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NOVEMBER 1975 • \$1.25

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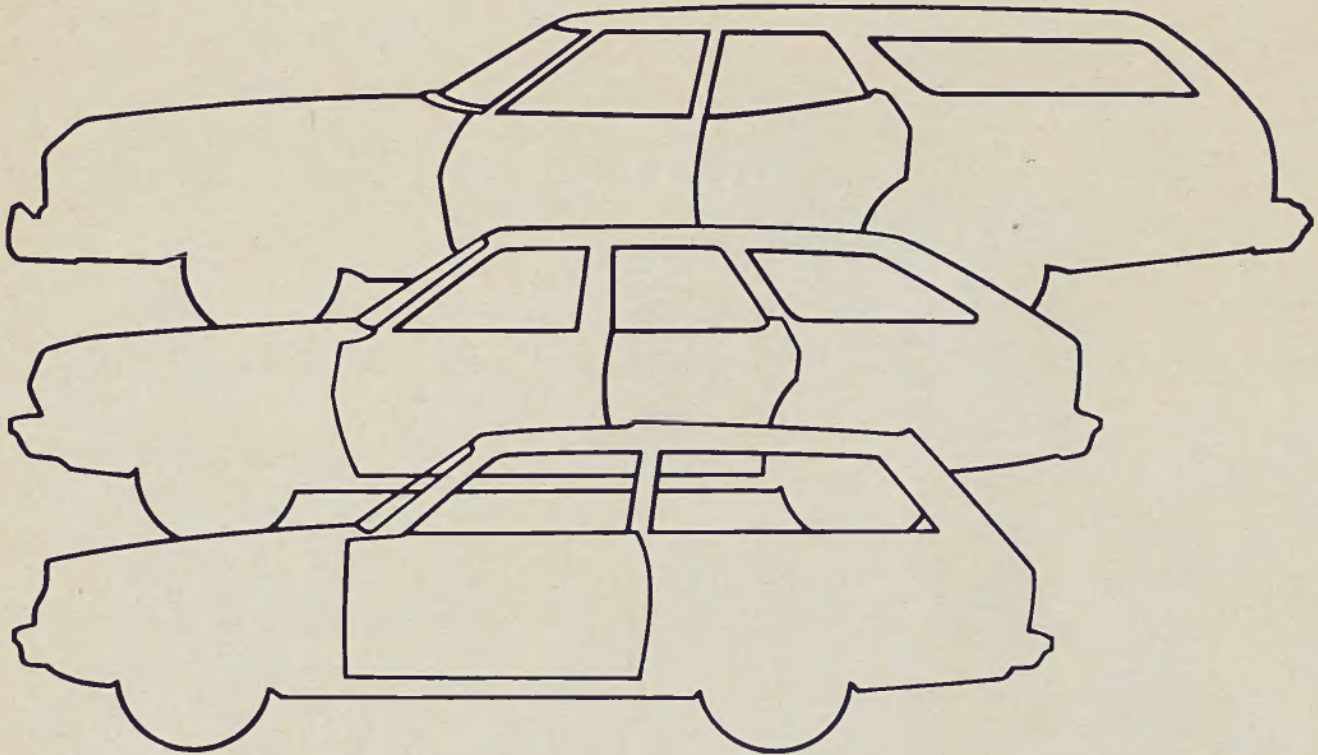
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"THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO," said the Duke of Wellington some years back, "was won on the playing fields of Eton." These are reassuring words, especially nowadays, since America's military training fields are beginning to look progressively more like the playing fields of Eton than the tough, regimental basic-training camps of the pre-Volunteer Army days. Master sergeants are polite, mess is a dream come true for Milo Minderbinder and barracks are starting to resemble frat houses. Nonetheless, most experts seem to agree VOLAR (Volunteer Army) is working, at least on paper. But will the somewhat spoiled GIs of the future function adequately in a war? Or, per General MacArthur, is there no *esprit* in an Army that is pampered? Thinking up stumpers like those is precisely what separates magazine editors from the great mass of mortal men; for an answer, we turned to **Josiah Bunting**, an ex-major who served in Vietnam and an ex-instructor at West Point. When it comes to judging today's Army, Bunting is what might be called a comparison shopper; and after spending a few months interviewing raw volunteers and watching them train, he arrived at some intriguing conclusions, which appear in *Can the Volunteer Army Fight?* Now president of Briardliff College, Bunting is the author of the acclaimed Vietnam war novel *The Lionheads* and, more recently, *The Advent of Frederick Giles*.

While all may be quiet on the war front these days, America's sexual frontiers are hardly sitting still. We may have been pushing our luck just a little when we sent the Playboy Advisor, Assistant Editor **James R. Petersen**, on an assignment to explore the new sexual frontiers of America. Quite frankly, we never expected to see him again. Petersen, however, took the assignment with all the aplomb and seriousness of a good journalist and returned a week later with an expense-account voucher that read like the log of a peripatetic vice cop. After visiting a New York massage parlor, a bisexual bar where patrons dressed up like Tinker Bell and the offices of *Screw* magazine, Petersen ended up in a West Side bar where cumlingus serves as a bar snack. *Been Going Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me* (illustrated by **Edgar Clarke**) is his account of that enviable odyssey into the nether world of American sex. "I was told," says Petersen, "to take a stroll along the sexual frontier. I guess I got lost." It's trailblazing spirit like his that has made America what it is today.

Which, of course, brings us to the pressing question: What is America today? One person who has some rather outspoken notions on that subject is **Muhammad Ali**, the subject of this month's interview, by **Larry Linderman**. Another is **Randy Newman**. Many of us here at the home office have been avid Newman fans for the past few years, so when one enterprising editor suggested that we assign a profile on him, we jumped for joy. Joy wasn't available, so we gave it to **Grover Lewis** instead. The result: *Is Randy Newman a Redneck Cole Porter—or Just Strange?*, a rambling monolog in which the spacy L.A. musician/composer raps about Albania, bigotry and fame, among other things. Lewis, if you don't already know, has written extensively on a variety of subjects for *Rolling Stone* and is the author of the book *Academy All the Way*.

"As soon as I got in the isolation ward," says author **Mark Vonnegut**, "I knew I had to get my shit together so I could write about it." "It" in this case is Vonnegut's tumultuous bout with schizophrenia, which kept him in and out of a mental hospital throughout the spring of 1971. His vivid recollections of that battle to regain sanity appear in *The Eden Express*, a Frank E. Taylor book just published by Praeger and excerpted under the same title by us in this issue. Now a first-year med student at Harvard, Vonnegut (son of author Kurt) has written for *Harper's* and *The Village Voice* and has tentative plans to write a consumer's guide to mental health.

And while we're on the subject of writers, you'll probably remember **William Neely**—in case you don't, he won PLAYBOY's 1973 Best Humor Writing Award with Bob Ottum for *I Lost It in the Second Turn*. We're happy to say he's back in our pages, this month with *Radio S-E-M-I*, a look at the network of citizen's-band radios that truck drivers use to outwit the law.

PLAYBILL



BUNTING



LINDERMAN



VONNEGUT



LEWIS



NEELY



PETERSEN



THEROUX



IMHOFF



DAVIDSON



KNIGHT

Another writer we're glad to see back in our table of contents is **Paul Theroux**, who has been contributing short stories to PLAYBOY since 1970. In his latest, he explores the horrifying world of hallucination brought about by a disease known as *Dengue Fever*, which is also the title of the story. **Bill Imhoff's** accompanying artwork adds just the right touch. And in the conclusion of **George MacDonald Fraser's** *Flashman in the Great Game*, our favorite heroic coward battles his way out of a mutiny and singlehandedly saves India for the British.

And, believe it or not, there's more. **Arthur Knight** guides us through this year's steamier movie fare in *Sex in Cinema—1975* (with suitably steamy photographs, of course). Artist **Herb Davidson** provides the illustration for *Tobacconalia*, a guide to pipes and smoking gear, and **Ervin L. Kaplan** shows us, through his etchings, some different uses for our you-know-whats in *Phallusies*. And, boy, have we got some girls for you! Seventeen of them, in fact, in *Bunnies of '75*—a photographic fanfare to this year's sexiest hutch dwellers. And when we say sexiest, we're not just whistling *Dixie*. We'll leave the whistling to you.

PLAYBOY®

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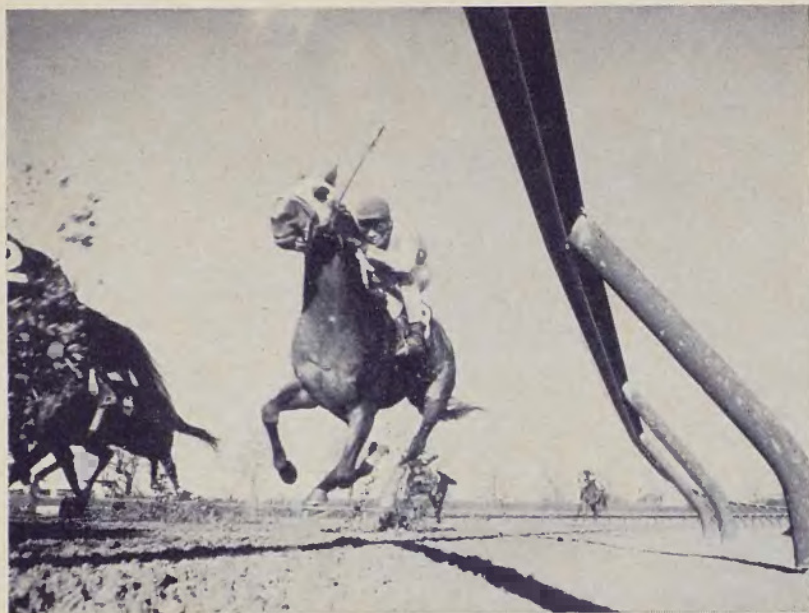
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PLAYBOY, NOVEMBER, 1975, VOL. 22, NO. 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., AND AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLO. 80302.



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enjoy it
have something
uncommon.

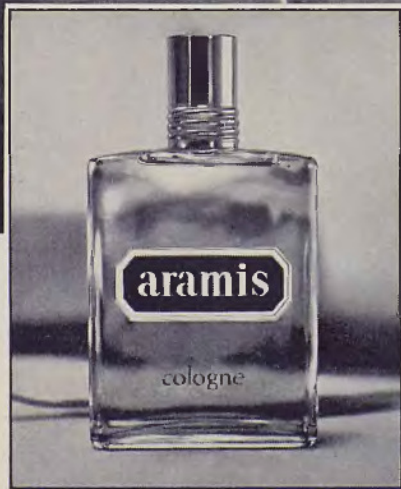


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DEAR PLAYBOY

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INTELLIGENCE REPORTS

I have praised the scholars and political activists interviewed by PLAYBOY in these pages before. But the current interview with former CIA operative Philip Agee (PLAYBOY, August), I must say, beats all. When I finished reading it, I am not ashamed to say that I wanted to cry. Not because of the murder, subversion and torture perpetrated around the world by that band of hooligans—worst of all, in the name of freedom and democracy—but because such a magnificent transformation of a human being is possible. From a mindless cog in an amoral organization, Agee has become a compassionate and astute analyst of the world we live in.

Michael Moffitt
Institute for Policy Studies
Washington, D.C.

I was a CIA agent from 1960 to 1964, operating in Latin America, Indochina and South Africa. I left the agency in 1964 because I disagreed with some of its methods, but in no way would I have revealed the names of my friends or colleagues to the enemy as Agee has. That is treason, no matter how you look at it. Most likely, Agee has been a Marxist all his life. When his Communist bosses ordered him to go out and talk, he did. Do you really believe he went to Cuba to write his book? I don't. Nor do I believe that he was forced into the Company or that he didn't know what he was getting into. What did he think the CIA was—a game of chess? I agree that some of the methods used by the Company were unorthodox, but you have to see the methods used by the K.G.B., G.R.U., S.T.B., D.G.I. and A.V.B. to understand this game. Agee does not have to be afraid of the CIA—it's too good to do him any harm. But he ought to be aware that some of the Company people he betrayed might act on their own.

Genaro
Caracas, Venezuela

It is, indeed, astounding that in this era of individual human achievement, we are dominated by an awesome menagerie of Government agencies that undermine the very basis upon which this country was built. The August issue of PLAYBOY should open some minds to the incredible power of the CIA (an agency that apparently should head a list of subversives). This in-depth exposure of an

agency that not only condones but promotes criminal activities should initiate public reaction against this kind of amazing bullshit. It seems that not only in this country but throughout the world, we have come to the point of no return in which the CIA is but an integral mechanism in our deeply perverted social structure.

Douglas C. Stewart
Wimberley, Texas

Philip Agee seems quite proud of the fact that he is exposing the CIA's overseas operations and that he exposed some CIA agents. I wonder if he is proud of the fact that he exposed himself as a traitor to his country.

George Edward Leslie III
Baltimore, Maryland

I want to thank you for that fascinating interview with Philip Agee. After reading it, I went right out and bought his book. From the various articles I have read lately regarding the CIA and its sinister escapades, I feel as Agee does—that this is a much more powerful and dangerous group than we previously realized. I hope your interview will help bring about an abolishment of this organization, although I, too, fear it is too late.

Shirley Jackson
Chula Vista, California

CORRECTION

The remarks about the Central Intelligence Agency by John D. Marks and Kenneth Barton Osborn published in PLAYBOY's August issue are inaccurately labeled in the table of contents as by-lined articles. In fact, each was based on individual interviews conducted with Marks and Osborn by writer Brad Darrach, edited into narrative form to avoid confusion with the question-and-answer format of *The Playboy Interview* with ex-CIA officer Philip Agee, which they accompanied. We regret the error.

DIAL TONES

God bless Craig Karpel for writing *Dr. Bell's Monster* (PLAYBOY, August). Some psychologist someday is going to publish the information on just how many people have been knocked off the edge into insanity by the repeated attack on their



Football Party?

Score...



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nervous systems by this harsh, monstrous contraption. It ranks with any refined torture for breaking down human resistance. Since the slide into extreme neurosis is so gradual no one notices it, what has happened is that we have cities today in which large numbers of the population—forced to sit by these instruments for long hours and listen to that sound steadily repeated—have become certifiable mental mutants; but since there are so many of us, the general attitude is that there is nothing wrong with us. For God's sake, somewhere, somehow, some scientist must be able to devise a sound that will be audible, distinctive and yet acceptable to the psyche, no matter how many times it's repeated. After all, if we can put men on the moon. . . .

Ernest Leogrande
New York, New York

I found Craig Karpel's article about the telephone most fascinating, but I feel that he does not have proper respect for Dr. Bell's invention. I *love* the telephone! My heart leaps when I hear its ring, either at home or at the office. If it is at the office, it means I can stop work and shoot my mouth off or just listen. If it is at home, it means somebody has taken the time and the effort to call *me*. How heartwarming, even when it's just somebody trying to sell me a magazine subscription.

Arthur Myers
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

To demean, belittle and berate the great telephone systems in this country is like downgrading our advances in medicine, transportation, uses of energy and the many other great accomplishments our modern technology has provided. Karpel blasts Ma Bell, but I wonder how far he would get in his activities if the telephone didn't exist. Sure, we could all get along without our phones; so, too, could we manage without autos, antibiotics, X-rays, TV and all the other advancements that make life more livable though more complicated. Why is such an article written? Is it for the sake of writing or is it supposed to accomplish some other objective? If so, I fail to see it.

Samuel A. Weiss
Great Neck, New York

Craig Karpel has found the soft underbelly of human telephonic communication and deftly opened it up for all to see. In spite of how we have been taught to think about telephones, they are an excellent example of an invention that became something far more than what the inventor had originally intended. Indeed, all Bell was actually looking for was a "multiple" telegraph; i.e., one that could carry "two or more telegraphic signals simultaneously along a single wire." The patent that is the very heart of the Bell System, Patent No. 174,465, is, in fact,

titled simply "Improvement in Telegraphy." Further evidence of Karpel's characterization of the special nature of telephonic communication was supplied by the public's negative reaction to A.T.&T.'s affair with video communication, Picturephone. Ivory-tower electrical and design engineers doubtless told one another that if audio information is good, then audio plus video must be better. I sincerely hope they will read *Dr. Bell's Monster* and finally understand what went wrong. I don't know if the medium is the message, but the message is certainly a function of the medium. So kudos to Karpel for telling the world there is more to telephones than calling home.

Scott B. Guthery, President
Computer Recreations
Cliffwood, New Jersey

Re Craig Karpel's perceptive article about our former servant that grew up to become the slithery, sinister *Dr. Bell's Monster*: There's nothing left to do but take a big stick and beat the damned thing to death.

Gloria Stavers
New York, New York

PLAYCRATE OF THE MONTH

I've been a steady PLAYBOY reader for years. The articles are always first-rate and the girls are out of sight. But I have a complaint: You've done features on legs for the leg men and features on breasts for the breast men, but what about us box men? When, oh, when, are you going to have some good box shots?

Mike Leuch
Fort Madison, Iowa

Who said we never listen to our readers? You want boxes, here they are, seductively rendered by one of our best



staff photographers. Whatever turns you on, Mike.

RAIDER RATERS

Wells Twombly's *Head Raider* (PLAYBOY, August) is an excellent article about a hell of a man, team and organization. The Oakland Raiders have had the best team in the N.F.L. for the past three years. Why they continue to blow the big games is a real mystery to me, but I can understand how Al Davis felt after his team lost to the Steelers. I attended the 1975 Super Bowl game in New Orleans and got a bird's-eye view of one of the

best defensive teams ever to play the game. I wonder if it occurred to Davis that the best team won. After seeing the Steelers in the Super Bowl, I am positive that's the case.

Dennis King Gibson
Jackson, Mississippi

Bless you for exposing to the rest of the world what I've had to put up with for the five years I've lived in the San Francisco Bay Area. Wells Twombly is not unique among Bay Area sports reporters. Never in my life have I been exposed to such an assortment of whimpering, second-rate newsmen. Year after year, before the N.F.L. season begins, Oakland Raider crap dominates the sports media. The stories are always the same: "Man for man, the Oakland Raiders are without doubt the best team in pro football." And at season's end: "Even though they lost the big one, man for man, the Raiders are the best team in pro football." Some writer, somewhere, sometime in the Sixties wrote those lines and they have not been altered one iota since. These reporters—TV and newspaper alike—are, to the man, unimaginative and repetitious. They must gather in bars in Oakland and San Francisco to cry in their beer every time the Raider December jinx jumps up.

Jake W. Conway
Berkeley, California

RENT-A-GIRL

Donn Pearce's *Love for Rent* (PLAYBOY, August) is most educational. In my line of business, I get down to Miami once in a while and, to tell you the truth, most of the time I'm bored silly. But I won't be anymore. Thanks for the tip.

Harvey Crane
Atlanta, Georgia

I've been a Donn Pearce fan ever since I read *Cool Hand Luke* some years ago. So I was happy to see his by-line appear once again in PLAYBOY. Pearce hasn't let me down. *Love for Rent* is a good, informative, fast read. My only complaint is that he doesn't write often enough for you.

Lester Jones
Tampa, Florida

PLAYMATE AHOY!

We are so enamored of Lillian Müller, your beautiful August cover girl and Playmate, that we feel impelled to write. It's somewhat of a tradition for sailors at sea—in this case, aviators—to adopt their favorite pinup as a morale booster and lucky charm. Lillian has us sky-high, even when we aren't flying! It's not often that we come across a woman who lights all of our respective afterburners; but with Lillian, the heat is unanimous. She's our collective "girl in every port"; but, alas, it would take a lifetime of sailing to find a girl like her waiting at the pier. Much



The BMW 3.0Si. For those who deny themselves nothing.

There are any number of luxury sedans — both European and domestic — that proudly offer unbounded opulence for people willing to pay the price.

Sumptuous carpeting, supple leathers, hand-rubbed wood accents, AM/FM stereo, power this and power that.

Underneath this embarrassment of riches, however, one generally finds that the average luxury car's performance is also something of an embarrassment.

At the Bavarian Motor Works, it is our contention that, while the pursuit of luxury is no vice, when all is said and done, it is extraordinary performance that makes an expensive car worth the money.

So, while the BMW 3.0Si has as long a list of luxury features as one could sanely require of an automobile, it also has a singularly responsive 3-liter, fuel-injected engine that never fails to astound even the experts with its

smooth, turbine-like performance.

It has an uncanny four-wheel independent suspension system that allows each wheel to adapt itself instantly to every driving situation — giving you a total control that will spoil you for any other car.

It has a solid steel passenger safety cell, a dual twin-circuit, four-wheel disc-braking system, and an interior that's bio-mechanically designed to prevent driver fatigue.

For a great many serious drivers in all parts of the world, the BMW 3.0Si has redefined the meaning of the word "luxury" to encompass something more than a thin veneer of leather and chrome.

If you'd care to judge for yourself, we suggest you phone your BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive.



The ultimate driving machine.

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

New! Cameras that understand you.

Most camera manufacturers expect you to learn to understand their cameras.

But not Pentax.

Our new K series of 35mm SLR cameras were designed to understand you.

All three of these new K series cameras have been "human engineered." A new bayonet mount locks lenses in place in less than one-quarter turn. And lets you change lenses so easily, you can do it without even looking. And, of course, gives you the precision and quality of world-famous Pentax screwmount lenses. The meter on two of these cameras is activated

by the shutter release switch, which has been ingeniously coupled to the film advance lever, for foolproof operation. And the camera bodies have been redesigned for a more natural feel and easier use.

As you would expect, the new K series of cameras is a lot more than just three cameras. It's a whole family that includes 26 matching lenses and more than 200 other accessory items.

Discover the cameras that understand you. See your Honeywell photo dealer for complete details. Or detach and mail the coupon for a free 12-page color brochure.



New silicon photo diode reacts instantly to changing light conditions.

The new all-electronic Asahi Pentax K2

Meter activation coupled to film advance lever and shutter release button for more foolproof operation

New, exclusive 5-bladed titanium shutter

Electronically-selected shutter speed—1/1000 to 8-sec.

Yes. I'd like to know more about cameras that understand me. Please send free 12-page brochure.

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Honeywell

thanks to you and to Lillian for helping us beat the bell-bottomed blues.

Ginch, Alfie, Hobo, Pooh Bear, et al.
U.S.S. John F. Kennedy
New York, New York

VERDICT ON VENGEANCE

Peter Schrag's *Vengeance Under the Law* (PLAYBOY, August) is a superb indictment of America's somewhat one-sided judicial system. The injustices he points out, however, do not exist solely on the Federal level. As anyone who has ever gotten a speeding ticket in Georgia or Alabama can tell you, the cards are definitely stacked against the defendant. Of course, on a higher level, the consequences of the system are far more serious, but it is important to realize that the entire system—local, state and Federal—is riddled with the same sort of corruption.

Harry Dobbs
New York, New York

Congratulations and thanks to Peter Schrag for an illuminating look at the American system of justice. As a law student weighing the merits of alternative legal careers, I have been greatly affected by this article. Clearly, the best legal talent is needed to protect the public from the Government. The dreadful paradox is that the more a democratic Government attempts to strengthen itself, the more endangered it becomes.

Kevin J. Handly
Georgetown Law Center
Washington, D.C.

MESSAGE FROM MARS

Please let your readers know that Mars, Incorporated, did not authorize or approve your using our trademarks in the "M&M's" portion of the "T" Formations pictorial in the May 1975 issue of PLAYBOY, nor have we authorized or approved the use of our trademark on T-shirts.

Edward J. Stegemann
Mars, Incorporated
McLean, Virginia

Our apologies for any difficulties we may have caused Mars because of our use of its trademarks. We did not request permission.

AIR TRAFFIC

Laurence Gonzales' *You Gotta Believe* (PLAYBOY, July) unfortunately accentuates all the negative aspects of the airlines. It is based on the natural shortcomings of a developing industry that has grown at a spectacular rate, and no mention is made of the fact that in 50 years it has surpassed all other means of passenger transportation. Surely, the overwhelming public preference for this type of transport must be based on the public's willingness to accept the risks involved and

If you aren't getting More, you're getting less.



Does your cigarette measure up?

What's so more about More, the first 120mm cigarette? The cigarette that's more in every way except price.

Long, lean and burnished brown, More has more style. It has more flavor. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than most 100mm cigarettes. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And whether you smoke regular or menthol cigarettes, you can get More going for you. Because both More and More Menthol deliver quality like you've never experienced before.

They smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavorful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

They're More.

More and More Menthol. They sit neat in your hand like they were made for it and fit your face like they found a home.

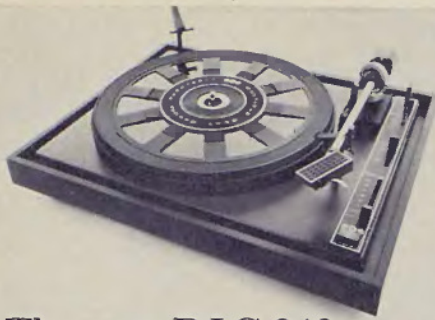


The first 120mm cigarette.

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

FILTER, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



The new B.I.C. 940. It eliminates the big disadvantage common to all high-performance turntables.

High-performance turntables cost a bundle.

The B.I.C. 940 doesn't. And yet...

It's a belt-drive instrument with a full 12" platter. Its low-mass tone arm tracks magnificently. It has a low-speed (300 rpm), 24-pole motor which is inherently quieter than motors found in some turntables that cost **B I C** twice as much.

And when you look over its wow, flutter, and rumble numbers, the 940 is right up there with the costliest equipment you can buy.

It's a multiple-play manual turntable, which means you can operate it in 3-modes: single-play manual, single-play automatic, or when the occasion arises, as a multiple-play turntable that will handle as many as 6 records.

For pure, clean, accurate reproduction of what is on your records, this is the optimum way to spend your turntable dollars.

Ask your audio dealer about the B.I.C. 940 and the 2-year "bee-eye-see" warranty that stands behind it. Or write to British Industries, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

to pay for that type of transportation in a highly competitive market.

M. Sosa de la Vega, President and Chief Executive Officer
Mexicana Airlines
Mexico City, Mexico

I have spent my share of time in the cabins of commercial airliners, and even had the experience of spending several hours in a control tower in the course of my work to observe flight operations. Fliers and people in the industry seem to enjoy conveying the impression that their craft involves an arcane wisdom that is incomprehensible to the layman, that they have everything under control and that their activities are above critical scrutiny. Mishaps are usually attributed to technical malfunctions, which, of course, are bound to occur in a field of such scientific sophistication. Gonzales' article makes it all so clear—the post-“deal” explanations, the Federal-agency bureaucratese and the airlines' flak. I shall never again be lulled into a false sense of security by the snappy professional veneer of airline operations, as there are obviously things that every passenger ought to look into a little deeper before he boards a flight.

Victor D. Ryerson
Davis, California

Being a pilot, I read Laurence Gonzales' *You Gotta Believe* with great interest. Upon finishing the article, I wondered if I would ever again let anyone “fly me” except, perhaps, myself. What might have made the article a little less frightening (maybe more to some) would have been to let people know that pilots are human and are therefore susceptible to human weaknesses. Also, airplanes are machines that are not infallible. Considering all of this, the airline industry does not have a bad accident record. The problem it faces is that with every crash there is usually a spectacular number of casualties.

W. A. Smith
Hialeah, Florida

FLOOR MODELS

Congratulations on your August pictorial *The Department Store*. Back in my college days, I worked part time in a big department store and many times I fantasized a mannequin's coming to life in front of my eyes, so it was a real fantasy come true for me. But I can't help wondering how photographer Richard Fegley got through the shooting without feeling he was turning into a mannequin himself.

Michael Johnson
Lebanon, Tennessee

PERSONNEL REPORT

The Girl from Playboy in your August issue is by far the most beautiful layout I've ever seen in your magazine. Not only are the pictures superb but the text adds

that same degree of humanness that you achieved some months back with your pictorial-autobiography of Margot Kidder. Let's have more of the same in the future.

Larry Collins
Chicago, Illinois

What a layout! Kim Komar has to be the most beautiful woman I've seen yet. In my opinion, she should have been Miss August. She really knows her work.

Rich Kincaid
Chico, California

CHEERS!

As far as I'm concerned, the *Party Jokes* section of your magazine is the funniest feature. The jokes are always top-notch and LeRoy Neiman's Femlin adds just the right touch of lighthearted sexiness. One question: One of the August illustrations shows a champagne bottle with a note attached, saying, “Dear Femlin, Happy Birthday.” Is there any particular significance to this?

Charles Mott
New York, New York

Neiman's Femlin made her first appearance (see bottom drawing) in our



August 1955 issue, which, as of August 1975, makes her exactly 20 years old. So far, she has not missed a single issue.

APOLOGY

On page 180 of our September 1975 issue, we published a cartoon that refers by name to a Lord Cowdray, which we believed was not the name of any recognizable individual. It has been brought to our attention that there is, in fact, a prominent Englishman by that name—the Third Viscount Cowdray. PLAYBOY regrets and apologizes for any embarrassment it may have inadvertently caused Lord Cowdray.





In sand suede: men's 77602—women's W5085

For the both of you

Idlers are all kinds of casual shoes for men and women in the widths, colors, leathers and looks you like (and some you have yet to see). Now for those times when you're on your own there are Idlers, the other Florsheim for the other you.

IDLERS **BY FLORSHEIM**®

Bell & Howell Schools announces two ways to learn new skills in electronics without ever going to class or giving up your job!

Pick the one

Here are two fascinating home-learning adventures that say, "Don't envy the man with skills in electronics... become one!"

If you had to drop everything and go off to school to learn new skills in electronics, there's a chance you might not do it. But Bell & Howell Schools' excellent home training has already proved to tens of thousands that you don't have to drop anything...except the idea that classrooms are the only place you can learn!

You can keep your job, your paycheck and your way of life while you're learning. Because these programs allow you to pick the training schedule that best fits in with your other activities. It's that convenient.

I. AUDIO/ELECTRONICS

The first learn-at-home program including 4-channel technology. Explore this totally unique sound of the 70's as you experiment with testing equipment and build a sound center featuring Bell & Howell's superb quadraphonic equipment! †

Learn about 4-channel sound—without a doubt the most impressive technical advancement in sound realism in years. A development by which separately-recorded channels literally wrap a room in sound.

And now, for the first time, you can also discover this latest achievement in audio electronics with a fascinating learn-at-home program that explores the whole area of audio technology including 4-channel sound reproduction. A program that could lead you in exciting new directions with professional skills and technical know-how.

You actually build and experiment with Bell & Howell's high-performance 4-channel audio center...including amplifier and FM, FM-Stereo tuner.

Understanding today's audio technology requires practical experience with high caliber equipment. And with the Bell & Howell amplifier and tuner, you've got the technological tools you need to gain the knowledge and skills that could open up opportunities for



you in the audio field. Of course, we cannot offer assurance of income opportunities.

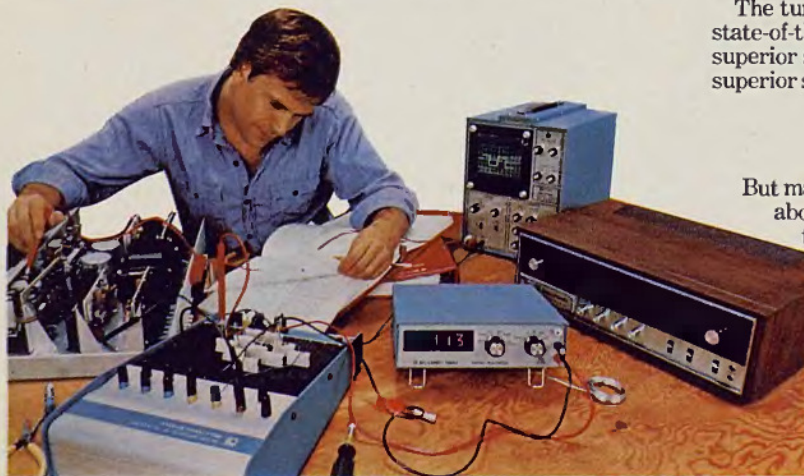
The sophisticated amplifier gives you the circuitry you need to conduct the comprehensive experiments necessary to master audio technology. Like signal tracing low level circuits, troubleshooting high power amplifier stages, and checking the operation of tone control circuits.

You'll investigate the technology behind this amplifier's full logic, 4-channel decoder and learn how full logic decoding produces outstanding front to back separation.

The tuner you build has both superior performance specs and state-of-the-art features such as: all solid state, FET front end for superior sensitivity, crystal IF filters for wide bandwidth, and a superior stereo multiplex circuit for excellent stereo separation.

You cover the full range of electronic fundamentals.

But make no mistake. This learn-at-home program is not just about 4-channel sound. It covers the full range of electronic fundamentals leading to understanding audio technology. So when you finish, you'll have the occupational skills to become a full-service technician, with the ability to work on the full range of audio equipment such as tape recorders, cassette players, FM antennas, and commercial sound systems. Get complete information on this unique program by checking the appropriate box on the card—mail it today!



† Cabinets and speakers available at extra cost.

you want!



Simulated TV test pattern.

II. HOME ENTERTAINMENT ELECTRONICS

Gain new skills in Home Entertainment Electronics in an unusual learn-at-home program that includes the new generation color TV you build yourself!

This is the first program of its kind to include the study of digital electronics. And what better or more exciting way to learn about it than to actually build and test a 25" diagonal color TV employing digital electronics?

You'll probe into the digital technology behind all electronic tuning and channel numbers that appear on the screen. An on-screen digital clock that shows the time to the second. You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional color clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

As you build this remarkable, new generation color TV, you'll not only learn how advanced integrated circuitry works, but how to detect and troubleshoot problems in any area.

Sound good? Then mail the postage-paid card today for more details.

Whichever program you choose, you'll get to build and experiment with your own electronics laboratory.

"Hands on" working experience with the latest equipment is the key to Bell & Howell Schools' home training. That's why in both programs we start you off with a set of equipment called the Lab Starter Kit, including a fully-assembled volt-ohm meter designed to help you experiment with and better understand basic electronic principles. So you don't just read about electronic principles, you actually make them work!

Next, in step-by-step fashion, you'll assemble Bell & Howell's exclusive



Electro-Lab® electronics training system. It includes a special design console that enables you to assemble test circuits. A digital multimeter for accurately measuring voltage, current and resistance. And a solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope which will allow you to analyze the functioning of tiny integrated circuits. Putting these instruments together will give you experience in wiring, soldering and assembling. Then, further on, you'll use the lab equipment for experience in electronic testing, troubleshooting and circuit analyzing.

We try to give more personal attention than other learn-at-home programs.

Both of these programs are designed so that you can proceed through them smoothly, step by step. However, should you ever run into a rough spot, we'll be there to help. While many schools make you mail in your questions, we have a Toll-Free Phone-In Assistance Service for questions that can't wait. Bell & Howell Schools also holds In-Person "Help Sessions" in 50 major cities at



various times throughout the year. There you can talk shop with fellow students and receive additional help from instructors. These personalized programs cannot guarantee you a job in electronics, but do equip you with important occupational skills. The knowledge you pick up will help you look for a job—or advance in the one you already have.

Mail the postpaid card today for full details!

Taken for vocational purposes, these programs qualify for Veterans' Benefits. Send for full details today.

*Electro-Lab® is a registered trademark of the Bell & Howell Company.

748 R1

If card is missing, write:

An Electronics Home Study School
DEVRY INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

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BELL & HOWELL SCHOOLS

4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

You say  and
we say  .

YOU, HOWEVER, PROBABLY SAY BLOODY MARY.
WE SAY BLOODY MARIA.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SAY BLOODY MARIA?
PERHAPS WE CAN HELP. JUST MAKE A BLOODY MARY
WITH ALL THE USUAL THINGS. THEN ADD ONE NOT-
SO-USUAL THING. JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA.

SHAKE WITH VIM
OR VIGOR, BUT NOT BOTH.
SERVE OVER ICE. OR
UNDER. (IT'S A FREE
COUNTRY.)

BLOODY GOOD,
ISN'T IT? BLOODY GOOD
AD, TOO, IF YOU ASK US.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Yum! Sure beats turkey: The Lawrence, Massachusetts, *Eagle-Tribune* reported a holiday food-collection drive in which "The Salvation Army and Kentucky Fried Children stores nationwide" participated.

A prostitute in Vancouver, British Columbia, had always managed to elude the police until she sauntered over to a detective who was sitting in his car writing in a notebook while waiting for his partner. "Are you a cop?" she asked. Recognizing the girl, the detective scribbled in his book, "I'm a deaf-mute." Taking the pen and pad, the lady wrote out an invitation: "Come to my room—\$30." The detective took back the paper and jotted, "You're under arrest."

The California Institute for Responsible Parenthood, which tries to gauge the media's effect on the dramatic rise in teenage pregnancies, has given its first Annual Civic Consciousness Raising Award to songwriter-singer Paul Anka for his hit (*You're*) *Having My Baby*. Anka was awarded a gift certificate redeemable for a vasectomy to be performed by the doctor of his choice.

Help-wanted ad in *The Observer*, of New Smyrna Beach, Florida: "Young man over six feet tall, must know judo and karate, to work in collection dept. Apply Arnold's Friendly Loan Service."

Under the heading of places named "from some activity carried on there," E. Ekwall's book *Streetnames of the City of London* lists a Gropecumte Lane. Unfortunately, a 14th Century urban-renewal program wiped it off the map.

Yes, but can she write with it in that position? The University of Texas student senate passed a resolution requiring coeds to wear bras if they flunk the pencil test. (The pencil test stipulates that a woman who can support a pencil under her breast

should wear a bra.) One enterprising freshman, applying for the job of administering the test, offered to pay the university for letting him do so.

A nine-pound, bouncing baby bandit: The 1:30 A.M. movie *Torrid Zone* was summarized in the TV listings as "Plantation manager suddenly finds himself straddled with a honky-tonk singer on the place, which produces disorder as well as a local bandit."

Newington, Connecticut, police received the following all-points bulletin: "Missing, one duck named Donald. Age three years, three feet tall, twenty-five pounds, wearing fancy orange shoes and white feather coat. Subject is known to hang around bodies of water."

Bulgarian joke of the month: In a loving mood, Stoyan Pandov's wife fixed him a fish dinner, then affectionately bit his ear lobe. He died of blood poisoning.

Officials of a New York-based swimsuit company recently held a poolside press unveiling of their latest item, the trikini—which amounts to a couple of large pasties and a regular bikini bottom. The manufacturer said the swimsuit was a new concept designed to "add new dimensions of poise and, most important, the cups cover bosoms fully and stay on in water." To demonstrate the latter

point, a trikinied model stepped into the pool; when she surfaced, she was wearing only a bikini, her right cup remaining underwater. The show ended abruptly.

Good taste is timeless: *The Reston Times* of Virginia reports that a burglar broke into a house there, ignored jewelry and other valuables, but stole a 240-issue collection of—you guessed it—PLAYBOY magazine.

A bill was recently debated in the state of Washington that would legalize prostitution. Licenses would be given to the girls and the madams, but only after they offered "satisfactory proof that the applicant is of good character."

Going our way? Two Detroit policemen were staked out in an unmarked van in a parking garage where several cars had been broken into and robbed. As the police watched through the one-way glass in the van, two men entered and broke into two cars. Then, using a crowbar, the men walked up to the van itself, pried open the doors and began to rummage around. The police then drove directly to the station.

An Inkster, Michigan, district-court judge, complaining that "junk" cases take up too much of his time, dismissed 23 bottomless-dancing cases. "I've got bottomless-dancing cases coming out my ears," he said.

Bitches' lib: The Canine Control Office of Connecticut reports that when it issued dog-license tags in the shape of a fire hydrant, it received calls from irate women complaining that the tags provided a symbol for only male canines.

A strip joint known as The Doll House knew exactly



what it was looking for when it placed an ad in the *Honolulu Advertiser*: "TOP PAY FOR TOPLESS DANCERS WITH BIG TIPS."

Not-so-grand larceny: According to *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, a fellow named Anthony Scott was held in Hamilton, Ohio, on charges of holding up a tavern with a beer bottle and a toilet seat. As the bartender was entering the men's room, Scott reportedly grabbed a broken toilet seat and forced him to open the cash register.

UCLA has developed a process for making bricks and tiles from cow dung and other waste material. The finished product is described as elegant, cheap and as strong as ordinary brick at half the weight. Among the proposed names: KauHaus and MooBrick.

The satiric British magazine *Private Eye* reports that a well-known veterinary surgeon recently addressed the Yatton Fat Stock Show but played down his expertise on farm animals. "I'd feel more qualified to speak to our ladies' organization on 'the care of your pussy,'" he announced solemnly.

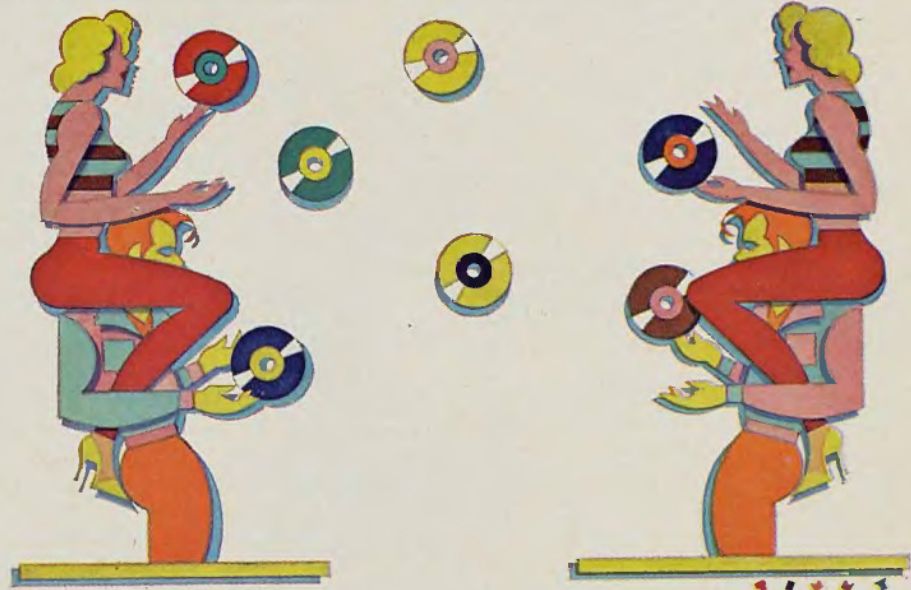
EVENTS

The Los Angeles Phonograph Record Swap Meet convenes the first Sunday of every month in the parking lot adjacent to the Capitol Records building in Hollywood. At 7:30 on a recent Sunday morning, the usually bustling street was so tranquil we felt like we were strolling into a photo on an album cover. As we entered the parking lot, swap-meet habitué Tony Taylor ran up and asked at once if we had anything to sell. Over a cup of coffee, he explained that he meant old 45s like Elvis Presley's *That's All Right* on the Sun label, which is going for \$65 and up, or *Stormy Weather* by the Five Sharps on Jubilee, which is worth \$500 in mint condition. Tony, who works in the shipping room of a cassette company, doesn't have that kind of money to spend. But he is in the market for bootlegs of old 45s, the masters of which American record companies have lost, have sold to Japan or won't re-release. Also, many of the early 45s were cut in retail record stores or local studios, and the discs disappeared almost as fast as the groups who recorded them. Copies are made from the few records still around.

The present site of the swap meet represents a victory of the rhythm-and-blues cult over John Philip Sousa. The meet began in Pasadena during the late Fifties, when the Society of Early Recorded Music met to swap Sousa marches and to trade an *Oh You Spearmint Kiddo* with the *Wrigley Eyes* from 1910 for an *Oh, How She Could Yacki Hacki Wicki Wackie Woo* from 1916. In the early Sixties, the meet went to Los Angeles, occupying

the parking lot at the House of Pancakes on Sepulveda Boulevard in West Los Angeles. Then, in the early Seventies, the onslaught of 45 R&B freaks broke the hegemony of the 78 collectors. Soon after, the meet was moved to its present location under the shadow of Capitol's atomic-deco "tower of records" building, where the parking lot can accommodate all comers.

At eight A.M., the first scarred Darts and wasted Mustangs arrive to disburden the musical guts of post-World War Two America—piled neatly in cardboard boxes. Dedicated collectors, called "vultures" by the sellers, cluster at the rear of each newly arrived car, greedily waiting for the trunk lid to pop open. When



it does, several hands reach inside and, in an instant, hundreds of 45s are spindled on index fingers and shuttled from digit to palm with machine-gun rapidity. Quick hands, a knack for speed-reading titles and a limited budget are the prerequisites of a vulture. The 45s sell for from 10 cents to 50 cents a disc. Jazz LPs from the Fifties are also available for from two dollars to eight dollars an album. With jazz, the pace is more leisurely and the potential profit is less spectacular. But it's there: Valued from \$35 to \$75 are *The Message* by J. R. Monterose on Jaro, *Donald Byrd on Beacon Hill* on Transition and the original 45 of *Bumble Boogie* by Jack Fina on Mercury. We saw one fellow stalking jazz vendors with a long mimeographed list of album titles on the Riverside label, and you could tell by the determined look in his eye that he'd walk through fire to get at them. The man to see for classical records is a young black cellist whose 78s are in perfect condition. He told us that the watershed year for classical records was 1925, when Victor made the transition from acoustic to electrical recordings. For about \$12 you can buy both the last acoustic recording of the Flonzley Quartet on the Orthophonic Victrola label and the first electrical re-

ording of a symphony orchestra: Leopold Stokowski conducting *Dance Macabre* on Scroll-Victor.

By ten in the morning, there are 20 or 30 record vendors carrying on business out of the trunks of cars, while about 200 collectors, most of them men, stroll leisurely in the sun, purchasing anything from a \$3.50 bust of George Harrison to *Melodies of the Thirties* by Emile Petti and his Savoy Plaza Orchestra on the Liberty Music Shop label. Among the sellers is the kid brother of Canned Heat's Bob Hite, offering Bob Wills 78s from the back of a beat-up Mercedes. "I wonder if you collect records?" he asks a photo of a pinup girl who clearly doesn't collect clothes. Then he shouts, "Beatle 78s on

sale!" but it's only a joke. A shrewd Yankee-trader type they call McNick has a garage full of records and has customers all over the world. As he holds records up to the light to examine them for hairline scratches, his wife hotfoots it up to him and whispers that someone has a Groucho Marx *Mikado* for sale. But McNick carries the rare-record world market report in his head and replies, to our surprise, "That doesn't mean that much." Silver-haired record seller Lee Hoffman's story is pure Angeleno. Lee used to produce a series of albums called *Music for Stiffs*, which he sold to funeral parlors. But he got wiped out when organ music went stereo. Says Lee, "I still don't think organs sound right on stereo." We passed one fellow arguing that if you play a 45-rpm record by the Sparks at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm, it sounds like Iron Butterfly, but at 78 like Led Zeppelin. And another, spinning a record on his finger tip, which is no mean trick. And we talked with a bright young rock-'n'-roll historian who gave us his slant on record collecting. He told us that on *Counting My Teardrops* by the Jayhawks, you can hear the telephone ringing in the Flash Record Store, where the song was recorded. And that you can see the plastered-over bullet holes in the wall of a

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



*After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*



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

Kings and Box. 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's. 21 mg.
"tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

popular L.A. record store whose owner was gunned down for attempting to steal away a member of the Turks. And also that in 1954, a group called the Medallions recorded *Buick '59*. If you turn up the volume real loud after they sing the line "Ran out of gas," you'll hear one of them comment, "Ain't that a bitch!" Finally, we heard about a fellow who lives alone in a dilapidated mansion in the Hollywood hills. No one sees him anymore, but this guy is rumored to have every record ever made. And all cataloged! Whether fact or myth, he's what the swap meet is all about.

BOOKS

In order to write *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It* (Random House), Michael Korda collected his observations on office politics, threw in some anecdotes and proceeded to plunder several books of quotations. The result is very much like one of those dreary college sociology texts, in which the author restates in authoritative tones what you already knew, builds a structure around it and festoons it with jargon. His notion is that power—"the ability to bring about our desires"—is a game we all play 24 hours a day with our colleagues, our spouses, headwaiters and parking-lot attendants. The game has certain rules, Korda says, and we might as well learn to exploit them. Like the authors of other single-note books, such as *The Peter Principle's* Laurence J. Peter and Raymond Hull, Korda puts his thesis through every possible permutation; but unlike such authors, he doesn't even have one of those catchy little insights that sustain the argument. He just tells you that telephone technique, handling of secretaries, firing of subordinates and brownnosing of superiors are all ways of wielding power. He has one interminable chapter about office geography, replete with charts and diagrams, that adds up to the statement that powerful people choose corner offices. Yeah, well, architects *design* larger offices in the corners of their buildings. From there, the argument gets more and more Mickey Mouse until you end up dealing with such gems as, "Power people have their shoes polished . . . a dirty shoe is a sign of weakness." And, "By practicing in front of a mirror, it is possible to develop a firm, trustworthy gaze and a confident, relaxed mouth." We tried exerting power that way and, sure enough, the mirror cringed.

Perhaps the book's most interesting lesson in power emerges unintentionally. According to the list of acknowledgments, Korda developed his pop-Machiavellian theories after talking to half of Manhattan's literary agents and publishers. And Korda is himself the editor in chief of

Simon & Schuster. For this project, however, he took his manuscript over to Random House, which published it, to no one's amazement. And if you were wondering, as we were, what that exclamation mark is doing in the title, bear in mind that Korda is also the author of *Male Chauvinism! How It Works*, so if it worked once. . . . What all of this tells you isn't very illuminating about chauvinism or power, but it says a hell of a lot about publishing!—how it works.

While all the candidates have yet to announce, Larry Woiwode wins our preliminary vote for writer of the season's Most Misleading Title. After a decade's strenuous labor, he has produced *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a chronicle of Midwestern life that is about as erotic as a Rototiller up to its axle in horsepucky. Beyond Woiwode's



wall lie four generations of Neumillers, agrarian settlers who have migrated from Germany to the plains of North Dakota. The land itself assumes an identity that shapes the lives of its inhabitants: "When men uprooted it and fought it and tried to subdue it to their needs, it became a part of their outlook . . . and they were never free of the bleakness or the dirt of it. . . . A hard taskmaster makes the worst sort of slave." By the time we arrive at this perception, we are almost halfway through a novel that is more than 600 pages long, studded with in-laws, uncles, cousins, neighbors, priests and siblings. We have learned, in minute detail, how to build coffins by hand, cultivate crops, suffer through blizzards and court dairymaids, and we have gained our knowledge through a variety of first- and third-person narrators, all of them Neumillers by birth or marriage. Woiwode means to inform. He means, also, to re-create a family's American heritage. It is no small undertaking, and Woiwode has the technical equipment to bring it off: He observes acutely, reproduces flatland speech and evokes small-town living with a virtuoso skill. But what we have some right to expect along the way are characters who engage our emotions, who startle and

infuriate and sometimes quicken our hearts. It is not too much to ask in a saga—especially one of such prodigious length and hefty price tag. For \$12.50, a little empathy wouldn't hurt. Woiwode, sad to say, cripples or kills off his two strongest characters—an embittered dirt farmer and his spirited daughter, Alpha, who marries into the Neumiller clan—early on, leaving us in the hands of the dull and the devout. Like most pious souls, they have a tendency to overstate and underwhelm—and so does Woiwode, whose ambition in this case outdistances his passion.

As nearly everyone knows, U. S. law-enforcement and criminal-justice systems are in pretty bad shape, especially in metropolitan areas. Few people, though, have any real understanding of the problem of crime control beyond paying lip service to party lines: law-'n'-order forces versus the liberals. In *On the Edge* (Doubleday), James Mills closely examines this complex subject in a style both objective and dramatic. Mills is a former *Life* staffer who came to specialize in police and the courts and later delivered such fine works of fiction as *The Panic in Needle Park* and *Report to the Commissioner*. His new book, which draws on past articles and research, reads like a novel. Each chapter studies, in grim and painful detail, the lives of real people intimately involved either in perpetrating crime or in combating it: two junkies, a hard-nosed detective, a juvenile-court judge, a cynical defense lawyer, a pretty decent prison guard, a New York mobster.

The result is a vivid, composite picture of our courts, cops and criminals who increasingly find themselves victims of a social and legal system gone out of control. The book is most depressing; it is also most entertaining.

Larry McMurtry's *Terms of Endearment* (Simon & Schuster) is an odd sort of book for him. It isn't about the loss of the frontier or growing up different or any of McMurtry's usual themes. No, this is a book about two women, a mother and a daughter. On the surface, it represents a brave departure for McMurtry. One can almost hear the cadences of the reviews already. Sharp-penned lady critics insisting that he has it *all wrong*: that once again a male novelist has failed to treat women properly; that he just hasn't got it. Is there an easier criticism of any male novelist? Probably not (well, if you really want to write some poor man off, you can accuse him of homosexual leanings), but in this case, it misses the point. In the first place, the women are pretty good characters; they just happen to inhabit a pretty bad book. It is too long by a third, awkwardly constructed and full of the worst kind of *male* stereotypes. (In smaller doses, such as the section of the book that

Now Capt. Harry Flashman lives—on the Silver Screen.



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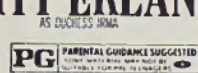
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PUERTO RICAN RUMS



appeared in *PLAYBOY* in July, it works better.) For instance, there is a Houston oilman and millionaire who is a virgin at the age of 50. And a middle-aged Italian who lost his fine operatic voice and now sells musical instruments and cries all the time. And a young husband who is always leaving his wife to go fishing with his father. Naturally, those characters will be praised as clever comic inventions. The men stagger through the lives of Mrs. Aurora Greenway and her daughter Emma. Aurora is a strong-willed New England widow who lives in Houston, where she spends her time trying to keep everybody on his toes. She disapproves, charmingly, of all of her beaux and, if any of them were real, would have driven most of them to drink. She also disapproves, charmingly, of her daughter and the man she married. That's the plot; what we have is Henry James revisited.

McMurtry has taken a gamble, but the risk isn't as large as it first appears. Even if his women aren't entirely acceptable, he will be praised for making the effort. Hardly anyone will worry about his men. McMurtry writes some of the best book reviews in print these days (every Monday in *The Washington Post*) and it is safe to say that he can sniff the literary winds. So this book will be talked about and read (more the former than the latter) and for all the wrong reasons.

After ten novels, years of evocative travel writing and a facile grasp of the soulless chess moves of international diplomacy, Len Deighton can obviously gather together the components of spy fiction with absolute ease. And that's the trouble with his latest, *Yesterday's Spy* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). It's as if he simply dusted off his formula, added your basic quadruple crossings and Mata Hari sex, paused every chapter or two for a paragraph of street sights and smells and let it all move along with practiced twists to the sad but patriotically proper ending. The espionage business, Deighton's message goes, has been claimed by computers

and technicians who plot coups by read-out. Where have the good, lost days gone, when secret agents were men—and women—with lost causes? But despite an occasional line of distinctive prose (the narrator, in an acutely disillusioned mood: "I heard the thunder again. Or was it some old man in the wings, shaking a sheet of tin?"), *Yesterday's Spy* reads spiritlessly, with little of the diverting verve of yesterday's thrillers.

Here's how to make a good journalist drool: Call her up and say you are Sergeant McQueen of the New York Police



Department, that you have organized a commando homicide squad to investigate really weird pervo murders and you'd be tickled pink if she'd come along for a few months and look over the operation with a view toward writing a book. That's really all you'd have to do.

The rough equivalent of this happened to Barbara Gelb. The book is called *On the Track of Murder* (Morrow). Don't read it at night. It's too real. Charlie Chopoff is out there. You don't have to look very closely at the name given to him by the commandos who hunted him to know what Chopoff does to little boys. Maria Romano's killer, Gelb writes, "had been intent on more than her death. . . . Tissues were stuffed in her mouth, presumably as a gag. She had been repeatedly stabbed with a pair of household shears in the throat and torso. She had been burned with cigarettes. The longer part of a broken broom had been forced up her vagina." In fact, there is no "good" time to read this. These people are actually wandering around (in 1972, 955 pervo

murders went unsolved in New York City alone). The book offers a different look at cops: makes you really want to support your local police.

RECORDINGS

Jazz rock continues to happen, and the keyboard men are still the ones bringing it to us. Among the tougher entries we've heard lately are the new LPs by Larry Young and Cedar Walton. Young—aka Khalid Yasin—played in the original Tony Williams' Lifetime, along with Tony and John McLaughlin; he isn't exactly a household name, but he's a favorite among musicians, and from the sound of *Larry Young's Fuel* (Arista), he's about to bust out all over. His music is wild and wonderful, sort of Afro-Oriental space funk, with lots of pregnant dissonances and suspensions. It also has a welcome openness, for even though he gets to play, here, with an awesome array of electronic instruments—Mini Moog Synthesizer, Portable Moog organ, Freeman String Symphonizer, Hammond B-3 Organ, Fender Rhodes piano (in addition to the poor old acoustic 88)—Young doesn't overwhelm you with his sound. Or his technique. He's too busy saying what he has to say. And he gets help from a most copacetic backup group, including Laura "Tequila" Logan—another veteran of Tony Williams' ever-evolving outfit, who contributes some sexy vocalizing—and a talented guitar player, Sandy Torano.

Walton, who has played behind many top jazz people over the years, is into some really eclectic stuff on *Mobius* (RCA). For one thing, he takes a couple of jazz classics—Monk's *Off Minor* and Coltrane's *Blue Trane*—and, without really changing up on them, adds rock rhythms, various horn shadings and a battery of electric sounds. And it works. You also get a couple of Walton funk originals—*Road Island Red* and *Soho*, which cooks nicely in six-four time—and (perhaps just to show he can still do it) *The Maestro*, which gets into a sort of easy listening groove, with choral background and Walton's electric piano running lightly over a whole mess of chord changes. Boy, can he ever do it.

Doc Watson has been amazing urban audiences for about 15 years now, ever since folklorist Ralph Rinzler "discovered" him down in Deep Gap, North Carolina. His listeners have been mostly big-city folkies and his records have usually been designed to highlight the traditional mountain music in his repertoire. But Doc was a professional musician for years before Rinzler ran across him, and he was into a lot more music than his city audiences were ready to listen to. Doc has recently switched labels and his first album on United Artists is a



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(mumbo-jumbo)



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four-sided job that gives us a look at the diverse musical styles he has absorbed and made his own.

Memories opens with Doc saying, "In the summer of 1934, Poppa made my first musical instrument, a little five-string fretless banjo. And he played me a tune." He then demonstrates his mastery of old-time frailing banjo on *Rambling Hobo*. What follows is a grand tour of American music from the traditional sounds Doc heard at home through early recordings by the Carter Family and Jimmie Rodgers through Western swing, bluegrass and country blues, both black and white. The hills are full of instrumentalists who can crank out a million notes to the bar, but Watson is



one of the few who always hit the *right* notes. Listening to him is a lesson in what instrumental technique is all about—but after hearing this record, you have to wonder whether maybe he isn't even a better singer than a player.

Merle Watson has been backing his father for years and he used to sound like they were making him play out in the hall. On *Memories*, he is given something to do and he does it splendidly. His guitar duets with Doc on *Double File* and *Salt Creek*, a couple of old mountain fiddle tunes, are beautiful. We could go on and on about *Memories*; there are no weak tunes. Our only quarrel is with the breakneck tempo of *Wabash Cannonball*. Everything else is on the edge of perfection.

Over the years, we've had our quarrels with the Modern Jazz Quartet; the incredible polish of the group seemed antithetical to the creative excitement that we felt jazz was all about. There was never a ragged edge or an innovative idea that didn't pay off. In other words, the flawlessness seemed to us to be the problem. But in retrospect, for *what* it was, the MJQ was sensational. *The Last Concert* (Atlantic), recorded last November in New York's Avery Fisher Hall, is

here's johnny!




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two LPs' worth of the group at the top of its form. Whether it was knowing that "this is it" or just some fluke of creative chemistry, the last turned out to be the best. Side three by itself is worth the price of the album—Charlie Parker's *Confirmation*, Thelonious Monk's 'Round Midnight, Dizzy Gillespie's *Night*



in *Tunisia* and John Lewis' own magnificent *The Golden Striker*. Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath and Connie Kay have left us all a marvelous keepsake.

Nobody can tickle the nerves of the *Zeitgeist* more deftly than Robert Altman. Were he to serve up a live porcupine as his next contribution to art, the New York movie critics would smilingly swallow it and pronounce it good, heroic and blah, blah, blah. *Nashville*, Altman's latest, is a pointless little entertainment filled with superficial characters and capped by an ending that comes right out of left field. But the critics just *loved* it, beginning with Pauline Kael, who couldn't wait for the movie and reviewed the rough cut. Almost all of the critics fawned over the movie and thought it was just *marvelous* the way Altman let his actors write their own country songs (although Ronee Blakley *did* have a musical background). They all fell for the gimmick, neglecting the simple question: "Is the music any good?" Or "Is it anything like real Nashville music?"

Well, movie reviewers—including ours—may not know the difference between chicken feathers and chicken salad, but that can't be said of your faithful servant, the music critic. Suffice it to say that you shouldn't waste your time on the sound track of *Nashville* (ABC). Pauline Kael may think it is OK for actors to write country songs—country music, after all, who *couldn't* write it?—but you have to wonder how she would feel if Marlon Brando wrote her reviews. Anyway, the songs are *all* bad imitations. Every one of them. And it is revealing of the contempt that Altman and the critics feel for the rest of us that they fell for this trash. They

think most of America is trashy, don't you see? But it took Kris Kristofferson a whole lot longer to make it in Nashville than in Hollywood. No doubt because the standards are higher.

Helen Reddy, America's pop songbird, might better be dubbed America's sterile cuckoo. Her voice has the emotional range of poached eggs, with a complete lack of cool, of hipness, of soul. In fact, on *No Way to Treat a Lady* (Capitol), the backup singers provide the only hint of vocal expressiveness. Imagine Margaret Truman singing *Respect* and you've got Helen's funk quotient tripled. Although the album selections are contributed by a diverse roster of composers, such as Neil Sedaka, Paul Williams, Leon Russell, Peter Allen, Alex Harvey and Don McLean, Reddy manages to render them all uniformly bland and unmemorable: a mix of mindless Muzak suited for short rides in fast elevators. Whoever woulda thought that it was all those ladies in the suburbs who really put a record on the charts? But this adenoidal Aussie's success is, indeed, a testament to the real power of the blue-rinse crowd. She's truly the queen of *Kaffeeklatsch* rock.

