4. Nothing.
5. She redid it with the name *I Am Eleanor Rigby.*
6. Hank Ballard.
7. Ticky-tacky (and they all looked just the same).

SALUTES

1. John-John Kennedy, at his father's funeral.
2. The photo of the Pueblo crew being held captive by the North Koreans.
3. As given by *Star Trek*'s Mr. Spock, the best-known of all Vulcans, it's a raised hand, palm out, fingers paired off and split into a single V. (Extra credit: "Live long and prosper!")

FRIENDLY ANIMALS

1. Macaroni.
2. *101 Dalmatians.*
3. Him and Her.
4. Pigasus.
5. In your tank (according to the Esso ads).

ONE LITTLE WORD

1. Plastics.
2. Water.
3. Pregnant.
4. *Barbra.*
5. Vassar.

QUICK ASSOCIATIONS

1. Paris peace talks, at which it was a bone of contention.
2. Andy Warhol, who was her pal.
3. Richard Nixon, who belonged to the law firm.
4. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?,* in which that game was suggested, in the film version, by Elizabeth Taylor.
5. New Orleans D.A. Jim Garrison, who accused him of being mixed up in the J.F.K. assassination.
6. Barry Goldwater, about whom the commercial was written, and L.B.J., in whose behalf it was aired.

WHAT DO THEY HAVE IN COMMON?

1. Chamberlain played Dr. Kildare; Edwards played Dr. Ben Casey.
2. Played the Dynamic Duo in the *Batman* TV series.
3. Both couples were divorced in 1962.
4. All were aliases of James Earl Ray.

THE HONORS TEST

1. Braddock.
2. Ho Chi Minh.
3. Bob Dylan.
4. His thighbone.
5. M.
6. Avanti.
7. The soprano who dubbed songs for Natalie Wood in *West Side Story* and for Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady,* among others.

FOR HIGH HONORS

1. Jack Weinberg of Berkeley's Free Speech Movement; he was 24 then.
2. Ozzie Rabbit.
3. The first commander of *Star Trek*'s Starship Enterprise, before Captain Kirk.
4. Honduras won, 1–0, in overtime.
5. Soeur Luc-Gabrielle.
6. It was said to be the tree that inspired Joyce Kilmer's poem *Trees.*

GROWING POOR BY DEGREES

opinion

By BEN STEIN

you went to school because you were smart. so why didn't college make you rich?

A FEW PAGES from the book of real life.

Almost every day, I eat lunch at The Palm, a steakhouse in West Hollywood favored by the newly rich. Around me sit slobby-looking types in thin leather jackets, T-shirts, chains and beards. They look a lot like the people who used to pump gas in Washington when I was a child. Who are they? One of them came here a year ago, broke and unemployed. He borrowed the money to start a factory in a back room that mixed mineral oil with perfume and called it Garden of Venus Love Oil. He sold out after about six months for $3,000,000 in stock of a major pharmaceutical company.

Another guy could not make a living as a lawyer, incredible as that may sound. So he began to lease whole floors of office buildings and then sublease

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN COLLIER

individual offices to solo practitioners of law. He spends most of each lovely day listening to music and counting his money—around $2,000,000 at last count. Yet another was a messenger for a record company, delivering promo discs around town. He thought it might be a groove to press records on white vinyl. Two years later, his company is selling about 2,000,000 albums a week. He owns it all.

Page two from the book of real life. Not long ago, I visited some of my old pals from Yale Law School in a decrepit house in Cambridge full of charm and the smell of cat shit. Several of the class of 1970 were there, comparing notes on what we had all accomplished. One of us was a full professor at Harvard Law School. Another was head of a Ford Foundation project on birth control in the sub-Saharan desert. Yet another was in charge of new projects for an environmentalist group, saving whales and snail darters.

Prestigious, indeed, but what we really wanted to know was how much money we were making. The sad answer—not much. Even the moneygrubbers, beneath our dignity, who had gone into Wall Street practice, were taking home no more than $50,000. A comfortable wage, but barely, in the era of the $6000 Volkswagen. All of us had thought we were going to be rich, but somehow we had missed the boat. Why?

The final page from the book of real life, the one I carry around in my head. "What, in your opinion, is the most valuable skill you will learn in school?" That was a question I asked almost 400 of my students when I taught at American University in Washington, D.C., a few years ago. The overwhelming favorite answer was "How to make lots of money."

It is all enough to make a person think. How come those guys at The Palm are so rich and all of us smart guys from Yale are so poor? How come all of us guys in college want to make big money and hardly any of us do?

Maybe I was just looking at it wrong. The Palm is not a perfectly representative sample, after all. So I did what any smart guy would do: I looked it up in the library. I found that college graduates made more money than non–college graduates, on the average, though the gap is narrowing. But I also found that for getting *rich*, not just a Master Charge card but a ranch in the Shenandoah Valley and a private plane and $10,000,000 in the bank, a college degree was almost irrelevant. Millionaires were coming from someplace that had nothing to do with school. Speculation, investments, starting companies, taking risks, becoming rock-'n'-roll stars, writing about Watergate—that is where the real money comes from, and it does not have a damned thing to do with getting straight A's in New Haven. It has to do with buying in Snowmass at the right time, figuring out that a lot of people like to watch lovable bigots and, yes, that people like to play white-vinyl records when they are high.

So a daring thought came to my mind late at night: School has nothing to do with making you rich and, far more deadly, school actually hinders a smart fellow or girl from getting rich.

After all, what do you learn in school? Roy Ash, multimillionaire founder of Litton Industries, seconds something he once read—that "in school you learn to spend money gracefully after you already have it" but not how to make it, at least not quickly.

In school, you learn how to read, how to add and subtract (maybe), how to learn the history of art and music. Maybe, if you are really lucky, you will also learn how to analyze and criticize thoughtfully. That is the highest goal of education—to teach students how to analyze and criticize elegantly and penetratingly.

If you are a really top-notch student, you will learn how to explain The Failure of Great Britain's Postwar Foreign Policy. You may develop a new approach to understanding the irony of Trollope's *Barchester Towers*.

For that, in school, you are praised and rewarded with good grades and membership in the elite group of the academically inclined.

You also learn in school that you are superior to everyone else, that your powers of analysis and criticism set you apart from and above the sorry mass of people who *do* things, instead of criticizing things. Where in school, after all, is there any merit in *doing*—as opposed to explaining why the doers did it all wrong, why Lloyd George was a fool and modern architecture is trash?

Finally, you learn in school how to be successful in organizations. What is school, after all, but your first corporate job? Steadily, methodically, you advance through the grades, doing what you are told carefully and risklessly, one grade higher every year, one step closer to disillusionment and shock.

The sad fact is that no one will pay a dime for criticism of *Barchester Towers*, for an explanation of why Lloyd George's policy failed or to learn why the French New Wave came to an end. No one cares enough about criticism and analysis to pay big money for it.

In real life, people care about those who do, not those who criticize. In school, you learned that you were immeasurably better in a kind of indefinable way from that crude fellow who puts up tacky condos in Palm Springs out of tar paper and sheet rock. But that lowbrow fellow is the one with the Rolls Corniche. Yes, in school, you learned to sneer at the people who produce rock records while you talk about Cuisinarts. But the producer is the man who owns the vineyards in Bordeaux while you fly three abreast on a charter to see 1,000,000 tourists seeing the *Mona Lisa*. Of course, we all laughed at the turkey who dropped out of school to drive a trash truck. But he started his own trash-hauling business and now we are dying to get a grant from his foundation.

While we were learning how to look down our noses at people and things, he was learning how to make money, and we do not know one damned thing about it.

Society rewards people by making them rich for all kinds of reasons. If a man builds something that people need, if he sells something that people think they need, if a woman looks like many people's dream girl, if a boy sings in a uniquely appealing way, if a tall man can drop a ball through a steel hoop—society is ready, waiting, even eager to make them all rich.

But no society, not even one as rich as ours, is rich enough to make people rich for criticizing and writing querulous essays.

To make money in this world takes some knowledge of what things are worth and some ability to provide them. William Zeckendorf knew that people needed buildings. Rod Stewart knew that people needed his songs. Reggie Jackson knew that people needed his home runs. Max Palevsky knew that people needed his computers. Norman Lear knew that people needed to laugh.

Zeckendorf, Stewart, Jackson, Palevsky and Lear did not write a paper about it nor apply for a grant. They did something to give people what they wanted and the nation made them rich.

Getting rich takes a certain turn of mind, a certain flair, way beyond knowing what the market rewards in an intellectual sense. That flair, that special personality is as far from classrooms as L.A. smog is from fresh air.

Other people get rich because they have learned that, except in astoundingly rare circumstances, it is not enough to simply sell your own labor to get rich. This is absolutely key. School, even the best law school or medical school, even business school, teaches people how to sell their labor. However highly skilled the labor, it will almost never be enough to make the worker any more than a well-paid wage slave.

For example, if a man works hard at Harvard Law School and harder still when he gets out, and then becomes a partner at a Wall Street firm, he may make $150,000 a year. Maybe more. He

(continued on page 234)

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW

our pre-season picks for the country's top undergrad hoopsters

Playboy All-America forward Jim Spanarkel lofts a jump shot in last winter's national championship game between Duke and Kentucky. The Wildcats won the game 94–88, but the Blue Devils are PLAYBOY's pick as the team most likely to win it all when the new season is over.

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Duke
2. Kansas
3. UCLA
4. Texas
5. Michigan State
6. Notre Dame
7. LSU
8. North Carolina State
9. San Francisco
10. Marquette
11. Mississippi State
12. Ohio State
13. Southern California
14. Rutgers
15. Louisville
16. Virginia
17. Utah
18. North Carolina
19. Arkansas
20. Michigan

Possible Breakthroughs: Southern Illinois, North Carolina–Charlotte, Nebraska, Kentucky, Illinois, Villanova, Fullerton State, Houston, Syracuse, New Mexico, Toledo, Furman, Nevada–Reno, Georgetown, Central Michigan, Virginia Commonwealth, Iowa State, Alabama, Iowa, Weber State, Oregon.

By ANSON MOUNT David Greenwood, perhaps the best college basketball player in America, went 48 hours without sleep one weekend last spring, much of the time spent in partying—hardly appropriate for an athlete in training, but understandable, given the circumstances.

The marathon began on a Friday morning, when Greenwood arose and hurried off to classes at UCLA, where he is majoring in history. The afternoon was spent in strenuous drills in the gymnasium before returning to the classroom for an early-evening final examination in atmospheric science. Then he rushed back to his apartment to get his bags, while a friend waited to drive him to the Los Angeles airport. A paralyzing traffic jam made it necessary for him to do an O. J. sprint the last half mile, carrying his bags in order to catch his plane. On

Standing, l to r: **Ronnie Perry**, guard, Holy Cross; **James Bailey**, center, Rutgers; **Larry Bird**, forward, Indiana State; **Bill Foster**, Coach of the Year, Duke; **Bill Cartwright**, center, San Francisco; **David Greenwood**, forward, UCLA.

Seated, l ta r: **Mike O'Koren**, forward, North Carolina; **Darrell Griffith**, guard, Louisville; **Sidney Moncrief**, guard, Arkansas; **Jim Spanarkel**, guard, Duke; **Earvin Johnson**, forward, Michigan State.

PLAYBOY'S 1978-1979 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM

ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America team at season's end)

FORWARDS: Albert King (Maryland), Kelly Tripucka (Notre Dame), Gene Banks (Duke), Russell Bowers (American), Reggie King (Alabama), Kenny Dennard (Duke), Doug Jemison (San Francisco), Mike Woodson (Indiana), Bernard Toone (Marquette), Danny Vranes (Utah), Gregory Kelser (Michigan State), Michael Brooks (LaSalle), Kurt Rambis (Santa Clara), Hawkeye Whitney (North Carolina State), Sam Clancy (Pittsburgh), Lynbert Johnson (Wichita State)

CENTERS: Phil Hubbard (Michigan), Mike Gminski (Duke), Paul Mokeski (Kansas), Rickey Brown (Mississippi State), Edgar Jones (Nevada–Reno), Cliff Robinson (Southern California), Jonathan Moore (Furman), Pat Cummings (Cincinnati), Dean Uthoff (Iowa State), Reggie Johnson (Tennessee), Lorenza Watson (Virginia Commonwealth)

GUARDS: Roy Hamilton (UCLA), Darnell Valentine (Kansas), Kyle Macy (Kentucky), Clyde Austin (North Carolina State), Ronnie Lester (Iowa), Oliver Mack (East Carolina), Jim Paxson (Dayton), Gary Garland (DePaul), Rich Branning (Notre Dame), Keith Anderson (Fullerton State), John Gerdy (Davidson), Lowes Moore (West Virginia), Jeff Lamp (Virginia), Frank Johnson (Wake Forest), Ron Jones (Illinois State), JoJo Walters (Manhattan), Chad Kinch (North Carolina–Charlotte)

TOP NEWCOMERS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make big contributions to their respective teams)

Brian Magid, guard ..... George Washington
Robert Harvey, forward ..... American
Derek Holcomb, center ..... Illinois
Arnette Hallman, forward ..... Purdue
Darryl Mitchell, guard ..... Minnesota
Sam Worthen, guard ..... Marquette
LeRoy Stampley, guard ..... Loyola
Mark Aguirre, forward ..... DePaul
Vince Taylor, guard ..... Duke
Otis Fulton, center ..... Virginia
Reggie Jackson, guard ..... Maryland
Al Green, guard ..... LSU
Dwight Anderson, guard ..... Kentucky
Mike Milligan, guard ..... Florida
Carlton McCray, center ..... Louisville
Micah Blunt, center ..... Tulane
Tony Guy, forward ..... Kansas
David Magley, forward ..... Kansas
Eric Eckelman, forward ..... Nebraska
Keith Peterson, forward ..... Arkansas
Rudy Woods, center ..... Texas A & M
Billy Allen, guard ..... Southern Methodist
Calvin Garrett, forward ..... Oral Roberts
Leonel Marquetti, forward ..... Southern California
Bryan Rison, guard ..... Washington State
Eddie Hughes, guard ..... Colorado State
Terry White, forward ..... Texas–El Paso
Billy Reid, guard ..... San Francisco
Wallace Bryant, center ..... San Francisco
Guy Williams, forward ..... San Francisco
Ken McAlister, guard ..... San Francisco
Calvin Roberts, forward ..... Fullerton State
Benny Buggs, guard ..... Pacific
Brett Vroman, center ..... Nevada–Las Vegas

the four-hour flight to Chicago, he read a 300-page novel. When his plane landed at four A.M., a heavy rain was falling; and by the time he and his host reached the parking lot, they were soaked.

During the drive to southern Wisconsin through a raging thunderstorm, David explained the genesis of the meteorological goings on overhead, described the behavior of basketball fans in Oregon and discussed acoustic theory and the political intrigues of Lorenzo de' Medici and the papal bureaucracy.

Breakfast was being served when they arrived at the Lake Geneva Playboy Resort & Country Club, so David stoked up on cheese blintzes, smoked salmon, hashbrowns, pickled herring, ham and a half gallon of scrambled eggs before rushing to his room to pull on his basketball uniform.

During breaks in the four-hour picture-taking session at the local high school gym, David and the other Playboy All-America players signed autographs and played a pickup game with a swarm of local kids who had come to watch the proceedings.

An afternoon of tennis, swimming and horseback riding was followed by a banquet in the elegant VIP Room, where David discussed vintage wines with a PLAYBOY editor and dispatched four helpings of *escargots*, a lobster and a steak.

Back in his room at midnight, he was preparing to retire when his roommate, Duke guard Jim Spanarkel, showed up with five pretty girls in tow, explaining that he had met them at the resort's *discothèque*. They were college girls roughing it for the weekend, camping on the beach at Lake Geneva.

The ladies mentioned that they were hungry, so room service brought two dozen cheeseburgers and a case of beer. Someone found a rock station on the radio and the party, soon joined by a few other basketball players and monitored by an anxious sportswriter, was on.

At seven A.M., the coeds, having devoured all the food in sight, suddenly left to return to their sleeping bags at the lake.

"We didn't even get a handshake," said Spanarkel glumly.

"Such are the vagaries of human existence," observed Greenwood, and he fell asleep.

Now that we've examined a college basketball player's typical weekend, let's take a look at the upcoming season.

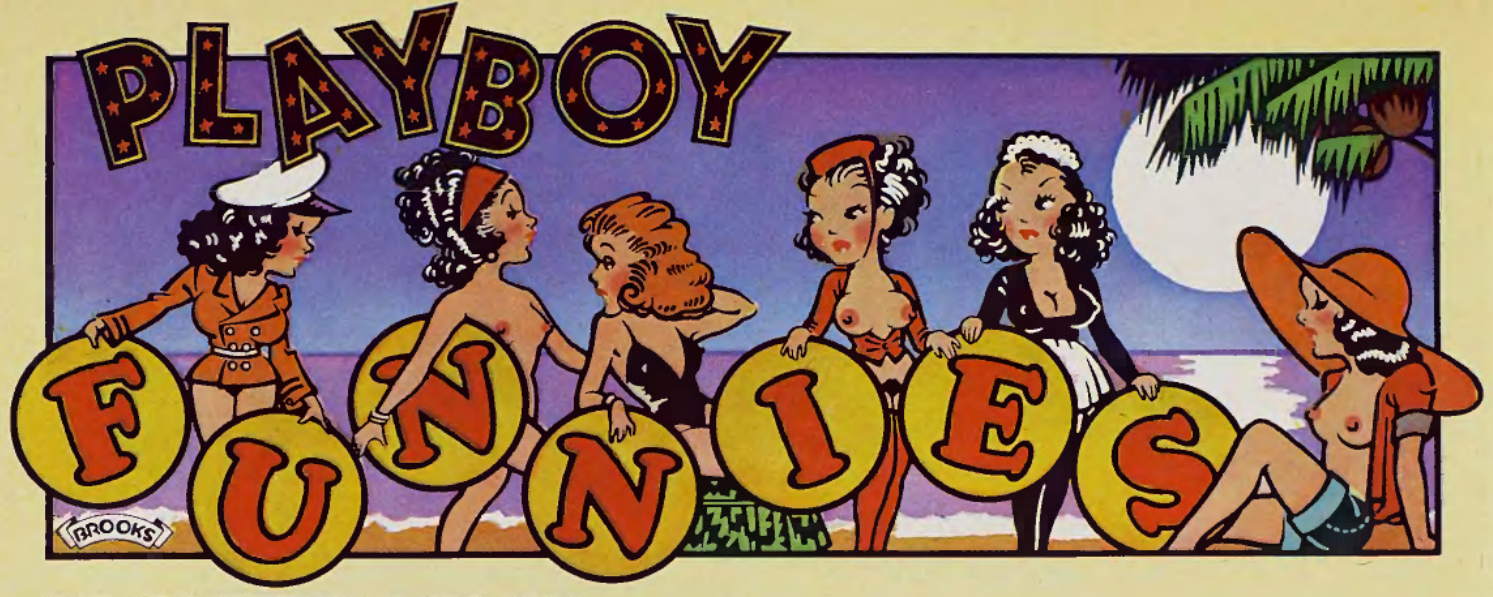
•

Rutgers is favored to win the Eastern Eight championship, largely because of the presence of Playboy All-America center James Bailey. A quiet, almost shy person off the court, Bailey dominates every game *(continued on page 208)*

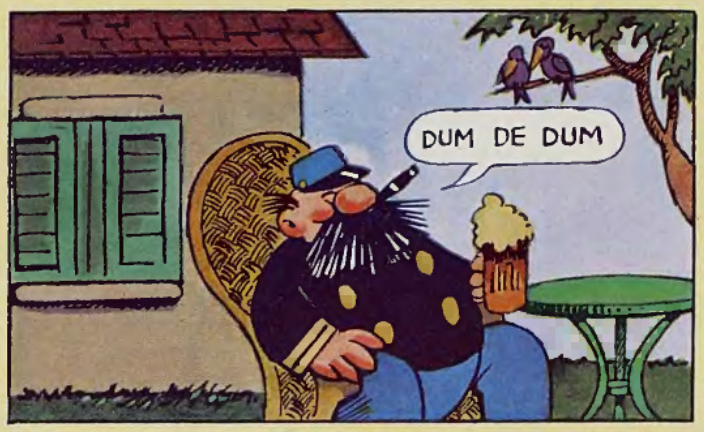
Lucky Americans. You pay less to go first class.

Here in Athens, Passport costs as much as other premium scotches. In fact, it's expensive everywhere but in America. We use Scotland's most expensive whiskies, but bottle Passport in the U.S.—and pass on the tax and shipping savings to you. So to lucky Americans, this superb scotch only *tastes* expensive.

Passport Scotch

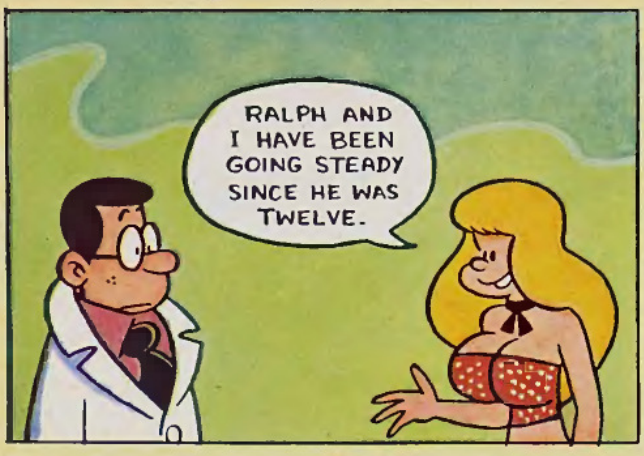


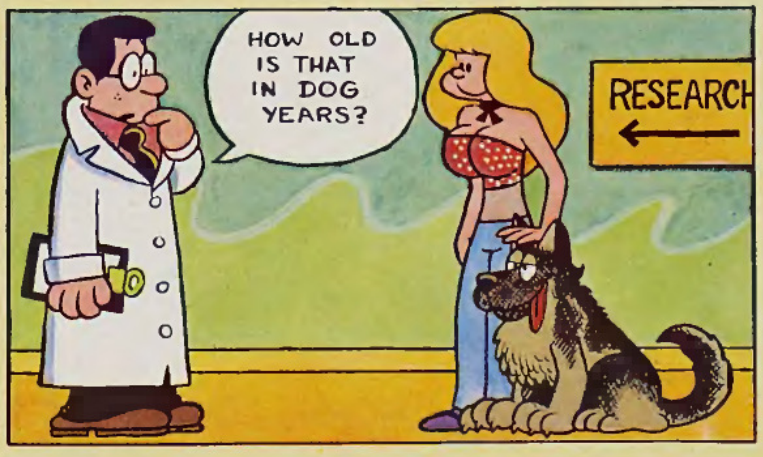
THE KRAUTZENBUMMER KIDS



The Kinky Report

by Christopher Browne





The Adventures of HERBERT HIPPO

THE COMIC STRIP THAT GRADUATED FROM LONG BRANCH HIGH SCHOOL. BY MARK ALAN STAMATY

AUNT FRUTZI

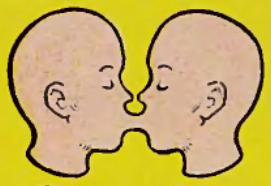
5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S

LITTLE ALBERT

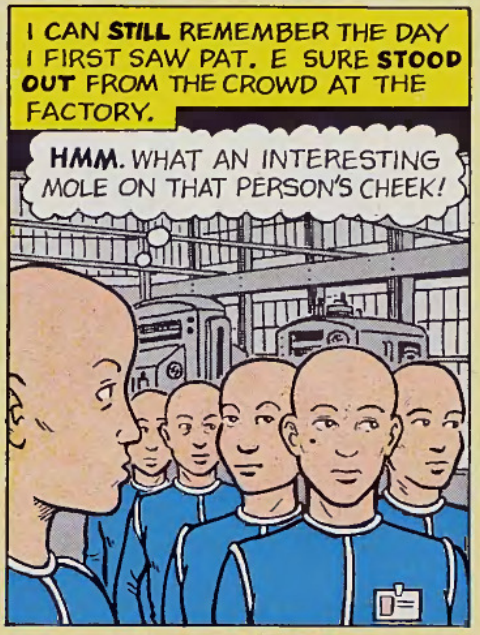
ONE OF THESE PEOPLE IS MALE AND ONE IS FEMALE. CAN YOU TELL WHICH?

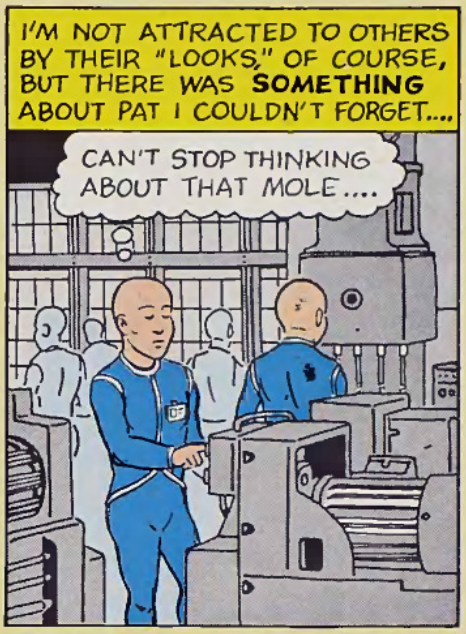
UNBAD KISSES

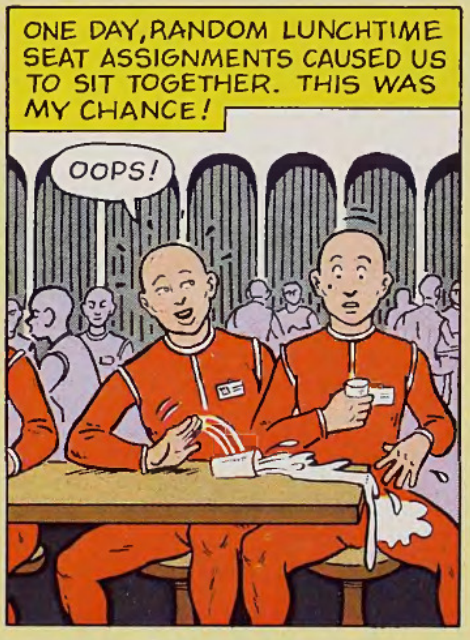


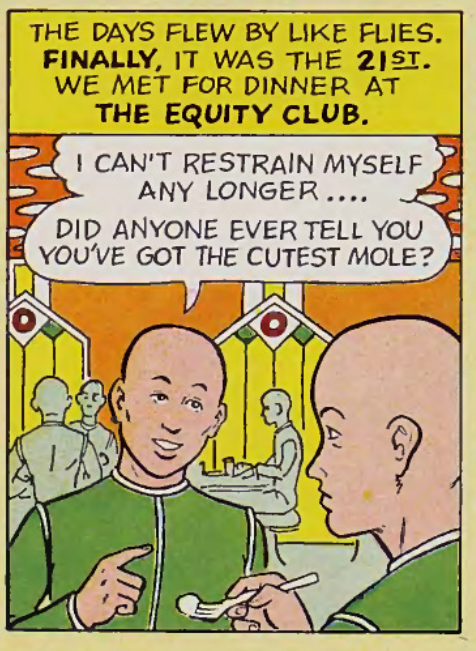
by Jay Kinney

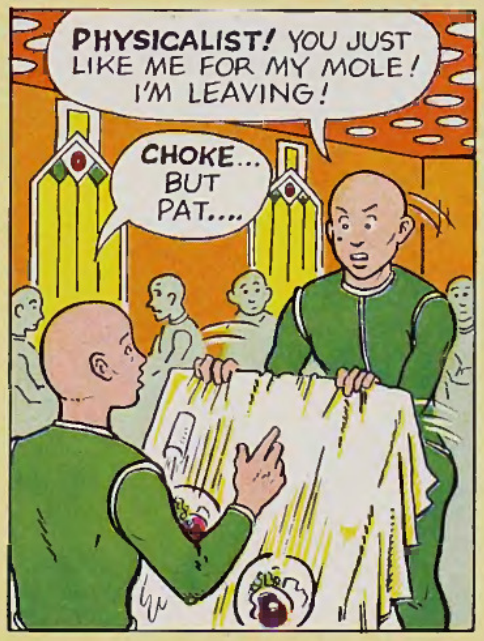
WARNING: THIS COMIC STRIP DOES **NOT** EXPLOIT WOMEN.

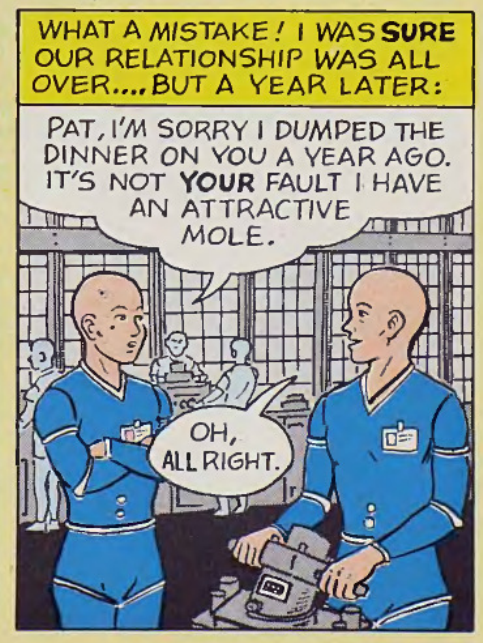










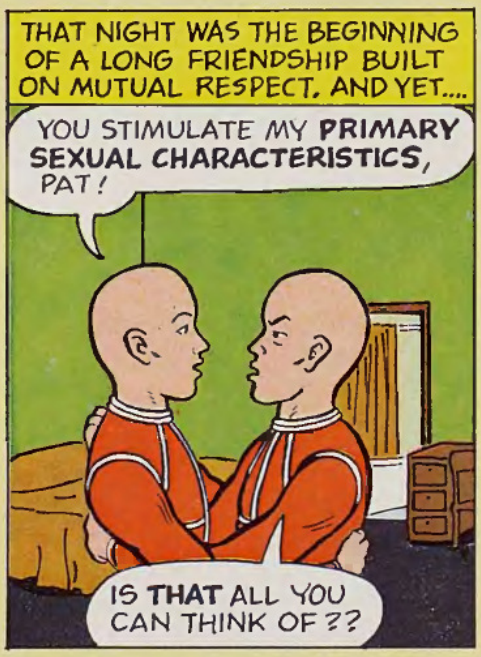


NEXT FRIDAY FOUND US ONCE AGAIN SOCIALIZING TOGETHER AT THE EQUITY CLUB.
MM. THAT WAS A SUPERIOR MEAL, EH, PAT?
YES. I ADORE TEXTURED VEGETABLE PROTEIN.

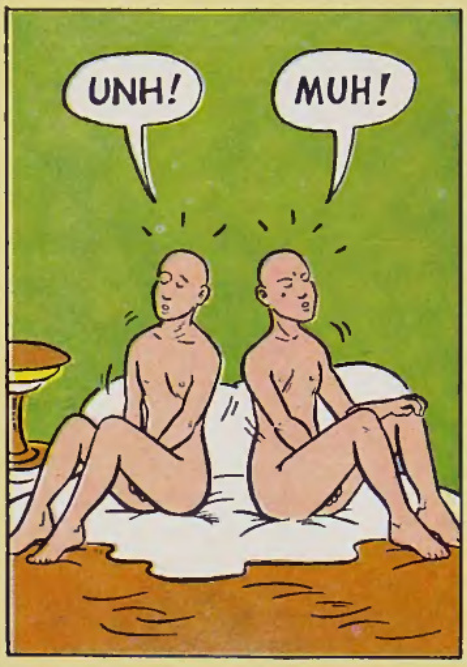
FOLLOWED BY A POPULAR FILM....
HANDS UP, FREUDIAN SKI BUM! SURRENDER YOUR PREROGATIVES!
PTHF!

AND AFTERWARD....
A CHOICE FILM! SAY— YOUR PLACE OR MINE?
I ENJOYED THAT! SAY— MY PLACE OR YOURS?

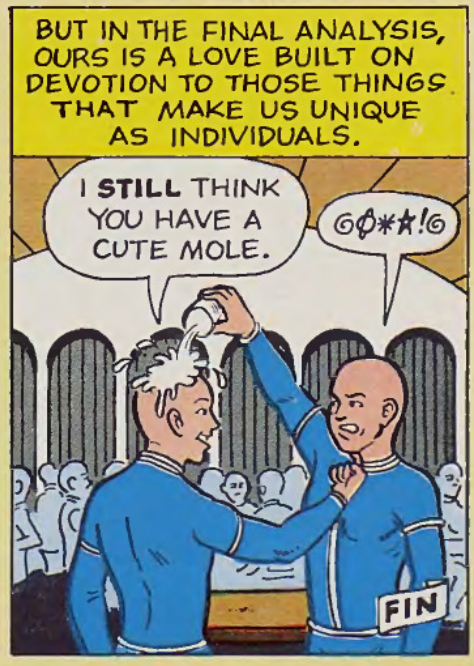
NEITHER! LET'S GO TO A HOTEL.


THAT NIGHT WAS THE BEGINNING OF A LONG FRIENDSHIP BUILT ON MUTUAL RESPECT. AND YET....
YOU STIMULATE MY PRIMARY SEXUAL CHARACTERISTICS, PAT!
IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF??

TRUST TAKES TIME.
LET US "PLEASURE OURSELVES" TOGETHER.
AFFIRMATIVE.


UNH!
MUH!

EVEN THOUGH WE REALIZE OUR BODIES MAY BE IRREVERSIBLY TURNING INTO GASBAGS-- WE APPRECIATE PHYSICAL PLEASURE....
WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU, TOO?


BUT IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, OURS IS A LOVE BUILT ON DEVOTION TO THOSE THINGS THAT MAKE US UNIQUE AS INDIVIDUALS.
I STILL THINK YOU HAVE A CUTE MOLE.
@@*★!@
FIN

BASKETBALL PREVIEW (continued from page 202)

"Despite the loss of Keven McDonald, Pennsylvania will be the top choice in the Ivy League."

in which he plays. His stats, impressive as they are, don't really reflect his excellence.

The Villanova team lost four of last winter's top seven players, but Alex Bradley (last year's take-charge freshman) is back, as is mad bomber Tom Sienkiewicz, who shoots from mid-court. He will be a zone buster. If Ron Cowan and Marty Caron can become aggressive enough to give their team some much-needed rebounding, the Cats will once again win a post-season tournament berth.

George Washington was a very strong inside team last year but was a little weak at guard. That problem will be solved by the arrival of transfer Brian Magid from Maryland. Freshman Dave Thornton will give the Colonials even more inside muscle.

Sam Clancy, one of the premier freshmen in the country last season, will be the fulcrum of the Pittsburgh team. Although five of the top six scorers return, the Panthers' success will probably be determined by how well they adjust to the absence of graduated all-time high scorer Larry Harris.

West Virginia's main asset will again be the excellent play of guards Lowes Moore and Joe Fryz. Moore, only 6'1", dazzles opponents with his alley-oop dunks. Best news is that recruits Jeff Szczetanski and Noah Moore should help relieve the depth problem, last year's nemesis.

Last winter's Duquesne team was dominated by sophomores, so the added experience should make this a more successful season. Also, new coach Mike Rice had a productive recruiting campaign. The two biggest catches are Bruce Atkins and Bill Clarke, both of whom should win starting jobs.

The Massachusetts team will be short on experience, and depth will also be a problem. If his injuries are healed, forward Jay Stewart could become a great one.

Penn State will again be fighting to escape the conference cellar. New coach Dick Harter has begun his reconstruction project by recruiting five prime-quality freshmen. Also available will be experienced senior transfer (from Ohio State) Jud Wood.

Despite the loss of Keven McDonald, Pennsylvania will once more be the top choice in the Ivy League. Five dependable veterans will be joined by five more quality players up from last winter's good freshman team.

With minimal graduation losses and the addition of supersoph Dave Westenburg, Columbia could challenge Penn for the league laurels. The Lions have excellent speed but lack height. Alton Byrd, only 5'8", may be the best little point guard in the country.

Severe graduation losses will make this a rebuilding season for Princeton, while Dartmouth's major problem will be finding a dependable pivot man.

Last year, the Cornell team won nine games, its best record in a decade. Further progress is likely this season, because nearly everyone returns and seven of the vets are seniors. The schedule, though, is tougher.

The key to Harvard's success will be the new faces. This is the first year that freshmen can play varsity ball in the Ivy League and the Crimson will take advantage of that fact by utilizing recruits Bob McCabe, Don Fleming and Glen Mills.

Yale hasn't enjoyed a winning season since 1968, and this year the Elis will be fighting Brown to see who stays out of the league cellar. Freshmen Tim Daaleman at Yale and Ken Dolbashian at Brown will give their teams much needed help.

La Salle, one of the better fast-breaking teams in the country, returns its top four scorers, best of whom is Michael Brooks, who was the nation's only player to rank among the top ten in both scoring and rebounding. Two freshmen, seven-footer Tom Poitrowski and shooting guard Paul Harter, will give the Explorers added size and firepower.

This could be a happy winter at American University. New coach Gary Williams inherits a talent-laden squad, and three newcomers (Robert Harvey, Chris Dye and Steve Kearney) are good enough to win starting berths. The forward play will be a delight to watch—Russell Bowers is a one-man show and Harvey is nearly as good.

Both Lafayette and Temple will have difficulty duplicating last season's success, because both teams lost their two best players. Newcomers Brian Muldoon and Brian Gillis will be expected to make immediate contributions at Lafayette. Bob Zipko is the best of a promising group of newcomers at Temple.

The Delaware team's major problem is the schedule. It's the toughest in school history.

Last season was the most successful in the history of Virginia Commonwealth and, with the return of shot-blocking center Lorenza Watson, this year could be a duplicate.

Four talented freshmen, a promising transfer and the return of two players who were out most of last year with injuries will help Georgetown have another 20-plus season. Best of the recruits is guard Eric Floyd.

Roosevelt Bouie, whose potential is still unrealized, will be the main cog of the Syracuse machine this season. Teammates Louis Orr and Dale Shackleford are also 24-kt. types, and incoming freshman guard Rick Harmon has the ability to win a starting role his first year. If the Orangemen can put all that talent together into a smoothly functioning unit, Syracuse could be one of this year's surprise teams.

Graduation losses would make this appear to be a rebuilding year at Holy Cross. One of the returning players, however, is Playboy All-America guard Ronnie Perry, and he's half of a good team all by himself. How well the Crusaders fare this year will largely depend on the contributions of two highly recruited

(continued on page 219)

THE EAST

EASTERN EIGHT

1. Rutgers
2. Villanova
3. George Washington
4. Pittsburgh
5. West Virginia
6. Duquesne
7. Massachusetts
8. Penn State

IVY LEAGUE

1. Pennsylvania
2. Columbia
3. Princeton
4. Dartmouth
5. Cornell
6. Harvard
7. Yale
8. Brown

EAST COAST CONFERENCE

1. La Salle
2. American
3. Lafayette
4. Temple
5. Delaware
6. Bucknell
7. Drexel
8. St. Joseph's
9. Hofstra
10. Rider
11. Lehigh
12. West Chester State

INDEPENDENTS

1. Virginia Commonwealth
2. Georgetown
3. Syracuse
4. Army
5. St. Bonaventure
6. St. John's
7. Holy Cross
8. Iona
9. Providence
10. Boston College
11. St. Francis
12. Manhattan
13. Seton Hall
14. Navy
15. Niagara
16. Old Dominion
17. Connecticut
18. William & Mary
19. Canisius

TOP PLAYERS: Bailey (Rutgers); Bradley (Villanova); Zagardo (George Washington); Clancy (Pittsburgh); Moore (West Virginia); Byrd (Columbia); Davis (Cornell); Brooks (La Salle); Bowers (American); Reed (Temple); Stephens (Drexel); Hollingsworth (Hofstra); Watson (Virginia Commonwealth); Duren, Shelton (Georgetown); Bouie (Syracuse); Brown (Army); Carter (St. John's); Perry (Holy Cross); Ruland (Iona); Cobb (Boston College); Cora (St. Francis); Walters (Manhattan); Galis (Seton Hall); Sinnett (Navy); Jordan (Niagara); Valentine (Old Dominion); Abromaitis (Connecticut); Peaks (Canisius).

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Enjoy Salem Flavor.

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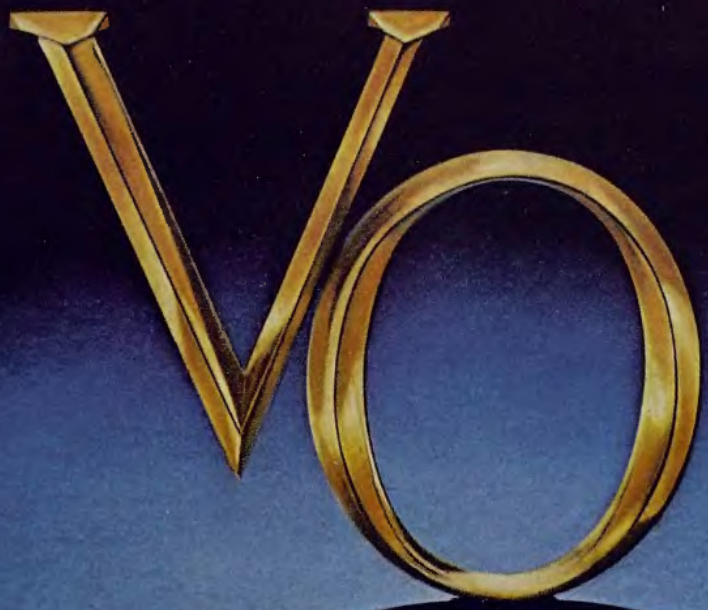
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Impress friends and influence people.



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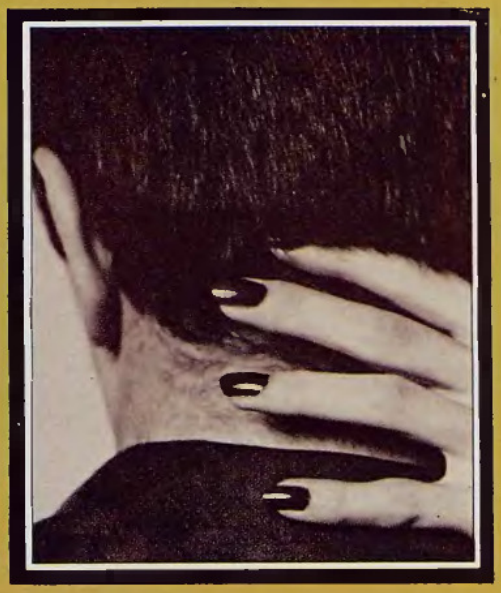
Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.



MAN & WOMAN

STAYING OVER

What happened the last time you asked a woman to stay at your apartment? Did she shudder? Suggest a convenient park bench instead? It seems that many women see little difference between staying at a man's apartment and going on bivouac. In vivid detail, they recall sheets resembling dropcloths, refrigerators filled with nothing but ailing leftovers and towels so ripe they had to be kicked into submission. As far as the host was concerned, his social responsibility ended with orgasm and the woman who stayed the night, or longer, often found herself thinking more in terms of survival than of joy.

If, like so many men, the prospect of a long-term female guest induces panic, here are some observations.

Of the finer points of gracious living, the finest is cleanliness, and a primary gripe among women is having to deal with the business end of a dirty bathroom. For most women, a spotless bathroom augurs well—it puts them at their ease, allowing the performance of necessary self-intimacies without worrying about disease or a bill from their dermatologist. Start your preparations in the bath area. If there's vegetation growing on your shower curtain, get rid of it. Ditto the ring around the bathtub, no matter how decorative, along with the clotted hair in the drain. She'll need a large absorbent bath towel, plus one a size smaller for her hair. That you should be able to eat salad out of the bathroom bowl goes without saying and, while you're over there, make sure there's a full roll of toilet tissue, plus a backup. Have your friendly laundromat revive your bath mat. And, if you're really secure, leave a box of bubble bath perched by the side of the tub. She'll think you're interesting. The sink should be as inviting as your bathtub. Don't overlook the soap dish, which should be clean and should contain a new bar of some no-nonsense soap. The medicine chest, among other things, should contain aspirin, deodorant, shampoo and a small box of Tampax, sealed. It should not contain any telltale pills (this is no time to explain away Flagyl) or a half-empty tube of Kwell. If you feel generous, spring for a shower cap, a new tube of tooth paste and an extra toothbrush.

The bedroom is where the typical male domestic effort verges on the pathetic. The truly accommodating bedroom begins with fresh sheets and pillowcases—merely slipping them over is not quite the same. This may be the time to spring for some new sheets. If so, buy some colored or patterned ones. White is not only boring but shows wine and pizza stains. Use fitted sheets. They're less likely to peel off during passion and strangle you. Don't forget *under* the bed—a few swipes with a dust mop will remove old hairpins and roach corpses. Next to the bed, place a box of tissues. Can you spare some closet space? A few hangers? The woman made to stack her clothing in a corner of the room will feel like a vagabond.

According to our informal survey, the kitchen is where bachelor hospitality got its blackest eye—since a clean but seriously empty kitchen is simply not functional.

Plan ahead and consider two things: the vital midnight snack and breakfast. Keep on hand some all-purpose foods such as cheese, sausage, pâté, bread, a bit of fruit and an all-purpose drink such as juice or Perrier. Even if she wants just juice and coffee, do it right.