Are there any worlds left for Freddie Hubbard to conquer? He has long since disposed of all the pretenders to the jazz-trumpet throne and more recently has made funk-rock his own special province. Fronting a group of superb musicians, Hubbard dramatically demonstrates that one of the real troubles with rock in the past was the ineptitude of the people who played it. *Liquid Love* (Columbia) is going to raise you out of your chair and have you either dancing or pasted up against the speakers trying to dig everything that's going down. *Midnight at the Oasis*, *Put It in the Pocket* and the title tune are just some of the goodies that will put you in Hubbard's corner—if you aren't there already.

The Great White Wonder, named for its bare, plain cover, was the first big-time rock-'n'-roll bootleg record. It miraculously appeared in record shops in the late Sixties surreptitiously retailing tapes made by Bob Dylan and The Band in the basement of The Band's house—called Big Pink—in West Saugerties, New York. The tapes dated from 1967, after Dylan's motorcycle accident, when he was convalescing in secrecy. Wonder sold well to Dylan addicts puzzled by the long post-accident silence and willing to put up with some of the flattest and tinniest

sound of the post-Edison cylinder era. And now, eight years after the fact, we have an official, legal, four-sided collection of this homemade music on *The Basement Tapes*, Columbia's answer to the under-the-counter pirates.

The sound is infinitely better; so good, in fact, that we wonder whether some of the instrumental tracks weren't laid down recently in a studio. However, to complain of that would be mere caviling, because, doctored or not, *The Basement Tapes* is fine music. Some cuts are repeats of songs on the bootleg, but the sound is so much better that it's almost like hearing new music. We've never heard Dylan sing better than this. He cuts loose in a high, full-throated voice like a wounded choirboy. It makes us wonder what would have happened if Dylan and The Band had stuck together as lead singer and band instead of going off in different directions for so long.

When these tapes were made, Dylan was trying to put himself together after an accident that he almost didn't survive. His brush with death affected him powerfully and on songs like *Too Much of Nothing*, he gives us clues about how fearful and awesome that little glimpse into the void was. But he's not all down. *Clothes Line Saga* is an absolutely hilarious, flat, understated, literal rendering of some very ordinary events. Quoting it would be fruitless, because its effect depends on delivery and a charming union of words and music best described as slapstick blues. *Tiny Montgomery* and *Please, Mrs. Henry* are the preaccident Dylan,



mocking, wry, ironic. Both Dylan and The Band were in the midst of big changes when *The Basement Tapes* was recorded. Their explorations produced some music to equal the best they have done.

Until recently, country rock has been a state of mind, located somewhere between Laurel and Topanga canyons and inhabited by enervated L.A. rockers who're drawn to the music because they

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can play it without mussing up their embroidered cowboy shirts. But, happily, the current upsurge of Southern music is producing bands that are energetically bringing the music back home, and if they raise a bit of a sweat in the process—well, you can always take off your shirt. The Outlaws, a band of fast-picking, sweet-singing Floridians, are the latest product of this revival. Their first album, *Outlaws* (Arista), features the double guitar leads that are by now obligatory for any band performing south of Montreal. But the leads the Outlaws play are just as frequently full-bore country flat picking as they are hard Southern rock. Their tunes show the same blending of styles, with a few California country rockers thrown in to satisfy Eagles and Poco fans who, till now, didn't know any better. Now that the Outlaws are here, though, they won't have that excuse.

If British R&B-style tenors are your cup of tea, then score two lumps for The Who's lead vocalist, Roger Daltrey. As you gallop away to *Ride a Rock Horse* (MCA), each of the ten tunes offers a change in the musical landscape, from the Ray Charlesian rocker *Come and Get Your Love* to the tenderly and tastefully performed rock ballad *Oceans Away* and the fabulously weird *Feeling*, with its Jim Morrison-type screams and growls. The music, not surprisingly, reminds you of The Who. In an age when vastly less talented vocalists (Mick Jagger, Rod Stewart) are accorded more critical applause and charge higher prices for a ticket, it's nice to have Daltrey surviving and thriving in the largely PR-hype-ruled kingdom of rock. Roger is clean-cut in spite of himself; his personality has never overwhelmed the band for which he sings. And when he does hit the solo trail, he rides a thoroughbred. Buying albums can be a real gamble, but *Rock Horse* is a solid bet.

MOVIES

Movies about childhood are not necessarily movies made for children, and Czech-born director Jan Kadar's *Lies My Father Told Me* is a case in point—a charming and lusty reminiscence, written with decided autobiographical flavor by scenarist Ted Allan. Growing up in the Montreal ghetto during the Twenties is ostensibly the subject of *Lies*, though sophisticated and compassionate handling by Kadar, who directed the Oscar-winning *Shop on Main Street* a decade ago, transforms a young boy's everyday sass and sorrows into universal human comedy. The key character is a lad (Jeffrey Lynas) caught in the cross fire of family dissension among his long-suffering mother (Marilyn Lightstone), a father (Len

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Birman) whose get-rich-quick schemes will never turn a profit, his beloved grandfather (played with unassuming basso-profundo authority by Israeli star Yossi Yadin) and Grandpa's decrepit old horse. Rich in surface nostalgia, *Lies* is richest of all in its rather unfashionable regard for the strengths and frailties of completely ordinary people—people from a long-ago, faraway world where a kid began to grow up, even as today, the moment he learned that adults are not always to be trusted. In Kadar's unexpectedly feisty fable, which is only sentimental about love, the elementary lessons of life are part of a tough preschool curriculum that includes greed, vanity, pettiness, hypocrisy, gambling, casual whoring, adultery, procreation, and the difference between an infant's suckling and a grown man's fondling of a generous woman's breasts—things Andy Hardy had not yet encountered when he was packed off to college.

The blue-collar worker hasn't really made it big as a movie hero since the Great Depression of the Thirties. Thus, *White Line Fever* could be a sign of the times, or maybe a fringe benefit of the current recession—if you happen to groove on the tribulations of a young independent trucker who bravely challenges the mobs and crooked unions that want to drive him off the highway. The movie is mainly a modern wild West fantasy, with a giant 13-speed Ford diesel cast as the road jockey's faithful horse. Jan-Michael Vincent nicknames his rig The Blue Mule and acts well enough to strengthen his claim as a best bet among moviedom's sex symbols of tomorrow. He's young, handsome, trimly muscled, with a pair of clear, true-blue eyes apt to make ardent boy watchers remember that Paul Newman is already 50. In this crowd pleaser concocted by two alumni of New York University's film school (writer Ken Friedman and writer-director Jonathan Kaplan), there is plenty of the broad simplification that often occurs when a couple of city fellas set out to sing the praises of down-home virtue. *Fever's* hero can't afford to lose the economic struggle, because he's saddled with house payments, a heavy mortgage on his truck and a sweet little wife (played without stickiness by Kay Lenz) who can't bring herself to tell him she is pregnant. Lord knows, he has enough on his mind, what with being beaten up, cheated, blackballed, vandalized and finally framed on a murder rap to keep him from organizing the independent drivers. *White Line Fever* (splendidly photographed by Fred Koenekamp) spends a lot of footage soaking up scenery in God's country between Tucson and Monument Valley. The rest is senseless violence vs. decency and fair play—and while it's not much of a movie treat for culture buffs, millions of square shooters out there are likely to race off to see it, as

if they had just spotted a new Burger King.

Down-and-dirty low-jinks inside the CIA lend topical pungency to *Three Days of the Condor*, a fast, gleaming, up-to-the-minute thriller based on James Grady's best seller. In the book version, Condor (the hero's code name) had six days to kill—or be killed. But director Sydney Pollack (whose best previous efforts were *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and *The Way We Were*) employs a bit of shrewd telescoping to propel Robert Redford even more swiftly from crisis to crisis in his role as a CIA code breaker and literary analyst—working under cover for the American Literary Historical Society in Manhattan—whose entire unit is inexplicably wiped out after he has stumbled upon a seemingly innocuous bit of information from the volatile Middle East. Oil, money, murder and wicked CIA machinations are all part of the plot unraveled as Redford, projecting more ballsy abrasiveness than in other recent outings, tries to save his neck. Faye Dunaway as the girl he kidnaps from a sporting-goods store ("You can always depend on the old spy fucker," she cracks, when the heat melts her resistance), Cliff Robertson as a baffled CIA section chief and Sweden's



Max Von Sydow—superb as a paid assassin who recognizes no loyalties beyond "belief in your own precision"—add some starry luster to a movie that reaps the benefits of the excitement of a man hunt with the good timing of several provocative current questions about Government abuses of power. Is there, for example, another CIA . . . inside the CIA? *Condor* weighs that possibility with all the cozy reassurance of a runaway roller coaster—confirming Everyman's bleakest suspicion, circa 1975, that survival of the fittest is ultimately the only game in town.

A piffling tale of espionage titled *Russian Roulette*, based on Tom Ardies' novel *Kosygin Is Coming*, embroils

George Segal and Cristina Raines in some dreary intrigues concerning a plot to kidnap or otherwise incapacitate a political terrorist who may, or may not, try to assassinate the Soviet premier during a state visit to Canada. Director Lou Lombardo—formerly one of Robert Altman's favorite film editors—provides a steady forward momentum and a degree of nervous rhythm to a story that moves right along without getting anywhere in particular, though it certainly covers a lot of ground in the vicinity of Vancouver, British Columbia. Segal plays a quick-tempered Special Branch agent of the Canadian Mounties. Cristina a girl from the office with access to certain files, as *Roulette* whirls from implausibility to outright incoherence, leaving its actors in a kind of limbo, shooting blanks.

French singer-composer Jacques Brel plays what amounts to the title role in *A Pain in the A--* (*L'emmerdeur* in the original French, with the English *Ass* coyly avoided presumably to make the movie advertisable in family newspapers), as a wildly loquacious and suicidal shirt salesman who wants to kill himself because his wife (Caroline Cellier) has left him to set up housekeeping with a neurologist. A twist of fate brings the disconsolate shirt seller to a provincial hotel room, next door to a hired killer (Lino Ventura, one of the best Gallic actors since Jean Gabin) who is preparing to shoot a state's witness in some imminent government scandal of Watergate proportions about to break wide open just across the square. The salesman's failed suicide—he tries to hang himself from the antiquated French plumbing, which doesn't hold—raises hell with the assassin's assignment to kill. Subsequent complications cover everything from a rooftop chase to a zany encounter with a woman going into labor in the back seat of a speeding car. But never mind details. Brel and Ventura—the former right off the wall, the latter giving a deadpan comedy performance worthy of Oliver Hardy at his most choleric—must be the funniest pair of knockabout comics to grace any movie screen this year. Based on a Parisian stage success by author-adaptor Francis Veber, director Edouard Molinaro's *Pain in the A--* has scored a direct hit in Paris and ought to repeat its success over here as a delightfully quirky and unashamedly trivial screwball farce, a species often declared extinct. It's still alive and well, with Ventura and Brel in charge.

Decades ago, crooner Dick Powell established his tough-guy image playing Philip Marlowe in *Murder, My Sweet*, a deft private-eye thriller based on Raymond Chandler's *Farewell, My Lovely*. While there's no urgent need for an updated version of the work under its original title, director Dick Richards has

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wrought such a nostalgic, fond *Farewell* that movie buffs are apt to forgive his fit of self-indulgence. With Robert Mitchum starred as the cryptic Marlowe, plus a whole new scenario written with uncensored gusto by David Zelag Goodman, Richards apparently gave carte blanche to his entire company—and a wonderful time is had by all, the audience included. Cinematographer John Alonzo goes overboard, capturing lurid, richly tinted images of L.A., on the seamy side circa 1941. When Joltin' Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak provoked as much headline hysteria as Hitler's invasion of Russia. The world looks



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young, yet Mitchum as Marlowe (one of the very best Marlowes since Bogart in *The Big Sleep*, also the best Mitchum in a long, long time) views it with a typically jaundiced private eye: "Everything I touch turns to shit. I've got a hat, a coat and a gun—that's it." He's also got a messy missing-persons case to solve, involving a distinguished judge's come-hither wife (re the judge: "He tires easily," purrs silky Charlotte Rampling in a martini-dry performance that comes across as a first-rate imitation of early Lauren Bacall), a boozy showbiz relic (Sylvia Miles plays the part for all it's worth, then throws in a dividend of loose change from her Olympian décolletage) and sundry disreputable characters, some of them (John Ireland and Harry Dean Stanton) on the police force. The words put into everyone's mouth are rude and witty, or just good vintage Chandler ("This guy the size of the Statue of Liberty walks up to me . . ."), and provide the same kind of fun as a group sing devoted to Golden Oldies. Such fun cannot be sustained, alas. Still, it's a damned good try at giving new life to one of the movie museum pieces usually caught between commercials on television's *Late Show*.

Abduction initially got under way as a hard-core movie version of a novel that



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appeared to be a blueprint for the kidnapping and radicalizing of heiress Patty Hearst. Sexually softer but dramatically tougher than anyone had a reasonable right to expect, this unabashed exploitation—produced and adapted by Grove Press's Kent Carroll, directed by Joseph Zito and photographed by Joas Fernandez (the latter two seasoned in the sweaty fleshpots of porno chic)—packs surprising impact. At first glance, *Abduction* resembles other trashy topical movies in the *Macon County Line-Walking Tall* tradition. But there's trash and trash, and this instant replay of yesterday's blazing headlines offers some second thoughts well worth closer appraisal. Among the film's major assets is a gritty, straightforward performance as "Patty" by Judith-Marie Bergan, a newcomer who brings some moments of harrowing truth to the ordeal of a poor little rich girl—abducted, raped (on video tape, so Daddy will know he's up against accomplished terrorists) and ultimately won over to the cause of her captors. Their aim, in this instance, is not to feed the poor but to force Patty's multimillionaire father (Leif Erickson, with Dorothy Malone as the distraught Mrs.) to destroy a luxury apartment complex he had built at the expense of "people's housing." The rich man's congenital fascism and the complicity of the police in maintaining the social power structure are taken for granted in a script that's primitive but somehow rings truer than it might have a couple of years ago—when America's age of innocence came to a screeching halt. David Pendleton, as the handsome black revolutionary who teaches Patty that sex and violence can be potent political weapons, is ably abetted by Gregory Rozakis and Catherine Lacy, as a couple of feverish coconspirators. *Abduction's* Third World sensibility conveys an unnerving message to upper-middle America: Lock up your daughters.

A mute, retarded nymphet (played by vixenish Teresa Ann Savoy, an English import to Rome) is also abducted on orders of a fortune hunter (Luigi Proietti), who eventually hopes to marry her grateful momma (Irene Papas) after saving the child from a fate worse than death. Instead of cowering before her captor, however, the girl hungrily seduces him and so inflames his senses that he's soon affectionately referring to her as "Daddy's whore." Director Alberto Lattuada's *La Bambina* was a box-office bonanza over there—perhaps because Italian male moviegoers, at least, dug the erotic fantasy of a Latin *Lolita*, a so-called perfect female, for two reasons: "She screws, but she doesn't talk." Even if American men enjoy *Bambina*, and well they may—since the movie is well acted, offbeat and lewd without quite lapsing into vulgarity—

U. S. feminists are apt to take a dim view of such flagrantly sexist shenanigans. But the movie is actually a sentimental story of a scoundrel redeemed by "love without sin," with Savoy as its eloquent embodiment. On those terms, Lattuada's sex-oriented black comedy is both original and ingratiating and, compared with *Lolita*, almost conventionally moral.

In the title role of *Rooster Cogburn*, playing the same scruffy and boozy good guy whose antics brought him an Oscar for *True Grit*, big John Wayne has Katharine Hepburn as his co-star. Hepburn, of course, is a prim, Bible-thumping spinster lady with a spine of stainless steel, who, to avenge her father's murder, stubbornly



insists on accompanying Wayne while he apprehends a pack of ruthless desperadoes (led by Richard Jordan, a fast-rising actor whose most dastardly deeds seem curiously clean-cut) armed with guns, bad tempers and a wagonload of stolen nitro. The ensuing chase is routed through Oregon's ultrascenic Cascade Mountain area, but that's just frosting on the cake served up—by producer Hal B. Wallis and director Stuart Millar. To team a couple of living legends in a romantic Western sounds feasible enough, based on the supposition that there's box-office insurance in combining bits of *True Grit* with assorted flotsam from *African Queen*. Yet, though the two superstars do their damndest—shtick by shtick—they are unable to make the old chemistry work with any consistency under the double handicap of a slapdash script and dullish direction. The battle of Wayne's gruff *machismo* vs. Hepburn's schoolmarm militancy produces a few fleeting moments of superstar power, particularly when Kate delivers a dewy-eyed tribute to the Duke: "With your big belly and your bearlike paws . . . you're a credit to your sex." That's cute. Maybe a shade *too* cute for a pair of moviedom's

most distinguished senior citizens, who ought not to be reduced to trading on past successes in an attempt to save a rather humdrum hoss opera from total inertia.

Shades of *The Exorcist* keep cropping up in such satanic hokelore as *The Devil's Rain*, which has a mess of cultists led by Ernest Borgnine ("Who calls me from out of the pit?" Borgnine intones, as a menace worthy of *The Wizard of Oz*). William Shatner, Keenan Wynn and Ida Lupino all succumb to a curse dating back to the Salem witch era, but don't look for a logical explanation in the film. The special-effects and make-up artists steal what little of the show is worth taking: They melt the flesh right off the actors' bones. Looks less like exorcising than like caramelizing, yet they do it time and again. Just the trick for a god-awful shocker that's seemingly slapped together from equal parts of goo and spirit gum.

Russ Meyer's *Supervixens* offers those two most popular film ingredients, sex and violence, in unlimited jumbo proportions. Returning to the field of forthright sexploitation after his sabbatical as an establishment Hollywood film maker, writer-producer-director-photographer-editor Meyer casts busy Shari Eubank as Supervixen—with substantial support from a pack of equally well-endowed amazons identified as Super-soul, Superlorna, Supercherry, et al. At the mercy of a vicious, impotent cop whose virility she challenges, Superangel is stabbed, stomped, dunked into her bath water and electrocuted, prior to her reincarnation as Supervixen—who is staked down, spread-eagled, on a mountaintop with a stick of dynamite between her legs, by the same dastardly villain (see *Sex in Cinema*, page 130). Meyer fans of yore will understand instantly that this brand-X sex schlock is all in fun, an outright spoof of movies made seriously in more or less the same throbbing vein. If you don't dig the joke, better steer clear of Meyerland, where big brawny men with toothy smiles test their mettle in a fleshy, heaving sea of boobs.

TELEVISION

Recently, we met with Frank Zappa to see how his TV special was coming along. We found him at Trans-American Video in Hollywood, seated at a desk full of dials and switches, teaching himself to paint with electronic colors. On his right sat an English engineer named Brian who relayed to a CMX computer whatever footage Zappa wanted to see simultaneously on four TV sets. On his left sat his witty script supervisor, Wendy, who inventoried the footage her boss decided to keep. The film itself, called *A Token of His Extreme*, is a Mothers of Invention concert taped a year earlier at Los Angeles' educational TV station, KCET. The

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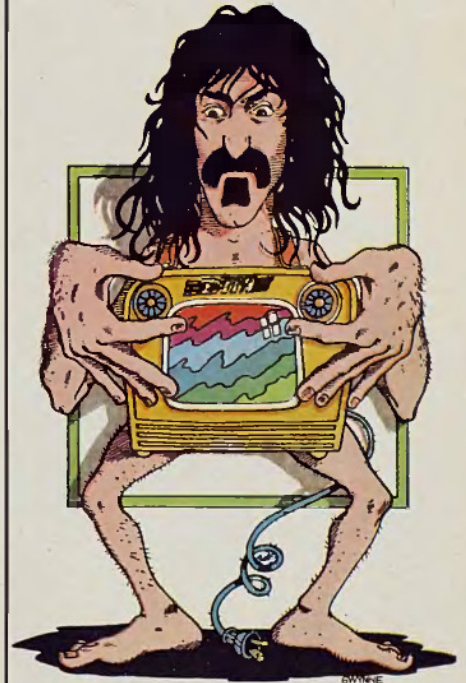
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tunes on the film are *Dog Meat, Montana, Florentine Pogen, Stink-Foot, Pycmy Twylite, Inca Roads, Oh No* and *Trouble Every Day*. Zappa's goal is to sell the finished product to a national network or have it distributed independently.

Zappa explained over a chili dog that, years ago, his father had brought home an eight-millimeter camera to amuse himself with. When he got bored and laid it aside, young Zappa set it on automatic and whirled it around in the air. He's



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been pushing visual experience to the limit ever since. His present endeavor involves utilizing every color technique known to video science in order to create the ultimate light show, and then to persuade some television executive who sees no future in filmed rock concerts to buy it. "Why TV?" we asked, and he cautiously answered that he'd like to turn on his TV set some night and watch the show. That's Zappa's way of conveying the following information: He'd like to make TV less boring, not only for himself but for acidheads all over the world. One such friend, whom Zappa calls Electric Man, shakes hands every morning with a 110-volt wire. Not long ago, Electric Man shaved his head because he passed a wig store and saw four wigs that attracted him. Now he sits around with a metal helmet on his head so people can't read his mind. Obviously, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* can't satisfy Electric Man. Secondly, Zappa would like to set higher visual standards for TV rock concerts in particular and commercial programs in general. That's the responsible artist in him. Thirdly, his feature film *200 Motels*, which was financed with United Artists money, barely managed to break even. Consequently, the film moguls have lost interest in him. Lastly, since a TV film is a lot cheaper to make than a feature, Zappa can finance it with his

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own money. That way he maintains complete control over the project, though he runs the risk of having a \$160,000 film in the can with no buyer.

Back at the lab, Zappa returns to realizing what he calls in adman lingo "the ultimate carnival of the eye." And no doubt he would have made a fine adman if he hadn't been an even finer musician, because he has a sure instinct for selling a product. Zappa has always used ugliness as a trademark, so when the opening titles appear in bedpan green, he chuckles and comments, "It gets in your nose when it turns green." But the experimental artist in Zappa is always at war with the businessman. After viewing and reviewing the sequence over and over, he finally decides to modulate the color of the titles through the whole range of the video rainbow, carefully choosing the right hues to begin and end with. It's beautiful, like electronic needlepoint. And Zappa takes as much care with 30 seconds of footage as Cézanne did in touching up an apple.

The techniques Zappa employs are fast cuts in sync with the music, the splicing of nonconcert footage for visual contrast, color flashes to emphasize rhythm and mood, and special video effects such as solarization and figure outline. One of our favorite effects occurs during the song *Montana*. The sequence begins with fast rhythmic cuts between Zappa lost in a guitar solo and the audience lost in Zappa. Suddenly, shots of percussionist Ruth Underwood are intercut with those of Zappa, as if the two were getting it on in some great harmonic four-poster in the sky. The music climaxes, but the camera holds too long on Ruth, who trades her mythic quality for a look of sappy romanticism. "Run it back," Zappa tells Brian, and on the fifth rerun Zappa discovers what to do. At the climactic moment, Zappa throws a switch and Ruth dissolves into a spermy chromoplast. Not even the Midwest will miss the sexual point, nor will the West Coast have to endure the awkward camera shot.

Another good sequence is in the Chester's Gorilla section of *Florentine Pogen*, when a gorilla with a comb in one hand and an alarm clock in the other ambles on stage to tease the drummer's hair. Brian suggests that the scene be shown in chroma negative in order to achieve a fine color effect. But Zappa knows better. It's not only that Zappa's friend had rented the gorilla suit with his own money and would be mightily pissed off if the scene were negativized. It's also that you simply do not throw away a stage-front gorilla. After experimenting for a half hour on the effects board, Zappa happens onto a switch that "electrocutes" everything in sight. It's perfect. Whenever the gorilla touches anybody with the comb, the band becomes electrified. Electric Man will love it.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The way my social life has been going, I'm sure that one of these days I'm going to walk into a room and realize that I've made love to everyone there. What does one say in such a situation?—L. G., Chicago, Illinois.

It depends. If the room is empty, forget it. If there is only one person in the room, say whatever comes to mind. If the room is filled with ladies you met at an orgy, you don't have to say anything, except, perhaps, "Who ordered the ham and Swiss on rye?" If the room is Albert Hall, say whatever you said before: It obviously worked. However, if you've been discreet and none of the women concerned knows about the others, try, "You're probably wondering why I gathered you here tonight." If the ladies do know about one another, and you don't know they know, say your prayers. If the room is filled with both men and women and you haven't come out of the closet, perhaps you should consider going into the closet with the excuse that you'd like to slip into something more comfortable. As you can see, this is a complicated question. The best advice is to take along a good attorney and refuse to say anything at all.

Uncle Sam, in the form of the Internal Revenue Service and, specifically, the IRS Intelligence Gathering and Retrieval System, has lately been called to task for keeping files on citizens, supposedly for the purpose of political harassment. To my knowledge, I have not violated any tax statutes, but I have been politically active. Is there any way to find out if my name is in the files or in the computer?—S. K., Hartford, Connecticut.

If you want to find out if your name is on file in a specific IRS district, drop a line to the Chief, Disclosure Staff, Box 388, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, D. C. 20014. You must agree to pay the search cost (about \$3.50 an hour) and the copying cost (ten cents a page), but if there is a file, you will be allowed to inspect a copy at your district office. If there is no file in your name, well . . . try again next year. There probably will be.

Perhaps you can settle an argument. For the past few months, I have been having lunch with one of the secretaries from work. Although we've never been to bed together, we enjoy comparing notes about what turns us on. She says that she really likes to be grabbed by the buttocks or by the inside of the thighs during intercourse—the maneuver heightens her sense of being back in the saddle again. Also, she finds that the area between her anus and her vagina is quite sensitive. She really gets off on men who attend to this



erogenous zone; she even includes anal stimulation as one of her masturbatory techniques. (She calls it double clenching—one finger in each orifice.) I told her I thought that this was rather unusual; she responded that if something was pleasurable when done by other people, it would be pleasurable done all by oneself. Who's right?—M. F., Dallas, Texas.

You are both right, but your friend comes out ahead. Her logic is impeccable, even though it can't be supported by statistics. Men and women tend to be single-minded, if not singlehanded, in their masturbatory technique. For example, Kinsey found that approximately half of the women surveyed were somewhat sensitive to breast stimulation before and during intercourse, yet only about 11 percent of the women who masturbated bothered to fondle their own breasts. Your friend's behavior may be uncommon, but it will do in a pinch.

Different strokes for different folks is a fairly popular slang expression; one of my friends claims it is based on historical evidence. Apparently, some scholar devoted his life to a study of the average number of strokes needed to bring women of other nations to climax. Have you ever heard of such a study?—H. H., Roanoke, Virginia.

Yes, from a Navy recruiting officer. Actually, there was a study of that sort conducted in the 1800s by Jacobus Sutor, a surgeon in the French army. (Men stationed at hardship outposts learn to pass the time in odd ways.) Sutor's findings were published in 1893: "L'Amour aux Colonies" included such erotic recipes as

"Nine times shallow and one time deep" for Hindus, "Ten times shallow and slow, ten times deep and quick" for Japanese (repeat if necessary or possible) and, finally, "Forty times in and out will bring the majority of Chinese women to a climax," although the more responsive ones will get off after "eight shallow thrusts and two deep ones." Why the emphasis on shallow strokes? Masters and Johnson point out that the outer third of the vagina is the area most sensitive to stimulation—as a woman becomes excited, this area becomes engorged with blood and tightens around the penis, while the inner two thirds of the vagina expands. Shallow strokes, therefore, may tease and arouse a woman as much as or more than deep thrusts. So hire a coxswain and conduct your own study.

Can you tell me what Anstie's Limit is? I saw an ad for a buffet that read "Food and Anstie's Limit: five dollars." I assume the term refers to an amount of alcohol, but how much?—S. D., Stowe, Vermont.

Anstie was the original Dr. Feelgood. He determined that a man could eat, drink and stay healthy if he consumed no more than one and a half ounces of absolute alcohol per day (i.e., three shots of whiskey, a half carafe of wine or four steins of beer). For best results, the spirits were to be imbibed during a meal. A recent study suggests that moderate drinking may actually increase your life span. Researchers at the University of California at Berkeley surveyed more than 6000 people and found that while nondrinkers outlive heavy drinkers, moderate drinkers outlive both groups. (If you drink more than five drinks four times a week, you're a heavy drinker. Take your vitamin A once a day or less and you're a moderate.) Here's to your vital signs.

This may sound old-fashioned, but I am completely faithful to my man. We have a satisfying relationship and plan to be married. However, outside interference is breaking us up. He is very jealous about me, which I love, as it only proves to me how much he loves me. Lately, he has been getting daily phone calls telling him what I've been doing while he's at work and/or away for the night. Nothing they say is true, but since he can't know for sure, it's putting him under a great strain. He worries constantly about me and is on the verge of nervous collapse. I have offered to wear a chastity belt, if we can find out where to buy one or how to make one. Do you have an answer?—Miss F. W., Portland, Oregon.

They? It sounds to us like inside interference is causing the trouble. Whether or

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not the crank calls take place (they may be an invention to cover up his own doubts), it is obvious that your boyfriend is excessively jealous. He'll listen to strangers but not to reason. (Have you considered making your own daily phone calls?) Forget the chastity belt: Possessiveness is nine tenths of the flaw. We recall the story of the insecure man who dreamed that he was given a ruby ring that, for as long as it was worn, guaranteed the fidelity of his lover. He awoke and found his finger buried to the hilt in the ruby-red ring of his girlfriend's private parts. Anything less won't do. We suggest that you take Bertrand Russell's counsel: Jealousy must not be regarded as a justifiable insistence upon rights but as a misfortune to the one who feels it and a wrong toward its object. Those who shut love in a cage destroy the beauty and joy that it can display only while it is free and spontaneous. He who fears to lose what makes the happiness of his life has already lost it.

How can I improve the audio quality of my TV set? The one-inch speaker sounds like a tin funnel in a hailstorm. All treble, no bass. It makes watching something like *Night Dreams* a total bummer, although Linda Ronstadt can still send chills up and down my spine, in spite of the bad acoustics. Any suggestions?—B. H., Wurtsmith AFB, Michigan.

The quality of the audio signal received by a television set varies from barely adequate to dismal, according to what a particular channel transmits. Most home TV sets further mangle the sound, pushing it through a relatively cheap speaker. Running the signal through an external amplifier and speaker may improve the sound, but it also may showcase the distortion and limited response of the original signal. If you really want to hear Archie and Edith sing "Those Were the Days," have a qualified technician do one of the following (try it yourself and you may fry your brains): Connect an external speaker directly to the feed points of the TV speaker; or wire a sound take-off connection from the TV set's volume control, using a shielded cable and bypassing the whole TV audio section. The cable would terminate in a phono socket at the rear of the set, then the sound would be fed through a patch cord to the auxiliary input of your hi-fi amplifier. If your TV set has a headphone jack, you can attach a device called the Teledapter TE-200 that connects to a separate amplifier or receiver. And a one and a two.

The other night I was at a girlfriend's place, getting ready to settle in for the night. However, I knew that she was expecting a call from another guy to confirm a date for the following evening. I'm not the jealous type, so I didn't particularly care about the anticipated call, but the possibility that it might come before



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we did bothered me a bit. I asked if I could disconnect the phone; she refused. So while she was in the bathroom, I took the phone off the hook, figuring that if the guy called and got a busy signal, he'd call back later. The girl returned and we got it on. Afterward, I got up to replace the receiver. When she realized what I was doing, she became furious, screaming that it was *her* phone and I had no right to remove it, especially since she had said no when I asked if it would be OK. I, in turn, told her it was pretty damn gauche to jump into bed with a man knowing full well that she planned to jump right back out—no matter what was happening—when the telephone rang. As it turned out, the guy never called and she didn't like him much, anyway. But she's still angry with me because I "violated her rights." How can I convince her that she's being unreasonable?—J. H., Richmond, Virginia.

You can't, because she's not. It is her phone and you shouldn't have tampered with it without her permission. If you hadn't asked about taking it off the hook, your action would have been only a minor faux pas. Since you did ask and she told you not to remove it, she has every right to be angry. Next time you think a phone call might interrupt your lovemaking, take more time and concentrate on making what you're doing so exciting that the only ringing she'll hear will be her own chimes.

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I'm planning a trip to South America in the next few months and my question is fairly simple: What, if anything, can a tourist do to protect himself against the dread Montezuma's revenge? I don't want to take the vacation sitting down.—D. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

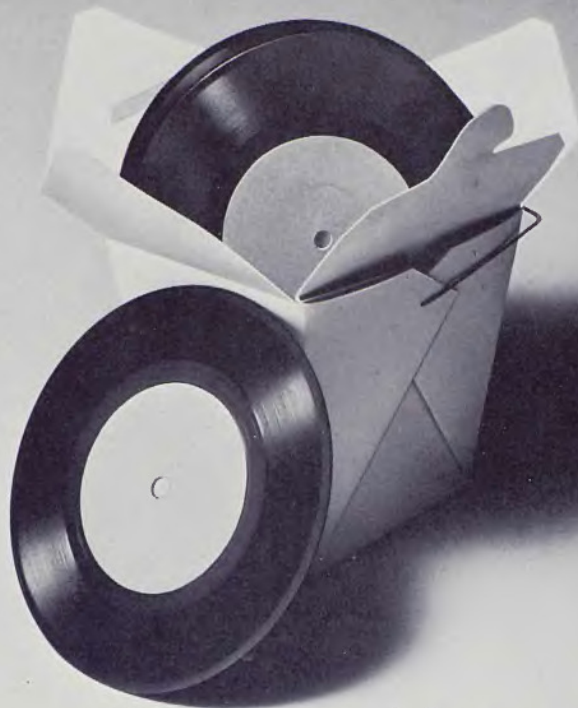
The standard advice is: Don't drink the water. A cautious traveler will carry bottled water or a small heating coil to boil whatever is available. (Iodine tablets do not kill the bacteria that cause the Aztec two-step.) The prohibition includes eating fruits and vegetables washed in untreated water or brushing your teeth with same. A truly bold vagabond will forgo water, existing entirely on alcoholic beverages. There is some evidence that small doses of Sulfathalidine (a prescription drug) may prevent turista, but most commercial preparations do not work. The FDA warns against using two—Enterovioform and Diodoquin. It seems that if you're going to get it, you're going to get it. For one thing, the bacteria can be picked up from sources other than water—one study revealed that some 42 percent of the paper money in Mexico carries bacteria that might produce intestinal infection. (Is that why the Committee for the Re-Election of the President laundered those bills in Mexico?) Treatment varies once you are stricken: One medical expert recommends eating small amounts (one at a time) of boiled rice, applesauce



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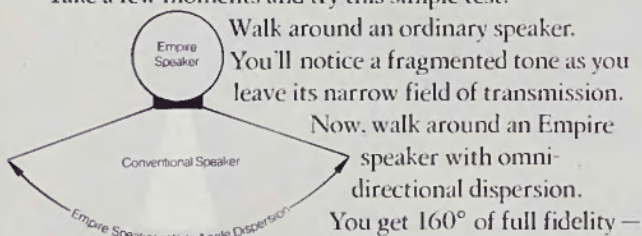


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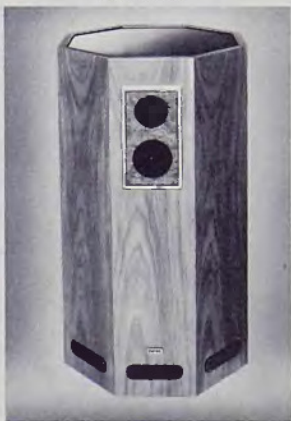
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and tea, on the hour, taking Compazine if there is nausea and paregoric or Lomotil if there is diarrhea. That and a good magazine should get you through the worst of it.

For the past few years, I have been impotent. The reason appears to be psychological. Recently, I've heard of a device that can be surgically implanted in the penis of a man who is unable to effect or maintain an erection for physical reasons; it is said to get it up and keep it up for as long as it is needed. My urologist said that he knew of the research but that he didn't know a doctor in the state who would perform the surgery for a case of psychological impotence. He directed me to a shrink to determine why I can't get it up. Still, I'd like to know more about the device.—T. M., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

We assume that you refer to a technique developed by Dr. Brantley Scott of the Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, Texas, and Drs. William Bradley and Gerald Timm of the University of Minnesota Hospital. The doctors implant two collapsible silicone-rubber cylinders in the corpus cavernosum of the penis; these are connected by tubes to a pump tucked away in the scrotum and to a reservoir of fluid implanted behind the stomach muscles. By squeezing the pump, the patient transfers the fluid from the reservoir to the cylinders in the penis, which then becomes erect. Pressing on a tiny valve returns the fluid to the reservoir. Patients armed with the device can experience orgasm and ejaculation. (The brain centers that normally control erection are different from those that control pleasure. It is possible for a man to have an orgasm without an erection. Try it sometime.) Now for the drawbacks. The operation is expensive (not quite on the scale of those of the "Six Million Dollar Man" but, what with inflation, close). The closed hydraulic system can become damaged or worn out (as yet, there are no 5000-inch warranties); the replacement costs are equally expensive. And where are you going to find a plumber in the middle of the night? The device is an invaluable aid in cases of physically caused impotence, but, essentially, we agree with your doctor—why rely on a mechanical aid if you don't have to? (It's like saying to a friend on his way to the barbershop: "Get one for me.") See a psychiatrist or a sex counselor to get at the root of the problem.

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



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Martin Sherry, Atlanta, Ga.



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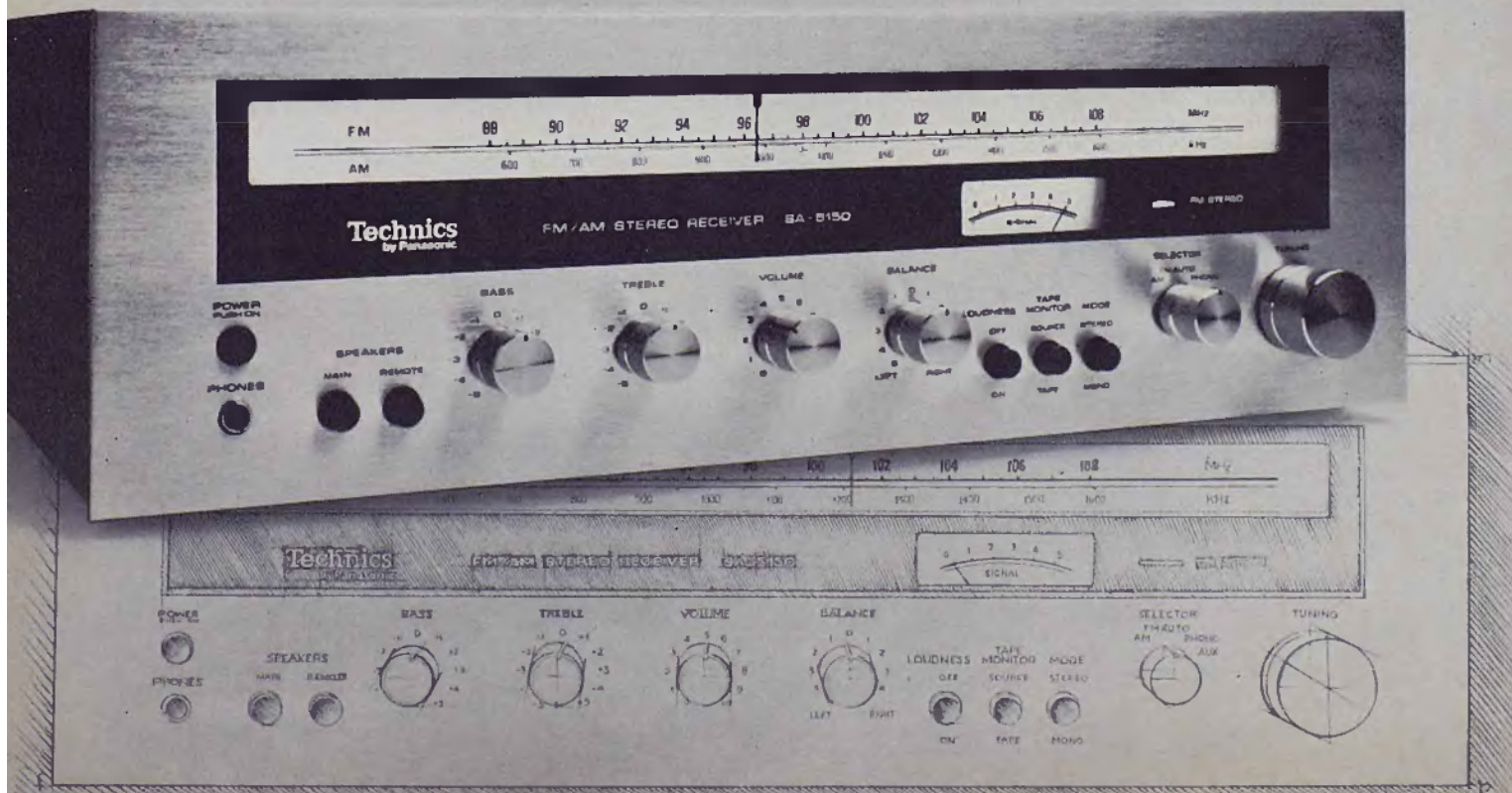
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY CAR

The Minneapolis man's nostalgic recollections of his postpubescent adventures in the back seat of a car in those halcyon days before the sexual revolution (*The Playboy Forum*, July) really triggered the old memory gland. When I was in high school in Wichita, Kansas, my father bought a 1948 "bathtub" Nash, which I thought was going to make me the most popular kid in town. It was the first American car ever (as far as I know) that had a seat that turned into a bed and, for that reason, it was instantly classified as a sexmobile. This suited me just fine, but, to my surprise, it practically ruined my fledgling sex life. When I was driving the family's 1941 Plymouth, I had some pretty good times at the drive-in movies and on some quiet country roads, but once I was seen in the new Nash, with its celebrated seats, there wasn't a girl in town who would accept so much as a ride to the local root-beer stand. They'd rather be caught in a whorehouse was the general reaction. So much for the famous '48 Nash, with its fold-down seat. If you wanted to get laid, you needed a car that was anonymous and unsuspect, regardless of how uncomfortable it was.

Paul Thomas
Miami, Florida

WHOOOPS!

The implication that there was homosexuality among the whooping cranes at the U. S. Government Wildlife Research Center at Patuxent, Maryland (*Playboy After Hours*, June), is an exaggeration. I believe I am the "outside expert" who, as *PLAYBOY* reports, was "called in to study the problem" and separate the boys from the girls.

A newspaper report that misquoted one of my associates seems to have been the origin of this misapprehension. Actually, there are currently seven fine heterosexual pairs of this rare species at Patuxent and this year one pair laid three eggs.

Homosexual behavior in various crane species is occasionally seen in both wild and captive birds. In Japan, I observed two male cranes copulating. Homosexual bonds sometimes form in captivity if members of the same sex share the same or adjacent pens for prolonged periods. This often happens in zoos, since cranes are difficult to sex. However, usually homosexual pairs eventually split if the cranes are allowed to pair with members of the

opposite sex and, to my knowledge, solidly mated homosexual pairs have never been observed in wild cranes. It might be good for cranes, though, if humans were less heterosexual, reproduced less and left a small part of the earth for the birds.

George W. Archibald, Director
International Crane Foundation
Baraboo, Wisconsin

A HOLE AIN'T A HOLE

Professor Thomas M. Kando says in the August *Playboy Forum* that the typical male-to-female transsexual will try "to pass for a natural-born female to avoid stigmatization" and that sex-change technology has become so good that some "can go totally undetected." While I'm sure transsexuals can fool some of the people some of the time by outwardly displaying virtually the full panoply of feminine attributes, when the clothes are stripped away, so is the illusion.

I've known two transsexuals, both tall and ravishingly beautiful, both delightful people. I enjoyed the friendship of one for three years. But I never saw the clinical perfection the professor claims abounds; once nude, both were obviously transsexuals. The areolae of their nipples were tiny. Buttocks weren't femininely fleshed. Hair patterns were masculine. Their legs reflected masculinity from thigh to ankle and carried neither with feminine grace. Of course, not one of these signs is enough to warrant a judgment, but when put all together, they spell Father, not Mother.

Besides these external signs, there was the evidence discovered by a probing finger. Operating techniques may be good, but my experience tells me that if an orifice doesn't feel like a cunt, doesn't look like a cunt (no clitoris, no *labia minora*), doesn't smell or taste like a cunt, then it ain't a cunt. And only a knothole fucker could dig it.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

THE PROSTITUTE'S LOT

The fight for sexual privacy is most difficult in the area of commercialized sex. Apparently, a woman can exchange her body for anything except money. Vice squads continue to engage in sexual entrapment supposedly for the good of the community, and streetwalkers serve jail sentences for the same purpose. Prostitution is surrounded by myths and misinformation, and there have been

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few attempts at objective research or evaluation.

COYOTE, the prostitutes' union, and the American Civil Liberties Union, with the help of the Playboy Foundation, are challenging laws that invade sexual privacy. Suits on behalf of individual clients and groups have been filed, and so far the success rate is impressive. Legislators have been provided with extensive information by COYOTE and bills legalizing sex between consenting adults are under discussion in most states. The most important task now is educating the voters. When the myths are cleared away and the cost of the present system is documented, people will call for reforms. Marilyn Haft of the A.C.L.U. and I have written, with the help of Jean Withers from the National Organization for Women, an illustrated book containing most of the information people need to work for legal change. It's called *The Politics of Prostitution*. It is based on our experience since 1968 in trying to have prostitution decriminalized. The book can be obtained for three dollars from Social Research, 335 N.E. 53rd Street, Seattle, Washington 98105. It should be valuable to lawyers, legislators and anyone else interested in a clearer understanding of prostitution in American society.

Jennifer James, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Psychiatry
and Behavioral Sciences
University of Washington
Seattle, Washington

BUYER, BEWARE

The letter from the guy who spent \$135 on empty sexual promises in Las Vegas (*The Playboy Forum*, August) is an eye opener: I wish I'd seen it sooner. Like him, I became curious about the ads in newspapers, magazines and even the phone book announcing that "It's legal in Nevada." So I called one of the rent-a-girl numbers and asked what it would cost to have a young lady sent to my room. A lovely female voice quoted a figure of \$50 for a half hour. Since it seemed quite reasonable compared with the \$700 I'd already lost gambling, I said, "Send her over."

When I answered the knock at my door a short time later, I was dismayed to find not the girl of my wet dreams but a burly man with photos of the available girls. He told me to make a first and a second choice, which I did, and then he demanded the \$50, plus an additional ten dollars for his services. In view of his pugnacious demeanor, I gave it to him.

Some time later, there was another knock at the door and this time I was confronted with my very attractive second choice. To make a long story short, when I told her what I wanted, she said hers was just an escort service, and if I wanted sexual favors, it would

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

JUSTICE AND THE LAW

ANNA MARIA, FLORIDA—Police Chief Conrad Justice reported to city commissioners that his legal research has uncovered no law that compels women to cover their breasts on the local beaches or anywhere else within his jurisdiction. "If they want to just walk down the street topless," Justice said, "that's their privilege."



KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON

OCEAN CITY, MARYLAND—The Ocean City council, upholding the community's "image as a family resort," has decided to revive and start enforcing a 42-year-old law banning topless males from the town's boardwalk. By a four-to-three vote, the council ordered the city attorney to update a 1933 indecent-exposure ordinance requiring men to wear shirts except on the beach itself.

REMEMBER THE MANN ACT

CHICAGO—The FBI is reportedly investigating nude massage parlors in the Chicago area for possible violations of the Mann Act, the 1910 Federal anti-prostitution law that prohibits the interstate transportation of women for immoral purposes. According to the Chicago Daily News, Federal agents contend that organized criminals and certain motorcycle gangs have been supplying the parlors with runaway girls and other out-of-state women.

BANK FAILURE

SAN FRANCISCO—A man who made a deposit in a local sperm bank prior to undergoing a vasectomy has filed a \$5,000,000 damage suit against the bank for accidentally destroying the semen through an equipment failure. The suit

claims the plaintiff suffered great emotional and mental anguish and asks \$500,000 for any bank customer who incurred a similar loss.

FETICIDE

GAMDEN, NEW JERSEY—A 24-year-old man has been found guilty of murdering twin fetuses by shooting their mother in the abdomen. The woman was seven and a half months' pregnant at the time of her wounding, which forced premature delivery. One fetus, struck by a bullet, lived three and a half hours, while the other died after 15 hours. If upheld on appeal, the conviction could define the fetus as a person under New Jersey homicide laws.

A similar case is being tried in Chicago at the urging of anti-abortionists. A Cook County grand jury returned a murder indictment against a 20-year-old man who allegedly shot a pregnant woman and killed her fetus. Although the Illinois Supreme Court ruled in 1956 that a child must be born alive to be a homicide victim, the Illinois Right to Life Committee has persuaded the state's attorney that, under a later court decision, an unborn child still may qualify as a person in a civil suit for wrongful-death damages.

In Massachusetts, the state supreme court has ruled four to three that an unborn but viable fetus is a person under the state's wrongful-death law, which permits a relative to seek compensation for the death of a family member due to negligence. The case involved an eight-and-one-half-month-old fetus delivered dead after its mother was fatally injured in a car-bus collision.

MENTAL PATIENTS' RIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has unanimously ruled that incarcerated mental patients who are not dangerous to themselves or to others have a constitutional right to receive treatment or else be released. In the Court's decision, Justice Potter Stewart wrote, "A finding of 'mental illness' alone cannot justify a state's locking a person up against his will and keeping him indefinitely in simple custodial confinement."

HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Civil Service Commission, reversing longtime Government policy, has issued guidelines protecting homosexuals working in or applying for Federal jobs. Responding to a number of court decisions, the commission ruled that "a rational connection" must be drawn between a person's homosexual activities and job performance

before he or she can be either fired or refused employment in most areas of civil service. Agencies exempt from commission guidelines include the FBI, the CIA, the Foreign Service branch of the State Department and the military services.

COFFEE AND POT

TUCSON—Coffee may do for dopers what it's supposed to do for drunks. Researchers at the University of Arizona report that caffeine reverses the effects of marijuana in experimental animals—in this case, a group of stoned rabbits. The scientists cautioned, however, that other stimulants did not have this effect and that some, including cocaine and methamphetamine, produced toxic reactions in conjunction with THC, the active ingredient in pot.

POT-AND-PORN RESEARCH

CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS—Southern Illinois University has received a \$61,500 grant from the National Institute of Drug Abuse to study the effects of marijuana on human sexual response. Dr. Harris Rubin, a psychologist who conducted a similar study with alcohol, plans to show erotic movies to male-college-student volunteers and compare their degree of sexual arousal before and after using pot by means of erection-measuring devices.

PARTY TIME

NEWARK, DELAWARE—Students at the University of Delaware have won the right to drink alcoholic beverages in dormitory corridors and lounges, but only in groups of ten or more. The school, for reasons not explained, believes it can more easily control groups of students than individual drinkers.

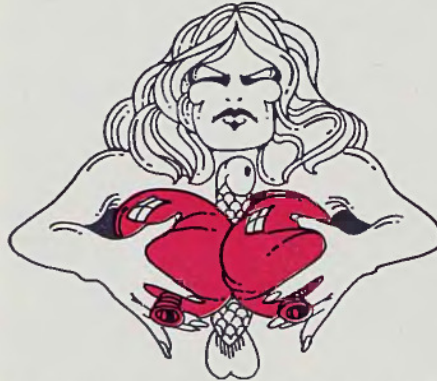


SEE NO EVIL

ROVANIEMI, FINNISH LAPLAND—A religious sect called the Laestadians, who espouse an extreme version of Lutheranism, has been smashing television sets in an effort to stamp out sin in Lapland. In one community, the sect has even condemned washing machines with windows because they allow people to observe the laundering of women's underwear. In the Twenties, the group smashed radios. So far, the police have not been able to stop the smashers because they pay for the damage and their victims are reluctant to file formal complaints.

FISH-FLINGING FEMINISTS

GOTEBORG, SWEDEN—A feminist group has been trying to discourage men from patronizing local prostitutes by attacking Johns with water bombs and pickled herring. "Every time we walk on a street in certain blocks, we get accosted by men taking all women for prostitutes," one of the feminists explained. "When they



open their car doors, we throw in heaps of pickled herring, or paste unremovable stickers on their cars, saying, I PREFER TRAMPS—WOMAN EXPLOITER." The group, which insists on anonymity, next plans to distribute posters showing the license numbers of cars whose drivers are seen shopping for prostitutes.

KIDDIES FOR THE KINGDOM

MECCA—Saudi Arabia has banned the importation and use of contraceptives following a ruling by the World Moslem League that "birth control was invented by the enemies of Islam." The decree makes smuggling of pills or contraceptive devices into the country punishable by six months in prison and further prohibits the use of any means to prevent conception. A Saudi official said, "The kingdom needs more and more males for work, and more and more females to bear and raise babies."

CONTRACEPTIVE LAW VOIDED

NEW YORK—A U. S. district court has declared unconstitutional the New York law banning the sale of nonprescription contraceptives to persons under 16 years of age. The state had argued that the law was a valid assertion of the state's interest "in promoting the morals of its young people." The court held, however, that the law did not achieve that purpose; that young people would engage in sexual intercourse regardless and, without contraceptives, would expose themselves to the dangers of unwanted pregnancy and venereal disease. The law, which also banned the advertising of contraceptives and their sale except in pharmacies, was challenged by several family-planning groups with the support of the Playboy Foundation.

cost me another \$60. I told her to forget it, since I'd already been screwed.

(Name withheld by request)
Portage, Michigan

RELATIVE INTIMACY

Reading the letter titled "Intimate Relations" in the August *Playboy Forum* prompted me to write about my own sexual encounter with a first cousin. It occurred when I was 16 and he was 23. He was living at home after his divorce and my family was visiting his.

The house being crowded, our parents put five of us kids, including him and me, in one bedroom. I found him terribly attractive and my thoughts were constantly on making love with him. On the fifth night, I decided to swing into action. Being very young and not good at inventing schemes, I simply got into bed with him and asked for a goodnight kiss. He quickly realized I didn't want just a chaste peck and he asked me whether or not I knew what I was doing. Naturally, I said yes, and then we went to it. Quietly, of course.

That was five years ago. Today, after a lot of family hassle, we are married. And my younger sister, who is 19, is now living with his younger brother, who is 21 and looks just like my husband. It kind of pleases me, because I don't like the idea of outsiders' marrying into our family.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

THE REALITY OF INCEST

Sigmund Freud wrote his famous paper "A Child Is Being Beaten" in 1919. He described how a child's incestuous wish might lead to so much guilt that it would be repressed and turn into hatred. A patient might later tell the analyst of having been injured by his or her father. Freud treated many of his medical colleagues' daughters, and some told of early sexual encounters with their fathers. He respected his colleagues, treated the accusations as fantasy and developed the theory of the Oedipus complex to explain them.

My clinical experience has shown that if a daughter persists in claiming that her father has had sexual intercourse with her, there usually is a basis in fact. Consider the case of patient A, a former Hollywood starlet who was admitted to our facility for treatment after a suicide attempt. She had been abandoned by her most recent therapist, with whom she had had an affair while in treatment. From the time of her first psychotic episode, she had told various psychiatrists that her father had come into her bed and penetrated her when she was 13. During the course of our therapy, I mentioned her persistent thought to her father, a prominent businessman. His

*"I have flouted the Wild.
I have followed its lure, fearless, familiar, alone;
Yet the Wild must win, and a day will come
When I shall be overthrown." *Robert Service*



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reply was, "You know what Freud said about that, doctor. My daughter is sick. She should be put away for life." However, the daughter has now recovered and her father has finally reluctantly admitted that there had been a sexual episode.

Patient B came to us at the age of 19, having previously been hospitalized and given 21 electric-shock treatments. Like patient A, she had had an affair with her previous therapist and had attempted suicide. During treatment, she finally broke down and, shaking violently with fear, spoke of a sexual assault by her father when she was 13. When I telephoned her father, he angrily denied it. But soon after, he had a severe coronary, and as he was dying, he revealed that his daughter had told the truth. "Perhaps I loved my daughter too much," he said.

Patients A and B, beautiful and intelligent young women, are just two of the scores of young people who are coming to us after years of unsuccessful treatment. The children *are* being beaten, not least by busy doctors who are supposed to help them. As a physician-psychiatrist, I am appalled by the methods of treatment applied by my colleagues. Repeatedly, they fail to take the time and effort to gain their patients' trust. They listen with skepticism rather than patience and compassion. Massive doses of drugs and barbaric electric shock—which, unhappily, seems to be regaining favor among psychiatrists—deadens the memories and therefore the emotions of their patients. In the cases of A and B, therapists even repeated the original sex traumas. The failure of these doctors lies in not realizing that psychology does not live by science alone but requires a humanistic attitude to be fully effective.

Albert M. Honig, D.O.,
Medical Director
Delaware Valley
Mental Health Foundation
Doylestown, Pennsylvania

FAMILY TOGETHERNESS

Judging by some of the recent letters in *The Playboy Forum*, people are learning to feel good about some of their more far-out sexual trips and are describing with pride adventures that they might formerly have kept entirely to themselves and remembered only with shame. Of course, even though the laws against various fancy forms of sex may be falling into disuse, society has other ways of punishing people for unconventional behavior; so there's still a need for anonymity. But I'm glad to feel that I can write without expecting a bunch of moralizers to denounce my story and call me a pervert.

Some years ago, my wife's older sister came to stay with us for a while after her divorce. One night after smoking a little weed together, we started talking about sex and it became obvious that we were all horny. My wife and I were about to excuse ourselves and go into the bedroom

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when Sis spoke up very frankly: "Don't leave me alone to masturbate." The candor of her request and our stoned state were all we needed to transcend the old taboos.

It was the most exciting night of my life. Sixty-nine may be tremendous fun, but it does not begin to compare with sucking one woman while a second is sucking you. First, I went down on my wife while Sis went down on me; then we switched around and I did Sis while my wife did me. It was incredible, beautiful, marvelous (the grass helped). I almost began to think that three is the natural sexual unit and our traditional limitation to two is some sort of unnatural deviation. Even after I came, we went on trying new combinations for hours and I came a second and a third time. The women must have had more climaxes than Beethoven's *Fifth*.

We had a few repeat performances in the following weeks, but, oddly enough, we all began to feel nervous about our paganism. When Sis found a new lover and moved out, we all were secretly relieved that it was over and we hadn't gotten caught by the authorities. Nevertheless, I treasure those few experiences and so does my wife. As for Sis, she still has a special affectionate bond with us that is quite beyond normal family warmth.

(Name withheld by request)
Dayton, Ohio

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Dan Dillingham's letter about the transitive and intransitive uses of the verb fuck (*The Playboy Forum*, September) is interesting but irrelevant. Personally, I don't give a fuck (noun) whether the fucking (participle) verb is transitive or intransitive. Fuck! (Interjection.) I'd rather spend my time in the bedroom, where I have been fucked (verb, passive transitive) many times. My boyfriend and I will fuck (verb, intransitive) there again soon. It's fucking (participle again) great!

As anyone can see, the word is as versatile as the deed.

(Name withheld by request)
Glendale, California

V. D. AND PRIVACY

I was disappointed by the letter last February from a gay California man who wouldn't report a venereal infection to public-health officials because homosexuality is a felony and "the confidentiality of public-health records is not protected in instances of criminal activity." In fact, both the California Administrative Code and the state's Civil Code include specific legal prohibitions against divulging the contents of V. D. records "except as may be necessary for the preservation of the public health." Beyond that, people working to eradicate V. D. know they must be utterly discreet in order to avoid just the kind of reluctance to cooperate that

the writer of that letter expressed.

Since last May, California has legalized all private sexual acts between consenting adults. But we know the social stigma remains, and divulging *any* personal data is still abhorrent to our program. As legal liaison for the public agency responsible for V. D. epidemiology in Los Angeles County, I cannot emphasize enough the zealous efforts of departmental medical and paramedical personnel to protect the confidentiality of V. D. records. To my knowledge, V. D. records have never been released even in court without the informed consent of the persons involved.

I can understand how people faced daily with vicious prejudice might be apprehensive about sharing intimate information with anyone from the establishment. But, considering the scope and threat of the V. D. problem, I would strongly urge anyone who suspects he's infected to cooperate with public-health workers.

Bob Cipriano
Los Angeles Department of
Health Services
Los Angeles, California

AN OLD CUSTOM

I ordered a deck of adult playing cards from a company overseas. Then I received a letter from U. S. Customs in Chicago, stating that the cards had been seized because of a false declaration, whatever that means. If I wanted the cards, the letter said, I'd have to file a petition for their release. Knowing of no illegal act on my part or on that of the company, I filed the petition stating the simple facts of the case and that I was an adult who wanted the cards for my own personal use as a novelty item. I added that if there were any duty on the item, I would be happy to pay it.

A week later, I received a second letter, stating that my reasons were not good enough and that if I still wanted my cards, I could appear in court in Chicago within 20 days and put up a \$250 bond to challenge the Customs' decision.

I've always felt that, as an adult, I have a constitutional right to see or read whatever I desire as long as it does not hurt or offend others, and I cannot see how Customs bureaucrats can tell me otherwise.

Mark W. Hardy
Eldorado, Illinois

One of the first things this country's founding fathers did, after revolting against tariff laws of which they disapproved, was to establish tariff laws of which they did approve and empower the U. S. Customs either to tax or to ban the importation of just about anything. Pornography, by Customs definition, is contraband. Customs can declare sexual material contraband and confiscate it, unless the recipient wants to take the issue to court to prove the serious



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THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

literary, scientific or artistic merit of the item. Although it's now perfectly legal for an individual to possess any kind of pornography for his personal use, it isn't legal to import it or to transport it across state lines so that one may legally obtain it. This may seem a little contradictory, even a little stupid, but the purpose of censorship, after all, is to protect us from ourselves and make America morally strong.

AIRLINE SAFETY

Last June, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the Federal Aviation Administration (and the major airlines) has the right to withhold reports on airline safety from the public. The decision reversed a ruling by the District of Columbia Court of Appeals in a suit by the Center for Responsive Law. The apparent result is that the FAA can get around the provisions of the Freedom of Information Act by invoking secrecy provisions of the Federal Aviation Act of 1958, which, to my way of thinking, proves that the cynicism of Laurence Gonzales' article on airline safety, *You Gotta Believe* (PLAYBOY, July), is more than well founded.

It seems that the airlines' images and finances take precedence over human life. The only time safety practices are subjected to public scrutiny is after a major disaster that often could have been avoided.

A. Edwards
Painted Post, New York

THE STREETS OF N.Y.C.