There is more, of course, to playing the host than just good housekeeping and keeping her alive. Coexistence tends to become a problem, especially if you're accustomed to living alone. The rule is simple: Amuse, don't inflict. To further help you with the more cerebral aspects of her visit, we've prepared a good-host checklist, giving you the vital ingredients for incessant bliss.

THINGS TO TELL HER

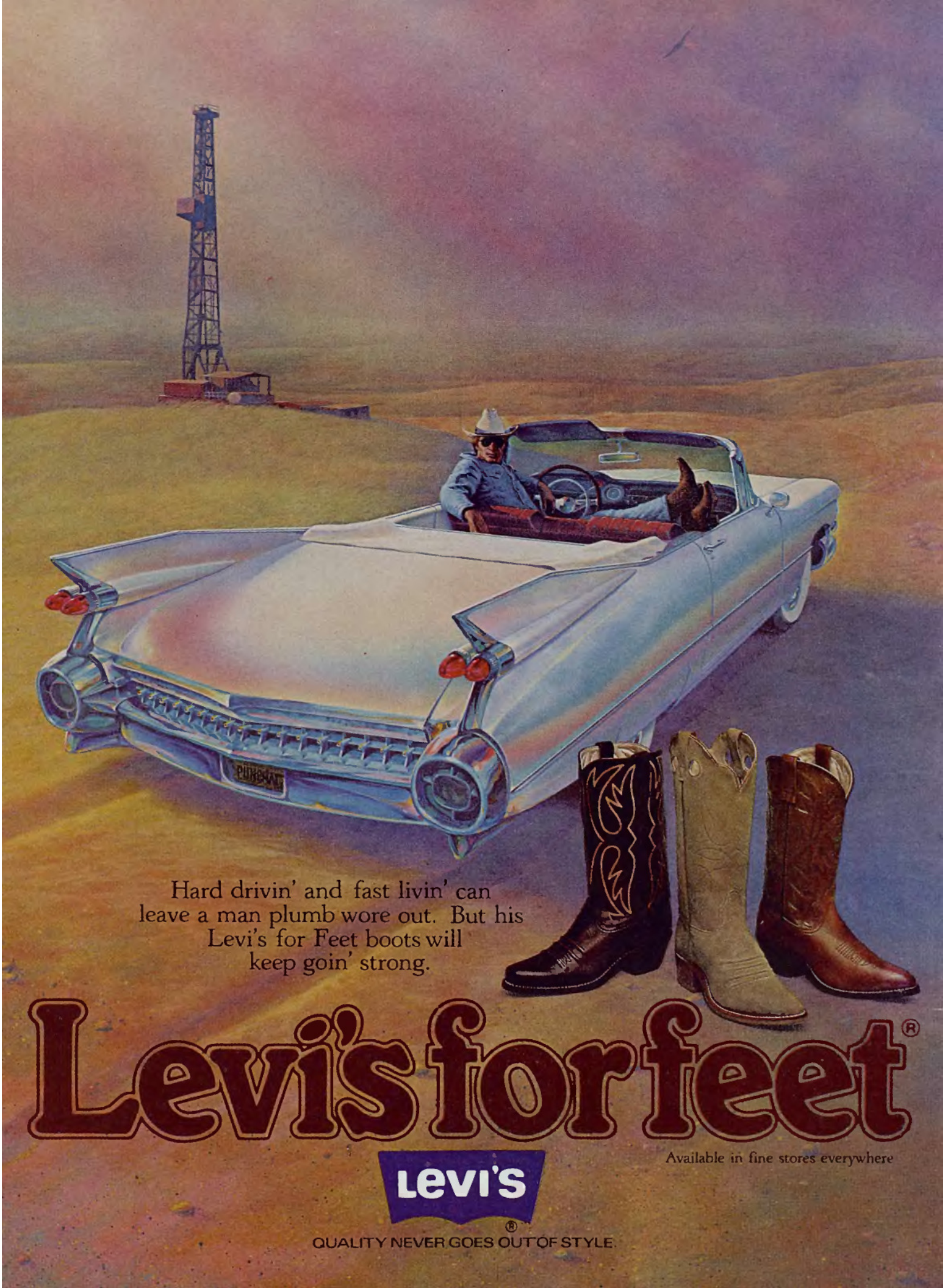
Are your shower taps reversed? That often occurs in apartments serviced by nonunion help. Your lady love won't think it's funny if she parboils her buttocks. Eccentric flush mechanism on the toilet? Take time to explain it. If your bathroom light switch is a string hanging from a fixture, mention it instead of letting her conduct a search at three A.M.

OTHER THINGS TO DO

Place flowers in the bedroom—an elegant touch that women admire. Be prepared to lend her a bathrobe, spare socks, a T-shirt, etc. She can't think of everything. Don't leave the toilet seat up. And, for God's sake, don't ignore her in the morning. Instead of going about your business, engage her in your life. Take her, or at least offer to take her, on your daily jog.

If, after 24 hours, you're feeling claustrophobic but she's not making a move toward her clothes, take heart—there are ways to get her to leave without damaging her ego. If she's secure, she'll understand when you explain your need for solitude. If she isn't, invent a cub-scout meeting or, better yet, Sunday brunch with alcoholic parents. More directly: Begin straightening things up. Make the bed. You can speed things along gently by giving her a book (any book) and telling her, "When you leave, I'd like you to take this," thus implanting the idea that she is, eventually, leaving. As a last resort, scare her: Invite her to do the laundry.

RICHARD G. SMITH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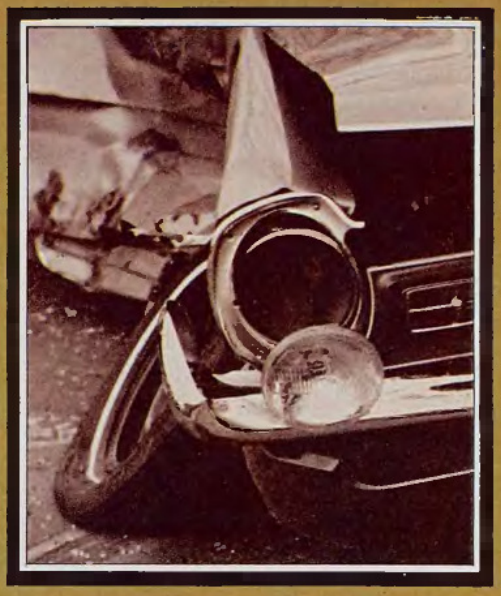


BENT FENDERS, INSURANCE AND YOU

KKRRRUUNNNNCH! That's you, joining an unexclusive club: the 28,000,000 drivers each year who play real-life bumper cars. Your fault? The other guy's? Maybe you're both squawking like squared-off roosters. Maybe your car's terminally kayoed. Maybe you're miles from home. What a mess! Keep cool. You're now in a poker game against an insurance company. Play your cards right and you'll cut your losses. First, of course, help anyone injured. And if your cars are blocking the highway, move them off, if you can. If the accident amounts to more than a scratch, call the police.

THE ACCIDENT KIT

Now, from your glove compartment, extract your accident kit, which consists of a pen and pad, a card with your insurance agent's name, address and telephone number, your policy number and your company's 24-hour toll-free number, if any, and a sample accident-report form from your insurance agent. (It also would be smart to have a cheap camera, loaded with color film.)

Your strategy is to tell the other driver solely what the law requires: your name, address, license number, registration number, car make, model and year, insurance company, policy number. Otherwise, keep mum. Even if you think you're guilty, you may be wrong.

Meanwhile, be all ears. If the other driver says, "Gee, I'm sorry," or "I knew I should get those brake lights fixed," record it verbatim. Also, get the other guy's name and address from his license—to be sure he's telling the truth. And if he has any license restrictions, such as glasses, note whether or not he's complying.

WHO DONE IT?

No-fault laws (now in about one third of the states) are solely for medical claims. For property damage, you must pin the blame on your opponent to collect from his liability coverage. Then you can avoid the "deductible." Everything from your telephone calls to rental cars may be covered. And your own coverage won't be jeopardized.

You're definitely at fault? In some states, proving the other driver also was negligent may get you unhooked. So you'll need data to strengthen your hand and for the accident report most states require. The investigating officer should have the forms. Incidentally, get his name, badge number, station house—you may need him later.

THE DATA SHUFFLE

Your insurance company's sample report will tell you what data to collect: the other driver's basic statistics, witnesses' addresses (also get the license numbers of their cars, if you can), vehicle positions, weather, road conditions, speeds, time, injuries, passengers' names and where they were sitting, damage, obscured signs, skid-mark lengths. Diagram the accident before and after.

If you have a camera, snap everything from panoramic views of the accident to close-ups of the damage and shots of the opposing car's passengers looking hale and hearty. And have someone snap your own injuries, if any.

Report to your insurance company from the accident scene, if possible; if not, within three days—otherwise, your company's legal obligation to you may be void.

THE DELAYED DEAL

If you're lucky, the insurance company will rush along at top speed, like an arthritic turtle. Otherwise, expect the etherized snail. Insurers relish delay. They can collect interest on the claim's money while their lawyers sniff over the case. And maybe you'll give up, or move to Reykjavik, or fall down a manhole.

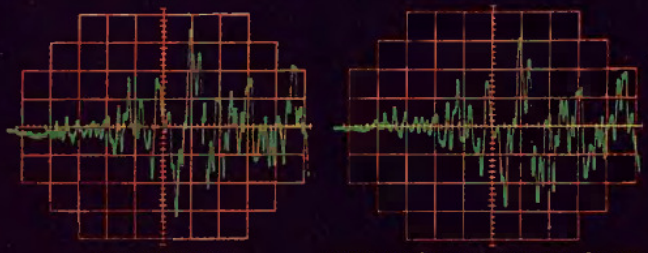
What cards can you play? If the amount is just a few dollars over your deductible, pay it yourself and make no claim. Claims go against your record and could lead to a brutal premium hike or a policy cancellation. But if the amount is considerable, press your claim. First, record every niggling expense. What insurance doesn't cover may be tax deductible. If the company tries to browbeat you out of a legitimate claim, stand tough. And don't be buffaloed by terminology. Here's a nutshell glossary: first-party claim (you file against your own company); third-party claim (you file against the opposing driver's company); betterment (you pay the difference if repairs make your car "better" than before the accident—for example, $30 for a new $60 tire replacing a half-worn tire); subrogation (you file against your company under collision, then your company files against the other fellow's. If possible, file directly against the opposing driver's liability—it covers more than your collision).

If nothing happens within 60 days on a liability claim, 40 days under collision, squawk! No results? Complain to your state insurance office, sending a carbon to the insurance-company president. Still no results? Most policies have an arbitration clause, with you and the company splitting an outside arbitrator's fee. Or try small-claims court, where you can be your own attorney. If the amount is large, though, sue the bastards. If your case is solid, the company is likely to quit the game and settle on the courthouse steps. Meanwhile, drive carefully. The money you save may be your own.

—RICHARD WOLKOMIR

Introducing Technics Linear Phase bookshelf speaker series. Each with staggered speakers, a wide frequency response and flat amplitude. It may sound complicated, but it made Technics Linear Phase our biggest idea in speakers.

And now with the 3-way SB-X50 and SB-X30 plus the 2-way SB-X10, our biggest idea is small enough for shelf mounting. Like our other Technics Linear Phase Speakers, they all have the ability to reproduce a musical waveform that's virtually a mirror image of the original. Our engineers call it waveform fidelity.



Piano Waveform.

Piano Waveform reproduced by SB-X50.

Look at the waveforms. If seeing is believing, you've just become a believer in Technics Linear Phase. Because that's accuracy that sounds better than good. It sounds live.

How we got that much accuracy into such small enclosures was extremely complicated. But our engineers found the key. A straight horn on a dome tweeter. It not only improved high frequency dispersion, it also gave us the unconventional staggered speaker configuration we wanted, in the conventional enclosure you want.

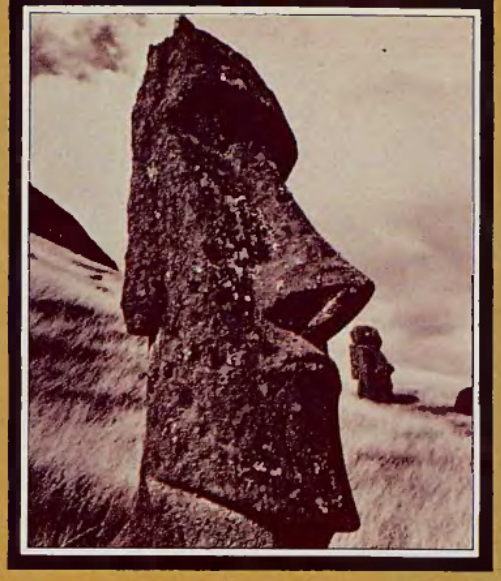
But what's more important is what Technics Linear Phase bookshelf series does for your hi-fi. For the first time you can have the accuracy of Technics Linear Phase in a speaker system small enough for shelf mounting.

How Technics made their biggest idea in speakers, smaller.

Technics
by Panasonic

SB-X50

SB-X10



THOSE FARAWAY ISLANDS

In a world fast becoming hopelessly homogenized, it's reassuring that some small corners of it—remote and untrammeled—retain their fierce individuality.

THE SOUTH SEAS

Huahine, a half-hour flight from Tahiti in French Polynesia, was in the last decade principally a vanilla-growing island where the black, shiny four-foot-long bean pods took a year to dry and perfumed the air for miles out to sea. Basically unspoiled, it now has a Bali H'ai beach hotel, whose guests are put up in thatched *fares*, or huts (albeit with *tout* comfort), that don't mar the isle. There's fine swimming and snorkeling in tranquil, crystalline waters, plus a tiny, snug harbor for provision ships and a spate of unobtrusive international yachts.

American Samoa, in mid–Pacific Ocean, belongs to us, so the Samoans are American citizens. That fact comes as sort of a shock, because the capital, Pago Pago, was the *mise en scène* of Somerset Maugham's iconoclastic *Rain*. Ironically, this gorgeous, mountain-ringed, deep-sea port (fast being polluted by tuna-gutting canneries) has singlehandedly all but defeated U. S. technology. Our men may walk on the moon, but on Samoa, the electrical system fails periodically, the lights flicker out and the Pan Am planes overfly, all a reminder that Samoa is, indeed, off the beaten track. The Rainmaker Hotel, named for the tallest peak, is a crossroads for Pacific Marco Polos who congregate in the bar. Outside town, in the Polynesian countryside, high chiefs and talking chiefs run loosely organized communities, serenely similar to those of their ancestors, many of whom lie buried in nearby mounds.

SOUTH AMERICA

Rapa Nui (Easter Island), treeless, riverless and bleak, surrounded by 100,000 square miles of ocean off the coast of Chile, remains both a mystery to anthropologists and a magnet for adventurers who want to see for themselves the forbidding *maois*, huge 50-foot monolithic heads, each weighing about 60 tons, carved out of lava stone that punctuate the hostile landscape. Yet Rapa Nui does have three unexpected pale-sand beaches within driving distance of The Hangaroa, its only hotel.

The Galápagos, a splatter of nude, sun-baked, monochromatic rocks 600 miles off the coast of Ecuador, seem at first glance too barren to sustain life. But that illusion is only the result of the protective coloration of their fauna, which is so perfect that they blend smoothly into the surroundings. Going ashore by dinghy or small craft, you find that the creatures are actually there in abundance—from fire-red crabs to blue-footed boobies and unique seagoing iguanas, all absolutely fearless of man. The Galápagos are probably the only places left on earth where sea lions and dolphins will swim alongside you and birds alight nonchalantly on your shoulders, making you realize how really rotten we've been to them everywhere else. On his ship Beagle, Darwin visited the islands, largely responsible for the revolutionary theories propounded in his *Origin of Species*.

THE MEDITERRANEAN

Gozo, a bucolic islet a short ferry ride from Malta in the southern Mediterranean Sea, preserves its own impressive monuments: a pair of Ggantija temples, circa 2600 B.C. They may be the first reason for visiting Gozo. Surely, the second is Hotel Ta' Cenc, an elegantly simple complex of whitewashed villas perched on a hilltop, where the sophisticated general manager serves glorious Italian food and appreciates the importance of maintaining a seductive atmosphere of *dolce far niente*.

INDIA

Goa, a dot off the west coast of India, an hour's flight from Bombay, superimposes on its Hindu origins the Catholicism and ornate Christian churches of the Portuguese who ruled it from 1520 to 1961. These buildings still stand nostalgically around Pangim, the capital, in Old Goa. In New Goa, the exceptional golden beaches and cottages with *bon marche* rentals lure visitors with more time than money and the last of the diehard hippies, or reasonable facsimiles, who still summer in Katmandu and spend the winter sleeping under the stars at Calangute and Cova beaches. Meanwhile, luxury lovers with India in their karma put up at Fort Aguada, run by the Tata group that owns Bombay's famed Taj Mahal.

THE SEYCHELLES

Bird Island, one of the Seychelles in the Indian Ocean, can be overwhelming, if not a little scary. On this flat coconut-plantation atoll, close to 1,000,000 pairs of sooty terns breed from May to November, a fantastic concentration that darkens the sky when they take off, wheeling and screaming into the air, giving you the fleeting feeling of what it's like to be the endangered species. Besides, the island is rimmed with exquisite beaches of fine, moon-white sand, with dramatic snorkeling off the deep end. The only place to stay is Bird Island Lodge—thatched huts with all modern amenities strung along the shore.

Contrary to the cliché, none of these islands is a paradise. But all are fascinating, unique and, subject to personal taste, well worth visiting. —GERI TROTTA

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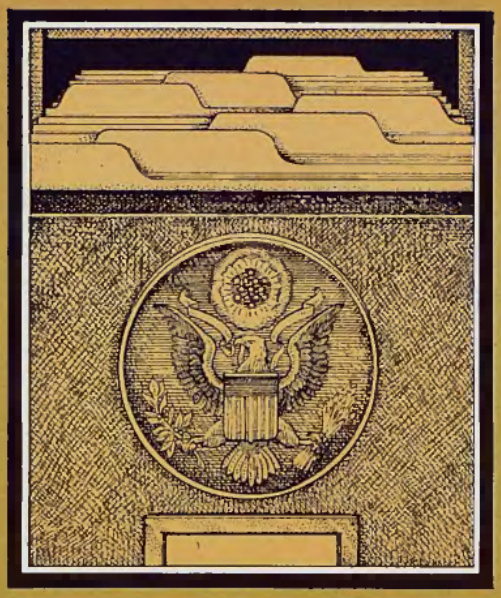

HOW TO SEE YOUR FEDERAL FILE

Ever wondered how much *they* know? Do you sometimes have a feeling that Big Brother is keeping close tabs on you? Ever want to find out just how many times your name appears on the flap of a Government file? It may be more often than you think. "Federal agencies have amassed vast amounts of information about virtually every American citizen," Gerald Ford revealed. "Information about individuals conceivably could be used for other than legitimate purposes and without the prior knowledge or consent of the individual involved." In fact, there are over 7000 separate Government files, many of which have millions of individual records.

Thanks to Public Law 93-579, better known as the Privacy Act, you now have the right to information the Government has on you, as long as it doesn't: (1) relate to national security, (2) reveal a confidential source or (3) give you an unfair advantage on a Government exam.

FINDING OUT

"OK," you say, "so I've got a right. But how do I *get* the information?" Fear not; Big Daddy Government found a way. Your local library has a copy of *Protecting Your Right to Privacy—Digest of Systems of Records/Agency Rules/Research Aids* (also available from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., for five dollars). This 737-page monster lists every "system" (the Government's name for a file), its location, what it is used for, how long it is kept and to whom you write for access. It is organized by agency and is almost impossible to read.

The trick is not to read it, merely to use it. Run down the table of contents and check off any agency (there are 82 listed) with which you have had even the remotest connection (or that you think might have the slightest interest in you). Have you ever filed a complaint with a Federal agency? Ever received a license from, applied for a job with, provided professional services to or worked for a Federal agency? If so, they have files on you. Were you in the military? Check both Service and veterans' files. Had a Government loan (student, small business, housing)? They know about you, too. Ever had a post-office box? Ever applied for one? Yes, they even keep track of that!

Once you have pinned down individual systems (by checking the system lists under the agencies you have identified as having an interest in you), the next step is to submit a formal request to each system manager, the Government official in charge of maintaining the file. In most cases, you can make your request either in person or by mail. A few agencies require a personal appearance and none will give out any information over the telephone, so don't bother to call. And don't type out a form letter of request to send to all the system managers you want to contact. Each agency has its own set of rules and regulations.

ASKING NICELY

The last 300 pages of *Protecting Your Right to Privacy*, in fact, are devoted to agency rules and regulations, all written in typical governmentese. But don't despair—the regulations are indexed by agency. Within each agency section, you will find a short subsection titled "Times, Places and Requirements for Identification of Individuals Making Requests." Here you will find out what you can ask for, where you should ask, whether or not written requests are acceptable, when and how the records can be accessed and what will serve as adequate identification. Forget the rest—it's all irrelevant to your purpose.

Here are a few things to keep in mind about Federal information requests to make the process smoother: (1) Print the words PRIVACY ACT REQUEST on the front of the envelope and again across the top of the letter. (2) Remember that the agency is allowed to charge you a small fee for document reproduction but cannot charge you for the time and expense of locating it. (3) Sign your request and be sure that any proof of identification you send is properly notarized; and never send original documents. (4) Specify the exact file you wish to access, using the title as it appears in the Government listing. (5) Give any information you have about dates, places or correspondence relating to the creation of the file. (Of course, it's also OK to just ask the general question, "Am I in such and such a file?") (6) Be sure to provide your *full, legal* name and address. Also include your address at the time you guess the Government's record was created. (7) Remember that most Government bureaucrats are not the enemy. If they have a hard time finding the file you want, be patient and follow up with a phone call to see if you can give them any more clues.

WHAT IF THE RECORDS ARE WRONG?

Finally, most agencies provide a means of changing records containing incorrect or misleading information. Simple corrections can be handled through further correspondence with the system manager. Major problems regarding your character or work record, however, or appeals of requests that have been denied, should be pursued with the assistance of an attorney.

There's only one problem. Some agencies keep files on individuals who have requested access to their files. Remember: Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they aren't out to get you!

—KARL BORDEN

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"Notre Dame wasn't the quickest, tallest or strongest team around, but it had guts and spirit."

freshmen, guard Bob Kelly and swing man Kevin Greaney.

The Boston College team should continue its improvement. Only one starter has departed and a quality group of newcomers gives added depth. Rookie guards Dwan Chandler and Mike Bennett could be immediate starters and seven-foot freshman Ron Crevier could help later in the year.

JoJo Walters will dominate play at Manhattan College, as will Ronnie Valentine at Old Dominion.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

1. Michigan State	6. Indiana
2. Ohio State	7. Purdue
3. Michigan	8. Wisconsin
4. Illinois	9. Minnesota
5. Iowa	10. Northwestern

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

1. Toledo	7. Ball State
2. Central Michigan	8. Western Michigan
3. Ohio University	9. Eastern Michigan
4. Miami	10. Kent State
5. Northern Illinois	
6. Bowling Green	

INDEPENDENTS

1. Marquette	5. DePaul
2. Notre Dame	6. Dayton
3. Illinois State	7. Detroit
4. Loyola	8. Xavier

TOP PLAYERS: Johnson, Kelser (Michigan State); Ransey (Ohio State); Hubbard, McGee (Michigan); Smith (Illinois); Lester (Iowa); Woodson (Indiana); Carroll (Purdue); Gregory, Matthews (Wisconsin); McHale (Minnesota); Miller (Toledo); Tropf (Central Michigan); Skaggs (Ohio University); Dawkins (Northern Illinois); Green (Eastern Michigan); McGhee (Kent State); Toone, Worthen (Marquette); Flowers, Tripucka, Branning (Notre Dame); Jones (Illinois State); Knight (Loyola); Garland (DePaul); Paxson (Dayton); Duerod (Detroit); Daniels (Xavier).

Michigan State will again be the class team in the Big Ten. Playboy All-America Earvin Johnson and another stellar forward, Gregory Kelser, give the Spartans good leadership and a plethora of talent. With so many able veterans on hand, none of the rookies is likely to see much action.

Ohio State returns 12 of the 13 players from last year. The Buckeyes will still be a young team (there are only two seniors on the squad) and the schedule is again rough. If it grows up quickly, it could become one of the nation's premier teams.

The best news at Michigan is that pivot man Phil Hubbard, injured all of last season, is fully mended. Three outstanding freshmen, John Garris, Thad Garner and Keith Smith, could win starting jobs. Look for soph sharpshooter Mike McGee to put on a dazzling exhibition of outside shooting.

For the first time in nearly a decade, Illinois has the manpower to break into college basketball's circle of elite teams. All the elements are present, including explosive scoring power. The squad's major liability is its youth. Sterling recruits Derek Holcomb and James Griffin are expected to make major contributions their first year.

If Iowa can avoid a repeat of last winter's plague of injuries and illnesses, it could be the surprise team of the league. All of last year's better players are back, including stellar guard Ronnie Lester and top rebounder Clay Hargrave. Best of the newcomers is center Steve Krafcisin, a transfer from North Carolina.

The Indiana players will be a young group, since neither of the two seniors is likely to play much. Fabulous forward Mike Woodson will again be the main attraction. He's only the second player in school history to pass the 1000-point mark by his sophomore year.

There will be a new look at Purdue. There is a new coach (Lee Rose), three four-year starters are gone and six recruits are good enough to challenge for starting jobs. Best of the rookies is forward Arnette Hallman. All the ingredients are present for the Boilermakers to have the big season that escaped them last year. Center Joe Barry Carroll has unlimited potential and Jerry Sichting is one of the league's best playmaking guards.

Wisconsin will also have a very young team—there isn't a senior on the squad—but plenty of talent is on hand, so look for the Badgers to be a Big Ten power by next year.

Minnesota lost All-Everything Mychal Thompson and two other starters, so this could be a lean year in Minneapolis. Fortunately, coach Jim Dutcher garnered one of the country's most impressive groups of recruits, best of whom are Darryl Mitchell, Gary Holmes and Leo Rautins.

New Northwestern coach Rich Falk begins a rebuilding job that may take a few seasons to show much progress. Luckily, he will have the use of much better talent than was available last year. Two transfers (Larry Lumpkins and Brian Jung) and two freshmen (Jim Stack and Bob Grady) will contribute much.

Toledo and Central Michigan are co-favorites in the Mid-American Conference title race. Toledo will again have a tenacious defense, but rebounding will continue to be a problem. Central Michigan features supershooter Jeff Tropf and the league's best guard tandem, Dave Grauzer and Val Bracey.

The five players who contributed most to Miami's league championship last season have graduated, which means the Redskins will have to scramble to stay in the first division while rebuilding for next year.

Everybody returns to Northern Illinois, including spectacular scorer Paul Dawkins. Two rookies, Ray Watson and Ray Clark, look good enough to nose out a couple of the veterans.

The teams at Bowling Green, Ball State and Western Michigan will be stronger, because only one key player graduated from each school.

Marquette's graduation losses were severe enough to cripple most college basketball squads, but the talent in Milwaukee is so deep that the Warriors don't have to rebuild—they just reload. Coach Hank Raymonds will reconstruct around stellar forwards Bernard Toone and Oliver Lee. The backcourt must be replaced, but junior college transfer guard Sam Worthen will probably be the best new player in the land. Raymonds insists Worthen is capable of making all the All-America lists his first season. The defensive play, always a Warrior strength, will again be outstanding.

Notre Dame's success last year was the product of excellent team play that featured a good blend of upperclassmen and five promising freshmen who were willing to learn and to play only when needed without rancor or resentment. It wasn't the quickest, tallest or strongest team around, but it had guts and spirit. This year's squad looks to be exactly the same, with another good blend of experience and youth. Best of all, last winter's impressive freshmen are a year older. Kelly Tripucka and Tracy Jackson are a breath-taking pair of forwards. If rebounders Bruce Flowers and Bill Laimbeer have good seasons, Notre Dame will be in the thick of the fight for the national championship.

New coach Bob Donewald takes over an Illinois State team that was ranked among the nation's top 20 before a late-season loss knocked it out of an N.C.A.A. tournament bid. Only one starter graduated, so this should be another banner year for the Redbirds. Reserve strength could be a problem again, especially with the aggressive style of play that Donewald teaches.

The Loyola team has improved noticeably each of the past two years, and the progress should continue this season, especially if center John Hunter is completely recovered from the injuries that kept him out of action last year. The Ramblers' major weakness in recent years—lack of bench strength—seems to

have been largely solved by a productive recruiting season.

The DePaul squad was seriously depleted by graduation, so it will likely be impossible to duplicate last year's success. Superrecruits Mark Aguirre and Bill Madey will help replace the lost talent.

Detroit also suffered serious graduation losses after a banner year. The offense will be heavily dependent on long-range shooter Terry Duerod.

With everyone returning, this should be Xavier's best team in 15 years. The Musketeers have been closing the gap between them and other top Midwestern independents in recent seasons, and this could be the year they knock off a few of the biggies.

•

Duke has all the assets to win the Atlantic Coast Conference championship, the national championship, the N.C.A.A. tournament—everything. Few college teams have ever been so laden with talent. The ten best players return from last year's squad, which won 27 games and finished second to Kentucky in the national standings. Four of those returnees are All-America prospects (Jim Spanarkel, Mike Gminski, Gene Banks and Kenny Dennard) and the six others aren't much worse. They will be joined by superrecruit Vince Taylor, who would dominate most teams his first year but may have trouble earning a place in the top five at Duke. Coach Bill Foster—who, for obvious reasons, we've named Coach of the Year—will have only one problem: He must keep the team from succumbing to overconfidence. He must also try to retain the remarkable team chemistry, the happy looseness and unselfish camaraderie that distinguished last year's squad. The talent is certainly there: Playboy All-America Spanarkel is probably the most complete basketball player in the nation; Gminski dominates the middle; and Banks is a terror on the boards.

North Carolina State, Virginia or North Carolina could be the league runner-up. The Wolfpack was picked for the conference cellar last season but won 21 games, and all the starters and top reserves return. They will be joined by freshmen Scott Parzych and 7'2" Chuck Nevitt. When Nevitt attains his full growth, he will be a dominating center.

Virginia's graduation losses were also minimal. Twenty-game winners last year, the Cavaliers will have much better depth and experience, and Otis Fulton (who sat out last year), a 6'11", 240-pound center, could add enough extra strength under the boards to make Virginia one of this season's Cinderella teams.

North Carolina's only major diploma casualty was Phil Ford, but that's like losing half the team. Playboy All-America superforward Mike O'Koren is still on hand, but the big problem will be finding a new backcourt. The top candidates for the guard positions are Dave Colescott and John Virgil.

A quality crop of recruits will give Wake Forest much better talent depth, but it is doubtful that freshmen—no matter how good—can make up for the loss of forwards Rod Griffin and Leroy McDonald. Guard Frank Johnson will be the anchor of the team. Three of the rookies, forwards Alvis Rogers and Guy Morgan, plus center Jim Johnstone, could join Johnson on the starting unit.

The main task for Maryland coach Lefty Driesell is to cure the bickering and self-centered attitudes that crippled last year's awesomely talented squad. At least one of the rugged individualists has departed for other climes and gifted Albert King, now a sophomore and one of the more unselfish players, has emerged as a team leader. Freshman guard Reggie Jackson is good enough to be an immediate starter.

Clemson was wiped out by graduation. Fortunately, the Tigers are now off N.C.A.A. probation and all five incoming recruits look good enough to lend immediate help. Center Bill Ross, the gem of the rookie group, could be a future great. Two sharpshooters, Keith Walker and Keith Whitt, will add needed scoring punch.

This could be the best LSU team since the Tigers won the mythical national championship in 1935. Graduation losses were negligible and the squad, heavily laden with freshmen last year, will be much more mature. Sophomores Durand Macklin and DeWayne Scales should become one of the nation's better forward duos. Transfer Al Green could be a sensation at guard and 7'2" former redshirt Andy Campbell will add muscle under the boards.

Mississippi State was last year's Southeastern Conference Cinderella team despite a season-long plague of injuries. The Bulldogs are still bitter over not being invited to the N.C.A.A. post-season tournament. But they could get revenge this year. Five of the top eight scorers return, and new coach Jim Hatfield signed high school hot-shots Carey Kelly and Ricky Hood. More help will come from transfer forward John Adams, who should be an immediate starter.

Graduation gutted the Kentucky team. Four of the top six players are gone. Fortunately, Kyle Macy (the team's coach on the floor) returns and three former prep school All-Americas, Dwight Anderson, Clarence Tillman and Chuck Verderber, have been signed. While last year's team was so physically intimidating that it could wear down opponents by sheer size and strength, this squad will rely on speed, quickness and shooting. Sophomore Chuck Aleksinas could become the best center in the league by season's end.

Last year's Alabama team suffered from poor rebounding, poor outside shooting and poor luck with injuries. But the Tide did have Reggie King, the league's best player, and he returns to find three newcomers (Eddie Phillips, Eddie Adams and Joe Hancock) who could help fix last year's problems.

All the Georgia starters and top reserves return, so if new coach Hugh Durham can instill some consistency in his team's play (last year, the Bulldogs had a tendency to lose to weaker teams and to upset stronger ones), this could be the first winning season in Athens in six years.

The big problem at Vanderbilt is still the center position. Lack of an inside scoring punch and poor rebounding the past two years have enabled opponents to gang up on gifted forward Charles Davis. Sophomores Brian Allsmiller and

THE SOUTH

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

1. Duke
2. North Carolina State
3. Virginia
4. North Carolina
5. Wake Forest
6. Maryland
7. Clemson

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

1. LSU
2. Mississippi State
3. Kentucky
4. Alabama
5. Georgia
6. Vanderbilt
7. Tennessee
8. Florida
9. Mississippi
10. Auburn

METRO CONFERENCE

1. Louisville
2. Virginia Tech
3. Cincinnati
4. Memphis State
5. Florida State
6. Tulane
7. St. Louis

OHIO VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Eastern Kentucky
2. Middle Tennessee
3. Western Kentucky
4. Tennessee Tech
5. Austin Peay
6. Murray State
7. Morehead State

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

1. Furman
2. Marshall
3. Chattanooga
4. Davidson
5. Virginia Military
6. Western Carolina
7. The Citadel

INDEPENDENTS

1. North Carolina–Charlotte
2. Georgia Tech
3. South Alabama
4. East Tennessee
5. Jacksonville
6. South Carolina
7. East Carolina

TOP PLAYERS: Spanarkel, Gminski, Banks, Dennard (Duke); Austin, Whitney (North Carolina State); Lamp (Virginia); O'Koren, Wood (North Carolina); Johnson (Wake Forest); King (Maryland); Johnson (Clemson); Macklin, Scales, Al Green (LSU); White, Brown (Mississippi State); Macy (Kentucky); King (Alabama); Daniels, Mercer (Georgia); Rhodes, Davis (Vanderbilt); Johnson (Tennessee); Hannah, Cesare (Florida); Stroud (Mississippi); Griffith, Williams (Louisville); Ashford (Virginia Tech); Cummings (Cincinnati); Bradley (Memphis State); Joyner (Middle Tennessee); Stamper (Morehead State); Moore, Daniels (Furman); Gibson (Marshall); Yarbrough (Chattanooga); Gerdy (Davidson); Kinch (North Carolina–Charlotte); Drummer (Georgia Tech); Place (East Tennessee); Ray (Jacksonville); Mack (East Carolina).

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Which Borkum Riff?

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Pat Berwanger could solve the center problem, and continued improvement of supershooter Mike Rhodes, the league's Freshman of the Year last winter, will give the Commodore's greater scoring punch.

Now that the coaching situation is stabilized, the Tennessee team could be much improved. All of last year's players return, and new coach Don DeVoe will have sterling center Reggie Johnson as the team's nucleus.

Three Florida starters graduated, but the remaining two (Malcolm Cesare and Reggie Hannah) are nuggets. A point guard must be found to run the offense, with freshman Mike Milligan the top prospect for the job.

The Mississippi team, very young last season, could show much improvement from a year's added maturity. Unfortunately, the Rebs still suffer from a lack of size and depth, so look for the incoming recruits to see a lot of action.

Auburn's graduation losses were severe, and the tragic death last spring of newly hired coach Paul Lambert precluded a productive recruiting season. New coach Sonny Smith will build his team around former redshirt Rich Valavicius and hope for the future.

With Playboy All-America guard Darrell Griffith and the gleanings of perhaps the best recruiting season in school history, Louisville should be the premier team in the Metro Conference. Best of the newcomers are Carlton McCray (reputed to be the best prepster in the country last winter) and Wiley Brown.

Virginia Tech, in its first season in the conference, could spread misery among the other teams. The Gobblers were a superquick crew last winter and a banner recruiting year will bring added depth and talent. Best of the rookies, Dale Solomon should take over the center job.

New Cincinnati coach Ed Badger (late of the professional Chicago Bulls) will install a wide-open attack and full-court-pressure defense. The hub of Badger's team will be Pat Cummings, who can play either forward or center. Top recruits Bobby Austin and Tom Cvitkovic could be immediate starters. The schedule, unfortunately, is a backbreaker.

The Memphis State team, having lost three of last winter's starters, will rely heavily on forward James Bradley. If the new guards can learn quickly and former redshirt Tony Rufus can take over at center, the Tigers will be another good team by January.

New Florida State coach Joe Williams found only one returning starter awaiting him, so this will be a rebuilding year in Tallahassee.

Tulane coach Roy Danforth, a persuasive recruiter, signed several goodies last spring. The Greenies could be one of the country's most improved teams, but coming off a five-win season, they still won't be a title contender. Best of the rookies are centers Micah Blunt and Bobby Jones.

Eastern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee are nearly equal contenders for the Ohio Valley Conference title. Western Kentucky, Austin Peay and Murray State suffered serious graduation losses. New coach Ron Greene will bring enough new discipline to the Murray State squad to make it an improved team. Everyone returns at Morehead State, but new coach Wayne Martin brought in such an impressive group of recruits that Herbie Stamper may be the only veteran to retain his starting position.

Furman, with Jonathan Moore and Al Daniels returning, is again favored to win the Southern Conference championship, with Marshall and Chattanooga not far behind. A rugged nonconference schedule will again keep Davidson's won-lost record from reflecting that team's excellence. VMI lost only two players to graduation, but they were the best in school history, so it will be a lean year in Lexington.

North Carolina–Charlotte, led by Chad Kinch, should make it back into the top 20 listing with the help of two fabulous freshmen, point guard Phil Ward and swing man Matt Houpt.

Both Georgia Tech and East Tennessee will spend this season as independents, each having dropped out of one conference in preparation for entering another (Georgia Tech from the Metro to the Atlantic Coast, East Tennessee from the Ohio Valley to the Southern). Tech's rebounding problems (last year, the tallest player was 6'8") should be solved by two towering rookies, Steve Neal and Dave Cole.

New Jacksonville coach Tates Locke will try to instill team unity and discipline, which have been noticeably lacking the past few years.

This will be a rebuilding year at South Carolina, with help expected from transfers Cedrick Hordges and Tom Wimbush. Fortunately, the schedule isn't as tough as last winter's backbreaker.

At East Carolina, Oliver Mack is the whole shootin' match. A wing guard who can do everything, Mack got very little help from his teammates last season. But that will change—though all five starters return, a good crop of newcomers is likely to push all but Mack off the opening unit.

•

Kansas will again be one of the better fast-breaking teams in the nation and, with its size and strength, will dominate most opponents. Supersophs Darnell Valentine and Wilmore Fowler and towering center Paul Mokeski lead a squad that is as impressive for its depth as for its size and quickness. Add to all that an outstanding class of recruits (Tony Guy, David Magley and Mark Snow are the most promising) and the Jayhawks are in

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a good position to challenge Duke for the national championship.

The outlook is bright at Nebraska, also. Only one starter is missing from last winter's 22–8 team, and freshman Eric Eckelman is a better shooter than any of the returnees.

Andrew Parker (top scorer in the Big Eight last year) and Dean Uthoff (one of the nation's premier rebounders) anchor a veteran Iowa State team. One of the best recruiting years in school history brought in at least three players (Eric Davis, Chuckie White and Robert Estes) who could become starters before the season is over.

Kansas State's entire front line returns, reinforced by a group of tall recruits. Unfortunately, the backcourt—traditionally, a Wildcat strength—will be much less impressive.

After a disappointing showing last winter, the Oklahoma team expects to make a strong bid for the conference title. The Sooners are loaded with experience and talent. Ray Whitley, with a year's play under his belt, should provide needed quickness and defensive ability at the guard position.

The Missouri team hopes to carry last winter's late-season momentum into this campaign. Help will come from a superb group of recruits, best of whom are center Lex Drum and forward Mark Dressler. Junior guard Larry Drew could emerge as a superstar before he graduates.

Colorado was plagued last season by youth, injuries and a slump by former scoring leader Emmett Lewis. Eight of the top nine players are back, so the Buffaloes will be deep and experienced. The schedule, with 14 home games, is favorable. If Lewis regains his scoring touch and if highly regarded freshman Jack Magno lives up to his advance billing, the Buffs could be the surprise team of the conference.

Only two players remain from last year's Oklahoma State squad, but new coach Jim Killingsworth corralled nine outstanding recruits. Four of the blue chippers (Don Youman, Matt Clark, Jim Reason and Ed Odom) should be immediate starters.

The Southwest Conference, a perennially strong football circuit, suddenly emerged last year as an equally strong basketball league. Texas, Arkansas and Houston were three of the better teams in the country (together, they won a total of 83 games), and most of the other league members showed unaccustomed power. Texas and Arkansas shared the conference championship last season, but this time, the Longhorns seem destined to take it all. Four of last year's Texas starters return, including the top four scorers and the two leading rebounders. Add a couple of gem-quality prospects (Henry Johnson and Rob Cunningham) who were redshirted as freshmen last year and the Longhorns look loaded, indeed.

Arkansas, having lost four of its top seven players, will be hard pressed to keep pace with Texas. Playboy All-America Sidney Moncrief (who is only 6'4" but plays like he is 6'8") returns, as does U. S. Reed (another superleaper), but the front-court manpower will be very young. Freshman blue chipper Keith Peterson will probably start at one of the forward positions.

This will be a rebuilding year at Houston, but coach Guy Lewis has a way of rebuilding in a hurry. He has five quality junior college transfers to go with four journeymen vets. The Cougars may take their lumps early in the season, but by the time the conference tournament rolls around at season's end, they should again be an excellent team.

Texas A&M will likely be the most improved squad in the Southwest Conference, largely because of four superrecruits (Rudy Woods, Tyrone Ladson, Roy Jones and David Britton). Although four of last winter's starters are back,

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

1. Kansas
2. Nebraska
3. Iowa State
4. Kansas State
5. Oklahoma
6. Missouri
7. Colorado
8. Oklahoma State

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

1. Texas
2. Arkansas
3. Houston
4. Texas A & M
5. Texas Tech
6. Baylor
7. Southern Methodist
8. Texas Christian
9. Rice

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

1. Southern Illinois
2. Indiana State
3. New Mexico State
4. Creighton
5. Wichita State
6. Tulsa
7. Bradley
8. Drake
9. West Texas State

INDEPENDENTS

1. Oklahoma City
2. Oral Roberts
3. North Texas State
4. Centenary

TOP PLAYERS: Valentine, Mokeski (Kansas); Banks, McPipe (Nebraska); Uthoff, Parker (Iowa State); Redding (Kansas State); McCullough (Oklahoma); Drew (Missouri); Krivacs, Baxter, Moore (Texas); Moncrief (Arkansas); Williams (Houston); Smith (Texas A & M); Johnson (Baylor); Wilson, Abrams (Southern Illinois); Bird (Indiana State); Jones, Gunn (New Mexico State); Johnson (Wichita State); Leavell (Oklahoma City); Garrett (Oral Roberts); Lett (Centenary).

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they could all lose their jobs to the newcomers before the season is over.

The Texas Tech team will have a new look, largely because of the added quickness brought by heralded freshman guard Jeff Taylor. Look for the Raiders to play a fast-break running game.

Baylor, Southern Methodist and Texas Christian will all have much better depth than a year ago. All had productive recruiting years. At each school, at least one freshman (Terry Teagle at Baylor, Billy Allen at Southern Methodist and Mark Nickens at Texas Christian) should make a big splash. Rice, a very young team, is at best a year away from competing for conference honors. Two incoming freshman phenoms, Bobby Tudor and Brett Burkholder, give the Owls hope for the future.

Southern Illinois, with the entire squad returning from a 17–10 season, has the inside track in the Missouri Valley Conference race.

Playboy All-America forward Larry Bird returns at Indiana State, but most of his supporting cast graduated. The Sycamores will be inexperienced and Bird will again carry the team with little help. Watch for Bird to be double- and triple-teamed all year.

New Mexico State, with only one graduation loss and a bumper crop of recruits, should be the most improved team in the league. The front line, with Slab Jones and Robert Gunn, could be awesome.

Wichita State and Tulsa each lost only one player, so both teams should win more games than a year ago.

Three superstud newcomers (Gary Johnson, Calvin Garrett and Bob Griffin) could make Oral Roberts one of the most improved teams in the land.

North Texas State will carry the nation's longest winning streak (14) into this campaign, but it isn't likely to grow much longer, because the Eagles were wiped out by graduation.

•

This will be another run-of-the-mill UCLA team—loaded with talent. The Bruins will be a top contender for the national championship. The main difference from last year: much added experience. Only one player, guard Raymond Townsend, graduated. Brad Holland and Tony Anderson are both adequate replacements. Look for the Bruins to win their 14th consecutive conference championship. Also look for them to play one of this year's most interesting games when they open their season November tenth against the People's Republic of China.

UCLA's main challenger in conference play will be the Southern California team, which also had minimal graduation losses. The Trojans will again be an awesome scoring machine (center Cliff Robinson is unstoppable at times), but coach Bob Boyd must shore up the

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defensive play, a crippling weakness last year. Three newcomers—forwards Leonel Marquetti and Maurice Williams, plus guard Dean Jones—will provide immediate help.

The Oregon team will benefit from the added experience of four sophomores who started as freshmen last season. The Ducks will probably also profit from the decision of new coach Jim Haney to discontinue the high-pressure kamikaze style of play utilized by former coach Dick Harter, who has now departed for Penn State. Sharpshooting freshman Jerome Williams could be a starter his first year. If Dan Hartshorne returns to his preinjury form (he has the potential to become the Pac 10's best center), Oregon could challenge the Los Angeles teams for the conference title.

Washington State's obvious need for improved outside scoring should be fulfilled by the arrival of two transfers, Bryan Rison and Clyde Huntley. The Cougars' biggest plus, however, could be the continued development of center James Donaldson, who, at 7'2" and 280 pounds, is so intimidating under the boards that he almost eliminates opposing teams' inside play.

Although this will be an extremely young Oregon State team (eight sophs, three juniors and no seniors), it will be much more experienced than last year's squad. Also, the return from injury of center Steve Johnson will give the Beavers a much stronger inside game. Forward Julius Allen, a transfer, and former redshirt Phil Polee will make big contributions this winter.

Washington's big need is to find an imposing post man. Sophomore Petur Gudmundsson, a 7'2" native of Iceland, matured impressively during his freshman year and seems to be the likeliest candidate for the position. An amazingly agile player for his size (and also an accurate shooter), Gudmundsson could—if he continues his development—become the country's most intimidating big man by his senior year.

Both Arizona State and Arizona have been stockpiling talent in anticipation of their entry this season into the Pac 10. Recruits Greg Goorgian, Dale Cooke and Sam Williams, plus returning redshirts Johnny Nash and Alton Lister will make the Arizona State squad 13 deep in players who have the ability to be first-stringers. By midseason, Blake Taylor and Tony Zeno may be the only starters from last season who still have their jobs.

Three of Arizona's seven entering freshmen (George Hawthorne, Michael Zeno and Ray Donnelly) are good enough to become immediate starters. Hawthorne has the ability and the size to become a truly brilliant player. The Wildcats' best assets will be quickness and a devastating fast break.

New California coach Dick Kuchen inherits a squad with five returning starters, but he must upgrade the rebounding and the defensive play if the Bears are to improve on last year's disappointing record. Three freshmen, guards Mel Holland and Kevin Sparks and forward John Carson, could help right away.

The missing element at Stanford last winter was a consistent playmaking guard, but that need was filled last spring with the recruiting of prep schooler Doug Marty, a ball-handling and shooting wizard. The problem this year will be the center position, so the Cardinals may go with a three-forward alignment—not a bad idea, since forward Kimberly Belton, the team's best player, is a great rebounder.

Despite the loss of last year's top two scorers, Utah will displace New Mexico as Western Athletic Conference champion. The Utes must also find a replacement at point guard, with Scott Martin and incoming freshman Leonard Johnson the prime candidates. Another frosh, Dan Larsen, will clock a lot of playing time in the front court.

The New Mexico team was so depleted by graduation that a repeat of last year's success will be difficult, indeed. Two transfers, forwards Andre Logan and Everette Jefferson, are good enough to become starters. With less talent on hand, the Lobos will probably avoid the seizures of overconfidence that cost them key games last winter.

San Diego State's first season in the Western Athletic Conference will be a success if Howard Avery, a junior college transfer, can do the job at point guard. Redshirt Marcus Hamilton is the leading candidate to replace departed Joel Kramer. Look for Kim Goetz to put on another spectacular long-distance shooting exhibition.

The Colorado State team was depleted by graduation, but coach Jim Williams

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cleaned out Chicago during recruiting season, landing five of that city's top prepsters. Best of the bunch is guard Eddie Hughes, who will likely start immediately, as will junior college transfer Kim Williamson.

Transfer guard Terry Treece at Wyoming and freshman Terry White at Texas–El Paso should both become star performers their first year on the court.

Fullerton State, last year's Cinderella team, will retain the Pacific Coast Athletic Association championship despite the loss of most valuable player Greg Bunch. Transfer Calvin Roberts, a defensive standout, is the likely replacement. The Titans will still need to find a top-grade center.

The Long Beach State team had a lot

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC TEN

1. UCLA
2. Southern California
3. Oregon
4. Washington State
5. Oregon State
6. Washington
7. Arizona State
8. Arizona
9. California
10. Stanford

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

1. Utah
2. New Mexico
3. San Diego State
4. Colorado State
5. Wyoming
6. Brigham Young
7. Texas–El Paso

PACIFIC COAST ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

1. Fullerton State
2. Long Beach State
3. Fresno State
4. Utah State
5. Pacific
6. Santa Barbara
7. San Jose State

WEST COAST CONFERENCE

1. San Francisco
2. Nevada–Reno
3. Santa Clara
4. Portland University
5. St. Mary's
6. Loyola Marymount
7. Seattle
8. Pepperdine

BIG SKY CONFERENCE

1. Weber State
2. Montana
3. Idaho State
4. Gonzaga
5. Montana State
6. Northern Arizona
7. Boise State
8. Idaho

INDEPENDENTS

1. Nevada–Las Vegas
2. Air Force
3. Portland State
4. Hawaii

TOP PLAYERS: Greenwood, Hamilton (UCLA); Robinson (Southern California); Sealey (Oregon); Donaldson (Washington State); Walker (Washington); Taylor, Zeno (Arizona State); Demic, Brown (Arizona); Ransom (California); Belton (Stanford); Vranes (Utah); Abney (New Mexico); Malovic (San Diego State); Young (Colorado State); Bradley, Ollie (Wyoming); Ainge (Brigham Young); Anderson (Fullerton State); Wise, Wiley (Long Beach State); Williams (Fresno State); McDonald (Utah State); Carney (Pacific); Maderos (Santa Barbara); Cartwright, Jemison (San Francisco); High, Jones (Nevada–Reno); Rambis, McNamara (Santa Clara); Jones (St. Mary's); Hunter (Loyola Marymount); Richardson (Seattle); Matson (Pepperdine); Collins (Weber State); Butler (Idaho State); Finberg (Montana State); Hudson (Northern Arizona); Evans, Smith (Nevada–Las Vegas); Gricius (Air Force); Wells (Hawaii).

"I love your wild abandon, Yvette—but, damn it, you're on my cane!"

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of promise last season but failed to live up to expectations. In fact, it was the first time in conference history that the 49ers failed to win the championship. New coach Tex Winter must strengthen the defensive play and convince the squad's talented individualists to play as a team.

Newcomers Rich McElrath and Leo Cunningham could help make Utah State's first season in the P.C.A.A. a pleasant one. Pacific freshman guard Benny Buggs, a spectacular leaper, could be a future superstar. Fresno State, Santa Barbara and San Jose State all suffered serious graduation losses and will spend this season rebuilding.

The West Coast Conference will become known as San Francisco and the Seven Dwarfs if Dons coach Dan Belluomini keeps recruiting superstars. The San Francisco team would be one of the top clubs in the nation this winter with only the leftovers from last year, but Belluomini recruited four of the nation's top rookies, Wallace Bryant, Guy Williams, Billy Reid and Ken McAlister. The Dons' play will again be led by Playboy All-America center Bill Cartwright, the best big player in the country.

Graduation losses were minimal at both Nevada–Reno and Santa Clara, so both teams will again have successful seasons.

Weber State, which started four sophomores and a junior all last season, was the youngest team in the N.C.A.A. tournament last March. Last year's biggest weakness, inexperience, won't be a problem this time, so the Wildcats should reign supreme in the Big Sky Conference.

Newcomers Mark Stevens and Wendell Ramsey should win starting jobs at Northern Arizona, as should transfer Joe Fazekas at Idaho State.

Two transfer players with impressive reputations, center Brett Vroman and guard Flintie Ray Williams, will dominate the scene at Nevada–Las Vegas.

Both of last year's starting guards at the Air Force Academy are now off into the wild blue yonder and equivalent replacements will be hard to find. The fly boys still don't have a true center on the squad—it's difficult to fit a seven-footer into the cockpit of a jet fighter.

And finally, we have heart-warming news from Hawaii. The Rainbows will undoubtedly be the most improved basketball team in the country. With a little luck, they could double last year's win record. Not only is almost everybody back but coach Larry Little had his best-ever recruiting season, garnering five superb junior college transfers and a nugget prep schooler. The Rainbows still aren't ready to challenge Duke, Kansas or UCLA, however—last year, they won one game and lost 26.

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GROWING POOR

(continued from page 198)

"We watch the rich getting out of their Bentleys and think that they must have no taste."

has to pay tax, send his wife to tennis lessons, have his daughter's teeth straightened and have a Cuisinart. If he is very, very frugal, he may save $20,000 a year. (Remember, I said "very, very frugal.")

If he can keep that up for about 30 years, what with compound interest, he will have saved $1,000,000 dollars. It simply never happens. Never. Not ever. No one is *that* frugal.

On the other hand, if a man who drives a trash truck starts a trash-hauling business and hires a few winos to throw the bags and cans, he may soon be netting $2000 a week. That is less than the lawyer is making, *but* the trash proprietor can sell his business for ten times earnings and soon have his $1,000,000, while he is still young enough to enjoy it.

Similarly, the builder who puts up ticky-tacky apartments that no one we know would ever want to live in can usually sell them the day after completion for twice what it cost to build them. The builder probably had to put up only ten percent in the first place, so he is rich overnight.

The secret is that if you have a business or a building or a book or a record or a piece of land, you can sell it for a multiple of its earnings and take the money and live it up. You cannot sell *yourself* as a wage slave at a multiple of earnings and then have the money to live it up. You get the money, week by week, but the employer gets your life. The trash king has the money in a lump *and* his life, and that makes all the difference.

Unfortunately, the rule that the rich get rich not by selling their labor but by selling something else is almost unbreakable—except for entertainers and athletes.

The *Statistical Abstract* of the United States tells us that of the top one-half percent of wealth holders in America, all but a tiny few have their assets in (1) real estate, (2) corporate stocks, (3) bonds.

The people who get rich have learned—perhaps intuited is a better word—that to get rich, you have to take chances, get off the beaten path, stop living the linear life. Making big money takes a willingness to get down into the guts of the economic system and roll the dice. In school, you learn to sit in stuffy classrooms and explain why the system stinks or how it evolved. But the real money comes from getting your hands dirty with the risks, the unpleasantness, the excitement of actually being inside the monster, the economic monster, itself. That takes a certain kind of person, and if he or she started out like that, he or she will not wind up like that after intense exposure to higher education.

A personality that can jump back and forth, can see beyond the next mid-term, can take the gamble of getting dropped in shit in exchange for the chance of making real money, that's what you need to make money. School will take that out of you just as surely as a summer day in Washington takes the crease out of your trousers.

Furthermore, where in school do you learn anything about capitalizing earnings? Where, among all the talk of Balzac and Rousseau, is a word about cashing out? Nowhere, unfortunately, and so we watch the rich getting out of their Bentleys and think that they must have no taste at all. Secretly, we get high blood pressure from envy, even as we know that we know about the crucial differences between Pound and Eliot.

That does not mean school is an abomination. There is still a great deal of psychic gratification to be gotten from understanding literature and art. Poli sci has its uses. So does art history. It just does not take you one inch toward the place where all those students at AU wanted to be—standing at the bottom of the money tree and shaking it.

How did it happen? Why, in a money-crazed society, are our brightest and greediest youth learning nothing about getting money, when that is what they really want?

It happened, as most things do, by accident. The liberal-arts course of study, which about half of all our college-age boys and girls are now pursuing, began in England. In the 13th Century, the clerics of England wanted schools to prepare themselves to advise kings and princes, as well as to teach themselves Latin and the lives of the saints. So Oxford and Cambridge were created. For several centuries, they taught reverend

"A gynecologist? Whatever made you decide to become a gynecologist?"

men, until various social upheavals shook England and the schools changed. The priestly class had suffered an immense drop in power; the nobility and the wealthy merchant classes filled the void. There was no longer any need for classes that would teach about Saint Monica, but there was great felt need for classes that would teach the sons of the wealthy how to be cultivated and witty gentlemen.

Thus, the liberal-arts curriculum was born. It was intended to teach men of leisure how to discourse graciously on a variety of subjects without having to know any of them thoroughly. Oxford and Cambridge were intended to make dilettantes out of wealthy boors. There was absolutely no interest in teaching the boys how to make money, because, obviously, they would never have to soil their hands trying to make any: They already had it.

Oxford and Cambridge were such a hit that when the English colonized America, they founded various imitators. At first, these schools, too, were generally for clergy, but gradually they also became a way station between childhood and parlor desuetude for the scions of the rich.

Harvard, Yale and Princeton taught the children of the rich how to make foreign policy, quote poetry, admire the art they were rich enough to collect, give speeches at club dinners and enjoy the wealth their parents had thoughtfully stored up.

In the prairies and bayous of America, other colleges were organized. At first, they taught about agriculture or teaching, but the lure of that upper-crust liberal-arts curriculum was irresistible, so the Harvards of the Midwest and the Harvards of the South and the Harvards of the West started to offer liberal-arts courses in the middle of empty and desolate prairies and swamps.

Not only were the scions of the great industrial and merchant families of the Midwest able to study *Beowulf* and Homer but also the daughters and sons of the local International Harvester dealer were able to get an education, fully as superficial as that obtained by the children of the Lodges and the Cabots.

Until the Forties, though, most of the students going to liberal-arts colleges had businesses to go to after graduation. No matter that they did not learn how to make money in school. They were able simply to keep churning it out of the family business.

That all changed after World War Two. Along with the expectation that every person would become middle class, have a Kaiser car and a Magnavox TV, the demand that every student be entitled to a liberal-arts education was heard in the land. The masses had seen the rich in their offices and their clubs with their college degrees. The masses of ordinary citizens wanted in. They wanted their sons and daughters to be college kids and have those cushy jobs with lots of money.

State universities that had been teachers' colleges began to build great pyramids to humanities, social sciences, music appreciation, botany and field hockey. In St. Paul, where farmers had gone to learn about seeds and harvests, their sons and daughters learned about Engels and Schumpeter. In Davis, California, where teachers once learned geography, the children of the new masses sat and watched French movies.

The number of students in liberal-arts colleges doubled and redoubled and redoubled again; by the late Sixties, there were 12,000,000 college-age students in liberal-arts colleges, where there had been barely over 1,000,000 before World War Two. Everyone had a college degree. There were, suddenly, more degrees than jobs appropriate for people with degrees. A barber with a college degree cut hair and a waitress with a degree in sociology served Coors at the Aragon Ballroom.

That is where we came in. The students went to college, studied the same things the scions of the gilded age had studied before them, and then graduated, ready to start living like the plutocracy. Surprise! They were lucky to get jobs as insurance adjusters. Surprise! Even when they went to law school, even when they went to medical school, even when they went to business school, even when they made great contacts, it was hard cheese. They were still a million miles away from having all that money that college graduates were supposed to have.

The students and their eager parents had made a fundamental mistake. They had assumed that because you see a rich man with a Rolls-Royce, having a Rolls-Royce must have made him rich. Wrong. He got the Rolls *because* he was rich.

The students and their parents who had their noses pressed up against the window watching all those rich kids in college, wanting in for themselves, had utterly confused cause and effect. The college kids who were rich when they got out *had been rich when they went in.* That was why they were in college instead of out earning a living like you and me. College did not make them rich. It does not make anyone rich. It is for people who are already rich, dummy.

All of those rich guys at the Princeton Club, eating lamb stew and talking about their bonds, did not make it because they went to Princeton. They made it because they were *born.* The same goes in spades for Podunk U. You have about as much chance studying liberal arts there and coming out rich as of smoking a lot of angel dust and keeping your sanity.

Those of us who were born without money and who want to have it need college like New York City needs welfare mothers. We are supposed to go out and work, so that we can get enough money so that our children can go to college and come out without having to work. Higher education is either for those who want knowledge for its own sake (a fine and shining thing) or for people who will not have to work. It is a nice bauble for the rest of us, but it should not be confused with making real big money. The same goes for graduate schools. They are fine for passing the time, but they have nothing to do with the really substantial bucks.

That is the truth, and these are the consequences: Kids get out of school and are bewildered at what happens to them. All their lives, their mommies and daddies and teachers told them that they would inherit the earth, and suddenly they see that the kid who drove the trash truck is inheriting the earth. They work at their clean jobs, becoming committed wage slaves in clean offices, with secretaries and dictating machines, and the guy who owns the maid service that cleans up the offices after they have gone home to their public television and *I, Claudius* gets rich. The college graduates keep poking along, remembering the palmy days of college and wondering what happened. Why can't we take a year off and go to Spain? Why can't we get a Jensen? Why can't we have a chalet in Aspen?

So the grads get bitter. They feel cheated. They thought they would come out and be the *crème de la crème*, and they're down there somewhere with the bed of rice. Of course they're mad. Society has duped them, cheated them, pulled the rug out from under them. They get alienated. They hate the society. They sneer even more at the people who have what they want.

It hurts. It is painful to be disappointed. It rankles when you thought you were going to live like a Brahmin and you have to pay your Visa bill every other month. It burns when you thought that you might work at a low-paying, high-status job—Foreign Service, perhaps—and you find that because you don't have that wonderful inherited wealth, you do not even have the high status.

Disillusionment, resignation, depression—all the things we see in our friends a few years after they have gotten out of school, they all come when we do not get the things we want. So we turn to Cuisinarts and pretension to mask our disappointments, and we wonder how we ever went so far off the track.

But don't blame yourself. It's what you learned in school. You can come to The Palm any time and learn the truth, but be prepared for a wallop when you see the price of the lobster. The rich, after all, can afford it.

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SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 180)

The Buddy Holly Story, *Hair*—marked a definite return to the old he-she relationships.

Significantly, each of these relationships has left plenty of room for the woman to exhibit her independent spirit. In *Coma*, petite Genevieve Bujold, as an intern living with another doctor (Michael Douglas), begins to suspect some hanky-panky on the part of her hospital superiors. There are far too many comatose patients coming out of Operating Room Eight. Although she confides her suspicions to Douglas, he chooses to disbelieve, and she is forced to carry on her investigation alone. One place she visits is a secret experimental medical center where the nude, unconscious victims of the hospital's malpractices lie waiting for their ultimate, gruesome disposal. Fortunately, at the last possible moment—just as Bujold is being wheeled into O. R. Eight—Douglas wakes up to the possibility that his lady may be right.

In *Coming Home*, Jane Fonda—fresh from her portrayal of Lillian Hellman in *Julia*—essays a far more difficult role. The wife of a gung-ho Marine sent to Vietnam, Jane finds fulfillment with a paraplegic Vietnam veteran (Jon Voight). It's oral sex, and director Hal Ashby went to no pains to conceal it. Neither did he underscore it with explicit footage. It remains as an ineffable moment when two people in love communicate their mutual feeling in the only way that is physically possible for them. In contrast, her husband (Bruce Dern) is, on the night of his return from the war, eager only for a beer bust. If *Coming Home*'s ultimate resolution seems both contrived and arbitrary, the film shines through Fonda's performance and the quality of womanhood she conveys.

In *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, Diane Keaton plays a young teacher whose rigid Catholic upbringing is instrumental in forcing her into a search for sex. Although writer-director Richard Brooks has often been criticized for that, his picture also stresses the humiliation of a malformed youngster subjected to the scrutiny of friends and neighbors—and cursed with a "perfect" sister (Tuesday Weld), who breaks all the familial rules and gets away with it. For Keaton, visiting the neighborhood bars becomes a form of survival—a search not so much for "Mr. Goodbar" as for herself. The film's obviously inevitable tragic finale merely underscores the plight of any woman who doesn't know who she is or why. Although *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* had more than its share of censorship battles, it weathered them intact.

More than likely, when the Motion Picture Academy voted the fresh-faced Miss Keaton its Best Actress award for *Annie Hall* earlier this year, its members

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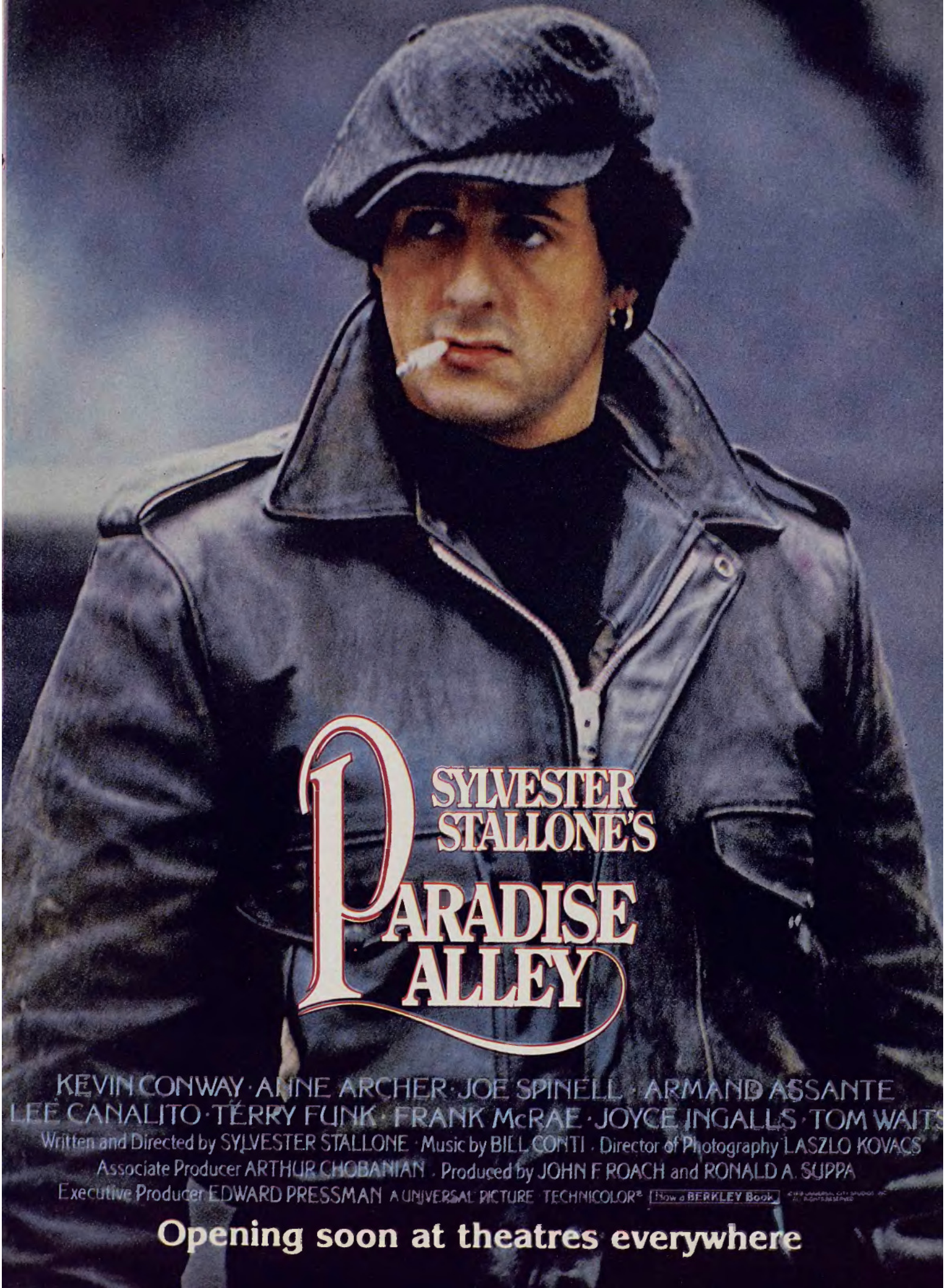
were taking into account as well her work in *Mr. Goodbar*, a film that otherwise they thoroughly detested. Providentially, Woody Allen gave her in *Annie* the kind of part they could relate to—the pretty, fluttery, indecisive girl who is the perfect foil for the equally indecisive Allen but in the end turns out to have a mind (or at least a will) of her own. In a fairly autobiographical role as an aspiring young singer and ladyfriend of the star, Keaton has never been more charming or more spontaneous, seeming to enjoy hugely each joke and situation (no matter how many times it may have been rehearsed). But the real surprise comes at the end of the movie, when, unlike the dim-witted heroines of the old Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton comedies (the prototypes of Allen's comedic style), she doesn't fall blissfully into his arms but turns him down flat. Not unpleasantly, but flat. Far more than Bella Abzug, Keaton is the real harbinger of today's liberated female.

So, too, is Paul Mazursky's *An Unmarried Woman*, which, albeit without emphasis, makes the point that you don't have to be a woman to write effectively about women. Jill Clayburgh, who emerges from it a major star, plays a housewife pushing 40 who suddenly learns that her solidly middle-class husband wants to leave her and shack up with a much younger woman. The film probes in depth her feeling of rejection, her bitterness, her withdrawal, her suspicion of other men. It also explores her relationship with her teenaged daughter (Lisa Lucas), who resents not only the father but any males who come to call. Finally, Clayburgh does meet a man she responds to, an artist (Alan Bates) who has a life and a career of his own. Their love is joyous and real; but when he proposes that she submerge her identity to the advancement of that career, she reneges. It's too much like what she has just been through. The purposely ambiguous finale finds Clayburgh threading her way through mid-Manhattan traffic carrying a huge canvas that Bates has painted. The guy is still very much on her hands.

In what promises to be one of the biggest hits of 1978, Warren Beatty's romantic fantasy *Heaven Can Wait*, the feminine lead—Julie Christie—gets Warren's attention by refusing to be intimidated. She stands up for ecology and the rights of her fellow English villagers with a spunk and a verve that prove irresistible. As for Beatty, he's marvelous as a Los Angeles Rams quarterback who meets an untimely death, then searches for a suitable body in which he can return to earth to win the Super Bowl.

The Greek Tycoon offers the gorgeous Jacqueline Bisset as a very thinly disguised carbon of another Jackie, also married to a Greek tycoon (Anthony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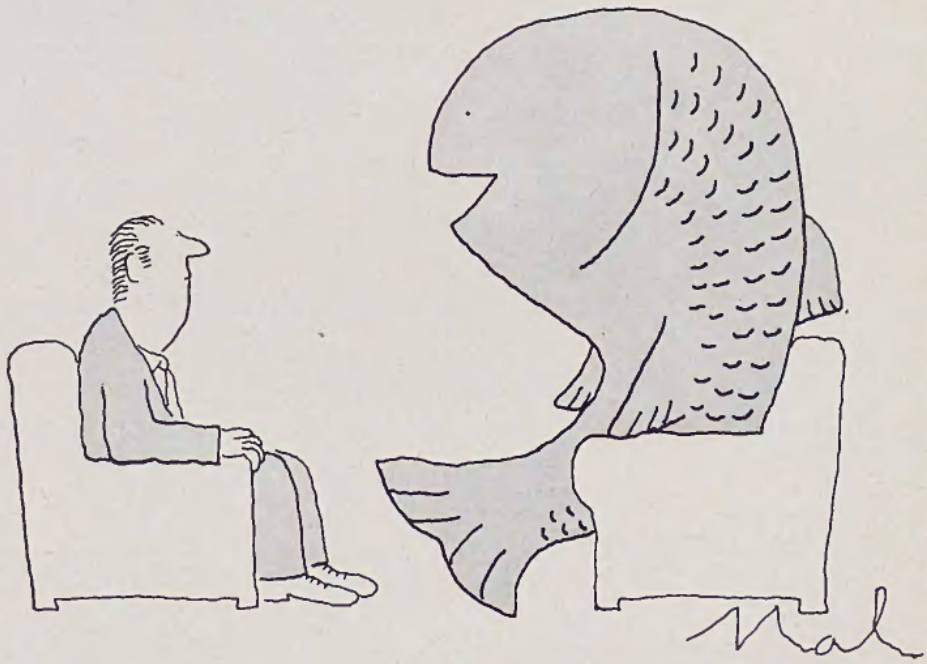
Quinn). It's one of those gamy, big-budgeted affairs—like *The Betsy*—that assure us that the filthy rich are really every bit as rotten as *we* are. Bisset plays her role as the widow of an assassinated American President with considerable hauteur and has one extraordinary scene when, outraged by her peasantlike second husband's lack of respect for her intelligence, she tells him off with whatever dignity she can muster—and aims a kick in the direction of the family jewels. Quinn responds by slapping her around, and for at least that moment, the picture strikes a common chord. If it could happen to those expensive people in that expensive villa, it could happen to anyone. It's the one moment that tells us what *The Greek Tycoon* might have been if the script hadn't chosen to zero in on the man's constant womanizing and his problems with his philandering daredevil son (Edward Albert). Quinn is magnetic and magnificent, but the *real* movie would have been *Wife of the Greek Tycoon*. It could still be done. This version the U. S. Catholic Conference condemned as "trashy to the core in its shameless trafficking in actual events."

Oddly enough, Allied Artists' production of Harold Robbins' *The Betsy* erred in the other direction. It was still trashy enough in concept, and had just enough nudity, to warrant its R rating; but except for a few scenes, director Daniel Petrie eschewed the splashy vulgarity of the Robbins novel for a rather staid examination of the power plays across four generations of the Hardeman family, one of Detroit's top manufacturers of low-cost transportation. (But don't look for another *roman à clef*.) For once, Sir Laurence Olivier looks terribly ill at ease as he ages from 40 to 90 while carrying on a love affair with his delectable daughter-in-law (Katharine Ross), whose husband, a closet homosexual, conveniently commits suicide. And then there is the power-hungry Loren Hardeman III (Robert Duvall), whose mistress (Lesley-Anne Down) and daughter (Kathleen Beller) are both involved with handsome Tommy Lee Jones, the racing driver whom Olivier has hired to build the revolutionary, economical Betsy. Given such a premise, just possibly it was a mistake to attempt a silk-purse treatment. But you can't win: The Catholic Conference promptly condemned its "extravagant use of nudity."

There is considerably more nudity in *Eyes of Laura Mars* (as PLAYBOY's August layout eloquently affirms), though producer Jon Peters would be the last to call it "excessive." Again, the key role goes to a woman—glamorous Faye Dunaway as a high-fashion photographer with a penchant for posing her models in simulated death scenes. The police begin to notice, however, that her simulations bear an uncanny resemblance to some of the more lurid murder cases they have on their hands. Dunaway, it seems, has a psychic connection with the actual killer. Although she can't see him, at moments of emotional stress—those when he's killing somebody, for example—she sees the scene through his eyes. Naturally, when he becomes aware of these extraordinary insights, Faye's life is immediately in jeopardy. It's a wholly unconventional thriller, based on an idea by Peters.

Robert Altman seems to have a sixth sense about the dramatic abilities of comediennes. In his *Nashville*, he gave Lily Tomlin her first straight role, and she ate it up; now he's done the same thing for TV's Carol Burnett, who turns in a surprisingly strong and moving performance in *A Wedding*. In this film, the controversial Altman casts his jaundiced eye upon that most cherished of American institutions, the marriage ceremony, and finds it wanting. In the course of a high-toned wedding (of Desi Arnaz, Jr., to newcomer Amy Stryker) and the reception that follows, Altman manages to take pot shots at just about every foible and pretension of what passes for fashionable society in middle America. A bare-boobed Mia Farrow declares that she has been knocked up by the bridegroom, her new brother-in-law (whose mother—elegant Nina Van Pallandt—needs a fix to get through the ceremony), while his uncle is attempting to seduce the mother of the bride (Burnett). As is his wont, Altman has rounded up a particularly snazzy cast for his comedy of bad manners, headed by Geraldine Chaplin (by now an Altman regular), Lillian Gish, Dina Merrill, Viveca Lindfors and Vittorio Gassman (as the Italian-born father of the groom who has married into the American dream and finds it a nightmare). They lend a highly attractive gloss to a picture of our contemporary society that is less cynical than worldly-wise. Whether one likes his work or not, Altman stands alone as the sharpest, most perceptive social commentator working in American films today.

Women again dominate the scene in Louis Malle's lush, provocative *Pretty Baby*, a movie that managed to incur the wrath of domestic, Canadian and British censors even before it went into release; the mere announcement of its theme—child prostitution in a New Orleans brothel—was enough to set them off. Actually, despite a scene in which a child's virginity is auctioned off to the highest bidder, the film is hardly a pedophile's delight. As directed by Malle from a screenplay by Polly Platt (based on a story that both of them concocted from research into New Orleans' fabled Storyville at the time of World War One), the film explores with a peculiarly French intensity the effect of a brothel upbringing on a beautiful 12-year-old girl (Brooke Shields, the top child model in America today). And, as critic Molly Haskell astutely observed, the effect is very much as if she had been brought up in the Catholic Church—she accepts it as a wholly normal way of life. If there is any criticism, it might be that Malle has made Frances Faye's brothel so civilized and snug that one resents it when, in a curiously truncated sequence, the citizens of New Orleans rise up to burn out the whorehouses. They seem like



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terrible spoilsports.

The center of *Pretty Baby*, however, is infinitely more complicated and interesting. Keith Carradine plays E. J. Bellocq, a photographer of that era who made his reputation photographing the prostitutes of the Storyville quarter in the nude. In the film, he becomes intrigued with Shields's mother (Susan Sarandon, in a spirited performance), then enamored of the girl herself after the mother marries one of her Johns and settles into the respectability of St. Louis. The child, sensing Bellocq's feeling for her, coolly moves in on him and soon they are married—mainly, one feels, so that he can take more nude photographs of her. The film, lensed by Ingmar Bergman's favorite cameraman, Sven Nykvist, has the ripe, sensuous look of the late French Impressionists—Monet and Renoir. One feels that, like those great artists, Malle is in love with his fleshy models. That may be the film's fatal flaw for American audiences: The director is making an aesthetic, not a moral, statement. (On the basis of its notoriety, however, an earlier movie in which Shields appears as a child murdered on the day of her first Communion—and originally titled *Communion*—was rereleased as *Alice, Sweet Alice*, and did fairly well, followed soon after by *Tilt*, with Shields as a 14-year-old pinball wiz cast opposite Ken Marshall as an aspiring young rock artist. Although a limited actress, the girl projects a nymphette sexuality not seen since the days of Sue Lyon.)

In fact, children were very much in evidence in the films of 1978, from the gaggle of fun-loving youngsters dangled as shark bait in *Jaws 2* to the demonic Damien of *Omen II*, not to mention the telekinetic teenagers in Brian DePalma's *The Fury*—or, for that matter, the monstrous killer baby in *It Lives Again*.

On a somewhat higher plane were all the "growing up" movies, celebrating the rites of passage from adolescence to flowering manhood—usually by way of an extramarital bed. In *Our Winning Season*, Scott Jacoby's high school pals give him as a birthday present a visit to a winsome and knowing housewife (Joanna Cassidy) who enjoys augmenting the family income with such brief encounters. In *Corvette Summer*, Mark (*Star Wars*) Hamill, trying to trace the stolen Stingray that his class custom-built in its high school shop, falls in with Annie Potts, a would-be hooker on her way to make it rich in Las Vegas. They finally find the Stingray—and each other. In *First Love*, William Katt plays a young college student deliriously in love with Susan Dey, who is having an affair with a married man considerably older than herself. Although she is drawn to Katt (and is frequently in bed with him), she can't sort out which suitor she prefers. But when the older man rejects her and she seeks to return to Katt, he realizes

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that his "first love" is over—and isn't at all sure that the second time around can ever be as satisfying. Directed by Joan Darling from a *New Yorker* story by Harold Brodkey, it was at once the most sensitive and outspoken of all the growing-up movies—and the least successful at the box office.

Few critics failed to note the strong family resemblance between these pictures and George Lucas' runaway hit of 1973, *American Graffiti*, which enjoyed a hugely profitable rerelease during the past summer (with some five added minutes as a lure). Indeed, Joe Roth, the producer of *Our Winning Season*, said quite candidly, "Without *American Graffiti*, we could never have gotten our picture off the ground." While it took no crystal ball to predict that there might be an eager audience for these spin-offs, the enormous popularity of *Saturday Night Fever—American Graffiti* with a *disco* beat—took many critics by surprise. (*Variety*'s generally astute Murf dismissed it in his review as "a fast play-off item in the undiscriminating youth market, where the totally deserved R rating may be a self-induced handicap.") The picture went through the roof from the moment it opened, catapulting television's *Welcome Back, Kotter* regular John Travolta to immediate superstardom. And then, late in spring, *Grease* sent his stock soaring still higher. (There will be a third Travolta feature, *Moment by Moment*, co-starring Lily Tomlin, before the year is out.) It's as if the heirs apparent to *American Graffiti* decided to drop the malt shop in favor of the *discothèque*.

In *Fever*, the loose-limbed, sensual-lipped Travolta has created an enormously appealing figure as an unassuming young man who works by day at a nondescript job, who doesn't get along all that well with his working-class parents, but who shines on the *disco* dance floor every Saturday night—and after the ball is over, goes in for still more balling on the back seat of a car he shares with his good buddies. All remains jolly enough until he falls for a dancing partner (Karen Gorney) who aspires to better things: She wants to quit Brooklyn for Manhattan and isn't too choosy about how she does it. Through their maturing relationship, Travolta begins to grow up and away from his friends—particularly after the back-seat intimacies turn into a gang rape and prankish stunts on the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge result in the death of one of the gang. By the end of the film, Travolta has grown to the point where he is almost able to make a commitment to the girl he loves.

All of this, of course, is interspersed with blaring *disco* music, supplied mainly by the Bee Gees and enhanced by Dolby sound. And although, like *Graffiti*, it explores the rites of passage of America's teenagers, it differs from it in one profound respect. Where the earlier film proffered a fond farewell to the innocence of the Fifties, *Fever* suggests that while the youthful high spirits remain, the innocence is long gone.

Grease is a good deal closer to *Graffiti*, with songs and dances now accompanying the wall-to-wall rock-'n'-roll background music (though the sound is more *disco*-flavored than when Elvis reigned supreme). It's based on the Jim Jacobs–Warren Casey stage show, produced early in the Seventies as an evocation of the Fifties, that dimly remembered Eisenhower era when the world was seemingly at peace. Could Elvis the Pelvis really have been a threat to the American Way? *Grease* looks back to those cloudless days with the same frank nostalgia with which an older generation recalls the 1930 musical *Good News*, just before the Great Depression. (As a matter of fact, in both shows, the principals seem a bit superannuated for either high school or college. But then, weren't Bing Crosby and Jack Oakie still doing college musicals when they were well into their 30s?)

In *Grease*, Travolta plays a high school senior who has met Olivia Newton-John on summer holiday, fallen in love and, now that the holidays are over, never expects to see her again. But after boasting of his summer conquest to his schoolmates, he discovers that she is now enrolled in good old Rydell High. Although aching inside, he maintains his *macho* image with his friends by turning the girl off. That's the first misunderstanding. Then he wins a dance contest, in her presence, with a former love boat (Annette Charles). Second misunderstanding. And so it goes, until, prodded by his love for the girl, Travolta wins a drag race in Los Angeles' concrete river bottom, and his track letter as well. Olivia falls into his arms.

Obviously, it isn't the *plot* that has been dragging in the kid customers since last June—nor, for that matter, is it the magnetism of Travolta and Newton-John, alone or in ensemble. *Grease*'s charm has something to do with delight in an innocence discovered, false as that innocence may be. But at least that generation could pin its faith on ducktail hairdos, Elvis, Sandra Dee and the tear-stained lyrics of people such as The Flamingos and Sonny Til and The Platters (here recalled by Sha Na Na). *Grease* brings it all back with energy and conviction, plus two high-voltaged new stars whose ceiling is unlimited.

Mention should also be made of *The Buddy Holly Story*, an honest and touching memorial to one of the authentic rock-'n'-roll greats who never quite made it to the top of the charts because his career was cut short in a fatal plane crash in 1959. Nevertheless, with Gary Busey in the title role, singing the Holly originals with two young actor-musicians playing his backup group, The Crickets, the inpact is stunning in its reminder of an enormous talent needlessly lost. Not coincidentally, the film also treats affectingly the loving relationship between the Texas-born Holly and his Puerto Rican bride (portrayed with warmth and sympathy by Maria Richwine, formerly a Los Angeles Playboy Club Bunny). Best of all, however, is the film's generous retracing of the rich Buddy Holly songbook.

Nostalgia is also the key to Neil Simon's star-studded—and hilarious—*The Cheap Detective*, at once a skillful blending and a send-up of *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca*. The mind may boggle at Peter Falk playing Humphrey Bogart, or Louise Fletcher playing Ingrid Bergman, but how about *Jeepers Creepers*—especially as belted out by Scatman Crothers—being "their song"? The screwball plot has to do with a vanished treasure—a dozen diamond eggs—and much of its humor derives from the bizarre sexual tortures described to Falk as having befallen the female suspects in his case. Eileen Brennan (in a rib-tickling carbon of Bacall), Madeline Kahn and Ann-Margret all manage to keep the screen palpitating until Falk stumbles through to his ultimate solution. There is every chance, by the way, that Simon will be onscreen again before the end of the year with his hit play *California Suite*, directed by Herbert Ross and starring Bill Cosby, Jane Fonda, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Alan Alda, Michael Caine, Maggie Smith and Richard Pryor.

Less felicitously, 1978 was also the year that brought us the embarrassment of octogenarian Mae West's highly touted comeback in *Sextette*. As an international movie star who has just wedded—but not yet bedded—a young British nobleman (Timothy Dalton), Mae enthusiastically endorses the proposition that she is still sexually alluring to her former husbands and suitors (Tony Curtis, George Hamilton, George Raft and Ringo Starr among them), all of whom turn up determined to prevent the consummation of her nuptials. Perhaps they share a grandmother complex. There is also a subplot about an autobiographical tape that Mae has been dictating, the contents of which could cause governments to topple. It's as if West believed every scrap of her publicity over the past 60 years, then decided to build a script around it. The lines retain the familiar innuendo: "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" But when Mae says it this time around, you're willing to believe that it's just a gun.

Other embarrassments of the year included *The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover*, written, directed and produced by one Larry Cohen. It depicts Hoover (well played by Broderick Crawford) as a homosexual drunk who gets his kicks

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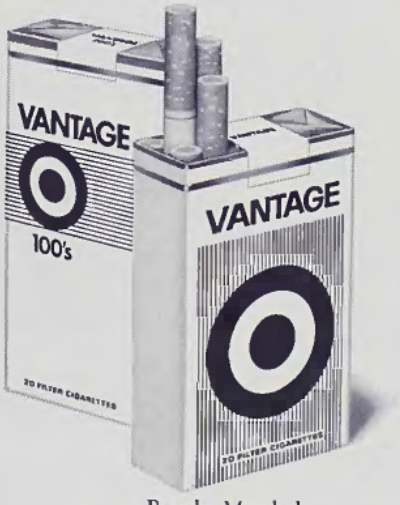

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from listening to tapes of high Government officials having illicit affairs in FBI-bugged hotel rooms. In *The Gauntlet*, Clint Eastwood goes to extraordinary lengths to have Sondra Locke strip repeatedly (not that she has that much to show); while in *The End*, Burt Reynolds and Sally Field enjoy a romp that can easily be excised the moment the film hits TV. So, for that matter, can the "night out with the boys" sequence from Paul Schrader's *Blue Collar*, featuring both prostitutes and drugs—the moment when Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel and Yaphet Kotto decide to embark on their life of petty crime.

Schrader, who also wrote *Taxi Driver*, is clearly a man with a mind of his own and a taste for the seamy. Even as this is being written, he is completing production on *Hardcore*, a film that he wrote and has been directing in such porn centers as San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego (where he staged an entire sequence in one of that city's sleaziest strip joints, which he took over for the occasion, girls and all). The story follows George C. Scott, a Grand Rapids businessman, whose only lead to his missing daughter is the information that she had played in a porno movie. Aided in his search by "parlor girl" Season Hubley, he poses as a porn-film producer to gain entry into the underworld of vice. "As I see it," the youthful Schrader explained on location, "this is a lot more than just a search story, or even an exposé of the porno trade. We've made the Scott character a very religious man, so what you have here basically is the conflict of two moralities." (That those two moralities indeed exist may be best illustrated by the story told us by several workers on the film: When the Grand Rapids sequences were being filmed, the hardy Dutch Reformed local citizenry were told they were being done for a film to be called *The Pilgrim*.)

Not surprisingly, even while *Hardcore* was still in production, members of the Adult Film Association of America—a trade organization that includes most of the leading producers, exhibitors and distributors of sexploitation movies—began to file protests and urged its members to refuse Schrader any kind of cooperation, claiming that the movie misrepresents the way the adult industry operates. "I've actually seen the script," A.F.A.A. board chairman David Friedman has stated, "and, naturally, we're concerned. Schrader talks about a vice underworld, snuff films and the use of drugs and abduction to get girls for X-rated movies as if these things really exist. We in the business know they don't, but what about the general public? I'm afraid they're already primed to believe every vicious lie that this film says about our operation." For his part, Schrader concedes that his film "does not exactly show pornography in the best light." Despite the title, he insists that *Hardcore* will be rated R, not X.