I've always suspected that government creates more problems than it solves and now there's even further evidence. A *New York Times* article reports that the Federal Government theoretically owes the city of New York several million dollars in traffic fines—which N.Y.C. can't collect (despite the fact that it's going broke), because the Feds are immune. Or, if the 77 Government agencies whose cars get ticketed every day are not immune, it turns out that they're excused because N.Y.C. doesn't want to antagonize anybody who could retaliate by cutting off some other, bigger Federal money. The most revealing disclosure in the *Times* article is the fact that on any given day the Federal Government has 10,000 unmarked cars on the streets of New York. The number of marked cars is far greater. Think about this, my fellow New Yorkers, the next time you're looking for a parking place.

Dan Wilson
New York, New York

BICENTENNIAL BULL

I wonder whether any other PLAYBOY readers are getting as sick as I am of our Bicentennial bullshit. Several months ago, when I thought ahead to 1976 as the 200th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, I felt several

"Playboy Forum" Case History

UPDATE: THE TOM MISTROT CASE

In July, we reported the case of Thomas Francis Mistrot, a 28-year-old inmate of the Texas State Penitentiary who has now served seven years of a mandatory life sentence as a habitual criminal. Mistrot's crimes were hardly spectacular—two vending-machine burglaries and a marijuana offense—but they were felonies at the time they were committed. Since then, Texas has revised its criminal code and today two (possibly all three) of Mistrot's crimes would be classed as misdemeanors; but these reforms did not reduce his sentence. After getting no help from prison attorneys or from state officials, he contacted the Playboy Foundation.

Our investigation of Mistrot's case turned up the story of an orphaned youngster with a polio-caused speech defect who has paid heavily for three minor offenses committed as a youth under strongly mitigating circumstances. After interviewing him personally, we joined with Representative Ronald Earle of Austin and Senator Oscar Mauzy of Dallas in seeking a commutation of sentence that would make Mistrot eligible, at least, for parole.

Over the past several months, we've discovered that the wheels of Texas justice turn slowly, but they do turn. A spokesman for Governor Dolph Briscoe explained that the governor has no statutory power to commute sentences except on recommendation of the state Board of Pardons and Paroles. Next, a member of the parole board explained to us that the board does not, as a matter of policy, "usurp judicial authority" by commuting sentences except at the request of at least two trial officials, such as the prosecutor and the judge, who must recommend reduction of a sentence by a specific number of years. From trial officials we learned that it is *their* policy not to "usurp the authority of the jury" by making such a recommendation, even though, in Mistrot's case, the jury had no choice—a life sentence was mandatory upon the habitual-offender conviction. When several Texas newspapers publicized the Mistrot case, Dallas County district attorney Henry Wade told a reporter, "Anything they want to do with him is fine with me, I don't really care, but I'm not going to write any letters." In fact, Wade did write a favorable letter to the parole board but neutralized it by omitting the specific recommendation that the board requires. Dallas judge James B. Zimmerman, who tried Mistrot in 1968, told a reporter that he agreed that the sentence was excessive and so advised the parole board, but

he also left out the one crucial statement. Clarence Jones, sheriff of Dallas County, did the same.

Twice in one day, state officials in Austin told PLAYBOY, "Our hands are tied." This amused Russ Million, Ronald Earle's legislative assistant, who quipped, "Now you know why Texas is known for the lariat."

Terry Frakes, assistant to Senator Mauzy, assured us that Texas officials are sensitive to public opinion: "You don't do anything, you don't make too many mistakes. Everything takes a little time down here."

We were about to conclude that the Mistrot buck had been passed into permanent bureaucratic orbit when, just before presstime, Representative Earle called with the news that the parole board and the governor's office had found the case to merit some red-tape cutting. Citing the intent of the legislature in revising the law and the otherwise favorable letters from all three trial officials, the board, with Governor Briscoe's approval, commuted Mistrot's sentence to 25 years, making him eligible at once for parole.

If the board acts favorably on Mistrot's parole application, he won't simply be put on the street. We've talked with Albert Sample, community-services coordinator of the State Bar of Texas Comprehensive Offender Manpower Program; he assures us that Mistrot can be enrolled in the New Directions Club, a halfway house in Victoria, Texas, that has one of the most highly rated community rehabilitation programs—including shelter, employment, training and therapy—in the U. S. Earle tells us that the parole process can be a lengthy one, often taking months after formal application is made. But, he said, with a little luck, Mistrot might be free by Christmas.

Below are some of the letters we've received commenting on the Mistrot case.

I practice criminal law in Texas and therefore ask you to withhold my name, because I deal with state and county prosecutors who will be either angered or embarrassed (or both, because these feelings are very similar) at your report on the case of Texas prisoner Tom Mistrot. And I will not pass judgment on the attorney (no doubt court appointed) who represented Mistrot at his drug trial in Dallas in 1968. But I can virtually guarantee that if your man had been the son of any citizen with cash or credit or community respectability, he would never have been indicted as a habitual offender for three pissant offenses in the first place; and, in the second place,

he could have beat that very questionable dope charge (if what you say is true) through a little negotiation with the prosecution. The thing is this: It's always hard to send away a real bad-ass if he has either experience or connections, so prosecutors are always grateful when they get some friendless kid like Mistrot who goes down without a whimper.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

In the middle Fifties, I was secretary of the elementary school near Dallas that Tom Mistrot attended. I remember him well as a nice boy who caused no more trouble in the classroom than other boys his age, if as much. If there is anything I can do to help Tom, let me know. I remember that he had a facial handicap that caused him problems and I'm shocked that no one stood by him when he was in trouble. If nothing else, I would like to write to him, and I thank you for whatever you may be able to do for this young man.

Mrs. Charles H. Bruce
Williamson, West Virginia

I was Mistrot's jailer in Dallas in 1971 before he was transferred to the state penitentiary. I quickly took a liking to him, because it seemed to me that most of his problems stemmed from personal handicaps and a complete lack of opportunity. He was what was called a real "stand-up guy," and what he seemed to need most in life was a few friends and some respect from people. He was not a criminal in the usual sense of the word, and I would hate to see him turned into one through too many years in prison.

Donald Young
Chief of Police
Balch Springs, Texas

We are grateful that PLAYBOY is trying to help Tom Mistrot. We have been corresponding with him for over three years now, have talked to him in prison and have contacted several state officials for assistance. Hopefully, you will have more success than we have had. Representative Ronald Earle in Austin informs us that a halfway house in Victoria has agreed to take Tom if and when he is ever released and that employment can be arranged. We hope everything works out, because Tom is too decent and energetic a person to allow to rot in prison.

Robert and Ermine Bailey
Dallas, Texas

The Baileys learned of Mistrot in 1972 and, since then, have been his only friends outside prison.

Having read your article about Mistrot, I can't help but feel sorry for him,

mostly because he's obviously such a basically decent kid who should never have gotten himself involved with the law if he didn't understand the consequences. Today, at the age of 32, I'm straight, with a good wife and two children. From the age of 17 to 28, I was in and out of jail on a regular basis for everything from armed robbery to theft to assault to kill, when I shot a man who was going to shoot me in a bar. I was hardly a model citizen, but never was I threatened with the "big bitch"—a habitual-offender indictment—because I always pleaded innocent at the start and then took whatever deal the Man offered. I was never involved in drugs, which is a totally different ball game. My sheet is four pages long and I don't intend for it to grow any longer, and I'm just thankful I didn't commit Mistrot's petty crimes or get his jury.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I knew Texas was a redneck state, but how can *anybody* justify a life sentence for a kid caught ripping off two Coke machines (or whatever they were) because he was out of work and then getting busted by undercover agents who he thought were going to kill him if he didn't get them some dope?

L. H. Smith
Clemson, South Carolina

I would like to commend PLAYBOY for trying to help Tom Mistrot. Reading your account of his situation, my feelings range from horrified disbelief to simple anger. I honestly don't believe that if I were arrested here, my jury would be so stupid.

Wayne M. Matheson
Cucamonga, California

Mistrot is a typical victim of the callous disregard that our criminal-justice system displays toward individuals. If our prisons were places of rehabilitation, where people could learn positive values, or even a trade, police would spend much less time and taxpayers much less money incarcerating young men like Mistrot.

(Name withheld by request)
Seattle, Washington

I want to thank PLAYBOY for taking an interest in Tom Mistrot's case and to praise my parents, Robert and Ermine Bailey, for their own efforts on his behalf. PLAYBOY was the last place Tom had to turn to, and because of the thoroughness of your investigation, he has not met a complete dead end this time.

Beverly H. Claiborne
Austin, Texas

twinges of patriotism. Despite its faults and mistakes, the old U.S.A. is my homeland, it has some damn good people and principles and I can't think of another country that has done as well over the same period of time. But when every damn supermarket and used-car dealer and airline company starts trying to exploit the Bicentennial with flags and bunting, it so cheapens the whole concept, I start feeling antagonistic as hell. The crass conduct of our public officials and politicians and our oil companies and other commercial interests makes me think that what this country needs to celebrate its Bicentennial is a second revolution. When I consider some of this country's fool politicians and some of the tyrannical actions of its Federal Government, old King George doesn't look all that bad in retrospect.

Fred Campbell
Phoenix, Arizona

"LIVE FREE . . .

Regarding the letter in the July *Playboy Forum* about the slogan LIVE FREE OR DIE on license plates issued in the state of New Hampshire, it's unfortunate that un-Americanism has become so rampant in this country that anything that tends to support our way of life immediately becomes subject to ridicule. If William Loeb used his influence as a publisher to have the motto of the state of New Hampshire changed, then more power to him. In the many years that my own columns have appeared on the pages of the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union Leader*, I have agreed with Loeb in so many cases that listing them all would fill several issues of PLAYBOY.

It is obvious that George Maynard, who refuses to display the motto on his license plates, is like a lot of other people: He would obey only those laws that suit his fancy. This makes for plain anarchy. Maynard should have taken his license-plate case to court instead of trying to do things on his own.

It would appear that a sign posted on the wall of my Veterans of Foreign Wars post is applicable to this situation: TO THOSE WHO FOUGHT FOR IT, FREEDOM HAS A SPECIAL FLAVOR THE PROTECTED WILL NEVER KNOW.

Lewis J. Seale
Alexandria, Louisiana

And you really don't see anything ironic in putting a man in jail for refusing to display the motto LIVE FREE OR DIE?

. . . OR DIE"

Last June, New Hampshire governor Meldrim Thomson proposed in all seriousness that the state's National Guard be equipped with nuclear weapons. "If we could double the size and give them the most sophisticated instruments of war, including missiles and nuclear warheads,"

"I believe in love.
Beauty. Honor.
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And Early Times."



"Not necessarily in that order."



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he said, "we'd have a tremendous protective power."

We all know that Thomson is a right-winger who holds office because the equally reactionary William Loeb of the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union Leader* lends him editorial support. But I begin to wonder whether or not the man is sane. What might happen if Maine lobster boats ventured into disputed fishing grounds? A-bombs over Augusta? It's frightening that mentalities like this can occupy public office.

Steven R. Stone
Jaffrey, New Hampshire

RIGHT TO LIFE

In the August *Playboy Forum*, Donald N. Delano asks us to accept—although "a comparison with Nazi Germany offends many people"—the analogy between aborting a fetus on the assumption that it is something less than a human being and exterminating a Jew on the assumption that he or she is sub-human. Yes, the assumption that there is an analogy is offensive to those of us who lived through recent history. As reported in *The Pope's Jews* by Sam Waagenaar, when aid for Jewish victims of fascism in Italy and other countries was sent to the Vatican for distribution—this being the only available conduit—only Jews who had converted to Catholicism were helped. Jews who remained Jews had no right to life.


Jonathan R. Goldberg
New York, New York

FATHERS AND ABORTION

The rights of the father of an unborn child have been trampled in women's rush to achieve parity with men. A father who wants his child to be born when the mother is determined to abort it has no rights, at least not in California or in most other states. Since in most cases both parents agree to an abortion, it is easy to see how a small minority of fathers have gone unconsidered.

It is argued that no one, save the woman herself, should have control over her body's functioning, but the right of control of one's own body is not absolute. Many precedents exist for temporary dominion over an individual by various elements of government and society, ranging from health authorities to the military to the penal system.

We know of cases of women who chose not to be inconvenienced by pregnancy, having lost their feelings for the father. They rejected offers of total financial subsidizing of their pregnancies, with the father assuming custody of the child after birth. If you have never experienced the feelings of helplessness, frustration and anguish of a father who knew an unborn child he wanted was being destroyed by its mother, take it from those who have, it's an unbearable experience. There is a



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desperate need for legislation establishing some rights for fathers of unborn children in such cases.

D. B. Newton
J. K. Huntsinger
Santa Monica, California

If by "some rights" you mean the right to prevent an abortion by withholding permission, we can't agree and legislation to that effect already has been found unconstitutional in Massachusetts and Florida. We can understand and sympathize with a man who opposes aborting a fetus he has sired, but unfortunately, if the woman disagrees, there is no way the dilemma can be settled to everyone's satisfaction. Nine months of pregnancy, followed by childbirth and motherhood, have a much greater physical, psychological and social effect on a woman than on the man who impregnated her. We oppose any law that would permit a prospective father to compel a woman to bear a child against her wishes. When persuasion doesn't work, coercion is not the answer.

MARIJUANA IN MAINE

As a member of the Joint Committee on the Judiciary of the 107th Maine Legislature, I'm pleased to report that our state has decriminalized the possession of small quantities of marijuana. The action was part of a complete revision of Maine's criminal laws authorized by a previous legislature and prepared by a commission drawn from law-enforcement officials, the bar and the courts. The commission recommended that the severe criminal penalties then on the books be replaced by a maximum civil fine of \$100 (essentially the Oregon approach). The judiciary committee raised the maximum fine to \$200 and added a provision that possession of more than one and a half ounces created a presumption of intent to sell. On the floor of the house, members had five versions of the marijuana-possession bill to choose from, with penalties ranging from none to very rigorous. All were voted down but the committee's recommendation, which was approved by a wide margin. The senate and the governor then approved the bill.

Public support for this measure has been very strong. Nearly every daily newspaper in the state has endorsed the new code. With its enlightened treatment of marijuana and with the removal from our laws of most of the so-called victimless crimes—fornication, homosexuality and adultery—Maine law is now designed to deal with real crimes, such as theft, homicide and rape.

State Representative Stephen T. Hughes
Auburn, Maine

POT LAWS AS A LEVER

I've been pretty much in favor of mitigating or even abolishing marijuana laws, but now I've seen an argument that makes
(continued on page 168)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MUHAMMAD ALI

a candid conversation with the greatest—and prettiest—poet in the world

As we go to press, Muhammad Ali is in training for his third match with Joe Frazier, slated for Manila; whether or not he retains his title will be known by the time this issue appears. But whatever the outcome, interviewer Lawrence Linderman feels "they ought to retire the title with Ali, anyway." So, without further ado, we're pleased to introduce a man who needs no introduction.

PLAYBOY: The last time we interviewed you, 11 years ago, you were still Cassius Clay. What would the old Cassius be doing today?

ALI: Cassius Clay would now be training in Paris, France, because French promoters would've offered me—like they've done—free rooms in a hotel on some beach. If not, I'd probably be in Jamaica, training in a plush hotel. When I see a lady now, I do my best to try to teach her about the Honorable Elijah Muhammad so I can help her. Cassius Clay would carry her to some hotel room and use her.

If I was Cassius Clay today, I'd be just like Floyd Patterson. I'd probably have a white wife and I wouldn't represent black people in no way. Or I'd be like Charley Pride, the folk singer. Nothin' bad about him—he's a good

fella and I met his black wife, but Charley stays out of controversy. It's not only him, because I could name Wilt Chamberlain and others who just don't get involved in struggle or racial issues—it might jeopardize their position. I'd be that kind of man.

If I was Cassius Clay tonight, I'd probably be staying in a big hotel in New York City, and I might say, "Well, I got time to have a little fun. I'm going out to a big *discothèque* full of white girls and I'll find the prettiest one there and spend the night with her."

PLAYBOY: Is that what Cassius Clay used to do?

ALI: I was on my way to it.

PLAYBOY: You never got there?

ALI: Before I was a Muslim, I had one white girlfriend for two days, that's all. I wasn't no Muslim then, but I just felt it wasn't right. I *knew* it wasn't right, 'cause I had to duck and hide and slip around, and I thought, "Man, it's not worth all this trouble." Black men with white women just don't *feel* right. They may think it's all right, and that they're in love, but you see 'em walking on the street and they're ashamed—they be duckin' and they be cold. They're not proud. Once you get a knowledge of yourself, you see how stupid that is. I don't even think about nothin' like

that, chasing white women. I'm married and in love with a pretty black one. But if I wasn't, I'd run after the next pretty black girl I saw.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll become an American legend?

ALI: The legend of Muhammad Ali is already written, 'cause I wrote it—and you better listen to it:

This is the legend of Muhammad Ali,

The greatest fighter that ever will be. He talks a great deal and brags, indeed,

Of a powerful punch and blinding speed.

The fistic world was dull and weary; With a champ like Foreman, things had to be dreary.

Now someone with color, someone with dash,

He brought fight fans runnin' with cash.

This brash fighter was something to see

And the heavyweight championship was his destiny.

Ali fights great, he's got speed and endurance;

If you sign to fight him, increase your insurance.

Ali's got a left, Ali's got a right;



"America don't have no future! Allah's going to divinely chastise America! Violence, crimes, earthquakes—there's going to be all kinds of trouble. America's going to pay for what it's done to black people."



"When I quit, I sure ain't goin' out like the old-time fighters. You ain't gonna hear that when I was champ I bought me a Cadillac, had me a couple of white girls and when I retired I went broke."



"You hear about Catholic sisters—but they do a lot of screwing behind doors. And a priest saying he'd never touch a woman—what's he gonna do at night? Call upon the hand of the Lord?"

HOWARD L. BINGHAM

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*As you lie on the floor while the ref
counts ten,*

*You better hope and pray you don't
meet me again.*

*For I am the man this poem is
about:*

*Now I'm the true champ of the
world, there isn't a doubt.*

*Once I predicted and I knew the
score,*

*I told the chumps I'd be the champ
of the world in '64.*

*When I say three, man, they go in
the third.*

*Don't bet against me, I'm a man of
my word.*

*Do you remember when I predicted
Sonny Liston's dismemberment?*

*I hit him so hard he forgot where
October and November went.*

*My man, if I tell you a mosquito
can pull a plow, don't ask how—
hitch him up!!!*

PLAYBOY: Since a lot of people are wondering about this, level with us: Do you write all the poetry you pass off as your own?

ALI: Sure I do. Hey, man, I'm so good I got offered a professorship at Oxford. I write late at night, after the phones stop ringin' and it's quiet and nobody's around—all great writers do better at night. I take at least one nap during the day, and then I get up at two in the morning and do my thing. You know, I'm a worldly man who likes people and action and I always liked cities, but now when I find myself in a city, I can't wait to get back to my training camp. Neon signs, traffic, noise and people—all that can get you crazy. It's funny, because I was supposed to be torturing myself by building a training camp out in the middle of nowhere in northern Pennsylvania, but this is good livin'—fresh air, well water, quiet and country views. I thought I wouldn't like it at all but that at least I'd work a lot instead of being in the city, where maybe I wouldn't train hard enough. Well, now I like it better than being in any city. This is a real good setting for writin' poetry and I write all the time, even when I'm in training. In fact, I wrote one up here that's better than any poem in the world.

PLAYBOY: How do you know that?

ALI: My poem explains truth, so what could be better? That's the name of it, too, *Truth*:

*The face of Truth is open, the eyes
of Truth are bright*

*The lips of Truth are ever closed,
the head of Truth is upright*

*The breast of Truth stands forward,
the gaze of Truth is straight*

Truth has neither fear nor doubt,

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*Truth has patience to wait.
 The words of Truth are touching,
 the voice of Truth is deep
 The law of Truth is simple: All you
 sow, you reap.
 The soul of Truth is flaming, the
 heart of Truth is warm
 The mind of Truth is clear and
 firm through rain and storm.
 Facts are only its shadow, Truth
 stands above all sin.
 Great be the battle of life—Truth
 in the end shall win.
 The image of Truth is the Honorable
 Elijah Muhammad, wisdom's mes-
 sage is his rod
 The sign of Truth is the crescent
 and the soul of Truth is God.
 Life of Truth is eternal
 Immortal is its past
 Power of Truth shall endure
 Truth shall hold to the last.*

It's a masterpiece, if I say so myself. But poems aren't the only thing I've been writing. I've also been setting my mind to sayings. You want to hear some?

PLAYBOY: Do we have a choice?

ALI: You listen up and maybe I'll make you as famous as I made Howard Cosell. "Wars on nations are fought to change maps, but wars on poverty are fought to map change." Good, huh? "The man who views the world at 50 the same as he did at 20 has wasted 30 years of his life." These are words of wisdom, so pay attention, Mr. **PLAYBOY**. "The man who has no imagination stands on the earth—he has no wings, he cannot fly." Catch this: "When we are right, no one remembers, but when we are wrong, no one forgets. Watergate!" I really like the next one: "Where is man's wealth? His wealth is in his knowledge. If his wealth was in the bank and not in his knowledge, then he don't possess it—because it's in the bank!" You got all that?

PLAYBOY: Got it, Muhammad.

ALI: Well, there's more. "The warden of a prison is in a worse condition than the prisoner himself. While the body of the prisoner is in captivity, the mind of the warden is in prison!" Words of wisdom by Muhammad Ali. This is about beauty: "It is those who have touched the inner beauty that appreciate beauty in all its forms." I'm even going to explain that to you. Some people will look at a sister and say, "She sure is ugly." Another man will see the same sister and say, "That's the most beautiful woman I ever did see."

How do you like *this* one: "Love is a net where hearts are caught like fish"?

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a little corny?

ALI: I knew you wasn't smart as soon as I laid eyes on you. But I know you're gonna like this one, which is called *Riding on My Horse of Hope*: "Holding in my hands the reins of courage, dressed in the armor of patience, the

helmet of endurance on my head, I started on my journey to the land of love." Whew! Muhammad Ali sure goes deeper than *boxing*.

PLAYBOY: That's for sure. But let's talk about boxing anyway. What's the physical sensation of really being nailed by hitters like Foreman and Frazier?

ALI: Take a stiff tree branch in your hand and hit it against the floor and you'll feel your hand go *boingggggg*. Well, getting tagged is the same kind of jar on your whole body, and you need at least 10 or 20 seconds to make that go away. You get hit again before that, you got another *boingggggg*.

PLAYBOY: After you're hit that hard, does your body do what you want it to do?

ALI: No, because your mind controls your body and the moment you're tagged, you can't think. You're just numb and you don't know where you're at. There's no *pain*, just that jarring feeling. But I automatically know what to do when that happens to me, sort of like a sprinkler system going off when a fire starts up. When I get stunned, I'm not really conscious of exactly where I'm at or what's happening, but I always tell myself that I'm to dance, run, tie my man up or hold my head way down. I tell myself all that when I'm conscious, and when I get tagged, I automatically do it. I get hit, but all great fighters get hit—Sugar Ray got hit, Joe Louis got hit and Rocky Marciano got hit. But they had something other fighters didn't have: the ability to hold on until they cleared up. I got that ability, too, and I had to use it once in each of the Frazier fights. That's one reason I'm a great defensive fighter. The other is my rope-a-dope defense—and when I fought Foreman, he was the dope.

PLAYBOY: If you prepared that tactic for your fight with Foreman in Zaïre, then why was Angelo Dundee, your trainer, so shocked when you suddenly went to the ropes?

ALI: Well, I didn't really *plan* it. After the first round, I felt myself getting too tired for the pace of that fight, but George wasn't gonna get tired, 'cause he was just cutting the ring off on me. I stayed out of the way, but I figured that after seven or eight rounds of dancing like that, I'd be really tired. Then, when I'd go to the ropes, my resistance would be low and George would get one through to me. So while I was still fresh, I decided to go to the ropes and try to get George tired.

PLAYBOY: What was your original Foreman fight plan?

ALI: To dance every round. I had it in mind to do what I did when I was 22, but I got tired, so I had to change my strategy. George didn't change his strategy, 'cause he can't do nothin' but attack—that's the *only* thing he knows. All he wants to do is get his man in

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the corner, so in the second round, I gave him what he wanted. He couldn't do *nothin'*!

PLAYBOY: Did Foreman seem puzzled when he had you cornered but couldn't land any punches?

ALI: Nope, he just figured he'd get me in the next round. When he didn't do it in the third, he thought he'd get me in the fourth. Then he thought it would be the fifth, and then the sixth. But in the sixth round, George was so *tired*. All of a sudden, he knew he'd threw everything he had at me and hadn't hurt me at all. And he just lost all his heart.

PLAYBOY: How could you tell?

ALI: He stopped attacking the way he'd been doin'. He had shots to take and didn't take 'em, and then I purposely left him some openings and he wouldn't take *them*. George knew he'd been caught in my trap and there wasn't but one way he could get out of it: by knocking me out. He kept trying with his last hope, but he was too tired, and a man of his age and talent shouldn't get used up that quick. George was *dead tired*; he was throwing wild punches, missing and falling over the ropes. So I started tellin' him how bad he looked: "Lookatcha, you're not a champ, you're a tramp. You're fightin' just like a sissy. C'mon and *show* me somethin', boy."

PLAYBOY: You also called him all kinds of names before the fight. How does that help?

ALI: You mean when I called him The Mummy, 'cause he walks like one? Listen, if a guy loses his temper and gets angry, his judgment's off and he's not thinking as sharp as he should. But George wasn't angry. No, sir. George had this feeling that he was *supreme*. He believed what the press said—that he was unbeatable and that he'd whup me easy. The first three rounds, he still believed it. But when I started throwing punches at him in the fourth, George finally woke up and thought, "Man, I'm in trouble." He was *shocked*.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Foreman was so confident of beating you that he didn't train properly?

ALI: No, George didn't take me lightly. He fought me harder than he fought Frazier or Norton. *Whoever* I fight comes at me harder, because if you beat Muhammad Ali, you'll be the big man, the legend. Beating me is like beating Joe Louis or being the man who shot Jesse James. George just didn't realize how hard I am to hit and how hard I *can* hit. He thought he was greater than me. Well, George is humble now. I did just what I told him I'd do when the ref was giving us instructions. There was George, trying to scare me with his serious look—he got that from his idol, Sonny Liston. And there I was, tellin' him, "Boy, you in *trouble*! You're gonna meet the greatest fighter of all time! We

here now and there ain't no way for you to get out of this ring—I *gotcha*! You been readin' about me ever since you were a little boy and now you gonna see me in action. Chump. I'm gonna show you how great I am—I'm gonna eat you up. You don't stand a *chance*! You lose the crown tonight!"

PLAYBOY: Foreman claims he was drugged before the fight. Did you see any evidence of that?

ALI: George is just a sore loser. The day after the fight, he actually said he was the true champion: he beat me. Then, when he got to Paris, he said the ropes had been too loose. Then, after the ropes were too loose, his next excuse was that the count was too fast. Then it was the canvas—he said it was too *soft*. Well, it was soft for me, too. Weeks after the fight, he finds out he was drugged? If he was drugged, he'd have knew it the next day. Somebody oughta ask him just *how* he was drugged. Did somebody give him a needle? If it was dope, what *kind* of dope? *Excuses!* The truth is that the excuses started comin' as soon as George began to realize he *lost*. He couldn't take losing the championship.

PLAYBOY: Won't it make him that much tougher an opponent when and if you fight him again?

ALI: Next fight is gonna be *easier*. George now knows he can be knocked out, so he'll be more on guard and attackin' less. But his only chance of winning is to charge and corner me and wham away and hope one or two shots get through my defense. But he's gun-shy of that, 'cause he tried it—threw everything he had—and all he got was tired. For him to go into that same old bam-bam-bam thing again will mentally destroy him, because the first thing he's gonna think is, "Uh-oh, I'm going to wear myself out again." So then he'll keep more to the center of the ring and do more boxing.

And that's just where I want him. Poppin' and jabbin' in the center of the ring is *my* thing, so now he's really beat. The only chance he has to whup me is to stay on me and keep me on the ropes—and he knows that's bad, 'cause the odds are he's not gonna hurt me and he's gonna tire himself out. But if he don't do that, he's in *more* trouble, 'cause I'll pop away at him with my left. In other words, Foreman's wrong if he do and wrong if he don't. The second time around, I'll beat him 'cause he has no confidence. The first fight, I beat him 'cause he thought he was a big indestructible lion—but George found out the facts of life when we had our rumble in the jungle.

PLAYBOY: Did you like the idea of Zaïre as the fight site?

ALI: I wanted my title back so bad I would've fought George in a telephone booth. World heavyweight champion, that's a big title. When you're the champ, whatever you say or do is news. George

would go to Las Vegas and the newspapers are writin' about it. I turn on the television and there's George. It was Foreman this and Foreman that, and I was sitting here in my Pennsylvania training camp, thinkin', "Dadgummit, I really had somethin'. People looked up to *me* that way." That really got me down and made me want to win that title *bad*.

Now that I got it back, every day is a sunshiny day: I wake up and I know I'm the heavyweight champion of the world. Whatever restaurant I walk into, whatever park I go to, whatever school I visit, people are sayin', "The *champ's* here!" When I get on a plane, a man is always sayin' to his little boy, "Son, there goes the heavyweight champion of the world." Wherever I go, the tab is picked up, people want to see me and the TV wants me for interviews. I can eat all the ice cream, cake, pudding and pie I want to and still get \$100,000 for an exhibition. That's what it means to be champ, and as long as I keep winning, it'll keep happenin'. So before I fight, I think, "Whuppin' this man means everything. So many good things are gonna happen if I win I can't even imagine what they'll *be*!"

When I first won the championship from Sonny Liston, I was riding high and I didn't realize what I had. Now, the second time around, I appreciate the title, and I would've gone anywhere in the world to get it back. To be honest, when I first heard the fight would be in Africa, I just hoped it would go off right, being in a country that was supposed to be so undeveloped. Then, when we went down to Zaïre, I saw they'd built a new stadium with lights and that everything would be ready, and I started getting used to the idea and liking it. And the more I thought about it, the more it grew on me, and then one day it just hit me how *great* it would be to win back my title in Africa. Being in Zaïre opened my eyes.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

ALI: I saw black people running their own country. I saw a black president of a humble black people who have a modern country. There are good roads throughout Zaïre and Kinshasa has a nice downtown section that reminds you of a city in the States. Buildings, restaurants, stores, shopping centers—I could name you 1000 things I saw that made me feel good. When I was in training there before the fight, I'd sit on the riverbank and watch the boats going by and see the 747 jumbo jets flying overhead, and I'd know there were black pilots and black stewardesses in 'em, and it just seemed so nice. In Zaïre, *everything* was black—from the train drivers and hotel owners to the teachers in the schools and the pictures on the money. It was just like any other society, except

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it was all black, and because I'm black oriented and a Muslim, I was *home* there. I'm not home *here*. I'm trying to make it home, but it's not.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ALI: Because black people in America will never be free so long as they're on the white man's land. Look, birds want to be free, tigers want to be free, everything wants to be free. We can't be free until we get our own land and our own country in North America. When we separate from America and take maybe ten states, then we'll be free. Free to make our own laws, set our own taxes, have our own courts, our own judges, our own schoolrooms, our own currency, our own passports. And if not here in America, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad said the white man should supply us with the means to let us go back somewhere in Africa and build up our own country. America, rich as it is, was made rich partly through the black man's labor. It can afford to supply us for 25 years with the means to make our own nation work, and we'll build it up, too. We can't be free if we can't control our own land. I own this training camp, but it ain't really *my* land, not when some white lady comes up and gives me a \$4000 tax bill to pay if I want to stay here. If I thought the taxes I paid was really going to benefit my people, I wouldn't mind paying up. But that ain't what's happening. Black people need to have their own nation.

PLAYBOY: Since it's unlikely they'll get one carved out of—or paid for by—the U.S., are you pessimistic about America's future race relations?

ALI: America don't *have* no future! America's going to be destroyed! Allah's going to divinely chastise America! Violence, crimes, earthquakes—there's gonna be all *kinds* of trouble. America's going to pay for all its lynchings and killings of slaves and what it's done to black people. America's day is over—and if it doesn't do justice to the black man and separate, it gonna *burn*! I'm not the leader, so I can't tell you how the separation will take place or whether it will happen in my lifetime or not, but I believe there's a divine force that will make it happen. I wish *I* could make it happen, but I can't—Allah will. It took the white men 500 years after they got here to get this country the way they want it, it took a lot of time and work, and it's gonna take *us* time and work. And if it takes 1000 years, well, the world is millions of years old, and 1000 years can be regarded as a day in the history of the world; so according to time, it's just around the corner.

And it'll happen, because it's right that black people should have their own nation. God bless the child that has his own—Christians teach that. Well, we don't have *nothin'* that's our own. If white men decide to close their grocery

stores tomorrow, black people will starve to death. We're *tired* of being slaves and never having nothing. We're *tired* of being servants and waiting till we die and go to heaven before we get anything. We want something while we're living. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad has passed on physically, but his message is still with us: Muslims will never be satisfied with integration and all the little jobs and promises black people get. We want our own nation. We're 25,000,000 black people—there's a lot of Negroes in America, you know? Man, there's only about 10,000,000 people in Cuba, and when they tell America to stay out, America *stays* out. They're just a few million, but they got their own nation and can get away with it. Nigerians and Ghanians have *their* own country. When I rode through Zaïre and looked at their little flag and watched them doing their little dances, hey, it was *their* own country. But we're a whole nation of slaves still in bondage to white people. We worked 300 years to make this country rich and fought for it in the Japanese war, the German war, the Korean war—in all the wars—and we *still* don't have nothing! So now, since they don't need cotton pickers 'cause machines can do it, and since we're walkin' the streets and multiplying, and there are no jobs for us—why *not* separate? Why *not* say, "OK, slave, we don't need you no more for picking cotton"?

PLAYBOY: Aren't you ignoring the fact that the nation's universities are now turning out black graduates at what would have seemed an unreachable rate as recently as 15 years ago?

ALI: No, 'cause all the white man's sayin' now is, "OK, slave, you're a doctor, you're a lawyer, you're a technician. You can do anything today, slave, and you're the most educated people there is next to white people. Black man, you got your degree."

And there ain't nothin' we can't do. We can build Empire State Buildings, 'cause we got our plumbers, designers, architects, electricians and construction workers. But since we're in your house, we got no jobs. You say we're free and you're not gonna lynch us anymore—but here we are without work, and we're still not getting along with each other. All right, I believe it, 400 years prove we can't get along. Fine, thank you, master. Now, will you let us go and build *us* a house? What's *wrong* with us having our own house—our own country? If we had our own nation, the courts would become courts of justice. We wouldn't have a bunch of blue-eyed white judges lookin' at us bad and wanting to get us. We wouldn't have policemen laying back on the highway, waiting for us to do something wrong and stopping every black man they see drivin' a new car.

Doesn't all this make sense? Don't it sound good? See, this is why Muslims convert people every day. If they was black, even white people would join. We want to be free. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad *made* us free.

PLAYBOY: Elijah Muhammad preached that all white men are blue-eyed devils. Do you believe that?

ALI: We know that every individual white ain't devil-hearted, and we got *black* people who are devils—the worst devils I've run into can be my own kind. When I think about white people, it's like there's 1000 rattlesnakes outside my door and maybe 100 of them want to help me. But they all look alike, so should I open my door and hope that the 100 who want to help will keep the other 900 off me, when only one bite will kill me? What I'm sayin' is that if there's 1000 rattlesnakes out there and 100 of them mean good—I'm still gonna shut my door. I'm gonna say, "I'm sorry, you nice 100 snakes, but *you don't really matter*."

Yeah, every Negro can say, "Oh, here's a white man who means right." But if that's true, where are the 25,000,000 whites standing next to the 25,000,000 blacks? Why can't you even get 100 of them together who are ready to stand up and fight and maybe even die for black freedom? Hey, we'd *look* if you did that.

PLAYBOY: Didn't white freedom riders of the Sixties—at least four of whom were murdered—demonstrate that many whites were ready to risk their lives for black civil rights?

ALI: Look, we been told there's gonna be whites who help blacks. And we also know there's gonna be whites who'll escape Allah's judgment, who won't be killed when Allah destroys this country—mainly some Jewish people who really mean right and do right. But we look at the situation as a whole. We *have* to. OK, think about a white student who's got long hair and who wants minority people to have something and so he's against the slave white rule. Well, other whites will beat his behind and maybe even kill him, because they don't want him helping us. But that doesn't change what happens to the black man. If white boys get beat up, am I supposed to say, "Oh, some white folks are good. Let's forget our whole movement and integrate and join up in America"?

Yes, a lot of these white students get hurt 'cause they want to help save their country. But listen, your great-granddaddy told my great-granddaddy that when *my* granddaddy got grown, things would be better. Then your granddaddy told my granddaddy that when *my* daddy was born, things would be better. Your daddy told my daddy that when *I* got grown, things would be better. But they ain't. Are you tellin' me that when *my*

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children get grown, things'll be better for black people in this country?

PLAYBOY: No, we're just trying to find out how you honestly feel about whites.

ALI: White people are good thinkers, man, but they're crazy. Whoever makes the commercials shown on Johnny Carson's TV show and whoever makes all them movies, well, they're smart, they're planners and they can rule the world. Mostly 'cause they always got a story to tell. Is Martin Luther King marching and causing trouble? OK, we'll let the blacks use the public toilets, but let's make 'em fight six months for it, and while they're fighting, we'll make another plan. They wanna come in the super-market next week? OK, let's make 'em fight two years for that. Meanwhile, we're still trying to get into schools in *Boston*, of all places. I'm telling you, the same men who write movies *must* be writing these plans. It's like, OK, the airlines will give jobs to a few black pilots and black stewardesses—but by the time they're finally hired, white folks are on the moon in *spaceships*.

So black folks stay far behind, so far behind that it's a shame. Think of how rich America is: The Government spends more than 300 billion dollars a year to run this country and, meanwhile, black people ain't even got money to go to the hospital. For a man who's alive, a man like Muhammad Ali, who's listened to the wisest black man in America, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, the only thing to want is freedom in our own nation. Ain't *nothing* you can tell me or show me to match what I'm saying. The only thing the white man can offer me is a job in America—he ain't gonna offer me no flag, no hospitals, no land, no freedom. But once a man knows what freedom is, he's not satisfied even being the President of your country. And as Allah is my witness, I'd die today to prove it. If I could be President of the U.S. tomorrow and do what I can to help my people or be in an all-black country of 25,000,000 Negroes and my job would be to put garbage in the truck, I'd be a garbage-man. And if that included not just me but also my children and all my seed from now till forever, I'd still rather have the lowest job in a black society than the highest in a white society. If we got our own country, I'd empty trash ahead of being President of the U.S.—or being Muhammad Ali, the champion.

PLAYBOY: You've earned nearly \$10,000,000 in fight purses in the past two years alone. Would you really part with all your wealth so easily?

ALI: I'd do it in a minute. Last week, I was out taking a ride and I thought, "I'm driving this Rolls-Royce and I got another one in the garage that I hardly ever use that cost \$40,000. I got a Scenicruiser Greyhound bus that sleeps

14 and cost \$120,000 and another bus that cost \$42,000—\$162,000 just in mobile homes. My training camp cost \$350,000 and I just spent \$300,000 remodeling my house in Chicago. I got all that and a lot more."

Well, I was driving down the street and I saw a little black man wrapped in an old coat standing on a corner with his wife and little boy, waiting for a bus to come along—and there I am in my Rolls-Royce. The little boy had holes in his shoes and I started thinkin' that if he was *my* little boy, I'd break into tears. And I started crying.

Sure, I know I got it made while the masses of black people are catchin' hell, but as long as they ain't free, I ain't free. You think I need to hire all the people I do to help me get in shape? Listen, I can go down to Miami Beach with my cook and my sparring partners and get three hotel rooms and live it up—and I'd save money. I spent \$850,000 training for George Foreman, most of it employing the few black people I could. In two months of training for Chuck Wepner, I spent \$30,000. I wasn't doing it for me. See, once you become a Muslim, you want for your brother what you want for yourself. For instance, Kid Gavilan was a black boxing champion who had trouble in Cuba after he retired and he wound up in Miami working in a park. Newspaper reporters used to write stories about it that would embarrass Kid Gavilan and when I heard what he was doing, I thought, "Kid Gavilan ain't gonna work in no *park*." So I found Kid Gavilan and now he works for me, and I pay him a lot better than what he made in the park. Why should I allow one of the world's greatest black fighters in history to end up workin' in a park? He's representing all of us. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad gave me that.

Man, I think white folks would actually be *frightened* if they could see a Muslim convention. Not frightened from fear of Muslims bothering you, only that you can see the end of white rule coming when you see 50,000 Muslims together, all clean, all orderly, all dedicated. And the reason for that is because being a Muslim wakes you up to all kinds of things.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

ALI: Black people in America never used to know that our religion was Islam or that Jesus was a black man—we always made him white. We never knew we were the original people. We thought black was bad luck. We never thought that Africans would own their own countries again and that they were our brothers. God is white, but we never knew that the proper name of God is Allah—and Allah ain't white. We never even knew our names, because in slavery we were named what our white masters were named. If our master's name was

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Black people in America should have those names, too, and lemme show you why. If I say *Mr. Chang Chong* or *Mr. Loo Chin*, the name tells you to look for a Chinaman. If I say *Mr. Castro* or *Mr. Gonzales*, you look for a Cuban or a Spaniard. If I say *Mr. Weinstein* or *Mr. Goldberg*, you look for a Jew. If I say *Mr. Morning Star* or *Mr. Rolling Thunder*, you know it's an Indian. If I say *Mr. Mobutu* or *Mr. Kenyatta*, you know it's an African. But if I say *Mr. Green* or *Mr. Washington* or *Mr. Jones*, the man could be white or black. See, you can identify everybody else by their names but us. And everybody *should* have their own names, which is what *Elijah Muhammad* taught us and which is what God taught him. I mean, did you ever hear of a white Englishman named *Lumumba*? Well, that's how black Americans feel about English names like *Robinson*. See how our teaching wakes you up? And not only are our names beautiful, they also have beautiful meanings.

PLAYBOY: What does *your* name mean?

ALI: Muhammad means worthy of all praises, Ali means the most high. And a lot of brothers today are doing like me and giving up their old slave name and taking new first and last names, nice-soundin' ones like *Hassan Sharif* or *Kareem Shabazz*. Those *were* our names before we were brought over here and named after *George Washington*. It's important we get them back, too, because if black folks don't know God's name, which is *Allah*, or their own name, they're starting too far behind. So the first step is to get out of that old slave name and start you a new family name—every time I hear about another black family doin' that, I get happier and happier. And if you know truth when you hear it, then you know how joyful I am to be a Muslim.

PLAYBOY: Will you assume a place in the Muslim movement when your boxing career is over?

ALI: Yes, sir. If I'm blessed to and they allow me, I'm gonna be a minister. I'm goin' to work with our new spiritual leader, brother *Wallace D. Muhammad*,

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son of Elijah Muhammad.

PLAYBOY: How has Elijah Muhammad's death affected the Black Muslims?

ALI: Naturally, it was saddening, because it's bad to lose him physically, but if we should lose him in ourselves, that's worse. So we just have to keep pushing, and we now follow his son, who's taking up just where his father left off. And we're 100 percent behind him. We were taught by Elijah Muhammad not to fear or grieve, and we don't.

PLAYBOY: What difference did he make in your own life?

ALI: He was *my* Jesus, and I had love for both the man and what he represented. Like Jesus Christ and all of God's prophets, he represented all good things and, having passed on, he is missed. But prophets never die spiritually, for their words and works live on. Elijah Muhammad was my savior, and everything I have come from him—my thoughts, my efforts to help my people, how I eat, how I talk, my *name*.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could ever lose the faith?

ALI: I pray to Allah it don't happen, but it could. Every day, I say, "Surely I have turned myself to thee, O Allah, trying to be upright to him who has originated the heavens and the earth. Surely my prayers, my sacrifices, my life and my death are all for Allah, the lord of all the world." That's the beginning of a long prayer and I say it daily, and sometimes five times a day, to keep myself strong and on the right path. It's possible that I can lose faith, so I gotta pray, and to keep myself fired up, I gotta talk like I'm talkin' now. It's the kind of talk that keeps us Muslims together. And you can tell a bunch of Muslims: no violence, no hate, no cigarettes, no fightin', no stealin', all happy. It's a *miracle*. Most Negro places you be in, you see folks fussin' and cussin', eatin' pork chops and women runnin' around. You've seen the peace and unity of my training camp—it's all Elijah Muhammad's spirit and his teachings. Black people never acted like this before. If every one of us in camp was just like we were before we heard Elijah Muhammad, you wouldn't be able to see for all the smoke. You'd hear things like, "Hey, man, what's happenin', where's the *ladies*? What we gonna *drink* tonight? Let's get that music on and *party!*" And hey, this isn't an Islamic center. We're *happy* today. And we're better off than if we talked Christianity and said, "Jesus loves you, brother, Jesus died for your sins, accept Jesus Christ."

PLAYBOY: You find something wrong with that?

ALI: Christianity is a good philosophy if you live it, but it's controlled by white people who preach it but don't practice it. They just organize it and use it any which way they want to. If the white

man lived Christianity, it would be different; but I tell you, I think it's against *nature* for European people to live Christian lives. Their nations were founded on killing, on wars. France, Germany, the bunch of 'em—it's been one long war ever since they existed. And if they're not killing each other over there, they're shooting Indians over here. And if they're not after the Indians, they're after the reindeer and every other living thing they can kill, even elephants. It's always violence and war for Christians.

Muslims, though, live their religion—we ain't hypocrites. We submit entirely to Allah's will. We don't eat ham, bacon or pork. We don't smoke. And everybody knows that we honor our women. You can see our sisters on the street from ten miles away, their white dresses dragging along the ground. Young women in this society parade their bodies in all them freak clothes—mini-skirts and pants suits—but our women don't wear them. A woman who's got a beautiful body covers it up and humbles herself to Allah and also turns down all the modern conveniences. Nobody else do that but Muslim women. You hear about Catholic sisters—but they do a lot of screwing behind doors. Ain't nobody gonna believe a woman gonna go all her life and say, "I ain't never had a man," and is happy. She be *crazy*. That's against nature. And a priest saying he'd never touch a woman—that's against nature, too. What's he gonna do at night? Call upon the hand of the Lord?

PLAYBOY: Catholic readers will no doubt provide you with an answer, but, meanwhile, perhaps you could tell us why restrictions on Muslim women are far more stringent than upon Muslim men.

ALI: Because they should be. Women are sex symbols.

PLAYBOY: To whom?

ALI: To me.

PLAYBOY: And aren't you a sex symbol to women?

ALI: Still, men don't walk around with their chests out. Anyway, I'd rather see a man with his breasts showing than a woman. Why should she walk around with half her titties out? There gotta be restrictions that way.

PLAYBOY: But why should men formulate those restrictions?

ALI: Because in the Islamic world, the man's the boss and the woman stays in the background. She don't *want* to call the shots.

PLAYBOY: We can almost hear women's liberation leaders saying, "Sisters, you've been brainwashed. You should control your *own* lives."

ALI: Not Muslim women—Christian women. Muslim women don't think like that. See, the reason we so powerful is that we don't let the white man control *our* women. They obey *us*. And when a Muslim girl becomes a woman, she



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don't *want* to walk around with her behind hanging out. Horses and dogs and mules walk around with their behinds out. Humans hide their behinds.

PLAYBOY: Are Muslim women allowed to have careers or are they supposed to stay in the kitchen?

ALI: A lot of 'em got careers, working for and with their brothers, but you don't find 'em in no white man's office in downtown New York working behind secretarial desks. Too many black women been *used* in offices. And not even in bed—on the floor. We know it because we got office Negroes who've told us this. So we protect our women, 'cause women are the field that produces our nation. And if you can't protect your women, you can't protect your nation. Man, I was in Chicago a couple of months ago and saw a white fella take a black woman into a motel room. He stayed with her two or three hours and then walked out—and a bunch of brothers saw it and didn't even *say* nothin'. They should have thrown rocks at his car or kicked down the door while he was in there screwing her—do *something* to let him know you don't like it. How can you be a man when another man can come get your woman or your daughter or your sister—and take her to a room and screw her—and, nigger, you don't even *protest*?

But nobody touches our women, white or black. Put a hand on a Muslim sister and you are to *die*. You may be a white or black man in an elevator with a Muslim sister and if you pat her on the behind, you're supposed to die right there.

PLAYBOY: You're beginning to sound like a carbon copy of a white racist. Let's get it out front: Do you believe that lynching is the answer to interracial sex?

ALI: A black man *should* be killed if he's messing with a white woman. And white men have always done that. They lynched niggers for even looking at a white woman; they'd call it reckless eyeballing and bring out the rope. Raping, patting, mischief, abusing, showing our women disrespect—a man should die for that. And not just white men—black men, too. We will kill you, and the brothers who don't kill you will get their behinds whipped and probably get killed themselves if they let it happen and don't do nothin' about it. Tell it to the President—he ain't gonna do nothin' about it. Tell it to the FBI: We'll kill anybody who tries to mess around with our women. Ain't *nobody* gonna bother them.

PLAYBOY: And what if a Muslim woman wants to go out with non-Muslim blacks—or white men, for that matter?

ALI: Then *she* dies. Kill her, too.

PLAYBOY: Are Muslim women your captives?

ALI: Hey, our women don't want no white men, period. Can you picture me, after what I been talking and thinking, wanting a white woman? Muslims think about

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300 years of slavery and lynching, and you think we want to *love* our slave masters? No *way* we think about that. And no, our women aren't captives. Muslim women who lose their faith are free to leave. I'm sure that if all the black men and women who started following Elijah Muhammad were still with us, we'd have an easy 10,000,000 followers. That many came through the doors but didn't stay. They free to go if they want to.

PLAYBOY: If all the blacks in America became Muslims by the end of the year, what do you think would happen as a result?

ALI: President Ford would call our leaders to the White House and negotiate about what states he wants to give us or what country we want to be set up in. Can you imagine 25,000,000 Negroes all feeling the way I do? There'd be nothing you could do with them but let 'em go.

PLAYBOY: "Let 'em go" doesn't mean handing over a group of states to Muslim religious leaders.

ALI: Maybe, maybe not. You could rope off Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, we could go in there and live, and whites could have passports to come in, do business and leave. Or a mass exodus from America. I wish I can see it before I die. Let me ask *you* something.

PLAYBOY: Shoot.

ALI: You think I'm as pretty as I used to be? I was *so* pretty. Somebody took some pictures of me and they're in an envelope here, so let me stop talking for a few seconds, 'cause I want you to take a look at 'em. . . .

Hey, I'm *still* pretty! What a wonderful face! Don't I look *good* in these pictures? I can see I gotta stay in shape if I want to stay pretty, but that's *so hard*. I've been fighting for 21 years and just *thinkin'* about it makes me tired. I ain't 22 anymore—I'm 33 and I can't fight like I did eight or ten years ago. Maybe for a little while, but I can't keep it up. I used to get in a ring and dance and jump and hop around for the whole 15 rounds. Now I can only do that for five or six, and then I have to slow down and rest for the next two or three rounds. I might jump around again in the 11th and 12th rounds, or I might even go the whole rest of the fight like I used to, but I have to work much more to be able to do it now; weight is harder to get off and it takes more out of me to lose it. That means getting out every day and running a couple of miles, coming into the gym and punching the bags four days a week, and eatin' the right foods. But I like to eat the *wrong* foods. I'll go to a coffee shop and order a stack of pancakes with strawberry preserves, blueberry preserves, whipped cream and butter, and then hit them hot pancakes with that good maple syrup and then drink a cold glass of milk. At dinnertime, I'll pull into a McDonald's and order two big double cheeseburgers and a chocolate milk shake—and the next day I weigh ten pounds more. Some

people can eat and not gain weight, but if I just *look* at food, my belly gets bigger. That's why, when I'm training, about all I eat is broiled steaks, chicken and fish, fresh vegetables and salads. I don't even get to *see* them other things I like.

PLAYBOY: Are there parts of training you enjoy?

ALI: Except for gettin' up at five or six in the morning and runnin' for two miles, it's all work. But I don't train like other boxers. For instance, I let my sparring partners try to beat up on me about 80 percent of the time. I go on the defense and take a couple of hits to the head and the body, which is good: You gotta condition your body and brain to take those shots, 'cause you're gonna get hit hard a couple of times in every fight. Meanwhile, I'm not gonna beat up on my sparring partners, because what's the pleasure in that? Besides, if I kill myself punching at them, it'll take too much out of me. When you're fightin' as much as I have lately, you're supposed to be boxin' and doin' something every day, but I can't dance and move every day like I should, because my body won't let me. So I have to stall my way through.

PLAYBOY: Have you always been so easy on yourself in training?

ALI: That's not being easy, it's being smart. I pace my training the way I do my fights—just enough to let me win. When I boxed tough but unranked fighters like Jurgen Blin, Rudi Lubbers, Mac Foster and Al "Blue" Lewis, I hardly trained, but I was in shape enough to beat them. You got to realize that after I fought Joe Frazier—who took a lot out of me—for the second time, I had had 15 fights. If I had trained for all 15 the way I trained for Frazier, I wouldn't be here today, 'cause I'd have killed myself. So instead of being all worn out for that second fight, I was able to come back and beat Frazier. The second time with Norton, I almost killed myself training, but that turned out to be right, because I had something left at the end of that fight. For George Foreman, I *did* kill myself. But I didn't have to do that for Chuck Wepner, Ron Lyle or Joe Bugner, because they're not the same quality. So nobody should worry about how I train or tell me to train differently, for I'm the master of my craft. The main thing is to watch my performance on fight night, that's the only thing that counts. When the money is on the table and my title is on the line, I always come through.

PLAYBOY: How much longer do you intend to defend your title?

ALI: I'd like to give up the championship and retire today, but there's too many things I've got to do. We're taught that every Muslim has a burden to do as much as he can to help black people. Well, my burden is real big, for I'm the heavyweight champion and the most famous black man on the whole planet,



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so I got to do a whole lot. That's why I just bought a shopping center in a black part of Cleveland, Ohio, for \$500,000. It's got room for 40 stores and we'll rent them out for just enough money to pay the upkeep and taxes—I'm not looking to make a quarter off it. That's gonna create jobs for black people. I'm also buying an A&P supermarket in Atlanta that will employ 150 black people. Then I'm going down to Miami, Florida, which doesn't have one nice, plush restaurant for black people; I'm goin' to get one built. You know, there used to be a sign along Miami Beach that said, NO JEWS ALLOWED. Well, the Jews got mad, united and bought up the whole damn beach. That's what *we* got to start doin'—uniting and pooling our money—and I hope to get black celebrities and millionaires behind me, because the Muslim movement is the onliest one that's really going to get our people together. I may be just one little black man with a talent for fightin', but I'm going to perform miracles: When black people with money see what I can do with my pennies, they'll begin to see what can be done with their millions.

My big contribution is goin' to come after the next Foreman fight. I might get \$10,000,000 for fighting George again, and out of that I'll give the Government its \$5,000,000 in tax, I'll put aside \$1,000,000 for myself and spread the other \$4,000,000 around. With that kind of money, we can make a lot of this country's black neighborhoods bloom, which will show that Allah is surely with me and my Muslim brothers. For we *can* change things. Look at our restaurants and buildings along Lenox Avenue in Harlem and you know we're not just *jivin'*. The \$4,000,000 I'll invest in my people after the Foreman fight will be the start of making every ghetto in America beautiful, and you'll be able to see where *that* money went. The Government says it spends billions in the ghettos—but *we* can't see where the money goes.

People might read all this and say it's easy to talk, but I'm not just talkin'. You watch: I'm goin' to spend the next five years of my life takin' my fight money and settin' up businesses for the brothers to operate. That's the *only* reason why I'll hold on to my title.

PLAYBOY: Since you've already told us that age has been steadily eroding your skills, what makes you think you'll still be champion when you're 38?

ALI: Hey, Jersey Joe Walcott *won* his title when he was 37. Sugar Ray Robinson fought till he was in his 40s and Archie Moore went until he was 51.

PLAYBOY: At which point you took him apart with ease. Would you want to wind up your career the same way?

ALI: Archie didn't end up hurt and he's still intelligent—in spite of thinking Foreman could beat me. Going five

more years don't mean going till I'm 51, and I can do it just by slowing down my style. You also got to remember I spent three and a half years in exile, when they took away my title because I wouldn't be drafted. That's three and a half years less of tusslin', trainin' and fightin', and if not for all that rest, I don't think I'd be in the same shape I am today. Because of my age, I don't have all of those three and a half years coming to me, but I have *some* of them.

PLAYBOY: Was that period of enforced idleness a bitter part of your life?

ALI: I wasn't bitter at *all*. I had a good time speaking at colleges and meeting the students—whites, blacks and all kinds, but mainly whites, who supported me a hundred percent. They were as much against the Vietnam war as I was.

In the meantime, I was enjoying everything I was doin'. As a speaker, I was makin' \$1500 and \$2500 at every stop, and I was averaging \$5000 a week, so I had money in my pocket. I was also puttin' pressure on the boxing authorities. I'd walk into fight arenas where contenders for my title were boxing and I'd interrupt everything, because I wanted to show everybody that I was still the Man. The people would jump up and cheer for me and the word soon got out that the authorities would have to reckon with me. When I won the Supreme Court decision and they had to let me go back to work, a lot of people came around saying, "Why don't you sue the boxing commission for unjustly taking your title away?" Well, they only did what they thought was right and there was no need for me to try to punish them for that. It's just too bad they didn't recognize that I was sincere in doing what *I* thought was right at the time.

PLAYBOY: Did you receive a lot of hate mail during those years?

ALI: Only about one out of every 300 letters. And I kinda liked those, so I put 'em all away in a box. When I'm 90 years old, they'll be something to show my great-grandson. I'll tell him, "Boy, here's a letter your great-granddaddy got when he fought the draft way back when they had wars." Anyway, there's good and bad in every race. People got their own opinions and they free to talk.

PLAYBOY: Considering your feelings about white America, did it surprise you that so many whites agreed with your stand against the draft?

ALI: Yes, it did. I figured it would be worse and that I'd meet with a lot more hostility, but that didn't happen. See, that war wasn't like World War Two or like America being attacked. I actually had a lot going for me at the time: The country was halfway against it, the youth was against it and the world was saying to America, "Get out." And there I was, among people who are slaves and who are oppressed by whites. I also had a

platform, because the Muslim religion and the Koran preaches against such wars. I would've caught much more hell if America was in a declared war and I didn't go.

PLAYBOY: Would you have served if America had been in a declared war?

ALI: The way I feel, if America was attacked and some foreign force was prowling the streets and shooting, naturally I'd fight. I'm on the side of America, not them, because I'm fighting for myself, my children and my people. Whatever foreigners would come in, if they saw some black people with rifles, I'm sure they'd start shooting. So, yeah, I'd fight if America was attacked.

PLAYBOY: When you returned to the ring in 1970, most boxing observers felt you'd lost a good deal of your speed and timing. Did you think so?

ALI: Nope, I thought I was about the same, maybe even better. My first bout when I came back was with Jerry Quarry, who I'd fought before. It was the strangest thing, but when I watched films of the first Quarry fight, I looked fast; yet when I looked at the second Quarry fight I was *superfast*. Then, after I lost to Frazier, I studied the films and even though I wasn't in great shape and clowned a lot, look at how *sharp* I was, how much I *hit* Joe. Anyway, you saw what Foreman did to Frazier and then what I did to Foreman, so what could I have lost by resting for three and a half years? Couldn't be much, could it? That's why I can stay champ for a long time, and if I fight just twice a year, my title can't be taken away. And those'll be big, big fights worth at least \$5,000,000 apiece. That's \$10,000,000 a year for five years, which means I'll split \$50,000,000 with the Government. I'll wind up with \$25,000,000 after taxes. Whew!

PLAYBOY: That kind of money wasn't around when you began boxing professionally. Are you ever astonished by the fact that you can make \$5,000,000 in the course of an hour?

ALI: No, and when I leave boxing, there will never be that kind of money for fighters again. I can get \$5,000,000 or \$7,500,000 a fight because I got a world audience. The people who are puttin' up that money are the richest people in the world—black oilmen. It was a rich black man who paid me and George Foreman, and he did it because he wanted some publicity for his little country, and he got it. For 15 years after the white Belgians had to get out of there, no one—including me—ever heard of Zaïre. No one knew it was a country of more than 22,000,000 people, but now we do.

I just got offered \$7,500,000 to fight Foreman in Djakarta, Indonesia, by a black oilman who wants to promote *his*

(continued on page 176)

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ARTICLE
BY JOSIAH BUNTING

CAN THE VOLUNTEER ARMY FIGHT?

DON'T COUNT ON IT

DOCTOR JOHNSON's celebrated judgment—"Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier"—is no longer true in the United States or in western Europe. No one not old enough to have been called to the colors between 1940 and 1945 thinks meanly of himself for not having served—even, or perhaps especially, those who managed to avoid service during the two late wars on the Asian rimland. The war in Korea made, and still makes, arguable sense for the United States; the war in Vietnam was strategic nonsense. (To a man, the generals and colonels interviewed for this article averred: "We shouldn't have gone in in the first place; but once we went in, we should have gone in and *done the job*, hard and fast.") In any case, few adult males who missed "soldiering" in either of those nasty little wars regret it.

But Dr. Johnson's idea of soldiering, in an age when the British regular army still counted in its ranks men who had marched across Europe with Marlborough and whose subalterns would live long enough to die gasping and groaning unpitied before Alexandria and at Waterloo—Dr. Johnson's idea of soldiering has little in common with the modern recruit's notion of what he volunteered for. And perhaps the current statistical success of the Volunteer Army (VOLAR) owes most to the difference between the two notions. In 1975, the recruit has enlisted out of motives that have almost nothing to do with his wanting to soldier.

He will be very well paid (\$345 per month after taxes, for openers); he is committing himself for only three or four years; and if he went on active duty before July 1, 1975, he will still be able to use the Vietnam-era GI Bill when he is discharged; he can pick up a high school diploma and plenty of rather cheaply earned college credits while he is on active duty, and *on the Army's time*, not after hours; he can make a contract with an obliging recruiting sergeant that usually guarantees where he will serve or in what military occupational specialty—though the recruiting sergeants sometimes incline to the overobliging promise ("I'm tellin' ya, I can't put it down in writing that you're gonna be a computer technician, but once you get to basic, they'll fix it up for ya"); perhaps he can't get a job on the outside—though the Army is in no hurry to collect data on this; and, unless he's an idiot (and the Army is at great pains to demonstrate that no mental-category Vs—the lowest—are *allowed* to enlist), he must recognize that his chances of fighting in a war between 1975 and 1978–1979 are remote.