As for the authentic hard-core, 1978 presented something of a paradox: The films were getting better, but the number of theaters that would book them wasn't increasing. (Friedman estimates that an X-rated movie today can anticipate at best 750 play dates in the American market, adding, "And the harder the core, the fewer the dates.") There are several reasons for this. Police crackdowns, such as the one in Boston's notorious "combat zone," took away many screens. Still more went when local theater owners, bowing to community pressure, concluded that the game was no longer worth the candle—particularly since the days of porno chic seemed just about over. To be sure, new entrepreneurs continued to enter the field, hopeful of survival; but there hasn't been a single big-box-office adult film in the *Deep Throat* mold for the past two years.

And, finally, there is the growing impact of video cassettes, which are rapidly turning America's living rooms (and hotel/motel bedrooms) into private movie theaters. This is proving a big plus for those who like to watch sexy movies but would just as soon avoid the possible embarrassment of being seen at one. "NOW YOU CAN ENJOY X-RATED MOVIES

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The economic implications of all this are tremendous. Emanuel L. Wolf, president of Allied Artists, stated that his company could "easily sell 100,000 tapes in its first year." With pictures such as *Papillon* and *The Man Who Would Be King* (*Wild Geese*, with Richard Burton, will be a future attraction), Wolf is looking forward to significant revenues of between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 within the first year. No less optimistic are the entrepreneurs of TVX, who list among their holdings not only most of the current hard-cores (*Cry for Cindy*, *Dirty Lilly*, *Inside Jennifer Welles*, *The Journey of O*, *Seven into Snowy* and *Sex World* among them) but also such upcoming attractions as *Chorus Call* (an X-rated *Chorus Line* rip-off) and *Lady Gunslinger*.

Meanwhile, what has been happening in that substratum of cinema called sexploitation, as Bruce Williamson has been duly noting in his "X-Rated" reviews in these pages, is that the girls have been getting prettier and the plots stronger. *Eruption*, for example, borrows its story (sans either acknowledgment or apology) from a combo of *Double Indemnity* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. Filmed in Hawaii, it stars sultry Leslie Bovee as the conniving wife of a wealthy executive, John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes as her eager coconspirator, and introduces nubile Susan Hart as Bovee's stepdaughter who wants a piece of the action (especially Holmes's). The denouement is hardly a masterpiece of Hitchcockian suspense, but then, that's not exactly the kind of cock this film is focused on.

Sex World, like *Westworld* and *Futureworld*, provides an amusement park that caters to special tastes—in this instance, the erotic fantasies of a busload of tourists who sign on as if they were going to spend the weekend at a fat farm. The big difference is that in Anthony Spinelli's *Sex World*, electronic circuits don't go berserk nor are its amusements supervised by the CIA. Everybody—including Leslie Bovee (again), the prodigious Johnnie Keyes and the ubiquitous Annette Haven—leaves this sexy spa with his or her fantasies fully gratified. Spinelli, who co-authored as well as directed the film, displays an impressive talent (particularly to anyone with the slightest awareness of the horrendous pressures under which these films are produced); and cinematographer Robert Marksman manages to keep it looking as if it cost at least five times more than it really did.

Take Off is a take-off on Oscar Wilde's venerable *The Picture of Dorian Gray*—only this time, the picture is an ancient stag reel in which Wade Nichols grows progressively older while his young incarnation boffs Leslie Bovee (yet again), Annette Haven (again) and Georgina Spelvin. It's fun because, in addition to ripping off Oscar, producer-director Armand Weston keeps running Wilde with adroit lampoons of Cagney, Bogart, Brando, et al., always referring back to that reel in the parlor projector. Add a hand for cinematographer Joao Fernandez, who knows how to make a pretty girl look beautiful. As always, producer Radley Metzger (using his directorial pseudonym Henry Paris) lent a glamorous surface to *Barbara Broadcast*, starring Annette Haven (*again*). The girls are getting a bit repetitious.

So are the boys, for that matter. Sturdy

Richard Locke, who starred in last year's *Kansas City Trucking Co.*, was back this year in *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* (and seems destined to appear yet again in something to be called *L.A. Tool and Die*). It's a sort of homo-on-the-range movie, with Locke and good buddy Fred Halsted as truckers hightailing it to Texas—with numerous layovers en route.

El Paso and several other films like it were made specifically for the homosexual market. But, Anita Bryant notwithstanding, there were also films on homosexuality intended for the straight market. Outstanding, though flawed, is Paul Aaron's *A Different Story*, a movie that introduces Perry King and Meg Foster as a romantic team, then reveals that both are gay. Which would be fine as they begin to work out their problems (such as his cooking the dinner when her parents come to call). But then they marry, have a baby, and he begins to cheat on her with one of the girls at the office. And all of a sudden, it isn't "a different story" anymore; it's the same story we've all heard a thousand times.

More to the point is *Midnight Express*, the true story of William Hayes, a young American who was caught trying to smuggle hash out of Turkey and was sentenced to life imprisonment for his crime. As directed by Alan Parker, it's a very hard and demanding movie, never shunning the tortures and bestial indignities inflicted upon the inmates. Nor does the film ignore the incidence of homosexuality in a prison such as Sagmacilar, where the inmates have free access to one another's cells. Perhaps the film's most touching scene is the one in which Hayes (played by Brad Davis) rejects the proffered love of a fellow convict (John Hurt). He may masturbate in solitary confinement and even in front of his fiancée (Irene Miracle) when she bares her breasts to him, at his request, through a glass partition. But the homosexual encounter is treated tenderly, almost regretfully, as the young man decides that he can't respond to his best friend in any physical way. (Director Parker is no less sensitive to the complex sadosexuality of the prison's commandant when he shows him using a belt on a couple of urchins who may have been stealing, while his own children look on with well-bred disdain.) *Midnight Express* is, above all, a film that registers a tremendous plea for the dignity of every human being, regardless of what crime he may have committed.

As might be expected in this year of confrontations, there was also a documentary on homosexuality—135 minutes of oncamera interviews titled *Word Is Out*. The picture deals with 26 self-avowed homosexuals, male and female, who have come out of the closet to put their beliefs—and their reasons for them—on film. One can't but admire their candor. *Word Is Out*, a restrained and intelligent movie, doesn't have all the answers. What movie ever did? But it poses all the right questions in terms that can't be shunted off.

Possibly because so many of the American movies of 1978 have been enormous successes (since last June, industry sources have been predicting that this will be their most profitable year ever), the foreign films had relatively little impact. Certainly, there was nothing to rival the popularity of last year's *Cousin Cousine*; and the attempts of European directors to make films in English specifically for the American market—notably, Claude Lelouch's *Another Man, Another Chance*, Ingmar Bergman's *The Serpent's Egg* and Lina Wertmuller's *Night Full of Rain*—were utter disasters. More successful (and properly so) was Luis Buñuel's incredibly youthful, exuberant *That Obscure Object of Desire*, an update of Pierre Louys' 19th Century novel *The Woman and the Puppet*. Stately Fernando Rey plays the puppet, an elderly aristocrat who is hopelessly ensnared by the charms of "the woman" (who, with typical Buñuel quirkiness, is played by *two* women—Carole Bouquet and Angela Molina—both charmers). Josef von Sternberg filmed the story back in the Thirties, focusing (naturally) on Marlene Dietrich as the classic castrater. Buñuel, now pushing 80, centers his story (also naturally) on Rey. It was runner-up for the National Film Critics award and won the National Board of Review's Best Foreign Film award.

Winner of the Academy's Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film was the French *Madame Rosa*. Although the prize was accepted by director Moshe Mizrahi, it was in fact a tribute to his star, Simone Signoret. Once one of the most beautiful women on the screen, Signoret has grown bloated with age and her delicate features have become coarse and "lived in." Which made her the perfect choice to play Rosa, a Jewish girl betrayed to the Nazis by her lover, who returns to Paris from Auschwitz as a prostitute. When the film opens, she is over 50 and has given up her life on the streets (for "aesthetic" reasons) to care for the children of other prostitutes in her section of Paris. One of them is Momo (Samy Ben Youb), an Arab boy, and the developing love and understanding between the two is always touching, never maudlin. As the ailing, aging, indomitable Rosa, Signoret gives the greatest performance of a lifetime filled with great performances.

From Brazil, of all places, comes what is unquestionably the most boisterous, brazen and sexy import of the year, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*, introducing the voluptuous Sonia Braga as a ravishing young widow whose gambling, womanizing husband drops dead (of carousing) even before the main titles have left the screen. (We see him briefly in the streets at Carnival time, dressed as a woman, lifting his skirts and wagging an enormous dildo at the girls who surround him.) After a suitable period of mourning, Dona Flor accedes to the wishes of her friends and accepts the staid, respectable, middle-aged pharmacist who has been courting her. But his ineptitude in bed soon has her thinking longingly of her former mate; he may have beaten her, cheated on her and gambled away her money, but he made her feel marvelous while they were making love. And in a trice, the dead husband, naked as a jay bird—and visible

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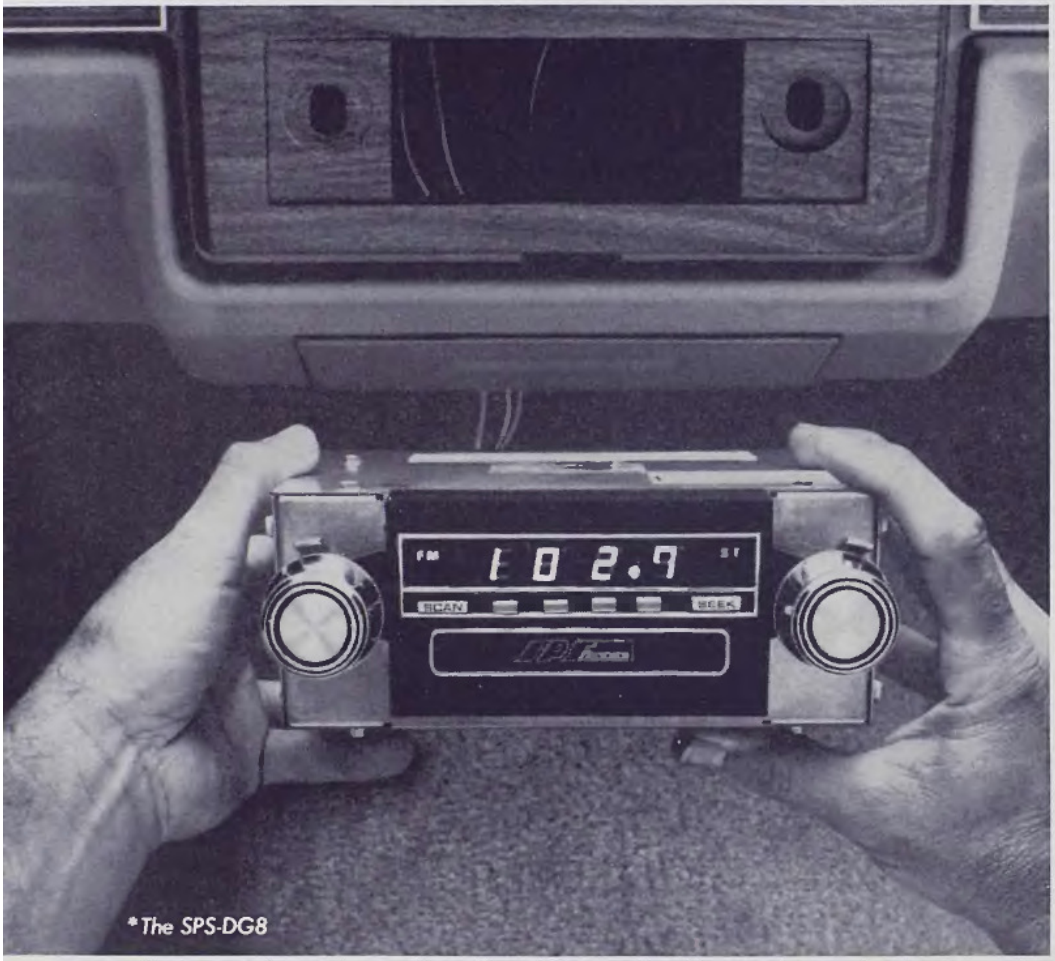

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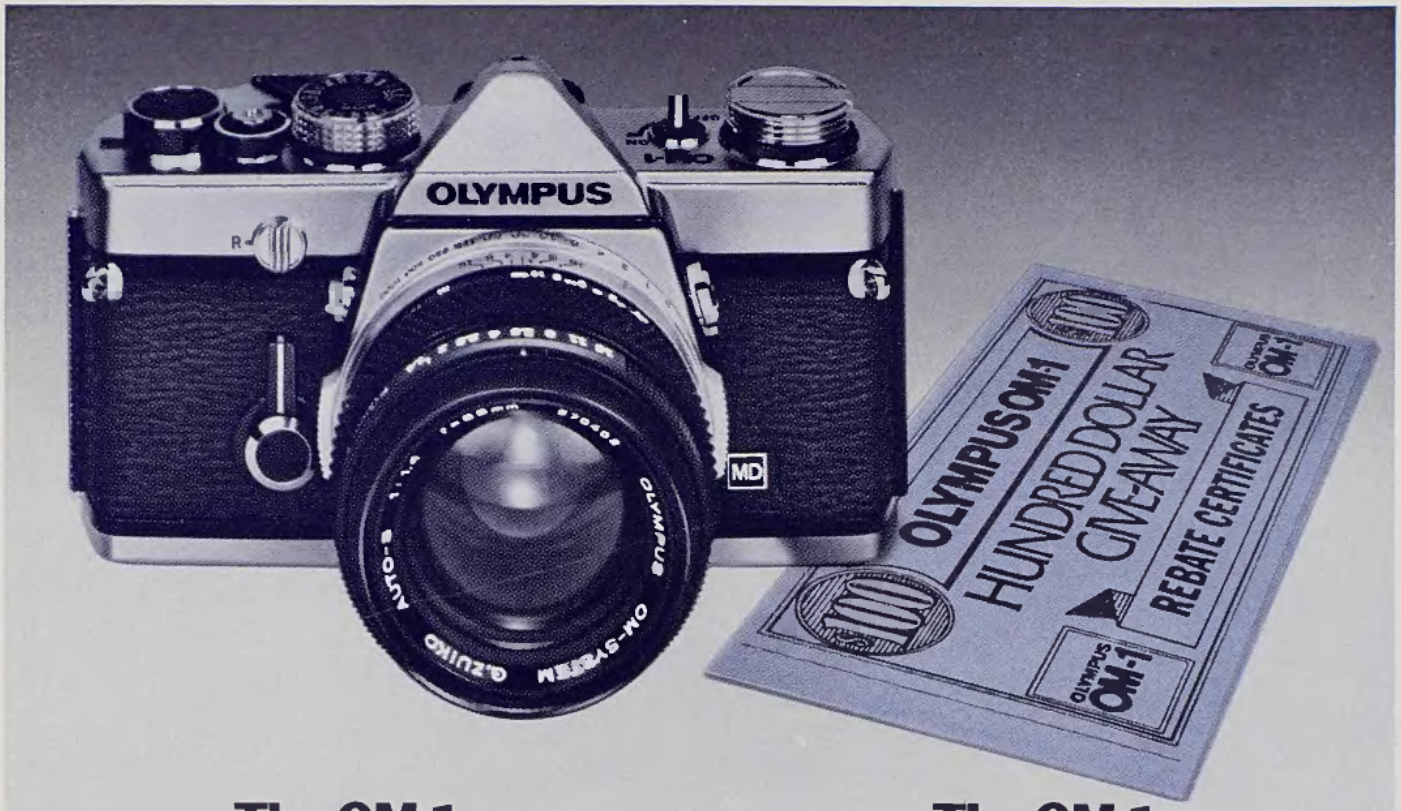

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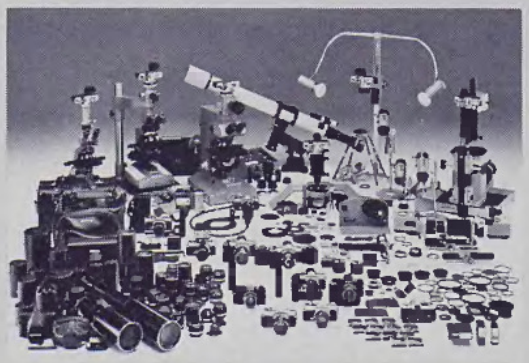

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only to her—is with her in the apartment, seeking to rekindle the old flames. He woos her ardently. Perched on an armoire, he derides the clumsy lovemaking of her new mate. Before long, he's in bed with her—and the husband. In the final shot, he's still naked but strolling out of church arm in arm with Dona Flor and her new husband, all three headed for the public square. It's a ribald variation on Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, lustily brought off by 23-year-old Bruno Barreto, who wrote and directed.

Since *Dona Flor*, Braga has repeated her personal triumph with *The Lady on the Bus*, described as "a kind of Brazilian *Emmanuelle*." A runaway success in Brazil, possibly because of its extensive nudity, the film introduces her as a frigid young bride who, determined to find out whether she or her husband is at fault, rides the buses to pick up suitable mates for her experiments. Despite its daring theme, *Bus* is strictly soft-core; but it was the talk of the town at the Cannes International Film Festival last May and could well be here before the year is out.

Another triumph was scored at Cannes by the Italo-French *Bye Bye Monkey*, which is just about as international as a film can get. Directed by Marco Ferreri and starring Marcello Mastroianni (both Italian), the cast includes Gerard Depardieu (French) and James Coco, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Avon Long (American)—and it was filmed in New York. Ferreri, of course, was responsible for last year's *La Grande Bouffe*, in which four men literally ate themselves to death after indulging in every other excess their minds could imagine. In this outing, Depardieu, employed at Coco's museum of ancient artifacts, is raped by a member of a women's lib consciousness-raising theater company. He adopts a chimpanzee that just may be a descendant of King Kong, to which Mastroianni leaves all his money before committing suicide. When his pet chimp is eaten by rats, Depardieu's grief is more than Coco can bear. He sets a fire that immolates both of them. The survivor is the female rapist, seen at the end playing with her daughter.

Somehow, that seems a fitting image for a fade-out on this "year of the woman." Clearly, women in film have made their presence known. Which recalls Pauline Kael's pertinent question at the Women in Film Awards luncheon in Beverly Hills last June: "Will you be as rotten as the men who run this industry?" she asked the assembled lady executives. "Are you just after jobs and power and gravy, or are you willing to make a difference?" The enthusiastic applause that greeted her remarks indicated that they would be trying for that difference. Whether or not they succeed may be a topic for next year's report.

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PERFECT MATCH

(continued from page 130)

"I feel his breath get closer. He is pressing himself against me, using his knee to separate my legs."

woman's thigh. "You want to get high?" Rocky Eyes asks.

Blowy John has just made the woman laugh. Her head is thrown back on his arm and rolls close to his shoulder. I look to Red Shirt, but he is stuffing the matchbook back into his jeans.

"Excuse me," he says. He walks between Rocky Eyes and me and heads off by the dance floor.

I offer my hand to Rocky Eyes and say, "Sure." He leads me away from the party, down a dimly lit hotel corridor.

His gait is not too steady, his hand feels clammy and his shirt is stylishly unbuttoned, baring a hairy chest. A coke spoon hangs from a chain around his neck. He squeezes my hand.

He stops in front of a door, opens it and I go inside. It's a storage room, small, filled with folding chairs and metal carts. Before I can question, he has followed me inside and shut the door. It's dark now and I turn around, thinking he's too smashed to know where he's going. He's blocking my exit.

"I like you," he says. His voice is low. His hand is stroking the side of my face and down my neck.

"Thanks a lot," I say, taking his hand gently away from me.

He doesn't get the hint, his hand goes back to my neck, a clumsy finger scraping across my Adam's apple. He bends his head over till it touches mine and giggles. His other hand is slipping over my breast and I squirm a little. "Be still," he says.

I try to push him away so I can get by him. His breath is hot and whiskeyed. I need air.

He shoves me against a cart and a small cry escapes my lips. I feel his breath get closer and a second later he is pressing himself against me, using his knee to separate my legs. "I want to ball," he says.

"No," I say, grabbing his arms with my hands, pushing him back. He recovers his balance, breaks my hold and leans into me.

"Relax," he says.

I feel the edge of the cart cut into my back as he puts his lips against my neck. Violent images of myself as a rape victim pass through my head. Should I talk? Fight? I don't remember him being unusually large, but he feels like a giant now. He begins licking my throat, leaving little wet places on my skin.

I turn my head to get away from his breath and squeeze my arms up under his to guard my breasts. He forces my hands away by grabbing my wrists and spreads my arms apart. I feel exposed. He kisses my nipples through the nylon cloth. I twist sideways, shoving my shoulder into his chest.

"I just want some love," he mumbles. "I don't want to hurt you." I hear him groan and feel his tongue flicker across my eyelid.

"Stop it," I say.

"Baby, baby . . ." he moans. He's rubbing my thigh, going up slowly. I feel my skirt riding up with his hand.

I beat on his back with my fists, trying not to break into tears. My eyes feel hot and greasy and his unshaven jaw is scratching my cheek. He's everywhere on me at once, hand on my breast, my leg, his body shoving me harder against the cart, causing sharp pains in my back.

Suddenly, he grabs my hand and tries to force it to his zipper. I twist, using both of my hands against one of his. He lifts my arm and pushes it back of my head till it hurts.

"Look, baby," he sneers. "This isn't entirely my idea, you know. Blowy John said you were *looking* for company tonight."

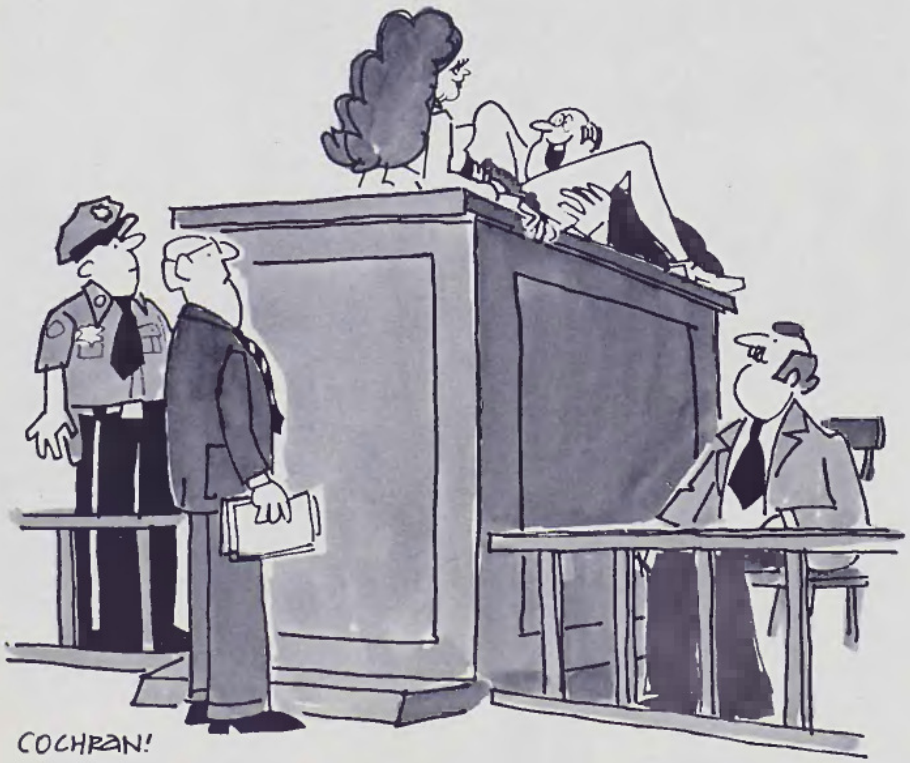
I freeze. An image of the match flame flashes before me in the dark, then disappears. I begin to beat his head and kick at him. One foot makes contact against the bone of his leg and he yells. I kick him again and feel his body edge back. He bends down a little. I feel strands of his hair tangling in my fingers and I pull. He winces and tries to duck his head, but I hang on, pulling harder. "Bitch!" he growls. He's trying to grab my arms and legs all at once. I keep snaking my body out of his holds, continuing to hit him wherever I can. He slaps my face and I knee him in the balls. He yells and falls back. I get past him and out the door.

Several people are gathered around the door to the ballroom and I stop running when I reach them. I go inside and see Blowy John and the woman standing nearby. She has her shawl and purse in her hands; they look ready to leave. Blowy John sees me walking toward him and waves me off with a flex of his wrist.

"Listen," I say, ignoring his gesture.

"We were just leaving," he says to me. He kisses me on the cheek and the woman smiles politely. "It's a nice party," he says to me. "Enjoy it."

I watch them disappear through the door, but I don't have time to reflect on



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their coattails; Rocky Eyes is coming into the room. I weave in among the guests and hide behind a column on the dance floor. I wait until Rocky Eyes is distracted by the champagne table, then I make my way to the door.

The elevator is too slow, so I take the stairs down the ten flights. Blowy John and the woman are in the white-carpeted lobby, talking with another couple. I ignore them on my way out to the street.

It's chilly out, though it's early fall, but the fresh air feels good after the stuffy party atmosphere. I realize that I've forgotten my coat, but I don't want to go back for it.

I walk like I'm in some kind of daze. I cross a street without looking at the light and cars honk and flash their high beams at me. I am strangely light, like a piece of cotton blowing in the wind. I don't feel unhappy. I don't feel love. I stop walking, wanting to get a fix on my weight, hoping that by standing perfectly still, I can hold on to myself. People begin shouting at me to get out of the way, so I move.

I am beginning to be aware of an ache. It's coming from that unpinnable part of me that is inside and outside me at the same time. It hurts in a most peculiar way—it's a kind of burning that swells in and around me. My fingers are stretched wide apart and the muscles in my arms are taut as they swing by my sides. I am reaching for something to grab hold of, but there is nothing.

My stride has become vigorous and controlled as I continue walking. I walk past shopwindows and cafés and suddenly I see a bit of bright-red color standing before a restaurant window. I focus on it and I recognize my new friend. He's watching steaks broiling over a fire in a pit just inside the window. I walk up to him and stand next to him.

He can see my reflection in the glass. He nods to me. Inside the restaurant, the cook looks up and smiles at us, choreographing his turning of the steaks just for our entertainment.

It feels good to stop and catch my breath. I barely know this man, but I put my arm through his, anyway. He doesn't say anything, but he doesn't stiffen, either. We watch the steaks for some minutes without talking.

"You ever start a fire?" Red Shirt asks calmly.

"I helped once," I say.

"Did you like it?"

I'm watching the flames curl around the meat. "Yes," I say. "I loved it."

I feel him hug my arm against his side. He's slim, but I feel strength in his muscles. I look into his eyes and see the pit fire reflected in them, dancing.

The ache that propelled me down the street has not subsided. I feel it leaping around me like the flames leap around the steaks. I'm beginning to understand what it is.

"I know a great dump," I say. He turns to me, examines my face, then nods.

Everything is taken care of quickly. He leads me to his car, we stop at a service station for a can of gasoline and I give him the address.

The ceremonial dousing of the small white wood-frame building takes only a few minutes. There are no lights on in any of the windows, but Blowy John's car is parked in the drive.

Red Shirt has struck the match, but I take it from him. This fire is mine. I toss it, and the gust from the burst of flames forces us to jump back. We hold on to each other and watch. The night is so brilliant, I feel we're invisible.

He begins to tug me, trying to get me to go to the car with him. I shake loose. I want to stay. I'm nearly overcome by a desire to warn Blowy John, to tell him I'm sorry. Then I remember his philosophy about remorse and the desire melts into a kind of peace that has seemed unattainable until now.

"I did it," I tell myself. "I must have meant it."

"We have to get out of here," Red Shirt says. He takes my hand and tries to pull me to the car. The sound of sirens is beginning to fill the air, getting louder and closer.

"Come on!" he insists. I want to stay, afraid that the feeling of peace will go away if I leave, but he has a strong hold on my arm and is almost dragging me to the car. I get in.

We are driving down the parkway, the windows are all rolled down and he is speeding. He beats his thumb against the steering wheel as he drives.

"Was it OK for you?" he asks, after a while.

"Yes," I say, unable to release the image of the burning house. "It was perfect." I slide next to him and put my arm through his, only this time I feel him stiffen.

"And did you know the people?" he asks. He doesn't look at me.

"Well, of course," I answer. He drives a mile or so, slows down and pulls onto the shoulder. He gets out of the car and shuts the door. He leans on the window.

"Don't keep the car too long," he says. "It's stolen. Always remember to use a stolen car."

"I don't understand," I say. "Where are you going?"

"Look," he says, "it's different for me. It's just the fire for me."

He crosses the parkway and starts to walk down the highway. I watch him for some time, until I can no longer see him. I move into the driver's seat and clutch the steering wheel tightly. I'm afraid I'll blow away if I let go.

I am beginning to be aware of an ache.

"Gee whiz, gang, Sally could make all the costumes, we could build the sets ourselves and I'm sure I could talk my dad into letting us use that old barn. What do you say, kids? Let's make a porno!"

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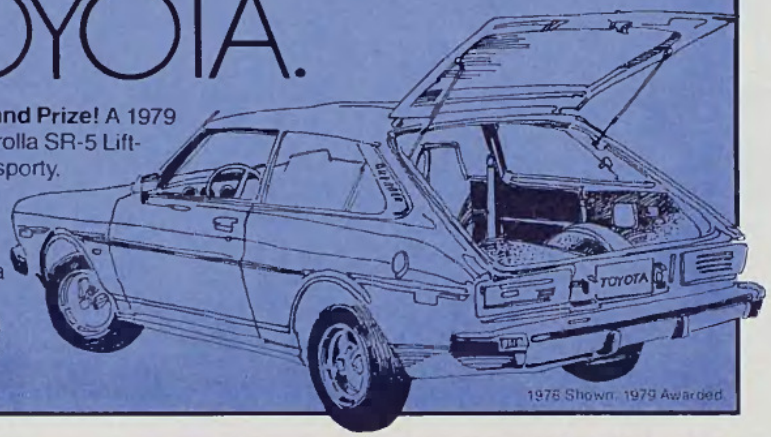

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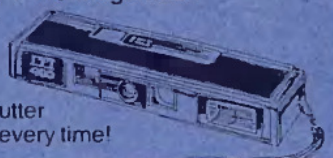

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HOFFA WARS

(continued from page 144)

association with the President's assassin. Located in New Orleans in the same building as the C.R.C. was the Fair Play for Cuba committee, which was headed locally by Lee Harvey Oswald.

In September 1962, Marcello met with his top aides in a cottage near New Orleans. During the meeting, according to author Ed Reid in *The Grim Reapers*, Marcello was in a frenzy about Robert Kennedy, and especially about Marcello's own "kidnaping," which had been engineered by the Attorney General near the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Both Marcello and Russell Bufalino had received deportation orders and both were battling the Government. Federal agents sent by the Attorney General arrested and handcuffed Marcello as he walked down a New Orleans street. They drove him to a nearby airport, loaded him onto a private plane and flew him out of the country. Since he carried a Guatemalan birth certificate, it was assumed that he was a native. After two months in Latin America, Marcello illegally flew back into the United States aboard a private plane, piloted by Ferrie. Back in America, Marcello began his successful appeal to fight deportation, claiming that he had been sent away with no opportunity to call either his family or his lawyer.

Marcello reportedly worked himself up over the incident and finally shouted an ancient Sicilian death threat against the Kennedy brothers, *"Livarsi na petra di la scarpa!"* ("Take the stone out of my shoe!"). He then announced that John Kennedy was going to be assassinated and that a "nut" was going to be hired to handle the job.

That same month, Marcello's friend Trafficante, still involved with the CIA murder plots, was talking with José Aleman, a Cuban-exile financier, who was a respected FBI informant, about his hatred of the President.

Aleman told George Crile III, who was writing for *The Washington Post*, that Trafficante said, "Have you seen how his [the President's] brother is hitting Hoffa, a man who is a worker, who is not a millionaire, a friend of the blue collars? He doesn't know that this kind of encounter is very delicate. Mark my words, this man Kennedy is in trouble, and he will get what is coming to him."

Aleman, who was talking with the underworld leader about a $1,500,000 Central States Pension Fund loan that Hoffa had personally cleared for Trafficante, responded that President Kennedy would probably be re-elected.

"No, José," Trafficante said firmly. "He is going to be hit."

When asked during the research for

my book *who* was making the arrangements for the President's assassination, Aleman replied that Trafficante had "made it clear" that it was Hoffa.

Also in September 1962, Ed Partin, deciding to turn on Hoffa, told investigators in Baton Rouge about a frightening conversation he had had with Hoffa the previous month in the Teamster leader's Washington office.

Partin says that Hoffa was discussing two possible ways of murdering the Attorney General: fire-bombing his Hickory Hill home or shooting him with a rifle while he was driving in his convertible. Opting for the former plan, Hoffa asked Partin to obtain some plastic explosives that could do the job. Skeptical at first of Partin's story, the investigators subjected him to a lie-detector test—which he passed—and then asked him to telephone Hoffa to continue the discussion, which would be taped by the Government, about the plastic explosives. Calling Hoffa, Partin told him that he had received the explosives and asked what he should do. Hoffa replied without hesitation, ordering him to take them to Nashville, where he was on trial for extortion. Partin adds that the man Hoffa had in mind for killing the Attorney General was Frank Chavez, head of the Teamsters local in Puerto Rico, who was credited with the fire-bombing of a rival union's offices earlier in 1962.

THE RUBY CONNECTION

The question remains: Did one assassination plot against the Attorney General evolve into another against his brother, the President?

Countless conspiracy theories have been proposed since November 22, 1963, but few of them have sought to link Hoffa and the Teamsters to Kennedy's murder. Having already seen how the CIA and organized crime worked together in the attempts to kill Castro, we might do well to examine the activities of one man who had ties to these groups: Jack Ruby.

Ruby had known many Chicago gangsters during the Thirties and Forties and by 1947, he was being questioned by Federal narcotics agents investigating his possible role with mobster Paul Roland Jones in drug trafficking into that city. Ruby also knew Paul Dorfman, a close Hoffa associate, head of the Chicago Waste Material Handlers' Union and a man described by the McClellan committee as a "major figure in the Chicago underworld." Ruby had helped organize the union with Leon Cook, whose murder left the vacancy that Paul Dorfman filled.

It is also known that in 1959, Ruby made two trips to Cuba, the second of

which, according to FBI reports, involved his offering $25,000 to one of Castro's arms suppliers in return for the release of three unnamed prisoners. A CIA report dated November 26, 1963, states that Ruby had gone to a Cuban prison where a certain "Santos" was being held and that the two "visited frequently." Santos Trafficante was being detained in Cuba during that period.

FBI records also disclose that in the month before Kennedy was shot, Ruby had phone conversations with Teamster bondsman Irwin S. Weiner, who confirmed to me that he and Ruby were "good friends"; longtime Hoffa henchman Barney Baker, who helped McMaster and Yaras establish the Miami locals; and Nofio Pecora, a close business associate of Marcello's in New Orleans. In addition, FBI reports—written within two weeks after the assassination—uncovered during the research for my book indicate that Ruby, prior to the assassination, had allegedly met with at least two powerful Teamster leaders: fire-bomb expert Chavez and I.B.T. vice-president (and mobster) Anthony Provenzano of New Jersey.

By late February 1964, the Warren Commission had compiled a long confidential memorandum on "Jack Ruby—Background, Friends and Other Pertinent Information." The memorandum noted—amid lengthy sections dealing with many Ruby associates—that "Ruby called Barney Baker, a Chicago hoodlum who was reputedly a muscle man for Jimmy Hoffa . . . to ask Baker to give him assistance" in a labor dispute. The memo also listed the Teamsters union as the first entry in a list of six groups that might have been interested in the assassination of President Kennedy.

A copy of the memorandum was sent to CIA director Richard Helms with a formal request for CIA assistance on the various areas outlined in the memo. The CIA never responded to the request for help in probing the backgrounds of Ruby and his associates. (More than six months later, Helms sent back a five-sentence note.) More important, the CIA never informed the commission of the agency's plans to assassinate Castro and subvert his government—in cooperation with Trafficante, Giancana, Bufalino, Roselli and, perhaps, Hoffa.

In March, a few more interesting connections came to light, and they brought Baker and his close relationship to Hoffa into investigative focus. In the second week of March, the Dallas office of the FBI obtained a complete compilation of Ruby's recent long-distance telephone records. During the same week, the Chicago FBI office was busy, too, with Baker's telephone records—a list of all long-distance telephone calls made on his home phone during the two months before the President's murder.

Those two sets of records provided at least two useful facts: First, Ruby had actually spoken with Baker twice, with Baker having received a second lengthy call from Ruby on November 11, 1963. Second, Baker had been in touch with another old friend of both Hoffa's and Ruby's on the day before the assassination, an acquaintance who happened to be a leading Mob executioner, David Yaras.

Although the FBI had access to that information and the references to Chavez and Provenzano, the Warren Commission never followed up on those investigations.

Ruby's longest testimony before the commission was given during a session in which attendance was substantially reduced. Of the seven commissioners, only Chief Justice Earl Warren and Congressman Gerald R. Ford were present, in addition to staff attorneys J. Lee Rankin, Joseph Ball and Arlen Specter, plus Leon Jaworski, who was there representing the state of Texas.

During a long day of testimony before the commission on June 7, 1964, Ruby discussed his numerous telephone calls in general terms. He did not mention names nor provide any specific information about what was discussed, though he rather defensively conceded that he had been in touch with a number of rather questionable individuals. And he told the commission that the calls were made "a long time prior to what has happened." Ruby maintained that the only purpose of the various phone calls was to get assistance with the labor problems he was having with his night-club competitors.

Why did Ruby think that Hoffa's men could help him with his smalltime night club? What was the purpose of the conversation with Marcello associate Nofio Pecora? Why did the calls occur at the times they did?

During the commission's investigation, Luis Kutner, a Chicago attorney and a former staff lawyer for the Kefauver committee, testified that Ruby had appeared before the Kefauver staff in 1950 and that it was thought that Ruby was "a Syndicate lieutenant who had been sent to Dallas to serve as a liaison for Chicago mobsters." Other commission witnesses stated that Ruby was known as "the payoff man for the Dallas Police Department."

If Ruby was a payoff contact for police officers in Dallas, fronting for the underworld, then, according to Kutner, that relationship had begun in the late Forties, the same period when two of Ruby's friends were reputed Chicago Mob executioners Leonard Patrick (David Yaras' partner) and Paul Roland Jones—both of whom Ruby had seen not long before the assassination.

Disconcertingly enough, however, the Warren Report referred to labor racketeer Paul Dorfman and Mob killers Patrick, Jones and Yaras as character witnesses for Ruby. The commission used Patrick's statement that his old friend was an honest man to corroborate its central conclusion about Ruby's "underworld ties"—that they weren't "significant": "Based on its evaluation of the record . . . the commission believes that the evidence does not establish a significant link between Ruby and organized crime."

One suggestion of a relationship between Hoffa and Ruby came in a conversation I had with Hoffa's son, James P. Hoffa, Jr., in Detroit on December 27, 1977. His law partner was also present. "I think my dad knew Jack Ruby, but from what I understand, he [Ruby] was the kind of guy everybody knew. So what?" Young Hoffa could not recall any specific information on which he based his opinion. In briefly discussing the possibility that his father might have been involved in President Kennedy's assassination, Hoffa said, "It doesn't make any sense. . . . If my dad had decided to kill Kennedy, he would have gotten a gun, walked right up to him and blew his brains out."

Regardless of Ruby's bizarre telephone calls, and regardless of this-guy-knows-that-guy-therefore theories, the subject of a possible connection of Hoffa and the underworld to President Kennedy's assassination is, of course, highly speculative. Ruby, after all, did not kill Kennedy. He killed Oswald. Many more links in the chain of conspiracy would need to be joined before such a claim could be proved. But it is a fact that the research into those links has so far been as poor in methodical investigative work as it has been rich in conspiracy-theory melodrama. While the new evidence being disclosed here does not prove that a conspiracy existed, it does prove that important facts were overlooked, ignored or hidden.

One aspect of the theories linking Hoffa and Kennedy, however, goes far beyond speculation: the cold statistics that represent the flaming heat that the Kennedy Administration brought to bear on Hoffa's criminal empire and on organized crime in general.

Robert Kennedy early established what became known as a hit list of underworld figures and their associates for investigation and prosecution. The list—which included Hoffa, Marcello, Russell Bufalino, Giancana and Trafficante—grew from 40 in early 1961 to more than 2300 by the time he left office in 1964. The number of racketeer indictments totaled 24 during the first six months of the last year of the Eisenhower Administration, 1960; during the first six months of 1963, the number

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Fig. 283—Surgical anatomy of the arteries of the neck, showing the carotid and subclavian arteries.

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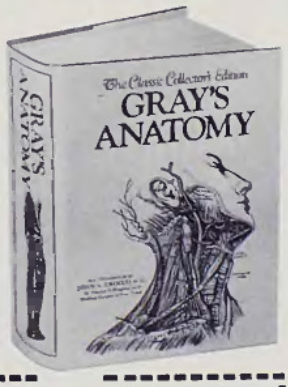

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SINCE 1948, EVEN COME

1978

MUGELLO
DIJON
SILVERSTONE
UNITED STATES
LAGUNA SECA
ROAD ATLANTA
TALLADEGA
SEBRING
12 HOURS
DAYTONA
24 HOURS

1977

CANADA
TRANS-AM
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
NURBURGRING
ROAD ATLANTA
MOSPORT
BRAINARD, MINN.
OKLAHOMA
WATKINS GLEN
NELSON LEDGE
OHIO
PORTLAND,
OREGON
SEATTLE
WASHING
DAYTONA BEA
MID-OHIO

1976

MUGELLO
WATKINS GLEN
6 HOURS
DIJON
LE MANS
24 HOURS
SEBRING
12 HOURS
EUROPEAN GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
TRANS-AM
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
WORLD SPORTS
CAR
CHAMPIONSHIP
(Division A,
Division B)
11 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1975

IMSA GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
EUROPEAN GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
F.I.A. CUP FOR GT
CARS
11 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1974

EUROPEAN GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
F.I.A. CUP FOR GT
CARS
IMSA GT
CHAMPION
TRANS-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
9 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1973

TARGA FLORIO
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
SEBRING
CAN-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
WORLD
CHALLENGE OF
SPEED AND
ENDURANCE
F.I.A. GT WORLD
CUP
EUROPEAN GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
IMSA GT
CHAMPIONSHIP
TRANS-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
7 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1972

DAYTONA
6 HOURS
CAN-AM
CHAMPIONSHIP
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
EUROPEAN GT
TROPHY
F.I.A. CUP FO
CARS
8 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1971

BUENOS AIRES
DAYTONA
24 HOURS
SEBRING
12 HOURS
MONZA
1000 kms.
SPA 1000 kms.
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
LE MANS
24 HOURS
OSTERREICH-
RING
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
INTERSERIE
CHAMPIONSHIP
WORLD GRAND
TOURING
CHAMPIONSHIP
WORLD
CHALLENGE OF
SPEED AND
ENDURANCE
IMOLA
VILA RE

1970

DAYTONA
24 HOURS
BRANDS HATCH
MONZA
1000 kms.
LE MANS
24 HOURS
SPA 1000 kms.
NURBURGRING
TARGA FLORIO
WATKINS GLEN
6 HOURS
OSTERREICH-
RING
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
WORLD GT
TROPHY
CHALLENGE
MONDIAL
13 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS

1969

BRANDS HATCH
MONZA
1000 kms.
TARGA FLORIO
SPA 1000 kms.
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
WATKINS GLEN
6 HOURS
OSTERREICH-
RING
WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP
OF MAKES
WORLD GRAND
TOURING
CHAMPIONSHIP
ANS-AM
PIONSHIP.
2-liter
WORLD
CHALLENGE OF
SPEED AND
ENDURANCE

1968

DAYTONA
24 HOURS
SEBRING
12 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO
NURBURGRING
1000 kms.
AUSTRIAN GP
BOAC 500
MONZA
1000 kms.
ZANDVOORT
LE MANS
24 HOURS
B SPORTS
15 NATIONAL
CHAMPIONSHIPS
RACING, C&E
PRODUCTION

NO ONE HAS CLOSE

CHAMPIONSHIP
WORLD GRAND TOURING CHAMPIONSHIP
SCCA TRANS-AM CHAMPIONSHIP, under 2-liter

1967

MARATHON DE LA ROUTE
SPA 24 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
MUGELLO
DAYTONA 24 HOURS
SEBRING 12 HOURS
MONZA 1000 kms.
SPA 1000 kms.
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
LE MANS 24 HOURS
RHEIMS 12 HOURS
NURBURGRING 12 HOURS
BOAC 500
HOCKENHEIM RACES
WORLD SPORTS CAR CHAMPIONSHIP (Division 2)
WORLD CHALLENGE OF SPEED AND ENDURANCE
SCCA TRANS-AM CHAMPIONSHIP, under 2-liter

1966

TARGA FLORIO
LE MANS
MUGELLO
WATKINS GLEN
5000
YTONA
HOURS
RING
HOURS
ZA 1000 kms.
KENHEIM 100
DVOORT 2
OURS
CA E SPORTS
RACING, C&D
PRODUCTION
CHAMPIONSHIPS
GRAND TOURING CHAMPIONSHIP GROUP 3
U.S. ROAD RACING CHAMPIONSHIP GROUP 2
WORLD SPORTS CHAMPIONSHIP (Division 2)

1965

HEILBRONNER
ROSSFELD
NURBURGRING
MARATHON DE LA ROUTE
GALSBERG
DAYTONA CONTINENTAL
STUTTGART-LYONS

MONZA 1000 kms.
TARGA FLORIO
SPA 500 kms.
LE MANS 24 HOURS
SOLITUDE GP
SWISS MOUNTAIN GP
ZANDVOORT TROPHY
BRIDGE-HAMPTON DOUBLE 500

SEBRING 12 HOURS
JAPANESE GP
TARGA FLORIO
FRANCOR-CHAMPS 500 kms.
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
LE MANS 24 HOURS
HOCKENHEIM RACES
SOLITUDE GP

SPA GP
NURBURGRING 1000 kms
ROUEN GP
SNETTERTON RACES
GERMAN GP MEET
SWISS MOUNTAIN GP
WATKINS GLEN GP
HOCKENHEIM 12 HOURS
PARIS 1000 kms.

CHAMPIONSHIPS

1959

TARGA FLORIO
LIEGE-ROME-LIEGE
CAPE TOWN TROPHY
SEBRING
DAYTONA RACES
PRIX DE PARIS
SPA GP
TARGA FLORIO

1957

GERMAN GP

1956

TARGA FLORIO
MILLE MIGLIA
PRIX DE PARIS
SPA PRODUCTION CAR GP
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.

BUENOS AIRES 1000 kms.
MILLE MIGLIA
LE MANS 24 HOURS
PORTO GP
RHEIMS 12 HOURS
SWISS MOUNTAIN GP
EUROPEAN GP
AVUS
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SCCA E PRODUCTION AND E SPORTS RACING CHAMPIONSHIPS

1964

TARGA FLORIO
SEBRING 12 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO
SPA GP
PRIX DE PARIS
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
LE MANS 24 HOURS
RHEIMS 12 HOURS
NORISRING RACES
LUXEM-BOURG GP
WATKINS GLEN 500
ZANDVOORT
CANADIAN GP
PARIS 1000 kms.
SCCA C PRODUCTION AND E SPORTS RACING CHAMPIONSHIP

1963

TARGA FLORIO
WATKINS GLEN
USRRC
DAYTONA CHALLENGE CUP
DAYTONA CONTINENTAL
SNETTERTON RACES

SCCA E SPORTS RACING AND FORMULA LIBRE CHAMPIONSHIPS

1962

FRENCH GP
SOLITUDE
LA FAUCILLE
OLLON-VILLARS
GALSBERG
TARGA FLORIO
AVUS RACES
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
LAGUNA SECA RACES
LE MANS 24 HOURS
NORISRING RACES
DAYTONA RACES
MOSPORT RACES
PARIS CUPS
PUERTO RICO GP
SCCA E SPORTS RACING AND F SPORTS RACING CHAMPIONSHIPS
MANU-FACTURER'S WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP, DIVISION 2

1961

LA FAUCILLE
NORISRING RACES
SEBRING 12 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO

SCCA E SPORTS RACING AND F SPORTS RACING CHAMPIONSHIPS

1960

GERMAN GP
SEBRING
TARGA FLORIO
BUENOS AIRES 1000 kms.
SEBRING 12 HOURS
RIVERSIDE GP
AINTREE RACES
TARGA FLORIO
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
ROUEN GP
LE MANS 24 HOURS
NORISRING RACES
GERMAN GP
SWISS MOUNTAIN GP
COPPA INTEREUROPA
WATKINS GLEN
COUPE DE PARIS
PARIS 1000 kms.
SCCA E&F SPORTS RACING, C & F PRODUCTION

NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
MONZA LOTTERY GP
WATKINS GLEN RACES
SCCA F SPORTS RACING AND F PRODUCTION CHAMPIONSHIPS

1958

MOUNT PARNASSUS
MONT-VENTOUX
TRENTO-BONDONE
GALSBERG
OLLON-VILLARS
SEBRING 12 HOURS
TARGA FLORIO
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
RHEIMS 12 HOURS
RHEIMS GP
GERMAN GP
SWISS MOUNTAIN GP
COPPA INTEREUROPA
NASSAU RACES
SCCA F SPORTS RACING AND F PRODUCTION CHAMPIONSHIPS

PARIS 1000 kms.
RHEIMS 12 HOURS
LE MANS 24 HOURS
SWISS MOUNTAIN GP
BERLIN GP
NASSAU TROPHY
SCCA F SPORTS RACING, E, F AND G PRODUCTION CHAMPIONSHIPS

1955

BOL D'OR
LE MANS
BERLIN GP
RHINELAND CUP
LISBON
OPORTO
BUENOS AIRES 1000 kms.
SEBRING 12 HOURS
MILLE MIGLIA
LE MANS 24 HOURS
SCCA F PRODUCTION CHAMPIONSHIP

1954

AVUS
RHINELAND CUP
OPORTO

CHAMPIONSHIP

1953

RHINELAND CUP
MONACO
MILLE MIGLIA
HYERES 12 HOURS
LE MANS 24 HOURS
AVUS
GERMAN GP
NURBURGRING 1000 kms.
CARRERA PANAMERICANA

1952

LE MANS
MILLE MIGLIA
NURBURGRING RACES

1951

LE MANS
LIEGE-ROME-LIEGE
PALM BEACH SHORES

1948

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"For God's sake, Father, help me!"

The little plane headed nose-first for the South Dakota prairie. Inside were a priest and a teen-ager—the boy sulky, the Father determined. Don Murray, the Flying Padre, had tried for months to reach this youngster.

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Sky Ranch was founded by Father Murray in 1960. Today, under the guidance of Father Dale Kutil, it has 3000 acres with eleven buildings, 120 head of cattle, 25 horses and two planes—all on the banks of the Little Missouri River on the Montana-South Dakota border.

This is a working ranch. The boys, from delinquents to incorrigibles,are sent here from all over the country. The life they share is one of love, discipline, security, and work. They do all their own housekeeping, farming and ranching—branding the stock, cutting and baling the hay, growing the vegetables. All this, while they study at the Ranch's fully accredited school and in its vocational shop.

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We are the people who make and sell alcohol beverages, and Sky Ranch is our adopted charity. We formed Sky Ranch Foundation, Inc., a non-profit organization, in 1960. For 18 years, contributions in our industry from individuals and corporations have kept our planes in the air and our boys with their feet firmly on the ground. All these tax-free contributions go directly to the support of the boys and the Ranch.

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George Orr was in charge of doing repairs and welding at a recycling plant in Salem, Oregon. His employer decided everybody should buy safety boots – at company expense. But George and the other fellows resisted taking the time to go and do it. Finally, the boss said, "Today, or else!"

The other fellows went out and spent eight to twelve dollars on cheapies. But George went down to The Shoe Box in Salem, and picked out the best pair of safety boots they had in stock. A pair of Santa Rosa Brand "Watchdogs."

"Maybe five minutes after I got back to work with my new boots on, I had this eight inch by twenty-two foot steel pipe supported by a forklift on one end, and a triangular wedge of steel on the other. I was straddling it about mid-length, and...

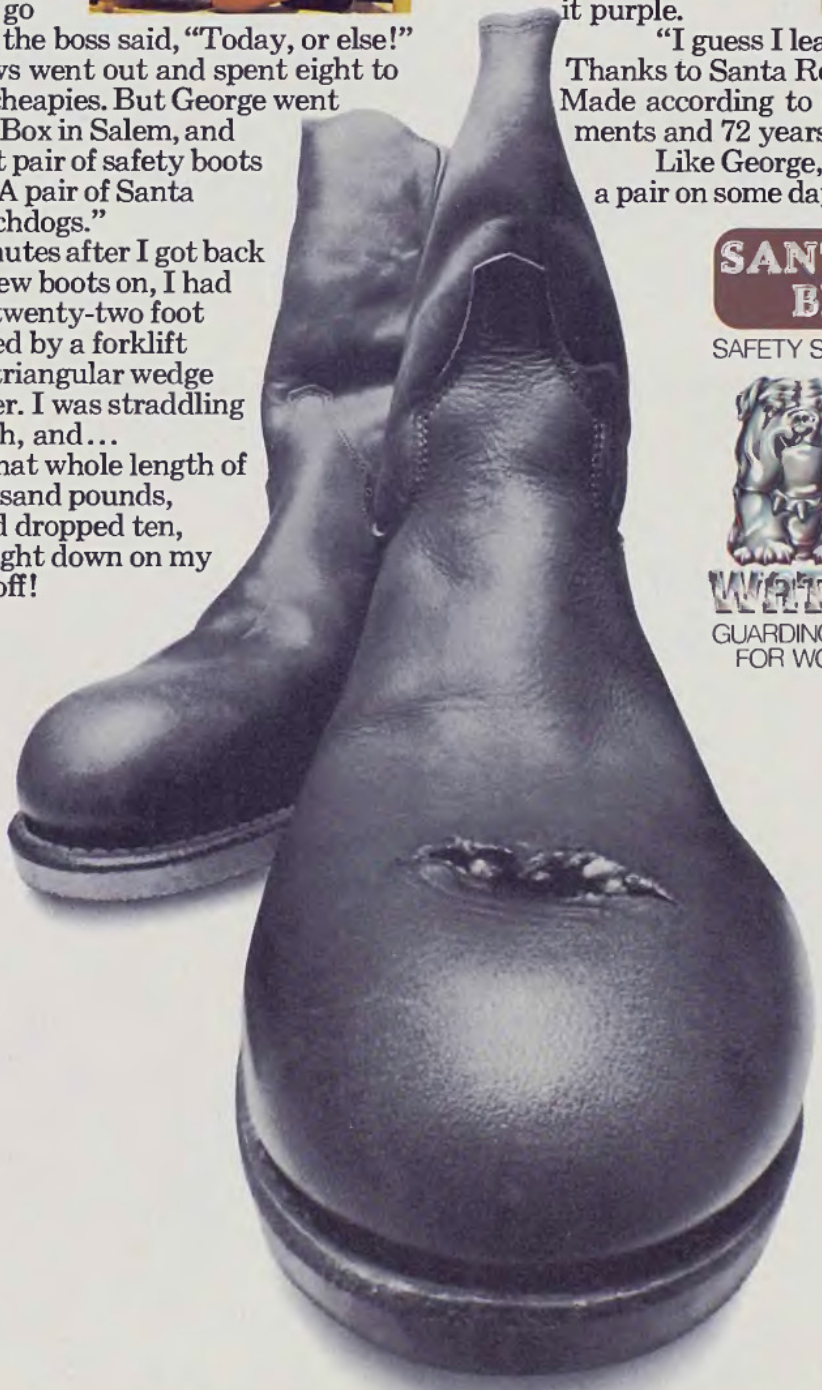
"I don't know, that whole length of pipe, nearly a thousand pounds, just slipped off and dropped ten, twelve inches straight down on my foot and bounced off!

"It punched the steel toe down through the sole of the boot and made two little marks on the concrete floor!

"No doubt about it, I would have lost four toes for sure. As it was, the steel toe just nipped my big toe and turned it purple.

"I guess I lead a very charmed life!" Thanks to Santa Rosa Brand "Watchdogs." Made according to exacting OSHA requirements and 72 years of experience.

Like George, you might wish you had a pair on some day. Ten times over!



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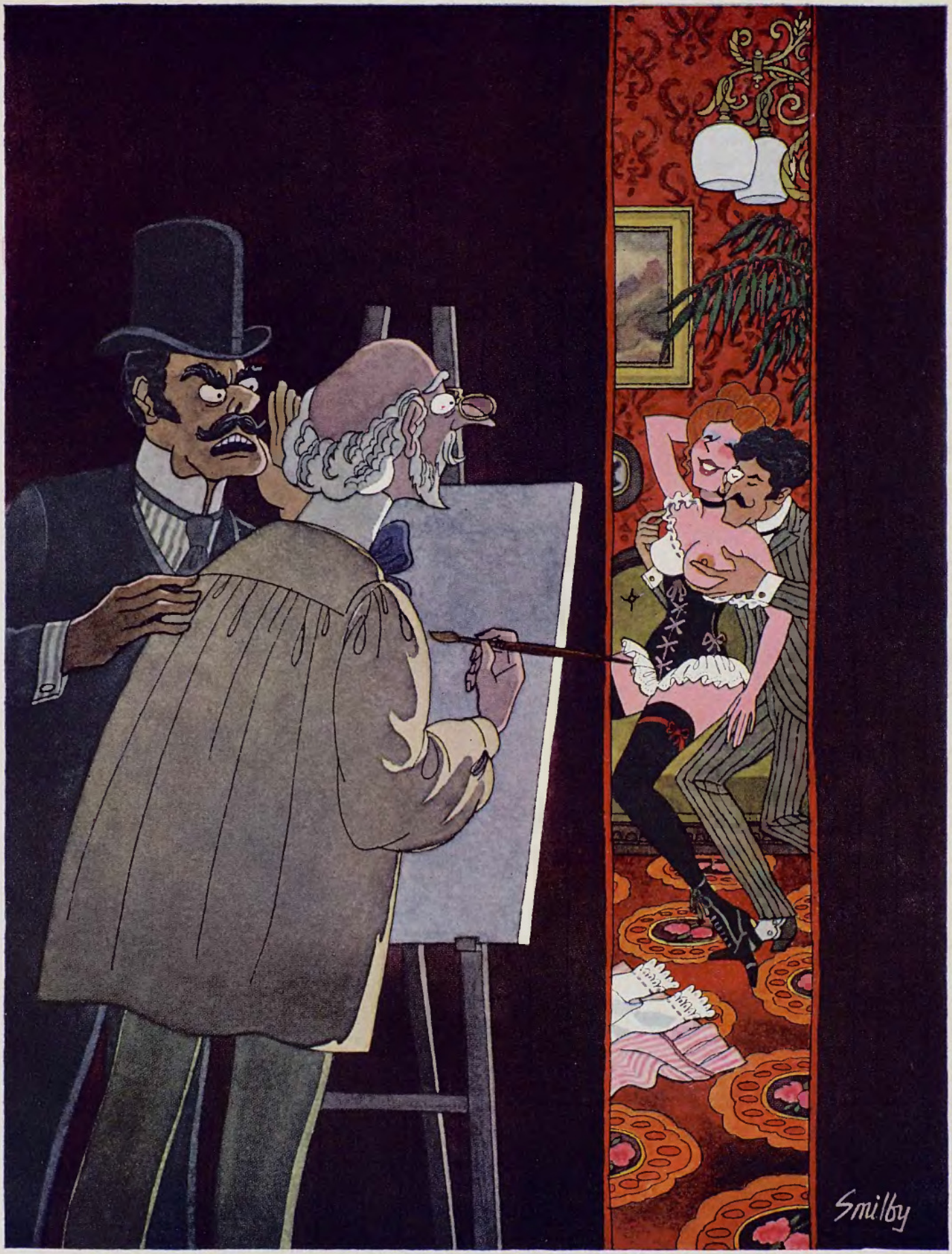


"As soon as you've got enough evidence down on canvas, give me a nudge and we'll burst in."

climbed more than 600 percent, to 171. Similarly, the number of actual convictions had risen more than 350 percent, from a total of 35 in 1960 to 160 in 1963.

Hoffa's own indictments were a tiny fraction of the sweeping Federal effort against I.B.T. corruption: 201 Teamster officials and coconspirators were indicted during the Kennedy period and more than 125 were convicted by the end of 1964.

One victim of Kennedy's wrath, Barney Baker, convicted of extortion and sent to prison, relaxes now in his office suite, provided by his latest employer, Allen Dorfman, Paul's stepson, and talks about the past investigations.

"It does something to you," Baker says. "It gets you sort of nerved up and sick. And you say, 'For what?' Am I associated with somebody they don't like? Am I a fat man that looks like a tough man? You know what I mean? They made me a bad man. You know what I mean?"

Chavez wrote Robert Kennedy the following letter:

> Sir:
>
> This is for your information. The undersigned is going to solicit from the membership of our union that each one donate whatever they can afford to maintain, clean, beautify and supply with flowers the grave of Lee Harvey Oswald. You can rest assured contributions will be unanimous.
>
> Sincerely,
> Frank Chavez,
> Secretary-Treasurer
> Teamsters Local 901

Ralph Salerno sums it up when he says, "There is no solid evidence yet that Carlos Marcello, Santos Trafficante, Jimmy Hoffa or any other criminal or criminal associate had been involved in a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy. But regardless of whether they knew or not, they should have built the largest statue in the world to Lee Harvey Oswald. No man has ever done as much damage to this country's war on the underworld as he did. Because the bullet that killed John Kennedy killed Bobby Kennedy's dream to destroy the organized-crime society."

Hoffa seemed to agree when he told a Nashville reporter on the day Ruby murdered Oswald, "Bobby Kennedy is just another lawyer now."

HOFFA LOSES SUPPORT

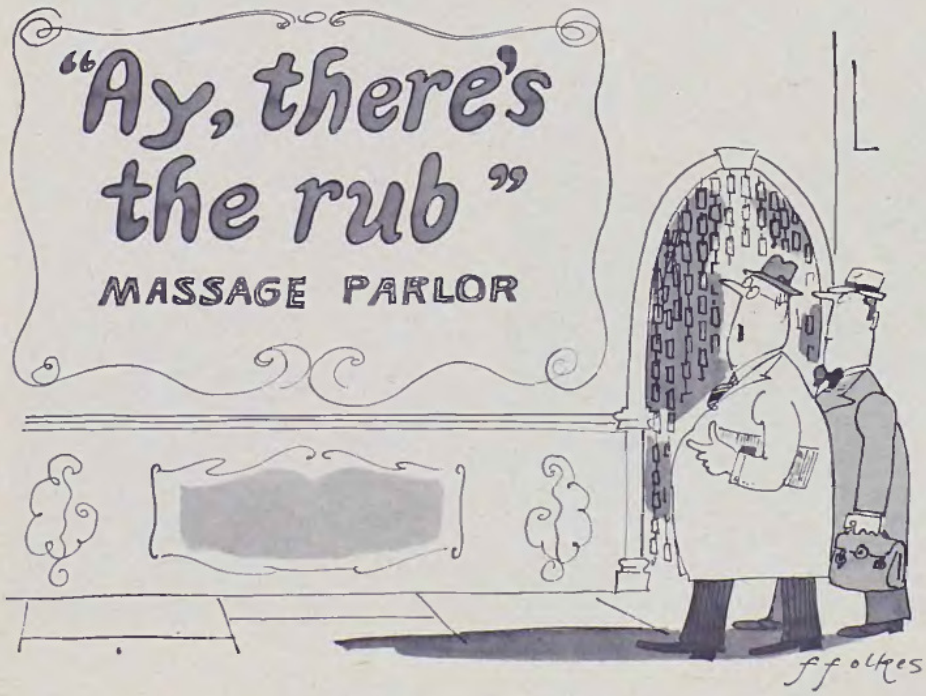
After Hoffa's two convictions for jury tampering and for pension fraud in 1964, his two biggest supporters remained Marcello and Trafficante; both are reported to have offered Partin $1,000,000 in return for a signed affidavit recanting his testimony against Hoffa.

Meanwhile, in Detroit, the local underworld was staying neutral on Hoffa's legal problems, just as it had been neutral during the Mob wars in New York. Detroit crime boss Joseph Zerilli was rewarded with a seat on the nine-member commission of the national crime syndicate for the restraint he displayed over the problems on the East Coast.

However, Hoffa's undoing with the Detroit Mob resulted from an affair his wife had been having with Anthony Cimini, a Detroit mobster. Law-enforcement officials claim that when Hoffa discovered that his wife and Cimini had been double-dating with Zerilli enforcer Anthony Giacalone and Hoffa's former lover Sylvia Pagano, he went directly to Zerilli, pleading for help to resolve his personal problem. Although Cimini was warned to stay away from Hoffa's wife, he continued to see her and so he was allegedly set up, holding several thousand dollars' worth of stolen securities. Cimini went to jail and Mrs. Hoffa went home.

With his loss of prestige for crawling to Zerilli to resolve his wife's affair with Cimini, Hoffa, according to one of his closest aides, was then expected to respond in kind to a wish of the Detroit underworld. That wish was to name Fitzsimmons his successor when he went to jail. Although Hoffa had two other union leaders in mind for the job, he agreed and named Fitzsimmons, who had been a loyal Hoffa supporter for 30 years. Hoffa went to jail and Fitzsimmons took over. The new acting president promptly began to display his independence from Hoffa, appointing Rolland McMaster, Hoffa's former link to Trafficante, the chief executive officer of the Detroit local. That upset Hoffa, who had selected David Johnson to run things in Detroit while he was gone. For the next three years, McMaster and Johnson battled for control, ostensibly for Fitzsimmons and Hoffa. McMaster was among the first Teamster leaders to split with Hoffa; others would follow.

In 1967, Joseph Bonanno was permanently established in Arizona. He had made alliances with both Marcello and Trafficante. Murders, illnesses and a concentrated investigation by Government agents had forced some leadership changes among the top five crime families in New York, including the Bonanno clan, which was hard pressed to find a permanent leader in the East as the Banana Wars continued. The most qualified man for that job was sitting in G Block at Lewisburg Penitentiary: Carmine Galante, who was still fiercely loyal to Bonanno and who enjoyed the prison friendship of Hoffa. Another inmate was the same Anthony Provenzano linked earlier by FBI reports to Ruby. A powerful New Jersey Teamster leader and a captain in the Vito Genovese crime family, Provenzano was a Bonanno enemy and had fistfights with both Galante and Hoffa while in prison. According to Ed Edwards, a prisoner who helped break up the Hoffa-Provenzano fight, Provenzano was shouting and pointing at Hoffa while guards converged on the pair in the prison dining hall: "Old man! Yours is coming! You know it's coming one of these days. . . .



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You're going to belong to me!"

In September 1967, a month after Hoffa and Provenzano had their brawl, William Bufalino, Hoffa's longtime ally and lawyer, also broke off his relationship with Hoffa and became a supporter of Fitzsimmons.

"I went to see Hoffa every week until we came to the point that every time he was dissatisfied with something, he had to have somebody to blame," Bufalino says today. "Whatever he had in his mind, if he wanted to squawk about something, he'd always pick on Bill Bufalino."

Hoffa's friendship with Galante and his changing attitude toward his old allies, especially Provenzano and William Bufalino, helped erode his support within the Teamsters union. Provenzano's brother Salvatore was an acting I.B.T. vice-president under Fitzsimmons, in his brother's absence, and thus Hoffa's undiplomatic move jeopardized much of his East Coast support, especially in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, where the Provenzanos wielded enormous power.

Word of Hoffa's relationship with Galante spread quickly, and it put Hoffa in deep trouble with the remnants of the other Mob families in the Northeast. Carlo Gambino, fully aware of Galante's harsh feelings toward him, was more and more relying on the support of Russell Bufalino, who was then a top advisor for the ailing Genovese family, of which Anthony Provenzano was a member. And since Anthony Provenzano and William Bufalino were related by marriage to the Giacalone and Meli Mob families in Detroit, Hoffa's gangster support in his own home town was also being neutralized.

By the end of 1967, Fitzsimmons, McMaster, Anthony Provenzano, William Bufalino and the people close to them had turned against Hoffa. Only a handful of underworld figures had remained loyal to him; Marcello and Trafficante were the most important. With Hoffa playing ball with Galante at Lewisburg, and Bonanno forming a Southern triumvirate with his two counterparts, Hoffa's support was centralized geographically. The crime families in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, forming a Northern coalition and influenced by Detroit's Zerilli, had begun supporting Fitzsimmons soon after Hoffa went to jail and had ceased trying to free him.

The problems of that situation were obvious. If Hoffa was released from prison and resumed his duties as I.B.T. general president, what would happen?

Theoretically, a nationwide Mob war could have exploded out of the Banana Wars, which were still going on in New York. The Northern Mob was willing to fight to keep its extensive interests in the Teamsters union, and the Southern crime leaders, whose armies were bigger and stronger, were bound to retaliate, trying to claim portions of the union's funds for themselves.

At the center of this tense but quiet drama were Jimmy Hoffa and Richard Nixon.

NIXON STEPS IN

According to one of Hoffa's closest confidants, the Teamster leadership was well aware of the fact that in 1960, Vice-President Nixon had intervened on Hoffa's behalf to quash the land-fraud indictment; thus, it naturally suspected that if Nixon became President, he would arrange for Hoffa's release: "If Fitzsimmons and the other high Teamster officials had seriously wanted Jimmy out of jail in 1969, then their best bet was to elect Nixon President."

Instead, the I.B.T. general executive board—which by then was in almost total opposition to a Hoffa comeback—voted overwhelmingly to support Humphrey. The cozy relationship between Nixon and the Teamsters that had begun in 1960 was put aside, at least for the moment.

After his remarkable political comeback without the support of the I.B.T., the "new Nixon" quickly fulfilled one of his campaign promises: to restore "law and order" in America by appointing an Attorney General who could handle the job.

Having selected his Wall Street law partner, John Mitchell, as his crime-busting head of the Justice Department, Nixon balanced his Administration by taking aboard Murray Chotiner as a Presidential advisor. An astute political trickster, Chotiner had numerous known connections with the underworld, particularly in the South and among the Marcello clan. With Mitchell and Chotiner, Nixon began a short-lived "war" against the underworld.

Both Marcello and Trafficante survived Nixon's war against organized crime rather well. Trafficante came through the Nixon years with an unblemished record, while Marcello had serious legal problems only once. Indicted for assaulting an FBI agent two years before Nixon took office, Marcello, in 1969, was found guilty and sentenced to two years in prison. But the trial judge, citing the mobster's "poor health," reduced the sentence to six months in a prison hospital, after U. S. Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black intervened on Marcello's behalf.

Chotiner and Marcello's friend Irving Davidson, a Washington, D.C., public-relations specialist, had become friends, and both were active in the Free Hoffa movement. So when Nixon was elected,

(continued on page 266)

(Advertisement)

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OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL (UGH) DOLL

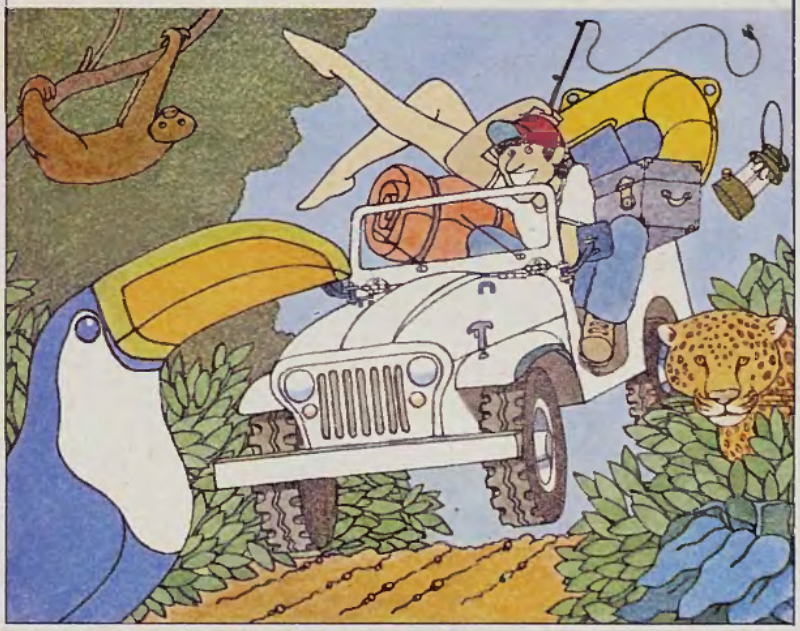
There are Ken dolls, Barbie dolls and Betsy Wetsy dolls; but for all you kinky types who can't make up your minds which way to go, there's the She's-A-He doll, an 18-inch-high little "lady" with a hand-painted face (done by caricaturist Gary Alexander), a Velcro wig, well-padded falsies and a sexy G string beneath which dangle the family jewels. The Sanelle Gift Gallery, 814 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, sells the She's-A-He doll for $55, postpaid. We don't recommend that you take it along on your wedding night.

MAD HATTERS

The latest issue of a small literary magazine called the *Milk Quarterly* is devoted to the subject of hats; poems about hats, questionnaires about hats, doodles picturing hats, essays about hats—even a few black-and-white photos of people posing in their favorite lids. SBD: Small Press Distribution, 1636 Ocean View Avenue, Kensington, California 94707, will send you "The Hat Issue" for $3.50, postpaid. If you're not turned on to sporting a chapeau after reading it, we'll eat our, uh, hat.

LOOK DOWN THAT LONESOME ROAD

This November 30, 200 of the world's most accomplished (also pronounced foolhardy) drivers will roar out of New Orleans hell-bent for Caracas by December 14, as they participate in a 6500-mile French-organized road rally called Cinq/Cinq Les Amériques that will take them through Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama and (via boat) Colombia and Venezuela. If this kind of organized madness turns you on, write to Tim Shannon, 2827 Briggs Road, Columbus, Ohio 43204, for info on the 1979 Cinq/Cinq rally—a do-or-die charge across Australia. Lordy!



THE X IS BACK IN XMAS

Christmas may come only once a year, but the erotic yuletide illustrations that artist Olivia DeBerardinis has created for her line of holiday greeting cards are worth looking at in any season. Nine dollars sent to "O" Card Company, P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018, will get you 12 cards (six different illustrations) and 12 envelopes. Dirty dolls, randy elves, Santa being held prisoner by three sexy helpers . . . they're just some of the fantasies that spill from DeBerardinis' bag of naughty toys. Send one card to the butcher, one to the baker, but definitely not to your mother or minister.

HOT DOG

The expression "in the doghouse" used to mean that you were in trouble. Now, thanks to a company called Solar One Ltd., 2644 Barrett Street, Virginia Beach, Virginia 23452, your pooch's pad has become something to envy. Solar One manufactures solar-heated doghouses that are sure to keep a canine comfortably warm on the wintriest of days. But, when your wife discovers that you just blew $795 on a home for your mutt, you'll probably be sleeping with the dog.

CARRY A BIG STICK

Walking-stick fanciers will be pleased to learn that Stonehouse, an art foundry that fills mail orders from P.O. Box 3784, Austin, Texas 78764, is offering a line of solid-bronze-headed canes including the skull ($70), cobra-design ($75) and oak-leaf ($50) styles above. Or, if you're really an egomaniac, they'll custom-make one with a bust of yourself cast on the handle for $250 and up. Backwords, Inc., P.O. Box 1304, St. Charles, Missouri 63301, has a different shtick; it's selling sticks topped with solid-brass antique doorknobs for $40 each, postpaid. Knock, knock!

PLAY BALLS

"You need Balls to conquer the world" is the motto of a new kind of candy that's being sold at the Treat Boutique, an adult candy store at 840 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019. With each can of Balls (they sell for $5.50, postpaid), you get a certificate announcing that you have "satisfied the requirements and successfully passed the examination and are duly certified to have Balls." If you'd like to tell the world about it, the Treat Boutique also sells colorful T-shirts in small, medium and large for $7 each, postpaid, that proclaim Balls CANDY TO GIVE YOU COURAGE. Buy one for your favorite girlfriend—if you've got the balls.

HAVE WINE, WILL TRAVEL

Bibbers, rejoice! After a trial run in New York and Texas, a new wine called Sachet is about to be distributed nationwide and the way it's packaged—individual disposable foil pouches containing 6.3 ounces of *vino*—will have all but the most conservative grape lovers kicking up their heels. Sachets will sell for about 59 cents each for both red and white *vin ordinaire*; and Castel Wines International, Sachet's importer, points out that they're perfect for picnics, travel, etc. We never thought we'd be drinking wine from a sack.

ONE-UPPING PUT-DOWNS

You're dating a woman several years younger than you. One day, at a family gathering, your uncle walks up to you with a big smile and says, "Still robbing the cradle, huh?" You would: (A) Hit him in the mouth, (B) cry or (C) remember what you learned from a booklet and cassette called *How to Deal with Put-downs and Insults* that are available from Grothe Associates, P.O. Box 580, Lincoln, Maine 01773, for $9.50, postpaid. Subjects include examples of both personal and common put-downs, effective responses and tips on practice sessions. Rodney Dangerfield would love it.

HOFFA WARS (continued from page 262)

"The stage was set for the restricted commutation of Hoffa's prison sentence five months later."

the chiefs of the Southern organized-crime alliance were confident that Hoffa would be released.

In 1969, the first year of the Nixon Administration, Chotiner told Davidson that Hoffa would be out of jail by Thanksgiving with a Presidential pardon and that approval had come "directly from the Oval Office."

Others got the word as well, and such talk so infuriated Federal investigator Walter Sheridan, the man most responsible for Hoffa's downfall, that he called his journalist friend Clark Mollenhoff, who had accepted a job as special assistant to Nixon.

"It's all set for the Nixon Administration to spring Jimmy Hoffa," Sheridan said angrily. "I'm told Murray Chotiner is handling it with the Las Vegas Mob. John Mitchell and John Ehrlichman [Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs] have something to do with it, and I'm told that it has been cleared with Nixon."

When Mollenhoff inquired around, an Ehrlichman assistant told him, "Mr. Ehrlichman says you should not concern yourself with the Hoffa matter. He is handling it himself with John Mitchell."

Later, during a brief telephone conversation, Ehrlichman informed Mollenhoff, "The President does not want you in this. It is highly sensitive. John Mitchell and I have it under control."

But Thanksgiving came and went, and Hoffa was still in jail. What happened?

Davidson explains that Chotiner told him that the President's special counsel, Charles Colson, had persuaded Nixon to scuttle the idea. "Fitzsimmons was one of the few labor leaders supporting Nixon, and Colson wanted to keep that support," Davidson says.

That is not a very convincing reason.

A more likely explanation for Nixon's 11th-hour decision not to pardon Hoffa at that time was that Mitchell, not Colson, had persuaded him not to.

"It was generally known at the White House that Mitchell had been friends with Frank Fitzsimmons for some time and had been meeting with him fairly regularly after Nixon was elected in November 1968," says a former member of Nixon's legal staff. "Mitchell had the kind of clout with the President that if he wanted Hoffa out of jail, he would have been out—no matter what Colson or anyone else said. . . .

"There was no reason back then for anyone to have a lot of confidence in the fact that Fitzsimmons was going to be a firm supporter of the President. They never even met each other until late 1970. But whatever Fitzsimmons said to the Attorney General, you can bet that it was something big. Hoffa was supposed to be out in 1969."

It is quite possible that Fitzsimmons, during his sessions with Mitchell, openly discussed the dangerous situation brewing between the Northern and the Southern crime families. If that was the case, Mitchell must have clearly understood the implications of Hoffa's release: A nationwide full-scale war could break out within the criminal syndicate. That was something the Attorney General and the law-and-order Nixon Administration had to worry about.

Hoffa remained in prison and the decision to keep him there may well have averted the North-South crime

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war. Union funds again began flowing South in an effort to buy off Hoffa's support.

HOFFA'S EARLY RELEASE

On June 21, 1971, the White House persuaded Hoffa to resign all of his union offices in return for promises that he would receive an early release from prison. Apparently, the White House and the Teamsters felt that Hoffa's support had been neutralized. An indication of that occurred the following month, when, after Fitzsimmons was elected as the general president of the union at the I.B.T. convention in Miami, both Marcello and Trafficante were able to swing two vice-president slots for their associates. In addition, Salvatore Provenzano officially had replaced his brother in a third vice-presidency.

That set the stage for the restricted commutation of Hoffa's prison sentence five months later, which barred him from union office until 1980. Hoffa was simply no longer a threat.

Just as the Castro murder plots may have allied the Teamsters with organized crime and the CIA, the Hoffa issue had drawn the White House, the Teamsters and organized crime closer together. Although the Justice Department successfully prosecuted associates of Marcello's and Trafficante's—all for misusing Teamster funds—Mitchell was personally responsible for numerous aborted prosecutions of underworld figures during his four-year tenure. Several investigations of Teamster officials—including one of Fitzsimmons' son Richard—were dropped without explanation. Simultaneously, Nixon was authorizing the pardons of notorious organized-crime leaders, such as Angelo DeCarlo, for whose conviction the Justice Department had spent millions.

As a result, Fitzsimmons, the I.B.T.'s general executive board and the Mob gave Nixon their full support during his 1972 re-election campaign. The only I.B.T. board member who refused to back Nixon, Harold Gibbons, was named a White House "enemy" and had his income-tax return audited the following year.

Also during the 1972 campaign, columnist Jack Anderson reported that Teamster pension-fund advisor Allen Dorfman chipped in a $100,000 contribution, which he gave illegally to Mitchell. Dorfman waved around the receipt signed by Mitchell at Dorfman's pension-fraud trial in 1972. And, to top things off, when the Watergate burglars began blackmailing the White House, by demanding cash for their silence, it was allegedly the Mob that provided the now-famous hush-money payments starting in January 1973, which Nixon said would be "no problem" to raise. Federal investigators later confirmed that they believe the deliveries had been arranged by Fitzsimmons, Anthony Provenzano (out of prison since 1970) and Dorfman.

THE FINAL DAYS: ANOTHER VERSION

During the final months of the Nixon Administration, General Alexander Haig, White House Chief of Staff, conducted a secret investigation into whether or not Nixon had ever been mixed up with organized crime. A special investigator for the Army Criminal Investigation Command was assigned to the project. According to *The Washington Star*, two years later, on December 5, 1976:

> Haig wanted some things checked out on the President.
>
> It involved [John] Caulfield and [Anthony] Ulasewicz. . . . Haig wanted to know whether Caulfield and Ulasewicz had been to the Far East and carried back any money for Nixon. He also wanted to know whether Nixon had ever been mixed up with organized crime. . . .
>
> "I never could find that Caulfield and Ulasewicz had gone to the Far East," said the Army investigator, "but in my verbal reports to [the CIC chief], I pointed out that in those days an American didn't need a passport to get into Vietnam. . . .
>
> "I concluded that they probably had gone to Vietnam, and I considered there were strong indications of a history of Nixon connections with money from organized crime."

Having ordered the investigation, and presumably having received the investigator's report that "there were strong indications of a history of Nixon connections with money from organized crime," General Haig, as far as is known, pursued the matter no further. But it may have contributed to Haig's decision to literally take over the White House during Nixon's final days.

A former Nixon aide, not privy to the Haig investigation, says that one of his associates in the White House mentioned to him sometime "during the impeachment summer" that "someone high up, maybe Haig," was interested in Nixon's possible "organized-crime involvements."

"The whole goddamn thing is too frightening to think about," says a Justice Department official. "We're talking about the President of the United States . . . a man who pardoned organized-crime figures after millions were spent by the Government putting them away, a guy who's had these connections since he was a Congressman in the Forties. . . .

"I guess the real shame is that we'll never know the whole story; it'll never come out."

The House of Representatives had scheduled Nixon's impeachment trial for the third week of August, but the hearings never began. Instead, Haig quietly orchestrated the release of the damning June 23, 1972, tape transcripts, in which Nixon was heard discussing the Watergate cover-up, and that forced the President to give in and resign on August 9, 1974.

THE STRUGGLE TO COME BACK

Like Nixon, Hoffa never operated as a loner—a description often applied to each of them by the press. The successes and failures of both men were in large part determined by who their friends were at each point in their lives. Besides Fitzsimmons, two other men were of special importance to Hoffa's rise to power: Johnson and McMaster, dissident truckers who joined and cleaned up their Detroit Local 299 in 1935. Along with Fitzsimmons, they were major reasons for the early organizing successes of Hoffa, who became president of the local in 1946.

When McMaster—by his appointment as head of Local 299 in April 1967—became the reason for the split between Hoffa and Fitzsimmons, the war between the two men had been fought by proxies McMaster and Johnson, who was still a strong Hoffa man and challenging for local control. However, after McMaster sent the then imprisoned Hoffa a letter, warning him to "stay out of union politics" and the affairs of Local 299, Hoffa began to orchestrate McMaster's ouster. The opportunity came after Johnson pretended that he had been beaten by a McMaster organizer. As a result, McMaster was purged.

"It was all caused by Jimmy's chopping me up behind the scenes," says McMaster.

Because McMaster had become Fitzsimmons' top enforcer in the Midwest, the I.B.T. general president selected him to head a special organizing task force to battle a rival union and to "watch Hoffa." Both problems were handled in a similar fashion. According to one of McMaster's former organizers, rebel owner-operator truckers, dissident Teamsters and Hoffa partisans alike had their homes and automobiles bombed allegedly by members of McMaster's task force. And during the two-year history of the organizing division, 1972–1974, employers targeted for campaigns became victims of terrorist raids and extortion schemes. In February 1974, McMaster's unit was disbanded after spending more than $1,300,000 of union money while bringing in only 750 new members. It had merely served as a smoke screen to get employers to pay for labor peace, a charge of which McMaster previously had been convicted.

That same month, the owner-operators were shut down nationwide for the second time in three months, protesting fuel prices. The massive demonstration also became a protest against Fitzsimmons, especially in Detroit. The leaders

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of the shutdown had aligned themselves with Hoffa, who was then promising them better conditions if he returned as I.B.T. president.

By then, Hoffa's alliance with the rebels, open attacks on Fitzsimmons and his appeal against the district court that had sustained Nixon's commutation restrictions (Hoffa had begun fighting the clauses that barred him from union elections soon after he was released) had alarmed both the Teamsters high command and the Mob.

In mid-1974, according to a former McMaster organizer, Fitzsimmons gave McMaster a "blank check" to make sure Hoffa did not return to power in Local 299, the necessary steppingstone to the I.B.T. presidency. No matter who was responsible, violence against Hoffa supporters soon increased. Johnson, who was in a position to turn his Local 299 presidency over to Hoffa, had his cabin cruiser blown out of the water. According to a Federal attorney in Detroit, the top suspect was one of McMaster's men. On July 10, 1975—20 days before Hoffa disappeared—Richard Fitzsimmons had his union car bombed.

Possibly the bombers were trying to stir up enough violence to give Frank Fitzsimmons justification for throwing Local 299 into trusteeship—where it had been long before the reformers, now rulers, had cleaned it up. Fitzsimmons could then bring in his own batch of officers and close Hoffa out forever. Or possibly the bombing was a theatrical device to set the stage—and confuse the audience—for Hoffa's disappearance. Whatever the motivation, FBI sources told me that two of McMaster's top organizers are the leading suspects in the car bombing.

A few weeks before the bombing, an interesting meeting was noticed at an airport near Detroit. According to an eyewitness, two men climbed out of a private plane and were greeted by McMaster, who drove them away and brought them back several hours later. One of the two men was identified as Anthony Provenzano. While the significance of that meeting could be somewhat better understood a few weeks later (on July 30, 1975), other events taking place at that time were quietly sealing the fate of Jimmy Hoffa.

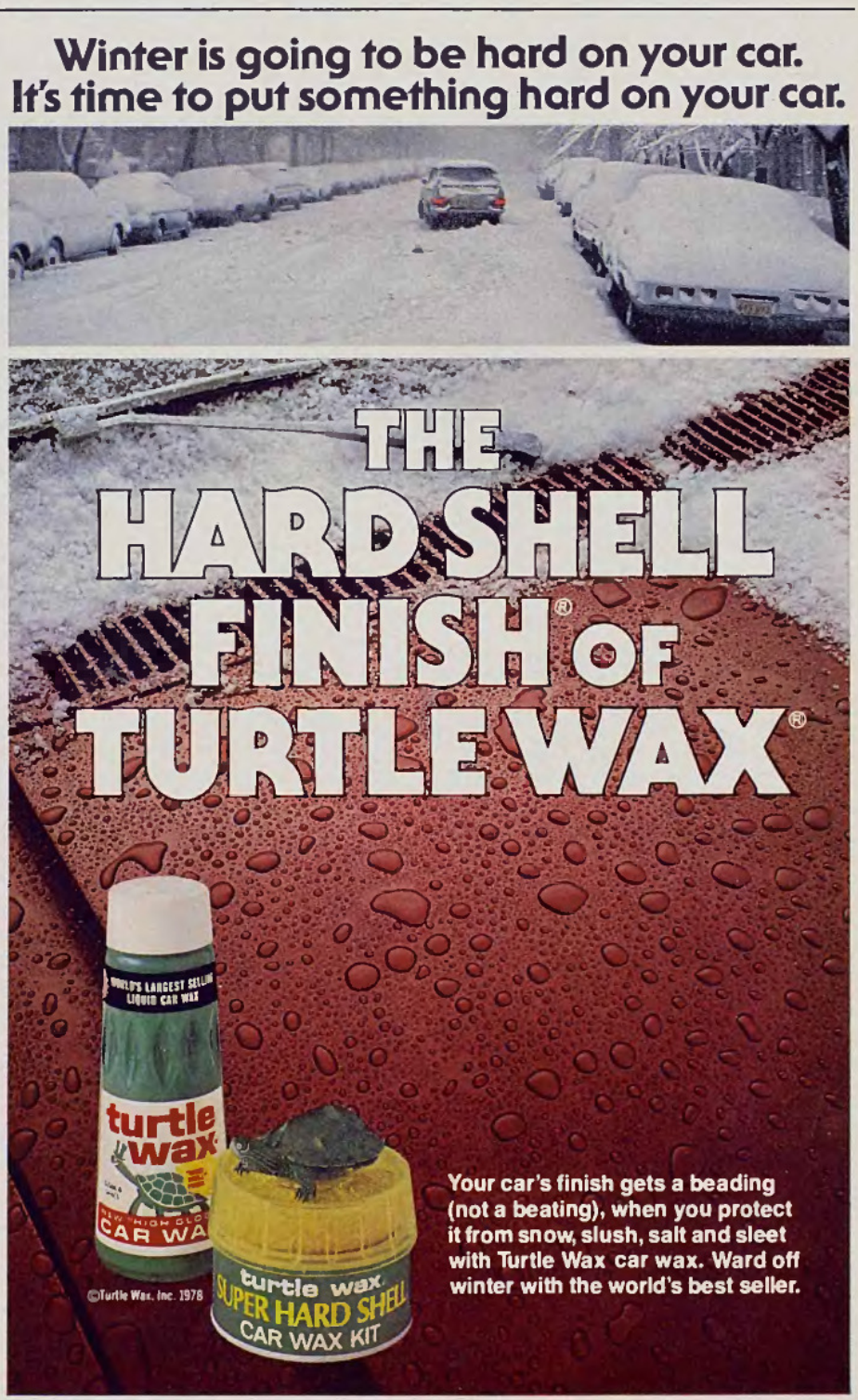
THE CASTRO PLOTTERS ARE KILLED

In Washington, a Senate investigation of the CIA-underworld plots to kill Castro was moving ahead. Senator Frank Church was the chairman of the committee investigating those allegations.