So it would appear—all the bennies and very little of the pain.

That these incentives, rather than the wish to become proficient in the art of exterminating one's fellow man ("the organized management and application of violence" currently reigns as the official euphemism), are what is attracting recruits should give comfort to anyone who

foresaw a Volunteer Army of Chesty Pullers, Pachuca alumni, Hell's Angels, psychopaths, inbred albino mountain boys and 38-year-old privates dividing their time between the bayonet range and the whorehouse. And it will be the same kinds of blandishments, with cash bonuses thrown in, that will cause some 30 percent of the volunteers entering the Army in 1975 to want to re-enlist in 1978, not—and this is the critical point—any active dissatisfaction with democratic politics or a desire to chastise lesser breeds without the law: slopeheads, Bolsheviks and what have you. The point should be stressed, for it was the dim, gnawing apprehension that the Army would become a right-wing mercenary force that was at the very heart of the early objections to it, back in the days when Melvin Laird—at his master's bidding, and responding to skyrocketing A.W.O.L. rates, desertions and rumors of small mutinies among largely conscript units in Vietnam—announced we were striving to achieve a zero draft; this and the sense that the wellborn and the privileged, the rich and the educated would remain exempt from military service under the volunteer system. Unfortunately, this is still true. Only in an all-out war will the Ivy League be drafted—if there's time for it.

The question was put to five recruits in their seventh day at the reception center at Fort Dix, New Jersey (a \$4,800,000 brick edifice, built in 1973, centrally goddamned air conditioned: Its ambience



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is that of a state-university student-union building; it is laid out around an atrium, or plaza, with parti-colored umbrellas sheltering each refreshment table: "Why did you come into the Army?"

Private Don Patterson, Wilmington, Delaware: "It seemed like a way to better myself. I signed up as a heating-and-cooling specialist."

Private Randy Halcomb, Oneida, Kentucky: "Because it pays to be a vet." Halcomb, after he finishes the seven-week course, will go to voice radio school.

Private James Sherwin, Watervliet, New York: "To open my eyes up. I'll be a computer technician with the 82nd Airborne Division."

Private Ray Zander, Oxnard, California, a 1975 graduate of Whitworth College: "I haven't the foggiest. . . I suppose I want to try everything before I get stuck behind someone's desk."

Private Joaquin Rosado III, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania: "For the training and tradition of being a soldier." What kind of soldier? "Oh, a medical technician."

Five privates, randomly selected from a group of 50 recruits who sat chatting in a large waiting room: They were about to be given certain diagnostic proficiency and aptitude tests.

They sat chatting. Hell, yes, they sat chatting. To anyone who remembers the naked terror induced by his first collision with a sinewy Marine D.I. at the Seaboard Rail Depot in Yemassee, South Carolina, and the first three or four days and nights of his 13-week basic combat training at Parris Island, the sight is downright bizarre.

Patterson, Halcomb, Sherwin, Zander and Rosado—they are relaxed and genial, curious. Zander, a tall black, punctuates his comments with elegant gestures; he sits on a bench with his legs crossed, dangling his foot like a young executive at First National City. Several yards down the hall, other recruits are talking baseball with the barber, whose ministrations leave them looking rather like brushcut college boys of the Fifties, no worse. Why shouldn't they be relaxed and genial? On their second day at Dix, they received a substantial advance pay. They have all slept eight hours a night, the Army's M.D.R. (minimum daily requirement), and woe betide the drill sergeant who deprives them of it. They have eaten very well in a place that looks like a fraternity dining room, have had their physicals and been fitted for uniforms. Though they have not yet formally been embodied as a training company—that comes tomorrow—they have already seen their drill sergeant. "He looks like a real decent guy," says another recruit.

It's jarring, all right. Of course, things will get tough in the weeks ahead. There

will be plenty of physical training, several road marches, battle-sight zeroing, weapons qualifications, bivouacs, drill, classes on military justice and hygiene and traditions of the Service, a rousing speech from the general—who points out the South Vietnamese army as an example of a force "that broke and ran because they had no discipline" and who piously hopes they will be proud enough of being soldiers that they will wear their uniforms home on leave and "stand tall in them" (some things never change)—a little K.P., but also a 36-hour pass at the end of the third or fourth week of training; but the inflection is no longer one of grim, implacable menace on the part of the D.I.s and the young officers set over them, of kicking ass and taking names, of grim, threatening descriptions of the post stockade, which is now called the area confinement facility. No, the atmosphere is one of calm, measured purposefulness, of helping the recruit, of making his transition from civilian to soldier an efficient but relatively unjarring one.

Now, there is not the slightest shred of evidence that this kind of treatment will produce soldiers less capable, less able to fight than those who finished basic 10 or 20 or 30 years ago. No evidence—but one remains a bit suspicious, all the same. Most of the senior noncommissioned officers at Dix, as elsewhere, are as outspoken and irascible as ever; many are downright resentful—like Sfc. Daniel Conaghan, a weapons instructor whom the recruits will meet during their sixth week: "Training has lightened up to where you're takin' a kid and keepin' him a kid."

Throughout the Army, it is the older N.C.O.s who most resent what has happened. As usual, officers in the grade of major and higher are certain that things are getting better, that the young volunteers like the Army or can be made to like it. The lieutenants can't really tell, except, perhaps, for the few among them old enough to remember the Army before VOLAR. The volunteers themselves—well, they tolerate Army life, some of them are proud of their units; but when you ask them if they're thinking of re-enlisting, most of them laugh in your face.

This should not come as startling news to the great mass of citizen-soldiers in America, to those millions of veterans who are not active in the alumni organizations of American arms—the Legion, the V.F.W., and so on. Their memories of military life are not, when they come to think of them, very pleasant. No vision of glory girds them, no recollection of duty happily and proudly fulfilled can smooth over the pocked and seamy texture of remembered wartime lives: lives often of deprivation and fatigue, of

frantic pleasure taking on furlough, lives punctuated by the lacerating taunts of N.C.O.s charged with whipping men into shape, lives of separation from those they loved, lives of squalor and tedium and sometimes terror. No. Military duty is not a happy business for most people. For members of what sociologists call armies of the Western democratic type, it is unlikely that it ever will be. Behind every immaculate Grenadier Guardsman stands a dusty motor pool in the English Midlands; for every resplendent *curvaisseur* on the Champs Elysées there is a miserable private on a bunk in a training center near Lyons; for every ranger battalion N.C.O. with his absurd shaved head there are 20 privates smoking dope at Fort Lewis; and for every ebullient cocksure American general, there are 500 bored and distracted enlisted men racing for their cars on Friday afternoons. Remember it all? The six of you steaming in the 1949 Mercury with two cases of Schlitz, dead bugs on the windshield, tearing up Route 1 from Lejeune to Philly or the Bronx? From Hood to Austin? From Fort Lewis to Portland?

It has not fundamentally changed in the Volunteer Army. It is very doubtful that it ever will.

There are three reasons for this. First, as we have seen, the opportunity to fight, the chance to "soldier"—these things are not what is luring volunteers for the Army. For the Marines, yes; the Army, no. (And, incidentally, that Marine Corps recruiting pitch we inwardly admire—you ain't good enough, clown; we didn't promise you a rose garden, we only want a few good men, etc.—is nowhere nearly as successful as you or I or the Marine Corps expected it would be.) Second, the Army is lavish in its promises of education to those who volunteer; not exactly education along the Cardinal Newman-F. R. Leavis axis but education as Seventies America apparently wants it—and it is precisely this that will fuel most soldiers' desire to leave the Service when their obligated service is up. Third, there is only so much even the most inventive officers can devise to keep the troops happy. Yes, you can send a few men to the three new ranger battalions—units developed to deal smartly with small disorders abroad that might threaten United States interests or American nationals and give the Army a new *corps d'élite* not unlike the Green Berets of the early Sixties—you can send them to these units if that sort of thing appeals to them; you can stick a man in the embassy in Rome, perhaps, or detail three men as lifeguards at the club, or two to the U. S. Military Academy Preparatory School at Fort Belvoir, or give prizes for the best-maintained back yard or the best-turned-out Sheridan, or take the

(continued on page 158)



"Hello . . . do you have special rates for groups?"

BUNNIES of '75

TODAY'S COTTONTAIL
MAY BE MORE OUTSPOKEN
AND INDEPENDENT
THAN EVER BEFORE,
BUT SHE HASN'T LOST
ANY OF HER CHARM

Right: Surrounded by her competitors, Beth Martin of our San Francisco Club shows her surprise at being selected Bunny of the Year at the pageant held in L.A.'s Aquarius Theater. She followed her success with a vacation in Hawaii. Nini Minor (below), also of the S.F. hutch, likes to prospect for gold in the Sierras. An ex-airline stewardess, she used to sketch her passengers, who would often ask to buy the portraits.





ALTHOUGH we like to think of Playboy Clubs as cool, dark, comfortable places where keyholders can forget about all the hassle and strife outside, it's a matter of record that strife and hassle—of a relatively mild nature, to be sure—reached the Chicago Playboy Club this year. In fact, it started on the cool, dark and comfortable inside and was carried out to the bright light of day by ten sign-bearing Bunnies (a typical message: WHY ARE WE THE UNTOUCHABLES?). Their demonstration attracted plenty of attention from the local gendarmes—and the media, which gave the girls ample opportunity to air their complaints. What they wanted was freedom to give keyholders their last names, to date them if they wished and to hang around the Club after working hours. Well, all's well that ends well, and our tale of discord and strife came to an early—and happy—denouement when PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner granted the girls' demands without delay, making all *(text concluded on page 171)*

Below: Naomi Lee, a native New Yorker, is Gotham's Bunny of the Year for the second year in a row. She's looking forward to a career in show business, for which she's spent a long time preparing. Naomi started piano lessons when she was five and she's currently studying voice and dance (with Alvin Ailey, yet). When she's not otherwise occupied, Naomi likes to pass the time making jewelry out of feathers, leather and beads.

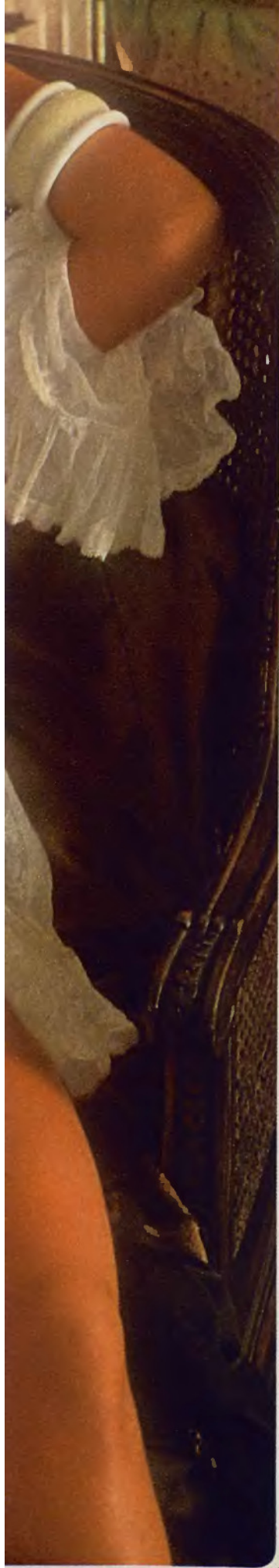




Boston Bunny Samantha Brown (above), who was born in Germany, gets modeling assignments in both The Hub and New York. Bunny Janice Raymond of our L.A. Club (below)—our December 1974 Playmate—helped airlift Vietnamese orphans aboard Hugh M. Hefner's DC-9.



Detroit's Vicki Vonnini (left) has traveled all over the world and thrown herself into all sorts of situations. "Everything's out there," she says; "you just have to reach for it." Vicki points in oils and does macramé; she's also studying jazz dancing and hopes to join a professional company. Miami's Terri Mitchell (below) is a Texas transplant who went East for a vacation and stayed. She admits to missing "some Texas things—like horses and chili" but loves to go snorkeling in the Florida Keys.





Victoria Cunningham (left) of our Los Angeles Club—our April 1975 Playmate—loves to travel and, as it happens, has just returned from a PLAYBOY promotional trip to Japan. Right: Miami's Desiree DeMarra, who claims that she always wanted to be a Bunny, is learning to race speedboats (with the help of her dad, who manufactures them).





Above center: Tara Silcack of our Club in Manchester, England—she's their Bunny of the Year—was a private in the Women's Royal Army Corps before she became a cottontail. Chicago Bunny of the Year Laura Lyons (above right) has appeared on a variety of TV shows—*The Dating Game*, *Truth or Consequences*, *Love*, *American Style*—as well as in the film *The Godfather Part II*. Laura, who is also a Jet Bunny, was on the crew of a flight chartered last year by Elvis Presley ("He's just a marvelous person"). Below: Candy Collins, also of our Chicago hutch, is a Gemini and claims to have two distinct personalities. For instance, when it comes to the cinema, she likes both Bogart movies and porno flicks. Candid Candy.



Below: Denver Bunnies Cindy Brown (left) and Nancy Stoskin are sisters—and they share a lot of interests. Both are former members of the Denver Civic Ballet and have used their Bunny earnings for college studies (at Metro State College and the University of Colorado, respectively). Right: Another Denver Bunny, Phaedra (nee Linda) Durst, has opened a boutique—called Phaedra—in partnership with her boyfriend.



Below: Janet Lupo of our Great Gorge, New Jersey, resort happens to be our Ploymate this issue, and the story of her coming of age (in Hoboken) will be found, as usual, wrapped around the centerfold. Right: Barbara Sawyer of our Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, resort, a Kentucky native who doesn't like big cities, rides a Triumph, plays pinball and is into graphic arts. She has also taken up belly dancing: "It's great for the stomach muscles." So we see.





FLASHMAN IN THE GREAT GAME

the beautiful rani was inside that doomed fortress and she had to be saved—even if old flashy got torn apart in the process

Concluding a new adventure satire
By **GEORGE MacDONALD FRASER**

SYNOPSIS: It was the summer of 1856 and the prime minister needed a brave man to go on a secret mission to India to report on rumours of impending mutiny among the sepoy Indian troops in the city of Jhansi—and to learn if the sinister Russian Count Ignatieff was behind it all. And who was the right man for the job but Colonel Harry Flashman, hero of Balaclava in the public eyes (and the luckiest coward alive in his own).

Another aspect of his mission was to make friends with the ruler of Jhansi—

who, to his lecherous delight, turned out to be a young and beautiful Rani, quite susceptible to Flashman's whiskery charm. One night, when he was drinking with Ilderim Khan, an old companion from Afghanistan days, Flashman was bidden to a rendezvous with the Rani. After spectacular heroics in bed, he dozed and awoke to find a pair of villainous Indians about to do him in with a garrotte.

By the best of luck, Ilderim had come to the rescue and, questioning the surviving Thug, discovered that Ignatieff had

Flashy's wrist was still held fast, but he could just turn his hand, palm upwards, fold the thumb and last three fingers slowly into his palm and beckan with his forefinger, once, twice, thrice.





instigated the attack. Flashman now had to go into hiding and—on Ilderim's inspired suggestion—disguised himself as a Pathan and rode off to join the native cavalry at the garrison of Meerut.

He managed to pass muster as a mountain tribesman, but he also attracted the attention of a British colonel who assigned the supposed Makarram Khan a job as major-domo of his bungalow. This led to some long rides in the countryside with (and then atop) the voluptuous Mrs. Leslie.

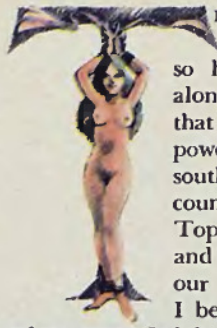
Meanwhile, the Indian troops were sullen at rumours of a new rifle cartridge greased with cow and pig fat. The general ordered a firing parade to demonstrate its harmlessness, but all except five of the troopers refused it. Outraged, the general court-martialled and jailed them.

Returning one May evening from a ride with Mrs. Leslie, Flashman found Meerut in chaos. The sepoys were in full mutiny, releasing the prisoners and murdering the British in their homes. Sickened and scared, Flashman rode off in the night.

After wandering around in the devastated countryside, he made for Jhansi and managed to find Ilderim, still loyal to the British and one of the few survivors of another sepoy mutiny at Jhansi. Together, they joined a troop of roving irregular cavalry under a British captain named Rowbotham and headed for the town of Cawnpore, where General Wheeler was holding an entrenchment against a sepoy army.

Once inside the makeshift fort, Flashman found that he'd gone from the frying pan into the fire and, after a bloody siege, Wheeler at last accepted terms of safe conduct to march his battered garrison out. But the Indians had other plans—once the English were embarked on riverboats, the sepoys began to slaughter them. Only one boat, with Flashman aboard, got away. There followed a downstream journey full of horrors—an attack by half-wild jungle people and a swim in the crocodile-infested river—which ended at last when Flashman and four other half-dead survivors were saved by a native ruler who had remained on the British side.

[Recovered and back with the British army as an intelligence staff colonel, Flashman went to Lucknow with the first relief force. There he became an unwilling volunteer—disguised again as a Pathan—to slip through the sepoy lines with a message for Sir Colin Campbell. His companion was Thomas Henry Kavanagh, a mad Irishman with ambitions to be a hero, according to Flashman's disgusted description. After they'd lost their way several times and Flashman had pulled Kavanagh out of several canals, they reached Campbell. Thereafter, Flashman relaxed again, as a staff intelligence officer in a camp near Cawnpore, where a new British army was assembling.]



HAT WINTER, we had begun to make things so hot for the pandies along the Grand Trunk that the bulk of their power was being forced south into the Gwalior country, where Tantia Topi had taken his army and where Jhansi lay. In our intelligence reports, I began to see increasing references to Lakshmibai—"the rebel Ranee," as they called her now—who had cast her lot with the mutinous princes. At first, that shocked me, but when I thought of her grievances against us and that lovely, dark face so grimly set as she said, "Mera Jhansi denge nay!"—I won't give up my Jhansi!—it wasn't so surprising, really.

She'd have to give it up fast enough, with our southern armies under Sir Hugh Rose already advancing north towards Gwalior. Still, when my thoughts turned to her, I couldn't reconcile this world of burning and massacre with my memory of that bewitching figure swinging gently to and fro in that mirrored fairy palace. That was enough to set the flutters going in my innards. But it wasn't only lust—when I thought of those slanting eyes and the grave little smile and her smooth, dusky arms along the swing, I was conscious of an empty longing. What I needed was two weeks' steady rogering at her to get these mooncalf yearnings out of my mind. But, of course, there was no chance for that now.

I'd more or less let all that go to the back of my mind one night when I was sitting in the dusk of a Lucknow garden, very much at ease, smoking and swigging port with some other officers and listening to the distant thump of the night guns, when destiny, in the unlikely shape of General Mansfield, tapped me on the arm. "Sir Colin Campbell wants you directly," says he.

I didn't think twice about it but pitched my cheroot into the fire and sauntered through the lines to the chief's tent, drinking in the warm night air with sleepy comfort. Even when he greeted me with "How well d'ye know the Rani of Jhansi?" I wasn't unduly surprised—there'd been a dispatch in about the Jhansi campaign that very day.

I said that I'd known her fairly well; we had talked a great deal together.

"And her city—her fortress?" asks Campbell.

"Passably, sir. I was never in her fort proper. Our meetings were at her palace. And I'm not overfamiliar with the city itself."

"More familiar than Sir Hugh Rose, though, I'll be bound," says he, tapping a paper in front of him. "And that's his own opinion in this dispatch." I didn't care for that and I didn't care for the way Campbell was looking at me, either.

"This Rani," says he at length. "What's she like?"

I began to answer that she was a capable ruler and nobody's fool, but he interrupted me with one of his barbarous Scotch noises, "Taghaway wi' ye! Is she pretty, man?"

I admitted that she was strikingly beautiful and he grinned and shook his grizzly head. "Aye," says he, squinting at me, "ye're a strange man, Flashman. I'll confess tae ye, I've even-on had my doots about ye—don't ask me why, for I don't know. This much I'm certain of, ye always win. God kens how—and I'm glad I don't ken mysel'. But there—Sir Hugh needs ye at Jhansi and I'm sending ye south."

I didn't know what to think of this, so I just stood and waited anxiously.

"This mutiny business is aboot done. It's a question of scattering the last armies here in Oudh and Rohilkhand and there in Bundelkhand. Jhansi is one of the last hard nuts tae be cracked. This bizzum of a Rani has ten thousand men and stout city walls. Sir Hugh will have her under siege by the time ye get there and nae doot he'll have tae take the place by storm. But that's not enough—which is why ye, wi' your particular diplomatic knowledge of the Rani, are essential. Ye see, Lord Canning, Sir Hugh and mysel' are agreed on one thing and your experience of this wumman may be the key to it." He looked me carefully in the eye. "Whatever else befalls, we must be careful tae capture the Rani alive."

If she'd been as ugly as sin, if a scrawny, elderly Rani were to be bayoneted in the taking of Jhansi, no one would give a damn. But Canning, our enlightened governor general, was a sentimental tool, alarmed at the vengeance and bloodshed that generals like Neill and Havelock had already taken. He guessed that sooner or later, the righteous wrath of Britons at home would die down and a revulsion would set in—which, of course, was to happen. My guess is that he feared that the death of a young and beautiful rebel princess would tip the balance of public conscience and he didn't want the press depicting her as some Indian Joan of Arc. Mind you, I was all for that—if it could take place without any dangerous intervention on my part. Jhansi wasn't a lucky place for me.

So, with a strong escort of Pathan horse, I took as long as I decently could riding the 200 miles from Lucknow and it wasn't until the last week in March that I sighted that fort of ill omen on its frowning rock.

Rose was just getting himself settled in by then, battering away at the city defences with his guns, his army circling the walls in a gigantic ring, with observation posts and cavalry pickets all prettily sited to bottle it up.

He was a (continued on page 102)

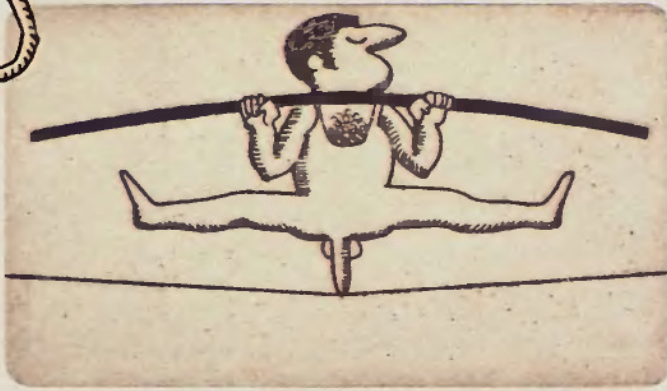
now appearing in the robe—

"I can be duplicated on the court but not off it." That's a typically candid self-assertion of Walt "Clyde" Frazier, the star guard of the New York Knicks, who is known not only for his precision ball handling and clutch shooting—he's a lifetime .494 field goaler in the N.B.A.—but also for his supercomfortable Manhattan penthouse / Rolls-Royce lifestyle. In keeping with that lifestyle is this full-length cashmere wrap-around robe with matching tie belt, by Bill Blaz for Gates, \$195. If it's hip enough for Clyde, we can dig it, too.

knicks superstar walt frazier

THE SOFT SIDE OF CLYDE

attire



ACROBAT



FLIER



FIREMAN



FALCONER

Challenges

by their pudenda ye shall know them

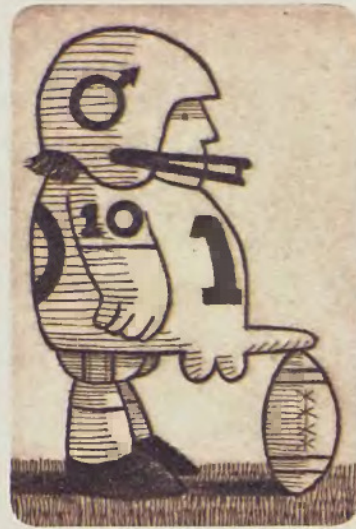
humor
By ERVIN L. KAPLAN



SIAMESE TWINS



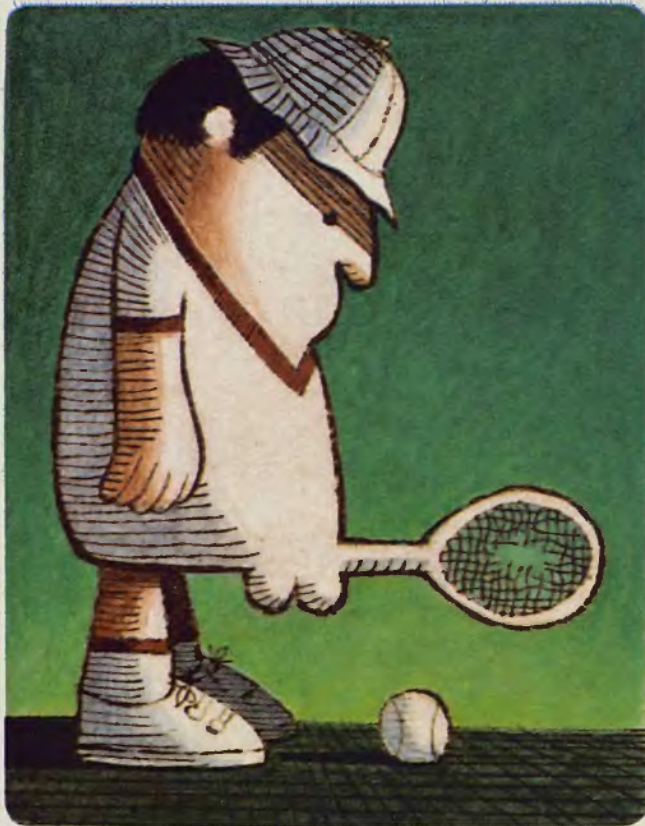
HERE'S an old riddle that goes something like this: Question: What's the difference between an elephant and a peterfor? Answer: I don't know. What's a peter for? Get it? What, indeed, is a peter for besides, of course, the obvious functions? To answer this very pressing question, artist Ervin L. Kaplan took needle to zinc and came up with these wry little etchings. Now when you're playing Lothario and you invite her up to your penthouse duplex, you'll have something to actually show her. Isn't that thoughtful of us?



FOOTBALL PLAYER



BUTCHER



TENNIS PLAYER



SAXOPHONIST



WAITER



WAR HERO

FLASHMAN

(continued from page 98)

good soldier, Rose, and he needed to be—Jhansi looked massive and impregnable under the brazen sun, from its outworks to its walls to the red rebel banner floating lazily above the fort. Outside the walls, the dusty plain had been swept clear of every scrap of cover and the rebel batteries thundered out in reply to our gunners. Inside were 11,000 troops, ready to fight to the finish. A tough nut to crack, as Campbell had said.

"We'll have them out in a week, no fears about that," was Rose's verdict. He was another Scotsman (India was crawling with them, as always), brisk and bright-eyed and spry—and less objectionable than most diplomat-soldiers. He was new to India, but you'd never have guessed it from his easy confidence and dandy air.

"Yes, a week at most," says he and pointed out how he had sited his left and right attacks against the strongest points in the rebel defences, where the red-hot shot from our guns were keeping the pandy fire parties busy quelling the flames, some of which you could see flickering crazily through the heat haze. "Frontal night assault as soon as the breaches are big enough, and then"—he snapped his telescope shut—"bloody work. But the question is: How do we preserve her ladyship in all that carnage? Would she personally surrender, d'you suppose?"

I looked about me from the knoll on which we stood with his staff officers. Below, the siege guns shook the ground and the smoke wraithed back towards us as the gunners crawled round their pieces like ants to reload. On either side, as far as the eye could see, the cavalry pickets were strung out—the blue jackets of the Light Dragoons and the grey khaki of the Hyderabad troopers' coats, dusty with the new curry-powder dye. Two miles behind us, near the ruins of the old cantonment, were the endless tent lines of the infantry brigades, waiting till the guns had done their work. To the front, the jumble of distant houses stretched in the smoky haze up to the mighty crag of the fortress. She'd be there—perhaps in her cool durbar room, playing with her pet monkeys; perhaps she was with her chiefs, looking out at the army that was going to swallow her up and reduce her fairy palace to rubble.

"Surrender?" asks I. "No, I doubt if she will."

"We've tried proclamation, of course," says Rose, "but, since we can't guarantee immunity to her followers, we might as well save our breath. Still, she might not be eager to see her civilians exposed to the assault, what? I mean, being a woman. What is she like, by the way?"

"Extremely lovely," says I, "uses French scent, is kind to animals, fences like a Hungarian hussar, prays for several hours

each day, recreates herself on a white-silk swing in a room full of mirrors, gives afternoon tea parties for society ladies and hangs criminals up in the sun by their thumbs. Useful horsewoman, too."

"What about lovers, hey?" asks one of the staff, sweating and horny-eyed. "They say she keeps a harem of muscular young bucks, primed with love potions—"

"She didn't tell me," says I, "and I didn't ask her."

"Well," says Rose, "we must consider what's to be done about her."

That was how I employed myself for the next three days while the guns and mortars smashed away in fine style, opening a breach in the south wall, burning up the repair barricades and blowing most of their heavy gun ports to rubble. By the 29th, Rose was drawing up final orders for his infantry stormers and still we had reached no firm plan for capturing Lakshmibai unharmed. It was all too easy for me to imagine the palace with bloody corpses on that quilted Chinese carpet, the mirrors shattered by shot and yelling looters bayoneting everything that stood in their way. God knows, it was nothing new to me—I'd lent a hand in my time, when it was safe to do so—but these would be *her* possessions and I was sentimental enough to be sorry for that. By George, I'd got her into my blood stream when I began worrying about her damned furniture.

Try as I might, I could see nothing for it but to send a picked platoon straight to the palace with orders to secure her unharmed at any price. By God, though, that was one detail I'd have to avoid. My job would be her reception and safe-keeping after the slaughter was over: Flashy, the stern and sorrowful saviour, shielding her from staff wallopers with dirty minds, that was the ticket. She'd have to be escorted away, perhaps to Calcutta, and on that journey she'd be grateful for a friendly face among her enemies. I thought of her pavilion and that gleaming bronze body undulating towards me to the sound of music—we'll have dancing every night in our private hackery, thinks I, and if I'm not down to 12 stone by the time we reach Calcutta, it won't be for want of nocturnal exercise.

But Rose was sceptical about the idea of the special platoon, as it turned out. "Too uncertain," says he. "We need something concerted and executed before the battle has even reached her palace. We must have her snug before then."

"Well, I don't for the life of me see how you'd do that. Anyone going in before the troops would never get a hundred yards through the streets—let alone past her Pathan palace guard."

Rose picked thoughtfully at his chevron. "Force wouldn't serve, I agree. But

diplomacy? What d'you think, Lyster?"

This was young Harry Lyster, Rose's galloper and the only other person present at our talk. "Bribery, perhaps—if we could smuggle a proposal to some of her officers."

"They've eaten her salt," says I. "You couldn't buy 'em." I was far from sure of that, but I wanted to quash all this talk of secret messages. I'd heard it too often before and I know who always finishes up sneaking through the dark with his bowels gurgling and his hair standing on end. "I'm afraid it comes down to a special platoon, sir, with a good native officer—"

"Counsel of despair, Flashman." Rose shook his head decisively. "Now, here's a possibility—storm the city as we intend, but leave a bolt hole. If we draw off our pickets from the Orcha gate and when the lady sees her city's doomed, I'll be much surprised if she don't make a run for it. She'll break for the open and we'll be waiting for her on the Orcha road. What d'you say, gentlemen?"¹

Well, it suited me, although I thought he underrated her subtlety. But Lyster was nodding agreement and Rose went on, "Yes, I think we'll try that as a long shot. But it's still not enough. We must play every card in our hand and it would be folly not to use our trump." He turned and snapped a pointing finger at me. "You, Flashman."

I choked over my glass and covered my dismay with a shuddering cough. "I, sir? How, sir?" I tried to get my breath back.

"I don't suppose there's a white man living who has been on closer terms with her than you—isn't that so? Now, a private offer, secretly conveyed to her with my word of honour and Lord Canning's attached to it—especially one brought by a British officer she could trust. You follow me?"

All too well I followed him; I could see the abyss of ruin and despair opening before my feet once again. And the bright-eyed lunatic eagerly went on, "She doesn't have to surrender Jhansi, even—just her own person. How can she refuse? That's it!" cries he, smacking the table. "She can pretend to her own folk that she's trying to escape. No one except us would ever know it was a put-up business."

Lyster was frowning. "Will she leave her people to their fate, though?"

I seized on this like a drowning man.

(continued on page 198)

¹ Until the discovery of the Flashman papers, Lyster (later General Sir Harry Hamon Lyster, V.C.) was the sole authority on this plan. Rose had confided the plan to him in strictest confidence and it was not until the publication of Henry L. Lyster Denny's "Memorials of an Ancient House" in 1913 that the story came out—substantially as Flashman recounts it.



RADIO S·E·M·I

can the mile high country picker
and the number one jelly belly find happiness
in the land of the bears? turn on your c.b. and find out

article By WILLIAM NEELY HE SCRUNCHES around in the Bostrom seat a few times until he gets each buttock just right. A good ass is a good ride. Then he gooses the big Cummins diesel a couple of blaps to establish who is running things and backs the 55-foot tractor-semitrailer rig through a maze of a couple of dozen parked trucks. Simple: You do it with mirrors. It takes, say, 20 years' experience herding those big rigs from coast to coast to do this just right. Knock over another guy's trailer and he gets sore-wrought.

At the end of the parking area, he swings the big Kenworth left and two columns of blue smoke shoot from the chrome stacks. He eases past the fuel pumps at the Windmill Truckers Center just outside Wheeling, West Virginia, and snakes it out onto the road.

The truck is a rolling work of art, all purple and chromed and gleaming, and it hums a guttural, confident purr as it rolls past the oasis. The neon lights rebound off the chrome of the tractor and move on to project an image against the side of the big reefer trailer. For just a second, the big rig is a moving billboard for the Lucky Lady Lounge. Go-go girls. Tell a few highway stories. Then, quickly, it is gone and the 18-wheeler roars up the ramp to Interstate 70 West.

The driver is a big, articulate man of 35. He steers easily with one ham hand and he reaches the other over and (continued on page 124)



*if someone can grow up
there and turn into
miss november, we'll defend
that town to the death*

HOORAY FOR HOBOKEN!



CHANCES ARE that most of you haven't been to Hoboken, New Jersey. But if you've seen *On the Waterfront*—and who hasn't?—then you've seen Janet Lupo's home town. When the picture was shot there, she lived just a few blocks away and one of her girlfriends lived in the building used for the rooftop scenes. You may also have gotten the correct impression that Hoboken—despite the fact that the funky neighborhood bars are being replaced by high-rises—is a pretty tough town. Janet learned early, for instance, not to listen to the weirdos who might try to lure her into their cars (she remembers one such incident when she was seven and another—with somebody pretending to be a cop—when she was 11). When she got a bit older, she learned how to dress and walk so that her 39-inch bust wouldn't attract attention. Then, at 16—tired of being kept after school for her chronic tardiness, and despite what her teachers told her was a high I.Q.—Janet quit school, to work (among other not-so-inspiring jobs) as a long-distance telephone operator (“I think Ma Bell lost a lot of money that year”), a receptionist



*"One thing I can't stand in a guy is jealousy—
it's not really love, it's a sickness. I broke up
with two boyfriends over it. I could see it if they
had a reason, but I've never cheated on anyone."*







"I haven't lived with a guy, though I went with one man for five years and with another for three. We'd stay at each other's houses, but our parents were always there, so we didn't sleep together. We did, of course, but not at home."

"When I fall for a guy, I get extremely nervous. I get butterflies. And I get very quiet, too."

at a buying office (where she sat, uncomfortably, right under the heating ducts) and a switchboard operator for United Parcel (where the girls were "too catty"). Eventually, Janet applied for a post as a Bunny at our Great Gorge resort, and for the past year and a half she's been working there (and living there, too, in the Bunny Dorm). But while she's happy enough in her job, our restless Aquarian is looking to move up in the world. So she's thinking of leaving her home turf and family—consisting of her mom, her dad, now retired from the Erie Lackawanna Railway, an older sister, who's married, and two brothers, one of whom earned a medal in Vietnam by rescuing four GIs from a burning helicopter ("We didn't know till we read about it in the papers")—and heading for Chicago, where a friend has offered to buy her a seat on the Midwest Stock Exchange and teach her the ins and outs of that business. "After all," says Janet, "I don't have what you'd call a great education, and I do want to make something of myself. I think I could handle that kind of work, so why not give it a try? There's nothing to lose." Well, we at Playboy would be losing something if Janet turned broker. But we believe in upward mobility, and if that's what she wants, we're with her all the way.





"My tabby, Hashish, is just like a dog—if there's someone outside my door, he'll tense up and start growling. And if I say, 'Give me a hug,' he will. I tell him, 'You're the man in my life—right now.'"



MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Playmate



"My father didn't want me to pose nude. So I told him, 'I'm no virgin; I don't go around screwing everyone, but I've been to bed with a couple of guys and there'll be another one. So he'll see me with no clothes on—and I won't be getting a modeling fee.'"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A handsome lad went into the hospital for some minor surgery and the day after the operation, a visiting male friend commented on the steady stream of nurses who came in to fluff his pillow, offer to give him back rubs and ask if there was anything else he needed. "Why all the attention?" asked the friend. "After all, you're not in a very serious condition."

"I know," smiled the patient, "but the girls sort of formed a fan club when word got around that my circumcision required twenty-two stitches."



Upon returning from a date in the early-morning hours, the girl woke her roommate to announce that she was engaged. "Oh, how wonderful!" gushed the rather romantic roomie. "Did he get down on his knees to propose?"

"No, he didn't," she replied. "As a matter of fact, he got up on his elbows to do it."

*Says a kinky old hooker named Bond,
"I've a wile of which clients are fond:
When I've hairsprayed some gold
Where my labia fold,
I'm a gilt-edged negotiable blonde."*

Maybe you've heard about the girl who was so undesirable that she even turned her vibrator off.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prophylactic* as a measure of inflationary protection.

After enjoying his sexy date to the fullest, the student was preparing to slip out of the dormitory. But the girl made a whispered request.

"What?" he exclaimed. "A contribution? What the hell are you—a prostitute masquerading as a college girl?"

"No, dear," she replied sweetly, "a business major."

When Joe gets back from one of his long trips," confided his wife, "it's like TV football coverage in reverse."

"What do you mean?" asked her girlfriend.
"Instant foreplay."

And then there was the fellow who took a course in exotic lovemaking and announced that he'd never be able to face his girl again.

Three nights a week out with the boys—man, did the wife and I have an argument about *that* last night!"

"How did it come out?"

"She agreed she'd cut it down to two."

*Hanging pictures," sighed clumsy Miss Young,
"Is a task that can make me unstrung.*

Thank God for my neighbor

Who volunteered labor—

Both my pictures and he are well hung!"

An American tourist was dining alone in his hotel room in Paris. "If I may suggest it, m'sieu," said the waiter, "do try our celebrated *pêche poussée* for dessert."

When the guest assented, the waiter left and returned with a handsome peach, which he proceeded to peel with elaborate care. This done, he clapped his hands and a beautiful girl in a negligee slipped into the room, dropped her garment to reveal herself naked and went into a voluptuous dance that culminated in her taking the peach from the table and holding it pressed high up between her thighs while she did a languorous back bend. The waiter then removed the peach and placed it on its plate. "Say, that should be tasty eating!" enthused the tourist as he reached for the fruit.

"But no, no, m'sieu!" exclaimed the waiter. "Zat *pêche* is not now fit for eating. It is *ze poussée, ze poussée!*"



Shirley Neiman

The young man was in love with the girl and wanted to propose but was ashamed of his tiny organ—too ashamed, in fact, to discuss it with her or even to let her see him naked. So, in the interest of bringing up the matter in the least embarrassing way, he drove up into the hills with the cute miss one particularly dark night, invited her to go for a short walk with him in the blackness, surreptitiously unzipped, stopped and put his penis in the girl's hand.

"Thanks," she said, "but I don't smoke."

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.



"Putting it in a nutshell, young lady, is precisely what I'd like to stop doing."

THE EDEN EXPRESS

a young man emerges from the beautiful sixties and finds himself going insane, locked in a padded cell, hallucinating a mile a minute

memoir

By Mark Vonnegut

I THINK THE KENNEDYS, Martin Luther King, Jr., and war and assorted other goodies had so badly blown everybody's mind that sending the children naked into the woods to build a new society seemed worth a try. In 1970, like a lot of people our age, some friends and I started a commune. Ours was in the wilds of British Columbia, 12 miles by boat from Powell River, the nearest town.

I doubt that the commune drove me nuts, but a lot of people seem to like to look at it that way. I'm pretty sure I would have cracked sooner and more permanently had I tried to stick it out working in Boston. It was very "in" to not like cities back then, but my reaction had advanced well beyond

distaste. The noise, bright lights, hustling, bustling people marginally aware of their own helpless suffering, oblivious to that of others, and a few similar goodies were quite literally shaking me apart. I was sick to my stomach a lot. I couldn't sleep much. I spent more and more time crying. Taking off for B.C. brought a terrific sense of relief. For the first time in years, I actually felt some hope and peace of mind.

VIRGINIA. When we started the commune, Virginia and I had been lovers for almost two years. There was something about us that fit. Tumblers moved and we locked together. There were some dreadfully unhappy





ILLUSTRATION BY JEAN MICHEL FOLON

times, but we both needed other things more than happiness. It was those other things that we were all about.

Virginia, Virginia, Virginia, how did my life get so mixed up with yours?

You were very different from other women I had been attracted to. Had I met you earlier, I would have thought you were almost ugly—nose much too big and poorly defined, narrow, low forehead, cheekbones high and spread—but you carried it all with such grace and dignity. Most women seemed to be either attractive or unattractive and that was that. I have never before or since met anyone who was as beautiful to me when you were beautiful or as ugly when you were ugly. Your awesome range transfixed me, and always those legs, which were too perfect to be quite human.

I wish I could remember more about what role Vincent played in bringing us together. Vincent had known Virginia for quite a while. He hinted that at one time there had been more between them than friendship but that it had ended disastrously.

Jack and Kathy signed on shortly after Simon got to the commune. We were all Swarthmore class of '69. Simon helped pay for the land. Jack and Kathy had both lived in the same house I had my last two years at Swarthmore, but I still can't say I knew them very well. They were good friends of Simon's. Kathy had a Wisconsin-farm-girl wholesomeness that years of heroin addiction wouldn't have put much of a dent in. Jack was into Zen and mountain climbing but in a very nonflaky way. If there was anyone at the farm with his feet firmly on the ground, it was Jack. He had the most tangible reason for being there. Jack was our official draft dodger.

DRUGS. Most of the people at the farm were well-seasoned trippers. People were always a little surprised to find out that I wasn't. My first experience, about a year before starting the commune, had been a disaster. It was pure "bad-trip-proof" mescaline, with people I knew well and trusted, and in an idyllic and familiar setting. I was shaking, I was crying, I was scared. Not the whole time, but for quite a bit of it. A few days later, after many cold showers and lots of staying in bed, it started slowing down and then went away.

I was different from other people. That was the meat of it. It wasn't just the psychedelics that hit me differently. Enough speed to keep most people up one night spaced me out for three. Amyl nitrite was a fine two-minute high that blasted me for hours. I couldn't even do grass right. Everyone else would get drowsy and mellow, while I'd become hyped. Grass was still pleasant for me, so I smoked my share, but I couldn't help worrying about what the hell made drugs so different for me.

And then it happened. Just after Christmas, a year and a half after my mescaline disaster, I had a "normal" acid trip. I went up, got high and came down just like my fellow trippers, Virge and a couple from another commune. The farm or simply the passage of time had cured whatever it was that made me so different from my friends.

A few weeks after my normal acid trip, Vincent paid us one of his several visits. His life seemed to have become an unending route among three communes, ours, one in California and one in Vermont. The people at each place assumed that his real home was at one of the others.

The people in California had been good friends of Virginia's at Swarthmore. She and I had been talking about taking off from the farm for a bit. It was too wet and cold to do much outside and not much needed doing inside. There were some heavier things involved as well. She thought she was getting too ego-involved with the farm and wanted to see how things would go without her. I felt the same but wasn't really up for a trip to California. One way or another, it was decided that Virge would catch a ride with Vincent and I'd stay at the farm.

At that point, we were better than halfway through our first winter and things had gone far better than any of us had dared hope. We had had no major disasters and were well stocked with food and firewood. Our new roof was holding up beautifully under what the locals were calling the worst winter in years. Life in the wilderness was turning out to be pretty cushy and could only get better and better. I almost wished it had been harder. I had expected to bust my ass for a good ten years or more to feel that good, and there I was in Eden before I knew what hit me.

About a week after Virginia left, the winter drear lifted and we got some weather appropriate to my sense of glee. The temperature jumped about 20 degrees. The cloud cover we had resigned ourselves to till spring was replaced by unbroken blue. The snow was melting and a few patches of grass could be seen poking through. A hint of spring was in the air. I was ecstatic, but Simon, Kathy and Jack seemed strangely stuck in some winter rut. They just dragged around business-as-usual-like. On the second day of our January thaw, just to make sure they didn't miss it altogether, I suggested we all drop a little mescaline. It didn't change my mood much, but it did wonders for them.

After some sun-bathing on the roof, fun and games with goats and countless other diversions, we were all together, looking at the fields, the mountains, the stream running through the orchard.

"This is Eden," I said. Nobody disagreed.

No doubt about it, looking around at the farm, at the people, at everything. It

had finally gone somewhere. Kathy and Simon and I were crying and laughing for joy. It had really happened. Everything confirmed it. We were dumfounded with joy. A day later, my friends and the weather returned to normal. For me, things just got better and better.

THE FACE. And then one night, as I was trying to get to sleep, marveling at the fullness of every moment of the day, I started listening to and feeling my heartbeat. Suddenly, I became terribly frightened that it would stop.

And from out of nowhere came an incredibly wrinkled, iridescent face. Starting as a small point infinitely distant, it rushed forward, becoming infinitely huge. When I first saw the face coming toward me, I thought, Oh, goody. What I had in mind was a nice reasonable conversation. My enthusiasm was short-lived. He, she or whatever didn't seem much interested in the sort of conversation I had in mind. It also seemed not to like me much. But the worst of it was that it didn't stop coming. It had no respect for my personal space, no inclination to maintain a conversational distance. When I could easily make out all its features, when it and I were more or less on the same scale, when I thought there was maybe a foot or two between us, it was actually hundreds of miles away, and it kept coming and coming till I was lost somewhere in some pore in its nose and it still kept coming. I was enveloped, dwarfed.

"So you really want to go on a trip, do you? OK, punk, now you're really going to fly." Or words to that effect. Not words, exactly, more like thunder.

I lay rigid all night, listening to the sound of the stream, figuring that somehow, by being aware of sounds and rhythms outside myself, I could keep my own bodily rhythms going. Losing consciousness of something outside myself meant that I would die. I realized that this meant I could never sleep again.

The sun came up as I was lying quietly, listening to the stream. Everything seemed fine. Jack had told me that according to the Zen Buddhists, after enlightenment you go back to doing whatever it was you did before—selling shoes, farming, whatever. It seemed like pretty good advice, so I tried to keep doing all the things I had always done around the place. But it became increasingly difficult and finally impossible to keep functioning.

Small tasks became incredibly intricate and complex. It began with pruning the fruit trees. One saw cut would take forever. I was completely absorbed in the sawdust floating gently to the ground, the feel of the saw in my hand, the incredible patterns in the bark, the muscles in my arm pulling back and then pushing forward. I began to notice that the trees were ever so slightly luminescent, shining with a soft inner light that played around the

(continued on page 218)



NO MEAN FEET

attire
By ROBERT L. GREEN

*hip shoes and boots
to keep you a step
ahead of the crowd*

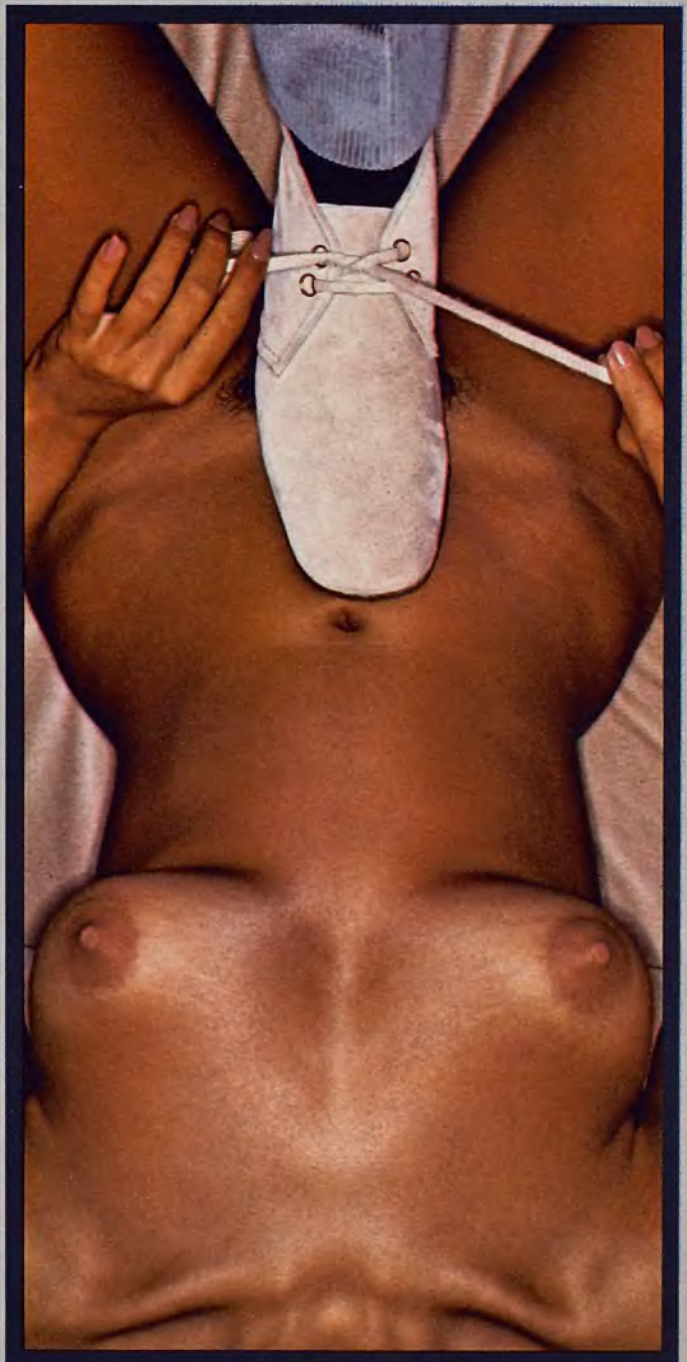
Here, a pair of leather riding-style boots
with contrasting cuff and smooth toe,
by Itolia Bootwear, about \$85.

Right: Suede Eskimo-look ankle boot with combination eyelet/hook lacing, leather and stitch trim and acrylic fleece lining, by Clarks of England, \$32. Below left: A pair of puffed cushion leather lace-up shoes with ribbed rubber sole and sloped-down heel, by Earth, \$37.50, shown with acrylic knit over-the-calf toe socks, by Hot Sox, \$5. Below right: Pull-on boot of elk-tanned leather with rubber base and vulcanized textured sole and heel, by Bass, \$30.





Left: Mid-calf square-toed boot that features double raised stitching and zip side closure, by Bridgetawn Flood, about \$40. Below left: A pair of antiqued-leather lace-up shoes with whip-stitch trim and hand-stained crepe wedged sole, by Dexter, about \$28, worn with Orlan acrylic/nylon knit over-the-calf ski-pattern socks, by Interwoven, \$3.50. Below right: A supersoft suede unconstructed lace-up demibaot with crepe sole, by Nancy Knox for Intercueras, \$35.



RADIO SEMI

(continued from page 103)

lifts the microphone from the citizen's-band radio—the two-way. He speaks:

"I need a copy on an eastbound eighteen-wheeler with ears. This is Diamondback." (What he has said is this: "I sure would like to talk with another trucker who's coming from where I'm going and my code name is Diamondback.")

"You got one, Diamondback," a voice crackles over the two-way. "This here's the Wabash Cannonball. Come on."

"Ten-four, Wabash Cannonball. Uh, we're just pullin' out of the Windmill and we would definitely appreciate some information on Smokey the Bear out there on the boulevard west."

"You're clean all the way to Cambridge, Diamondback. Not a cotton-pickin' bear in sight. Uh, you might even consider puttin' that hammer down and doin' a little truckin'." (Bears are cops and the hammer is the accelerator and, well, you can put the rest together.)

"Preciate that info, good buddy. You're also clean, all the way to Breeze-wood, so motor, motor, motor. Have a nice evening and a better day tomorrow. This is Diamondback streakin' west."

"A big ten-four on that, ole buddy. We'll catch you on the flip side."

He speeds up; no bears, clear sailing.

Somewhere in that low-level mythology of names and jargon is a special breed; they've always been there, but the radio has given them voice—a luster and charm that tends to make one think of truckers as modern American cowboys or folk heroes.

Also, somewhere in there lies a large portion of poetic justice. Because what the truckers have done is to take the smokey's chief weapon—the radio—and turn it to their own advantage.

Assuredly, many of the truckers use it to drive faster than 55, but then, the four-wheelers don't observe the speed limit, either. I mean, what's fair is fair. And just plain people don't have an irascible loading-dock foreman waiting for them on the Shaky Side (California) or the Dirty Side (New York or New Jersey). The one thing they all share is a determination to get there quickly, because, simply stated, the less time it takes, the more loads they can make; and the more loads they make, the more money they make.

So the last thing they need is a speeding ticket. But in some states—Ohio, for instance, where at times they give tickets for going 56 mph—it is difficult. This is what makes the game of cops and truckers a hot one in most places. Not that the truckers fall into the Clyde Barrow class. Hell, they are the *good* guys. Any profession that can produce names like Chicken Choker or Peter Dragon or Minnesota

Wino or Colorado Cooler can't be all bad. There is even the UFO and Spanish Fly and 007 and the Blue Max and Rum-runner. And if those last two don't tell you something, then you need your hero-worship card revoked. The names are more than just handles used on a two-way; they are an insight into a subculture. And the dialog is at least as important as the chatter from a baseball dugout.

It is night on the Pennsylvania Turnpike just west of Somerset. Muhammad Ali (the real Muhammad Ali, not a high-way hero worshiper using the handle), who has been a C.B. buff for years, speaks:

"This is Big Bopper and I sure would like some info on what's happenin' out there on the road east."

"Hey, Big Bopper, we sure do know who you are. And I'm pleased to tell you there's clear sailin' for you all the way home. Hey, champ, you gonna polish off Wepner in the first round? We're all with you. I mean all us truckers."

The trucker is the microcosm of the rolled-up-sleeve workingman. He can speak in one huge voice for the plumbers of America. For the carpenters. For the longshoremen. He can speak on many things. And people are beginning to listen, particularly to his C.B. voice.

Buried deep down in the ten-fours and cotton-pickin's is a service the American road has never seen before, a side people seldom hear about. Truckers use the C.B. to report accidents, stranded cars, highway conditions and a whole lot of things a handful of cops couldn't possibly cover.

The two-way popularity is increasing in staggering proportions. More than 6,000,000 are now in use. Hell, that's one out of every five long-haul trucks, three out of every seven four-wheel-drive vehicles and even one out of 39 four-wheelers, according to Browning Laboratories, one of the largest manufacturers of C.B.s. If that isn't enough to frost a bear or two, C.B. sales, nationwide, have jumped to over 50,000 units per month.

The C.B. certainly relieves the boredom, and it can get pretty goddamn lonely up there in that cab with one man, a 13-speed transmission and a ride that would jar the Jockey shorts off a dinosaur. It is a friend, someone you can talk to. And listen to it talk back. God knows, a guy can't talk much over truck-stop chicken-fried steak or hot roast-beef sandwiches with mashed potatoes and gravy that is congealing right there before your eyes.

So they talk while hammering along, and if, in the course of conversation, a caravan forms, well, why not? There is protection in numbers. They may stretch out a five- or six-truck caravan as far as 20 miles, which is, incidentally, the

effective range of most C.B. units. There is a front door and a back door and everything in between is the rocking chair.

Here come some of our folk heroes now: "This is the Mile High Country Picker and I need a copy on an eastbound eighteen-wheeler."

"You got one, Mile High Country Picker. And what else you've got is clear sailing all the way to the Kansas line."

"That's the kind of info we like to hear. What's your handle, Eastbound?"

"You've got the Short Stack; come on."

"Uh, Short Stack, you got some good truckin' ahead of you, too. There was a bear in the grass at the mile-five-five marker, but we got reports that he pulled off the boulevard at the Sedalia exit. You might keep your eyes open around there. But other than that, you're all clear to Columbia. Have a good truckin' evening and a better one tomorrow."

"Thank you for the info, good buddy. You remember to keep the rubber side down and the shiny side up. One Short Stack. We're eastbound. We're down."

They both know what is ahead. It is the westbound caravan we hear from next:

"Uh, this is the Mile High Country Picker on the front door and I've just heard from the world-famous Short Stack that it's clean all the way to Kansas, so, uh, put the hammers down and bring 'em on. Come on, come on."

"And you got the Number One Jelly Belly on the back door. Everything is cool back here and we'll keep a watch for any bears that might try to sneak up. All you truckers up there in the rockin' chair, put those hammers down. This is the Number One Jelly Belly, Country Picker, and we're bringin' 'em on home. Ya-hoo!"

"Breaker! Breaker! Breaker! This is Little Diesel in the rockin' chair. There's a bear that just pulled onto the boulevard at the mile-four-seven marker. Bring 'em down, bring 'em down."

The highway-patrol cruiser eases over to the side and the last three trucks in the caravan roll past him at *exactly* 55 miles per hour. A few miles down the road, they are back up to normal cruising speed. And now the front door takes over again:

"Uh, eastbound eighteen-wheelers, we got a bear in the grass at mile-four-six marker in the westbound lane and he's takin' pictures [radar]. You might want to back 'em down a tad."

"Thank you for the info, good buddy. We've now got a big five-five on the clock here and we'll pass this info along to westbound truckers as we motor on. You've got good truckin' all the way to the big Sunflower sign. Uh, this is the Jolly Roger on the front door of a caravan *legalizin'* east."

"And this is the Mile High Country Picker *streakin'* west. Bring 'em on, Number One Jelly Belly. Keep the girls

(continued on page 155)

EYEBALL CONTEMPLATES his drink, a shining column the size of a roll of half dollars. It is bracketed by a pair of platform shoes, six-inch jobs with sequins and tiny Statues of Liberty embroidered on each toe. The topless has gone to work. With the halting grace of an English scissors jack, she lowers herself into position, a bouncing forearms-on-thighs squat. Delicately, she fingers the edge of the black-satin G string, then, hooking a thumb under the elastic strap, begins snapping it in

article

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

a thirst-quenching adventure at one of the last outposts on the sexual frontier

BEEN GOING DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME

time to the music on the jukebox. And. My. Whole. World. Lies. Waiting. Behind. Door. Number. Three. Eyeball feels stupid, consigned to a corner. He doesn't know what is expected of him. The topless draws aside the triangular curtain.

"Ever want to be a gynecologist?"

What's a five-syllable word like that doing in a place like this? Eyeball quickly reviews the life choices that brought him to this moment. In high school, (continued on page 128)



Tobacconalia

twenty one ways to get—and
stay—elegantly well lit



The stuff that smoke dreams are made of. Clockwise from 11: Chinese-made silk-and-goose-down smoking jacket, by Hunting World, \$425. Pigskin-on-glass tobacco humidor, by Gucci, \$52, and gold-rimmed cigar holder, by Tiffany, \$80, both sit atop a burled-walnut cigarette box, by Alfred Dunhill, \$50. Elephanthide humidor that was once a ship's porthole, by Hunting World, \$350. Behind it, an electric pipe reamer that's designed to remove just the right amount of cake, by Iwan Ries, \$50. Italian-made leather cigarette case, by Mark Cross, \$30. Two leather-bound editions—*The Gentle Art of Smoking*, \$22, and *The Pipe Book*, \$29, both by Alfred Dunhill. Rallogas lighter in a gold-plated bark finish, by Alfred Dunhill, \$145. Kaywoodie supergrain

pipe, from S. M. Frank, \$12.95, nestles inside a baby-lamb tobacco pouch/pipe holder, by Iwan Ries, \$14.50. Below it are a 14-kt.-gold cigarette holder, by Cartier, \$160, and a pipe tool in 14-kt. gold, by Tiffany, \$200. The pewter knocker ashtray with pipe rest, by Alfred Dunhill, \$80, holds pin-striped *The Pipe*, by Venturi, \$17.50, and meerschaum cigar holder, by Alfred Dunhill, \$6.50. Above it is a Lucite-and-silver-finished combination lighter-cigarette container, by Gucci, \$95. Sterling cigarette case with a lapis clasp, by Cartier, \$300. Nording pipe of Mediterranean bruyère root features a custom-fashioned bit, by Douwe Egberts, \$220. Last, an 18-kt.-gold and geometric-hard-stone lighter, by Cartier, \$850.



BEEN GOING DOWN SO LONG

(continued from page 125)

he took a Kuder Preference test, one of those green things you poked holes in with a pen. Or clipped to a clothesline and blasted with a 12-gauge, as Eyeball did. His guidance counselor had suggested a career in journalism.

"Don't get your finger caught."

Eyeball wipes his hand on a napkin. Not from nervousness. Courtesy. To remove condensation picked up from the chilled glass. He reaches forward. The first contact is tentative. Mildly adhesive. An insult to every gynecologist in the country. The topless doesn't even scream. After five seconds, she releases the garter, severing the relationship and very nearly Eyeball's index finger at the first joint. The regulars snort, exchange glances. Obviously, the kid is a beginner. He'll learn.

"Where is the action in this town?"