The Church committee learned that the CIA had obtained the services of Robert Maheu and gangster John Roselli, whom Maheu had originally met through his friend attorney Edward Bennett Williams. Through Roselli, the CIA was introduced to Sam Giancana, who persuaded the man with the Cuban contacts—Santos Trafficante—to join the conspiracy. According to a *Time* article, published on June 9, 1975, the committee had received information that Russell Bufalino and his associates were also involved with the CIA.

Committee pressure immediately fell upon Maheu, who refused to say anything unless he was granted immunity from prosecution: "I knew from the beginning that I was going to be the fall guy if this ever came out," Maheu told me, "and I was ready to deny everything Roselli and Giancana were going to tell the committee." There is a strong implication in Maheu's statement that he believed one or both of the mobsters would admit their involvement in the Castro plots—and perhaps more.

Although Roselli later testified, Giancana never had a chance to. On June 19, 1975, while cooking dinner in the kitchen of his suburban Chicago bungalow, he was shot six times in the face by an assailant who escaped without a trace. Roselli was found dismembered in a 55-gallon oil drum the following year. He had last been seen on a boat owned by an associate of Trafficante's. In 1970 and 1971, two of Russell Bufalino's partners who had also cooperated with the CIA in



the plots, Salvatore Granello and James Plumeri, had been murdered.

Although Chicago investigators thought that the motive for Giancana's slaying was his demand for more of the Syndicate's slot-machine action in the Caribbean, former contract killer Charles Crimaldi and several Church committee staff people had other theories.

Claiming that the mobsters who had worked with the CIA were involved in Giancana's murder, Crimaldi told his biographer, John Kidner, an official of the Bureau of Narcotics, "Momo [Giancana] knew too much, and was ready to talk to the Senate investigating committee about the Chicago underworld's part in the CIA assassination plots against Fidel Castro."

"I told him [Crimaldi] that that would take some proving," Kidner wrote. "He didn't bother to prove it but replied: 'I don't need proof. I say he was hit by the CIA guy. He didn't pull the trigger himself. He used one of our guys [in the underworld]. An import.' "

Crimaldi, it will be recalled, is the same gunman turned informant whom Government officials characterized as absolutely reliable. It was Crimaldi, too, who strongly implied that Hoffa had been the "original liaison" between the CIA and the underworld and that Hoffa had first brought Russell Bufalino and his associates into the Castro plots.

Within a week of Giancana's death, Edward Partin, the key Government witness against Hoffa in his 1964 jury-tampering trial, flew to Washington and met with Senator John L. McClellan.

"Friends of mine suggested that I go," says Partin. "They wanted me to tell all I knew about Hoffa's involvement with the Mafia people who were trying to kill Castro. I thought that it was time the truth came out, and the Church committee wanted to hear it."

But for unknown reasons, Partin was never called to testify in either open or closed session. If Hoffa had intended to tell the committee what he knew, he never got a chance.

THE DEATH OF HOFFA

On the final day of Hoffa's life, Russell Bufalino was driven into Detroit early in the morning by Frank Sheeran, a Delaware Teamster boss who was a longtime friend of Hoffa's. Along with several other union rebels, Sheeran was a co-plaintiff in Hoffa's suit against the commutation restrictions, and thus had Hoffa's trust. According to Government investigators, later that day, Sheeran allegedly picked up three of Provenzano's men—Salvatore Briguglio, Gabriel Briguglio and Thomas Andretta—at a nearby airport and took them to the temporary residence of Hoffa's "foster son," I.B.T. general organizer Chuck O'Brien.

O'Brien had been working across the street from Local 299, where he shared an office and a secretary with William Bufalino. By 11:30 that morning, both O'Brien and William Bufalino had left Teamster headquarters. O'Brien was running errands; Bufalino was making arrangements for his daughter's wedding.

At one o'clock, Hoffa left his cottage at Lake Orion, Michigan. He stopped to see a business associate, who had already gone to lunch. Talking with an employee in the office, Hoffa mentioned that he was going to a meeting where Provenzano and Provenzano's Mob associate Anthony Giacalone would be present. Arriving a half hour early for his 2:30 meeting—which he apparently thought was to be at two—Hoffa had to wait and must have thought he had been stood up.

While the ex-Teamster boss fretted, O'Brien was with Giacalone at a nearby athletic club. Earlier, according to O'Brien's attorney James Burdick, O'Brien had delivered a fish packed in dry ice to I.B.T. vice-president Robert Holmes. The fish was in a "leaky plastic container," according to Burdick. O'Brien was driving a car that belonged to Giacalone's son Joey. "Because the fish blood and slime got all over the back seat of young Giacalone's car, O'Brien then went to a nearby car wash to get the stains washed off," Burdick says.

The Government later seized Giacalone's car, charging that O'Brien "had used the car to lure Jimmy Hoffa into a meeting with his abductors." Tracking dogs detected Hoffa's scent in the car.

A Michigan law-enforcement official's theory is that "Hoffa was a sitting duck for O'Brien. He had plenty of time to pick up Hoffa and take him to the site where the meeting was supposed to be held with Provenzano and Giacalone. And Hoffa had no reason not to trust O'Brien."

It was alleged, and then refuted, that O'Brien met with Giacalone in the lobby of the Southfield Athletic Club about 2:15, just 15 minutes before Hoffa was picked up. Burdick recently confirmed to me that the meeting did, indeed, take place. "O'Brien's kids' birthdays were coming up, and Giacalone wanted to give them their presents," Burdick says. "During the three-minute meeting, Giacalone handed O'Brien an envelope with $100 in it—$50 for each kid. . . . Now, O'Brien volunteered this information to the FBI. If he was involved in some conspiracy to kill Hoffa with Giacalone, do you think he would have freely admitted getting money from him just minutes before Hoffa disappeared?"

The Government believes that O'Brien arrived at the Red Fox immediately afterward and drove Hoffa to the home of the friends with whom O'Brien was staying, a four-minute drive from the restaurant. Did Giacalone accompany O'Brien when O'Brien picked up Hoffa? Government investigators think not. Giacalone's attorney claims he was with his client in his law offices—in the same building as the athletic club—from 2:30 to four that afternoon. However, the Government is investigating the possibility that Giacalone's brother *was* with O'Brien.

Although investigators do not agree as to whether or not O'Brien was alone when he picked up Hoffa, an eyewitness has told the FBI of seeing Hoffa climb into a maroon car driven by a man fitting O'Brien's description.

"I never did anything to hurt Jimmy Hoffa," O'Brien insists.

A Detroit government official says, "We think O'Brien should've amended that statement to say he wouldn't have *knowingly* done anything to hurt Hoffa. It's quite possible that O'Brien simply thought he was taking Hoffa to just another meeting."

Government investigators believe that the house in which O'Brien was staying was the site of Hoffa's murder—though O'Brien's hosts are under no suspicion—and that his killers had flown in earlier in the afternoon and had been taken to the house by Sheeran.

Within a few minutes of his arrival at that house, Hoffa was dead.

According to an inmate at Trenton State Prison—Ralph Picardo, who later told the Government that he had been given the details of the murder by one of the alleged killers and his brother, Stephen Andretta—four men were waiting for Hoffa inside the house: the Briguglio brothers, Andretta and Sheeran. All were associates of Bufalino's and Provenzano's. Two secret internal reports prepared by the Government, one in January 1976 and a 38-page document dated February 15, 1977—both based on Picardo's information—give the details as they are known to investigators.

Picardo made two other allegations: Sheeran had driven Russell Bufalino to Detroit on the day Hoffa was killed. And it was, according to Picardo's information, which has been accepted by Government sources I've interviewed, Russell Bufalino who authorized Hoffa's murder via Provenzano.

Earlier, Picardo had told investigators that after Hoffa was killed, he was stuffed into a 55-gallon oil drum and was taken on a Gateway Transportation truck to an unknown destination.

That same day, McMaster was in Gary, Indiana, meeting with Gateway executives. McMaster's brother-in-law is the head of Gateway's Detroit steel division, and he confirmed his alibi.

As to the final disposition of Hoffa's body, Government informant Crimaldi told Kidner, "Hoffa is now a goddamn

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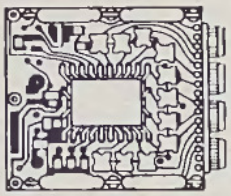

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hubcap. His body was crushed and smelted."

O'Brien, oddly enough, made a similar remark several months after Hoffa's disappearance in front of several witnesses: "Hoffa is now just a fender, being driven around by someone."

If such a plan was made to dispose of Hoffa's body, the reason for the Government's inquiries about Gateway Transportation and oil drums in subsequent weeks becomes clearer. Gateway executives, including McMaster's brother-in-law, were out of town on the day of the murder—though Federal investigators do *not* imply that they took part in any conspiracy. McMaster, who has been linked to the company as well as to Trafficante, says, "If I was involved in that [Hoffa] thing in any way, shape or form, I'd be heading for the hills."

On September 8, 1975, Giacalone and Provenzano appeared before the Federal grand jury investigating the Hoffa murder. They pleaded the Fifth Amendment. On December fourth—after McMaster's brother-in-law and other Gateway executives testified—McMaster, Sheeran, the Briguglio brothers and Thomas Andretta appeared before the same grand jury. They, too, pleaded the Fifth. Those same five men were also represented by William Bufalino.

UNCOVERING HIS TRACKS

The notoriety of the Hoffa case unleashed a torrent of activity on the part of law-enforcement agencies. To the extent that the Hoffa investigation yielded no solid evidence, officials dug even harder for evidence of other crimes past and present. Provenzano was eventually convicted of extortion and later charged with the murder of union rebel Anthony Castellito in 1961. He has since been found guilty and is serving a life term. Giacalone was convicted of tax fraud and sentenced to ten years in prison. Sal Briguglio was indicted for the same murder as Provenzano but did not go to trial: Standing outside a New York restaurant 22 months later, he was approached by two men who pumped five bullets into his head and a sixth one into his chest. O'Brien has been convicted twice—once for extortion. He is appealing both convictions. Gabriel Briguglio and Thomas Andretta are under investigation for loan sharking and labor racketeering. Sheeran was charged with tax fraud because of a leased car that he had claimed as a business expense. (Interestingly, the Government believes that that "business expense" car was the same one Sheeran used to drive Russell Bufalino into Detroit the day Hoffa disappeared—and it may also have been the car used to pick up Hoffa's killers at the airport.)

Russell Bufalino did not escape prosecution, either. In August 1977, he was convicted of extortion and received a four-year sentence, which he is now serving.

Until mid-1978, only McMaster had escaped prosecution. But, in a philosophical interview with me, he was not optimistic: "I've watched us [the Teamsters] for some 40 years now. At one time, we were the bosses here in Detroit and Michigan; and, truthfully, we got a lot of governors elected. We put in prosecutors, judges and everyone else. . . .

"You can't believe what's happened to us. Now we're getting chopped up again. It's just like an FBI agent told me. He said, 'Mac, until we get to the bottom of the Watergate thing, the Nixon deal and Hoffa's disappearance, we're going to hurt everybody.' "

Ironically, the impetus for union reform and a new concern about organized crime was the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa.

SUMMING UP

So, then: Why does the Government believe that the Mob, in the person of one of its most powerful chieftains, Russell Bufalino, ordered the killing of Hoffa? What did Hoffa know or what was he going to do that made his elimination necessary?

Was it because, as many have theorized, Hoffa meant to recapture power in the Teamsters union and wreak havoc on the order imposed by the Mob—an ambition that seemed highly unlikely to be fulfilled, given Hoffa's estrangement from the centers of power at the end?

Or is an answer to be found in the consistent cast of characters that threaded its way through Hoffa's life—and through 15 years of American political violence? The men implicated in his murder were the same men whose names have appeared over and over again in the alleged plots to kill Castro and possibly John F. Kennedy: Trafficante, Russell Bufalino, Marcello and Provenzano. There is therefore considerable reason to assume that Hoffa was removed for reasons more complicated than that of mere ambition—especially if his murder is seen in the context of the murders of Giancana a month earlier and of Roselli 13 months later. Both were mobsters; both had been intimately involved with the Castro plots; both were summoned to testify before Congress on their roles in the plots.

Ironically enough, William Bufalino, with whom I spoke on October 25, 1976, may have inadvertently pointed a finger in the right direction. He was attempting to suggest that the Mob had nothing to do with Hoffa's murder, preferring to shift the blame onto the Government, but he put it this way: "Tell the FBI to look into the CIA. And tell the CIA to look into the FBI. *Then* you'll have the answer [to the Hoffa case]." Bufalino added that it was his belief that Hoffa's murder was related to those of Giancana and Roselli.

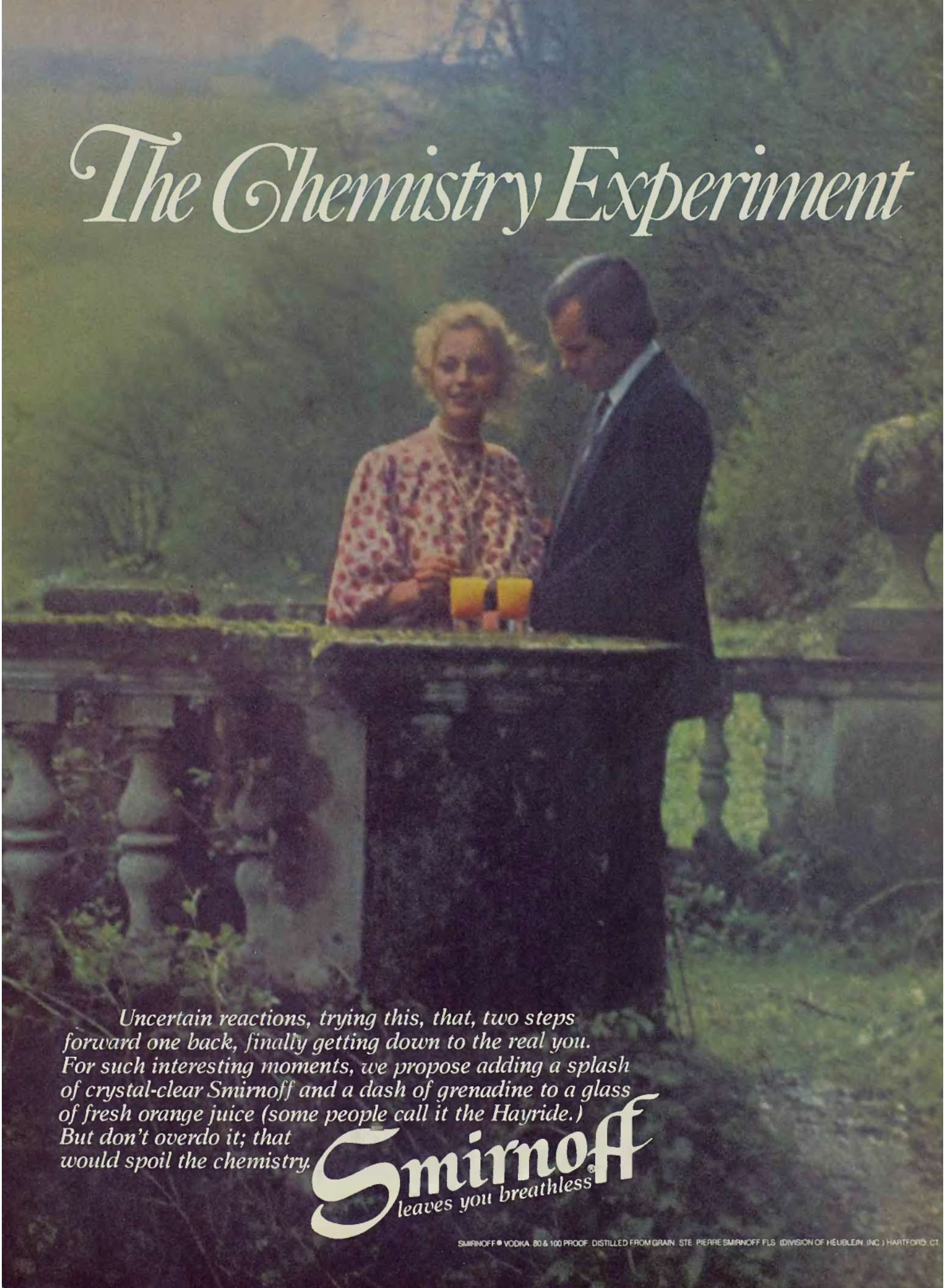
An Ohio Syndicate figure, Leo Moceri, who had given a Government agent information about Hoffa's fate, echoed Bufalino's thought: According to an internal FBI report, Moceri said a few days after the disappearance that "Hoffa's death was the same thing that happened to a man named Giancana," that both were killed because of the Church committee's closed hearings on the CIA-underworld plots to murder Castro. Moceri claimed he somehow learned that Hoffa had been involved. After his second meeting with the agent, and before the end of August 1975, Moceri disappeared. His car was found at a motel in Fairlawn, Ohio.

"We've got this horrendous maze of information about what is probably the most sensitive and ominous thing we ever dredged up on the Church committee: the CIA's use of some of the nation's most dangerous Mafia leaders to plot the assassination of Fidel Castro," says a Senator on the Church committee investigating alleged assassination plots against foreign leaders. "This mysterious area of organized crime and intelligence activity was deliberately concealed from the Warren Commission."

A Congressman serving on the House Select Committee investigating the assassination of President John F. Kennedy says, "The greatest difficulty will remain [in] conceiving of someone or some group who could have pulled it off and gotten away with it for so long, if, in fact, Oswald did not do it alone. . . . It's a monstrous question: not just who the hell could have done such a thing but who the hell could have had the power and, beyond that, the ability to do it and not get caught? . . . Who, if anyone, in the early Sixties had that capability?"

A senior Justice Department official sums it up: "What you're talking about when you speak of a purported Kennedy conspiracy—beyond someone with both an absolutely murderous and consuming rage toward President Kennedy's being in the White House and a strong conviction that the Government could be effectively altered through killing J.F.K.—is a conspirator or conspirators who would have had an enormous ability, and no doubt considerable past experience, in not just evading but, more importantly, short-circuiting the standard investigative resources of the Federal Government. . . . You'd be talking about someone who knew Washington—Washington power, politics—awfully well; someone with money . . . and, of course, someone with some underlings who were awfully damned disciplined. Someone who thought his most threatening enemies had to be killed. . . ."

Welcome back, Jimmy Hoffa.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"Delicate muscles rippled beneath her fawn-colored flesh. She was fluid as a flight of birds."

the mail a couple times a year and stick them in the window of the shop. You know, public service."

"Have you ever seen him in person?"

"Never. What do you want to know about Cifr for?"

I said, "Let's get something settled right at the start. Don't pump me for information."

"I figure I've got a stake in this, too."

"You're in over your head. That's why certain things you're better off not knowing."

I made Epiphany a drink and another for myself and sat next to her on the couch. "Cheers," she said as we clinked glasses.

"I'll be honest with you," I said. "I'm no closer to finding Johnny Favorite than I was the first night we met. He was your father. Your mother must have talked about him. Try to remember anything she might have told you, however insignificant it may seem."

Epiphany toyed with an earring. "Momma said he was a person of strength and power. She called him a magician. Said he taught her a lot about the black arts, more than she wanted to know."

"What do you mean?"

"Play with fire and you're liable to get burned."

"Your mother wasn't interested in black magic?"

"Momma was a good woman; her spirit was pure. She once told me that Johnny Favorite was as close to true evil as she ever wanted to come."

"That must have been his attraction," I said.

"Maybe. It's usually some badass makes a young girl's heart beat faster."

Is yours beating faster now? I wondered. "Can you think of anything else your mother told you?"

Epiphany smiled, her gaze as unwavering as a cat's. "Well, there is one thing more. She said he was a fabulous lover."

I cleared my throat. She leaned back against the couch cushions, waiting for me to make my move. Her slender neck flowed into the open collar of her blouse with a grace that reminded me of hawks in flight. "Care for a refill?" I reached for her empty glass.

"Why not?"

I made them stiff, killing the bottle, and when I handed one to Epiphany, I noticed the top two buttons on her blouse were undone. I hung my jacket over the back of a chair and loosened my necktie. Epiphany's topaz eyes followed every move. Silence enclosed us like a bell jar.

My pulse hammered at my temples as I dropped to one knee beside her. I took her unfinished drink and placed it next to mine on the coffee table. Epiphany's lips parted slightly. I heard a sharp intake of breath when I reached behind the nape of her neck and drew her to me.

•

The first time on the couch was a frenzied tangle of clothing and limbs. Three celibate weeks did little to enhance my lovemaking skills. I promised a better performance if given a second chance.

"Has nothing to do with chance." Epiphany slipped her unbuttoned blouse off her shoulders. "Sex is how we speak to the gods."

"Let's continue the conversation in the bedroom." I kicked free of my tangled trousers and shorts.

"I'm serious." She spoke in a whisper as she removed my necktie and slowly unbuttoned my shirt. "There is a story older than Adam and Eve. That the world began with the copulation of the gods."

"Don't get too serious."

"It's not serious, it's joyful." She dropped her brassiere to the floor and unzipped her wrinkled skirt. "The female is the rainbow; the male, lightning and thunder. Like this."

Wearing only nylons and her garter belt, Epiphany arched into a supple backbend with the ease of a yoga master. Delicate muscles rippled beneath her fawn-colored flesh. She was fluid as a flight of birds.

Her hands touched the floor behind her, back bent in a perfect arc. Her slow, easy movement was like all natural wonders, a glimpse at perfection. She lowered herself until she was supported only by her shoulders, elbows and the soles of her feet. It was the most carnal position I had ever seen a woman assume. "I am the rainbow," she murmured.

"Lightning strikes twice." I knelt before her and she closed the distance like a limbo dancer and swallowed me up. The rainbow turned into a tigress. Her taut belly throbbed against me.

"Don't move," she whispered, contracting hidden muscles with a rhythmic pulse. It was hard to keep from yelling when I came.

Epiphany settled against my chest. I brushed my lips across her damp forehead. "It's better with drums," she said.

"You do this in public?"

"There are times when spirits possess you. *Banda* or at a *bambouché*, times when you can dance and drink all night, yes, and fuck till dawn."

"What's *banda* and *bambouché*?"

Epiphany smiled and toyed with my nipples. "*Banda*'s a dance in honor of Guédé. Very savage and wild and sacred, and always done in the *hounfort* of the *société*. What you would call the voodoo temple."

"Toots said 'humfo.' "

"Different dialect; same word."

"And *bambouché*?"

"*Bambouché*'s just a party. Habitants of the *société* letting off a little steam."

"Something like a church social?"

"Uh-huh, but a whole lot more fun."

We spent the afternoon like naked children, laughing, taking showers, raiding the icebox, conversing with the gods. Epiphany found a Puerto Rican station on the radio and we danced until our bodies ran with sweat. When I suggested going out for dinner, my giggling *mambo* led me to the kitchenette and lathered our privates with whipped cream. It was a sweeter feast than Cavanaugh's ever served Diamond Jim and his buxom Lil.

And as it grew dark, we picked our clothes off the floor and retired to the bedroom, lighting several plumber's candles discovered in the utility drawer. In the pale light, her body glowed like tree-ripened fruit. She fell asleep in my arms and I lay awake for a long time afterward, watching her.

It was madness to have gotten involved. Those slender fingers knew how to grip a knife. She sacrificed animals without a qualm. If she killed Toots and Margaret Krusemark, I was in big trouble.

I can't remember falling asleep. I drifted off trying to contain my feelings of tenderness for a girl whom I had every reason to believe was extremely dangerous. Just like it said on the WANTED circulars.

My dreams were a succession of nightmares. I saw a man posting a billboard against a blank wall. As he glued the random strips, an image began to form. I walked closer. The face of Louis Cyphre leered down from the billboard, his joker's smile three yards wide, like the grinning Mr. Tilyou at Steeplechase Park. I called to the workman and he turned, gripping his long-handled brush. It was Cyphre. He was laughing.

The billboard parted like a theater curtain. Cyphre ran inside. I was close behind. Somehow, I lost him, and with that came the revelation that I was lost as well.

The trail I followed meandered past parks and meadows. I heard a shrill cry and hurried to the edge of a small clearing. At the far side, a bear was mauling a woman. I ran toward them. The huge carnivore shook his limp victim like a

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rag doll. I saw the girl's bleeding face. It was Epiphany.

I hurled myself at the bear. The beast reared and swatted me head over heels. There was no mistaking those ursine features. In spite of fangs and dripping muzzle, the bear looked exactly like Cyphre.

It *was* Cyphre. He was naked in the tall grass and instead of mauling Epiphany, he was making love to her. I lunged forward and pulled him off the moaning girl. We wrestled beside her in the grass. I had him by the throat and squeezed until his face darkened with blood. Epiphany screamed behind me. Her screams woke me up.

I was sitting in bed, sheets wound about me like a shroud. My legs straddled Epiphany's waist. Her eyes were wide with terror and pain. I had her around the throat, my hands locked in a death grip. She was no longer screaming.

"Oh, my God! Are you all right?"

Epiphany gasped for breath, scuttling to a safe corner of the bed when I took my weight off her. "You must be crazy," she coughed.

"Sometimes I'm afraid I am."

Epiphany rubbed her neck where the dark imprints of my fingers marred her flawless complexion. "You treat all your girlfriends like that?"

"Not as a rule. I was having a dream."

"What kind of dream?"

"Someone was hurting you."

"Someone you know?"

"Yes. I've been dreaming about him every night. Crazy, violent dreams. And the same man keeps turning up, mocking me. Tonight I dreamed he was hurting you."

Epiphany took my hand. "Sounds like some *boko*'s put a powerful *wanga* on you."

"Speak English, doll."

Epiphany laughed. "I better educate you fast. A *boko* is a *hungan* who is evil. Who deals only in black magic."

"A *hungan*?"

"A priest of obeah. Same as a *mambo*, like me, only a man. *Wanga*'s what you'd call an evil curse or charm. What you say about your dreams makes me think some sorcerer's got you in his power."

I felt my heart beat faster. "Someone's working magic on me?"

"That's how it looks."

"Would the man in my dreams be the one?"

"Most likely. You know him?"

"Sort of. Let's say I've gotten involved with him recently."

"Is it Johnny Favorite?"

"No, but you're getting warm." I put my arm around her. "Think you could make a charm that would protect me in my dreams?"

"If you were a believer, I could."

"I'm gaining faith by the minute. Sorry if I hurt you."

"That's all right." She kissed my ear. "I know a way to make all the pain go away."

And she did.

•

I opened my eyes to dust motes dancing in a narrow slice of early-morning sunlight. Epiphany lay beside me, the covers thrown back over her slender arm and cinnamon shoulder. I leaned and kissed her eyelids when the pounding started on the front door. "Come on! Open up in there, Angel!" It was Lieutenant Sterne.

Epiphany sat up, wild-eyed, pleading in silent panic for some explanation. "It's the law," I whispered. "I don't know what they want. Probably just talk."

"Hurry it up, Angel!" Sterne bellowed.

Epiphany bounded from the room with long-legged strides. I heard the bathroom door close quietly as I kicked most of her scattered clothing under the bed. The pounding continued without a break.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," I called, pulling on a wrinkled bathrobe. "You don't have to kick it down."

"About time," Sterne snorted, shouldering past. Sergeant Deimos was right behind.

"You boys are the breath of springtime," I said.

"Sleeping late, as usual, Angel?" Sterne pushed his sweat-stained hat back on his head. "A great life, ain't it, Deimos? We sure were dumb to join the force."

"I'm in bad need of coffee," I said. "You fellows mind if I put on a pot?"

Sterne sat on the arm of the couch. "Go ahead. We don't like it, we'll dump it in the toilet."

As if on cue, a loud bumping noise came from the bathroom. "Someone in there?" Sergeant Deimos jerked his thumb at the closed door.

The bathroom door opened and Epiphany appeared, carrying a bucket and mop. The maid often left her gear in my john, saving herself a trip to the utility closet at quitting time. Epiphany was wearing the maid's gray smock, her hair tied up under a bit of dirty rag, and she shuffled into the room, slouching like an ancient crone.

"I'ze all done wid de bathroom for today, Mistuh Angel," she whined, her nasal accent pure Amos and Andy. "I sees you got company, so I be back later to finish up, if dat's OK wid you."

"That'll be fine, Ethel." I swallowed a smile as she shambled past.

She smacked her lips as if her dentures were slipping and headed for the door. "Mo'nin', gentermans. Hopes I din' disturb y'all too much."

I wondered if they noticed she was barefoot and held my breath until the front door closed.

"What was it you fellows wanted to see me about?" I asked, filling the coffeepot in the kitchenette.

Sterne leaned against the alcove wall

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next to the refrigerator. "Does the name Margaret Krusemark mean anything to you?"

"Not a whole lot."

"What do you know about her?"

"Only what I read in the papers."

"Which is?"

"That she was a millionaire's daughter and got herself murdered the other day."

"Anything else?"

I said, "I can't keep up with every murder in town. I've got my own work to look after."

Sterne shifted his weight and looked at a spot on the ceiling above my head. "When do you do that, when you're sober?"

"What's this?" Sergeant Deimos called from the other room. I looked down the hallway at him. He was standing by my open attaché case and held up the printed card I found on Margaret Krusemark's desk.

I smiled. "That? My nephew's confirmation announcement."

Deimos looked at the card. "Why is it in a foreign language?"

"It's Latin," I said.

"What's this gizmo mean up at the top?" Deimos pointed to the inverted pentagram.

"That's the emblem of the Order of Saint Anthony. My nephew's an altar boy."

"Looks like the same gizmo the Krusemark dame was wearing."

"Maybe she was Catholic, too."

"She was no Cat'lic," Sterne said. "Heathen is more like it."

"I thought you were investigating the death of Toots Sweet."

Sterne's dead eyes met my gaze. "That's right, Angel. It just so happens the M.O. in both killings is very similar."

"In what way similar?"

"That comes under the heading of police business."

"So how can I help if I don't know what you want?" I got three mugs out of the cupboard and lined them on the counter.

"You're holding out on us, Angel?"

"Why shouldn't I hold out on you?" I turned off the flame and poured the coffee. "I don't work for the city."

"Lissen, wise-ass: I called your fancy mouthpiece downtown. It looks like you've got us over a barrel. But if I find out you've broken so much as a parking regulation, I'm gonna come down on you like a pile driver."

I sipped my coffee, breathing the fragrant steam. "I always obey the law, Lieutenant," I said.

"Bullshit! Guys like you play jump rope with the law. Someday real soon you're gonna slip, and I'll be there waiting with open arms."

"Your coffee's getting cold."

"Fuck the coffee!" Sterne snarled. He backhanded the mugs off the counter. They crashed against the opposite wall and bounced along the floor. Sterne regarded the splattered brown stain thoughtfully, like a 57th Street gallery-goer studying an action painting. "Looks like I made a mess," he said. "No problem. The nigger can mop up when I'm gone."

"And when might that be?" I asked.

"When I damn well please."

"Suits me." I carried my cup back into the living room and sat on the couch. Sterne stared at me as if I were something unpleasant he'd just stepped in. Deimos looked at the ceiling.

I held the cup in both hands and ignored them. Deimos started to whistle but quit after four tuneless notes.

"Awright. Let's breeze," Sterne barked. Deimos sauntered past as if it were his idea.

"Hurry back," I said.

Sterne pulled his hat brim down. "I'll be waiting for you to step outa line, ass-wipe." He slammed the door.

•

After a couple minutes, I heard a soft tapping at the front door. "Come on in, Ethel. It's open."

Epiphany peered inside, still wearing her rag bandanna. "Are they gone for good?"

"Probably not. But they won't bother us any more today."

When I took her in my arms, I felt her body tremble under the thin cotton smock. "You were terrific," I told her.

"Wait'll you see how clean I got the toilet."

"Hungry? There's a pot of coffee made and eggs in the fridge."

We fixed breakfast, a meal I usually skip, and carried our plates into the living room. Epiphany dipped her toast in egg yolk. "Did they find anything of mine?"

"They weren't looking, really. One of them poked around my attaché case. He found something I took from the Krusemark apartment but didn't know what it was. Hell, I don't even know what it is."

"Can I see?"

"Why not?" I got up and showed her the card.

" '*Missa Niger*,' " she read. " '*Invito te venire ad clandestinum ritum. . . .*' "

She held the card as if it were the ace of spades. "This is an announcement of a Black Mass. *Missa Niger* is the Latin for Black Mass."

"You read Latin?"

Epiphany grinned with pleasure. "What else do you learn after ten years in parochial school? I went to Sacred Heart."

I laughed. "The voodoo princess at Sacred Heart. I'd love to see your yearbook pictures."

"I'll show you sometime. I was class president."

"I'll bet you were. Can you translate the whole thing?"

"Easy," Epiphany smiled. "It says: 'You are invited to attend a secret ceremony to the glory of Lord Satan and his power.' That's all. Then there's the date, March 22nd, and the time, nine P.M. And down here it says, 'Eastside Interborough Rapid Transit, 18th Street Station.' "

"What about the letterhead? That upside-down star? Have any idea what it means? Anything to do with voodoo?"

"No, no. This is Devil worship." Epiphany was pained by my ignorance. "An inverted star means bad luck. Probably also a satanic symbol."

I grabbed Epiphany and wrapped her in my arms. "You are worth your weight in gold, babe. It's time to brush up on my black magic. We'll get dressed and go to the library. You can help me with my homework."

•

I waited in the main reading room while Epiphany sorted through file cards. Scholars of all ages sat in silent rows between the long wooden tables where precisely arranged lamp shades wore numbers like convicts on parade. I found a vacant seat at the far end of a reading table. The number on the lamp shade was 666. I remembered the snotty maître de at the Top of the Six's and changed my seat; 724 felt a lot more comfortable.

"Wait'll you see what I've found." Epiphany dropped an armload of books with a dusty thump. Heads turned halfway down the table. "Some of it is trash, but there's an edition of the *Grimoire of Pope Honorius* privately printed in Paris in 1754."

"I don't read French."

"It's in Latin. I'll translate. Here's a new one that's mostly pictures."

I reached for the oversized coffee-table volume and opened it at random. An Elizabethan woodcut showed a woman in a farthingale kneeling behind a naked Devil with the build of a lifeguard. The woman hugged his legs, her nose nestled directly beneath his uplifted tail. She was smiling.

"The abominable kiss," Epiphany said, looking over my shoulder. "That's how a witch traditionally sealed her allegiance to the Devil."

"I guess they didn't have notary publics in those days." I turned a few more pages and came across an inverted five-pointed star with the figure 6 6 6 printed at the center. "My least favorite number."

"It's from the book of *Revelation*. 'Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six.' "

"Just the book we need."

"It's entertaining, but the meat and potatoes are in these: *Malleus Maleficarum*, and Reginald Scott's *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, and Aleister

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"OK, terrific. Go on home and curl up on the couch with a good book. Mark any passages dealing with the Black Mass."

Epiphany began piling the books. "You're not coming with me?"

"I've got work to do. Here's the key to my place." I got out my wallet and slipped her a 20. "That's for cab fare and anything else you think you'll need."

"I don't want to be alone."

"Keep the chain on the door. You'll be fine."

•

I dropped the Chevy off at the garage and walked back to Broadway on the sunny side of 44th. I was taking my time, enjoying the weather, when I spotted Louis Cyphre coming out of the main entrance to the Astor. He started downtown past the Paramount Building at a brisk pace. I figured he was heading for the Crossroads office and didn't think of tailing him; I was much too close. But when he passed the entrance to my building, I fell back, curiosity at full throttle. He crossed 42nd Street and turned west. I watched from the corner, then kept pace with him, following along the opposite side of the street.

I guessed his eventual destination to be Port Authority. He surprised me midblock and ducked into Hubert's Museum and Flea Circus.

I dodged four lanes of two-way traffic, only to be brought up short by a signboard at the entrance. Glitter-edged letters announced: THE AMAZING DR. CIPHER. Eight-by-ten glossies showed my client wearing a top hat and tails like Mandrake the Magician. LIMITED ENGAGEMENT, it said.

The main floor of Hubert's was a penny arcade; the stage was downstairs. I went in, bought a ticket and found a place in the dark. I counted five other shadowy spectators besides myself. The six of us stared at an empty stage without complaint until an old geezer wearing a red vest and sleeve garters appeared. "Ladies and gentlemen," he wheezed, "it is with great awe and trepidation that I present to you the amazing, mysterious, unforgettable Dr. Cipher. Let's give him a nice welcome." The old man was the only one clapping as he shuffled off.

The lights dimmed to blackness. A muffled bumping and whispering backstage as in amateur theatricals was followed by a blinding, phosphorescent flash. Louis Cyphre stood alone, center stage, surrounded by wispy tendrils of smoke and the smell of burnt magnesium. He wore a black Edwardian soup-and-fish with long swallowtails and a two-button vest. A hinged black case the size of a breadbox stood on a table to one side.

"Let me tell you a story: When I was a young man and just beginning my travels, I struck up a conversation with a retired seaman in a waterfront bar in Tangier. He told me that when he was my age and first shipping out, he encountered an old beachcomber in Samoa who gave him a bottle containing the soul of a Spanish quartermaster who once sailed with King Philip's armada. Any illness or misfortune that might befall him was instead suffered by this tormented prisoner. How the Spaniard's soul came to inhabit the bottle, he knew not, but at the age of seventy, he must give it away to the first young man who would accept it or suffer the consequences of taking the unfortunate conquistador's place within.

"Here the old German looked at me sadly. He had but a month to go before his seventy-first birthday. 'Time,' he said, 'to learn what life is all about.'

"He gave me the bottle. A hand-blown rum bottle, amber in color, and easily hundreds of years old. It was stoppered with a gold plug."

Dr. Cipher reached behind the black case on the table and produced the bottle. "Behold!" He sat it on top of the case. His description had been exact, omitting only the frenzied scuttling shadow inside.

"I have had a long and happy life; but listen"—all six of us craned forward to hear—"listen. . . ." Cyphre's voice trailed away to a whisper. Out of the ensuing silence came a tiny, bell-chime complaint, like a chain of paper clips dragged across a crystal goblet. It seemed to be coming from within the amber bottle.

"*Ay-you-da-may . . . ay-you-da-may. . . .*" Over and over, the same haunting melodic phrase.

"Mysterious fate," Louis Cyphre said. "Why should I spend a life free from pain while another human soul is doomed to eternal anguish within a rum bottle?" He withdrew a black-velvet sack from his pocket and stuffed the bottle inside.

"I want to show you something else," he said. "I bought the contents of this box in Zurich from an Egyptian merchant I had known years before in Alexandria. He claimed what you are about to see were souls originally enchanted at the court of Pope Leo X. An amusement for his Medici imagination. This seems an impossible claim, does it not?"

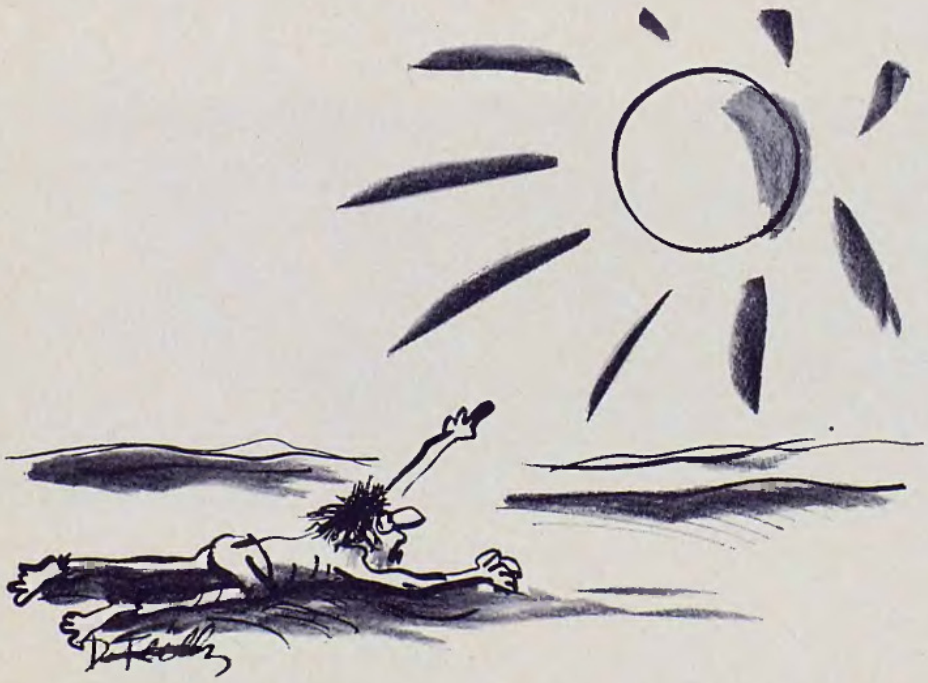
Dr. Cipher unsnapped the metal fasteners securing the case and opened it to form a triptych. A miniature theater unfolded, with scenery painted in the meticulous perspective of the Italian Renaissance. The stage was peopled with white mice, all costumed in tiny silks and brocade as characters from *commedia dell'arte*. There was Punchinello and Columbina, Scaramouche and Harlequin. Each walked on its hind legs in an elaborate pantomime.

"The Egyptian claimed they would never die," Cyphre said. "An extravagant boast, perhaps. I can only say that I have not lost any in six years' time."

The diminutive performers walked on tightropes and brightly colored balls, brandished matchstick swords and parasols, tumbled and took pratfalls with clockwork precision.

"Toys," the man next to me muttered in the dark. "They gotta be toys."

As if on cue, Cyphre reached down and Harlequin scampered up his coat



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REID J. DAITZMAN

HOME: Stamford, Connecticut

AGE: 30

PROFESSION: Clinical psychologist

HOBBIES: Photography, poetry, jogging.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Naked and the Dead" by Norman Mailer

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Received a Major Award from the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues for his investigation of the relationships between hormones and personality.

QUOTE: "The names given the different sciences are merely arbitrary divisions. The integration of all sciences should facilitate the potential that one day man will 'know thyself'."

PROFILE: Energetic and extraordinarily capable. His enviable combination of enthusiasm and intellectual ability makes him the classic "accomplisher."

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sleeve and perched, sniffing the air, on his shoulder. The spell was broken. It was only a rodent wearing a tiny diamond-patterned outfit.

"As you see, I have no need for television." Dr. Cipher folded the sides of the miniature stage closed and secured the fasteners. There was a handle on top and he lifted it off the table like a suitcase. "Whenever the box is opened, they perform. Even show business has its purgatory."

Cyphre dropped something onto the table. There was a flash of white light and I was blinded in its momentary brilliance. I blinked and rubbed my eyes. The stage was bare. A plain wooden table stood alone in the spotlight.

Cyphre's amplified, disembodied voice issued from an unseen speaker: "*Zero, the point intermediate between positive and negative, is a portal through which every man must eventually pass.*"

I groped my way up the sagging stairs. The prickling dread I felt in the French restaurant had returned. My client was toying with me, playing tricks with my mind like a three-card monte dealer fleecing the suckers.

•

Out front, a fat young man removed the glossy photos from the glass-covered signboard.

"Great show," I said to the fat kid. "That Dr. Cipher is a marvel. I'd like to congratulate him. Is there some way to get backstage?"

"You just missed him."

"Missed him? That's impossible."

"He uses a tape recorder at the end of the act. Gives him a head start. Doesn't take off his costume or anything."

"Where does he live?"

"How should I know?" The fat young man blinked at me. "Are you a cop or something?"

"Me? No, nothing like that. Just wanted to tell him he's made a new fan."

"Tell his agent." He handed me an 8 x 10 photo. I flipped the photo over and read what was rubber-stamped:

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•

I caught a cab that dropped me off uptown on Broadway in front of the Rivoli Theater, across from the Brill Building, and took the elevator to the eighth floor. The peroxided receptionist had silver fingernails this day.

I showed her my card. "Mr. Wagner in his office?"

"He's busy right now."

"Thanks." I stepped around her desk and jerked open the door marked PRIVATE.

Warren Wagner, Jr., glowered at me. "What the hell do you mean barging in like this?"

"You saw me on Monday. I was

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working undercover." I got out my wallet and let him look at the photostat.

"So, you're a shamus. Big deal. That doesn't give you the right to come crashing into a private meeting."