Having bounced that question off the Plexiglas security barriers of five successive New York cabs, with no luck, I am beginning to take the silence personally. The fault does not lie with my delivery. Practiced. Offhand. Hip. A cross between the kind of guy who does this on every business trip and the kind of guy to whom the possibility has just occurred that—somewhere—action exists for the asking. So far, my drivers have been Ph.D. candidates in one obscure study or another, whose idea of a good time involves getting locked overnight in the public library with a flashlight and *The True Story of Eleanor of Aquitaine*.

My new driver doesn't look promising. Having sorted through the previous fare, he stashes it in the floor vault, turns, pushes open the money tray, blows out the cigarette ashes and asks where I'm headed. I tell him the Algonquin Hotel and explain the nature of my quest.

The flag drops and ten or so of the 8,000,000 stories in the naked city break from the gate. At last, I've found a live one. "Well, there's this place down by the docks. A leather bar. It's got one of the best pool games in the city. People go there to hustle or get hustled. Everybody's famous. On weekends, it sponsors gay revues and fist-fucking contests for the sailors. A regular Ted Mack amateur hour.

"On weekdays, the place gives equal time to straights with a businessmen's luncheon special. A topless waitress and all you can eat. For a dollar, you can cop a feel or go down on the girl. A dollar a touch, a dollar a lick. Can't beat prices like that, can you? If you want to check it out, pick up a copy of the *Screw* that came out this morning. Al Goldstein wrote a column on the place. He says the action depends on the girl, but what else is new? It always depends on the girl. Story of my fucking life."

I ask him why a waitress who, if I had

gotten it right, exposed the parts of her body below the waist in the exercise of her duties would be called a topless.

"If you're staring a girl in the bush, you think you're going to remember her face?"

The elevator operator at the Algonquin does not have a copy of *Screw* in his stack of papers, thank you. I pick one up at a stand on Broadway, from a blind news dealer. Not bad for an omen. While I'm waiting for the light to change, a very attractive girl buys a copy of *Screw*, pressing exact change into the dealer's hand with a smile that he feels, rather than sees. I am seized with immediate, undying love. I imagine asking her to lunch. "Oh, I was just checking the ad I placed in 'Personals.' Here it is. 'Gracious lady in Sutton Place apartment seeks meaningful relationship.'" The one genuine come-on in a page filled with ads placed by real-estate agents who have property to move on Sutton Place. It is minutes before I can walk.

The next morning, I call up Nathaniel Bynner, my old college roommate, for brunch. We meet at Maxwell's Plum, a singles club on the Upper East Side that features brass nudes and arrogant waiters in equal proportion. I discreetly spread the issue of *Screw* on the table, knowing that it will be mistaken for *The New York Review of Books*. While Nat reads Goldstein's column, I watch two girls at the next table. They are dressed in identical black Danskin tops, or they use the same jar of body paint in the morning. The topic of discussion seems to be sexual response. ("How long does your orgasm last?" "From now . . . to now." Terrific: a definition of the phrase "I guess you had to be there.") Nathaniel interrupts my reverie.

"So you're going to pay for it?"

"Depends on what you mean by it. I have, on occasion, paid for an indefinite antecedent. Loved every minute of it, too. Unless you think life is a total waste of money, you always get what you pay for."

"No, I'm serious. Don't you have any reservations about engaging in commercial sex?"

"Just because Holden Caulfield didn't make it with the girl in the green dress, we all have to be sensitive? I'm not betraying the sexual revolution. If I am, it's my second offense. Last time I was in New York, curiosity and an expense account got the better of me. I checked out this high-class massage parlor. The brochure said, 'All Major Credit Cards Accepted,' but they wouldn't take my Carte Blanche. So I signed over all of my traveler's checks for the basic program—massage, whirlpool, hot-rock sauna, mirrored room, etc. When I was alone in the

room with the girl, she explained that she worked for tips and that the size of the tip determined the quality of the service. I didn't know how much money I had left, so I started counting it out on the massage table. As the stack of bills grew, so did I. I felt like Basil Rathbone in an old Sherlock Holmes movie. Hello! What have we here, Watson? The transaction itself was the turn-on. I was amazed."

Nathaniel dismisses my amazement. "You just discovered one of the seventeen measures of the strength of the dollar. I want to know the clinical details."

"I had enough money for the French program. We discussed the *auteur* theory of film making, the works of Claude Chabrol and specifically the significance of Orson Welles's nose in the movie *Ten Days' Wonder*. Incredible insight. That girl could have written for *The New Yorker*. No, scratch that. She was too intelligent; she would have seen through the hype for *Nashville*."

"So you dropped a hundred bucks for an hour of movie reviews, when you thought you were getting an hour of sex. Nice move, Sagebrush."

"Did I say that? I received an adequate massage. I've had better. Also, the girl gave incredible head. However, I'm not sure that a topless lunch bar can be compared with a massage parlor. A different standard of economics applies, for one thing. You notice a hundred dollars, but what's a couple of bucks? It's more like an honorarium. I figure these chicks are wealthy socialites who like their work so much they agree to do it for a dollar a lick."

Maybe.

The cab lets me out near a windowless two-story brick motel, the only building on an odd-shaped block that is as far west as you can go and still be on Manhattan. That alone should qualify the area as a sexual frontier. The wide cobblestone streets that isolate the building from the neighboring warehouses and meat-packing plants seem confused: Is this the place? There is almost nothing to indicate that the motel houses a bar, except for an unmanned sandwich board, propped on the sidewalk by a fireplug: TOPLESS DANCERS, NEW GIRLS EVERY DAY, 11 A.M. TO 8 P.M. The eight is taped over. I assume the bar is making preparations, in case Goldstein's column gets picked up by the media and the Beautiful People, known for keeping ridiculous hours, decide to make eating out an "in" thing. ("Baron von Furburger, et al., were seen last night at. . .")

I push through double doors into a cavernous room. The place seems emptier than it is. High dark ceiling. Low hanging lights. No booths. No tables. No mirrors. None of the tiny breakable items that create "atmosphere." Just a rectangular bar in the middle of the room, a walled

(continued on page 172)





SEX IN CINEMA - 1975

THE WORDS HAVE
CAUGHT UP WITH THE
IMAGES IN MAKING
THE MOVIES HOT

article

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

SOONER OR LATER, whenever cocktail conversations got around to the topic of movies this year, somebody would bring up one film—Warren Beatty's *Shampoo*—and one specific scene from that picture, a sequence filmed at Beverly Hills' posh Bistro restaurant, supposedly on the night of Richard Nixon's 1968 ballot-box triumph. During a spectacularly banal dinner party thrown by well-heeled local Republicans, Julie Christie, playing the mistress of financier Jack Warden, is asked by a movie producer (portrayed by movie producer William Castle) what she would like.

"What would I really like?" asks Christie. Castle nods. Pointing to Beatty, who plays a Beverly Hills superstar hairdresser, she replies, "I'd like to suck his cock." And she disappears beneath the table long enough to put her wish into action.

Two points about that scene pretty well sum up the sexual mores of current films. Christie's language is more explicit than ever used to be heard in first-run movie-houses; but the sexual activity itself is more suggested than carried out (text continued on page 142)



SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE: Titillation wears many guises (but few clothes) onscreen. A skinny-dip opener (opposite) is about as sexy as "Jaws" ever gets. In "The Man Who Would Be King" (top left), Michael Caine and Sean Connery battle temptation, but "Love and Death" (top right) finds Woody Allen succumbing to Olga Georges-Picot. Valerie Perrine (center left), with Dustin Hoffman) and Gwen Welles (center right) strip in "Lenny" and "Nashville," respectively. "Embryo" (above left) casts Rock Hudson as a doctor and Barbara Carrera as a victim of his research; and in "Mandingo" (above right), a lurid melodrama about slave breeding, Rosemary Tichenor gets a feel of the merchandise—in this case, Ken Norton.



CRIME TIME: Whether a guy—or a gal—is cop or robber, there's always time, at least in the movies, for a little foreplay-by-play. "Night Moves" allows detective Gene Hackman, while looking for a runaway, to dally with Jennifer Warren (above left); meanwhile, back in Hong Kong, avenging angel Jeanne Bell in the title role of "TNT Jackson" (above right) deals harshly with an adversary. (Offscreen, Jeanne—our October 1969 Playmate, remember?—had been linked with actor Richard Burton.) Paul Newman, reprising his 1966 assignment as private eye Lew Harper in "The Drowning Pool," attempts a cover-up for hooker Linda Haynes (right). On the other side of the law, "Lepke" (below right) brings Tony Curtis back to the screen in the role of Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, prominent Syndicate figure of the Thirties; here he's hiding out (and whiling the time away) with a lady of the evening, played by Mary Wilcox. More recent headlines are exploited in "The Killer Elite" (below left), which stars James Caan and Robert Duvall as dirty tricksters hired by a sinister, CIA-type organization. Duvall's companion here is Uschi Digard, previously exposed in a trio of Russ Meyer's sexploits.





MUSICAL SCORING: Song-and-dance extravaganzas are bursting with a type of ribaldry new to the genre. Ken Russell's "Lisztomania" has Roger Daltrey, as a rocky imitation of the famed 19th Century composer, doing the heavy fantastic. There's a phallic nightmare (above left), an episode with Richard Wagner as a fanged vampire and—well, look it all up in last month's PLAYBOY. Tim Curry dons garters and lace for "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" (above right), while the folks who back Cindy Williams and Stephen Nathan in "The First Nudie Musical" (below) doff nearly everything. "Nudie Musical" is a simultaneous spoof of porno sticks and the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers confections of yesteryear. Most musical of all, in that every word is sung, is the rock opera "Tommy," by Ken Russell (again), with Roger Daltrey (again) in the title role. Bottom left, Tommy—struck blind, deaf and dumb by a childhood trauma—seeks a cure at the feet of "Saint Marilyn"; left, Ann-Margret, as his mum, wallows in a gooey mishmash of baked beans, chocolate and soapsuds.





SHOCKS: Our May 1973 Playmate of the Month, Anulka Dziubinska, is a sucker for Sally Faulkner in "Vampyres . . . Daughters of Dracula" (above left). A French entry, "Les Expériences Erotiques de Frankenstein," lets the monster (Fernando Bilbao) bang away at an unidentified partner (above right). Joe Dallesandro, in "Andy Warhol's Dracula" (below), relieves Dominique Darrell of her eligibility as a cocktail for the count: He drinks only virgins' blood. Also horrific: Peggy Sipots getting cold feet in "Ilsa, She Wolf of the SS" (bottom left) and "The Devil's Rain," with Lisa Todd seducing William Shatner (left).



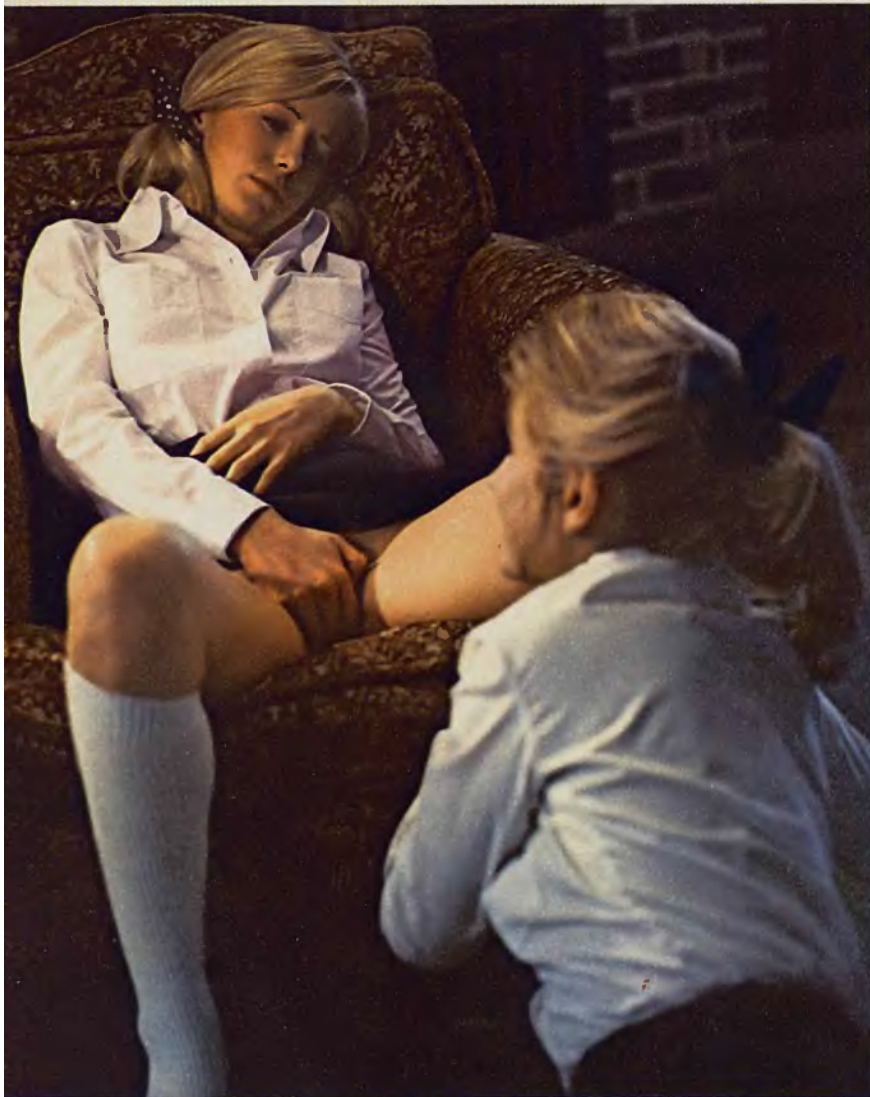


YOKS: Early on in Mel Brooks's "Young Frankenstein," there's some audible speculation as to the size of the monster's Schwanzstücker. We never learn its true dimensions, but Madeline Kahn, as the mad doctor's formerly frigid fiancée, seems to relish the advances of its gigantic owner, Peter Boyle (above). Other comic fare presents Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton coming clean in "I Will, I Will . . . for Now," a wry look at an on-again, off-again marital relationship, due for December release (right), and Skip Burton, in "Linda Lovelace for President," enthusiastically plunging into the campaign—as well as the candidate (below).





STEAMING TEENS: "Love Finds Andy Hardy" was never like this! Two treatments of adolescent sexual initiation, both imported, are France's "Lacombe, Lucien" (above), with Pierre Blaise and Aurore Clément playing young lovers, and Sweden's "Flossie," a modern-dress version of a 19th Century novel (below), with Maria Lynn and Anita Andersson (back to camera) as students at a private school for girls.



DIRTY OLD MEN: The geriatrics ward may be just around the corner, but these fellows can still mess around. Georges Adet reaches out for Antonia Lotita in the family-operated bordello from "Le Grand Délire" (above). Sue Ling, Olivia Enke and Susan Stewart, inmates of another brothel, entertain an elderly friend in "Farewell, My Lovely" (right). Walter Matthau is a timeworn ex-vaudevillian playing doctor with Lee Meredith in "The Sunshine Boys" (below right). But the most decadent senior citizen in recent film history is portrayed by Alain Cuny in "Emmanuelle." Cuny, as an aging roué named Mario, introduces Emmanuelle (Sylvia Kristel) to a variety of erotic practices, among them (below) a sexual sandwich that utilizes an anonymous Thai volunteer as its filling.





GETTING INTO PLASTICS: Living dolls, according to these three films, are preferable to the real thing. Katharine Ross is turned into a bosomy robot during "The Stepford Wives" (above left); Valerie Marron gets off on a statue (above right) in "Wet Rainbow," a porno opus also starring the indefatigable duo of Harry Reems and Georgina Spelvin; Michel Piccoli, in France's "Life-Size Doll," beds down with pneumatic twins.





BIG BANGS: Having a bit of fun with phallic symbolism are veteran sexologists Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, creators of "The Hottest Show in Town" (above left), and equally seasoned skin-flick mogul Russ Meyer, with "Supervixens" (above right). The Kronhausens' gimmick involves a down-at-the-heels Danish circus where the performers bolster dwindling receipts by staging explicit sex acts; Meyer modestly describes his picture as "hilariously funny . . . the epitome of 20 years of gut-tearing film making." Here, Charles Napier, as a vicious cop, plans an explosive climax for Supervixen (Shari Eubank), who hopes to be rescued by her boyfriend Clint, who works as a gas-pump jockey for ex-Nazi Martin Bormann, who. . .



HAPPY HOOKERS: The adventures of the world's best-known callgirl are the inspiration for a trio of films: "The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander" (above), a hard-core release featuring Samantha McLaren; "The Happy Hooker," starring Lynn Redgrave (with Tom Poston, above right), an R-rated version of Xaviera's autobiography; and "My Pleasure Is My Business" (right), another mild (R) feature showcasing La Hollander in the flesh.



YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE: The whip-and-chain gang will doubtless flock to "The Story of Joanna" and "Story of O." In the scene at left, maid Juliet Graham ministers to Joanna (Terri Hall), who gets her kicks out of being mistress to a sadist. A similar theme is exploited in "Story of O" (below), based on an erotic novel by Pauline Réage and starring Corinne Cléry, here being disciplined by Jean Gaven.



MATINEE IDYLS: The universal appeal of the afternoon is demonstrated in two sharply contrasting current productions. The plot of "Jacqueline Susann's Once Is Not Enough" (above left), a major-studio (Paramount) release, calls for Alexis Smith, as "the fifth-richest woman in the world," to take elderly actress-recluse Melina Mercouri as her lesbian lover. The action is mainly (but not exclusively) heterosexual—and considerably rougher—in "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann," starring Barbara Bourbon as a bored housewife wed to kinky Alan Marlow (above right). "Pamela," the hard-core hit of the year, is the work of director Radley ("Therese and Isabelle," "Camille 2000") Metzger under his nom de porn, Henry Paris.



BURNING: The gangrene beneath the glamor that was Hollywood in the Thirties is cauterized in John Schlesinger's ambitious film version of Nathanael West's novel "The Day of the Locust." Its characters' passions, heated by fantasy and frustration, reach a literal combustion point at the film's conclusion, an apocalyptic vision of Los Angeles' destruction by fire. Lighting the fuse is Karen Black, playing Faye Greener, an unemployed extra and part-time prostitute who moves in with Homer Simpson, an impotent Midwestern bookkeeper (Donald Sutherland, above left, his lap full of transvestite entertainer Paul Jabara), then betrays him with a stunt man (Bo Hopkins, above right) and a musician (Pepe Serna, below).





BLOWING: A more contemporary view of California dreamin' gone wrong is afforded by "Shampoo," a day-in-the-life-of story of an amorous Beverly Hills hairdresser (Warren Beatty). The date in question—November 5, 1968—is the one that gave the country Richard Nixon (or vice versa), but George, the stylist, spends it providing personalized stud service for customers, wherever he finds them. Julie Christie (above) gets hers in the bath. "Shampoo" has a special affinity for blow jobs, with and without hair drier; sure to become a cinema classic is the verbal taboo-toppling party scene below, wherein Miss Christie loudly proclaims, "I'd like to suck his cock"—and, seemingly, applies herself to the task with a will.



before the camera. Consequently, *Shampoo* won an R rating from the Motion Picture Association of America's Code and Rating Administration. So did *Harry and Tonto*, in which a teenaged boy calls Ellen Burstyn a "cunt," but Art Carney's encounter with a Las Vegas hooker is discreetly shrouded beneath a rapidly closing convertible top. As far as industry officialdom is concerned, apparently, you can talk about sex all you want to; just don't show it.

You can show skin—in fairly copious amounts. The M.P.A.A.'s R has been extended to include full frontal nudity, female (as in *The Wild Party*) and male (as in *Mandingo*). Nude flashes are, apparently, admissible even in PG-rated (parental guidance suggested) films—*Jaws*, for example. But the film makers themselves have grown cautious. If a movie like *Bite the Bullet*—with its brothel on wheels awaiting the riders at the end of each lap of a long-distance horse race set early in this century—had been made, say, in 1970, it would surely have included at least a few nude scenes of the girls in action. Not this year. In *Posse*, another turn-of-the-century Western, when Kirk Douglas is proffered the hospitality of a frontier boardinghouse madam, he accepts the bed but politely refuses the boarding. Not too long ago, Douglas would never have dreamed of rejecting so attractive an offer.

Both producers, Douglas himself and *Bullet's* Richard Brooks, elected to go for a PG rating rather than the stiffer R or X, because they knew that they could reach a wider audience that way without doing undue violence to their basic concepts. Today, thanks to newspapers that refuse ads for X- and R-rated movies—and even some communities that ban them altogether—the X is hated, the R feared by most moviemakers. Ironically, however, the rating that they dread most is the G, which signifies that the fare is OK for everybody. Anyone who has ever attended a sneak preview of such a film can testify to the groan that goes up from an audience when the G is flashed on the screen. Producer Robert Radnitz, whose pictures prior to the current *Birch Interval* had been wholly and wholesomely G, correctly summarized the situation when he said, "You might wish to make a serious film that just happens to have no sex or violence. . . . Not all stories of a serious nature contain these ingredients. At any rate, you make the film and end up with a G. That very G will by its nature put off initially a good part of the audience that might otherwise want to see that film."

Nobody ever seriously considered giving a G to *Rollerball*, Norman Jewison's inspired peek into a future free of wars, hunger, nationalism and racism. According to the film, rollerball, a new and lethal contact sport incorporating the rougher aspects of ice hockey and the roller derby, was invented to sublimate the violent tendencies of most human beings.

But, possibly because *Rollerball*, in addition to its vivid depiction of the world's most deadly game, also includes some mildly erotic love scenes, Richard D. Heffner, the newly appointed head of the M.P.A.A.'s Code and Rating Administration, was in favor of giving the film an X. Fortunately, calmer minds prevailed and the film ended up with an R. Even so, the disparity between the mild sexuality *cum* violence of *Rollerball* and the nonsexual *cum* violence of the PG-rated *Jaws* touched off a minor shock wave of renewed criticism of the ratings system.

Certainly, by 1975 the churches had tired of the ratings game as played by M.P.A.A. rules. As early as 1970, both Protestant and Catholic organizations had served notice on the Motion Picture Association that they were unconvinced of the effectiveness of its Code and Rating Administration. The Catholics, who broke with the M.P.A.A. four years ago, issue their own C (for condemned) ratings for the major companies' films (among them this year, *Shampoo*, *Mandingo*, *Night Moves* and *Rancho Deluxe*) they find wanting; while the Protestant National Council of Churches has abandoned its long-established practice of giving prizes to meritorious films, because, as the council admitted, the awards simply didn't seem to be doing much good.

Within the industry, the secrecy surrounding the ratings process created a fertile field for rumors, most of them hints of high-level pressure. Did Universal's influential Lew Wasserman, for example, lean on the code administration to get a PG rating, rather than an R, for *Jaws*? And isn't the M.P.A.A. more lenient in rating its own members' films than those of independent producers? Most small producers, especially in the exploitation field, ignore the code administration altogether, preferring to take a self-imposed X rather than go to the expense of showing their wares to the M.P.A.A.—and ending up with an X anyway.

Those in the industry speak of a soft X (such as *Emmanuelle*) and a hard X (such as *Deep Throat*). There is also the soft R (*Godfather II*, for example) and the hard R (*Shampoo* or *Mandingo*). But what does the general public know—or, for that matter, care—about these fine distinctions? The R and the X, whatever the neat discriminations in the minds of the Code and Rating Administration members, have come to spell S-E-X in the minds of the ticket buyers. And if, to them, the X—intended merely as an "adults-only" label—stands for forbidden fruit, the R has come to mean merchandise they can sample with some assurance of seeing sex and/or violence.

To many critics, including this one, the most important American movie of 1975 is Robert Altman's R-rated *Nashville*. While there is no possibility that it will ever overtake Steven Spielberg's

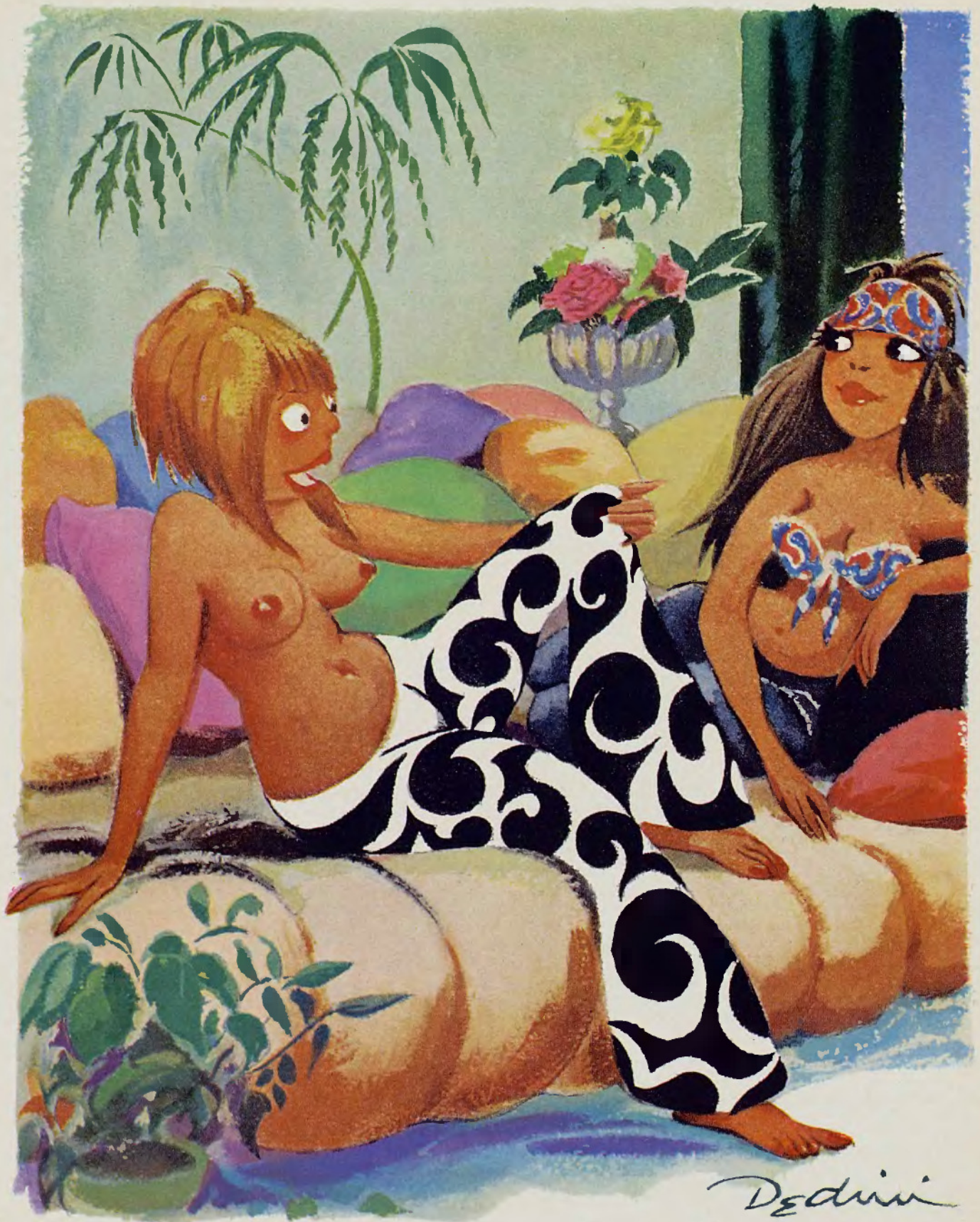
PG-rated *Jaws* at the box office, what *Nashville* has to say about the American way of life—its strengths and its weaknesses—has a cutting edge that could have been dulled to insignificance if its makers had opted for a milder rating. For example, Lily Tomlin plays a Gospel singer married to a rising, opportunistic young lawyer (Ned Beatty). They have two deaf children, whom she raises and loves. But in the hectic five days leading to the political rally that climaxes the film, a youthful admirer (Keith Carradine) comes into Nashville and propositions her. She accepts. More importantly, we know *why* she accepts. We know about her heartbreak and frustration, about her husband's insensitivity, about all the factors that leave her vulnerable to a young lover.

Or there is Gwen Welles, playing a waitress at the Nashville airport restaurant—a girl with no talent but a burning desire to appear at the Grand Ole Opry. Believing it may lead to her big break, she agrees to perform at a stag party—hoping that a sexy dress and a couple of socks stuffed into her bra will help put over her songs. But the assembled politicians don't want the socks, they want the real thing. Humiliated, the girl strips to the buff and gives it to them. Still another *Nashville* actress, Barbara Harris, plays a kewpie-doll nitwit who, although married to a self-respecting dirt farmer, runs about offering herself to everybody who might get her onto the Opry stage. Sad-eyed Shelley Duvall (who impressed the critics earlier in Altman's *Thieves Like Us*) turns up as a would-be groupie who will shack up with anything that sings; while Geraldine Chaplin plays a BBC reporter who will ditto with anything that moves.

Nashville boasts no fewer than 24 major roles, and these are only some of the people who make the film so persuasive and intriguing. Altman's movie is, above all else, a commentary on the quality of life in the United States today. And, in keeping with the trend we mentioned at the outset, no little of that commentary is delivered in bald, four-letter words.

Indeed, a critical, even cynical questioning of America's lifestyle and sexual mores motivated a surprising number of the year's outstanding films—most of them R-rated. *Shampoo*, like *Nashville*, has political overtones; but the primary thrust of its Warren Beatty—Robert Towne screenplay is directed against the luxury-oriented, bedroom-obsessed Beverly Hills society of the late Sixties, with Beatty casting himself as a *macho* stylist who uses his easy access to the town's better boudoirs to promote a *salon* of his own. *Shampoo*, like a latter-day *La Ronde*, finds Beatty sleeping with Lee Grant, whose husband, Jack Warden, is keeping Julie Christie, who used to be Beatty's own big heartthrob. The perfect circle is disrupted, however, by the fact that Beatty also finds time for a giggly

(continued on page 187)



"This year, I'm just giving fruitcake and vibrators."

IS RANDY NEWMAN A REDNECK COLE PORTER— OR JUST STRANGE?

RANDY NEWMAN is chary of interviewers by reflex, bless his level sense, but bent even more unbendingly in that direction since the critical shit storm mounted in the pop-squeak press against his fifth album of art songs, *Good Old Boys*. Six months after the record's notoriety-nagged release in late 1974, the jowly, bespectacled composer/pianist/singer mumbles a wan hello and drops to a feral crouch on a leather sofa in a posh little parlor adjacent to his agent's office, high up in one of those high-rise megabucks towers in Beverly Hills. Newman doesn't look anything at all like a bourbon-gargling, no-necked redneck bent on "keepin' the niggers down." He looks more like a stand-in for Woody Allen or a brainy young English major parsing the Pearl Poet at the University of Kansas.

Newman is seated opposite a visiting writer, but he is not necessarily looking his way. He is looking instead at the parlor's yum-yum appointments. Tasty—very tasty, indeed. Flocked blond walls and an overhead *Casablanca* fan. Paintings of something brown and something mostly green. An antique English dartboard and a framed map of Poland. A burnished-oak table with claw legs, surrounded by a flotilla of Eamesish chairs. A Depression-era gum machine cleverly disguised as a lamp. Various bowers of growing things that doubtless bear the fruits of megabucks. . . .

Newman sips cola from a Carpenters Fan Club mug, fires up an unfiltered cigarette and leans forward with an agitated semaphoring of the arms. "Look," he blurts, "anything I say will probably be just bullshit. I've been out on the road touring for months and. . . . What is it you want to know?"

The writer reflects. He considers Newman the best American songwriter of the decade. You can shake your ass to Newman's music and you can be stirred to thought by it, and if you're reasonably well coordinated, you can do both. What the writer wants to know, he says, is the story of Newman's life and all his opinions.

Newman flashes a dropsical smile and lolls back against the

leather cushions. "Oh, yeah? Hmn. Well, let me think. Sure, that's not hard. Short and uneventful.

"Really, that's it—nothing significant ever happened to me. I went to public schools in West Los Angeles and I spent summers down around New Orleans as a boy. My mother's from the South and my father was stationed there when he was an Army doctor. I took piano lessons from the age of seven, I'd guess, until I was about 14. Then I knew everything and I quit. Started writing songs when I was 16, 17. Worked for a publisher. They signed me up and—oh, I'd write songs for various people. I started recording in '68, I believe it was, and then started performing a couple of years after that. I'm 31 now. And here I am. Short, you see. Uneventful.

"Uh, well, yeah. . . . I'm known as a kind of closet racist in some quarters because of *Good Old Boys*. Mostly because of the song *Rednecks*. It was banned from airplay in Boston, you know—that busing situation there. I understood that completely. I kind of concurred, in a way. I mean, why bother? Why stir up ripples in the shit?

"The fuss over that album was. . . . was ludicrous to me, pointless. I didn't really keep up with all the things that were written about it. A lot of pop-music criticism is. . . . it's like hitting the ground when you fall out of an airplane. I remember somebody compared me to a certain Heydrich, who was, I believe, a real obscure Nazi. Killed in the purge of '34 or something. My brother told me about that. My brother's a doctor, like my father. Today's his birthday. The day Stalin died. I'll have to remember to give him a call.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot to mention that I went to college. UCLA. . . . Didn't graduate, though. Came very close. What I'm lacking is a performance requirement. I was a music major and you had to be in a chorus or some kind of performing group to qualify for a degree. I tried to get out of it, but they wouldn't let me. I tried to tell them that, you know, I was already a professional musician, (continued on page 178)

lately, when i'm performing,
he said, i've noticed
that my songs are kind of. . . unusual

personality **By GROVER LEWIS**





"One good joint deserves another."

Vargas

THE VARGAS GIRL

AFTER MY EXILE from the court of Louis XIV, the fishwives of the market laid a host of misadventures to my account—some true, some false—and certain fishes were rightfully christened after me. I did my best to maintain this evil reputation, in the service of the Duc d'Orléans.

Amongst the fancied beauties, facile or otherwise, I procured for the insatiable Monsieur le Duc, I have not forgotten Madame Ledru nor the nails of Maritana. The Palais-Marchand was the center of my expeditions; there I had abducted a score of well-rounded tradeswomen and had painted myself as young or old, *abbé*, soldier or cit. It was under the name *Abbé* Dutrot that I first introduced myself to Monsieur Ledru. His puckered features stamped him as the most jealous of horned husbands and a firm squint made his spouse view new crotches with caution. I admired her refined plumpness, revealing décolletage and alluring glances.

I spoke of her to the duke, recommending ocular proof of my findings, and he agreed. At dusk we departed, after concocting a story and perfecting his disguise. At the suggestion of Ravannes, his valet, he chose the pseudonym Tallard, one that had succeeded in a previous intrigue.

"Good evening, Monsieur Ledru," I said on entering. "I have here a kinsman, an ironmonger who wishes to start a shop."

"Our stock is of the finest quality," began the owner, displaying his wares.

Monsieur Tallard, however, quickly perceived an object more dazzling than pots and pans. Madame Ledru noticed his attention and approached with an innocent air:

"Dear husband, don't these gentlemen require me?"

"Are you included in the stock?" he snapped. "These men have no time to gossip with females."

"I have two thousand pistoles to spend, madame," said Monsieur Tallard, "and I am obliged to my friend here for recommending your goods."

"Two thousand!" cried the ironmonger, whose jealousy gave way before his avarice. "I'm certain we can do satisfying business together."

"Here is a deposit of half that amount, which I ask madame to count," replied Tallard, passing the bag into fair hands for a telling, professional squeeze.

The merchant, who saw only money in the transaction, gradually warmed to the man with the pistoles and, at his wife's insistence, invited us to dinner.

At, and under, the table, their eager patron made expert play with both eyes and hands, to the visible delight of the madame, whose preparations of the palate were undoubtedly paving another channel with savory juices of a higher nature. With the assistance of wine and my rapid conversation, her husband

never looked beneath the table, suggesting instead that we prepare for cards.

"Tomorrow," said Monsieur Tallard, playing his final hand, "you shall receive final payment for my purchases."

"I shall deliver them personally. Where do you reside?" replied the shopkeeper.

"Monsieur Tallard," I interrupted, "lives in the Rue Saint-Denis, at the sign of Croix-de-Fer, and he asks you to dinner tomorrow." Reading between these lines, Madame Ledru pressed him to accept. As hoped, he insisted upon



going alone, despite her feigned disappointment and pleading.

I hired the Croix-de-Fer for that day and cleared it of all servants, except for Ravannes, who prepared a little cellar for our purpose. When our man failed to arrive on time, I feared the ironmonger had distrusted Monsieur Tallard. But night seldom brings sound counsel, and my visions of failure were erased when I saw him approach. I met him on the stairs.

"I am off to the cellar. Monsieur Tallard has some choice wines that he wishes to dispose of. Follow me."

"But where is our host?" he inquired.

"Dressing, upstairs; surely you do not expect him in a black cellar?"

Drawing close to the wall, I blew out my candle just as the fly passed the fatal threshold, then shut the thick door and drew the bolts before he began beating and kicking against the door. Ravannes then ran to guard the cellar and I returned to the Palais-Royal, where the duke was awaiting.

The fair tin merchant hardly expected two cocks in her bush and, as if prepared for any event, she quickly introduced me to Maritana, a servant wench whose curtsy exposed two freckled globes rivaling ripe melons. The duke and the madame retired immediately to bed, while I guarded their door. My employer gave the keeper's wife such a prodigious long *séance* that I was forced to devise a pastime. Wandering into the

maid's quarters, I remained until the virtue in her apron gave way to a more agreeable fury, but in the preliminaries I nearly lost both eyes. No sooner had I retied the knot of Maritana's garment than a loud knock struck the front door.

"Open, for the love of God!" cried a familiar voice, and I let Ravannes in.

"He has escaped; neighbors heard the ranting, pushed me aside and released the bolts. He is on my trail." Leaving the antechamber, I ran to the mattress. The news shocked the duke into quickly withdrawing one sword from within Madame Ledru and another from a much colder scabbard. Both reached for scattered attire, while I loosened mine and prepared for the worst. The raging husband burst in, followed by his servant.

"Whore, Lucretian tart!" he cried at the sight of his partially naked wife, who seized Monsieur le Duc's knees.

"Fool, do you not know a woman of virtue? If your fine customer had not arrived so timely, that man of cloth would have raped our holy ground," she replied, pointing in my direction.

"'Tis the same with me," bawled the soubrette. "But for my own fingernails, I, too, would have been invaded."

This half-truth appeared to lessen the merchant's doubts, except for still unexplained matters:

"Then whose prick is missing the codpiece on the bedpost, and how, Monsieur Tallard, did you guess his intentions?"

"Monsieur, forty years of celibacy does strange things to the mind," replied the duke. "Since I have known the *abbé*, he has attempted to wander many times; but I have always shown him the proper path. Hearing your clamor from the cellar, I naturally thought first of madame and sped here. The codpiece was there when I rushed into this room."

"It is mine," said I. "As a constant reminder of certain vows, I keep it under my cloth."

"Yes, and before reaching into my bodice, it had a new home," agreed Madame Ledru.

"*Abbé*, you look like a fighting cock, twice a loser, too," said Monsieur le Duc, before he burst into laughter, which infected all three, even Monsieur Ledru:

"I suppose we are fortunate, especially for knowing wealthy Monsieur Tallard. And, considering the outcome, I must forgive the *abbé's* near deeds."

"I have had a fine escape," said his wife.


"And how about me?" added Ledru.

"And me!" echoed the maid, arranging her dress.

"And me," agreed the duke, eying the dagger and rubbing his throat.


As for myself, I persuaded the Duc d'Orléans to leave grisettes alone for a time. But, in a week, I was again active in the streets, with a fine increase in salary. In a year, I was almost wealthy.

—Retold by John G. Dickson



DENGUE FEVER

fiction **By PAUL THEROUX** THERE IS a curious tree, native to Malaysia, called The Midnight Horror. We had a couple in Ayer Hitam, one in an overgrown part of the botanical gardens, the other in the front garden of William Ladysmith's house. His house was huge, nearly as grand as mine, but I was the American Consul and Ladysmith was an English teacher on a short contract. I assumed it was the tree that had brought the value of his house down. The house itself had been built before the war—one of those great breezy places, a masterpiece of colonial carpentry, with cement walls two



*out of his delirium came
nightmares of phantom cyclists,
screaming women and
bloody massacres*

feet thick and window blinds the size of sails on a Chinese junk. It was said that it had been the center of operations during the occupation. All this history diminished by a tree! In fact, no local person would go near the house; the Chinese members of the staff at Ladysmith's school chose to live in that row of low warrens near the bus depot.

During the day, the tree looked comic, a tall simple pole like an enormous coatrack, with big leaves that looked like branches—but there were very few of them. It was covered with knobs, stark black things; and around the base of the trunk there were always

fragments of leaves that looked like shattered bones, but not human bones.

At night the tree was different, not comic at all. It was Ladysmith who showed me the underlined passage in his copy of Professor Corner's *Wayside Trees of Malaya*. Below the entry for *oroxyton indicum*, it read: "Botanically, it is the sole representative of its kind; aesthetically, it is monstrous. . . . The corolla begins to open about ten P.M., when the tumid, wrinkled lips part and the harsh odor escapes from them. By midnight, the lurid mouth gapes widely and is filled with stink. . . . The flowers are pollinated by bats which are attracted by the smell and, holding to the fleshy corolla with the claws on their wings, thrust their noses into its throat; scratches, as of bats, can be seen on the fallen leaves the next morning. . . ."

Smelly! Ugly! Pollinated by bats! I said, "No wonder no one wants to live in this house."

"It suits me fine," said Ladysmith. He was a lanky fellow, very pleasant, one of our uncomplicated Americans, who thrived in bush postings. He cycled around in his Bermuda shorts, organizing talent shows in kampongs. His description in my consulate file was "Low risk, high gain." Full of enthusiasm and blue-eyed belief; and openhearted: He was forever

having tea with tradesmen, whose status was raised as soon as he crossed the threshold.

Ladysmith didn't come around to the club much, although he was a member and had appeared in the Footlighters' production of Maugham's *The Letter*. I think he disapproved of us. He was young, one of the Vietnam generation with a punished conscience and muddled notions of colonialism. That war created dropouts, but Ladysmith I took to be one of the more constructive ones, a volunteer teacher. After the cease-fire, there were fewer; now there are none, neither hippies nor do-gooders. Ladysmith was delighted to take his guilt to Malaysia, and he once told me that Ayer Hitam was more lively than his home town, which surprised me until he said he was from Caribou, Maine.

He was tremendously popular with his students. He had put up a backboard and basketball hoop in the playground and after school he taught them the fundamentals of the game. He was, for all his apparent awkwardness, an athletic fellow, though it didn't show until he was in action—jumping or dribbling a ball down the court. Perhaps it never does. He ate like a horse and, knowing he lived alone, I made a point of inviting him often to dinners for visiting fire-

men from Kuala Lumpur or Singapore. He didn't have a cook; he said he would not have a servant, but I don't believe he would have got any local person to live in his house, so close to that grotesque tree.

I was sorry but not surprised, two months after he arrived, to hear that Ladysmith had a fever. Ayer Hitam was malarial, and the tablets we took every Sunday like Communion were only suppressants. The Chinese headmaster at the school stopped in at the consulate and said that Ladysmith wanted to see me. I went that afternoon.

The house was empty; a few chairs in the sitting room, a shelf of paperbacks, a short-wave radio and, in the room beyond, a table holding only a large bottle of catsup. The kitchen smelled of peanut butter and stale bread. Bachelor's quarters. I climbed the stairs, but before I entered the bedroom, I heard Ladysmith call out in an anxious voice, "Who is it?"

"Boy, am I glad to see you," he said, relaxing as I came through the door.

He looked thinner, his face was gray, his hair awry in bunches of standing hackles; and he lay in the rumped bed as if he had been thrown there. His eyes were sunken and oddly colored with the yellow light of fever.

"Malaria?"

"I think so—I've been taking chloroquine. But it doesn't seem to be working. I've got the most awful headache." He closed his eyes. "I can't sleep. I have these nightmares. I—"

"What does the doctor say?"

"I'm treating myself," said Ladysmith.

"You'll kill yourself," I said. "I'll send Alec over tonight."

We talked for a while and eventually I convinced Ladysmith that he needed attention. Alec Stewart was a member of the club Ladysmith particularly disliked. He wasn't a bad sort, but as he was married to a Chinese girl, he felt he could call them Chinks without blame. He had been a ship's surgeon in the Royal Navy and had come to Ayer Hitam after the war. With a young wife and all that sunshine, he was able to reclaim some of his youth. Back at the office, I sent my peon Peeraswami over with a pot of soup and the latest issue of *Newsweek* from the consulate library.

Alec went that night. I saw him at the club later. He said, "Our friend's pretty rocky."

"I had malaria myself," I said. "It wasn't much fun."

Alec blew a cautionary snort. "He's not got malaria. He's got dengue."

"Are you sure?"

"All the symptoms are there."

"What did you give him for it?"

"The only thing there is worth a docken—*aspirin*."

"I suppose he'll have to sweat it out."

"He'll do that, all right." Alec leaned



"When you say you'd like to eat Miss Clark, do you mean you'd like to eat her or you'd like to eat her?"

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over. "The lad's having hallucinations."

"I didn't know that was a symptom of dengue," I said.

"Dengue's a curse."

He described it to me. It is a virus, carried by a mosquito, and begins as a headache of such voltage that you tremble and can't stand or sit. You're knocked flat; your muscles ache, you're doubled up with cramps and your temperature stays over 100. Then your skin becomes paper-thin, sensitive to the slightest touch—the weight of a sheet can cause pain. And your hair falls out—not all of it but enough to fill a comb. These severe irritations produce another agony, a depression so black the dengue sufferer continually sobs. All the while, your bones ache, as if every inch of you has been smashed with a hammer. This sensation of bruising gives dengue its colloquial name, breakbone fever. I pitied Ladysmith.

Although it was after 11 when Alec left the club, I went straight over to Ladysmith's house. I was walking up the gravel drive when I heard the most ungodly shriek—frightening in its intensity and full of alarm. I did not recognize it as Ladysmith's—indeed, it scarcely sounded human. But it was coming from his room. It was so loud and changed in pitch with such suddenness it might easily have been two or three people screaming, or a dozen doomed cats. The Midnight Horror tree was in full bloom and filled the night with stink.

Ladysmith lay in bed, whimpering. The magazine I'd sent him was tossed against the wall, and the effect of disorder was heightened by the overhead fan, which was lifting and ruffling the pages.

He was propped on one arm; but seeing me, he sighed and fell back. His face was slick with perspiration and tear streaks. He was short of breath.

"Are you all right?"

"My skin is burning," he said. I noticed his lips were swollen and cracked with fever, and I saw then how dengue was like a species of grief.

"I thought I heard a scream," I said. Screaming takes energy; Ladysmith was beyond screaming, I thought.

"Massacre," he said. "Soldiers—killing women and children. Horrible. Over there." He pointed to a perfectly ordinary table with a jug of water on it and he breathed, "War. You should see their faces, all covered with blood. Some have arms missing. I've never—" He broke off and began to sob.

"Alec says you have dengue fever," I said.

"Two of them—women. They look the same," said Ladysmith, lifting his head. "They scream at me, and it's so loud! They have no teeth!"

"Are you taking the aspirin?" I saw that the amber jar was full.

"Aspirin! For this!" He lay quietly, then said, "I'll be all right. Sometimes it's nothing—just a high temperature. Then these Chinese . . . then I get these dreams."

"About war?"

"Yes. Flashes."

As gently as I could, I said, "You didn't want to go to Vietnam, did you?"

"No. Nobody wanted to go. I registered as a C.O."

Hallucinations are replies. Peeraswami was always seeing Tamil ghosts on his way home. They leaped from those green fountains by the road the Malays call *daun pontianak*—"ghost leaf"—surprising him with plates of hot *samosas* or tureens of curry; not so much ghosts as ghostesses. I told him to eat something before setting out for home in the dark and he stopped seeing them. I took Ladysmith's visions of massacre to be replies to his conscientious objection. It is the draft dodger who speaks most graphically of war, not the soldier. Pacifists know all the atrocity stories.

But Ladysmith's hallucinations had odd highlights: The soldiers he saw weren't American. They were dark Orientals in dirty undershirts, probably Viet Cong, and mingled with the screams of the people with bloody faces was another sound, the creaking of bicycle seats. So there were two horrors—the massacre and those phantom cyclists. He was especially frightened by the two women with no teeth, who opened their mouths wide and screamed at him.

I said, "Give it a few days."

"I don't think I can take much more of this."

"Listen," I said. "Dengue can depress you. You'll feel like giving up and going home—you might feel like hanging yourself. But take these aspirin and keep telling yourself—whenever you get these nightmares—it's dengue fever."

"No teeth, and their gums are dripping with blood—"

His head dropped to the pillow, his eyes closed and I remember thinking: Everyone is fighting this war, everyone in the world. Poor Ladysmith was fighting hardest of all. Lying there, he could have been bivouacked in the Central Highlands, haggard from a siege, his dengue a version of battle fatigue.

I left him sleeping and walked again through the echoing house. But the smell had penetrated to the house itself, the high thick stink of rotting corpses. It stung my eyes and I almost fainted with the force of it until, against the moon, I saw that blossoming coatrack and the wheeling bats—the Midnight Horror.

"Rotting flesh." Ladysmith said late the next afternoon. I tried not to smile. I had brought Alec along for a second

look. Ladysmith began describing the smell, the mutilated people, the sound of bicycles and those Chinese women, the toothless ones. The victims had pleaded with him. Ladysmith looked wretched.

Alec said, "How's your head?"

"It feels like it's going to explode."

Alec nodded. "Joints a bit stiff?"

"I can't move."

"Dengue's a curse." Alec smiled: Doctors so often do when their grim diagnosis is proved right.

"I can't!"—Ladysmith started, then grimaced and continued in a softer tone—"I can't sleep. If I could only sleep, I'd be all right. For God's sake, give me something to make me sleep."

Alec considered this.

"Can't you give him anything?" I asked.

"I've never prescribed a sleeping pill in my life," said Alec, "and I'm not going to do so now. Young man, take my advice. Drink lots of liquid—you're dehydrating. You've got a severe fever. Don't underestimate it. It can be a killer. But I guarantee if you follow my instructions, get lots of bed rest, take aspirin every four hours, you'll be right as ninepence."

"My hair is falling out."

Alec smiled—right again. "Dengue," he said. "But you've still got plenty. When you've as little hair as I have, you'll have something to complain about."

Outside the house, I said, "That tree is the most malignant thing I've ever seen."

Alec said, "You're talking like a Chink."

"Sure, it looks innocent enough now, with the sun shining on it. But have you smelled it at night?"

"I agree. A wee aromatic. Like a Bengali's fart."

"If we cut it down, I think Ladysmith would stop having his nightmares."

"Don't be a fool. That tree's medicinal. The Malays use it for potions. It works—I use it myself."

"Well, if it's so harmless, why don't the Malays want to live in this house?"

"It's not been offered to a Malay. How many Malay teachers do you know? It's the Chinks won't live here—I don't have a clue why that's so, but I won't have you running down that tree. It's going to cure our friend."

I stopped walking. "What do you mean by that?"

Alec said, "The aspirin—or, rather, not the aspirin. I'm using native medicine. Those tablets are made from the bark of that tree—I wish it didn't have that shocking name."

"You're giving him *that*?"

"Calm down; it'll do him a world of good," Alec said brightly. "Ask any witch doctor."

I slept badly myself that night, thinking of Alec's ridiculous cure—he had truly



BUCK BROWN

"Partridge, you idiot, it's me she's urging to go faster!!"

gone bush—but I was tied up all day with visa inquiries and it was not until the following evening that I got back to Ladysmith's. I was determined to take him away. I had aspirin at my house; I'd keep him away from Alec.

Downstairs, I called out and knocked, as usual, to warn him I'd come, and, as usual, there was no response from him. I entered the bedroom and saw him asleep but uncovered. Perhaps the fever had passed: His face was dry. He did not look well, but then, few people do when they're sound asleep—most take on the ghastly color of illness. Then I saw that the amber bottle was empty—the "aspirin" bottle.

I tried to feel his pulse. Impossible: I've never been able to feel a person's pulse, but his hand was cool, almost cold. I put my ear against his mouth and thought I could detect a faint purr of respiration.

It was dusk when I arrived, but darkness in Ayer Hitam fell quickly: the blanket of night dropped and the only warning was the sound of insects tuning up, the chirrup of geckos and those squeaking bats making for the tree. I switched on the lamp and, as I did so, heard a low cry, as of someone dying in dreadful pain. And there by the window—just as Ladysmith had described—I saw the moonlit faces of two Chinese women, smeared with blood. They opened their mouths and howled; they were toothless and their screeches seemed to gain volume from that emptiness.

"Stop!" I shouted.

The two faces in those black rags hung there, and I caught the whiff of the tree that was the whiff of wounds. It should have scared me, but it only surprised me. Ladysmith had prepared me, and I felt certain that he had passed that horror on. I stepped forward, caught the cord and dropped the window blinds. The two faces were gone.

This took seconds, but an afterimage remained, like a lamp switched rapidly on and off. I gathered up Ladysmith. Having lost weight, he was very light, pathetically so. I carried him downstairs and through the garden to the road.

Behind me, in the darkness, was the rattle of pedals, the squeak of a bicycle seat. The phantom cyclists! It gave me a shock and I tried to run, but carrying Ladysmith, I could not move quickly. The cycling noises approached, frantic squeakings at my back. I spun around.

It was a trisha, cruising for fares. I put Ladysmith on the seat and, running alongside it, we made our way to the mission hospital.

A stomach pump is little more than a slender rubber tube pushed into one nostril and down the back of the throat. A primitive device: I couldn't watch. I waited until Ladysmith regained consciousness. But it was useless to talk to

him. His stomach was empty and he was coughing up bile, spewing into a bucket. I told the nursing sister to keep an eye on him.

I said, "He's got dengue."

The succeeding days showed such an improvement in Ladysmith that the doctors insisted he be discharged to make room for more serious cases. And, indeed, everyone said he'd made a rapid recovery. Alec was astonished but told him rather sternly, "You should be ashamed of yourself for taking that overdose."

Ladysmith was well, but I didn't have the heart to send him back to that empty house. I put him up at my own place. Normally, I hated house guests—they interfered with my reading and never seemed to have much to do themselves except punish my gin bottle. But Ladysmith was unobtrusive. He drank milk, he wrote letters home. He made no mention of his hallucinations and I didn't tell him what I'd thought I'd seen. In my own case, I believe his suggestions had been so strong that I had imagined what he had seen—somehow shared his own terror of the toothless women.

One day at lunch, Ladysmith said, "How about eating out tonight? On me. A little celebration. After all, you saved my life."

"Do you feel well enough to face the club buffet?"

He made a face. "I hate the club—no offense. But I was thinking of a meal in town. What about that *kedai*—City Bar? I had a terrific meal there the week I arrived. I've been meaning to go back."

"You're the boss."

It was a hot night. The veranda tables were taken, so we had to sit inside, jammed against a wall. We ordered: *mee-hoon* soup, spring rolls, pork strips, fried *kway-teow* and a bowl of *laksa* that seemed to blister the lining of my mouth.

"One thing's for sure," said Ladysmith, "I won't get dengue fever again for a while. The sister said I'm immune for a year."

"Thank God for that," I said. "By then you'll be back in Caribou, Maine."

"I don't know," he said. "I like it here."

He was smiling, glancing around the room, poking noodles into his mouth. Then I saw him lose control of his chopsticks. His jaw dropped, he turned pale and I thought for a moment that he was going to cry.

"Is anything wrong?"

He shook his head, but he looked stricken.

"It's this food," I said. "You shouldn't be eating such strong—"

"No," he said. "It's those pictures."

On the whitewashed wall of the *kedai* was a series of framed photographs, old hand-colored ones, lozenge-shaped, like huge lockets. Two women and some children. Not so unusual: the Chinese always have photographs of relations around—a casual reverence. One could hardly call

them a pious people; their brand of religion is ancestor worship, the simple display of the family album. But I had not realized until then that Woo Boh Swee's relations had had money. The evidence was in the pictures: Both women were smiling, showing large sets of gold dentures.

"That's them," said Ladysmith.

"Who?" I asked. Staring at them, I noticed certain wrinkles of familiarity, but the Chinese are very hard to tell apart. The cliché is annoyingly true.

Ladysmith put his chopsticks down and began to whisper: "The women in my room—that's *them*. That one had blood on her hair and the other one—"

"Dengue fever," I said. "You said they didn't have any teeth. Now, I ask you—look at those teeth. You've got the wrong ladies, my boy."

"No!"

His pallor had returned and the face I saw across the table was the one I had seen on that pillow. I felt sorry for him, as helpless as I had before.

Woo Boh Swee, the owner of City Bar, went by the table. He was brisk, snapping a towel. "OK? Anything? More beer? What you want?"

"We're fine, Mr. Woo," I said. "But I wonder if you can tell us something. We were wondering who those women are in the pictures—over there."

He looked at the wall, grunted, lowered his head and simply walked away, muttering.

"I don't get it," I said. I left the table and went to the back of the bar, where Woo Boh Swee's son Reggie—the "English" son—was playing mah-jongg. I asked Reggie the same question: "Who are they?"

"I'm glad you asked me," said Reggie. "Don't mention them to my father. One's his auntie, the other one's his sister. It's a sad story. They were cut up during the war by the dwarf bandits. That's what my old man calls them in Hokkien. The Japanese. It happened over at the headquarters—what they used for headquarters when they occupied the town. My old man was in Singapore."

"But the Japanese were here for only a few months," I said.

"Bunch of thieves," said Reggie. "They took anything they could lay their hands on. They used those old ladies for house girls, at the headquarters, that big house, where the tree is. Then they killed them, just like that, and hid the bodies—we never found the graves. But that was before they captured Singapore. The British couldn't stop them, you know. The dwarf bandits were clever—they pretended they were Chinese and rode all the way to the causeway on bicycles."

I looked back at the table. Ladysmith was staring, his eyes again bright with fever; staring at those gold teeth.

RADIO SEMI (continued from page 124)

grinning and the wheels spinning and motor, motor, motor."

"This is the Number One Jelly Belly and we're comin' on. Definitely am glad that Tijuana taxi [a cruiser with all the lights and markings] decided to stop back there and take pictures. We sure do thank you, Little Diesel, for givin' us that info."

They don't talk as much in the daytime. For one thing, there is something to look at besides a bunch of lights and a white line that is running right up your ass. But at night the chatter goes on:

"Uh, this is Little Diesel and we're definitely doin' our thing now. We got three hundred fifty horses jumping up and down and we're gonna go. Say, wonder what—"

Another voice: "We'll make the Good-year plant in Topeka by nine. . . ."

"Uh, you got walked on, Little Diesel. Come back."

"Ten-four. I said wonder what ole Sonny and Will would have done back there."

(Laugh) "This is the Number One Jelly Belly and I think they might have just pulled over and laid 'er down."

The drivers were referring to Sonny Pruitt and Will Chandler, the characters portrayed by Claude Akins and Frank Converse in the television series *Movin' On*, a show about two truckers that is so

shot through with inaccuracies that the drivers never miss it. They sit in truck-stop lounges on Thursday nights and laugh a lot while it is on, but they admit reluctantly that they sort of enjoy it, too, even though Sonny and Will seldom deliver a load.

There is an intimation in the show that Sonny and Will get laid a lot and spend a lot of time watching rodeos and auto racing, with a few night-club evenings tossed in.

"It just ain't that way," says Old Hickory. "But it is the first program that ever showed us as anything but a bunch of apes, sweating and smoking cigars and pinching waitresses on the ass." And he puts down his copy of *Overdrive* magazine, the truckers' bible, and heads for his rig.

He reaches the door and turns back for a second:

"Well, there might be an occasional hooker or two around the truck stops, but that doesn't count. I mean, most of the time we're all business."

Fair enough. Today's trucker is a businessman in every sense of the word. A strange business, particularly for the gypsy, or, as they prefer, the owner/operator, who owns and drives and fills out the forms—everything. He is the one who thinks nothing of driving from the

Shaky Side to the Dirty Side on any given weekend and then turning right around and reversing the whole procedure. If that won't fracture your kidneys, nothing will.

"We all would like to shove the fifty-five-mile-an-hour speed limit up somebody's ass, but it's the owner/operator—and the two-way—that's doing something about it," says Pogo. "I'd sure as hell hate to wait for the A.T.A. [American Trucking Associations] to do anything."

Maybe he is a folk hero.

His office is a monster cab with as many gauges as a Cessna 180. Some trucks are conventional in design—long nose—but most are cab-over-engine types that the drivers, for the most part, dislike, because they are rougher riding and more dangerous.

"You're sitting right up there with nothing in front of you but some thin sheet metal and in an accident, you're always the first one there," Short Stack says. "But they're a whole lot shorter than a conventional, so you can haul a longer trailer—say, forty feet—and still get by the length limits. That's why a lot of truckers use them."

So up there they sit, hauling a load of swinging beef (sides of beef that hang from hooks inside the trailer) or perhaps a portable parking lot (auto-transport trailer) or they may even be headed for Iowa to pick up a load of go-go girls

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SHULTON

(pigs). Whatever the load, they scorn a world of four-wheelers with a philosophy that has been with nomads since the year one. Perhaps *Movin' On* sums it up pretty well, after all.

From their vantage point, they look down to behold the sights of America.

"We like summer a hell of a lot better," Louisiana Poor Boy says. "I mean, damn, the scenery's better. In the winter, all the girls wear slacks and you can't see anything. But in the *summer*. Ah, in the summer, we can look right down into those four-wheelers and see legs and beavers and everything. Every kind of rolling sex you can imagine. And some I would never have thought of," he says, sipping his third cup of 100-mile coffee.

"You know, one time I saw two broads scarfing each other in the back seat of a car while this dude in the front seat was barreling along at sixty-five and whacking off. Jesus, that takes concentration," he says.

He polishes off his second stale doughnut and speaks of the trucker's problems:

"It's tough to be completely legal and make any money. Shit, there's so many restrictions and weight limits and length limits and speed limits that it's about impossible for an independent to hack it anymore. It's taken a lot of the fun out of it.

"I bring that big Peterbilt of mine through St. Charles a couple of times a week, for instance. Been doin' it for years and they stop me once a month and they give me a ticket for forty-three dollars and ten cents for being overweight or too long or something. They can always find something if they want to. Then they leave me alone. I mean, I can drive as fast as I want to for the rest of the month. They do it to everybody. But even with the fines and all the other crap, I still can make twenty, twenty-five thousand a year. Clear! Goddamn, that's bad coffee," he says as he shoves the cup away.