"Why not save the adrenaline and tell me what I need to know? I'll be out of your hair in thirty seconds."

"Johnny Favorite means less than nothing to me," he said. "I was only a kid then."

"Forget about Johnny Favorite. Tell me about a client of yours who calls himself Dr. Cipher."

"What about him? I just signed him last week."

"What's his real name?"

"Louie Seafur. You'll have to get my secretary to spell it for you."

"Where does he live?"

"Janice can tell you that," he said. "*Janice!*"

Silver-nails opened the door and peeked timidly in. "Yes, Mr. Wagner?" she squeaked.

"Give Mr. Angel here the information he requires, please."

"Yes, sir."

"Thanks a lot," I said.

"Next time, knock."

Silver-nailed Janice didn't give me the benefit of her jiggling, gumchewer's smile, but she did look up Louis Cyphre's address in her circular file. She even wrote it out.

•

The 1-2-3 Hotel was on 44th between Broadway and Sixth, name and address all in the same package: 123 West 44th. I went in and gave the desk clerk my business card, wrapped in a ten-spot. "I want the room number of a man named Louis Cyphre," I said, spelling it for him. "And you don't need to say anything to the house dick."

"Checked out over a week ago."

"What about his room? Rented yet?"

"Wouldn't do you any good; been cleaned top to bottom."

I stepped back into the sunshine and headed toward Broadway. It was a beautiful day for walking. I savored the sounds and smells, trying to remember the real world of a week ago, when there was no such thing as magic.

I used a different approach with the desk clerk in the Astor. "Excuse me, I wonder if you might help me out. I was supposed to meet my uncle in the coffee shop twenty minutes ago. I'd like to phone him, but I don't know the room number."

"What's your uncle's name, sir?"

"Cyphre. Louis Cyphre."

"I'm terribly sorry. Mr. Cyphre checked out this morning."

"What? Back to France?"

"He left no forwarding address."

I phoned Herman Winesap downtown and demanded to know what was going on. "What the hell is Louis Cyphre doing at Hubert's Flea Circus?"

"What business is it of yours? You were not hired to follow Mr. Cyphre. I suggest you stick to your job. For fifty dollars per diem, Mr. Cyphre can always find someone else to work for him."

I told Winesap I got the message and hung up.

After a trip to the cigar stand for additional dimes, I made two more calls. First, Krusemark Maritime, Inc., where I learned that the president and chairman of the board was in mourning and not available. I tried his home number and got some flunky who took my name. I didn't have to wait long.

"What do you know about it, Angel?" the old brigand barked.

"Some. Why don't we save it? I need to talk to you. Soon as I can get there'd be as good a time as any."

"All right. I'll call downstairs and tell them to expect you."

•

Number Two Sutton Place was the building where Marilyn Monroe had lived. A doorman festooned with more gilt braid than an admiral hurried to assist me. I gave my name and asked for the Krusemark residence.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Elevator on the left."

I got off on the 15th floor, stepping into a Spartan walnut-paneled foyer. A dark-haired man opened the door. "Mr. Angel, please come in. Mr. Krusemark is waiting for you."

He led me through large, luxuriously furnished rooms with views of the East River and the Sunshine Biscuit Company over in Queens.

We came to a closed door and my gray-suited guide knocked once and said, "Mr. Angel is here, sir."

"Bring him in where I can see him."

I was ushered into a small, windowless gym. Ethan Krusemark, wearing boxer shorts and a skivvy, lay on his back, doing leg presses. For a man his age, he was pumping a lot of iron.

At the sound of the door closing, he sat up and looked me over. "We're burying her tomorrow," he said. "Toss me that towel."

I flipped it to him and he wiped the sweat from his face and shoulders. He was powerfully built. Knotted muscles bunched beneath his varicose veins. This was one old man you didn't want to fool with.

"Who killed her?" he growled at me. "Johnny Favorite?"

"When I find him, I'll ask."

"That dance-band gigolo. I should have deep-sixed the bastard when I had the chance."

"When was that? When you and your daughter snatched him from the clinic?"

His eyes locked on mine. "You're way out of line, Angel."

"I don't think so. Fifteen years ago, you paid Dr. Albert Fowler twenty-five

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thousand dollars for one of his patients. You gave your name as Edward Kelley."

"Who's paying you to dig into this?"

"You know I won't tell you that."

"I could make it worth your while."

"I'm sure you could," I said, "but it's still no dice. Look. You want the man who killed your daughter. I want Johnny Favorite. Perhaps we're both interested in the same guy. We won't know unless we find him."

Krusemark's thick fingers curled into a fist. It was a big fist. "OK," he said. "I was Edward Kelley. It was me paid Fowler the twenty-five Gs."

"Why did you use the name Kelley?"

"You think I'd use my own name? The Kelley business was Meg's idea, don't ask me why."

"Where did you take Favorite?"

"Times Square. It was New Year's Eve, 1943. We dropped him off in the crowd and he walked out of our lives. So we thought."

"Let's take that one again," I said. "You expect me to buy that after paying twenty-five grand for Favorite, you lost him in a crowd?"

"That's the way it happened. I did it for my daughter. I always gave her what she wanted."

"And she wanted Favorite to disappear?"

Krusemark pulled on a terrycloth robe. "I think it's something they cooked up together before he went overseas. Some kind of hocus-pocus they were fooling around with at the time."

"You mean black magic?"

"Black, white, what difference does it make? Meg was always a funny kid. She played with tarot cards before she could read."

"Did you know your daughter once ran a fortunetelling parlor at Coney Island?"

"Yes, I set her up in that, too. She was all I had, so I spoiled her."

"I found a skull in her bathroom."

"Favorite gave that skull to Meg the night before he shipped out. Everybody else gave their girl a class ring or a varsity sweater or something like that. He picks a skull."

"I thought Favorite and your daughter had broken things off by then."

"Officially, yes. Must have been some game they were playing."

"Why do you say that?" I flicked an inch-long ash onto the floor.

"Because nothing changed in their relationship."

"Did your daughter ever mention a woman named Evangeline Proudfoot?"

"Proudfoot? Can't place it. She might have."

"What about voodoo? Did she talk about voodoo?"

"Voodoo was one she missed," he said.

"Dr. Fowler told me Favorite was suffering from amnesia when you took him from the hospital. Did he recognize your daughter?"

"No, he didn't. He acted like a sleepwalker. Didn't say much. Just stared out the car window into the night."

"In other words, he treated you like strangers?"

"Meg wanted it that way. She insisted that we not call him Johnny and that nothing be said about their past relationship."

"Didn't that strike you as odd?"

"Everything Meg did was odd."

"Did your daughter ever see Favorite again after that New Year's Eve?"

"Never."

"You sure of that?"

"Of course I'm sure. Do you have reason to doubt it?"

"My business is doubting what other people tell me. How do you know she never saw him again?"

"We had no secrets. If she ever saw Favorite again, it was on the day he killed her."

"Nice and neat," I said. "A guy with total amnesia, doesn't even know his own name, wanders off into a New Year's mob fifteen years ago, vanishes without a trace, and then suddenly shows up out of the blue and starts killing people."

"Who else did he kill? Fowler?"

I smiled. "Dr. Fowler was a suicide."

"That's easy enough to arrange," he snorted.

"Is it? How would you go about arranging it, Mr. Krusemark?"

Krusemark fixed me with a steely buccaneer's stare. "Don't go putting words into my mouth, Angel. If I wanted Fowler knocked off, I would have had it done years ago."

"That I doubt. As long as he kept the lid on the Favorite business, he was worth much more to you alive."

"It was Favorite I should have had put away, not Fowler," he growled. "Whose murder are you investigating, anyway?"

"I'm not investigating anybody's murder," I said. "I'm looking for a man with amnesia."

"I hope to hell you find him. Where do you go from New Year's 1943?"

"No place. I can't find him in the past. If he's here in the city, he'll surface again soon. Next time, I'll be waiting."

"Think I'm a target?"

"What do you think?"

"I'm not going to lose any sleep over it."

"Might be a good idea if we kept in touch," I said. "My number's in the book, if you need me." I wasn't about to hand my business card over to another potential corpse.

Krusemark clapped me on the shoulder and flashed his million-dollar smile. He walked me to the front door, exuding charm like a pig sweating blood.

"You'll be hearing from me; you can count on that."

•

Two men were waiting on the corner as I came out of the building. The short, stocky one wearing a blue-rayon windbreaker looked like a high school football coach. His companion was a kid in his 20s with a d.a. haircut and the wet, imploring eyes of a greeting-card Jesus.

"Hey, buddy, got a minute?" the coach called, ambling toward me with his hands in his jacket pockets. "I got something to show you." The blunt muzzle of an automatic pointed up at me from out of the V in the coach's half-zippered windbreaker. Only the front sight was exposed. It was .22-caliber, which meant the guy was good, or thought he was. "There's a park across the street. Let's you and me take a walk over there, where we can talk nice and private."

The kid fell in behind us and we crossed Sutton Place and started down the steps to a narrow park fronting on the East River. "Cute trick," I said, "cutting the pocket out of your jacket."

"Works nice, don't it?"

A promenade runs along the river's edge, the water ten feet below an iron railing. At the far end of the little park, a white-haired man in a cardigan sweater walked a Yorkshire terrier on a leash. He was coming toward us but kept to the dog's mincing pace. "Wait here till that bozo makes himself scarce," the coach said. "Enjoy the view."

I tightened my grip on the attaché case. The man with the dog was less than 20 feet away. I shifted my weight and glanced at the coach, waiting for him to make a mistake. The quick flicker of his eyes as he checked the dog walker's progress was all I needed.

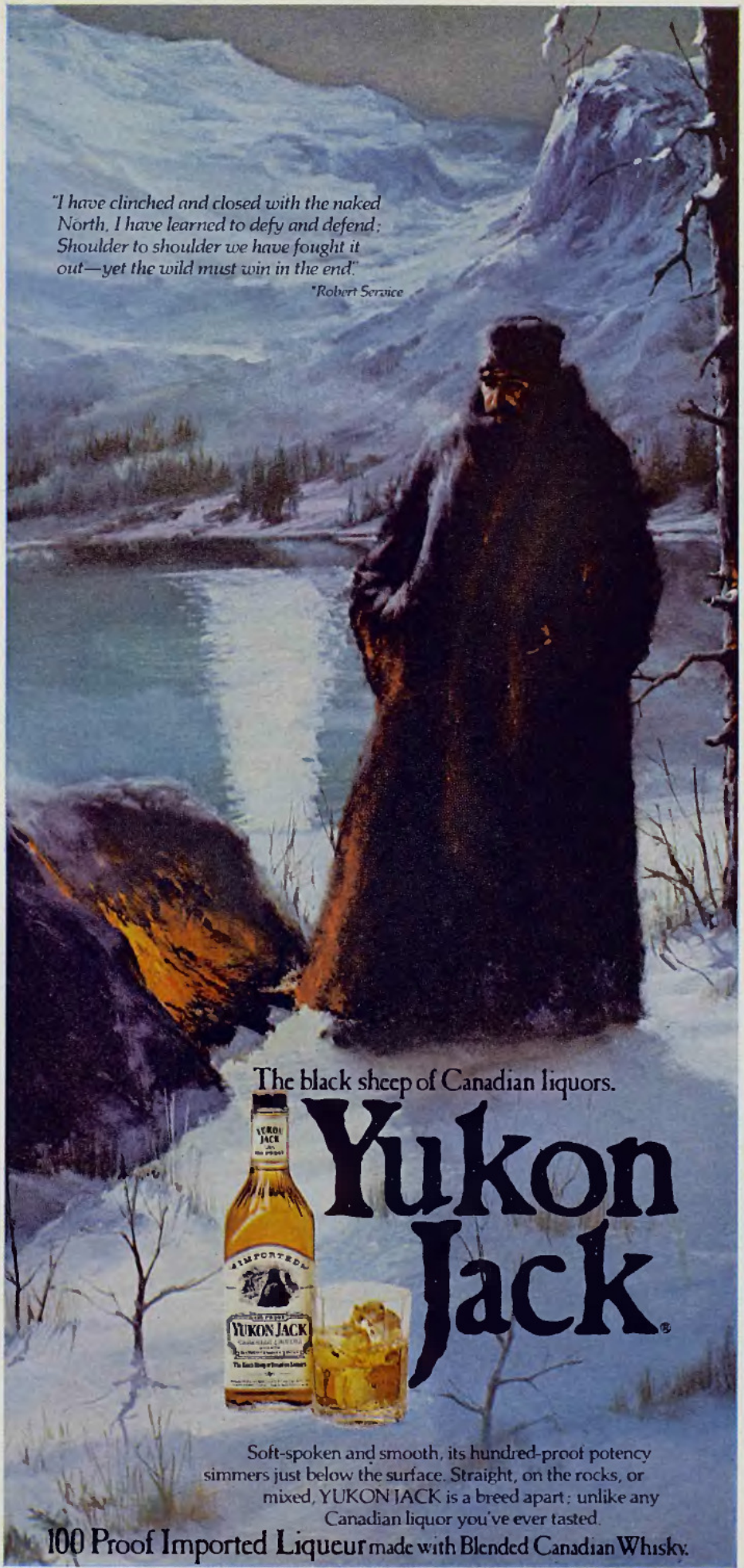
I swung the attaché case full strength, driving it up between the spread of his legs. He screamed with true sincerity and bent double, a stray shot burning through his windbreaker and splattering off the pavement.

The Yorkshire terrier strained at his leash, barking shrilly. I gripped the attaché case with both hands and slammed it against the coach's head. He grunted and went down. I kicked his elbow and a pearl-handled Colt Woodsman spiraled across the concrete.

"Get a cop!" I yelled at the open-mouthed gentleman in the cardigan sweater as the Christ-eyed kid closed on me with a leather-covered sap in his bony fist. "These guys want to kill me!"

I used the attaché case like a shield and caught the kid's first swing on its expensive calfskin surface. I kicked at him and he danced back away from me. The long-barreled Colt lay tantalizingly close. I couldn't risk stooping for it and kicked the automatic under the railing into the river.

That left me wide open. The kid



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caught the side of my mouth with his weighted sap. Now it was my turn to scream. I shielded my head as best I could, but the kid was in the driver's seat. He struck a glancing blow off my shoulder, and then I felt my left ear explode. As I went down, I saw the man in the cardigan swoop his yapping terrier up into his arms and run hollering up the park steps.

I watched his departure on my hands and knees through a pink haze of pain. My head roared like an express train on fire. The kid sapped me again and the train went into a tunnel.

Voices approached out of the bloody fog. "There he is, officer. That's the man. Oh, my God! Look what they've done to him."

"Take it easy, fella," another voice said. "Everything's OK now." Strong arms lifted me. "Just lean back, fella. You're gonna be OK. Can you hear what I'm saying?"

When I tried to answer, I made a noise like gargling. The swirling red mists parted and I saw an earnest, square face surrounded by blue. I focused on the badge until I could almost read the numbers. When I tried to say thanks, I made the gargling noise again.

"You just relax, fella," the square-faced patrolman said. "We'll get some help here in a minute."

The sound of voices brought the realization that I'd been unconscious again. I guessed it was the ambulance crew. "Easy does it," one of the attendants said. "Take his legs, Eddie."

I said I could walk, but my knees buckled when I tried to stand. I was lowered to a stretcher, lifted and carried. There didn't seem much point in paying attention to what was going on. The inside of the ambulance smelled like vomit. Above the mounting wail of the siren, I could hear the driver and his partner laughing.

•

The world came back into focus in the Bellevue emergency room. An intense young intern cleaned and stitched my lacerated scalp and said he'd do the best he knew how with what was left of my ear. Demerol made it all seem OK.

A precinct detective showed up just as they were taking me out for X rays. I did nothing to discourage his holdup assumptions and he left after I described the coach and the kid. As soon as they finished taking pictures of the inside of my head, the doc said they were holding me overnight for observation. I felt too shitty to make much of a fuss. The nurse walked me to a pay phone in the corridor and I called Epiphany to say I wasn't coming home.

She sounded worried at first, but I joked with her and said I'd be fine after a night's sleep. She pretended to believe me. "Know what I did with the twenty you gave me?" she asked.

"Nope."

"Bought a load of firewood."

I told her I had plenty of matches. She laughed and we said goodbye. I was falling for her. Bad luck for me. The nurse led me back to a waiting needle.

Next morning, I was finishing my Cream of Wheat when Lieutenant Sterne paid a surprise visit to the ward. "Looks like someone did a pretty good job on you," he said.

"You forgot the flowers," I said.

"I'm saving 'em for your grave, asshole." Sterne sat on the white chair next to the bed.

"What's on your mind, Lieutenant?"

"I thought you might be interested in something we found in the Krusemark apartment, seeing as how you never knew the lady."

"I'm holding my breath."

"That's what they do in the gas chamber," Sterne said. "Hold their breath. It don't do no good."

"What is it that they do up in Sing Sing?"

"What I do is I hold my nose. Because they shit their pants the second the juice hits 'em, and it smells like a wienie roast in the toilet."

I said, "Tell me what you found in the Krusemark apartment."

"It's what I didn't find. What I didn't find was the page for March sixteenth on her desk calendar. It was the only page missing. You get so you notice things like that. I sent the page underneath to the lab and they checked it for impressions. Guess what they found?"

I said I had no idea.

"The initial *H*, followed by the letters *A-n-g*."

"Spells *hang*."

"We're gonna hang your ass, Angel. You know damn well what it spells."

"Coincidence and proof are two different things, Lieutenant."

"Where were you Wednesday afternoon around half past three?"

"Grand Central Terminal."

"Waiting for a train?"

"Eating oysters."

Sterne shook his big head. "No good at all."

"The counterman will remember. I was there a long time. Ate a lot. We joked about it. He said oysters looked like gobs of spit. I said they were good for your sex life. You can check it."

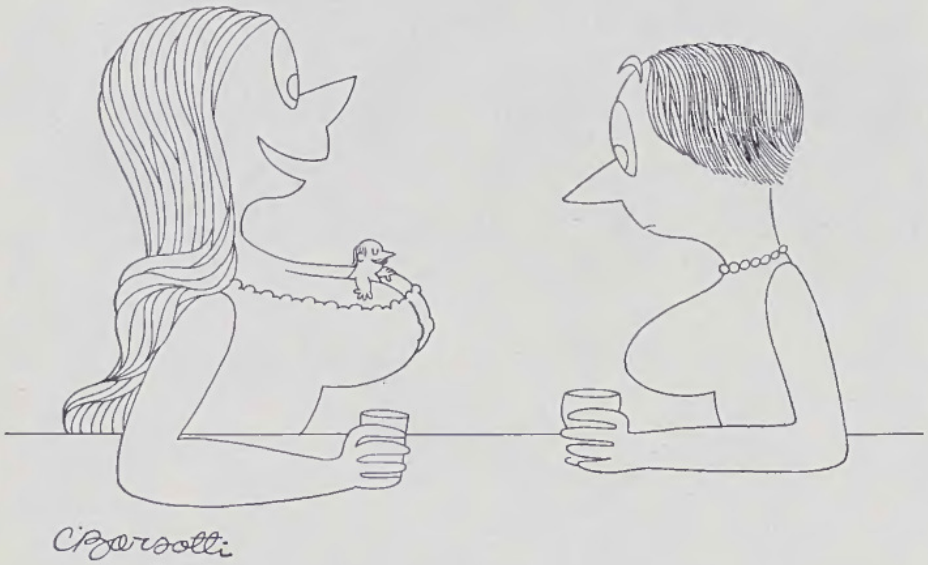
"You bet your ass I'll check it." Sterne got to his feet. "I'll check it five ways from Sunday, and you know what? I'll be there holding my nose when they strap you in the hot seat."

•

My first stop after leaving the hospital was the dentist. I had called him and he agreed to open his office in the Graybar Building long enough to fit me with temporary caps. Numb with painkiller, I hurried to make a one-o'clock appointment in the lobby of the Chrysler Building. I was ten minutes late, but Howard Nussbaum patiently waited for me at the Lexington Avenue entrance.

"This is blackmail, Harry, pure and simple," he said as he shook my hand. He was a small, worried-looking man in a brown suit.

Howard Nussbaum was in charge of key control for a company that handled security in a number of big midtown office buildings. He owed his job to the



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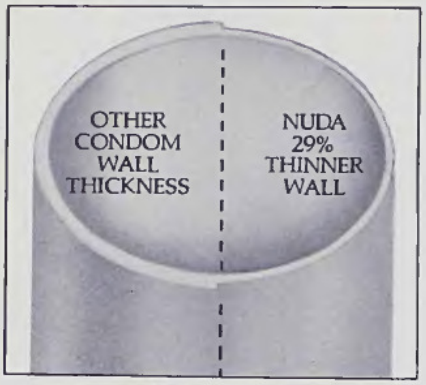

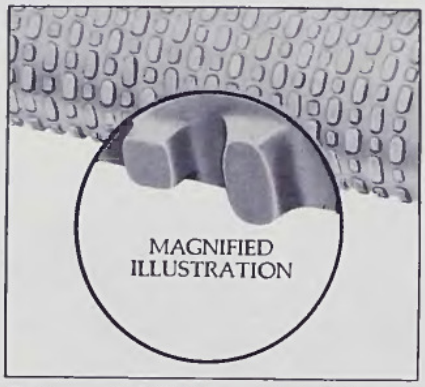

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fact that I had omitted his name from a report I once filed for his firm, tracing a grand master that had turned up in the purse of a teenage prostitute. "Did you bring it?" I asked.

"Would I come and not bring it?" He reached inside his jacket and handed me a small unsealed brown envelope. I slid a brand-new key out onto the palm of my hand. It looked exactly like any other key.

"This a master?"

"I should trust you with a master key to the Chrysler Building?" Nussbaum's frown deepened. "It's a submaster for the forty-fifth floor. There's not a lock on the floor it won't fit. Mind telling me who you're going after?"

"Ask me no questions, Howard. That way you're not an accessory."

"I'm an accessory all right," he said. "I've been an accessory all my life."

I rode up in the elevator, studying the little brown envelope. There was an off-chance that somewhere among my half-G set of twirls I had one that would work the same trick. But skeleton keys require locks with mechanisms worn through the use of duplicates, and Nussbaum's firm will replace a lock rather than save money on third-generation keys.

The lights were dim behind the frosted doors of Krusemark Maritime, Inc. I pulled on my surgeon's gloves and slipped the submaster into the first of many locks.

I set up the Minox and the copying easel on the L-shaped desk. My penknife and a bent paper clip were all it took to pop the locked filing cabinets. I didn't know what I was looking for, but Krusemark had something he wanted to hide badly enough to send the goon squad after me. There's always a little crime under the corporate rug.

I shot 15 rolls of film. Every major deal Krusemark Maritime had a finger in passed under my copying easel. Somewhere, lurking behind all the statistics, was enough crime to keep the D.A.'s office hopping for months.

When I finished the filing cabinets, I let myself into Krusemark's private office with the submaster. I went over the wall paneling and looked behind all the paintings. There was no sign of a safe or any tricky carpentry.

Other than the couch, the bar and the marble-slab desk, the room was bare; no files, no drawers or shelves. I looked under the marble slab. You couldn't see it from above, but a shallow recessed steel drawer was cleverly concealed underneath. Hidden springs sent it gliding open like a drawer in a cash register. Inside were several expensive fountain pens, an eight-inch dirk and a scattering of letters.

I picked up a familiar envelope and

removed the card. An inverted pentagram was embossed at the top. The Latin words were no longer a problem. Ethan Krusemark had his own invitation to the Black Mass.

•

I put everything back the way I found it and packed my camera away. When I hit the street, it was raining. I called Epiphany from the first empty phone booth and asked how long it would take her to get ready. She said she'd been ready for hours.

"Sounds inviting, sweetheart," I said, "but I'm talking about business. Take a cab. Meet me at my office in half an hour. We'll have dinner and then go uptown to hear a lecture."

When I got to my office at ten past six, Epiphany was waiting in the Naugahyde chair. She was all dressed up and looked fantastic. She felt and tasted even better.

"Missed you," she whispered. Her fingers lightly traced the bandage covering my left ear and hovered over the spot where my scalp was shaved. "Oh, Harry, are you all right?"

"I'm fine. Maybe not so pretty anymore."

•

The New Temple of Hope on 144th Street had at one time been a moviehouse. The old marquee hung out over the sidewalk with EL CIFR in foot-high letters on all three sides. I parked farther down the block and took Epiphany's arm as we walked back toward the bright lights.

"What're you interested in Cifr for?" she asked.

"He's the magician in my dreams."

"Cifr?"

"The good Dr. Cipher himself."

"What do you mean?"

"This swami business is just one of several roles I've seen him play. He's like a chameleon."

Epiphany's grip tightened on my arm. "Be careful, Harry, please."

"I try to be," I said.

"Don't joke. If this man is what you say, he must have plenty power. He is no one to fool with."

"Let's go inside."

We found seats off the side aisle. An organ murmured behind the closed red-and-gold curtains. The orchestra and balcony filled to capacity. The house lights dimmed, the organ music swelled and the curtain parted to reveal a 100-voice choir grouped in the shape of a cross. The congregation rose to its feet, singing *Jesus Was a Fisherman*.

As the music reached a climax, a small brown man dressed in white satin appeared onstage. Diamonds flashed on both hands.

I caught Epiphany's eye and mouthed the question, "Reverend Love?"

She nodded.

"Please be seated, brothers and sisters," Reverend Love spoke from center stage. His voice was comically high and shrill. He sounded like the emcee at Birdland.

"Brothers and sisters, I rejoice in the happy sound you make. We are honored to have with us this evening a very holy man, the illustrious El Cifr."

Reverend Love turned and held out his open arms toward the wings. The choir broke into a chorus of *A New Day Is Dawning*. The congregation clapped its hands as Louis Cyphre swirled onto the stage like a sultan.

El Cifr greeted his audience with a fancy salaam. "May prosperity smile upon you all," he said, bowing low. "Is it not written that paradise is open to those who dare but enter?"

A smattering of amens rippled through the congregation.

"The world belongs to the strong, not the meek. The lion devours the fold; the falcon feasts on the blood of the sparrow."

"That's true, that's true," an impassioned voice called from the balcony.

"Sounds like the flip side of the Sermon on the Mount," Epiphany quipped out of the side of her mouth.

El Cifr paced the apron of the stage. His eyes were ablaze with raw fury. "It is the hand holding the whip that drives the wagon. The rider's flesh does not feel the sting of the spurs. To be strong in this life requires an act of will. Choose to be a wolf, not a gazelle."

The congregation responded to his every suggestion, clapping and shouting agreement. His words were chorused like Scripture. "Be a wolf . . . be a wolf . . ." they called.

He danced and chanted, ranting of power and strength. The congregation howled a frenzied litany. Even members of the choir shouted angry responses and shook their fists in the air.

I found myself daydreaming, not paying attention to the rhetoric, when suddenly my client said something out of left field that brought me up short.

"If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," El Cifr said, looking, or so it seemed, straight at me. "That is a fine quotation, but I say also, if anyone's eye offend you, rip it out. Claw it out! Shoot it out! An eye for an eye!"

His words shot through me like a spasm of pain. I sat forward in my seat, alert as I could be.

"If hearts are steeped against you, cut them out. Don't wait to be the victim. Strike first at your enemies. If their eyes offend you, blow them out. If their hearts offend you, rip them out. If any member offends you, cut it off and shove it down their throats."

El Cifr was shrieking above the roars of his audience as he left the stage. I felt

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numb, transfixed. Was I imagining it all or had Louis Cyphre just described three murders?

I grabbed Epiphany's hand and pulled her with me into the aisle. We hurried on through the lobby and out onto the street.

The silver-gray Rolls waited at the curb. El Cifr appeared on the sidewalk and started for the car, flanked by a pair of heavyweights. "Just a minute," I called. I was immediately strong-armed by the lead bodyguard.

"Don't go be doin' nothin' you're likely to regret," he said, blocking my path.

I didn't argue. A return trip to the hospital was not on the agenda. As the chauffeur opened the rear door, Louis Cyphre stared at me without expression. I watched them drive off from around the bodyguard's bulk. He stood there, impassive as an Easter Island statue. Epiphany came up from behind and linked her arm through mine. "Let's go home and build a fire," she said.

•

Palm Sunday was slumberous and sensuous, the novelty of waking up beside Epiphany compounded by finding myself on the floor, nestled among couch cushions and tangled blankets.

"Sleep well?" she whispered. "No bad dreams?"

"No dreams at all." I ran my hand over her smooth brown flank. "Maybe the spell is broken."

"Maybe." Her warm breath fanned my neck. "It was me dreamed about him last night. Harry—what has he got to do with Johnny Favorite?"

"I'm not sure. I seem to be mixed up in some sort of struggle between two magicians."

"Is Cifr the man who wants you to find my father?"

"Yes."

"Harry, be careful. Don't trust him."

Can I trust you? I thought, hugging her slender shoulders. "I'll be all right."

"I love you. I don't want anything bad to happen now."

I choked back the urge to echo her words, to say "I love you" over and over again.

After breakfast, I carried the stack of library books into the bedroom and stretched out with my homework. Epiphany kneeled beside me on the bed. "Here." She handed me a book. "The chapter I marked is all about the Black Mass. The liturgy is described in detail, everything from the backward Latin to the virgin deflowered on the altar."

I read until it grew dark, a do-it-yourself course in the satanic sciences. Epiphany magically reincarnated a bouillabaisse she had made while I was in the hospital. We ate by firelight, shadows shifting like imps on the walls around us. There wasn't much talk; her eyes said it all. They were the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen.

About 7:30, I started getting ready for work. I dressed in jeans, a navy-blue turtleneck and a stout pair of lace-top, rubber-soled hiking boots. I loaded my black-bodied Leica with Tri-X and slipped the .38 into the pocket of a leather aviator's jacket I'd had since the war. Epiphany, tousle-headed, watched in silence, wrapped in a blanket before the fire.

"You forgot your invitation," she said as I reached under the blanket and pulled her close one last time.

"Don't need one. I'm crashing this party."

"Go away," she said. "Sooner you go, sooner you'll be back."

"Try not to worry," I said.

She smiled to show me that everything was OK, but her eyes were large and wet. "Take care of yourself."

"That's my motto."

"I'll be waiting for you."

"Keep the chain on the door." I got my wallet and a knitted navy watch cap. "Time to go."

Epiphany ran down the hall, shedding the blanket like an emerging nymph. She kissed me long and deeply at the door. Nothing more was said. I heard the chain slide into place as I started for the elevator. Why didn't I tell her I loved her when I had the chance?

I took the Eighth Avenue IND downtown to 14th Street, where I caught the BMT over to Union Square and hurried down the iron stairs to the IRT platform, grabbing an uptown local. The metal wheels screamed like wounded eagles against the rails. I gripped a pole for balance and stared out into blackness. We gathered speed and a moment later it was there.

You had to look close to see it. Only the lights of our passing train reflecting on the soot-covered tiles revealed the ghostly presence of the abandoned 18th Street station. I could make out the mosaic numerals decorating each column and saw a shadowy stack of trash cans against the wall. Then we were back in the tunnel and it was gone, like a dream you no longer remember.

I got off at the next stop, 23rd Street. I climbed the stairs, crossed the avenue, descended and shelled out 15 cents for another token. An uptown express roared through as I started down the narrow metal ladder at the end of the platform. A pathway alongside the tracks led away into darkness. At distant intervals along the tunnel wall, low-wattage bulbs marked the way through the gloom. Between trains, it was very quiet, and I surprised several rats scuttling among the cinders on the track bed beside me.

It seemed as if I had walked many more than five city blocks. There were occasional alcove openings with conduits and metal ladders leading up. I hurried along, my hands in my pockets. The checkered grip of the .38 felt rough and comforting.

I didn't see the abandoned station until I was ten feet from the ladder. The soot-covered tiles gleamed like a ruined temple in the moonlight. I stood very still and caught my breath, my heart bumping against the Leica hanging under my jacket. In the distance, I heard a baby cry.

•

The sound echoed in the darkness. It came from the opposite platform. Distant lights from the tunnel gleamed along twin ribbons of track. Although it was dark, I could make out rows of iron girders like shadowed tree trunks in a

"Yes, I have a cat. Why, are you allergic to them?"

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midnight forest. What I couldn't see were my own feet, and I felt the lurking menace of the third rail, lethal as a hidden rattlesnake in the gloom.

The sound of a train alerted me. I checked my rear and felt an adrenaline surge. The train was highballing down the tunnel. I stepped between the girders separating the express tracks. The train roared through like an angry dragon, spitting sparks from its clattering wheels and the deafening noise covered any sounds of my climbing onto the opposite platform. As the rear car flickered out of sight, I was flat against the cold tiles of the station wall.

The baby was no longer crying. At least not loudly enough to be heard over the drone of chanting. I knew from my afternoon's research that it was Latin in reverse. I was late for church.

I got the .38 out of my pocket and eased along the wall. A faint curtain of light hung in the air ahead. Grotesque silhouettes swayed in what was once the entrance alcove of the station. From the corner, I saw the fat, black candles arranged along the inner wall. If this was by the book, they were made from human fat, like the ones in Maggie Krusemark's bathroom.

The congregation wore robes and animal masks. Goats, tigers, wolves, horned creatures of every variety, all chanting a backward litany. I slipped my pistol into my pocket and took out the Leica. The candles surrounded a low altar draped in black cloth. A cross hung upside down on the tile wall above it.

The presiding priest was plump and pink. He wore a black chasuble embroidered with cabalistic symbols. Underneath he was naked, his erection trembling in the candlelight. Two young acolytes, naked under their thin cotton surplices, stood swinging censers. The smoke had the acrid sweetness of burning opium.

The priest recited the looking-glass prayers and the congregation, all naked beneath their swirling capes, responded with howls and grunts. I spotted Krusemark's hard old-man's body. He was wearing the mask of a lion. I saw the flash of his silver hair as he snuffled and howled.

The priest beckoned, and from out of the shadows came a lovely adolescent girl. She stood absolutely still as the priest undid the fastenings. The cape slid in silence to the ground, revealing slender shoulders and budding breasts, a patch of pubic floss like spun gold in the candlelight.

I snapped some pictures as the priest escorted her to the altar. Her languorous movements suggested heavy sedation. She was lowered onto the black cloth and lay on her back, legs dangling and arms spread. In each upturned palm the priest placed a squat black candle.

"Accept the unblemished purity of this virgin," the priest intoned. "O Lucifer, we implore thee." He dropped to his knees and kissed the girl between her legs, leaving tangled pearls of spittle shining there. "May this chaste flesh honor your divine name."

An acolyte handed the priest a tall silver chalice. The congregation snuffled and grunted like rutting swine as he balanced the chalice on the perfect belly of the teenage girl. "O Astaroth, Asmodeus, princes of friendship and love, I beg you to accept this blood, which is shed for thee."

A baby's lusty howls pierced the bestial grunting. The altar boy stepped out of the shadows carrying a squirming infant. The priest grasped it by a leg and held it high in the air, kicking and screaming. "O Baal-berith, O Beelzebub," he cried, "this child is offered in thy name."

It happened very quickly. The priest gave the baby to an acolyte and was handed a knife in return. The bright blade caught the candlelight as they cut the infant's throat. The tiny creature bucked for life, his cries a muffled gargle. "I sacrifice you to Divine Lucifer. May the peace of Satan always be with you." The priest held the chalice under the spouting blood. I finished the roll as the baby died.

The congregation's throaty moaning grew louder than the accelerating rumble of an oncoming train. I slumped against the wall and reloaded the camera. A vivid splattering glistened on the dirty walls. I wished every frame I'd shot had been a bullet and other blood darkened the forgotten tiles.

The train came crashing through, casting its bold light on the proceedings. The priest drank from the chalice and hurled what was left out over the crowd as the acolytes stood jerking each other off, heads back and laughing.

Tossing his chasuble aside, the priest kneeled above the blood-splattered virgin, entering her with short, doglike thrusts. The girl made no response. The candles remained upright in her outstretched hands. Her wide-open eyes stared sightlessly into the darkness.

The congregation went wild. Casting off cloaks and masks, they coupled frantically on the pavement. Men and women in every possible combination. The stark light of the passing train cast their frenzied shadows against the subway wall. Their howls and moans carried above the violent clatter of the wheels.

I saw Ethan Krusemark cornholing a hairy little man with a potbelly. They were standing in the men's-room entrance and looked like a silent stag movie in the flickering light. I shot a whole roll of the shipping tycoon in action.

The party went on for at most half an hour. It was early in the season for subway orgies and the cold, clammy air eventually sapped the enthusiasm of even the most ardent Devil worshiper. Soon they were all hunting for lost clothing, grumbling over hard-to-find shoes in the dark.

Krusemark packed his costume in a valise. The black altar cloth and inverted cross were removed, the blood wiped away with rags. The group began dispersing in singles and pairs. Some

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headed uptown, others down. One carried a heavy, dripping sack.

•

Krusemark entered the tunnel, walking rapidly along the narrow pathway. I let him get as far as the first naked light bulb before following. The approach of a downtown train gave me the opening I needed. As the rumbling thunder of the oncoming express built to an iron climax, I started running for all I was worth. The train's roar drowned the slap of footfalls. The .38 was in my hand. I saw him enter an open doorway. It was a service exit of some kind and Krusemark was starting up a metal ladder fastened to the back wall.

"Freeze!" I held the Smith & Wesson at arm's length in a two-handed grip.

Krusemark turned, blinking in the half-light. "Angel?"

"Turn around and place both hands on a rung above your head."

Krusemark did as he was told, dropping his leather satchel to the floor. I got my bracelets out of my jacket pocket and clipped one cuff to his right wrist and the other to the rung he gripped. He faced me, and I backhanded him full strength across the mouth with my left.

"You filthy scum!" I jammed the muzzle of the .38 under his chin, forcing his head back. His eyes were wide as a trapped stallion's. "I'd like to spray your brains all over the wall, cocksucker."

"You're making a mistake."

"Bullshit! Maybe I should rearrange some teeth." I grinned at him, exposing my temporary dentalwork. "Like your torpedoes did to me."

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

"Sure you do. You set me up. You've been lying since the first minute I met you. Edward Kelley is the name of an Elizabethan magician. That's why you used it as an alias, not because your daughter thought it was cute."

"You seem to know all about it."

"I've been doing some homework. I brushed up on my black magic. It was you all the time. You're the Devil worshiper."

"I'd be a fool if I wasn't. The Prince of Darkness protects the powerful. You should pray to him yourself, Angel."

I spit in his face. I'd never done that to anyone before. "A cockroach is the chosen of God alongside you. Let's start at the beginning. I want to know all about Johnny Favorite. The works. Everything you've ever seen or heard."

"Why should I? You won't kill me. You're too weak." He wiped the saliva off his cheek.

"I don't need to kill you. I can walk out of here and leave you hanging. And when these pictures are developed, I'll have something to remember you by." I held up a yellow roll of film. "My favorite is the one of you screwing the little fat man."

"You're bluffing."

"Am I?" I showed him my Leica. "I shot two rolls of thirty-six. It's all in black and white, as they say."

Krusemark's disdainful smirk melted into a frown of deep concern. "Angel, wait. Let's talk this over."

"That's just what I had in mind, big shot. You talk, I'll do the listening."

Krusemark held out his free hand. "Give me the film. I'll tell you everything I know."

That made me laugh. "No deal. First you sing. If I like the tune, then you get the film."

Krusemark rubbed the bridge of his nose and stared at the dirty floor. "All right." His eyes flickered like yo-yos as he watched me toss and catch the film. "I first met Johnny in the winter of '39. It was Candlemas eve. I was impressed with him right at the start. You could feel the power running out of him like an electric current. His eyes were more alive than any I'd seen before in my life, and I've been around some.

"I introduced him to my daughter and they hit it off right away. His carcer was only getting started and he was hungry for fame and wealth. Power was something he already had in spades. I watched him conjure up Lucifuge Rofocale, right in my own living room."

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"You expect me to swallow this?" I asked.

"Swallow it, spit it out; I don't give a damn. Johnny was in a lot deeper than I had the nerve to go. He always wanted more. He wanted it all. That's why he made a pact with Satan."

"What kind of pact?"

"The usual arrangement. He sold his soul for stardom."

"Crap!"

"It's true."

"It's bullshit, and you know it. What'd he do, sign a contract in blood?"

"I don't know the details." Krusemark's haughty glance was impatient and scornful. "Johnny was alone at midnight in Trinity Churchyard for the invocation. You shouldn't take what I say so lightly, Angel, not when playing with forces beyond your control."

"OK, let's say I buy it. Sounds pretty risky, selling your soul. Eternity's a long time."

Krusemark smiled. On him, it was more of a leer. "Pride," he said. "Johnny's sin was pride. He thought he could outwit the Prince of Darkness himself."

"How?"

"With Satan's help, Johnny made it big in a hurry. Real big. Overnight, he was a headliner. I guess it went to his head. He started thinking it was him that was the source of the power and not the Dark One. It wasn't long before he was boasting he had found a way to duck out of his end of the bargain."

"Did he?"

"He tried. He came across an obscure rite in a manuscript by some Renaissance alchemist. It involved the transmutation of souls. Johnny had the idea that he could switch psychic identities with someone else. Actually become the essence of the other person."

"Go on."

"Well, he had to have a victim. Someone his own age, born under the same sign. Johnny found a young soldier just back from North Africa. He had a brand-new medical discharge and was out celebrating New Year's Eve. Johnny picked him up in the crowd at Times Square. He drugged him in a bar and took him back to his place. That's where the ceremony took place."

"What kind of ceremony?"

"The transmutation rite. Meg assisted him. I was the witness. The soldier was bound naked on his back on a rubber mat. Meg unsheathed a virgin dagger. Johnny blessed it in Hebrew and Greek. I couldn't understand a word. When he finished, he bathed the blade in the altar flame and cut the soldier deeply across each tit. He dipped the dagger into the kid's blood and traced a circle with it on the floor around the body.

"There were more chants and incantations then. I didn't follow any of it."

"What happened to the soldier?"

"Johnny ate his heart. It was still beating when he wolfed it down. That was the end of the ceremony. Maybe he did gain possession of the guy's soul; he still looked like Johnny to me. His plan was to drop out of sight and resurface as the soldier. He'd been stashing money in secret hiding places for some time. Lord Satan presumably would never know the difference. Trouble was, he got shipped overseas before he could pull the switch and what came back couldn't remember its own name, let alone a Hebrew incantation."

"And that's when your daughter entered the picture."

"Right. A year had gone by. Meg insisted we help him. I put up the cash to bribe the doctor and we dropped Johnny off at Times Square on New Year's Eve. Meg made sure of that. It was the starting point, the last place the soldier remembered before Johnny drugged him."

I grabbed Krusemark by his shirt and slammed him back against the ladder. "What was the soldier's name?"

"I don't know."

"You were there in the room."

"I didn't know anything about it until just before it happened. I was only the witness."

"Your daughter must have told you."

"No, she didn't. She didn't know herself. It was part of the magic. Only

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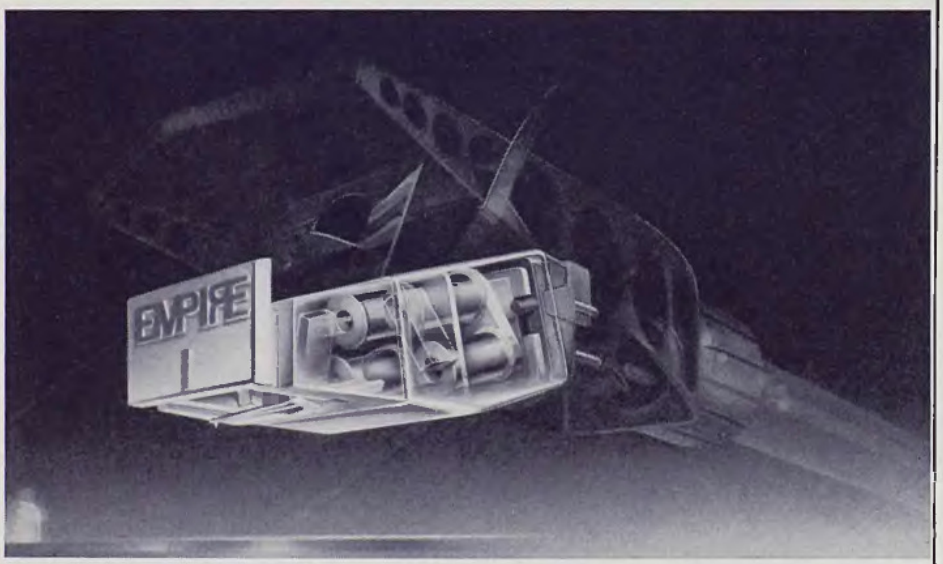

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EMPIRE

Johnny could know his victim's true name. Someone he trusted had to guard the secret for him. He sealed the soldier's dogtags in an ancient Egyptian canopic urn and gave it to Meg."

"What did this urn look like?" I was close to choking him. "Did you ever see it?"

"Many times. Meg kept it on her desk. It was alabaster, white alabaster, and had a three-headed snake carved on the lid."

•

I was in a hurry. Keeping the .38 tight against Krusemark's ribs, I unlocked the handcuffs and stuffed them into my jacket pocket. "See you around, hotshot." I stepped out onto the pathway as an uptown local thundered by. My only mistake was shoving the Smith & Wesson back into my pocket. We all do dumb things sometimes.

I didn't hear Krusemark coming until he had me around the throat. His breath came in short, angry snorts. He was the only one of us that was breathing. "I want that film," he snarled.