"And if I see one more fucking plastic water glass. . . ." he says as he slides out of the booth.

"That's all they have, you know. Plastic water glasses. And bad coffee. Every truck stop. This idea that truck stops have the best food is definitely a myth. Definitely."

He raps his solar plexus a couple of times with the side of his clenched fist.

"If you want a good meal, pull off the interstate and go into a small town. That's where the good food is. We'd all go there, but we don't have the time. Then, there's no place to park our rigs, so we stick to the plastic-water-glass circuit."

It was late in the evening and out on Interstate 70 West in Colorado, rolling between Last Chance and Strasburg, the road was nearly deserted. A driver is listening to radio station WWVA, a trucker's companion late at night when there is no C.B. reception. He turns the volume

down and picks up his mike:

"How 'bout an eastbound eighteen-wheeler?"

Silence.

"How 'bout an eastbound four-wheeler?"

Silence.

"How 'bout an eastbound motorsicle?"

Silence.

"Would you believe a unicycle?"

Silence.

"Hitchhiker?"

Silence.

"There ain't no eastbound."

The silence from the eastbound lane was broken some minutes later as the headlights from a big rig came into view.

"All you westbound truckers might like to know that there's a bear in a plain white wrapper [unmarked car] on the move about four miles past the chicken coop [scales], so you might want to stay in the driving lane for a spell. This is the Chrome Dome, streakin' east."

"A big ten-four on that, Chrome Dome, and we definitely appreciate that info. You got things a little better eastbound. You can get in that Monfort Lane and truck. Put that hammer down and head for K. C. Town."

The Monfort Lane was named after the Monfort trucking company of Greeley, Colorado, whose drivers hauled swinging beef to New York and Florida and California on a regular basis. It was a two-man operation and their trucks were always out there in that left lane going flat-out. It is still called that.

Today, the game of cops and truckers seems one-sided, but it isn't. The C.B. has made the cops more inventive.

"The smokeys are smarter than ever," says the King of the Road. "They hide better and they got their own two-ways. Why, some of them even tell you to put the hammer down, it's all clear. And you do and there he sits, waiting, with that shit-eatin' grin on his face, just over the next hill. That was happenin' in Florida on I-75 near Lake City. One of them bastards would talk to those truckers and try to lure them into his trap. We finally quit talkin' to anyone around there unless we recognized the voice or handle. Guess he got disgusted and went to kickin' old ladies or umpirin' or somethin'. But there's some of them that's all right. A lot of them, in fact.

"As for local bears, I always figure if you get stopped for speeding through a town, then you ought to get two tickets, one for speeding and the other for stupidity."

What about the smokeys' side of the story? Surprisingly, there are a number of them who condone the C.B. The superintendent of the Missouri Highway Patrol, Samuel S. Smith, says:

"C.B. radio in trucks and cars is the greatest thing to come down the pike since the invention of the fifth wheel. We started an experimental program with

C.B.s . . . in a few of our cars. When the truckers noticed that we had ears, they began reporting intoxicated drivers, wrong-way drivers, stranded motorists, accidents and other matters requiring law-enforcement action."

One Wyoming highway patrolman says:

"Sure, there's a lot of chatter on the C.B., but I'll listen to that for a week just to get a report of one accident or one D.W.I. As for speed, we're stuck with enforcing the fifty-five-mile-an-hour limit. Nobody likes it, including some of us. Writing tickets is the last ditch of law enforcement. If the C.B.s slow people down even part of the time, it helps us do our job and cuts down the number of tickets we have to write."

Almost on cue, the radio in the police cruiser blasts away:

"There's a bear parked at the rest stop; bring 'er down, bring 'er down."

The smokey smiles and picks up the microphone:

"Thanks for the info, good buddy."

Meanwhile, back on the boulevard, the Mile High Country Picker and the Number One Jelly Belly are nearing Denver:

"You left your turn signal on again, Country Picker."

"Well, I told you I was going in circles, didn't I?"

"You definitely did; now tell me why we're slowing down."

"We're going up a hill."

"Oh! Ten-four. Now that we're up, let's motor to the Mile High City. Come on, Country Picker, what're you doing up there, playin' with your doobie?"

"Negatory, Jelly Belly, I'm savin' that. Let's take 'em home."

"Breaker! Breaker! Breaker! There's a bear on the move at mile-three-two marker."

"And there's one at the overpass at Lyman Road in a plain blue wrapper. This is Organ Grinder bringin' 'er down."

"Breaker again. There's a bear in the grass at mile three-five in the eastbound lane. Man, there's wall-to-wall bears out here."

The trucks slow down as they near the battle zone. A marquee at a drive-in theater flashes TRUCK STOP WOMEN. RATED R. Huh. They'd better be a whole lot better looking than the real ones or the movie will be a total loss, no matter what they do.

Once back down to 55, there is little left to do but chat.

"This is the Number One Jelly Belly and we just passed the smokey at mile-three-two marker and he's givin' Green Stamps to a four-wheeler. And also, there's definitely a sweet thang in a green Plymouth between mile three-two and mile three-one. She sure did smile nice. Yeah, she's definitely one of them sweet thangs."

Part of the caravan takes it on home



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Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

to Denver while the rest stretch their necks and flex their fingers, preparing for the Rockies looming ahead. An hour or so into the mountains, snow begins to fall, at first light, fluffy flakes that blow around on the long nose of the Kenworth and form sort of pinwheels before finally blowing up against the windshield and then off to the side.

Little by little, the snow begins to stick and the road takes on a silvery hue. The

TRUCK TALK

Chicken coop: truck weighing station

Dirty Side: New York or New Jersey

Ears: citizen's-band or two-way radio

18-wheeler: five-axle truck with a combination of 18 wheels—the most common long-haul truck

Front door, back door and rocking chair: front door is the first truck in a caravan, back door is the last and the rocking chair is any or all trucks in between

Georgia overdrive: the neutral gear position, used when going downhill; also, Mexican or midnight overdrive

Go-go girls: pigs

The going-home hole: the highest gear, allowing truck to go as fast as possible

100-mile coffee: strong truck-stop coffee

Pavement princess: truck-stop hooker

Picture taker: patrol car with radar

Plain brown wrapper: brown, unmarked patrol car; also, plain white wrapper, plain blue wrapper, etc.

Portable parking lot: auto-transport trailer

Postholes (a load of): an empty load

Pumpkin: flat tire

Radar Alley: Interstate 90 in Ohio

Reefer: refrigerated trailer

Shaky Side: California

Swinging beef: beef sides hanging from hooks inside a reefer

Tijuana taxi: a patrol car with all the lights and markings

wiper blades leave icy streaks on the windshield. It has come quickly.

Oncoming traffic has practically disappeared, which means that it is worse up there.

"I need a copy on an eastbound eighteen-wheeler. What's it like up there at Loveland Pass?"

"You got the Boll Weevil, good buddy, and it's pretty bad. We just got through, but I got word that it'll be closed real soon—"

"Breaker! Breaker! There's an eighteen-wheeler jackknifed across the westbound lanes at the mile-eight-nine marker. Better lay 'em down where you are, west-bound buddies."



"Let's get one thing straight, Bruno. I got you for protection, not for companionship."

Well, hell. It was only a matter of time, anyway. The snow is now falling in blinding patterns and the roads have turned to glare ice. A dozen or so 18-wheelers ease to the side of the road and grind to a stop. Each man knows he will be there for perhaps the rest of the night. But he has his trusty two-way and some even have television in their sleeper cabs. They can also keep the diesel engine running and stay warm. There is a lot of chatter now.

"This is Rusty Nail. I'm stopped at mile seven-nine westbound. Any you good buddies out there see anything coming through in the eastbound lanes?"

"Negatory, Rusty Nail. You got the Silver Fox and it looks like we're gonna be here for a while. Sure is a shame it ain't Thursday night, we could watch ole Sonny and Will and find a way out of this mess."

"A big ten-four on that, Silver Fox. Let me—"

"Breaker! Breaker! Here comes an eighteen-wheeler eastbound. Give me a copy, Eastbound."

"You got the Big Sky Express. We're

rollin' again. Got stuck back there, but some good buddies shoveled some cotton-pickin' rocks under the drivers and we got out. We're takin' it home to the Mile High City and layin' it down. Sure do hope you westbound buddies sleep warm and have a better day tomorrow. This is the Big Sky Express comin' round the mountain."

The truck creeps down the twisting highway amid a shower of congratulations from a dozen handles. The big snowflakes resemble confetti and if you listen closely, you can hear a marching band. It is pretty much the stuff of which heroes are made.

If one squinted in just the right light, he might see a white scarf whipping from a driver's window. Thumbs up. I drive at dawn, my dear. Or he might notice the sagging rear springs of a hopped-up Ford, groaning under a load of moonshine.

"Ten-four, Rumrunner. This is the Blue Max streakin' west. The hammer's down and we're movin' on."

Hmm. For just a moment there, it looked as if there was a Maltese cross on his back doors.

VOLUNTEER ARMY (continued from page 86)

company out for ten days' adventure training or the battalion out to Yakima for six weeks in the field. But for the great bulk of our soldiery, military life must remain its old admixture of maintenance and training—at Fort Hood and Forts Bragg, Lewis and Gordon. The men train and maintain. They do P.T. They "work on their gear." (Remember that?) But this gets old. Men get out—all but the 25-30 percent who become the cadre of N.C.O.s and officers who will welcome a new generation of volunteers. But you had them *with* the draft.

For the Pfc.s and spec fours, it is still, for the most part, a life of tedium and spasm and hassle. Something like civilian life.

The conclusions are inescapable. They must comfort every citizen whose vision of a volunteer soldiery was Shakespeare's vision in *Henry V*:

They grow—like savages.

As soldiers will, that nothing do but meditate on blood

whose impression of the evolved Volunteer Army, finally, is of an Army of disciplined phalanxes of 40-year-old black men with shaved heads marching to take over the Government in Washington.

One concludes:

1. The Volunteer Army will certainly work as well as any American Army in the past, in peacetime as a deterrent and in certain small wars of policy. It would have to be augmented, certainly, for service in any big conventional war—such as a war in Europe—in which case, they'd have to augment it awfully fast.

2. The present officer corps is more competent, more dedicated and more honest than that of the Vietnam period. It is managed with striking efficiency and there are very few pikers commanding troops. (In the 1976 R.I.F.—reduction in force, those involuntarily to be separated from the Army—are no fewer than 132 West Point regulars.)

3. Most enlisted volunteers don't like it enough to want to re-enlist.

4. The concept remains unfair to blacks, other minority groups and the socially disadvantaged.

5. Trying to deliver on what the recruiters are promising is making training difficult for commanders in the field. Not enough people want to be Willie and Joe in the trench.

6. And, of course, the thing's costing a fortune. It would be nice to have the whiz kids back in the Pentagon to cost it all out.

SOME SCENES WHEREIN LIFE

IN THIS VOLUNTEER ARMY IS SHOWN;

IMPRESSIONS, CONVERSATIONS

AND INTERVIEWS; REFLECTIONS ON THESE.

I once heard it urged, and very seriously urged, that the United States should

keep a pot-boiling little war in being, "somewhere down in the Caribbean," to train the troops. Recruit units could be sent there for a week or two of getting blooded, at the end of basic or advanced individual training, shoot a few people, get some trigger time, take a few casualties, flesh wounds and that kind of thing, and then go on leave before reporting to their first duty stations. The assumption behind this cunning proposal was that, among those who had been trained in this unusual way, there would be fewer casualties in the first week of a serious war than in the training war in the Caribbean. Therefore, it would be cost-effective. "But, heil," the Marine D.I. went on (it was 1957), "that's maybe not feasible politically."

The Army really has no way of knowing what young soldiers will do in combat. Therefore, one cannot say with finality whether or not the Volunteer Army will "work." The prevailing attitude is, as always, that training should as closely as possible approximate the conditions of combat; and the closest the simulation comes, in basic training at Fort Dix, is on Range 30C, where the troops crawl under fire from a fixed-mount M-60 machine gun, and on Range 30B—the Fire and Maneuver Course. But the troops do not take either test with any particular high seriousness.

On a sultry July afternoon, half of Alpha Company, Second Battalion, Third Training Brigade is going through the Fire and Maneuver Course. These recruits are in the second day of their sixth week at Dix. The course consists of eight parallel lanes, each about eight meters wide by 325 meters long. In the middle of the eight, at the starting line, is a control tower; at a signal, the recruits advance along each lane, two per lane, with a sergeant following each pair.

Each recruit carries an M-16 at low port, two magazines of ten rounds each and a grenade that, when thrown and detonated, literally goes "Pfffft." All along the lanes are little revetments like embedded railroad ties, and holes carved out of the soft gray sand about as big as—coffins. The idea is that one man takes up "a good prone position," rifle poised over the railroad tie, while the other recruit scurries forward. Fire and maneuver. The recruits have camouflaged faces—taupe, green and black; some have added that N.F.L. grease slash on their cheekbones.

Artillery simulators are detonated. One recruit, more ambling than scurrying, falls to his knees—something like a reluctant Episcopalian in church, worrying about his creases. He engages a green

pop-up target that obligingly falls. Etc. At the end of the lane is an enemy bunker. The other recruit runs screaming and flailing toward the bunker, which has direct fire on him. Still he keeps running at it, pulling the pin on his grenade as he moves forward. He stands in front of the opening in the front of the bunker, throws in the grenade and falls to the ground.

About 15 miles from Headquarters, Second Armored Division, Fort Hood: it is 0800 on a Thursday in August. Of a mechanized-infantry company (authorized strength 189), only 60 modern volunteers are present. Tonight there is to be a company insertion by helicopters, after which the soldiers will seize an objective. Now they sit in a ragged semicircle facing a pilot detailed to lecture them. The pilot, a first lieutenant, lounges standing up, speaking in the strange patois of his kind: a dizzying mixture of laconic technicalities, shower jokes, historical allusions.

He spits. "You can rely on this bird, it rarely crashes. You don't walk into the rotors, however. This, ah, Leen-ardo da Vinci, he wasn't doing nothing one day, so he come up with the helicopter. It didn't fly properly until gentleman by the name of Sikorsky got it all together. . . ." Lest the troops infer that Sikorsky was some half-crazed Renaissance inventor, the pilot, momentarily ruminant, adds, "That wasn't until 1939. Also, don't throw anything out of the aircraft while in flight." There follow comments on the aerodynamics of live ducks thrown from helicopters at "three to four thousand feet," a *divertissement* not unknown during the late war. The soldiers, as in 1942 and 1954 and 1965, are mostly sitting on their helmets, their hands on the hand guards of their rifles, whose butts rest on the earth. They are all looking at the ground.

"The number of soldiers in combat units (infantry, armor and artillery) compared with the number in combat-support units (research, medical, intelligence, communication and transportation) is up from 43 percent in FY 73 to 53 percent in FY 76."—"Department of the Army Fact Sheet," 1975. These numbers represent an improvement, certainly. But their blandness is self-serving, since the combat divisions themselves are full of soldiers in "combat support" roles.

Fort Lewis, Washington, is surely the handsomest major Army post in the United States. Immediately to the west lies Puget Sound; 55 miles to the east stands—visible even on the hazy cool afternoons of a Pacific Northwest summer—



"Patience, Patience."

the blue-white shoulder of Mount Rainier. The climate is temperate, much of the post's 135 square miles is covered with rich green groves and forests of Douglas fir, alder and cedar. Even the artillery-impact areas seem waving upland meadows. Moreover, the civilian world beyond the entranceway to the post remains quite uncontaminated by the commercial refuse that seems to stick to the Army wherever it settles: The signs may be tacky—a motel on Interstate 5 promises a "bedder night"—but there are no hideous strips of used-car lots, porn shops, furniture wholesalers, Burger Kings, gaping shopping centers, massage parlors, military-insignia shops.

Lewis is the home (all Army posts are the "home" of something) of the Ninth Infantry Division—the Old Reliables—whose last headquarters was at Dong Tam, Republic of Vietnam. Its mission is training for combat; and the unit would deploy, in C-5As and C-141s, from nearby McChord Air Force Base. Presumably, it would fly to Guam or the Philippines or Japan, "stage" from one of those places and be in combat in two weeks. "Korea or somewhere," a lieutenant says.

To the visitor, it is an impressive division. To a man, the commanders of its brigades, battalions and companies seem to represent the best the Army has to offer. In the idiom of the Fifties, they are gung ho—full of their jobs, cheerful, capable. They are all very fit. They give every appearance of candor (perhaps, but not necessarily, prompted by former Army Secretary Howard Callaway's "I'm glad you asked" Army-wide policy). The slogan is as naïve as an American primitive painting; viz.: "What percent of your troops use drugs in the barracks, Colonel?" Colonel, gasping and apoplectic: "I'm glad you asked. . . ." But they are forthright—this comes through, even though they have mastered the compleat bureaucrat's knack of admitting small errors and problems, to establish credibility.

Colonel Cornelius J. Gearin, Infantry, Commander, Second Brigade, Ninth Infantry Division: "You're looking at a moving train. Eighty-six percent of our soldiers have high school diplomas; the rest are finishing them or getting college credits at Old Reliable University—either that or they're taking vocational training. Some of them can get their union tickets while they're stationed out here. A few men even finish their B.A. degree while they're with us."

Old Reliable University's faculty is mainly of the adjunct-professor kind—teachers who lecture at various universities in the Northwest and teach part time at Lewis. Under the normal training cycle, a brigade will alternate five

weeks' training, either at Lewis or, beyond the Cascade Mountains, at the vast Yakima military reservation, with five weeks' schooling. In this latter phase, soldiers from the brigade can spend all their working afternoons or mornings at Old Reliable U. It is one of the division's big selling points.

"These people'd give a damn good account of themselves," says Gearin. "The soldier's biggest enemy is boredom," and, presumably, once the division is honed to a fighting edge, all it has to do is maintain that edge, and the five-and-five cycle is probably sufficient to keep it honed.

"This division really soldiers—that's what really engages the soldiers' interest."—Robert Leahy Fair, Major General, Commander, Second Armored Division, Fort Hood, August 9, 1974.

"It's just a lot of bullshit. They just give you the run-around. They fuck with you all the time at Hood."—A Pfc., a modern volunteer, Second Armored Division, Fort Hood, August 12, 1974.

"The old GI is always bitchin'. He's not happy unless he's bitchin'. The more he bitches, the better he likes it."—Fort Lewis captain, July 11, 1975.

The hills are scraggy and dun-colored, the earth parched. Clumps of tangled mesquite, sumac, dwarf oak. At the immediate limit of the horizon to the north squats a hill, perhaps 400 meters from the mechanized-infantry-company night laager. Tiny heads come jodding against the sky, then shoulders, then the men running. Forty of the 60 are on the homeward leg of a mile run. The column is an accordion, squeezing in response to the N.C.O.'s voice, stretching and dangling when the voice is still.

Before the sergeant will order "Quick time, huarch!" seven men will have fallen out, half the remainder will be executing an exhausted crazy-skip-walk; only a hard cluster of 18 or 20 stays the course. The last of the seven to drop out stands bent over, hands on his thighs, his arms cocked inward like a basset hound's forelegs. He is throwing up.

"What're you, a goddamn pussy?"

The dropout is about 5'8", 220 pounds. Real lard. "Shit," he says.

A sergeant turns to the visitor. "Of course," he says, "mech infantry don't run much. They got tracks."

It is 0800 at Fort Lewis. The tidy roads on the post are filled with traffic moving at the base speed limit. Over by Second Brigade, a line of cars has been halted by two road guards from the ranger battalion—so that a small ranger detachment on its morning run can cross safely. However, a Volvo at the head of the line of cars is in a hurry; it

begins to inch ahead, toward the road guards. The two of them get into a kind of crouch, scrambling in place in front of the Volvo. They growl at it.

The texture of Army life in garrison is largely unchanged. The war in Vietnam was but an unhappy irruption. Traditions must still be served.

When I was at school, there was a huge old English etching next to the door to the Latin classroom. It showed two enormous knights (richly caparisoned, etc.) riding out of a sally port, with their squires and retainers following them. One knight, who had the face of Bishop General Leonidas Polk and the body of Richard Coeur de Lion, was pointing with his sword at a distant copse. The squires and soldiery following were looking at the copse. All these military people were going forward to get at something. In 20 minutes, half of them would have arrows through their livers, or their arms hacked off or their tibias crushed or be disemboweled. But Gentle Viewer was to think of Godfrey of Bouillon or the Black Prince or Lee at Chancellorsville or, God only knows, Thomas Wolfe's mighty rivers going along in darkness. Doing your duty. Panoply, ritual, progress, parades to keep the vision of slaughter noble: going forward, going along together, sallying forth, O the brave fellows. Stiffen up the sinew, etc. That is the idea behind parades: Get them there orderly and nobly.

It is a hazy-dry midmorning at Fort Hood, the sky a bleached tint of pale blue. Overhead, an old Huey bats languidly along. The suggestion of Vietnam is overwhelming, and the bright splotches of medal ribbons on the officers' dress khakis ram home the recollection. This morning's is to be an awards parade, but—it being peacetime—the awards will be neither green weenies nor M.C.M.s nor Silver Stars but, rather, a colonel confides, certificates attesting "Most Improved Motor Pool," or various pewter and sterling trophies for divisional handball and squash and what not.

The parade ground is of the type known at Parris Island as a grinder, gravel over macadam. It is very hot, and already some of the troops' khakis are discolored at the armpits. Down at the extreme right of the company-in-line formation stands THE BEST GODDAMNED BAND IN THE ARMY. The band comprises 76 souls—the bandspersons standing at parade rest in white short-sleeved shirts, blue trousers and black shoes. At the heels of the shoes are spurs. Three of the 76 are WACs, all of them in just-below-the-knee light-green bombazine? samite? cotton?—it is impossible to tell. They are wearing spurs on their pumps. Thus is tradition served. The division medical battalion, the unit

wherever



your feet



are



going



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doing the parade, its turn having come up in normal rotation, is wearing T.W.s, trousers bloused, most of the troops wearing only the Shirley Highway (National Defense) ribbon. The battalion awaits orders.

The guests demurely mill around at the edge of the blacktop, just in front of the bleachers. A lieutenant colonel's wife is talking about not having been back to Vassar since her graduation in, one would guess, about 1965. Her classmates have married Greenwich and Wall Street. Her husband looks 28, has a 31-inch waist, no jowls, no shake, no love handles. He has a wonderful frank smile. He is so *trim*. The woman seems to be thinking. See what I mean?—I don't mind Fort Hood one bit. The tone of the conversation among the officers and their wives is alternately declarative and accommodating, the conversational *tone* of all bureaucracy at its ease. Senior asserts, junior agrees or makes his demurrer a kind of little joke. All the wives are wearing white gloves.

Adjutant's call is sounded. The commander of troops is another lieutenant colonel. *He is an M.D.* He gives good voice, jerking his head like a pouter pigeon with each command. The elaborate ceremonial is got through crisply and quickly: officers front and center, awardees front and center, the march past. Everyone down to the last WAC is in step, marching in that limber athletic gait peculiar to the American Army. "When you do an eyes right, lemme hear them eyeballs click!" The commanding general stands isolated above us on the reviewing stand like an Ozymandias in Foster Grants, while his engaging, pleasant wife, in a brown-linen dress, smiles at the companies passing below him. Finally, the last unit leaves the parade ground, now strutting out to the unofficial division anthem, the *Patton March*.

"If they look good at parade, they can go on pass right away," the driver says.

"They look good?"

"Shit. Most of 'em in Waco by now."
(Incentive.)

Only the Ninth Infantry Division is at Fort Lewis. At Fort Hood there are two divisions—the Second Armored and the First Cavalry. There is a wary rivalry among the officers of the two division staffs at Hood. Which division is better? The re-enlistment rates for the Second A.D. are very good, indeed, as are most of the statistical indexes that the division uses to measure its readiness and to send forward to Forces Command Headquarters at Fort McPherson. Those for the Cav are not quite so good. In the Cav's headquarters,

handsomely printed copies of the following circulate:

The government are very keen on amassing statistics. They collect them, add them, raise them to the nth power, take the cube root and prepare wonderful diagrams. But you must never forget that every one of these figures comes in the first instance from the village watchman, who puts down what he damn pleases.

—Sir Josiah Stamp

Inland Revenue Department
England, 1896–1919.

Private David Jensen, let us call him, is a member of the mortar platoon of Company A, Second Battalion, 60th Infantry at Fort Lewis. He is from San Jose and did not finish high school, though he is working toward the G.E.D. (high school equivalency). He took basic at Fort Ord and advanced individual training at Fort Polk, Louisiana. The more he bitches, the happier he is supposed to be. Only it is not that simple.

Jensen lives, like most soldiers in the Ninth Infantry Division who are not married, in a four-man room that the authorities permit him and his roommates to decorate any way they please. What they've done with it is not bad: Big bright posters hang from the walls; there is a rug on the floor. Jensen and his friends are working on their gear. On their color TV is a talk show from Seattle.

"I got suckered into the infantry. I wanted to be a 'Sixty-four Bravo diesel mechanic. The recruiter says, like, he couldn't give it to me in *writing*, but if I went into the Ninth Division, I'd get it. Shit. But I didn't care. In the afternoons after school, we'd go out to my dad's place and get wasted. Nothin' heavy like angel dust, but, you know, LSD and pot. I wanted a change of pace.

"They fuck you over all the time, like their haircut policy."

Did Jensen feel proficient with his weapon? (He is assigned as a loader for an 81mm mortar tube.) What about his squad and platoon?

"Hell, yes. We could outshoot anybody *on this post*. The platoon really works together."

How would it do in combat?

"*They'd* do great. Only, if another thing like Vietnam comes along, they're gonna do it without me. You know how far Fort Lewis is from Vancouver?"

But it is not that simple, either. Jensen "couldn't see anything like Vietnam ever happening again. And if it was the right war," he'd go.

All of which means only this: When the Ninth Infantry Division gets its orders to combat at the start of a new Asian war, Jensen, who does not like the Army much but would "probably

re-up if they give me a big enough bonus," would go with the division and be one of the best mortarmen in the war. His attitude differs little from the draftees' who preceded him. He came in for a change of pace and because he'd heard the money was all right. He doesn't like the hassle. He likes to sleep in. He feels no loyalty or attachment to the Army or the Ninth Division, but he knows his mortar squad can outshoot anybody on the post and his friends are all in the squad. Jensen is typical.

Until his selection for promotion to lieutenant general late last spring and his reassignment from Fort Hood in August, Robert Fair commanded the Second Armored Division—1200 officers and warrant officers and 16,900 men. In addition to its support elements—engineers, air defense, aviation, maintenance people, communicators, and so on—the division comprises five major commands: division artillery and four brigades. Each brigade is heavy in tank and mechanized-infantry stock: M-60 tanks (54 per battalion) and armored personnel carriers (A.P.C.s). Should the division be committed to battle, it would be strengthened by several "round-out" units from the Army Reserve. Though it trains for deployment anywhere, the division has Middle East written all over it.

"It was great fun commanding a division in the desert"—the opening line of Marshal Slim's memoir *Defeat into Victory*. Given the chance to fight his division in the desert or in Europe, General Fair would have made the most of it.

This is an admirable soldier. For the most part during his time as commander, he was feared and admired rather than liked. (Graffiti in the officers' club: I MAY NOT BE RIGHT, BUT I'M FAIR.) Many of the clichés about generals apply to him. Clichés embody truths and disagreeable necessities. Fair is leathery, tough, pile-driving, limitlessly energetic, dedicated, ambitious. "Once in a while, I'll relax on a Monday night." On these occasions, he sits with his paperwork in his lap, watching the nine-o'clock spectacle. All generals like football.

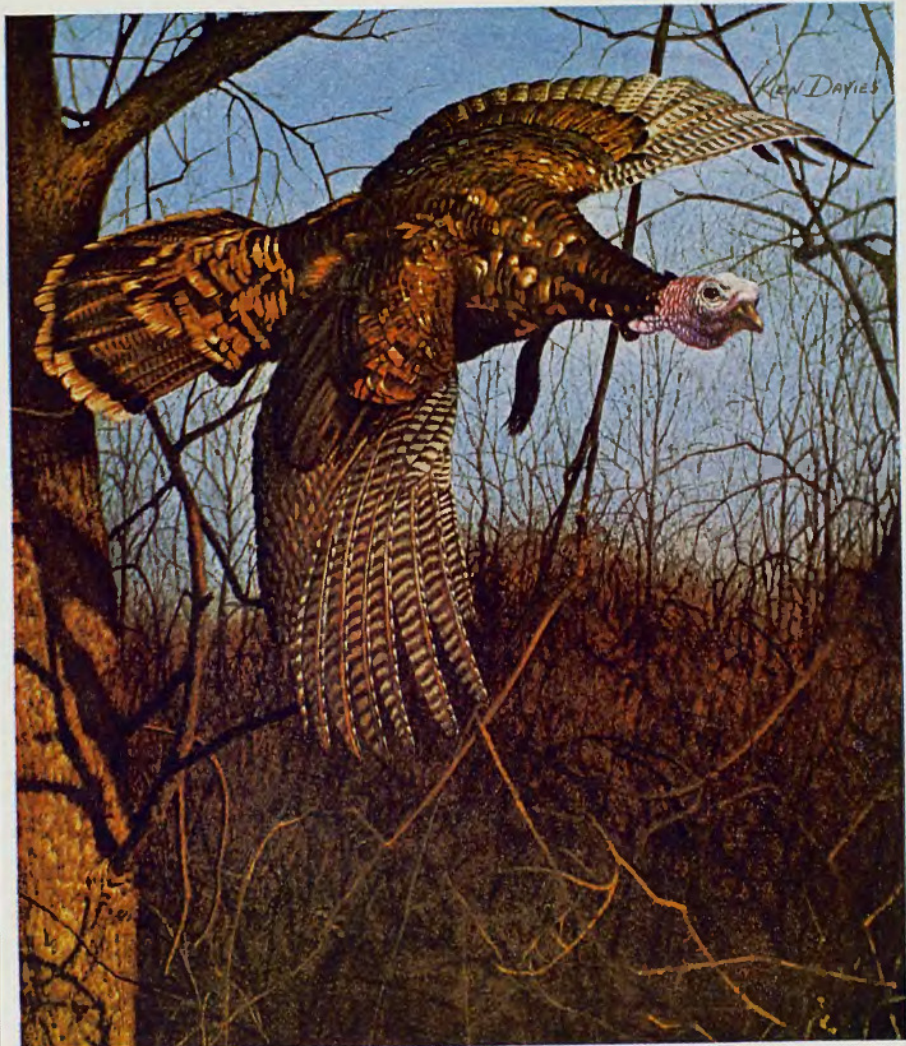
At Fort Hood, General Fair worked 110 hours a week. He could be found, quite literally, at any point on the 340-square-mile reservation of Fort Hood. He thirsted for details and statistics. He drove his commanders relentlessly; and his brigade and battalion commanders knew that their success would determine whether or not they, too, would be generals. (The success of these officers was measured by General Fair in his ratings and endorsements on their O.E.R.s—Officer Efficiency Reports. Each year, a board of some 15 general officers meets for two or three weeks to select colonels

for promotion to brigadier generals. Between 50 and 60 are selected. The system operates with a peculiar and usually unacknowledged efficacy, despite the built-in "inflation"; that is, the O.E.R.s abound in adjectives that try to assure promotion for those officers generals like Fair think should be promoted: "brilliant, tireless, innovative," etc. But the generals know how to work the system, how to read the O.E.R.s. One colonel put it succinctly: "We've got an inflated report-card system which has discriminators in it." The board can separate apparently strong ratings from really powerful ones. Besides, as the Army shrinks—it is now but 60 percent of the size of the 1969 Army—the chances that the officers under consideration for promotion will be known personally to members of the selection boards will increase.)

Fair has the Westmoreland jaw, which he juts a good deal, his breezy, avuncular salute nicely balancing the stern uplifting greeting. "Goodlookin'soldier!" he would shout at a spec four walking along Tank Destroyer Boulevard. (What do the soldiers think? Does it make them feel good to have generals say such things to them? It is a military article of faith that it does, but cf. Siegfried Sassoon: "He's a cheery old card, muttered Harry to Jack/But he did for them both with his plan of attack.")

Fair was always in bristling motion. For the first two hours each morning, after the early bantering conference with his sergeant major and chief of staff, in which he would find out what went on the previous night in the division area and how the soldiers behaved in Killeen—what crime, what rifles missing, what A.W.O.L.s, etc.—he would glide about the division area in his staff car with an aide. Sequence: Car stops, Fair "dismounts," strides into a subordinate headquarters to ask his questions, firing away like Montgomery at pre-D-day inspections: peppery, quizzical, head cocked; into the Patton Museum to see how the displays are shaping up; over to the railhead to inspect the weekly battalion load-out; through the gleaming mess halls with their strange smell, a compost of Lysol and dairy barns; into the division recruiting office; out to the field—always out to the field. Everyone in his suite scampers; Fair moves at the head of the draggle like a prow; demands, muses, lights one of the day's 50 True cigarettes, praises, claps men on the back, catalyzes, shakes up, reorients, invites, cajoles, leaves.

His successor at the Second A.D. is Major General George S. Patton III, and he will have a tough act to follow. In fiscal 1974, Fair's division re-enlistment goal was 813; 1222 took their burst of six. In July 1973, before Fair got to the division, the A.W.O.L. rate was 44 per 1000; a year later, it was 14 per 1000. From January to June, 1974, 1194



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troopers raised their G.T. scores, and of all the soldiers who re-upped when Fair was in command, 72 percent re-enlisted for his division.

What about crime?

"Crime, that's down forty percent," he said.

Ranger humor: In the fall of 1973, during the most recent Arab-Israeli shooting war, a class of about 150 ranger students was called together by its sergeant instructors. For the nine-week course, perhaps the toughest and most demanding of all the American military-training programs, the students are virtually isolated from all outside news. The senior instructor told the class he had serious news for them: World War Three had broken out that morning. He wanted to know how many students would volunteer to quit the course, so that they could join a Middle East Expeditionary Force. There was nothing much left of the United States. The students gaped . . . their families in Philadelphia and St. Louis and Detroit.

About a half hour later, the sergeant told them he was only kidding.

"No reveille? What army you been readin' about? They may not have, like, standing in formation at five-thirty in the morning, but I gotta be in then. I live in Copperas Cove. I get up at four-thirty. What do I do when I get in? Go on clean-up detail for a few minutes. But they'll let you sleep until eight after that's over."—Spec Four, Third Brigade, Second Armored Division.

In mid-1975, 22.2 percent of the total enlisted strength of the Army were black soldiers; 13 percent of the 17-to-20-year-old population of the United States is black. Suggestive? Of course it is. Not so suggestive, however, as the following: During the first six months of 1974, the percentages of black recruits varied from a January low of 23.3 to a high, in June, of 29.9. But during the same period of 1975, which was one of sharp national recession—when more and more people volunteered—the percentages of blacks entering the Army ranged from a January low of 18.2 to a June high of 22. Put simply, the Army, which will at least acknowledge that a recession allows its recruiting people to be more "selective," accepting very few in the two lowest mental categories, finds a disproportionately large number of blacks in those categories. The number of blacks coming into the Army has dropped dramatically.

"You want your spaghetti, get your L.B.E. on!" A soldier walks back to the edge of the clearing, crawls inside the M-113 armored personnel carrier, puts on his load-bearing equipment, shoulders

his M-16 and returns to the chow line, having lost his place.

He is one of only 80 soldiers of A Company, First Battalion, 50th Infantry in the field. The company is in the field training for REFORGER, an operation in which, later in the year, one of the brigades of the Second A.D. will be airlifted to West Germany. The battalion commander is back at the post, having been detailed to preside over a court-martial. Where are the rest of the men? "Oh, we got some on S.D. [special duty], some new people signing in, some sick, some people on guard duty, some guys in their educational cycle. . . ." More precisely, the company has three men in confinement, two in the hospital, 13 percent on leave, five waiting for discharge (in both the Ninth Infantry and the Second Armored divisions, the quarterly turnover rate hovers around 20 percent), 11, including the supply sergeant and the armorer, in garrison, nine transferring. Of the hospitalized, one has a hernia, the other caught clap in Killeen. At the moment, no one is detached for aggressor or instructor duty with National Guard units in training on post.

In any case, the 42 percent of the company that have made it to the field appear to enjoy it. They have made a 40-mile "march" in their big tracks and will stay in the field for three days of dismounted tactics, helicopter training, night-defensive-perimeter tactics, night patrolling. They take their chow and sit around the clearing.

Captain Brownlee, commanding: multiple combat decorations from two tours in Vietnam, a degree in sociology, 35 years old. He appears to possess what Marshal Lyautey wrote was the prime requisite for a good officer: *gaiety*. The earnestness, both terrible and pathetic, of so many officers running the volunteers in the field is absent in him. He is one of Archilochus' bandy-legged, swaggering soldiers.

How will the Volunteer Army keep trained men in uniform? "You got to show them the Army is interested in them, show 'em all the special services available to them; give 'em the good surroundings, make the squad leaders sensitive to the needs of the individual, keep the individual informed. You gotta make him feel he's a link in the chain, give him recognition. If he's good—make him general's orderly six times." Brownlee senses the visitor's skepticism, winks and laughs. "I dunno. . . . I guess the thing'll work when the first round goes off. Hell, they get three hundred and forty-five dollars a month."

He is offered a beer but refuses it because the men aren't drinking in the field. "I think sixty percent of our trouble is brought on us by the goddamn frag order. They can't let us do one thing at a time. I want to spend three, four nights in the field with these people, the rest of the

time back in the billets, but these people frag you to death. Five men here, ten men there, twenty men to this school, ten men come down on levy for Germany—just when we got them trained *here*. I got three men lifeguards at the club. . . ."

Command Sergeant Major Paul Greer stands against a gray Dempster dumpster. "These damn people gotta quit fooling around with *tangibles*. That's not how you get good men in the Service. Yeah, we still got the same old American GI, but the draftees were a better group."

Were they? They were about the same, one must judge. By the end of November 1974, the last draftees had been mustered out, excepting only those who had taken their bursts of six or those awaiting trial.

Certain generalizations can be made. The new Army's Willie and Joe tend to come from Louisiana instead of the south Bronx. They are somewhat younger, on the average. And yet, adding in your poor black from Shreveport, they remain your standard *Battle Cry* collection of the dispossessed, the curious, the naughty, the gung ho, the indigent, the unemployable, the romantic, the shiftless. Really, the only members of the old squad not now present for duty are the Northeastern liberal—say, the English major from NYU—and his bemused friend from Greenwich or Grosse Pointe who "did not want the responsibility of a commission," who read Nietzsche at lunch and who said sentences to his sergeant that began with the words "But surely. . . ." The Army now has none of these types. The infantry companies lose the bright captious bastards who could run the orderly room and rip through the paperwork; the colleges and universities lose the students who were once GIs. It is a loss for both institutions.

The privates are still wiping dust off footlocker linings and arranging their toilet articles. They are still eating huge, though somewhat tastier, piles of cholesterol for lunch. They remain generally suspicious of the older N.C.O.s, who return the suspicions fourfold; they are tolerant of second lieutenants, with the exception of the black privates, who mostly despise the black lieutenants—"You're one of the swine, man. You're eatin' outa Charley's hand." (Only 4.8 percent of the officer corps is black.) The soldiers are still too often shunted, with bewildering and numbing irregularity, from one piece of make-work to another; they still go out to the boonies on training exercises with less than half the company present for duty. The great and idiotic *bataille de l'haircut* still sputters along in a disconnected series of rear-guard actions and watchful truces, now stimulated by the added tactical problem that Army dermatologists are allowing some of the black soldiers to grow beards.

Off post there are still those perfectly



"Is this the famous British understatement?"



"So far, so good—he hasn't mentioned gays."

vile little Army towns to roam sadly, dispiritedly about—towns like Killeen, Texas, and Wrightstown, New Jersey—places that prosper feeding off the soldiers: towns that sell books on spanking, six-ounce drafts at \$1.55 a throw with a bored topless dancer thrown in, quarter-carat diamond rings, air-hockey games, trailers called Moh-Bisle Homes, Haggar slacks, infantry *foutragères*, used Buicks, sets of the *Britannica*, painted-in portraits of The Individual, whores, Hondas and Naugahyde settees. "There's talk of cutt'n' way back on personnel at Dix," said a cab-driver in Wrightstown. "They do that and this place is dead."

"Maybe ninety percent of them use pot," a Fort Lewis colonel estimated airily. "Let's say ten percent are into the harder drugs. I think the effect on training is negligible. Not many of them turn on in the barracks anymore."

He is right: the effect on training is negligible: nowhere nearly as debilitating as the world-wide musical-chairs program the Army keeps playing. "They keep coming down on levy"—this is the litany sung by officers and N.C.O.s alike: As soon as the Stateside divisions have the soldiers more or less efficiently integrated into their units—after 16 months, on the average—the soldiers are swept up to replace other men leaving Germany and Korea. And though the units will do well enough on their annual ARTEP (Army Training and Evaluation Program, in which battalions, companies and platoons are evaluated on their ability to perform certain tasks basic to their combat missions: daylight attacks, tactical road marches, withdrawals

with and without pressure, raids, movements to contact, and so on), there can be no question but that they'd do better without the "turbulence." But they must live with it: Not enough people volunteer to spend their three or four years in Korea or Germany.

As to the officers: It is as though, sometime in the years between the withdrawal of American Army forces from Vietnam and the summer of 1975, some omnipotent and exalted general of the Armies screamed, at the top of his lungs: "For Christ's sake, calm down!" Oddly, the officer corps seems to have listened. The era of crazed ticket punching, of moving from one assignment to another every 6 or 12 months, in order to compile a brilliantly diverse career, has ended. Other routes have been hacked through the careerist jungles to the top: routes other than command of battalions and brigades; though the number of officers on active duty has dropped from a peak of 169,000 in 1969 to 100,000 today—the total strength of the Army is 785,000—there are but several hundred brigades and battalions to command. An officer not selected for command is no longer necessarily out of the running for his general's stars. Slowly this is being communicated to the officer corps, and with good results. But command remains the broadest and best-traveled road to the top.

But here's the real hell of it all. Hawthorne wrote that when he read a Trollope novel, he felt as though he were staring down on an anthill whose top some careless giant had kicked off. Suddenly, he could see the quiet, orderly frenzy of the worker ants in the green

and placid world of Trollope's Barchester people, all of whom seemed to move along the converging and separating axes of their ambitions, affections, ideals, quiet buried lusts. But did Trollope, Hawthorne must have wondered, imagine that some supervening purpose guided the workers in their lives and labors? Did some common goal keep them at their stations, at their tasks?

In the modern Volunteer Army, the officers from the grade of major upward seem to imagine that their perception of the goal *can* be communicated to the workers and that, if the workers understand it, and if they are made comfortable as they labor to achieve it, well, then, they will keep on getting better and more efficient and more "motivated." For a while, it is said, a little knot of senior officers dragged their heels on the Volunteer Army, angrily and quietly spouting what they hoped would be self-fulfilling prophecies about its inevitable failure. Those officers are now gone. The ones left, by God, are going to make the thing work. And the good stiff recession isn't hurting them at all.

The funny thing is, as Captain Brownlee said, "The system'll work when the first round goes off." Roughly, no matter what. It'll work no matter how happy the modern volunteers at Fort Lewis and Fort Hood are: whether or not they are content, whether or not they like going to the field as much as the officers imagine they do, whether or not crime is down 40 percent, whether or not the troops are out of yellow jackets and into hash or Coors beer, whether or not they spend 15 percent or 60 percent of their time in the field, whether or not they get enchiladas for lunch instead of pork-sausage patties, whether or not there are beer machines in the barracks alongside candy machines, whether or not they get off at 2:30 or 4:30, whether or not the brigade headquarters company has a race-relations seminar once a month, whether or not the general stops some stupefied private on the street and spot-promotes him because he looks like a soldier. . . .

"It really don't make a shit. You can't change it," said a Pfc. at Fort Lewis. For the volunteer soldier, all the tangible benefits, all the momentary pleasure of rumbling forward over the arroyos and hillocks of Hood in the big tanks and clattering A.P.C.s, all the prizes and awards, all the education—all the *caring* of the officers—all of these things and more will not prove "attractive" enough to keep more than one third of them in the ranks of the Regular Army beyond their contracted terms of duty.

But the United States will be richer for their having served, and the Army better for their having left it—and for their being replaced by new legions of volunteers.

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PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 62)*

me reconsider. Just before California reduced pot possession from a felony to a misdemeanor punishable by a small fine, the Eureka, California, *Times-Standard* published an editorial opposing marijuana reform that impressed me.

The editorial admits that it isn't because of "any intrinsic danger in marijuana itself that most law officers oppose reduction of penalties." Rather, it's because the marijuana laws give them leverage "in dealing with other, harder to prove offenses." The editorial then explains that a majority of Californians under 25 have used pot and claims that this group commits most crimes. "As a result, even if evidence for the original suspected crime is lacking, police are often able to arrest suspects on marijuana or other drug charges." It goes on:

In addition to making arrests easier, the marijuana laws are a valuable tool for district attorneys. In a system under which approximately 90 percent of all criminal cases are disposed of through plea bargains, the

more felony charges which can initially be brought against a defendant, the better the bargaining position of the prosecution.

The editorial concludes that, since most of the cards in court seem to be stacked in favor of the criminal by legal decisions that stiffen the rules of evidence, severe pot laws are a useful weapon on the side of law and order. It seems to me that's a point worth considering.

Earl Jenkins

Baltimore, Maryland

We have considered it and we reject it. Any law that doesn't serve its stated purpose is by definition a bad law; if its unstated purpose is to arbitrarily and selectively prosecute people who cannot be convicted of some other crime, then it is an even worse law. Why not just prohibit anyone under 25 from appearing in a public place—call it the Off the Streets and Out of Trouble Act—and let the police use their judgment as to who should be locked up? The net result of this editorial writer's approach to crime control

would be to increase public hostility toward police and further decrease respect for the law. The following letter describes a perfect example of this kind of abuse.

THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW

Roger T. Davis' letter titled "Drugs and Racism" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) tells of yet another way marijuana laws can be—and are—used to persecute people who have managed to offend society in ways that aren't legally punishable. In Davis' case, the community couldn't prosecute him for being black and for dating white girls, one of whom he married, so it convicted him of marijuana possession and of an apparently set-up sale of a few ounces of pot and put him away for 40 years.

Actually, Davis' letter hardly touches the surface of this legal travesty. For example, he mentioned that several other people convicted of pot sales in Wythe County received much lighter sentences than he; but a two-part article by Michael Satchell in *The Washington Star* points out an even more appalling disparity: In the same town, a man convicted of his second first-degree murder was sentenced to 20 years. A twice-convicted killer will thus be back on the streets in half the time Davis is serving. The same article says that folks in Wytheville know next to nothing about marijuana. All their printed information about the drug comes from the area's only newspaper, the *Southwest Virginia Enterprise*, whose editor, Jim Williams, believes pot is the Devil's tool and that its use by young people helps Communists. During the 15 months preceding Davis' trial, Williams ran no fewer than 55 front-page stories or second-page editorials on drugs and drug arrests, including 16 page-one stories about Davis specifically. Yet before the trial, all 12 jurors claimed they'd never heard of Roger Davis. Pardon me if I choose to remain skeptical about their supposed fairness and impartiality.

A man has been sentenced to 40 years in prison not because he posed any real danger to the community (he says other inmates serving a lot less time for murder, rape and other strong-arm crimes just can't believe him when he tells them his sentence is for allegedly selling some dope) but because he was a convenient, and already much disliked, scapegoat for the community's hysterical fears about drugs and race. Wythe County sheriff Buford Shockley's "state of the county" message in a January 1973 issue of the *Enterprise* began: "Illegal drugs and pornography are the biggest and most important problems in the county." Even if the sheriff wrote in good faith and was simply mistaken rather than cynically exploiting fear and ignorance to aggrandize himself, his error has put Davis in



"We've heard the rumors, ma'am—there's absolutely nothing to them."



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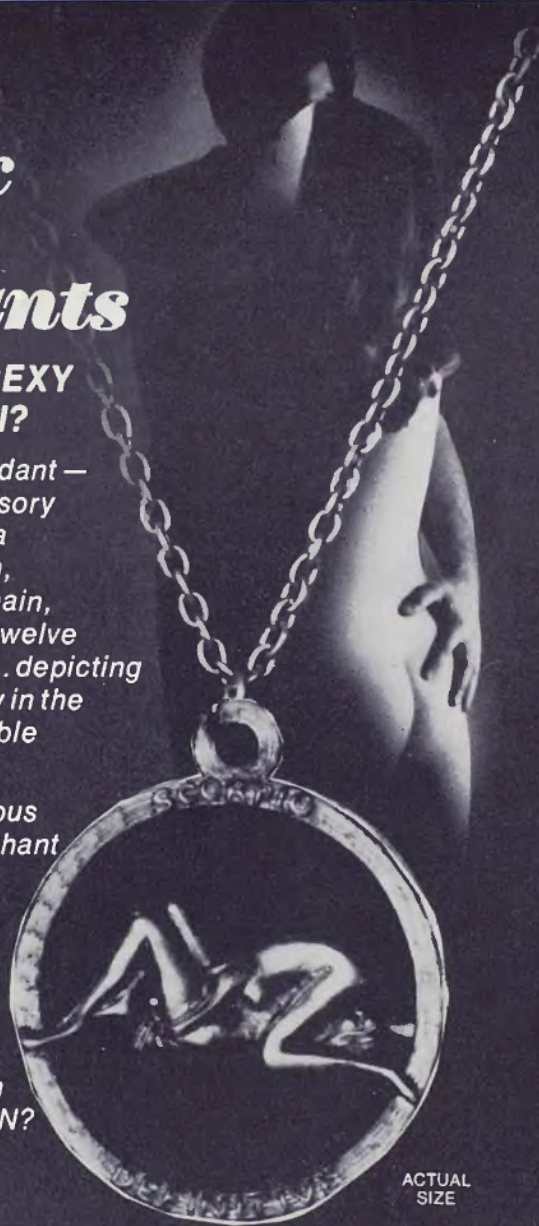
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jail until at least 1984, when he will first be eligible for parole.

Walter Bryant
Washington, D. C.

JUDICIOUS COMMENT

I'm sure PLAYBOY has inspired many a judge, but it's not often there's evidence to prove it. *The Evening Bulletin* (Philadelphia) reports that an inmate is suing a Philadelphia prison because his subscription copy of PLAYBOY has been delayed in reaching him by a guard who reads it first. In a statement about the case, which has yet to be decided, U.S. Magistrate Tullio Gene Leomporra declared, "At first blush, the bare facts of this event do not appear to attract the attention of a Federal court, but when the center of the problem is unfolded, the issue assumes a new posture and it is apparent that every aspect of this case must be studied carefully; otherwise, the true merits will remain uncovered."

Becky Tarditi
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

DEEP, DEEPER, DEEPEST

I'm amazed that no one has tried to balance the hoopla and controversy about penis size with corresponding claims about the superiority of various vaginal configurations. The mere mention of John Holmes conjures up images of something standing in Sequoia National Park; but who in this day and age is famous for the size or shape of her box?

It seems to me that there should be some sort of feminine "norm" comparable to the six-inch penis. Without a standard, how is one to know whether he's screwing a sexual superstar or just another cunt? Unfortunately, I'm not sure how this kind of norm would be established, since it's undoubtedly harder to ascertain the female dimension in question than the male. Few studs, especially if they're well hung, would object to having a ruler laid alongside their members; but imagine the reaction one might get upon trying, at some appropriately cozy moment, to slip a well-lubricated measuring stick up one's partner when she was expecting something considerably shorter and fatter!

(Name withheld by request)
Los Angeles, California

Yes, well, looking at the widespread concern with penis and breast measurement, we can't help but feel that some depths are better left unsounded. Anyway, sexual tradition and locker-room folklore have always held that smallness and tightness are the qualities most desired in the female organ. But if you insist on playing the numbers game, forget about rulers and use the tool most suited to plumbing a pussy: Mark off one-inch intervals on your tumescent pecker and measure away.

SOLACE FOR SOFTIES

Right after the women's liberation movement achieved lift-off, we started

to hear that quite a few males could no longer get it up. "The new impotence" was the journalistic catch phrase. Psychologist Rollo May wrote, in *Love and Will*, that "my impression is that impotence is increasing these days despite (or is it because of) the unrestrained freedom on all sides." Apparently, restrained freedom is healthy, but God forbid we should have unrestrained freedom. Other researchers noted the same phenomenon and blamed it on sexually aggressive women encouraged by feminism.

We got from all this a picture of the modern couple in their bedroom, she standing nude, spraddle-legged and demanding, while he shrinks against the headboard of the bed trying to hide his crippled bird from the accusing glare of that punitive pussy.

Happily, such visions have passed. Today's man and woman are back in bed. Their limbs are intertwined, their genitalia alert, vibrant, responsive. Fucking is fun. We no longer hear about the new impotence. It was an imaginary fear, born of propaganda against sexual freedom and sexual equality.

It used to be the woman's privilege to be moody and hard to please. Men felt that at all times they had to be in the mood and just plain hard. To be sure, a woman would be said to have a problem if she could never lubricate, never have an orgasm. But occasional lack of sexual response just meant she was choosy and that her man probably hadn't done enough to turn her on.

In the early days of the sexual revolution, these stereotypes still prevailed, and men, with sex more easily available to them, couldn't understand why they didn't always automatically turn on. Now, however, we've had a little more time to realize that men and women are more alike than we used to think they were. A man can accept himself as being, like a woman, a creature of moods, a person who sometimes needs wooing, courting, foreplay. The woman must work a little to turn the man on, and what's wrong with that? Roosevelt Grier has recorded a song for liberated little boys called *It's All Right to Cry*. Happily, liberated big boys know that it's all right to be a softy.

George Jackson
Phoenix, Arizona

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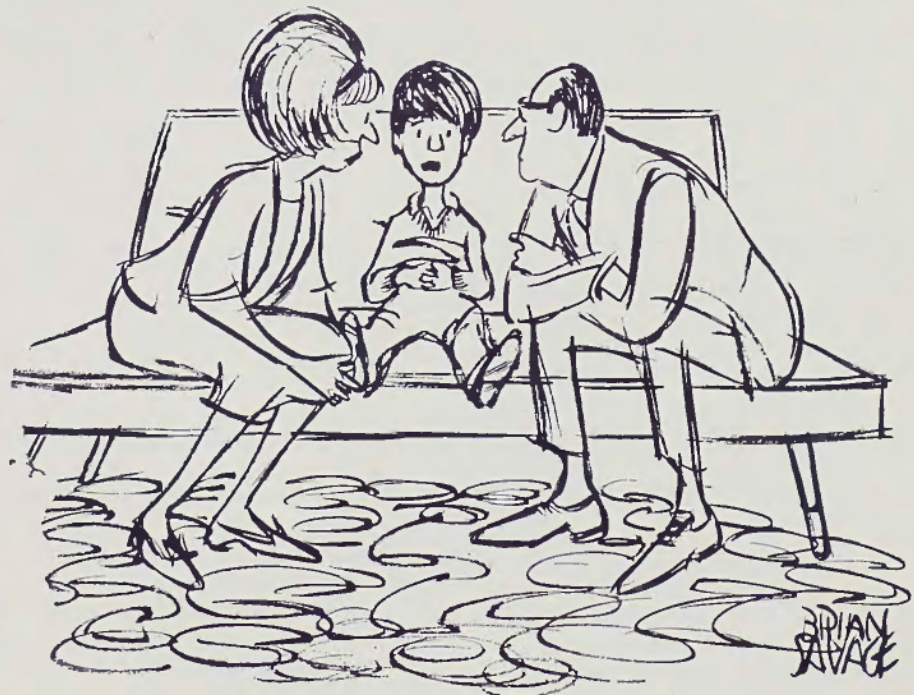
Bunnies honorary keyholders. Hef conceded that in forbidding Bunnies to fraternize, he might have been "just a wee bit overprotective," insisted that he wanted to make "Bunny lib a reality rather than just a slogan" and declared, "Really, Bunnies, I'm not a male chauvinist and I love and respect all of you." He also observed that Bunnies are "responsible young ladies fully capable of leading their own private lives without bringing any discredit to themselves or the company." To which we can only chorus, "Amen."

Newsworthy as the Chicago demonstration may have been, however, the highlight of the year—as it has been for the past six years—was the Bunny of the Year Pageant, held at Los Angeles' Aquarius Theater and broadcast by ABC-TV as a Wide World Special. Nearly 1000 Bunnies took part in the preliminary contests, held under the auspices of the various Clubs, with the keyholders casting the ballots for their favorites. Eventually, the field was narrowed to 22 finalists: Atlanta's Sharon Crowe, Baltimore's Carrie Jackson, Boston's Britt Stratton, Chicago's Laura Lyons, Cincinnati's Debra Whitaker, Denver's Phaedra Durst, Detroit's Jackie Banks, Great Gorge's Alyson Merkel, Jamaica's Michelle MacDonald, Kansas City's Victoria Night, Lake Geneva's Debbie Lemke, London's Carolyn Moore, Los Angeles' Victoria Cunningham, Manchester's Tara Silcock, Miami's Sue Marks, Montreal's Johanna Saucier, New Orleans' Debi Brown, New York's Naomi Lee, Phoenix' Nikki Williams, Portsmouth's Lynne Hayto, St. Louis' Jody Dyson and San Francisco's Beth Martin. During the pageant, which was hosted by singer John Davidson and featured entertainment by Barbi Benton, John Byner, Charo and an up-and-coming dance group, The Lockers, a panel of celebrities—including Connie Stevens, Bob Crane, Bert Convy, Peter Lawford, Jim Brown and the all-time heavyweight champ of girl watchers, Groucho Marx—selected San Francisco's Bunny Beth as Bunny of the Year. Outgoing Bunny queen Angie Chester of the Chicago Playboy Club crowned her successor, a 25-year-old Florida native and former airline stewardess who, coincidentally, had long been a fan of Groucho's. Beth, the Training Bunny at the San Francisco Club, is a yoga devotee who plays tennis whenever she gets the chance and is looking ahead to a career in interior decoration. Her bounty as Bunny of the Year included a Datsun 280Z sports car from Nissan Motor Enterprises, a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, a Canadian-fox-fur coat from Evans, Inc., of Chicago, a \$1000 check from Playboy and various other prizes. As it happens, though, Beth isn't a materialist; shortly after her coronation—which surprised her quite a bit,

as she was quick to admit—she took off for a vacation in Hawaii, to "get her head together." (She's now back at the San Francisco Playboy Club, in between promotional assignments.) Of course, Beth wasn't the only winner at the pageant. Jody Dyson of St. Louis, who studies journalism at J. C. Smith College when she isn't serving drinks to keyholders, won the annual Miss Congeniality contest as the girl voted "most friendly and helpful" by her fellow contestants. And all 22 finalists thoroughly enjoyed their week of wining, dining, posing for photographers and checking out the wonders of Los Angeles itself, plus those of Hefner's West Coast Mansion in Holmby Hills, which, as London Bunny Carolyn said, is "not exactly your average Thameside cottage." (Bunny Jackie noted that the carp in the pond were "big enough to jump out after you if you don't feed them fast enough"; Bunny Debi, a film buff, said she'd probably "never leave the house" if she had a theater like the one at the Mansion; and Jamaica's Bunny Michelle, zonked out by L.A., said she was at home with the palm trees, "but those freeways really throw me.")

Otherwise, it was a pretty normal year for Bunnies here, there and everywhere. Which meant that a lot of them made local news by aiding various charities; and four of them—Janice Raymond and Kacey Cobb of L.A. and Sharon Gwin and Maynell Thomas of Chicago (along

with some other Playboy staffers)—made national news by assisting in the Playboy airlift of 41 Vietnamese orphans—from San Francisco to Denver and New York—shortly after you-know-which domino toppled in Southeast Asia. A normal year also means that a full quota of Bunnies won titles in various beauty contests, earned or at least made tangible progress toward college degrees in a mind-boggling variety of subjects, from criminal law (Miami's Marcy Feinzig) to marine biology (L.A.'s Melanie Rambeck, who traveled to Africa to study her subject), or got into something theatrical. Among the latter were New Orleans Playmate-Bunny Laura Misch, who had several movie roles, including a featured part in the blockbuster *Mandingo*; Chicago's Laura Lyons, who appeared in *Godfather Part II* (they would get a Chicago Bunny for that one); and L.A. Bunnies Ninette Bravo, Kandi Keith and Betty Samuelson, all of whom appeared in segments of popular TV shows, from *Cannon* and *Police Woman* to a Flip Wilson special. Gloria Weems, also of the L.A. Club, was a featured songstress at the L.A., Chicago and San Francisco hutchies. San Francisco Bunnies Kim Tong, Rosie Klemish, Kim Streeter and Sandy Nicholson used their spare time to assemble a musical revue that played successfully at the Club. Which just goes to show you what Bunny power can do. Believe us, when these girls take to the street with placards, the whole world pays attention.



"If you and Mommy got divorced? Who would I want to live with? Hugh Hefner."

BEEN GOING DOWN SO LONG

fort surrounded by red stools. The owner knows his clientele. The room is permanently cleared for action. Although I can't spot the drains, I suspect that at closing time they simply hose the place down and leave it at that.

At the moment, there is only one girl, topless or otherwise, in view. She is behind the bar, checking the levels of quart bottles with orange fingernail-shaped spouts. A Sheer Strip Band-Aid rides high on one breast, a tiny accent mark. Pasties and a few square inches of satin between her legs barely meet the legal definition of decent exposure. Like a Las Vegas show-girl, she is secure in her nakedness. Effective. Not exactly open to small talk, either. Why fish for compliments when you can dynamite the whole fucking pond? I take a corner stool, facing the door, and order a vodka and tonic. The girl breaks my ten and leaves nine singles. Can't beat prices like that.

Nothing seems to be happening. In the absence of action, I look for details. My eyes adjust to the darkness; near the top of the black walls I notice a mural, a zodiac of constellations, each called Scorpio Rising. A very amateur artist has depicted, in white brush strokes, a bevy of reclining motorcyclists, whose idea of indolence seems to have been ripped out of a *Cosmo* centerfold. The leather-boy motif is continued toward the back of the room, where ceiling-to-floor chains act as a divider. On the other side, a pool table is being interrogated under a conical light by several sunglassesed blacks. One of the players takes a break and claims a corner stool at the bar and orders a glass of ice water. He keeps his eyes on the game, waiting to see if the table will change its story.

The first of the dockworkers arrives, to take the third corner stool. He is built like William Bendix ten years after *The Life of Riley*. Double-knit stretch bell-bottoms, an acetate shirt and aviator glasses, tinged pink with embarrassment. He is a professional drinker. Calling for some Jose Cuervo, he establishes a rhythm and builds it slowly, like a juggler adding balls to a spinning arc. Lime. Salt. Tequila. Lime. Salt. Tequila. A brief pause to rebalance his eyes. Lime. Salt. Tequila. It could go on forever, if not all night.

The second of the dockworkers arrives. Before taking the fourth corner stool, he presses a few buttons on the jukebox nestled behind the plywood divider leading to the men's room. A country-and-western song spreads across the room. ("Every shot of bourbon seems to miss/The target if there is one don't keep still/I aim to maim, but then I guess/There are times I would settle for a kill.") This guy is serious. I get the idea that I am out of my league.

I marvel at the unspoken etiquette at work here; the same principle that keeps members of a porno-film audience just out of range of one another seems to dictate

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the seating. Perhaps the phenomenon is related to nature's famed Fibonacci sequence, the mysterious force that places leaves at discreet intervals on a limb for maximum exposure to sunlight. Keep your distance, the essence of religious freedom.

A man and a woman—Andy Capp and Flo from the Sunday funnies—tug each other into place on a pair of stools and order a pitcher of beer.

Two men in ties and matching suits enter the room, buy a six-pack at the bar and assume a casual stance by a rail that runs along one wall, as far from the action as possible. When either empties a can, he crushes it in his fist and tosses it into a nearby wastebasket. They are from the D.A.'s office.

The scent is set. It is time for the topless to go to work. She clammers up onto the bar and, without hesitation, takes position over my drink. Why me, Lord?

I am back at the beginning, staring at the original Rorschach. A voice intones the warning: *You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you see can and may be used against you later.* How, I ask myself, do you go down on a woman standing over your head? She doth bestride the narrow bar like a colossus and we petty men walk under her huge legs and peep about to find ourselves, uh, honorable caves. Men at some time are masters of their fate. But not now, Shakespeare.

Moments later, I am nursing my finger. The dockworkers are laughing. The girl has separated a dollar from the stack beside my drink and slipped it into a sweatband on her wrist. I order a straight vodka from the bartender. Mixed drinks are like mixed emotions—inefficient—they hinder action.

The topless stands before the player. He points to the G string and snaps his fingers. No tricks. The girl tugs on a slipknot and the cloth triangle disappears into her hand. He extends his right hand, palm up, fingers extended, the image of nonchalance. (Adam of the Sistine Chapel: "Gimme some skin.") She positions herself and begins a circular motion. The player speaks and the topless changes her tempo and axis of rotation. If you're gonna use me, use me till you use me up. The player breaks contact abruptly and walks back to the game, where he picks up a chalk and readies his cue, duplicating the girl's motion. Articulate. Concise. Competent.

The topless stops in front of the drinker, who gives no sign that he is aware of her. She waits for the rhythm to include her. Lime. Salt. Tequila. Lime. Salt. Tequila. Cunt. Lime. Salt. Tequila. The man knows how to quench a thirst.

The Sunday funnies are agape. The little woman reaches into a carpetbag

purse, pulls out a dollar, waves it toward the topless and then nods toward her husband. Andy Capp looks eager, if not totally there. The topless wraps one leg around his neck, cradling his head in her crotch. I am mystified by the exchange. Maybe the woman is disgusted by her husband's carnal habits but feels that, as an understanding wife, she must supervise his activity through these, the cavity-prone years. Maybe she is one of those women who are victimized by oral sex ("Every time he wants me out of the room, he goes down on me, keeps me on the other side of my orgasm") and she'll take relief any way she can. Maybe the little woman is proud of her man's ability. Andy Capp, without coming up for breath, twitches his hand on the bar. Another bill floats out of the carpetbag, to be tucked into the sweatband.

Raising his glass, if not his eyes, to the topless, the second dockworker abstains. He is a purist, he likes his alcohol straight. The girl understands.

Two long-haired Scandinavian giants duck through the door, refugees from a beer commercial. No chickenshit arm wrestling for these guys. They want *GUSTO!* Big Giant picks the topless off the bar with one arm, hoists her to his shoulder and alternates between a stein of beer, handed to him by his side-kick, and the world's finest chaser. Judging by the movements of his head, he's one of those guys who believe that as you're only going around once, you might as well go around once. Slow, deliberate circles. The girl is ecstatic. She braces herself against Big Giant's chest and writhes in mid-air. This is beggar's ballet. A *pas de deux* worthy of Nureyev and Fontaine, at a fraction of the cost. At the finish of the dance, she kneels and allows Big Giant to kiss the space between her breasts.

She turns to his side-kick. Little Giant describes what he wants done. The topless goes into a backbend, then arches. The skin stretches tight across her stomach; the pasties rise from her nipples like cymbals. And, touching only one point on this half circle of tension, Little Giant's tongue. Brute strength is challenged by technique. He is allowed to kiss the space between her breasts.

One of the D.A.'s men tries to crush a full can of beer.

A ruffled businessman scowls at the hippies from the other side of his martini. A five-spot face up on the bar establishes his credit. A man doesn't have to be a long-hair to give good head. He grabs the topless by the buttocks, collides with her, slams shut a desk drawer on accounts payable. The girl appreciates dramatic tension. She bucks, appears to struggle, then relents, pulling him into her, tousling what is left of his hair.

I am moved by the democracy of it. I realize that I am enjoying the spectacle, that everyone in the bar, which is now full, is having a good time. You can see it on

their faces. There are no pockets of quiet desperation. I am on my seventh straight vodka. The owner is no fool. Like beer nuts and free popcorn, something about the bar snacks here increases the thirst. Another girl begins to work the bar. The original topless has come full circuit and is in front of me once more. I pocket my wire rims, retiring the transparent eyeball for the night, and, brushing apart her hair, draw her toward me. I notice that her thighs are smooth, muscular, deafening. The secret word is announced. Glossolalia. The gift of tongues. I cease to be aware of details or individual gestures. We fall into place. We are graceful. We are strong. Lifting her from the bar, I introduce her to a position that would send Olga Korbut to a chiropractor. I am allowed to kiss the space between her breasts.

The next day, I meet Nathaniel for lunch. At least I think it is the next day. It might not be Nathaniel, for that matter. I'm flying on autopilot, locked in a holding pattern over the New Jersey swamps, waiting for the hangover to clear.

"Well, Sagebrush, how'd ya do?"

I recount the details; Nat probes for the meaning. He wants interpretation, not action. The thrill of victory. The agony of defeat. The telephone number of the topless.

"I'm not sure I can. Like Bobby Fischer says, I don't believe in psychology, I just

believe in good moves. Most of the guys at the lunch bar are convinced that they have the fastest tongue in the West. Give them ten seconds with a woman, any woman, and she'll come. If she doesn't, it's her own fault. The place is carefree, defiant. It's too weird to be neurotic, right? Going down on a woman in public is an exercise of personal freedom. *I don't need this, I WANT this.* And it's an accomplishment. When these guys go to heaven, they can look Saint Peter in the eye and say, 'In my life, I've performed cunnilingus on X number of women. I have witnesses.' It won't matter if some of the women were topless. I'm a man of my word. I can pass a lie-detector test. As long as you don't go into detail, the language doesn't lie.

"As to whether the girls enjoy themselves: A woman who has to maintain her balance on a two-foot walkway several feet off the ground while wearing six-inch platforms isn't going to get off on ten seconds of oral sex. The girls are exhibitionists; their minds are always on their act—collecting the dollar bills, cleaning themselves with an alcohol-soaked towel between customers. Very delicate, that. But I think they get off on people who make them look good. When you do something in front of people, you don't ask if your partner is satisfied, you ask the audience if the performance was satisfying. Once you get that figured, it's easy to be a star."

Nathaniel volunteers to accompany me back to the bar to collect additional data. We are too late. Goldstein's column has entered the collective unconscious of New York. The bar is three-deep with people you never see in daylight. West Point cadets. Every sociology student in the city. Countless dudes impersonating Geraldo Rivera and the Eyewitness News team. Absolutely no one impersonating Tom Snyder. The air is vibrant with anxiety. In the back room, the gashed green felt of the pool table testifies to the general nervousness. People eye one another, wondering if their neighbors have a communicable disease. If the girls do. Having to ask for a complete medical history spoils the romance. The regulars have fled. Four girls are working the walkway. Dollar bills are thrust into G strings and bra straps, like cash offerings to a statue of the Virgin Mother. I am recognized, waved to by the original topless. She points to the crowd and shrugs. The bar has been discovered. Or busted. Or both. The topless has gone the way of the bottomless cup of coffee. No one can make the opening move. For a dollar, they will wave it in your face. Proximity, not involvement. Nothing is delivered. The return to voyeurism is sad. Crippling. I don't want it, I don't need it. We leave.



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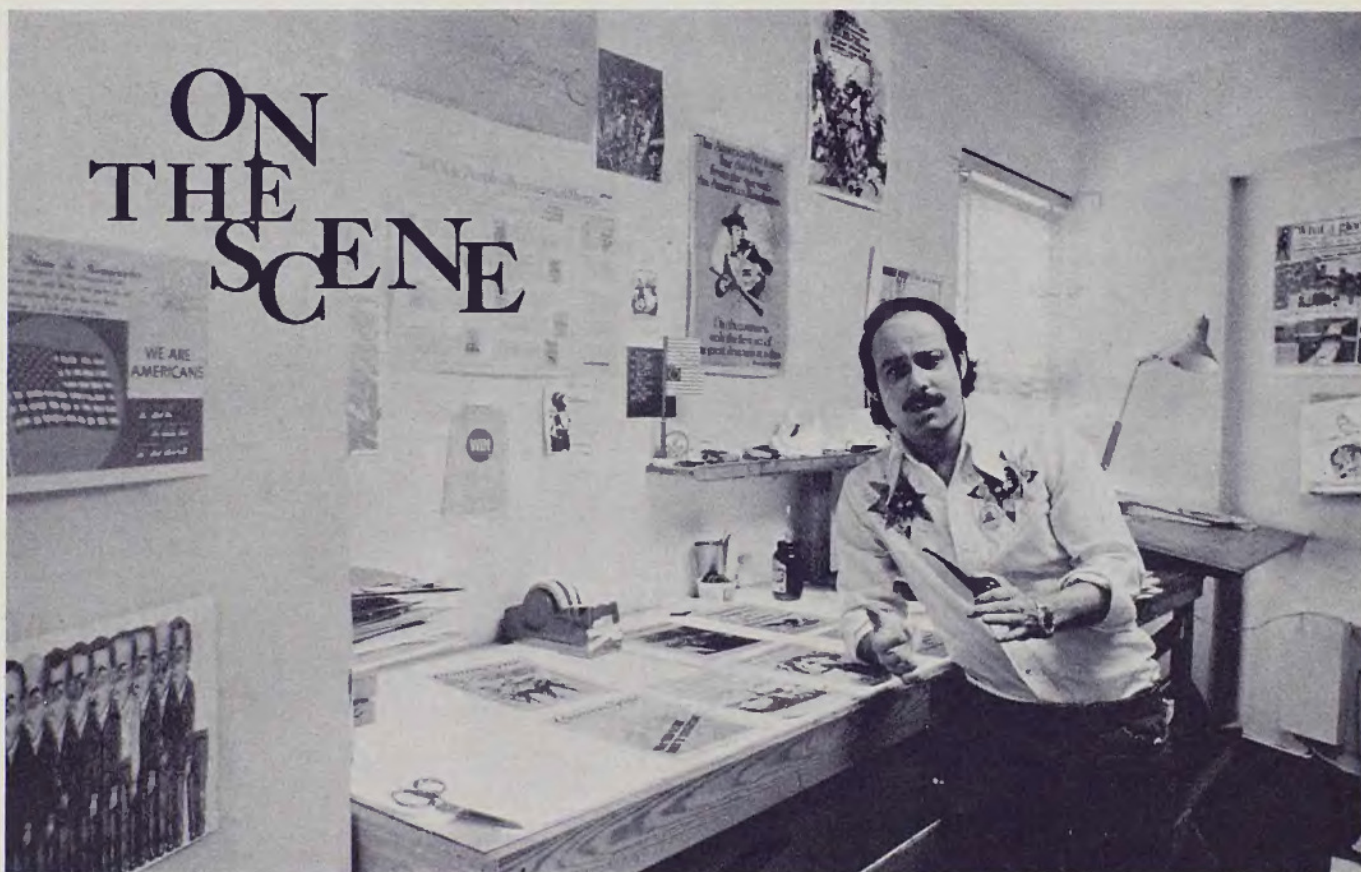
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RICHARD GILL "carmen" and keynes

A LOT OF MEN in their 40s start yearning for a new career, but most never get past the Walter Mitty stage. Meet the exception: Richard Gill, 47, who gave up his career as a Harvard economics professor four years ago to take on leading roles with the New York City Opera—and, since the season before last, with the Met, too. He still retreats each summer to New Hampshire, where he spends his time writing scholarly books (*Great Debates in Economics* was this year's subject) and getting the exercise he needs to withstand the rigors of the concert season ("Sometimes I have to carry around a soprano"). It's not that Gill was unhappy lecturing at Harvard, where he went as a precocious undergraduate and became an assistant dean at 21. But he had sung in church choirs and played clarinet in his school band while growing up in New Jersey (his mother was a music teacher), and ten years ago, he decided to take singing lessons—partly to get back his cigarette-damaged wind, partly to

see what he might have missed. His instructor quailed at Gill's initial efforts but later insisted that the rapidly developing basso profundo try performing in public. Gill picked up some semiprofessional operatic experience during a sabbatical in England; back home again, he auditioned for the City Opera—to gauge his progress—and was offered a job. He and his wife pondered it for a few anxious months before he decided to accept (and, of course, to leave his tenured post at the university). Now that he has memorized close to 50 roles and gotten wised up by some 250 New York performances ("At first, when someone said 'Stage left,' I had to look to see which way he meant"), Gill still wonders at his own story: "It has a slightly unbelievable quality." And he relishes his professional schizophrenia: "I like the sense of balance I get from using different abilities. Mind, body, emotions—you've got to keep them all going. Then they can help one another, in some mysterious way." So says the professor—and he should know.



DICK SWANSON

JEREMY RIFKIN *bicentennial backlash*

IF IT SEEMS like businessmen have cornered the market on patriotism, drumming up sales in the name of the Bicentennial, and if you figure it's going to get worse instead of better in 1976, you may want to march to a different drummer. That would be Jeremy Rifkin, 30-year-old veteran of The Wharton School, who launched the People's Bicentennial Commission as an upbeat alternative to a "buycentennial" that he considers all hoopla, commercialism and manic fiddling while the country's economy burns. Rifkin is no soapbox radical. He's a serious economist with a knowledge of history and a flair for showmanship, and the P.B.C. is becoming a thorn in the side of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which calls it "dangerous." Bad enough are Rifkin's don't-tread-on-me pranks like the Boston Oil Party (empty drums dumped into Boston Harbor to protest energy-crisis exploiters) and the hanging of big corporations in effigy; worse are

the P.B.C.'s growing popularity (10,000 dues-paying members) and its \$200,000 annual budget, which supplies thousands of schools, libraries and organizations with educational materials urging drastic economic reforms—backed up by a commissioned survey showing strong voter support for some pretty revolutionary measures, such as nationalizing natural-resource industries. "It was an entrenched economic aristocracy the colonies revolted against," says Rifkin, "and that's what we have today in the giant corporations that dominate the country's political and economic life. What we need is another revolt of the middle class and a return to economic democracy." The White House and the Chamber of Commerce consider Rifkin a rabble-rousing troublemaker. "What gets them is our use of speeches by the founding fathers attacking great concentrations of wealth and power. The Chamber wants them portrayed like members of the Exxon board of directors." We can hear them in Washington now: "To arms! The Rifkins are coming!"

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 82)

country. How to do it? Call Muhammad Ali over and have him fight for the title and the *world* will read about where he's fighting. But after I'm out of boxing and the title goes back to a fighter like a George Foreman or any good American, title fights won't travel no further than America and England. And that'll be the end of the big, big money.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll miss boxing when you finally retire?

ALI: No, because I realize you got to get old. Buildings get old, people get old and we're all goin' to die. See the fat I have around my stomach? Ten years ago, it would come off in two weeks, but not anymore. I can't exactly *feel* myself getting old, but I ain't like I was ten years ago, so time equips me to face the facts of life. When I get to be 50, I won't really miss boxing at all, because I'll know I can't do it anymore.

But when I quit, I sure ain't goin' out like the old-time fighters. You ain't gonna hear it said about me that when I was champ I bought me a Cadillac, had me a couple of white girls on my arm, and that when I retired I went broke. You'll *never* read articles about me that say, "Poor Muhammad Ali, he made so much money and now he's working in a car wash." No, sir.

PLAYBOY: Will you continue to associate yourself with boxing after you retire?

ALI: I don't think so. I'm the champion right now and I can't even find time for training because of other things. I talk to Senators like John Tunney of California, and black bourgeois Congressmen who like to act so *big*, and black doctors and lawyers who have white friends and who no longer want to be black—and who act like they're too good for any of the brothers. I can always say to them, "Why do you-all act like this? I don't act like that, and *you* can't get no bigger than Muhammad *Ali*."

That's the truth, too. I was over in Ireland and had dinner with Jack Lynch, the prime minister. I was in Cairo and stayed at Sadat's palace for two days. I wined and dined with King Faisal of Saudi Arabia. I might not've been that happy around all of those leaders, but people who look up to them see *them* looking up to *me*. Now when I bring my program down, they'll listen. See, you got to have something going in front for you. A smart fella might go down the street, but if people look at him and think, "Oh, just an ordinary fella," he won't get things done. But when a guy in a Rolls-Royce drives up and says, "Hey, I want to make a deal," people will talk money with him. Same thing with me: My money and my title give me influence.

And I also have something to say.

You notice that when we talk, 85 percent of our conversation is away from boxing? Interview some other fighters and see what *they* can talk about: nothing. We couldn't talk this long—you couldn't *listen* this long—if we just talked boxing.

PLAYBOY: Agreed; but let's stick with that 15 percent a bit longer. Many people believe that after you retire, boxing will disappear in America. Do you believe that?

ALI: Boxing will never die. There will always be boxing in schools and clubs, and the fight crowd will always follow the pros. And every once in a while, a sensational fighter will come through.

PLAYBOY: As sensational as yourself?

ALI: Physically, maybe, but not in the way I'm known world-wide. I just don't think another fighter will ever be followed by people in every country on the planet. You can go to Japan, China, all the European, African, Arab and South American countries and, man, they know me. I can't name a country where they *don't* know me. If another fighter's goin' to be that big, he's goin' to have to be a Muslim, or else he won't get to nations like Indonesia, Lebanon, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Syria, Egypt and Turkey—those are all countries that don't usually follow boxing. He might even have to be named Muhammad, because Muhammad is the most common name in the world. There are more Muhammads than there are Williamsses, Joneses, Ecksteins, Smiths or anything else on earth. And he's also gonna have to say the name Allah a lot, can't say God. I know that God is the Supreme Being, but Allah is the name used most on the planet. More people pray to Allah than to Jehovah, Jesus or just plain Lord, 'cause there are about 11 Muslims in the world to every non-Muslim.

But he's got to have the personality, too, because just being a Muslim champ won't make it. My corn, the gimmicks, the acting I do—it'll take a whole lot for another fighter to ever be as popular as Muhammad Ali.

PLAYBOY: You once said that you act all the time. Where does your act begin and where does it end?

ALI: The acting begins when I'm working. Before a fight, I'll try to have something funny to say every day and I'll talk ten miles a minute. Like before the Chuck Wepner fight, I was tellin' reporters all *kinds* of things.

PLAYBOY: Care to give us a small sampling?

ALI: All right: "If Chuck Wepner becomes the only white man ever to beat the arrogant Muhammad Ali, he will be America's greatest hero! He will make White Tornado commercials and go on *Gunsmoke*, but for him this fight is really *Mission: Impossible!* Wepner has a strong will—and if the will is great,

the will can overpower the skill! I understand Wepner had a meeting with the Ku Klux Klan and they told him to *whup* this nigger!"

That's acting, and it ends when I get into the ring. There are no pleasures in a fight, but some of my fights have been a pleasure to win—especially the second Norton and Frazier fights and the Foreman fight. I was left for dead before the second Norton fight, because my jaw had been broken the first time out. One loss to Frazier and *Sports Illustrated* ran a headline on its cover saying "END OF THE ALI LEGEND." And I was also left for dead against Foreman, who was supposed to be the toughest champ of all time. You know, I once read something that said, "He who is not courageous enough to take risks will accomplish nothing in life." Well, boxing is a risk and life is a gamble, and I got to take both.

PLAYBOY: People close to you say that in the past year you've grown visibly weary of boxing. Is that true?

ALI: Well, I started fighting in 1954, when I was just 12, so it's been a long time for me. But there's always a new fight to look forward to, a new publicity stunt, a new *reason* to fight. Now I'm fighting for this charities thing, and it helps me get ready. When I think of all the money and the jobs winning means, I'll run those two miles on mornings when I'd rather sleep.

PLAYBOY: With the possible exceptions of a few of our politicians, you're probably the most publicized American of this century. What kinds of problems does fame on such a grand scale create?

ALI: None. It's a blessing if you use publicity for the right thing, and I use it to help my brothers and to promote truth around the world. It's still an honor for me to talk to TV reporters who come all the way from Germany and Australia just to interview me. And when we're talking, I don't see a man from Germany, I see millions of Germans. The reporter will go back home and show his film to his entire nation, which keeps me popular and sells fight tickets, which is how I earn my living—and also how I can keep buying up buildings for my people. That's why talkin' so much don't bother me, but I'll be bothered when the reporters quit coming around, because on that day I'll realize I'm not newsworthy anymore, and that's when it all ends. So I enjoy it while it's happening.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy being mobbed by autograph seekers as well?

ALI: Most of the time, it's OK with me, because service to others is the rent I pay for my room on earth. See, when you become spiritual and religious, you realize that you're not big and great, only Allah is. You can't hurt people's feelings just because you're up there. When I was younger, Sugar Ray Rob-

inson did that to me, and I didn't like it at all.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

ALI: I was on my way to fight in the Rome Olympics, and I stopped by a night club in Harlem, because Sugar Ray—my idol, *everybody's* idol—was there. I'd watched all his fight films and I just wanted to see him and touch him. I waited outside for him to leave that club and I was hoping he'd talk to me and maybe give me his autograph. But he didn't do it and I was so *hurt*. If Sugar Ray only knew how much I loved him and how long I'd been following him, maybe he wouldn't have done that.

Man, I'll *never* forget how bad I felt when he turned me down. Sugar Ray said, "Hello kid, how ya' doin'?" I ain't got time," and then got into his car and took off. I said to myself right then, "If I ever get great and famous and people want my autograph enough to wait all day to see me, I'm sure goin' to treat 'em different."

PLAYBOY: Still, aren't there times when living in the public eye becomes slightly unbearable?

ALI: Yeah, and when that happens, I get into my bus, stock up on food and take my wife and four children and drive somewhere near the ocean and just rest for four or five days.

My real pleasure is having no appointments, but that hardly ever happens. There's always people I gotta talk to, business deals I gotta think about, telephones that are always ringing and road work and time in the gym that I gotta take care of. There's always *something* I have to do, but I guess we're all busy in our own ways. I'm sure President Ford has a bigger job than all of us. Like any big man—a spiritual leader like Wallace D. Muhammad, a politician, a president of a college—he's in prison. Same thing with me, because I'm a heavyweight champion who represents not only boxing but many, many other things that boxers can't even speak of. Therefore, I always have a deskful of stuff, piles and piles of letters and projects that no other boxer would be literate enough to even imagine handling. The times when it all gets me down, I just want to get away—from the commercials and TV and college appearances and airline flights and friends asking for loans and people begging for money that they need. I don't like to do it, but I wind up ducking: "When the phone rings, tell 'em I'm not here." It never lets up, so if I can just get away for a day every once in a while, I'm happy. Yet I don't let that stuff get me *too* bothered, because I have only one cause—the Islamic cause—and my mission is to spread the works and faith that Elijah Muhammad taught me.

PLAYBOY: For a man who's become more and more of a missionary, boxing must occasionally seem like a particularly

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brutal and inappropriate way to make a living. Did you ever consider a career in any other sport?

ALI: About the onliest other sport I ever thought about was football, but I didn't like it, because there was no personal publicity in it; you have to wear too much equipment and people can't see you. Folks sitting back in the bleachers can't hardly pick you out of a field of 22 men and a bunch of other guys shufflin' in and out, but in a boxing ring there's only two men. I made my decision about sports when I was a 12-year-old kid, and I went with boxing because fighters can make more money than other athletes and the sport isn't cut off by a season, like football. And I've never regretted that decision, 'cause when you're the greatest at what you're doing, how can you question it?

PLAYBOY: Does your claim of being the greatest mean that you think you could have beaten every heavyweight champion in modern ring history?

ALI: I can't really say. Rocky Marciano, Jack Johnson, Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey, Joe Walcott, Ezzard Charles—they all would have given me trouble. I can't know if I would've beaten them all, but I do know this: I'm the most talked-about, the most publicized, the most famous and the most colorful fighter in history. And I'm the fastest heavy-

weight—with feet and hands—who ever lived. Besides all that, I'm the onliest poet laureate boxing's ever had. One other thing, too: If you look at pictures of all the former champions, you know in a flash that I'm the best-looking champion in history. It all adds up to being the greatest, don't it?

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll be remembered that way?

ALI: I don't know, but I'll tell you how I'd like to be remembered: as a black man who won the heavyweight title and who was humorous and who treated everyone right. As a man who never looked down on those who looked up to him and who helped as many of his people as he could—financially and also in their fight for freedom, justice and equality. As a man who wouldn't hurt his people's dignity by doing anything that would embarrass them. As a man who tried to unite his people through the faith of Islam that he found when he listened to the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. And if all that's asking too much, then I guess I'd settle for being remembered only as a great boxing champion who became a preacher and a champion of his people.

And I wouldn't even mind if folks forgot how pretty I was.



RANDY NEWMAN

(continued from page 144)

blah-blah-blah, but they—they insisted. Probably rightly so.

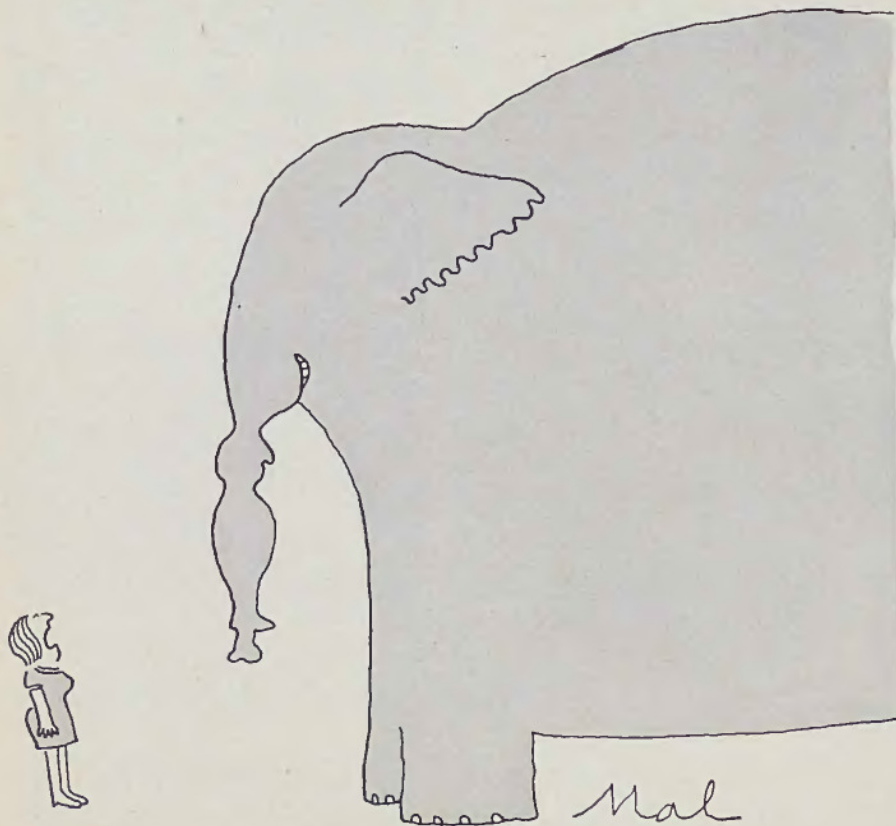
"And I'm married. Got two boys, six and three. No, I didn't marry a childhood sweetheart. My wife's from Germany. She's, uh... Heydrich's daughter."

Newman grins fleetingly, chain-lights a fresh cigarette and rumples a hand through his Jacuzzi-spray tangle of curly hair.

"The people who've helped me musically are, I guess... well, I'm grateful to my father in some ways. When I started writing songs, I didn't like to do the lyrics, and he had always written songs as a kind of hobby. I still remember 'em all—I think I remember 'em better than he does. I mean, like, there're two people in the world who know his songs and I'm half of the set. Anyway, he always maintained that anyone who is at all lyrical can write lyrics. That's not even a prerequisite anymore. If it ever was. It never was. But, I mean, he encouraged me and he helped me with my early songs. He was really fast. I'd be stuck for words and stuff—I was writing a lot of 'moon, spoon,' old-fashioned stuff—and he'd come up with things, *fast*. I should've given him credit on some of those songs, probably. But when I departed from, uh, the mainstream, he, he, uh, phased himself out as a collaborator.

"Lennie Waronker, my producer, helped me some, too. See, it's a difficult thing. Maybe you've heard about all the moaning I do, all the bitching about how lazy I am and how hard it is for me to get to work, but it's—it's just a fact. And, because of that, I don't know what would've happened without Lennie or somebody like him pushing me. When I was 16, 17, Lennie asked me to try and write some songs, and I did. Then he wanted me to record, and when I didn't cut a record for two or three years, he was kind of on me all the time. Yeah, I guess I owe him something. I definitely would if I were happy at what I do. No, that doesn't sound quite right. I'm indebted to Lennie for caring what happened at the times when I haven't. That's been often. I didn't know what I wanted to do, but I didn't want to write songs. Or I thought I didn't—I don't know. I tried to be fairly serious. Most of the time.

"Oh, yeah, sure—I was pretty positive most of the time that I didn't want to continue. I never enjoyed writing. It's always been an effort to shut myself up in a room, go off by myself... I mean, I can shut myself up in a room and read all day. With great pleasure. But writing is—well, I don't know, it's an agony to me. I'm always amazed by people like Hayden, who just loved it all, who lived for it. I guess I have to write in some kind of way, but I *do not* like it. I do not like the process at all.



"I'm sure Mr. Thompson doesn't find that the least bit amusing!"



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"A lot of my songs are like compressed short stories, that's correct. From time to time, I've thought of trying some prose, but I don't know . . . I get defeated before I start. You know—I'll think of a whole bunch of reasons why I shouldn't even try. I like to read a lot more than I like to listen to music. I often think maybe it would spoil reading for me if I started reading that way—as a sort of potential contestant in the race. And, too, I think, why short stories? I've never even liked short stories all that much.

"No, let me think—I read a really fine one of Dostoevsky's recently. *The Gambler* was good. But it wasn't *The Gambler* . . . no. This was a Henry James one—*The Master and the Man*. A powerhouse story about a writer who's advising this other young writer, and it's so tricky that . . . I just wonder whether James meant all that stuff, whether his intent was as complex as it looks to be. Whether it's all so careful as it reads. Hmn.

"That's one of the things that annoy me about Dick Cavett. He says he's read everything by Henry James—100 volumes, or something like that. You can't come out of that . . . whole."

Newman slides down on his spine and pokes around in the bottom of his Carpenters mug for a bite-sized chunk of ice.

"What I've been reading and liking lately are these science books for dummies. Like, if you have no science—like, that Arthur Koestler book about astronomy or this 10,000-page biography of Einstein I ran across a while back. I keep looking for a relativity explanation I can kind of tie in this curve in my mind and all that stuff. Caught one on that *Ascent of Man* TV series, but it wasn't that good. Too much slow-motion glass breaking and not enough facts.

"I don't watch a great deal of TV anymore. Mostly educational stuff—*Hollywood Squares*, *\$10,000 Pyramid*. . . No, actually, when you're on the road, you don't get a chance to watch anything, so the last few months I just fell out of the habit. I mean, can you imagine making an effort to watch *Columbo* to get back into it all?

"I generally prefer to read. Yeah, I'm acquainted with some of the Southern writers . . . not an inordinate amount. Flannery O'Connor, Dan Jenkins . . . some Faulkner, a few of his things. *The Wild Palms* wasn't bad. *The Sound and the Fury* and *The Bear*, the parts I could understand. . . I'd like to be able to say that serious literary things like that were my roots, but I don't know—I don't think it's true. I haven't read that much of Faulkner. Or anybody else, really. It wasn't writing that made the impression on me about the South.

"The Southern thing, it's hard to say. . . That song on *Good Old Boys*, *A Wedding in Cherokee County*—that's . . . only peripherally Southern. What I originally had in mind—what I started out

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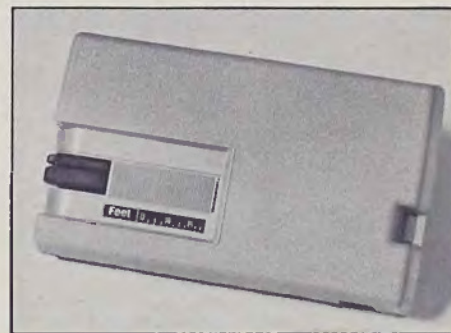
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to do with that was to write an Albanian anthem. Sure, I'm serious. The Albanians are crazy as a nation, and that interested me, and I was going to write 'White moon shines on the goat herd,' and so forth, about the workers and everybody, and I finally couldn't do it. It sounded like *Back Home Again in Indiana*. It didn't work out as an Albanian love call, so I switched it around some and set it in rural Alabama.

"I've followed the Albanians, I guess, like some people follow the Dodgers. There they are, right next door to Russia, and they're always potshotting at everybody, right, left and center. I watched their reaction when the U. S. made friends with China and I think now Albania has no ally in the world—not a single one. There are 2,230,000 people there, and they have a real crazy history, and a real crazy music, and— Listen, I once got hold of some Albanian newspapers, and they were *rabid*—really nuts. Everyone was an 'imperialist running dog,' including both Russia and China.

"I recognized that the song I'd written would fit if I shifted it to the South, but that wasn't originally part of the plan. I had some real obscure Southern stuff that I didn't put on *Good Old Boys*—things that didn't hold up as songs. One was sort of about Dixie Howell. Dixie Howell was a football player at the University of Alabama in the Thirties. He played there when Don Hutson did, and it was a real strange song, but in the end it was just too obscure. Maybe pointless, too.

"I don't have many of those, no. About two. What I write nowadays, I do. All told, I've written maybe close to 100 songs. Let me think. Somewhere under 100. Most of them have been recorded by somebody. Somewhere. Somehow."

Newman's paternal uncles are the film-scoring Newmans—Lionel, Alfred and Emil. The writer mentions this. Newman shrugs unsentimentally.

"Encouragement I always got from my father. I think he *likes* music better than the rest of them do. No discouragement, though. My uncles and I were doing basically different things and, uh, you know, discouragement might have bothered me. I mean, I'd go and see them conducting or doing some movie or something when I was little, but there was no active participation.

"I did a couple of movies myself—neither one very satisfying. *Performance*—I just conducted that. What there was to conduct. And I did a movie for Norman Lear called *Cold Turkey*. Wrote a song and the music for it. I don't plan to do anything like that again unless I really like the picture or unless it gives me a chance to write for a real big orchestra. Some kind of interesting music. . . . Like, I'd have done *Love Story*, even though I hated the picture, because I'd have liked to have written that kind of music. Big

dramatic stuff. I'm kind of drifting away from it, but I still like an orchestra a great deal. And know it better than I know guitars, for instance. The technology of guitars is pretty much getting away

from me—I'm not equipped to deal with it as well as I ought to be.

"*Performance* was . . . I didn't like it. I saw it about 80 times while we were doing it and it just held no interest for me. I never understood what the hell was going on—who was who—but then, I didn't care, either. I enjoyed the work, though, part of the time. Because I had no responsibility—I was just a piano player sitting there next to the coffee machine. What was going on wasn't my problem.

"*Cold Turkey* invites some kind of snide pun, I guess, but I don't want to knock something they paid me well for. I wrote some pretty fair music for it, or I thought so at the time. Actually, I don't know whether it quite fit. If you do a conscientious job of scoring a picture and you don't just sprinkle tunes through it, it's tremendously hard—I don't know whether I've got the psychological stamina to deal with that. Probably not. But, let me think, I'd been turning down movies and I figured I was doing it because I was afraid, so I decided to risk that one. It's hard to be objective about a comedy after you've seen it the way I had to see it, but I wasn't particularly proud to have been associated with it, finally. Part of it's my own fault, because I didn't follow through on the music the way I should have. I had an orchestrator and I was too paralyzed by fear to really take hold. He'd say, 'What about this?' and I'd say, 'Oh, yeah. Perfect. Do that.'

"Movie people have been . . . disillusioning to me. I don't know a lot of them, but I was let down in that I thought they would be more intelligent than record people. It didn't turn out that way with the ones I've met. But God knows who I've met—Samuel Z. Arkoff at the Hamburger Hamlet.

"Nah, that's an exaggeration. Jack Nicholson is nice. He came to see me a few times at the Troubadour a couple of years back and he was talking about us doing something together. He had some idea for a picture, but it never—never really materialized. Last time I talked to him was about *The King of Marvin Gardens*. I wanted to tell him how much I liked it, even if no one else did. *Nobody* liked that picture. Hmn. I thought it was vastly better than *Five Easy Pieces*.

"But with actors . . . I haven't been around that many, but I'm not sure that their talent correlates to any form of recognizable intelligence you can make out in conversation with them. Ringo Starr, for instance, is the best actor among the Beatles, but he's not the most intelligent guy of the four. Nicholson . . . I don't know—he's a genius as an actor, but. . . . Brando, too—I mean, he's no mental giant, as anybody can tell. He's also getting this kind of pouty, Truman Capote-like mouth, I've noticed. Acting must

LYRICS BY NEWMAN

He first got paid for writing them when he was 17, collecting \$150 a month to hack out hits and heavies for an outfit called Metric Music. During the early Sixties, he managed to remain Randy Who? in most people's minds—while his songs were recorded again and again by an odd bunch of musicians that included such greats and near greats as Judy Collins, Trini Lopez, The Everly Brothers, Vikki Carr, Ella Fitzgerald, Three Dog Night and Fats Domino. He has claimed he was driven to performing by hearing too many dud versions of his songs—so now he sings them himself, whether he likes it or not.

God's Song

(That's Why I Love Mankind)

I burn down your cities—how blind must you be

I take from you your children and you say how blessed are we

You all must be crazy to put your faith in Me

That's why I love mankind

You really need Me

That's why I love mankind.

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Rednecks

Last night I saw Lester Maddox on a TV show

With some smartass New York Jew

And the Jew laughed at Lester Maddox

And the audience laughed at Lester Maddox too. . . .

We're rednecks, we're rednecks

And we're keeping the niggers down. . . .

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A Wedding in Cherokee County

Her poppa was a midget

Her momma was a whore

Her granddad was a newsboy till he was eighty-four

(What a slimy old bastard he was)

Man don't you think I know she hates me

Man don't you think I know that she's no good

If she knew how she'd be unfaithful to me

I think she'd kill me if she could

Maybe she's crazy I don't know

But maybe that's why I love her so. . . .

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*WORDS AND MUSIC BY RANDY NEWMAN. USED BY PERMISSION OF WARNER BROS. MUSIC.



"If you hadn't been in such a damn rush, I could have told you I was wearing a chastity belt."



"Somebody wants to speak to Zelda.
Go look under Charley."

be . . . I don't know. It might hurt you to get too cerebral about it all.

"I was never much lured by Hollywood, never awed, you know, or impressed. I was really impressed one time, though. I saw O. J. Simpson on an airplane. Flying down from Oregon. Everybody spotted him and whispered about it for the whole flight.

"It's interesting to be around someone who gets recognized all the time. You know—someone who can't go anywhere without being recognized. I was with Streisand once in this Greek restaurant, and our party was the only one in the whole place. A huge empty room, and they put on this extravaganza dance show for us. . . . That would be a very peculiar way to live.

"Streisand is—she's a little hard to figure. You forget that she's as young as she is—younger than Dylan. I think I read somewhere. It's like she was surrounded by old people all her life and she's sneaked out on a vacation. Something like that. At the time, we were making that pseudo-pop album of hers called *Stoney End*, and I didn't think it would be very successful. It was, though—I was wrong. Streisand's very, very tough—strong as nails about what she wants."

Newman rises from the sofa and crosses the room. He looks wonderingly at the framed map of Poland. "Is this—? My God, it is. Whew, these agency people are bent."

Laughing and shaking his head, Newman flops back down onto the sofa and seizes for another piece of ice. "I like maps. I was looking through a volume of maps in a bookstore with my little boy this morning. All he was interested in was things about skindiving. He wanted me to buy him an \$8000 Jacques Cousteau under-the-sea book.

"Hmn, let me think. . . . I've got the feeling I'm too negative today, and I want to mention some things I've liked. . . . I

liked *The King of Marvin Gardens* and—oh, yeah, I liked that picture *Straw Dogs*. A lot of intelligent people hated it, but I thought it was fairly good. It even had a kind of scientific basis—the territorial imperative and all that stuff. But it was interesting to me, because it was about physical courage, which is something I rarely think to think about.

"In music, I don't pay all that much attention. . . . Oh, I like to hear what Joni Mitchell is doing and what Dylan is doing, and I listen to Elton John sometimes. I hear him on the radio. I admire him for his—what's that word?—prolificity. Good stuff, fast stuff—nothing to sneeze at, really.

"But there's so much crap and garbage and bullshit around. . . . Like that Tom Snyder on the *Tomorrow* show—what can you do with that guy? He twinkles those cute eyes and turns everything into smarm. One night not long back, he had on the Mouseketeers, and he was talking to Annette Funicello about her *tits*. My God, I mean, who cares? She was too nice to know that he was getting off whenever he made some snickering reference to her *tits*. Jesus, I couldn't believe I was seeing it.

"And Dick Cavett has enraged me to the point where I just refuse to watch anything he does anymore. He was so bad to Lester Maddox that time, it was sickening. I mean, he was absolutely rude. Not that Maddox doesn't deserve it, but it made a really poisonous impression on me. That's when I wrote *Rednecks*.

"I mean, Maddox was the governor of Georgia at the time—a state of 6,000,000 people. OK, if you happen to be one of those Georgians, here's your governor up there on the tube in New York—like it or not, he's your governor—and Cavett and all those other effete slobbs didn't even give the guy a chance to make an idiot of himself. Sat him next to Jim Brown, and the whole thing immediately turned into

a freak show. The audience turned out to be nastier than Cavett, if that was possible. Maddox didn't even have a chance to do or say anything, as I remember. It embarrassed me, it was that rank.

"The notion that the North is morally superior to the South is just . . . uh, dumb, I think. If I were black, I'm not sure I'd want to live anywhere, but it's probably no more unhappy in North Carolina or Alabama than it is in New York or Chicago. At least you see black people talking to white people in the South. But in the big cities—boy!—nobody jumps that gulf.

"Hmn, I'm tuned to negative again. . . . Probably because one part of my mind is thinking about getting back to writing. For the moment, I'm past my peak performing—I've had enough. I'll grit my teeth and try and write, I think. Pretty soon, yeah. I see people in this business who just love it, you know. They carry around notebooks and get ideas for songs from everything, but I, uh, I. . . . It used to bother me all the time. I'd feel guilty about not writing, but just the same, I wouldn't do anything for a really long time. Over a year. The year before '73, I didn't do anything. Things were crumbling around me. I had no money. The bank attached this thing and that, and it didn't bother me a bit. I was . . . really . . . kind of happy watching *Let's Make a Deal*.

"My wife was worried—Lennie was worried. I even began to get a little worried that it wasn't bothering me. I just couldn't stand to work. I don't know whether it was fear or what. Fear of failure or fear of getting worse. I don't think I'm all that neurotic, usually—ordinarily. I think I'm just fine. But I get kind of neurotic when I'm writing. I can't think about anything else at the time, and it's unpleasant. I find it hard. And nasty. And I'd rather not do it. Someday, I won't. I just won't be able to put up with it anymore. Because I'm pretty happy otherwise. Everything's perfect except for that. Well, not perfect, but I mean . . . dull enough to suit me. Lots of books to get through."

Newman forms a periscope with his fingers and peeks through the cross hairs warily. Distressed by what he pictures, he sighs and lets his hands collapse in his lap.

"I don't know what I'll do next—I don't have a fresh idea in my head. Maybe it'll be something simpler than *Good Old Boys*. Without all those different personae—personi?—whatever the word is. But I always write that way, so I guess I can't help it.

"Lately, when I'm performing sometimes, I've noticed that my songs are kind of . . . unusual. They're about strange stuff in a lot of ways. Maybe it's just the way I've been thinking lately—I don't know. Sometimes I think I'd like to write just nice, straight-ahead—I've never

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thought my stuff was all that complicated, really, but I guess it's fairly complicated, compared with some of the stuff I hear on the radio. I always thought people could understand it . . . but lately, I'm not so sure that's true. I don't think it's widely infectious. It isn't the type of thing that someone could put on and eat potato chips to. It isn't . . . it isn't easy, you know, the way you can put Cream on for an hour and then put on—even Joni Mitchell. . . . It demands a little attention.

"If you're going to write words, then I believe the words might as well try and say something, be interesting. If a song is only a joke, as a few of mine are, that song isn't worth as much as if something else was going on in it, too. Like that piece *God's Song*—I doubt if it would make much sense over the crunch of potato chips. It's about—let me think—it's about a California God. The yucca tree, you know—the California desert is the only place where the yucca tree grows. It's a pretty harsh God out there . . . that's the way I see it. Well, I mean, I don't see it at all, really. I don't believe in those things. Like a lot of people in this country, I don't have any religious faith.

"Why did I say that—in this country? Oh, because I've been to Germany. Went to meet my wife's family in Düsseldorf, and I played in Hamburg, and I did a TV show in Bremen, and I—I could not reach 'em. Could not do it. It's kind of cold up there in the north of Germany, see, and they were *correct*. Who-o-o. It was worse than Glassberg, New Jersey."

Newman rises to take another look at the map of Poland, mutters something about Cold War partitions, then half-turns to regard the writer. After a long instant, he grins wryly and extends his pack of cigarettes. "Look, why don't you come out to the house tomorrow? I live near this photographer who's always taking pictures of naked girls. One day he had the Playmate of the Year bare-assed out in my yard. I'm looking out the window, you know, and. . . . Drop out around two and maybe we'll catch some fealthy poses. It's . . . uh, let me think. You take Sunset toward the ocean. . . ."

"Get away, Rocky," Newman snaps at his dog the next afternoon. "Why are you in the house all the time? *Get down!*"

The house sits at the end of a dirt lane in Santa Monica Canyon, one of those fieldstone-and-glass bungalows in the \$98,000-\$100,000 range. Newman sits perched edgily on the edge of a velvet divan in his pleasant, book-lined den, sipping German beer from a crock stein. From time to time, he darts a pained glance over his shoulder at The Room. The door to The Room is, of course, closed. The Room is where Newman works when he can muster the will to work—a torture chamber, to hear him

tell it. Outside, the rush of the khaki-colored creek that spills into the Pacific a mile away competes with the Mongol whoops of little boys chasing Frisbees on the lawn.

"I don't trust anything nowadays," Newman broods darkly to the writer. "I don't know how to find things out anymore. I mean, who can you listen to? Pauline Kael raved on and on about *Shampoo*, and I thought it was terrible—*nothing*. And restaurants. . . . We got some more of those restaurant guides today. I want everything reviewed for me. Then I can judge how the reviewer writes and I can figure it out so I don't have to make any mistakes. Hmm . . . like with Las Vegas. I haven't been there in a long time, but it's—I knew this woman whose father died in Vegas, and she had to go up there and pick up his body. Wouldn't that be awful?

"Gambling, oh, Christ. . . . At one time I was betting on the horses through a bookie, and I couldn't stop. And I couldn't believe it was happening to me. It was when I was a kid running a Thermo-Fax machine, and I was betting and sometimes losing more than I was making, and I was actually amused that this horrible movie cliché had me by the throat. That I couldn't stop. Eventually, I did, and the day I stopped I had a really big day and broke even, almost. But, anyway, I quit.

"And I had that compulsiveness about a lot of things. Drugs—in the Sixties, I took drugs in fairly frightening amounts. Same with alcohol. Like, when I was in high school, I was never interested in social drinking—nuts and potato chips and all that gunk. I mean, I was headed straight for oblivion at all times. Now I do nothing. Now I'll go to the track occasionally, but not like I used to. I guess there was a kind of heat about it, an excitement I craved. I barely remember it now—it was quite a while back. Do you ever get the impression you're talking to someone who's 84 years old?"

Newman laughs sepulchrally and mock-genуlects over his stein.

"I barely remember the Sixties—can't recall many details. I didn't actively participate in the protests or anything that went on back then. I was never conscious of the Government's being any part of my life, except for taxes. I was interested but . . . uninvolved. I saw it all, but I wasn't really a part of it. Or anything else.

"And that hasn't changed much. I hang around with my family, and that's it. You don't go out to clubs or places like that in L.A. unless you're collecting venereal diseases. Today, let me think, I went to the market and to a bookstore. And we all went out to eat at the Pancake House. A pretty relaxed life, yeah . . . almost dead.

"I'll have to start writing soon, though. It'd be nice to have a new album ready,

Bonnie Large

Marilyn Cole

Ester Cordel

Lynnda Kimball

Bebe Buell

Kristine Hanson



Sandy Johnson

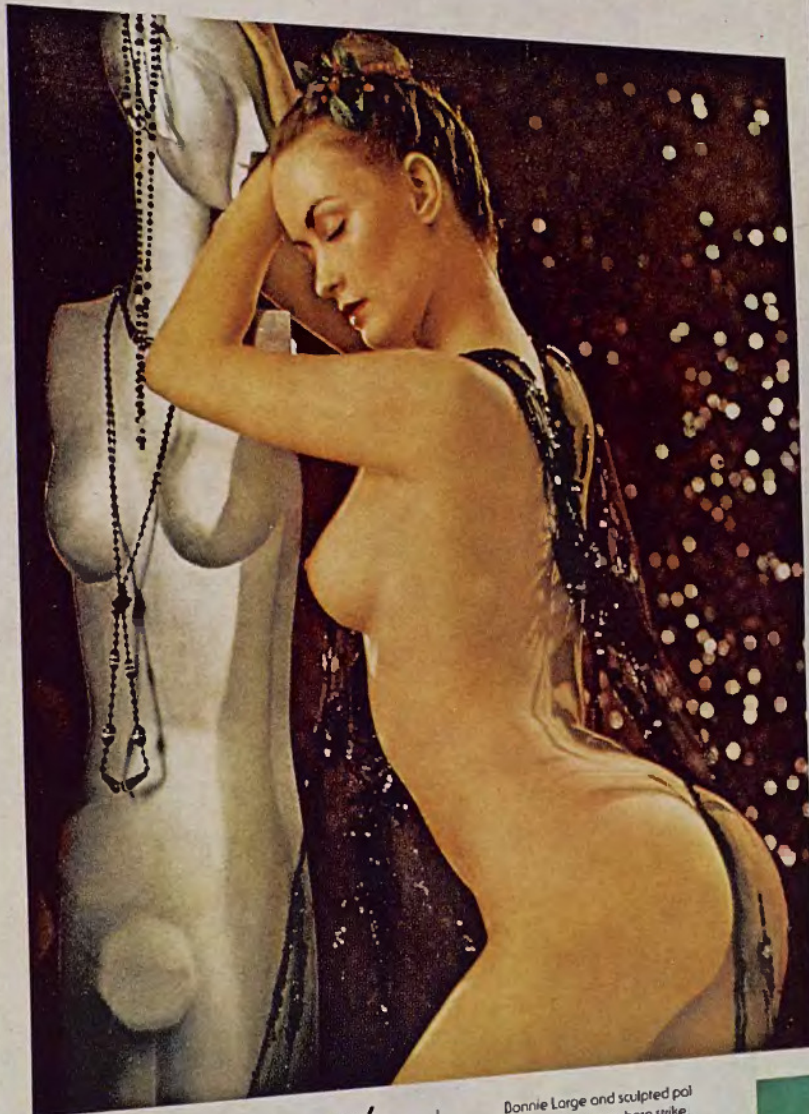
Marilyn Longe

Christine Maddox

Azizi Johari

Nancy Cameron

Cyndi Wood



JANUARY 1976

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Donnie Large and sculpted pal
A new year's pose here strike.
We may not know from art deco—
But we know what we like.

december

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february

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Playboy's 1976 Playmate Calendar
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"Coming in to pay your bill, Miss Charlotte?"

but whether I will or not, hm. . . . There's no real deadline, no big Halloween release planned. Ah, fuck it. I've done the best I can. It's just that sometimes I can't even whip myself up to try. I can't force myself to go in there and agonize. In The Room down there. I haven't been in there in a long while now. . . .

"But I'll do it sooner or later—lock myself in there and crank. Maybe I'll do another . . . some kind of concept thing. It doesn't really matter. What troubles me so much is that I don't think I'm getting any better. For example, I don't think the songs on *Good Old Boys* were any better than the ones on *Sail Away*. I can't see that there was any genuine progression, whereas I think that *Sail Away* was better, maybe, than what went before it. But nothing on the last album was better than, say, *God's Song* or *Old Man*. Better records, maybe, but not better songs."

Newman dips a finger into his beer stein and swizzles distractedly.

"Out on the road. I listened to a lot of Top 40 radio. Fairly often, I can figure out why things are successful—you can just hear it in there—but some of that stuff the stations were playing in Cleveland and Phoenix confounded me com-

pletely. Olivia Newton-John, for instance. Good Christ, what is that all about? For the life of me, I can't understand the vast appeal of a song like *I Honestly Love You*. I mean, it's boring, even.

"Hmn, hm. . . . Listen, I've searched my mind and I've come up with nothing but a bunch of shit. I always look like an idiot to myself in interviews. Don't let me insult anyone too badly, Samuel Z. Arkoff or anybody important.

"The first interview I ever did was in England and the guy was some slammer who kept pushing me and pushing me about Paul Simon. 'What are your views of Simon?' Blah-blah-blah. And I said, 'Look, he's fine. I like everybody.' But he kept after me and kept after me, and eventually I got restless and I said, 'I think Simon writes sophomore-type garbage.' And that was the headline that appeared in one of those rags they have over there—'NEWMAN CALLS SIMON'S SONGS GARBAGE.' Holy shit, I thought, Simon's gonna buy me and have me mounted or something. So, uh, uh, after that I learned to be a little more discreet, a trifle more guarded. . . ."

Newman's wife, Roswitha, brings in a fresh tray of drinks from the kitchen. A chunky, sun-freckled blonde with

Teutonic muscle in her umlaut, she joins Newman on the divan, feints a playful elbow at his ribs. Newman grins and points toward the glass doors that slide open onto the garden. "Right out there's where that photographer had the Playmate—"

Roswitha wrinkles her nose. "Just the other side of the elephant ears, yes."

"Some big-titted girl in a leopardskin bikini—"

"And one of the men was holding a huge fern over her head. It was supposed to be in the tropics. She was standing in mud up to her ankles. Gets mushy out there when it rains."

"Yeah, it'd been storming, I think."

"And Randy, of course, was lurking behind the window and wouldn't budge, and I said, 'What are you waiting for—the rest to come off?'"

"Well, honey, there it was, smack in my yard. I could tell all my friends, if I had any." Newman belly-laughs and turns toward the writer. "Everything gets lamer, I do believe. *Discothèques* are really big now, did you realize that? Record companies are breaking singles in *discothèques*. They have *discothèque* charts in all the trade magazines. I had no idea it was going on—I just found out about it. That's really depressing, isn't it?"

Newman turns back to his wife. "We were at a psychedelic place in Germany, remember? A bunch of *correct* Germans sitting around, watching test patterns. Christ Almighty, that's all we need—to give the Germans acid."

"Come on, be kind."

"Oh, I liked Düsseldorf. Had to show your parents I was normal. Almost succeeded, too. They asked me why I read all the time. Hadn't been out of the house since I got there."

"What did my brother say to you?"

"Always reading—always reading."

"Well, I mean, all you did was read."

"That's just when I was getting over jet-lag withdrawal. Once I was OK again, I was out and about. Went to the zoo. Petted the goat. I did everything. Saw the Rhine. Saw the goddamned soccer stadium."

"Come, come, now . . . 'goddamned soccer stadium' was where the world championships were played, so please, a little respect."

Newman titters. "A lot of people asked me about American business techniques."

"Only Klaus asked you."

"I guess they spotted me as an American businessman. Maybe they took me for Samuel Z. Arkoff."

Newman takes a long swallow of beer, then another. When he lowers his stein, he has a foam mustache that he doesn't immediately notice. He leans toward the writer with a conspiratorial wink. "Go easy on Samuel Arkoff," he says. "You never know when we may need him."



SEX IN CINEMA - 1975

young actress (movingly played by Goldie Hawn), who thinks he loves her alone, and also has a quickie fling with Grant's mom-hating daughter (Carrie Fisher). Although, after *Shampoo's* suds are rinsed out, one has the feeling that none of the characters is really worth spending two hours with, the film admirably catches the sense and style of a permissive society dancing—or screwing—on its own grave.

The Day of the Locust, another film with a showbiz setting, looks even further back in time. Nathanael West's novel, written during the depressed Thirties, depicts Hollywood as the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Western world, the corrupt center of an industry that tainted everyone whose life it touched. The ultimate goal of West's hero, a studio designer, was to paint an apocalyptic mural of the destruction of Los Angeles by all those who, having been fed on Hollywood's dreams, have come to realize their betrayal.

No one who has seen the film will soon forget the cold, sensuous allure of Karen Black's Faye Greener, the bungalow-court cutie with both eyes fixed on stardom. She uses men like a toothbrush, to polish her assets—and is not above doing a stint in a bordello (a very high-class bordello, of course) if it will improve her cash flow and her contacts. Ultimately, after rejecting the honorable advances of the young artist, Faye settles in with an affable, affluent—and impotent—accountant from the Midwest (Donald Sutherland). He does everything possible to advance her career, but Faye wants more—specifically, a muscular musician named Miguel (Pepe Serna) and an even more muscular stunt man named Earle (Bo Hopkins). She quickly contrives to turn the home she shares with Sutherland into a raunchy *maison à quatre*. The climax comes at a movie premiere, when Sutherland, made aware of his cuckoldry, goes berserk, tramples a child and precipitates the burning of Los Angeles as originally envisaged by West. The film never quite manages a full integration of its surreal climax with its earlier, realistic passages—perhaps because those passages are etched so strongly. Nevertheless, *The Day of the Locust* remains one of 1975's most earnest and, however flawed, skillfully wrought films.

Also Hollywood based, and far more flawed, is *The Wild Party*, which focuses upon the frantic efforts of a silent-movies comedy star (James Coco) to sell his latest picture—which he has financed himself—just as the talkies are coming in. To promote the film, he stages the wild party of the title. As wild parties go, this one proves fairly tame, despite the homos, lesbos and concupiscent producers who stalk Coco's opulent Hollywood mansion. Raquel Welch is outstanding as Coco's mistress, a minor-league talent who hangs in there because she remembers with gratitude how kind he was when things were

(continued from page 142)

better. The preproduction notion that Coco is actually playing Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, and that the film in some way relates to the fateful party that ended Arbuckle's career, can be dismissed entirely. The only possible relationship between Arbuckle and the character played by Coco is that both were stout silent comics. But the film, shot almost entirely in Riverside, California's, rococo Mission Inn, does capture the feel of a very special time and place with unusual sensitivity.

So, for that matter, does Bob Fosse's compelling screen version of *Lenny*, with Dustin Hoffman not so much impersonating as *being* the foulmouthed, quick-witted and ultimately tragic Lenny Bruce, and Valerie Perrine, in an incandescent performance, touchingly vulnerable as Honey, the night-club stripper he married, then nearly destroyed by turning her on to drugs. Typically for current films, the sex scenes in *Lenny* (including one in which Lenny, in bed with Honey and another girl, slowly turns the threesome into a lesbian duo, with himself as interested spectator) are vividly laid out; but since none of this is ever presented with the explicitness of hard-core porno, the film is rated R. The irony of *Lenny* is that the Julian Barry screenplay reproduces verbatim many of Bruce's scatological night-club monologs—the very ones that got him busted back in the Sixties for "talking dirty." The same words that caused Bruce to be hounded by the authorities and to squander his fortune on vain legal maneuvers to stay out of jail can now be heard by any child in any moviehouse, provided he or she is there with an "accompanying parent or adult guardian." Lenny Bruce, the film implies, did not die in vain. By re-creating vividly (and in glossy black and white) not only the look but also the repressive temper of Bruce's era, *Lenny* serves as a

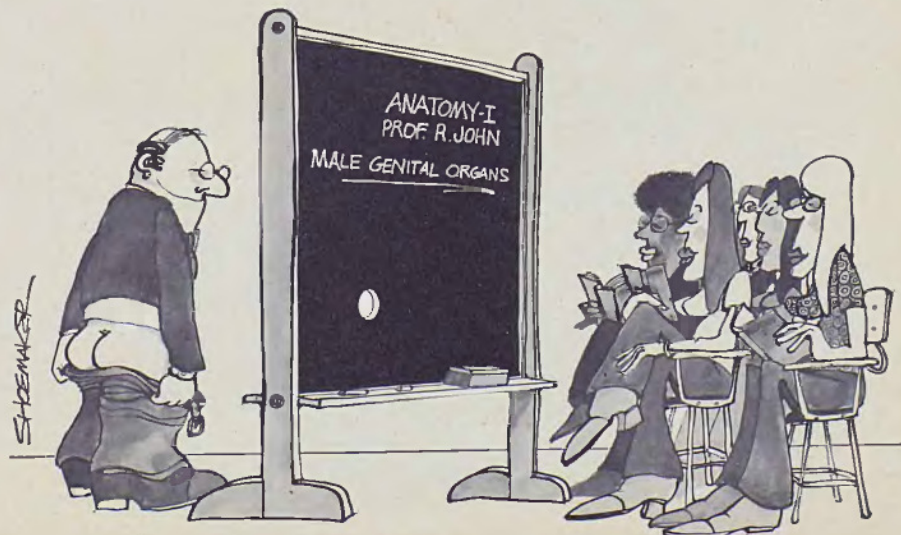
salutary reminder of how far we have come in little more than a decade.