Even with both hands, I couldn't break his choke hold. I got one of my feet hooked between his legs and we fell together against the side of the moving train. The impact spun us apart like rag dolls.

Krusemark managed to stay on his feet. I wasn't so lucky. I watched the iron wheels rush by, inches from my face. The train sped past. Krusemark aimed a kick at my head. I caught his foot and yanked him down.

There wasn't time to grab the .38. Krusemark sat facing me on the path. I sprang at him and we grappled on the narrow pathway, gouging and kicking. Krusemark got his hard hands around my throat. I pushed my right palm under his chin and levered his head back. It didn't work, so I jabbed my thumb into his eye.

His grasp relaxed, and I twisted free, sucking in air. We wrestled, rolling together onto the tracks. I ended up on top and heard Krusemark's head thud against a wooden tie. I kneed him in the groin for good measure.

I stood up and felt my pocket for the Smith & Wesson. The gun was gone, lost in the struggle. Krusemark's shadowy form staggered upright. He threw a wild roundhouse right. Stepping inside, I pounded him twice in the midsection and took a left on the shoulder where it did no harm. I poked my right into his face, connecting with the ridge of bone above his eye. It felt like hitting a stone wall. My hand went numb with pain.

Krusemark lumbered on, throwing hard, skillful jabs as he came. I couldn't block them all and he stung me a few times as I groped in my jacket for the handcuffs. I used the bracelets like a flail, backhanding him across the face. I

Reverend Mayflower
ENEMY of LUST
by J.B. HANDELSMAN
EMOTIONALLY CRIPPLED I.R.S. AUDITOR HEZEKIAH PUTTS IS BUSY AT HIS JOB WHEN THE BLUE TELEPHONE RINGS.
How do you justify these huge medical expenses?
I was sick a lot.
RING
Bullshit.
Putts here. Yes, Chief! Doing what? Where? I'll get right on it.
That phone has no wires.
Of course it has no wires. I don't need wires when I talk to the Chief.
!DEDNIM-WORRAN!
THE MAGIC WORDS DEDNIM-WORRAN TRANSMOGRIFY HEZEKIAH PUTTS INTO REVEREND MAYFLOWER, IN WHICH GUISE HE STREAKS (IF YOU'LL PARDON THE EXPRESSION) TO THE LOCUS OF LUST.
Everywhere I see wickedness and whited sepulchres! Disgusting!
But I must not be distracted. I am going to 231 Chestnut St.
Lustful sinners! Cease and desist! Is this 231 Chestnut?
It's Reverend Mayflower! Damn! Yesterday they hit me for illegal parking and today I'm busted for lust.
It's only in his heart, mister...
Nonsense! I know erectile tissue when I see it.
It's true. I'm guilty. Take me away.
One moment—you haven't informed him of his rights! Furthermore, we're going to be married!
We are?
So it seems we're married.
Yeah. Let's watch television.
I now pronounce you man & wife. That will cure your lust. Send in a joint return, & we will allow the broken window as a business expense. !SEXAT!
WITH "SEXAT," HEZEKIAH PUTTS IS ONCE AGAIN AT HIS DESK.
My husband had that problem, always running to the bathroom. It's your prostate, right?
Button your lip or I'll disallow your children.

hit him again, above the ear, and he went down backward with a grunt.

Krusemark's sudden scream echoed and died in the dripping tunnel like the sound of someone falling from a great height. A metallic, beetle-wing hum of electricity crackled in the darkness. The third rail.

I didn't want to touch the body. It was too dark to see him clearly and I stepped back onto the safety of the path. In the light of a distant bulb, I could make out his obscure form, sprawled across the tracks.

I went back into the exit alcove and poked around inside the leather valise. Under the tangled black cape, I found a small plastic flashlight and stepped out into the tunnel.

I wiped my prints off the handle and threw his valise down beside him. Flashing the beam up and down the pathway, I spotted my .38 lying against the wall a few feet away. I picked it up and put it in my pocket.

I left the subway at the 23rd Street station and caught an uptown cab at the corner of Park Avenue South. Ten minutes later, he dropped me in front of Carnegie Hall. I took the elevator to the 11th floor. The door to Margaret Krusemark's apartment had been sealed by the police. A strip of gummed paper was plastered across the lock. I tore it free, found the right twirl and let myself in, wiping the knob with my sleeve.

Switching on Daddy's flashlight, I probed the beam into the dark. I continued down the hallway to the witch's bedchamber. I flashed my light across the desktop. The calendar and scattered papers were gone, but the row of research books stood intact. At one end, the alabaster canopic urn gleamed like polished bone.

My hands trembled as I picked it up. I fumbled for several minutes, but the lid with the carved three-headed snake remained stuck tight. In desperation, I hurled the jar to the floor.

A set of army dogtags gleamed among the shards. I picked them up, holding the small, oblong tags under the light. An involuntary chill spread through my body. Along with the serial number and blood type was a machine-stamped name: ANGEL, HAROLD R.

•

The dogtags clinked in my pocket on the way down. I ran my thumb over the indented metal letters like a blind man reading a text in Braille. Out on the street, the chill night air stung me from my trance. I dropped Krusemark's plastic flashlight into a litter basket and hailed a passing cab. Before anything else, I knew I had to destroy the evidence locked in my safe.

Steam clouds curled from under the manhole covers like the last act of *Faust*. I thought of Louis Cyphre's elegant smile. What in hell was going on? Times Square blazed like a neon purgatory. I fingered my improbable nose and tried to remember the past. Bits and pieces remained. Smells often bring them back. Damn it, I knew who I was. I know who I am.

The lights were on in my office when we pulled to a stop in front of the novelty shop. I hoped there was still time.

I took the fire stairs to the third floor so the noise of the elevator wouldn't give me away. The hallway was dark, ditto my waiting room, but the light from the inner office shone on the pebbled glass in the front door. I pulled my gun and eased inside. The door to the inner office stood wide open, spilling light across my threadbare carpet. I waited a moment but didn't hear a thing. The steel door to the office safe hung wide open.

Then the lights went out. Not in the office, inside my head. Someone got the drop on me with what felt like a baseball bat. I heard the sharp crack it made connecting even as I fell forward into blackness.

Cold water splashing on my face brought me around. I sat up, sputtering and blinking. My head throbbed like an aspirin jingle. Louis Cyphre stood above me, dressed in a tuxedo, pouring water from a paper cup. In his other hand, he held my Smith & Wesson.

"Find what you were looking for?" I asked.

Cyphre smiled. "A man in your profession shouldn't house his secrets in tin cans like that one." He pulled Margaret Krusemark's horoscope of me from his inside jacket pocket. "I imagine the police will be happy to have this."

"You'll never get away with it."

"But, Mr. Angel, I already have." Cyphre slipped the horoscope back into his pocket. "Sorry about that nasty tap, but I needed some more of your things."

"Such as?"

"Your revolver. I have use for it." He reached into his pocket and slowly removed the dogtags, dangling them in front of me by the beaded chain. "And for these."

"That was clever," I said. "Planting those in Margaret Krusemark's apartment. How'd you get her father to cooperate?"

Cyphre's smile widened. "How is Mr. Krusemark, by the way?"

"Dead."

"Pity."

"I can see you're all broken up about it."

"The loss of one of the faithful is always regrettable." Cyphre toyed with the dogtags, winding the chain between tapered fingers. Dr. Fowler's engraved golden ring flashed on his manicured hand.

"Cut the crap! Having a gag name doesn't make you the real thing."

"Would you prefer cloven hooves and a tail?"

"I didn't figure it out until tonight. You were toying with me. I should have guessed when I learned that 666 was the number of the beast in the book of *Revelation*."

"You disappoint me, Mr. Angel. I should have thought you would have had very little difficulty deciphering my name." He chuckled out loud at his own lame joke.

"Framing me for your killings is pretty smart," I said. "There's just one hitch."

"And what might that be?"

"Herman Winesap. No cop'd believe a story about a client pretending to be Lucifer. But I have Winesap to corroborate me."

Cyphre hung the dogtags around his neck with a lupine grin. "Attorney Winesap was lost in a boating accident at Sag Harbor yesterday. Most unfortunate. The body has not yet been recovered."

"Thought of everything, haven't you?"

"I try to be thorough," he said. "You must excuse me now, Mr. Angel. I'm afraid I have business to attend to. Should you show yourself before I'm gone, I shall be forced to shoot." Cyphre paused in the doorway like a showman milking his exit line. "As much as I'm eager to collect my collateral, it would be a real pity to be killed by your own gun."

"Kiss my ass!" I said.

"No need for that, Johnny," Cyphre smiled. "You've already kissed mine."

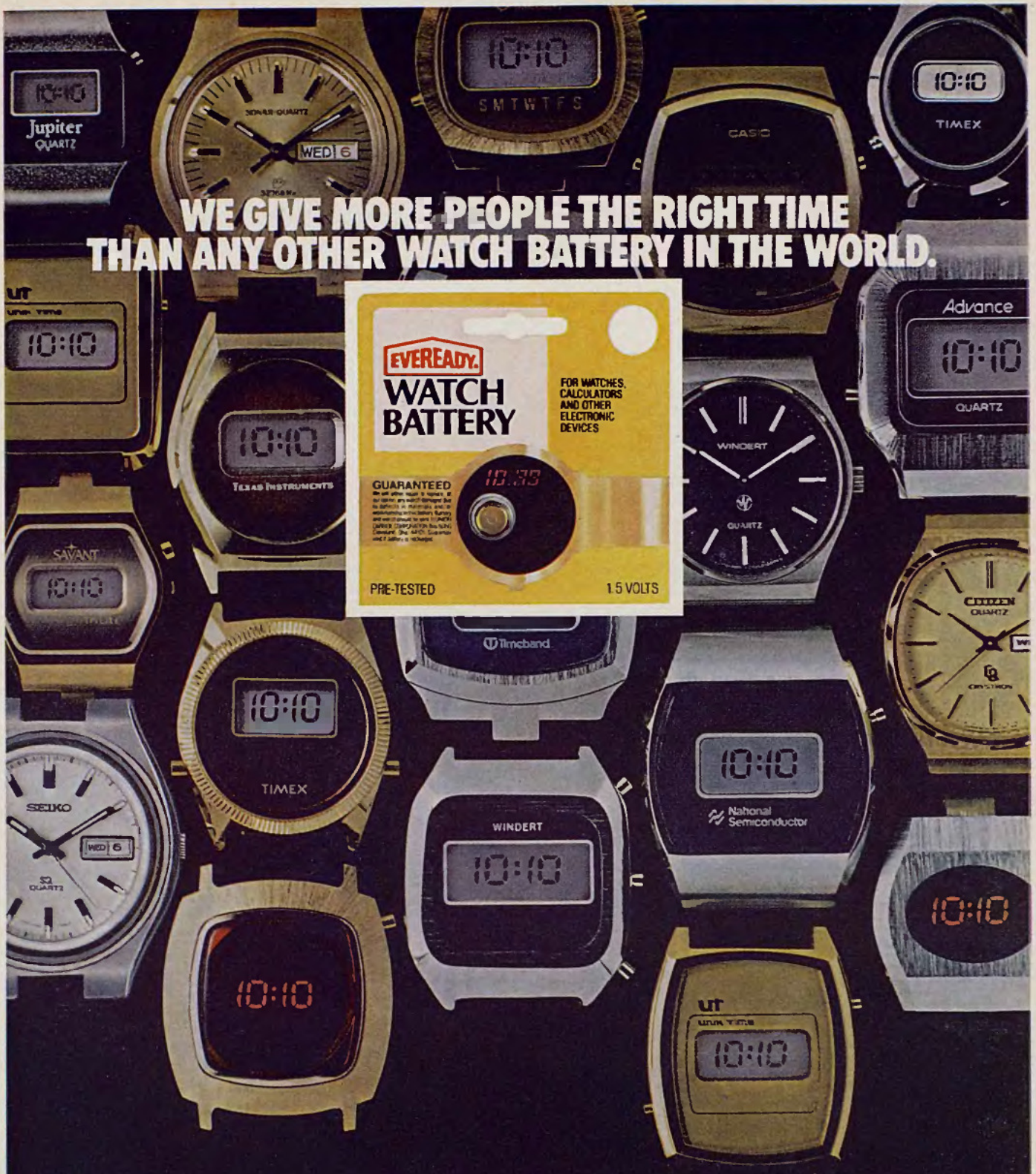
He closed the outer office door quietly behind him. I scrambled across to the open safe. In an empty cigar box on the bottom shelf, I kept an extra gun. I flipped up the lid and removed a .45-caliber Colt Commander. The big automatic felt like a dream come true in my hand.

I hurried to the outer door and saw the top of the elevator car slide past the circular glass window in the door as I ran for the fire stairs.

I took the stairs three at a time. Gasping in the stair well, I held the fire door open with my foot, the automatic braced against the jamb with both hands. My percussive heartbeat crashed in my ears.

I prayed that Cyphre would still have my gun in his hand when the door slid open. That would make it self-defense. Posing as the Devil might con voodoo piano players and middle-aged lady astrologers, but it didn't wash with me. He picked the wrong man to play the patsy. The elevator clanked to a stop. I steadied my aim and held my breath. Louis Cyphre's satanic charade had come to an end. The red metal door slid open. The car was empty.

I staggered forward like a sleepwalker,



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UNION CARBIDE

not believing what I saw. I had watched the indicator above the door and seen the numbers light up as the car descended without stopping. He couldn't get off if the car didn't stop.

I got in and pushed the button for the top floor. As the car started up, I climbed onto the brass handrails, one foot braced against either wall, and pushed open the emergency trap on the ceiling.

I stuck my head through the opening and looked around. Cyphre was not on the roof of the car. Greased cables and spinning flywheels left no place to hide.

From the fourth floor, I climbed the fire stairs to the roof and searched behind chimneys and air vents, the blistered tar paper buckling underfoot. He was not on the roof. I leaned over the cornice ledge and looked down at the street. The Sunday-night crowds were sparse. Only whores, male and female, lingering on the sidewalks. Louis Cyphre's distinguished form was nowhere in sight.

During the next half hour, I went over the entire building. Using my skeleton keys, I let myself into every dark and empty office. I searched Ira Kipnis' place and Olga's Electrolysis without luck. I poked through the shabby waiting rooms of three cut-rate dentists and the closet-sized establishment of a rare-coin-and-stamp dealer. There was no one there.

I returned to my office feeling lost. No one can vanish into thin air. It had to be a trick. I sank back into the swivel chair, still holding the Colt Commander. Across the street, the unremitting march of the day's news continued: ". . . FALLOUT OF STRONTIUM-90 IS FOUND HIGHEST IN U. S. . . ." By the time I thought to call Epiphany, it was too late. Tricked again by the greatest trickster of them all.

•

The endless ringing struck the same note of despair as the lonely voice of the Spanish sailor in Dr. Cipher's bottle. Another lost soul like me. My mouth was dry and tasted of ashes. All hope was gone, abandoned. I had crossed the threshold of doom.

After a while, I got up and stumbled down the stairs to the street. I stood on the corner of the Crossroads of the World and wondered which way to go. It didn't matter anymore. I had run long and far enough. I was all through running.

I spotted a cruising cab heading east on 42nd and flagged it down. My words sounded far away, like someone else speaking. "Hotel Chelsea on 23rd Street."

I slouched in the corner and stared out at a world gone dead. Under my breath, I hummed a swing tune popular during the war. It was one of Johnny Favorite's biggest hits.

"Looks like there's been some excitement around here tonight." The driver pulled to a stop across from three squad cars and a police ambulance.

I paid with my emergency $50 and told him to keep the change.

"This ain't no five, mister. You made a mistake."

"Many mistakes," I said and hurried across pavement the color of gravestones.

My apartment door stood wide open. A flashbulb popped inside. The smell of cheap cigars filled the air. I strolled in without a word. Three uniformed cops paced around with nothing to do. Sergeant Deimos sat at the table with his back to me, giving my description to someone on the telephone. Another flashbulb went off in the bedroom.

I had a look inside. One was enough. Epiphany lay face up on the bed, wearing only my dogtags and tied by her wrists and ankles to the frame with four ugly neckties. My hammerless Smith & Wesson protruded from between her outspread legs, the snub barrel inserted like a lover. Her womb's blood glistened on her open thighs, bold as roses.

Lieutenant Sterne was one of five plainclothes detectives watching with his hands in his overcoat pockets as the photographer knelt for a close-up. "Who the hell are you?" a patrolman asked behind me.

"I live here."

Sterne looked in my direction. His sleepy eyes widened. "Angel?" Disbelief cracked his voice. "That's the guy. Collar him!"

The cop behind me pinned my arms. I didn't resist. "Save the heroics," I said.

"See if he's heeled," Sterne barked. The other cops looked at me like I was an animal in the zoo.

A pair of cuffs bit into my wrists. The cop frisked me down and pulled the Colt Commander from the waistband of my pants. "Heavy artillery," he said, handing it to Sterne.

Sterne glanced at the gun and set it on the bedside table. "Why'd you come back?"

"No place else to go."

"Who is she?" Sterne jerked his thumb at Epiphany's body.

"My daughter."

"Bullshit! Give it to me again, Angel. Who's the girl?"

"Epiphany Proudfoot. She runs an herb shop on 123rd and Lenox."

One of the other detectives wrote it down. Sterne shoved me back into the living room. I sat on the couch. "How long you been shacking up with her?"

"Couple days."

"Just long enough to kill her, right? Look what we found in the fireplace." Sterne picked up my charred horoscope by the remaining unburned corner. "Want to tell us about it?"

"No."

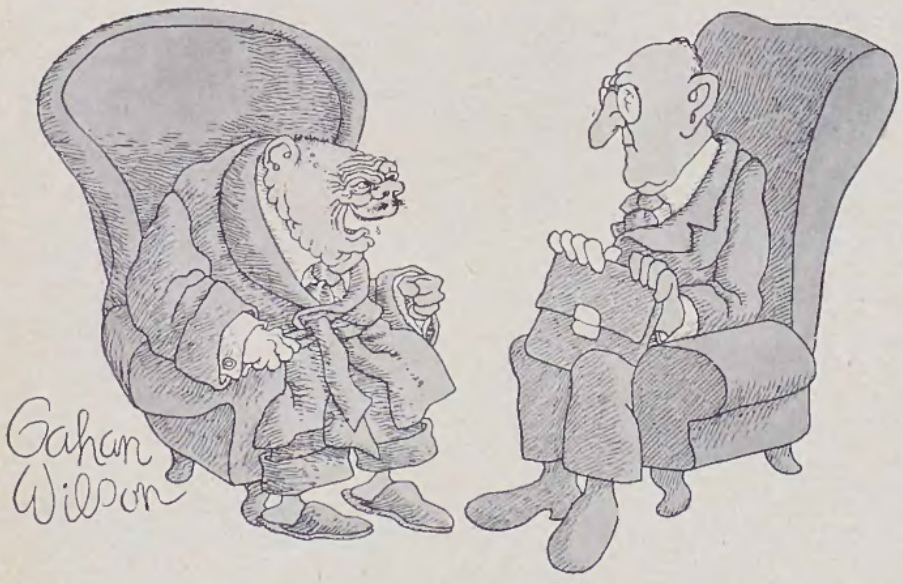
"Doesn't matter. We've got all we need, unless that's not your .38 stuck up her snatch."

"It's mine."

"You'll burn for this, Angel."

"I'll burn in hell."

"Maybe. We'll be sure and give you a head start Upstate." Sterne's shark-slit mouth widened into an evil smile. I stared at his yellow teeth and remembered the laughing face painted on Steeplechase Park, a joker's grin expanding with malice. There was only one other smile like it: the evil leer of Lucifer. I could almost hear his laughter fill the room. This time, the joke was on me.



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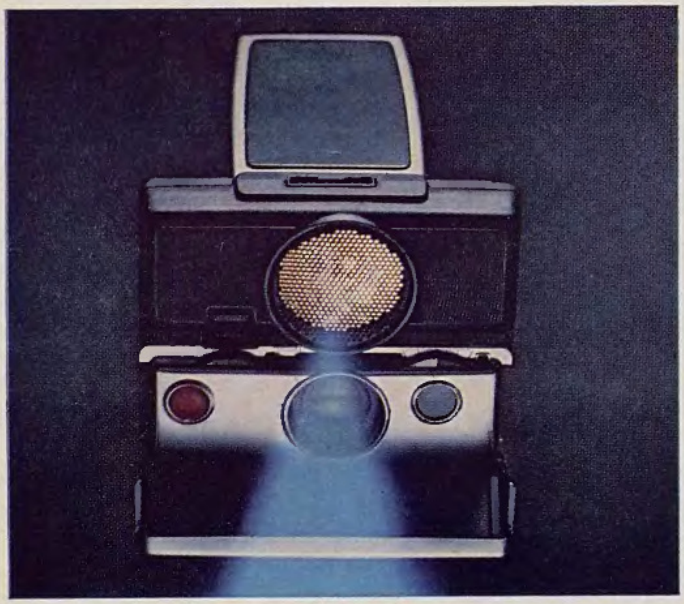
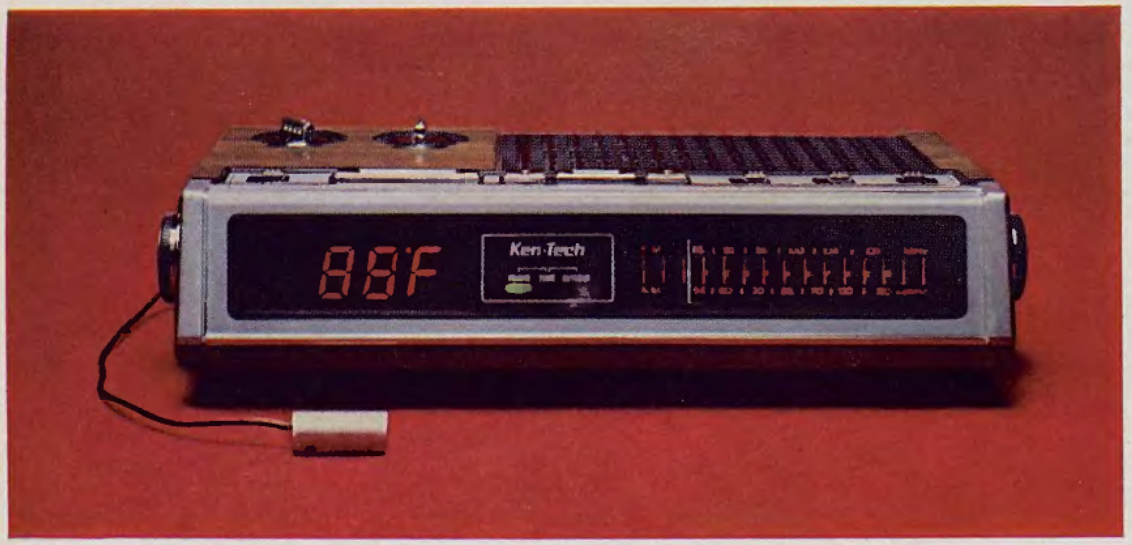
GADGETS

CLICKS, TICKS AND TEN FOUR



Polaroid's latest invention is the SX-70 Sonar OneStep, a single-lens-reflex camera that features an ultrasonic echo system for automatic focusing at any light level, including total darkness, $249.95.

Below: The World Timer is an 8-oz. battery-operated digital alarm clock that can instantly be set to any time zone, by Copal Corporation, $129.95.



RICHARD IZUI

Above: This Ken-Tech AM/FM digital clock-radio features a 24-hour memory alarm and an L.E.D. display for both time and indoor/outdoor temperatures, by Kendale Technology, $98. Right: The Astro-Fantom 22" half-wave mobile C.B. antenna mounts in five minutes to glass and transmits and receives through glass via a coinductive coupler that attaches to the inside of an auto window, by Avanti Research Development, $24.95.

FAKE IT!

Like vegetarians who still crave the taste of a juicy hamburger, crisp bacon or a tender *filet*, so there are animal-loving humane-society types who still lust in their hearts for fur. Such desires being the mother of invention, many have tried to create attractive synthetic hides, while few have succeeded. But time and technology have taken great strides in the whole area of man-made fibers. While no one would claim that coats such as the two pictured here are nondead ringers for the real thing, the fact is that they look surprisingly authentic. Lou Nierenberg, who made the coats, points out that they are incredibly warm, don't cause allergic reactions and require no storage, since moths have not yet developed a taste for man-mades. Fake furs are also considerably lighter in weight than real skins—and cheaper. Those who are not averse to owning the real thing should read *How to Buy a Man's Fur Coat* in next month's *Playboy's Pipeline*. But if the A.S.P.C.A. is your bag, here's a way to provide a little reverse snobbery (nothing died for *my* coat), as well as look good. And now about those leather shoes you're wearing. . . . —DAVID PLATT

Below: Elegantly fake it in a Modacrylic/acrylic zip-front "Fisher" fur, by Lou Nierenberg International, about $200; worn with an Argyle pullover, $65, polished cotton shirt, $40, knit tie, $15, and tweed slacks, $95, all from Givi for Italy Fashions; plus leather driving gloves, by John Weitz, $16.

CHRIS CALLAS

Above: You'll be a howling success in a Modacrylic/polyacrylic man-made "coyote" fur coat, by Lou Nierenberg International, about $450; a wool/polyester/silk herringbone jacket, $145, and polyester/wool tweed slacks, $40, both from Christian Dior Sport; a cotton terry knit cardigan, about $45, and a windowpane-plaid flannel shirt, about $25, both from Nino Cerruti for Jaymar Ruby.

SOUNDS GOOD!

You may think the sounds of music in your life are the finest in hi-fi, but wait until you get a little help from the products pictured below. One is a vibration-free turntable that floats on fluid; another is a device that reproduces concerts by famous artists on any piano via computer-programmed cassette tape; the two others are electronic genies that work their magic to monitor radio performance and clean up unwanted stereo noises. Read on.

RICHARD IZUI

Left: The Twenties had player pianos; the Seventies have the Pianocorder—an instrument that operates on computer tapes to reproduce piano recitals almost exactly as they were originally heard, by Superscope, Inc., about $3000 ready to play or about $2000 installed in your own piano.

Below: The Mini-Max is a highly sensitive digital-readout instrument that's designed to check the frequency accuracy of your ham radio, C.B. channels or even a digital clock, by Continental Specialties, about $89.95.

Left: Oasis' turntable consists of dual-phased driver motors that transmit power to a bottom platter that's submerged in a fluid tank, thus eliminating any vibrations or resonance that might be transmitted to the record, about $700, not including tonearm and cartridge.

Above: The Garrard MRM (Music Recovery Module) is a stereo component that electronically identifies and suppresses such impulse noises as pops, clicks and scratches before they reach your loud-speakers, thus giving new life to your well-worn records, $219.95.

Isis' Secret

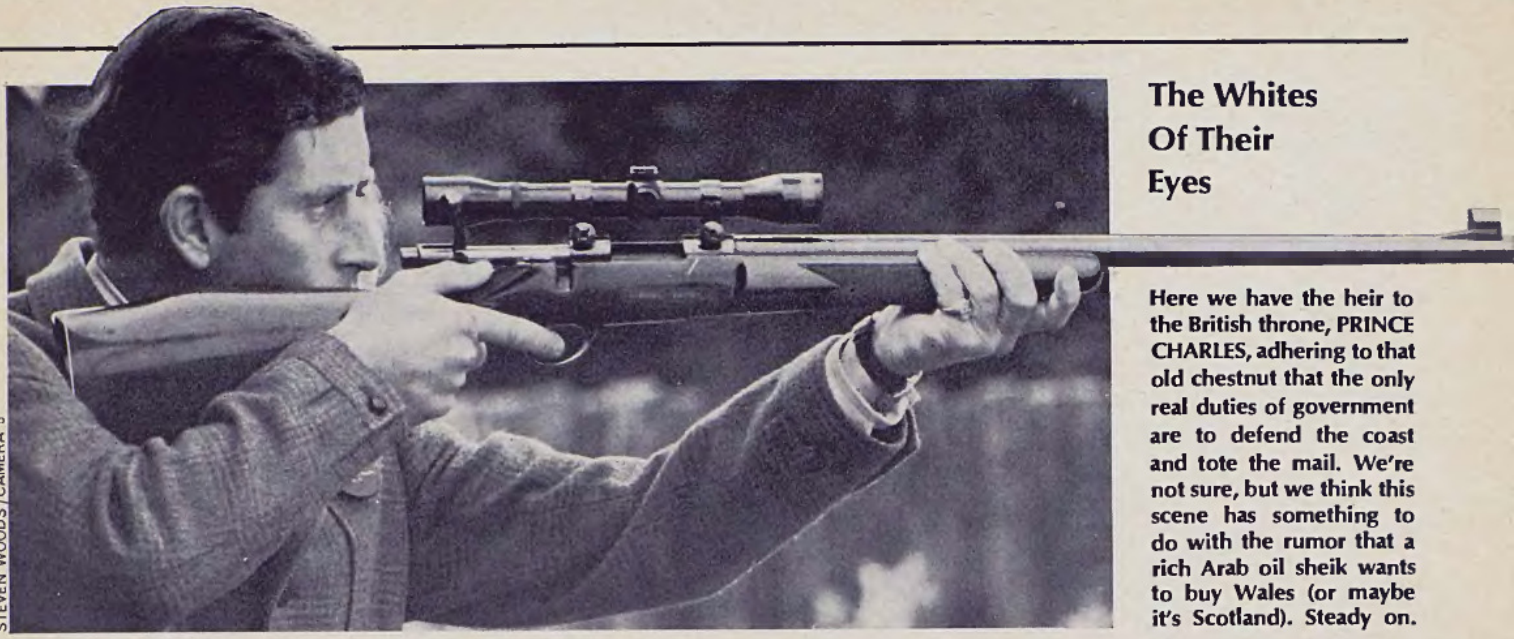
On the right is actress JOANNA CAMERON as she appeared in a 1971 youth-cult flick called "B.S. I Love You" (and in PLAYBOY's annual "Sex in Cinema"). Below is actress Cameron as she appears in "Secrets of Isis," a CBS Saturday-morning kiddie show. On "Isis," Cameron plays a demure high school science teacher who occasionally turns into a crime-stopping superfemme. And, believe us, it's not only the little tykes who are watching.

RON THAL

Life in the Fast Lane

What happens to a great athlete when the roar of the engines begins to fade and people begin recognizing him from motor-oil commercials? He gets a little lightheaded, that's what. Left with his memories of past Grand Prix glory, STIRLING MOSS was recently seen lead-footing his power mower. But take note: Moss's helmet is on. Safety first.

DAVID CAIRNS-SPOONER/GAMMA-LIAISON



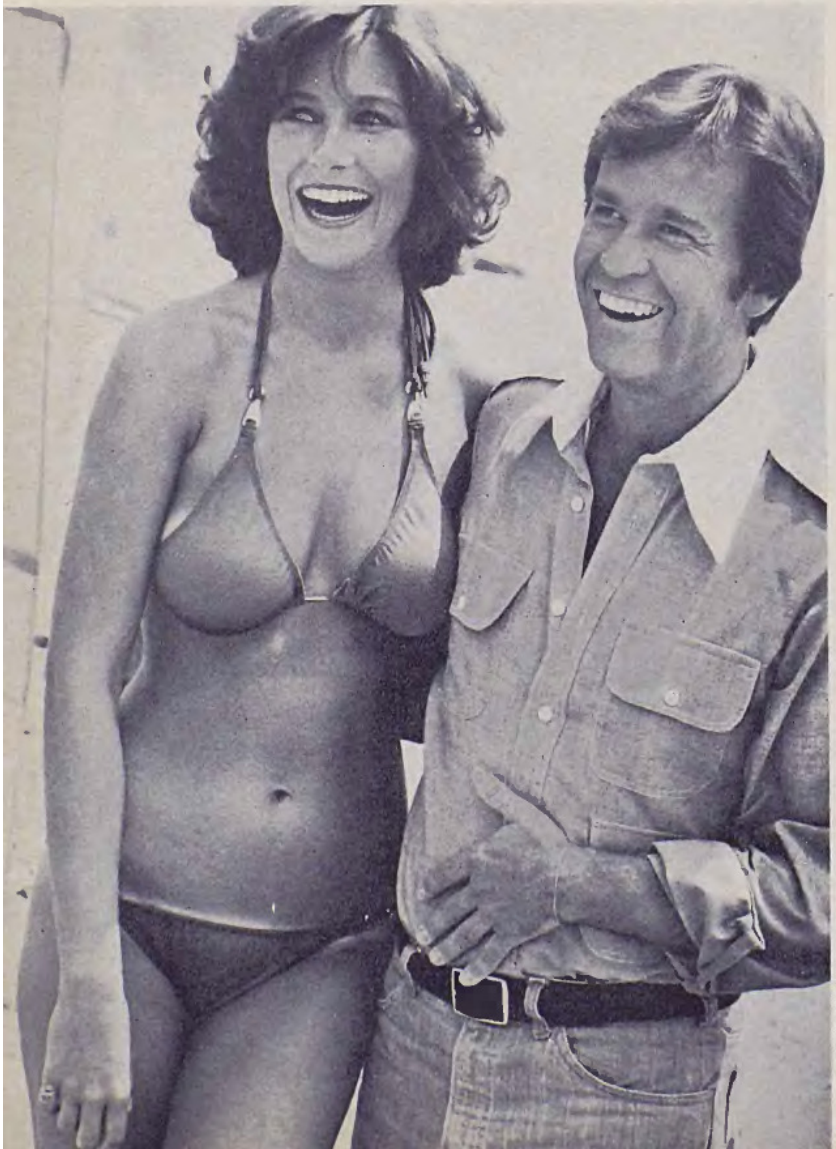
STEVEN WOODS / CAMERA 5

The Whites Of Their Eyes

Here we have the heir to the British throne, PRINCE CHARLES, adhering to that old chestnut that the only real duties of government are to defend the coast and tote the mail. We're not sure, but we think this scene has something to do with the rumor that a rich Arab oil sheik wants to buy Wales (or maybe it's Scotland). Steady on.

Beach Blanket Babble

The whole gang is back on the sand for an upcoming TV special: "Dick Clark's Good Ol' Days, Part II." Frankie will be there, and so will Annette, and so will the head teen himself, DICK CLARK, who for over 20 years has managed to keep a fickle public entertained. His new NBC weekly variety show, "Dick Clark's Live Wednesday," may make him the new Ed Sullivan to a whole new generation. Oh, yes: the lady in the bikini. A fan, of course. She was just a baby during the good old days, but, baby, look at her now.



THOM ELDER

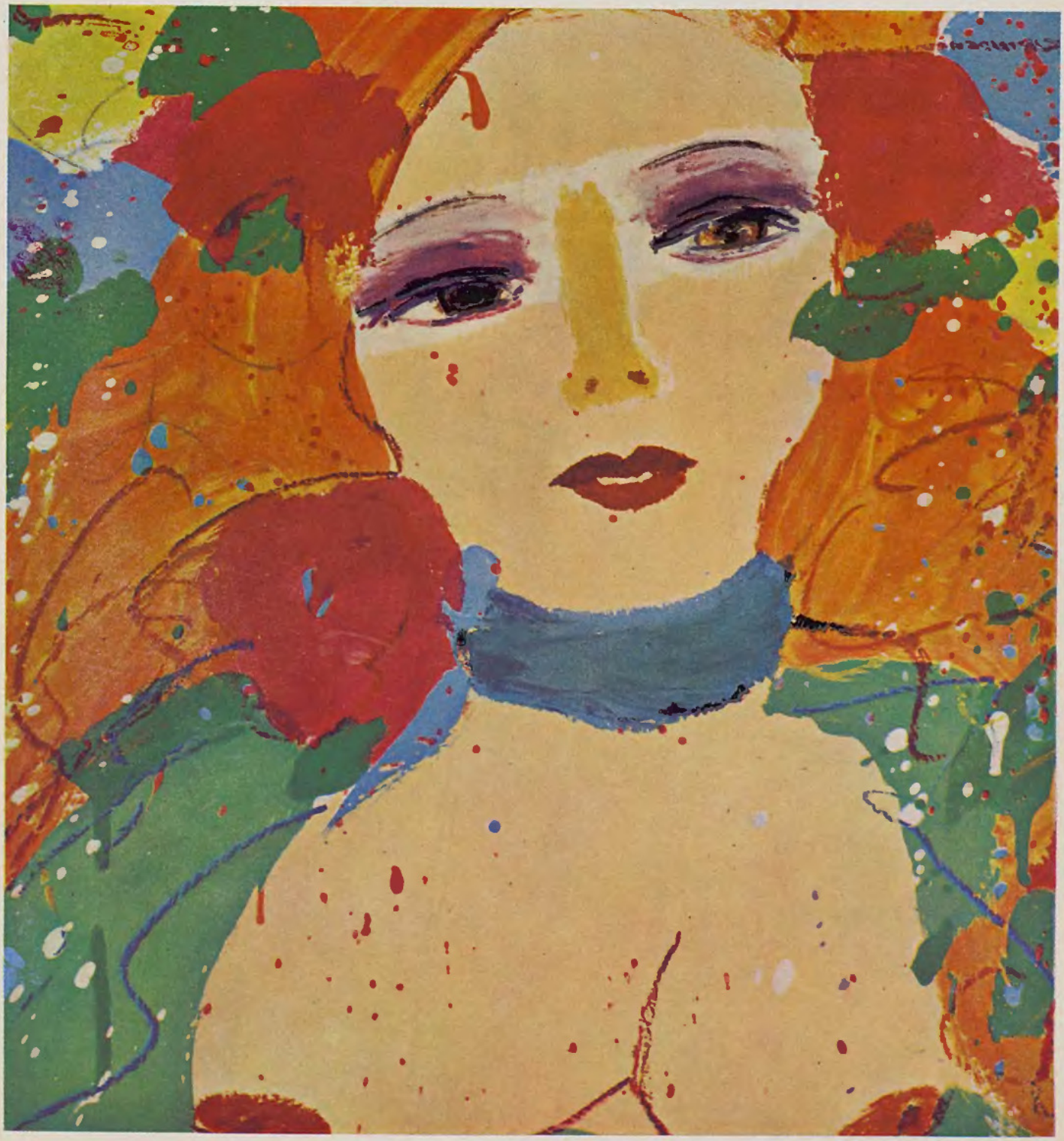
KEN REGAN / CAMERA 5

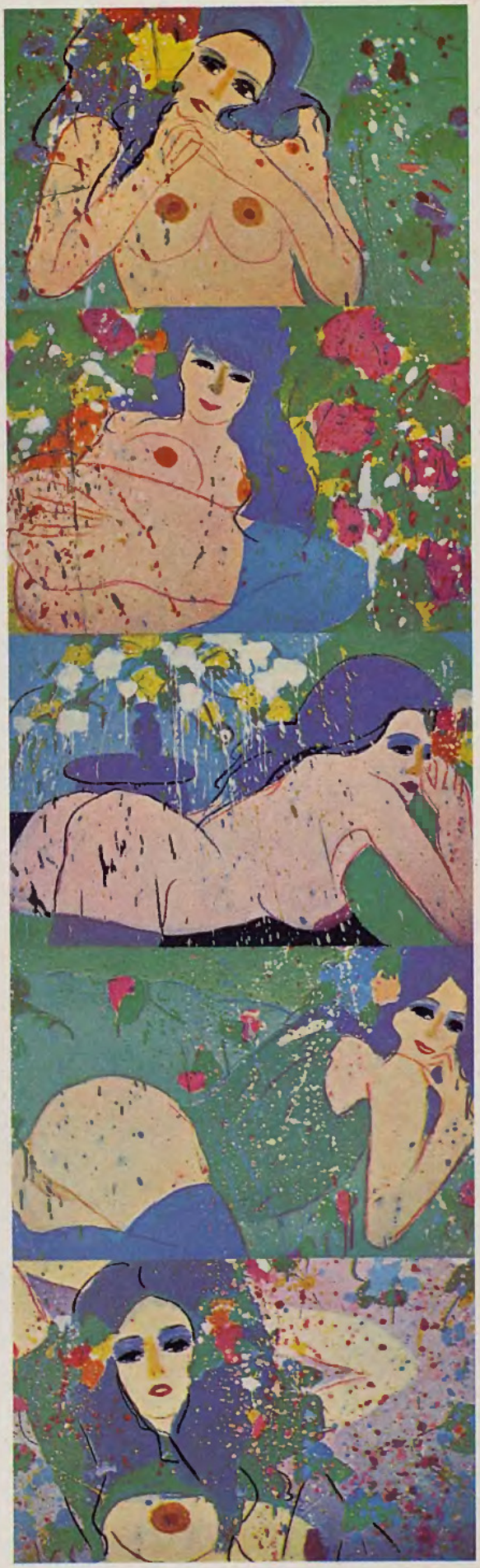
Help Send This Kid to Camp

This is not a promotional shot for a Fresh Air Fund, but it should be. The copy could read: This boy spends all his time in dark rooms listening to loud music with suggestive lyrics, hanging around with disreputable characters, drinking champagne and flirting with danger. We're not positive, but this might be the only picture around showing KEITH RICHARDS in broad daylight.

The Magnificent Obsession, Or, Good Nudes for Art Lovers

Walasse Ting has a certain preoccupation with the female form. That's not strange. Some of our best friends are preoccupied with the female form. However, they aren't as active as Ting, whose mind has been, you might say, one-tracked. Between 1973 and 1975, Ting completed over 428 paintings of his favorite subject, then published them in a book titled "Red Mouth." In the foreword, Ting says, "Please look this book on toilet, if you like buy me cup coffee next time you see me, or take bath together otherwise throw into garbage." You can contact Ting at 100 West 25th Street, New York, N.Y., for coffee or cleanliness.





BOUND VOLUMES

In the June 1978 *Sex News*, we turned you on to the Betty Page album. That should have kept you tied up for a few months; but if you're still hungry for punishment, you can buy the collected works of Forties bondage-photo *doyens* John Willie and Irving Klaw to decorate your coffee table. See John Willie's wife in bondage! See the housewives and sweethearts who posed! The

Klaw books are available in three volumes (for $6 and $8) from Harmony Communications, Box 780, North Hollywood, California 91603. For two volumes of Willie's work ($6 apiece), write to Lyndon Distributors Limited, 15756 Arminta Street, Van Nuys, California 91406. Show some restraint.

NEW TASTE SENSATION

"Pop, pop, fizz, fizz, oh, what a relief it is." Pop Rocks, a new rock candy that fizzes when moistened, is finding its way into the wrong hands, or maybe

GARRICK MADISON

idle hands—and a lot of other places. The candy, which is being test-marketed in various locales around the country, is being bootlegged elsewhere at a hefty markup, not only to curious kids but to adventurous adults. Why? Could be that the strange tales of Kama Sucrose we've heard lately are true. It seems members of the kinky crowd sprinkle a little on the tongue for oral sex and add a dash more around the clitoris and penis to pop their rocks. Go ahead, take candy from a baby.

RAPE-PRONE SOCIETY?

In her book *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, Susan Brownmiller told us all men are rapists. Now we have the psychiatrist's opinion. Results from a survey of 500 psychiatrists in a recent issue of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality* indicate that a substantial minority of shrinks tend to agree with Brownmiller. To the question "Do most men have rape impulses?" 35 percent answered yes. Sixty-nine percent agreed that most husbands of rape victims had ambivalent feelings toward their wives after the assault. Twenty-seven percent felt that rape was a result of our male-dominated culture, while a whopping 68 percent agreed that the possibility of rape was a more pervasive fear for many women than robbery or murder.

THE BIGGER THEY COME

The vast majority of known primates engage in polygyny—a male mating with multiple females, often forming a harem. Now University of Wisconsin at Madison anthropologist Walter Leutenegger theorizes that the male urge to dominate sexually more than one female explains the size difference between males and females of most species, including humans. Among 53 primate species examined, Leutenegger found no significant size difference between the sexes in 11 species but observed that the males in the remaining 42 were at least ten percent larger than the females. The species in which the sexes were roughly the same size, Leutenegger found, were monogamous and formed stable pairs, but the species with larger males were polygynous. That, he claims, is the result of Darwinian sexual selection. A larger-than-average male primate, according to this theory, can take more than one mate—and defend his harem against the assaults of weaker sexual competitors. The stronger, larger primate will sire more offspring, who will tend to inherit his size advantage.

The size difference between contemporary human males and females is a low ten percent, but Leutenegger examined fossils of the early protohuman *Australopithecus africanus* and estimated a difference of 14 percent. Why the decrease? Because, since present culture demands monogamy, there's less direct competition among males for females. "But, on the biological level," the researcher reports, "I think man is still polygynous in his roots."

PUPPY LOVE

Good news for Lady and the Tramp and the 50,000,000 other dogs in America. The Upjohn Company presents Cheque, a birth-control agent for dogs that prevents heat. The steroid-hormone contraceptive is dispensed through vets. The dog owner places a daily dose—cost about five cents a day—in the female's food or directly into her mouth. Widespread use of the new drug could reduce the astronomical American puppy birth rate—estimated at 10,000 every hour. Cheque also spells relief for the working dog. Many a herding or hunting dog has been known to cast responsibilities asunder in pursuit of pleasure at the onset of the oestrous cycle.

RICHARD KLEIN

Speaking of dogs, here is Kelly the Wonder Dog. Fully equipped with both male and female parts, he/she costs about $15. Tell Rover to write to Diverse Industries, Inc., 7651 Haskell Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406. Fetching.

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