Three films from the past year (two of them American, one Swedish) afford promise that women, too, have come if not the long way, baby, promised by the cigarette ads, at least some distance along the road to recognition as fully dimensional human beings, with sexuality one of those dimensions.

Probably no movie has more clearly documented the plight of the fairly intelligent, reasonably informed and wholly cowed housewife than John Cassavetes' *A Woman Under the Influence*. Although the title suggests booze or drugs, the actuality is far more pernicious. She is under the influence of what George Bernard Shaw once described as "middle-class morality"—being a good wife and a greater lover to her blue-collar husband (Peter Falk), a combination of mother and scout leader to their kids, a gleaming vessel of respectability to all her relatives and a jolly good fellow to all hubby's pals. She breaks vividly, understandably under the strain of multiple role playing. Gena Rowlands, in certainly the most complex and demanding female characterization since the halcyon days of Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn, fully earned her Academy Award nomination.

The Oscar was won by Ellen Burstyn for her skillful realization of another moving female role, in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore* (directed by Martin Scorsese, of *Mean Streets* fame). Alice is the widow of a yahoo truck driver, a man who liked his meals on time and a quick snatch of sex—and, please, no conversation—before rolling off to sleep. Stranded in New Mexico with a 12-year-old kid and virtually no money, the woman, child in tow, sets off for California with the vain hope of resuming her career as a piano-bar singer. Even she admits she was never very good at it, and eventually

(continued on page 190)



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



COMING CLEAN

What's the only penis in the world that gets smaller when you rub it? Why, it's a penis made of soap, naturally (or unnaturally)—though, as the manufacturer suggests, one can forestall erosion by slipping the thing into a rubber. (We can't imagine what they have in mind.) Our point of reference is the seven-inch Penis Soap-on-a-Rope, available for \$6 (in honkie flesh tones or black) from Aleph Enterprises, P.O. Box 10343-P, Palo Alto, California 94303. This simulated sex organ is very mild, organic and honeysuckle scented. (Sorry, but the seven-inch version is the only one available at this time.) As for the rope—well, that's to keep the soap from slipping down the drain or God knows where. Something to think about the next time you have to wait for your date to finish showering.

YOU GOTTA BELIZE

If your idea of an exotic adventure is the jungle boat cruise at Disneyland, let us introduce Belize (formerly British Honduras), the lovely wedge of tropical flora and deserted beaches that lies adjacent to Mexico and Guatemala. This land that tourism seems to have forgotten is just being discovered by us *gringos*, not only as an escapist haven but also for such spectacular wonders as the largest barrier reef this side of Australia. Leading the exodus to Belize is Hanns Ebensten Travel, at 55 West 42nd Street in Manhattan; its exclusive tours include a two-week Discover Belize cruise aboard the 12-passenger British schooner Golden Cachalot and bookings at several remote resorts, Hotel El Pescador on Ambergris Cay, just off the coast, and the Blancaneaux Lodge, 1600 feet up in an area that—would you Belize?—has been compared to Switzerland.



GOLDEN OLDIES

Americana, as we all know, is anything you now consider to be junk that, if held on to for 50 years, will probably draw a whammo price. And if you want to tap the mother lode of campy Americana—ad trinkets, political buttons, Big-Little books, etc.—send a buck to Hakk's Americana & Collectibles, 1753 Westwood Road, York, Pennsylvania, for its latest catalog. It includes items to be sold as well as auctioned by mail-order bid. Your wallet's never going to be the same.



23 KAZOO!

For all you jokers who want to be one step ahead of the boys in the lampshades this New Year's Eve, here's the perfect solution: a 24-kt. gold-plated kazoo. Put out by Propinquity (8915 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California), the thing really works (if you're still sober enough to hum into it) and sells for a mere \$5.65, postpaid. If that doesn't loosen everyone up, try goosing the host's old lady.



RIKKI-TIKKI-TACKY

The sun most definitely has set on the British Empire's more exotic outposts, but you can bet your sola topee that there are still ample oddball souvenirs available. Here's one: Sarco, Inc., 192 Central Avenue, Stirling, New Jersey, is selling, for only \$74.50 plus shipping, a pair of stuffed and mounted cobras caught in a fleeting moment of mortal combat with their natural enemy, the mongoose. Or there's a one mongoose-one cobra mount for \$59.50. If your girl is still around after she gets a look at them, you're a better man than we are, Gunga Din.

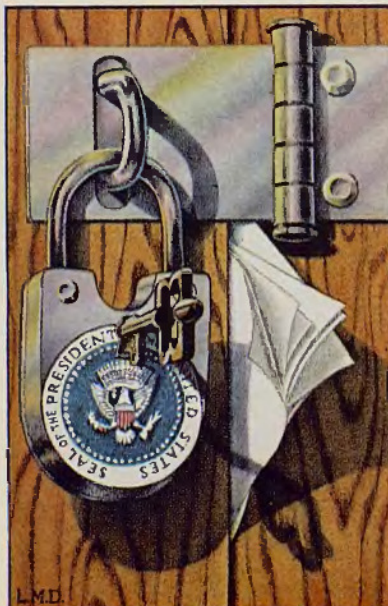
GREAT RED HUNTER

We don't know how many Red Chinese have ever been to darkest A, but one thing that nation's currently doing chop-chop is turning out inexpensive exact-detail copies of the ever-popular safari jacket. And by inexpensive, we're talking about \$15, postage paid, for guaranteed-to-shrink-and-fade, all-cotton, in khaki, green or white, and in men's or women's small, medium and large sizes. P. J.'s, Box 4430, Sunnyside Station, Long Island City, New York, is the place to send your money. At this price, we can think of a few local manufacturers it's going to turn red.



GET LOST!

So you thought Big Government was a sneaky operation. Buddy, you don't know the half of it, according to *Refusals by the Executive Branch to Provide Information to the Congress 1964-73*, a hefty tome available for \$7.20 from the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. 20402. If the title sounds dry, the contents—"a full range of devices, subterfuges, preposterous extensions and assumptions of authority and outright evasiveness used by the bureaucracy to thwart the Congress," in the words of ex-Senator Sam Ervin—are anything but.



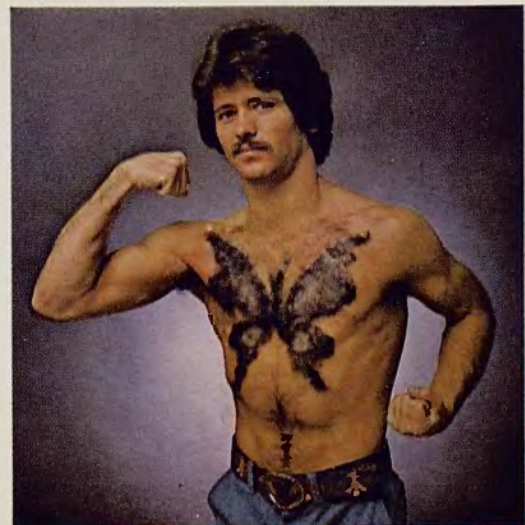
PINBALLS TO YOU

Suspicious confirmed: Old pinball games, jukeboxes and miscellaneous arcade oddities never die, they end up in the voluminous inventory of a Peoria, Illinois, firm named Amusements Unlimited at 1301 West Columbia Terrace. Amusements' ever-changing list is a child's garden of mechanical delights, with dozens of reconditioned Bally, Williams and Gottlieb pinballs available, along with such curiosities as a Smiling Sam Voo Doo Man for \$200 and a Nudist Colony Peep Show (\$100) that converts to an ant farm. Golly, Hiram, let's get two. Tilt.



CURING COLD CHESTS

With the *macho*, open-shirt look apparently here to stay, what's a fellow to do when his upper torso resembles Telly Savalas' head? Well, you might try Eldorado for Men, a synthetic-chest-wig manufacturer at 3301-07 Eastern Avenue, Baltimore 21224. Eldorado's body rugs come in five styles, from bats to butterflies, with prices ranging from \$60 to \$150. The same folks also make a line of synthetic merkins. And no jokes about playing on the artificial turf.



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(continued from page 187)

she becomes a waitress in a Tucson hash house. There she's discovered by rancher Kris Kristofferson, who happens along and, after his fashion, woos her. But when he starts slapping her kid around (a treatment that, incidentally, the kid richly deserves), Alice draws the line. The woman is beginning to have some sense of her own identity and of what she wants out of life. And when she finally accepts the rancher as a prospective husband, it is on her terms, not his.

A number of critics have complained about this finale, some (mostly male) seriously doubting that the Kristofferson character could have been brought so readily to heel, others (mostly female) feeling that Alice's eagerness to remarry is a kind of sellout. Nevertheless, the film did extremely well at the box office—giving its audiences an opportunity to concern themselves with the fate of a woman fast approaching middle age, encumbered with a bratty child, abused by the men in her life, yet bravely reaching out toward her own form of self-determination. The most talked-about sequence in the film is, again, notable for its salty dialog. It's a session of dirty-mouthed girl talk between Alice and a fellow waitress (Diane Ladd) that takes place in the ladies' washroom of the diner. Out of this scene came not only Burstyn's Oscar but a Best Supporting Actress nomination for Ladd, in a sure indication that at least some few out there knew what the girls were talking about.

It remained, however, for Sweden's oft-married Ingmar Bergman to make, in *Scenes from a Marriage*, the definitive statement about wedlock as an institution and what it does to the people institutionalized thereby. At the film's opening, the ten-year marriage of Marianne (Liv Ullmann) and Johan (Erland Josephson) has already begun to fall apart. To him, the union is nothing more than a comfortable rut. She, a successful divorce lawyer, resents catering to her husband's thoughtless whims—being more mother than wife. One day, abruptly, Johan tells Marianne he is leaving for Paris, accompanied by a 23-year-old with whom he has been having an affair. Divorce ensues, followed by second marriages—and more affairs—for both. The finale finds Marianne and Johan once more in bed together. Although legally joined to others, they seem more genuinely in love than at any time in their own marriage. It is the institution, Bergman appears to be saying, that stifles love; only outside the relationship are the partners able to look at each other with understanding and insight. In *Scenes from a Marriage*, this is particularly true of the woman, who, once freed of the chores of domesticity, radiates the strength and quiet assurance of a person wholly in control of her own destiny.

Most films of 1975 are less successful

in their treatment of the emerging woman. *Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York*, loosely based on Gail Parent's best seller, describes a girl (Jeannie Berlin) who chooses to make it on her own in Manhattan, without the assistance of her well-to-do Harrisburg family. No sooner is she installed in her own walk-up, with a swinging roommate and a lesbian neighbor, than she succumbs to the charms of Roy Scheider at a singles bar. For Scheider, it's a one-night stand; for Sheila, it's the real thing. And for the rest of the film, this supposedly liberated girl is seen making herself over into a suitably sexy lure for the man of her dreams—who just happens to be a doctor, or the man of every Jewish mother's dreams. In George C. Scott's ill-fated independent production, *The Savage Is Loose*, the story of a shipwrecked family on a tropic isle, the wife and mother, lovely Trish Van Devere, is clearly intended to epitomize all that is best in womanhood. She's strong and supportive and has a mind of her own. But by the film's climax (which won the film an R rating, hotly contested by Scott), she has been reduced to a sex object for both her husband and her now-grown son.

The Stepford Wives, a glossily mounted horror story, has a still worse end in store for its female characters. The principal one, doc-eyed Katharine Ross, removes herself with her family from the perils of Manhattan to the exurban charms of Stepford, Connecticut, where life seemingly can be beautiful. Certainly, most of the *wives* she meets are beautiful—and dutiful and dull. When her best friend, a vivacious freethinker (Paula Prentiss), suddenly turns into a platitudinous robot, mouthing the same TV-commercial homilies as all the other Stepford wives, Ross becomes frightened. And rightly so. It seems that the males of Stepford, chauvinist pigs all, have discovered a process for turning their wives into literal living dolls.

Other films treat women not precisely as robots but certainly as stereotypes. In *Bite the Bullet*, apart from a briefly glimpsed Mexican wife and mother, every woman in the film—including, improbably enough, Candice Bergen—is either a madam or a whore. The girls in *Shampoo* are all eagerly on the make, either for Beatty or for someone wealthier than he, but preferably both. As is *de rigueur* for Clint Eastwood movies, each of the females in *The Eiger Sanction*—Vonetta McGee, Heidi Bruhl, Brenda Venus and a whole classroomful of pulchritudinous art majors—can hardly wait to spread her legs whenever Clint so much as casts a glance in her direction. The heroine (Stockard Channing) of Mike Nichols' *The Fortune* is a sap, a sanitary-napkin heiress who runs off with two con men—Beatty (again) and

Jack Nicholson—who are almost as dumb as she is. In *Smile*, an often hilarious put-down of American beauty contests, the numerous contestants—shepherded by former contest winner Barbara Feldon—are depicted as shallow, superficial, spiteful and, above all else, manipulatable. In *Jacqueline Susann's Once Is Not Enough*, Alexis Smith, "the fifth-richest woman in the world," acquires Kirk Douglas as a beard for her long-standing relationship with reclusive actress Melina Mercouri, then tries to marry Douglas' nubile daughter January (newcomer Deborah Raffin) off to wealthy socialite George Hamilton, in whom she fears Mercouri may be growing interested. As for January, she has a father fixation, which causes her to attach herself to a Hemingwayesque, Pulitzer Prize-winning author (David Janssen) who happens to be impotent. Vivacious Brenda Vaccaro steals this film (the rap, at worst, should be petty larceny) with a snapping performance as the man-hungry editor of a fashion magazine who makes her way up fortune's ladder on her back.

Mercifully, the cycle of blaxploitation pictures seems to have run out of steam in 1975. Not only is the quantity down but also, though one would scarcely have thought it possible, the quality. A new low was established by *The Black Gestapo*, which, in depicting actor Charles P. Robinson's rise to power in a kind of Black Panther organization, loses no opportunity to display the most sickening forms of sadomasochistic violence, including a horrifyingly explicit castration sequence. Once in command, Robinson uses his "People's Army" to exploit the local brothels and drug traffickers precisely as had his white gangster predecessors.

Violence was again central to the development of the Hong Kong-based *Cleopatra Jones* and *the Casino of Gold*—although this, at least, could boast the statuesque Tamara Dobson—a superb athlete as well as a superb looker—combating the evil minions of "Dragon Lady" Stella Stevens. Violence, rather than sex, also dominates the footage of *Sheba, Baby*, which seems a waste, considering that Sheba is the luscious and shapely Pam Grier, whom more than one critic has described as "the black Raquel Welch." In this movie, while covering her victim with a silver .38, she simply kicks the shit out of anyone who tries to get near her.

But this tough-momma image seems to be confined pretty much to the black lovelies onscreen. What used to be called the fairer sex will still be the weaker one in the future—at least in the future limned by Norman Jewison in *Rollerball*. By the dawn of the next century, the film suggests, women will all be beautiful in the very special, cool way of *Vogue* fashion models. As Penelope Gilliatt noted of these women in her *New Yorker* review, they serve as



"Institute of Sexual Therapy? About this surrogate wife you assigned to me. . . ."

"continuous-smile receptionists or as computer attendants, and the posts have obviously been won for them by the whiteness of their teeth. Never were so many capped teeth together in one movie."

Comedy, not one of 1975's strong points, brought us an icily evil Faye Dunaway and a beautiful but bumbling Raquel Welch in *The Four Musketeers*. Woody Allen's sophisticated farce *Love and Death* features lovely Diane Keaton, his favorite straight person, as a coldhearted Russian peasant girl who maneuvers him before one of Napoleon's firing squads. Also in the cast is gorgeous Olga Georges-Picot, as a nymphomaniac countess who lures the susceptible Allen into her bed, full knowing that the consequences will be a deadly (for Allen) duel on the morrow. The Mel Brooks-Gene Wilder screenplay for *Young Frankenstein* calls for Teri Garr to play the good doctor's sexy assistant as if she were Harry Reems's nurse in *Deep Throat*, with the same depth of characterization, if fewer of the sex-clinical details. Nor does the script do justice to the talents of Madeline Kahn, who has to be the best comedienne since Judy Holliday; it gave her little to do but react. In Boston, members of the National Organization for Women picketed *Young Frankenstein*, protesting the fact that Kahn seemed to enjoy being raped by Dr. Frankenstein's larger-than-life-sized monster (Peter Boyle) at the film's—and presumably the monster's—climax.

When an interest in women's rights slipped over into the field of the sex-ploitation movie, it was not so much understood as utilized. There it provided a handy hook on which to hang sexual displays with "redeeming social value," in the currently popular legal phrase. Take *Linda Lovelace for President*, for example. "She does for politics what she did for sex," reads the ambiguous tag line in the film's ad campaign; but where the mere idea of a woman's stumping for the nation's highest office might have shocked an earlier generation, any objections raised to Linda's campaign are clearly directed at its unorthodox methods. And then there is Carlos Tobalina's ambitious, two-hour-long *Marilyn and the Senator* (which has absolutely nothing to do with either *that* Marilyn or *that* Senator). As is increasingly the case in the skin-flick trade, the film concerns a strong-minded woman (here, CIA agent Nina Fause) using whatever means are at her disposal to get precisely what she wants. In this instance, it's wealthy Senator William Margold, who is married to attractive Heather Leigh, who keeps an eye on her husband's philanderings through closed-circuit television.

Probably the most successful explicitly sexual American film of the year, however, is Radley Metzger's *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*, dealing with

the activities of a bored housewife (Barbara Bourbon) who's rebelling against her work-obsessed husband. What she doesn't know is that her husband is equally obsessed with sex and spends his evenings viewing films of her dalliances. Marital bliss comes when they begin viewing—and performing—together. (Metzger, one of the most tasteful directors of sexploitation films, had eschewed such triple-X fare until last year, when he "heated up" *Score* after its disappointing initial engagements in a softer version. He directed *Pamela* under the pseudonym Henry Paris, lifting the veil only after it and his subsequent *Naked Came the Stranger*, based on the literary hoax by "Penelope Ashe," became runaway hits.)

Russ Meyer, another sex-film pioneer—his *The Immoral Mr. Teas* dates from 1959—has never been reticent when it comes to having his name attached to his movies, preferably above the title. His ad copy for his latest, *Supervixens*, reads in part: "An all-out assault on today's sexual mores; and more . . . a frontal attack against women's lib . . . blasting through the male *machismo* syndrome . . . kicking the hell out of convention, hang-ups, convictions, obsessions. The whole bag . . . cops, robbers, sexually aggressive females, rednecks, sick men of war, unfaithful wives, impotence, athletic prowess, the 32-second orgasm, momism, cuckoldling, breast fixation *vs.* fellatio . . . even death and reincarnation! And," the ad breathlessly concludes, "seven incredible broads!" If the blurb sounds slightly excessive, the film is even more so—the sexiest, goriest and in many ways the funniest movie Meyer has ever made.

The year 1975 brought us not one but three movies based on the life and times of Xaviera Hollander, Holland's noted exponent of piece (for pay) in our time. *The Happy Hooker*, with Lynn Redgrave in the title role, was well summarized by *Variety's* Sege, who termed it an "R-rated treatment of Xaviera Hollander's X-rated antics." Xaviera herself appears in a second R-rated movie, *My Pleasure Is My Business*. Far less tame is Larry G. Spangler's *The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander*, which Manhattan Civil Court Judge Louis Kaplan, in ordering the print destroyed, described as "80 to 90 percent explicit sex."

There are indications, however, that the era of porno chic is just about over. A few films—like last year's *Memories Within Miss Aggie*—may break through to the \$1,000,000-plus big time, but with neither the regularity nor the spectacular grosses of only two years ago. There are now approximately 2250 houses (out of about 18,000) that will still book X-rated merchandise; fewer still will do so if there is any suggestion that the picture might be hard-core. What the exhibitors look for are those breakthrough films, the successors to *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*, that will reach beyond the

habitual fans, those men carrying raincoats, and catapult the film into the stratosphere of multimillion-dollar profits. *Pamela Mann*, *Sometime Sweet Susan*, the Mitchell brothers' costly *Sodom and Gomorrah* just might make it; but the general public's curiosity about X-rated merchandise seems to have been sated. Audiences can no longer be wooed merely by the quantity or variety of sexual acts on the screen; by this time, the average adult has seen them all several times. And although the young people who are willing to play in the pornos are growing more attractive all the time, very few producers know or care much about quality. Today, so many porno pics are being ground out that the market is undergoing a recession much deeper than that affecting the economy at large.

Under those circumstances, there was considerable raising of eyebrows within the industry when Columbia Pictures, which had never before handled an X-rated movie, undertook the distribution of the French box-office hit *Emmanuelle*. Although soft-core (as are most French sex films), *Emmanuelle* definitely deserves its X—a fact that Columbia cannily exploited in its advertising campaign with the catch phrase "X was never like this." Perhaps it wasn't, though the film's rambling tale of the sexual awakening of the young wife of a French diplomat, conducted chiefly under the auspices of an aging sensualist, includes—in addition to almost incessant nudity—such staples of the sex-ploitation field as lesbianism, masturbation, cunnilingus and just plain fucking. There is even a night-club sequence in which a performer—despite, one might suppose, warnings from the Surgeon General—engages in vaginal cigarette puffing. But because the girls in the movie radiate fashion-magazine good looks and the photography (mainly on location in Bangkok) is exceptionally lush, Columbia felt free to state in its ads, "It's the first film of its kind that lets you feel good without feeling bad."

It was, apparently, a gamble that paid off. By booking the film into art houses rather than regulation porno palaces, and by emphasizing that the film is erotic rather than explicit, Columbia succeeded in luring to the theaters a wide cross section of customers—including women—who wouldn't be found dead within ten miles of a hard-core feature. In its first six months of national distribution, according to Columbia president David Begelman, *Emmanuelle* grossed approximately \$8,500,000; the end is still nowhere in sight.

Actually, scores of relatively well-made soft-core pornos are turning up in Paris these days. They account for fully 40 percent of the entire market, and there's every possibility that this figure will go up if, as is anticipated, hard-core—"stiff," the French call it—is permitted. After Alex deRenzy's compilation of old stag reels,



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A History of the Blue Movie, opened in four Paris theaters toward the end of April, distributors were reportedly stocking up on such American entries as *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *Behind the Green Door* and, of course, *Deep Throat*. Meanwhile, as outlined by Bruce Williamson in *Sex in Cinema—French Style* (PLAYBOY, June), France's film makers themselves have been far from idle. Just Jaeckin, the former fashion photographer who directed *Emmanuelle*, has followed with an adaptation of the classic, long-banned sex novel *Story of O*, with Corinne Cléry as the subjugated heroine and Udo Kier (cast by Paul Morrissey in the Andy Warhol retellings of the *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* classics) as her perverted captor. And the delectable *Emmanuelle*, Sylvia Kristel, not only appears opposite Jean-Louis Trintignant in *Playing with Fire*, an Alain Robbe-Grillet concoction about a white-slave gang operating out of a classy bordello that caters to the sadomasochistic trade, but also recently completed *Anti-Virgin*, a film continuing the initiation of the insatiable *Emmanuelle* into the wonders and varieties of sex.

Roger Vadim, to whom sex and celluloid are practically synonymous, re-creates in *Charlotte* (formerly titled *The Murdered Young Girl*) the events leading up to a thrill killing in which the murderer strangles the girl, tears her eyes out, then makes love to the corpse. As an added fillip, if one were needed, Vadim provides a sequence in which Sirpa Lane tenderly wraps her lover's penis in ropes of pearls and diamonds. Still in production at this writing is *Spermula*, with its intriguing promotional teaser, "Not all female vampires live on blood alone"—and the added realism of perfume sprays ejected into the auditorium at strategic moments.

French film makers, as if sucking on an aching tooth, seem to be returning increasingly to the sad events of World War Two. The best-known example in the U. S. is *Lacombe, Lucien* (superbly directed by Louis Malle), which traces the transformation of a slow-witted peasant boy (Pierre Blaise) into a Nazi bully who blackmails his way into the bed of a patrician Jewish tailor's daughter.

The Germans have their *Adolf Hitler*, a documentary supposedly put together out of newsreels and hitherto unseen footage culled from archives of the SS. Both Hitler and his wife of record, Eva Braun, are shown cavorting in the altogether. According to film maker Ludwig Kersch, the SS, ever vigilant, had placed secret cameras in the walls of Berchtesgaden, Göring's Karin hall and other spots frequented by top Nazi officials. Despite denazification, German governmental figures took a dim view of Herr Kersch's exposé, charging improper invasion of privacy. At last report, *Adolf Hitler* had yet to be seen either in or outside Germany.

What can be seen is *Might Makes*

Right, a new work by Germany's prodigiously talented and prolific Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A kind of German Peter Bogdanovich, Fassbinder at 30 has managed to make 30 pictures while functioning as a part-time critic on the side. In *Might Makes Right*, a study of German gays, he also plays the lead—a young man from the working class who uses his sexual proclivities to better himself socially. Completely free of any sensationalism or explicit love scenes, the film is remarkable in its suggestion of, if we may use the term, a gay-community pecking order as rigid and class-conscious as that of conventional society itself.

Thanks to a liberalization of the German censorship laws in November of 1974, Germans may now see pictures that are considerably rougher than those of a year ago. A peculiar aspect of the new ruling, however, is its insistence that hardcore pornography cannot be shown for profit. To dodge this, a new theater chain, known as Pam, has sprung up since the first of the year. Admission is free, but patrons are expected to buy beer and schnapps while watching the movies. Incidentally, pornography, by German definition, includes not only sexually explicit films but also those featuring sadomasochistic violence. *Death Wish*, with Charles Bronson, barely made it past the German censors.

Italy also seems to be on the verge of liberalizing its censor regulations, although films like *Last Tango in Paris* remain under ban. During 1974, however, such soft-core imports as *Flesh Gordon*, *Deep Throat II* and *Emmanuelle* were admitted—and paid off handsomely. With these films as precedents, Italian producers have been emboldened to go and do likewise. As we go to press, Linda Lovelace is in Rome preparing to co-star in *Laure* with *Emmanuelle* Arsan, the author of *Emmanuelle*, who will also write and direct the new venture. *Black Emmanuelle* is also before the cameras; while Pier Paolo Pasolini, whose earlier films include *Decameron*, *The Canterbury Tales* and *1001 Arabian Nights*, currently has in production *Salo or the 120 Days of the City of Sodom*, based on a work by the Marquis de Sade updated to the final weeks of Mussolini's dictatorship.

To reach the profitable international market, Italian producers have taken increasingly to supplementing home-grown talent with well-known names from abroad. Luchino Visconti's *Conversation Piece*, co-starring our own Burt Lancaster with Italian actress Silvana Mangano and Germany's Helmut Berger, features guest appearances by France's Dominique Sanda and Italy's Claudia Cardinale. Lancaster plays an American professor, living alone in Rome, whose privacy is invaded when a countess (Mangano) insists on renting his upstairs apartment for her lover (Berger). In *Woman and Lover*, Joe Dallesandro, the favorite

stud in Andy Warhol's extensive stable, plays (in his usual deadpan style) a terrorist who seduces a farmer's wife, delighting her with the greatest orgasm she has ever known. Catherine Deneuve, Fernando Rey, Tina Aumont and Giancarlo Giannini top the cosmopolitan cast of *Drama of the Rich*, based on a genuine *crime passionnel* that rocked Italy at the turn of the century.

The year's best-known instance of internationalism, Italian style, is Michelangelo Antonioni's *The Passenger*, which Carlo Ponti produced for MGM—without a single Italian in the cast! Jack Nicholson stars as a frustrated reporter who assumes the identity of a dead British salesman and sets out to savor a new existence. The salesman, it develops, had actually been trafficking in guns for Third World revolutionaries, and Nicholson soon finds himself being hounded all over Europe by secret agents, security officers and his estranged wife, who wants to know how he died. Accompanying Nicholson on his travels is the shapely Maria (Last Tango) Schneider, a casual pickup with a taste for adventure. Unfortunately, most critics agreed, this hybrid has neither the pace of American movies nor the warmth of the Italians at their best.

No such problems beset Ken Russell's British-based production of the rock opera *Tommy*, which boasts a huge transatlantic cast headed by Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, Tina Turner, Jack Nicholson (again) and top rock stars Roger Daltrey, Elton John, Eric Clapton and Keith Moon. Russell, as always, underscores the erotic in this musical odyssey of a young man (Daltrey) who is psychologically maimed in childhood by the shock of witnessing his father's murder at the hands of his mother's lover. Reed, the brutally domineering lover, oozes a swaggering virility that makes credible the total submission of Tommy's mother (Ann-Margret), while Ann-Margret herself strips off the veneer of conventional morality in the most uninhibitedly sensuous performance of her career—rivaled here only by Turner's glittery, seductive incarnation as the Acid Queen.

Perhaps the most ambitious all-British picture of the year is Ken Hughes's adaptation of *Alfie Darling*, with rock singer Alan Price taking over the title role so memorably—too memorably, in fact—created by Michael Caine almost a decade ago. Caine's insouciant portrait of a conscienceless heel-hero made it easy to understand why every bird was ready to tumble into his nest. Price, playing a lecherous truck driver, comes on so strong that one can scarcely empathize with any chick—and there are many, notably career girl Jill Townsend—who falls for his line. Despite a conscious effort to update the material by having Price's pal, Paul Copley, marry a black girl, *Alfie Darling* is never so appealingly with it as was its predecessor.

For the most part, in fact, sex in British films has degenerated from the high style exhibited by the original *Alfie*, *O Lucky Man* and *A Clockwork Orange* to the standardized clichés of low-budgeted comedies like *Confessions of a Window Cleaner* or horror films like *Vampyres... Daughters of Dracula*, featuring statuesque Marianne Morris and the sultry Anulka Dziubinska (PLAYBOY's Miss May 1973) as a pair of lesbian descendants of the bloodthirsty count. Still to come (or still promised, at any rate) around Christmastime is Stanley Kubrick's long-awaited production of *Barry Lyndon*, starring Ryan O'Neal. Begun over two years ago for Warner Bros., *Barry Lyndon* will probably serve to remind us of what British coproductions used to be.

Random samplings from many nations—Australia, Belgium, Canada, Greece and Holland are good examples—would indicate that the sexual content of their films in 1975 approximates that of our own in 1969–1970. They have grown bolder, nuder, more explicit in language—though still not hard-core. Early this year, censors in Quebec became the center of a curious *cause célèbre* when an actor, Donald Lautrec, held up the release of a movie titled *The Apple, the Stem, and the Pits* because its producers had cut in a shot of a zucchini to represent the male organ at a climactic moment. Lautrec protested that his own organ

should have been pictured. When, subsequently, it was, the Quebec censors held up the film even though they had already passed two other less well-publicized movies in which the penis is displayed *in erecto*.

Here in the United States, the scene is equally confusing. Although the Supreme Court has handed down several stern antipornography decisions (always, interestingly, by a five-to-four vote), it has to date avoided writing into law anything that might *define* what is and what is not pornographic. While the FBI was redoubling its efforts to prosecute those who shipped reputedly obscene movies across state lines, the Justice Department refused a request for \$116,000 to fund, at California Lutheran College, the National Legal Data Center—an organization created to expedite prosecution of obscenity cases. Boston's zoning commission approved a two-block area on lower Washington Street where adult-movie theaters, porno bookstores and peep shows could operate unmolested; but in Chicago and Albuquerque, five adult-movie houses were wracked by bomb blasts; and in Los Angeles, an ancient Red Light Abatement Act was revived to fight the smut menace.

Clearly, at this point, the American public is ambivalent about the degree of sexuality it wants to see on the screen. For some, anything is too much; for

others, too much is not enough. It is a debate that is bound to continue, especially if Americans become aware of the hidden costs of an ongoing prosecution of sex in the cinema. How many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in the innumerable (and generally unsuccessful) attempts to bust *Deep Throat*, not to mention dozens of other, less notorious pictures that go to trial nearly every day all over the country? How many hours a week does the local constabulary spend in moviehouses (often at the behest of an ambitious D.A.), trying to determine whether or not a movie is obscene, instead of sallying forth to combat crime on the streets? How many FBI agents have been detailed to entrap distributors of eight-millimeter stag reels, posing as small-town collectors so that the ensuing trials can be held in communities presumably less amenable to such material than New York, Los Angeles or San Francisco? And how much are these trials costing, in prosecutors' salaries, witness fees and per-diem payments to jurors?

We may never add up the total bill laid on our doorstep in this all-out assault against an ill-defined crime, but one might well ask: How much does today's hard-pressed taxpayer want to spend to have someone else tell him what he can see at the movies?



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FLASHMAN

(continued from page 102)

"She wouldn't betray 'em, never!" says I emphatically.

Rose stared at me in disappointment. "I can't credit that. She ain't European royalty, you know! These black rulers don't care a snuff for their subjects. We have nothing to lose by trying, at any rate." He tapped the table, grinning at me, bursting with his own cleverness. "Flashman, didn't I say that you were our trump card? You're one of the few men who can get inside Jhansi and into her presence as a native—with no one the wiser!" He sat back and laughed. "What d'ye think they're calling you down in Bombay these days? The Pall Mall Pathan!"

There are times when you know it absolutely ain't worth struggling any longer. Rose was just the most recent in a long line of enthusiastic madmen who, at one time or another, had declared that I was just the chap they were looking for to undertake some ghastly adventure. I made one more feeble excuse by pointing out that I no longer had a beard, but Rose brushed that aside as unimportant, poured me another brandy and began to elaborate his idiot plan.

Lakshimibai was to make her escape through the Orcha gate at the very height of our attack, he said, and added, "But you must say nothing about that gate until she has accepted the offer. If she does refuse our plan—well, she may still be tempted to use a bolt hole in the last resort. So we shall nab her anyway," he concluded smugly.

"And if she *does* refuse?"

"My guess," he said airily, "is that she'll try to keep you as a hostage. Anyway," says he, clapping me on the arm, "I know you've never counted risk yet—I saw you at Balaclava charging with the Heavies and going in with the Lights as well!" And, do you know, he actually sat laughing at me in admiration? It would have turned your stomach.

So there I sat and punished the brandy while I tried to balance the odds in my mind. I remembered our night in the pavilion and I thought, No, she wouldn't do me any harm. And yet, there was the Jhansi massacre—how deep had she been in that? Who knew what went on in the Indian mind? Was she as cruel and treacherous as the rest of them? I couldn't say—but I'd find out when I came face to face with her. And, just for an instant, I felt a leap of eagerness in my chest at the thought of seeing her once more.

I'll say this for Hugh Rose—along with his fiendish ingenuity for dreaming up dangers for me, he had a formidable talent for organisation. It took him a good 30 seconds to dream up a fool-proof way of getting me safe inside the city. I would have the next day to prepare my disguise with skin dye and the

rest, and the following night he would lose a squadron of Hyderabad cavalry in a sudden raid on the breach in the wall. They would create a hell of a row and then withdraw in good order, leaving behind in the rubble one native badmash of unsavoury appearance: to wit, Colonel Flashman, late of the 17th Lancers and the General Staff. I was to lie low for a half hour, it seemed, and after that, all I had to do was tool up the streets to the palace and knock on the door, like Barnacle Bill.

Thus it was I found myself, attired in a filthy Third Cavalry uniform, with the Hyderabad troopers round me in the gloom, Rose clasping my hand; then the whispered order, the slow, muffled advance, with only the snorting of the horses and the creak of leather to mark our passing towards that looming, distant wall. Behind it was the dull, crimson glow of the city and the broad gap in the wall where the watch fires twinkled and a few silhouettes moved to and fro.

Far away to our left, the night batteries were firing as a diversion. Even through my genuine funk, I could feel that strange tremour of excitement every horse soldier knows as the squadrons move forward silently in the gloom, slowly and ponderously, bump-bump-bump at the walk, knee to knee, one hand on the bridle, t'other on the hilt of the lamplacked sabre, ears straining for the first cry of alarm. How often I'd known it and been terrified!

The crack of a rifle, a distant yell and then the thunderous roar of the rissaldar, "Aye-hee! Squah-drahn—charge!" The dark mass on either side seemed to leap forward, and then I was thundering along, flat down against my pony's flanks, as we tore across the last furlong. The Hyderabadis screamed like fury as they spread out, except for the four who remained bunched ahead and on either side of me as a protective screen. Beyond them, I could see the smoky fires in the breach, a rubble-strewn gap 100 yards wide with a crazy barricade across it; pin points of flame were spotting the gloom and shots whistled overhead. Then the first riders were jumping the barricade, sabres swinging. My front gallopers swerved in among the jumble of fallen masonry, howling like dervishes; I saw one of them sabre down a pandy who thrust at him with musket and bayonet and another rode slap into a big, white-dhotied fellow who was springing at him with a spear.

I jerked my beast's head round and, scrambling over stones and plaster, made for the shadows on my right just as two Hyderabadis surged past me. Under their cover, I managed to reach the lee of a ruined house while the clash of steel, the crack of musketry and the yells sounded behind me. Close by the house,

there was a tangle of bushes and I rolled neatly out of the saddle, crawled frantically under them and lay there, panting.

I'd dropped my sabre, but I had a stout knife in my boot and a revolver at my waist under my shirt. I waited for three or four minutes while the pandemonium continued. Then it died down to a babble of insults and a few shots directed at our retreating cavalry as comparative peace descended on that small corner of Jhansi. So far, so good—but, as some clever lad once said, we hadn't gone very far.

About a quarter of an hour later, I burrowed through the bushes and found myself in a narrow lane. At the corner was a watch fire with a few pandies and bazaar wallahs round it; I ambled past them, exchanging a greeting, and they didn't do more than give me an idle glance. Two minutes later, I was in the bazaar, buying a chapatty and chilli and agreeing with the booth wallah that if the *sahib-log* couldn't do better than the feeble skirmish just now at the breach, they'd never take Jhansi.

Although it was three in the morning, the narrow streets were as busy as if it had been noon. There were troops on the move everywhere—rebels of the 12th Native Infantry, regulars of the Rani's Mahratta army, Bhil soldiers of fortune and armed tribesmen with spiked helmets, long swords, round shields and every sort of firearm from Miniés to matchlocks. There were many townsfolk about, too, and the booths seemed to be doing a roaring trade. There was no sign of unease, as you might have expected; rather, a sense of excitement and bustle.

I fell into conversation with the booth wallah, remarking that it seemed we were holding the English very well, and finally got round to saying, "There is talk that the Rani holds a great council in the fort tonight; have you heard?"

"She did not invite me," says he sarcastically. "Nor, strangely enough, did she offer me her palace when she left it. That will be three pice, soldier."

I paid him, having learned what I wanted to know, and took the streets that led up to the fort, my knees getting shakier at each step. I reminded myself that she could hardly show violence to an envoy of the British general, and yet, when I came to the little square and gazed across at the frowning gateway, with the torches blazing over it and the red-jacketed Pathan sentries on either side, I had to fight down the temptation to scuttle back into the lanes and try to hide until it was all over. Only the certainty that these lanes would shortly be a bloody battleground sent me reluctantly on. I wound my puggaree tightly round head and chin, hiding half my face, slipped from my pocket the note that Rose had carefully prepared, walked firmly across to the sentry and demanded

to see the guard commander. He came out, yawning and stretching—and who should it be but my old acquaintance who spat on shadows. I gave him the note and said, "This is for the Rani and no other. Take it to her, and quickly."

He glowered at me. "What is this, and who may you be?"

"If she wishes you to know, belike she'll tell you," I growled, squatting down in the archway. "But be sure, if you delay, she'll have that empty head off your shoulders."

He glared and turned the note in his hands. Evidently, it impressed him—with a red seal carrying young Lyster's family crest, it should have done—for, after an obscene enquiry about my parentage, which I ignored, he loafed off, bidding the sentries to keep an eye on me.

I waited with my heart hammering, for this was the moment when things might go badly astray. After much brain cudgelling, Rose and I had written the note in schoolboy French, which I knew the Rani understood. It said simply: "One who brought perfume and a picture is here. See him alone. Trust him." But suppose she didn't want to see me? Or might think that the best answer was to send me back to Rose in bits?

The sound of marching feet came from the gloom beyond the archway and I got to my feet, quivering. The havildar had come back with two troopers. He gave me a glowering look and motioned to the courtyard beyond, falling in beside me with the two troopers behind. We were headed across the yard to another torchlit doorway guarded by two more Pathans.

"In," growls the havildar, and I found myself in a small, vaulted guardroom. I blinked in the sudden glare of oil lamps and then my heart lurched down into my boots, for the figure peering intently towards me from the center of the room was the fat little chamberlain whom I knew from Lakshuibai's durbar.

The stupid bitch had told him who I was! Rose's fatheaded scheme had sprung a leak! "You are the Sirkar's envoy, Colonel Flashman?" He was squinting at me in consternation, as well he might, for I didn't much resemble the dandy staff officer he'd known.

"Yes," says I, "and you must take me to the Rani at once!" Sick and fearful, I peeled off my puggaree and pushed my hair back. He goggled at me, his little eyes wide in that fat face. And then something fluttered in the air between us—for an instant, I thought it was a moth—and fell to the floor with a tiny puff of sparks. It was a cigarette smoking on the flags, a long, yellow tube with a mouthpiece.

"All in good time," said Ignatieff's voice, and I spun round in horrified disbelief to stare at the doorway. He was

You've earned your stripe



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...when you leave your car in the garage and walk the three blocks to the drugstore.

...because you've actually walked across the street to throw your Almond Joy wrapper in the litter basket.

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standing there, his hand still frozen in the act of flicking away the cigarette—Ignatieff, whom I'd supposed a thousand miles away by now, looking at me with his dreadful, cold smile and an inclination of his tawny head. "All in good time," he repeated in English as he came forward. "After we have resumed the . . . discussion? . . . which was so unfortunately interrupted at Balmoral."

How I've survived fourscore years without heart seizure I do not know. Perhaps I'm enured to the kind of shock I experienced then, with my innards surging up into my throat; I couldn't move but stood there with my skin crawling as he came to stand in front of me—a new Ignatieff, this, in flowered shirt and pyjama trousers and Persian boots, and with a little gingery beard adorning his chin. But the rattrap mouth was still the same, and that unwinking half-blue, half-brown eye boring into me.

"I have been anticipating this meeting," says he, "ever since I learned of your mission to India—did you know, I heard about it before you did yourself?" He gave a chilly little smile—he could never resist bragging, this one. "The secret deliberations of the astute Lord Palmerston are not so secret as he supposes. And it has been a fool's errand, has it not? But never so foolish as now. You should have been thankful to escape me . . . twice? . . . but you come blundering back a third time. Very well." The gotch eye seemed to harden with a brilliant light. "You will not have long to regret it."

With an effort, I got my voice back, damned shaky though it was.

"I've nothing to say to you!" cries I, as truculently as I could, and turned on the little chamberlain. "My business is with the Rani Lakshimbai—not with this . . . this renegade! I demand to see her at once! Tell her—"

Ignatieff's hand smashed across my mouth, sending me staggering, but his voice didn't rise by a fraction. "That will not be necessary," says he, and the little chamberlain dithered submissively. "Her Highness is not to be troubled for a mere spy. I shall deal with this jackal myself."

"In a pig's eye you will!" I blustered. "I'm an envoy from Sir Hugh Rose, to the Rani—not to any hole-and-corner Russian bully! You'll hinder me at your peril! Damn you, let me loose!" I roared as the two troopers suddenly grabbed my elbows. "I'm a staff officer! You can't touch me—I'm—"

"Staff officer! Envoy!" Ignatieff's words came out in that raging icy whisper that took me back to the nightmare of that verminous dungeon beneath Fort Arabat. "You crawl here in your filthy disguise, like the spy you are, and claim to be treated as an emissary? If that is what you are, why did you not come in uniform, under a flag, in open day?"

His face was frozen in fury, and then the brute hit me again. "I shall tell you—because you are a dishonoured liar, whose word no one would trust! Treachery and deceit are your trade—or is it assassination this time?" His hand shot out and whipped the revolver from my waist.

"It's a lie!" I shouted. "Send to Sir Hugh Rose—he'll tell you!" I was appealing to the chamberlain. "You know me, man—tell the Rani! I demand it!"

But he just stood gaping, waiting for Ignatieff, whose sudden anger had died as quickly as it had come.

"Since Sir Hugh Rose has not honoured us with a parley, there is no reason why we should address him," says he softly. "We have to deal only with a night prowler." He gestured to the troopers. "Take him down."

"You've no authority!" I roared. "I'm not answerable to you, you Russian swine! Let me go!" They were dragging me forward by main strength, while I bawled to the chamberlain, pleading with him to tell the Rani. They ran me through a doorway and down a flight of stone steps, with Ignatieff following, the chamberlain twittering in front of him. I struggled in panic, for it was plain that the brute was going to prevent the Rani from hearing of my arrival until after he'd done. . . . I nearly threw up in terror, for the troopers were hauling me across the floor to an enormous wheel like a cable drum, set perpendicular above ground level. There were manacles dangling from it and fetters attached to the stone floor beneath it—Jesus! They had racked an English officer to death in this very fort. Ilderim had said, and now they flung me against the hellish contraption, one grinning trooper pinning me bodily while the other clamped my hands in the manacles above my head and then snapped the floor chains round my ankles. I yelled and swore, the chamberlain sank down fearfully onto the bottom step and Ignatieff lit another cigarette.

"So much would not be necessary if I only sought information," says he, in that dreadful metallic whisper. "With such a coward as you, the threat is sufficient. But you are going to tell me why you are here, what treachery you intended and for what purpose you wished to see Her Highness. And when I am satisfied that you have told me everything"—he stepped close up to me, that awful eye staring into mine, and concluded in Russian, for my benefit alone—"the racking will continue until you are dead." He signed to the troopers and stepped back.

"For Christ's sake, Ignatieff!" I screamed. "You can't do this! I'm a British officer, a white man—let me go, you bastard! Please—in God's name, I'll tell you!" I felt the drum turn behind me as the troopers put their weight on the lever, drawing my arms taut above my head. "No, no! Let me go, you foul swine!

I'm a gentleman, damn you—for pity's sake! We've had tea with the Queen! No, please—"

There was a clank from the huge wheel and the chains wrenched at my wrists and ankles, sending shoots of pain through my arm and thigh muscles. I howled at the top of my voice as the wheel turned, stretching me to what seemed the limit of endurance, and Ignatieff stepped closer again.

"Why did you come?" says he.

"Let me go! You vile bloody dog, you!" Behind him I saw that the chamberlain was on his feet, white with horror. "Run!" I yelled. "Run, you stupid fat sod! Get your mistress—quickly!" But he seemed rooted to the spot, and then the drum clanked again and an excruciating agony flamed through my biceps and shoulders, as though they were being hauled out of my body (which, of course, they were). I tried to scream again, but nothing came out, and then his devil's face was next to mine again and I was babbling:

"Don't—don't, for Jesus' sake! I'll tell you—I'll tell you!" And even through the red mist of pain, I knew that once I did, I was a dead man. But I couldn't bear it—I had to talk—and then inspiration came through the agony and I let my head loll sideways, with a groan that died away. If only I could buy a moment's time—if only the chamberlain would run for help—if only Ignatieff would believe I'd fainted and I could keep up the pretence with my whole body shrieking in pain. His palm slapped across my face and I couldn't restrain a cry. His hand went up to the troopers and I gasped:

"No—I'll tell you! Don't let them turn it again! I swear it's the truth—only don't let them do it again—oh, God, please, not again!"

"Well?" says he, and I knew I couldn't delay any longer. I couldn't bear another turn.

"General Rose"—my voice seemed to be a whisper from miles away—"I'm on his staff. . . . He sent me . . . to see the Rani. . . . Please, it's the God's truth! Oh, make them let me down!"

"Go on," says that dreadful voice. "What was your message?"

"I was to ask her. . . ." I was staring into his horrible eye, seeing it through a blur of tears, and then somewhere in the obscured distance behind him there was a movement, at the top of the steps, and as I blinked my vision was suddenly clear, and my voice broke into a shuddering sigh of relief, and I let my head fall back. For the door at the top of the steps was open, with my red-coated guard sergeant, that wonderful, bearded genius of a Pathan who spat on shadows, holding it back, and a white figure was stepping through, stopping abruptly, staring down at us. I had always thought she was beautiful, but at that moment Lakshimbai

looked like an angel pavilioned in splendour.

I was in such anguish that it was even an effort to keep my eyes open; so I didn't, but I heard her cry of astonishment, and then the chamberlain babbling and Ignatieff swinging round. And then, believe it or not, what she said, in a voice shrill with anger, was:

"Stop that at once! Stop it, do you hear?" for all the world like a young schoolmistress coming into class and catching little Johnny piddling in the inkwell. I'll swear she stamped as she said it, and even at the time, half-fainting with pain that I was, I thought it sounded ridiculous; and then suddenly, with an agonising jerk that made me cry out, the fearful traction on my limbs was relaxed and I was sagging against the wheel, trying to stop my tortured legs from buckling under me. But I'm proud to say I still had my wits about me.

"You won't get anything out of me!" I groaned. "You Russian hound—I'll die first!" I fluttered an eye open to see how this was received, but she was too busy choking back her fury as she confronted Ignatieff.

"This is by your order?" Lord, it was a lovely voice. "Do you know who this is?"

I'll say this for him, he faced her without so much as a blink—indeed, he even tossed his blasted cigarette aside in deference before giving his little bow to her.

"It is a spy, Highness, who stole into your city in disguise—as you can see."

"It is a British officer!" She was blazing, trembling from her white head veil all down her shapely sari-wrapped body to her little pearly sandals. "An envoy of the Sirkar, who brings a message for me. For me!" And she stamped again. "Where is it?"

Ignatieff pulled the note from his girdle and handed it to her without a word. She read it and then folded it deliberately and looked him in the face.

"Sher Khan tells me he had orders to deliver it into my hands alone." She was holding in her anger still, with an effort. "But seeing him with it, you asked what it might be and the fool gave it you. And having read it, you dared to question this man without my leave—"

"It was a suspicious message, Highness," says Ignatieff, dead level. "And this man was obviously a spy—"

"You bloody liar!" croaks I. "You knew damned well what I was! Don't listen to him, Lakshmi—Highness—the swine's got it in for me! He was trying to murder me, out of spite!"

She gave me one look and then fronted Ignatieff again. "Spy or not, it is I who rule here. Sometimes I think you forget it, Count Ignatieff." She faced him eye to eye for a long moment and then turned away from him. She looked at me and then away, and we all waited, in dead silence. Finally, she said quietly, "I shall see to this man and decide what is to be

done with him." She turned to Ignatieff. "You may go, Count."

He bowed and said, "I regret if I have offended Your Highness. If I have done so, it was out of zeal for the cause we both serve—Your Highness' government"—he paused—"and my imperial master's. I would be failing in my duty to both if I did not remind you that this man is a most dangerous and notorious British agent, and that—"

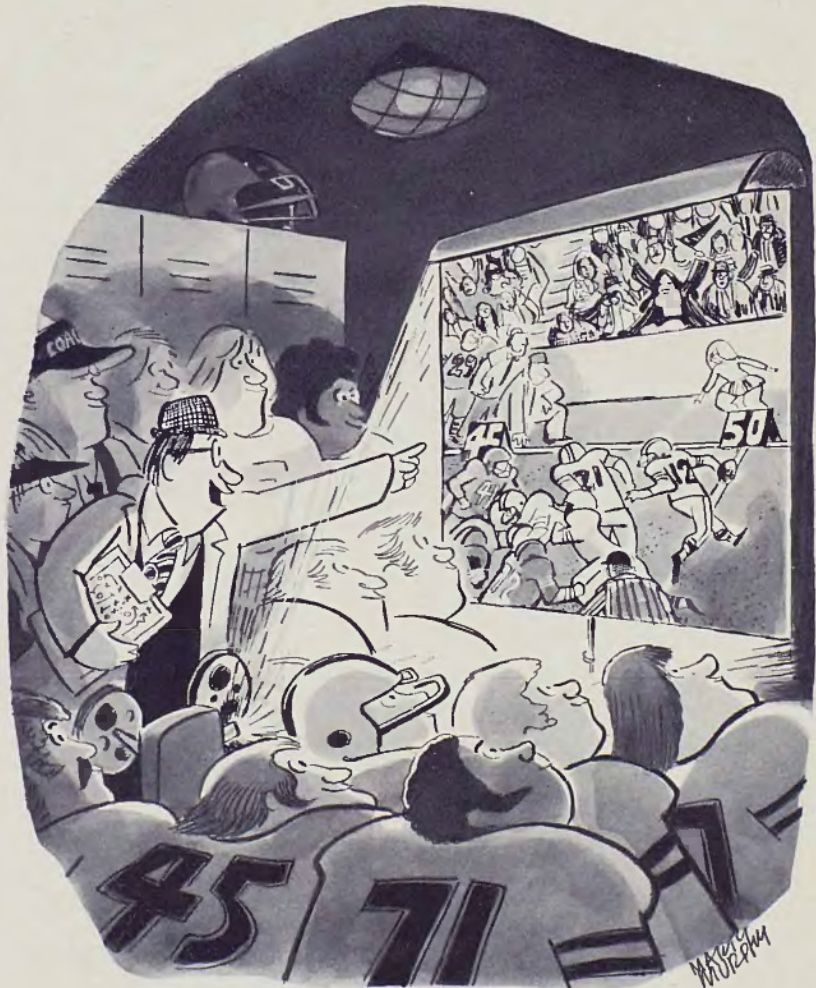
"I know very well who and what he is," says she quietly; and at that, the gotch-eyed son of a bitch said no more but bowed again and took himself off, with the two troopers sidling hastily after him, salaaming nervously as they passed her. They clattered up the steps behind Ignatieff, and Sher Khan closed the door after them, which left the four of us, all cosy as ninepence—Lakshmbai standing like a glimmering white statue, the little chamberlain twitching in anxious silence, Sher Khan on the door and H. Flash-

man, Esq., doing his celebrated imitation of a Protestant martyr.

Damned uncomfortable, too, but something told me grateful babblement wouldn't be in order; so I said as steadily as I could, "Thank you, Your Highness. Forgive me if I don't make my bow, but in the circumstances. . . ."

Very gallant, you see, but the truth was that fiery pains were still shooting through my arms and legs, and it was all I could do to keep from gasping and groaning. She was standing looking at me, quite expressionless, so I added hopefully, "If your havildar would release me. . . ."

But she didn't move a muscle, and I felt a sudden thrill of unease under the steady gaze of those dark eyes, the whites so clear against her dusky skin. What the hell was she up to, keeping me strung up on this bloody machine, and not so much as a glimmer of a smile, or recognition, even? I palpitated while she stood watching me and thinking, and then she came



"Now, once more, lads . . . in slow motion . . . first row between the 45- and 50-yard stripes . . . the brunette in the fur coat holding a State pennant. . . . See? No pants!"

up within a yard of me and spoke, in a flat, hard voice. "What did he want to know from you?"

The tone took my breath away, but I held my head up. "He wanted to know my business with Your Highness."

Her glance went to the chains on my wrists, then back to my face. "And did you tell him?"

"Of course not." I thought a brave smile mightn't be out of place; so I tried one. "I like people to ask me questions—politely."

She turned her head towards the little chamberlain. "Is this true?"

He puffed and flapped his arms, all eagerness. "Indeed, Exalted Highness! Not a word did the colonel sahib say—not even under the cruel torture! He did not even cry out—much. . . . Oh, he is an officer sahib, of course, and—"

Poor little bastard was hoping to butter his bread on the right side, of course, but I wasn't sure he was backing a winner here; she was still looking at me as if I were some carcase on a butcher's slab. The chilling thought struck me that it probably wasn't the first time she'd contemplated some poor devil in my situation, and then she turned her head and called to Sher Khan and he came tumbling down the steps double-quick, while the sweat broke out on me. Surely she wasn't going to order him to—

"Release him," says she, and I near fainted with relief. She watched impassively while he unclamped me, and I took a few staggering and damned painful steps, catching at that hellish wheel for support. Then:

"Bring him," says she curtly. "I shall question him myself," and without another word, she turned and walked up the steps, out of the dungeon, with the little chamberlain bobbing nervously behind her, and Sher Khan spitting and grunting as he assisted me to follow.

"Speak well of me to Her Highness, *husoor*," he muttered as he gave me a shoulder. "If I blundered in giving thy kitab to the Ruski sahib, did I not make amends? I went for her when I saw he meant to ill-use thee. . . . I had not recognised thee, God knows—"

I reassured him—he could have had a knighthood and the town-hall clock for my part—as he conducted me up through the guardroom to a little spiral stair and then along a great stone passage of the fort, which gave way to a carpeted corridor where sentries of her guard stood in their steel caps and backs-and-breasts. I limped along, relieved to find that apart from a few painfully pulled muscles and badly skinned wrists and ankles, I wasn't much the worse—yet. And then Sher Khan was ushering me through a door and I found myself in a smaller version of the durbar room at the palace—a long, low, richly furnished apartment, all in white, with a quilted carpet, and silk hangings on the walls, divans and cushions and

glowing Persian pictures and even a great silver cage in which tiny birds cheeped and fluttered. The air was heavy with perfume, but I still hadn't got the stink of fear out of my nostrils, and the sight of Lakshmi waiting did nothing to cheer me up.

She was sitting on a low backless couch, listening to the little chamberlain, who was whispering 15 to the dozen, but at sight of me she stopped him. There were two of her ladies with her and the whole group just looked at me, the women curiously and Lakshmi with the same damned disinheriting stare she'd used in the dungeon.

"Set him there," says she to Sher Khan, pointing to the middle of the floor, "and tie his hands behind him." He jumped to it, wrenching the knots with no thought for my flayed wrists. "He will be safe enough so," she added to the little chamberlain. "Go, all of you—and Sher Khan will remain beyond that door within call."

Dear God, what now? I wondered as the chamberlain and the ladies rustled out, eyeing me apprehensively. I heard Sher Khan close the door behind him. And then, to my amazement, she sprang from her seat and was flying across the room towards me.

"Oh, my darling one! You have come back—I thought I should never see you again!" And her arms were about my neck; that lovely dark face, all wet with tears, was upturned to mine and she was kissing me at random, on the cheeks and chin and eyes and mouth, sobbing out endearments and shuddering against me.

I'm an easygoing chap who can take things pretty much as they come, but now I wondered whether I was mad or dreaming. Here she was, weeping and slobbering over me as if I were Little Willie, the Collier's Dying Child. It was all a shade too much for my bemused brain and I sank to my knees and she sank with me.

"Have they hurt you, my sweet? Ah, your poor flesh!" In a moment, she was soothing my scraped ankles with one hand and, with the other behind my head, kissing me lingeringly on the mouth. My amazement gave way to the most ecstatic relief and pleasure as her open mouth trembled on mine and her breasts pushed hard against me—and, damn it, my hands were still tied.

"Oh, lucky Lakshmi!" I was babbling in sheer delight.

"I thought you were dead and I have mourned you since that dreadful day when they found the dead Thugs near the pavilion—but you are safe, my darling!" The great eyes were brimming with tears again. "I love you so."

Well, I'd heard it expressed, with varying degrees of passion, by countless females. It's always gratifying, but never had it been so welcome as now. So I used my weight to bear her down on the cushions—damned difficult with my hands

bound—and she lay there, teasing me with her tongue and stroking my face gently with her finger tips until I thought I'd burst.

"Lakshmi, *chabeli*, untie my hands," I croaked and she disengaged herself, glanced at the door and smiled longingly.

"I cannot now. You see, to them you are a spy, a prisoner."

"But I have come secretly in order to bring you a message from Sir Hugh Rose. Lakshmi, dearest, it's an offer of life for you! Untie my hands and let me tell you!"

"Wait!" said she. "Come and sit on this divan. It is best that you remain bound in case someone should come suddenly—it will not be for long, I promise. See, I shall give you a drink for your parched throat."

She looked again at my torn ankles and a blaze of hatred passed across her face. "That beast of Russia," says she, clenching her tiny fist. "I will have him drawn apart and I will make him eat that hideous eye of his! The Tsar, his master, may look for him in hell!"

Excellent sentiments, I reflected and while she filled a goblet with sherbet, I thought I'd improve the shining hour. "It was Ignatieff who set the Thugs on me that night. He's been dogging me since I came to India—and stirring up rebellion—" I suddenly stopped there, remembering that she was a leader of that rebellion and, obviously, Ignatieff was her ally. She put the cup to my lips and I drank greedily—being racked is a great way to raise a thirst, you know.

She stood up. "If only I had listened to you. If only there had been more time to find a way—to right the injustice against me, against Jhansi, against my son—"

"How is the young fella, by the way? Thriving? Fine lad, that."

"But waiting turned me to despair and hatred . . . and yet"—her great almond eyes had such a look in them that even my old experienced heart skipped a beat—"you were gentle and kind and you seemed to understand. Then, that day we fenced in the durbar room, I felt something inside me I'd never known before. And later—"

"In the pavilion," says I hoarsely. "Oh, Lakshmi, the most wonderful moment of my life. Really capital, don't ye know. Darling, untie my hands."

There was a strange, distant look in her eyes. "And then you disappeared and I thought you dead." She was trying not to cry. "After that came the news of the British garrisons in the north. And even here in Jhansi, they killed them all and I was helpless." She was biting her lip now and staring pleadingly at me. If she'd been before the House of Lords, the old goats would have been roaring, "Not guilty, on my honour!"

"What could I do?" she went on. "The raj was falling and my own cousin Nana



"Now, look here, Larsen! Either Duke the Wonder Horse goes or the game is off!"

was raising the standard of revolt. To stand idle was to lose Jhansi. Oh, but you British will not understand!"

We understood well enough that the only real treason was to pick the wrong side—which is what she'd done. "Dearest," says I, "it can all come right again, that's why I'm here. I've come from Sir Hugh and what he says comes straight from Lord Canning in Calcutta. They want to save you, my dear, if you'll let them."

"They want me to surrender," says she, standing up and walking away to set the cup on a table. The sight of that tight-wrapped sari stirring over those splendid hips set my fingers working feverishly at the knots behind my back. She turned, with her bosom going up like balloons and her face set and sad. "They want me to give up my Jhansi."

"It's lost anyway. You must know it. Even Ignatieff—what the devil's he doing here, anyway?"

"He has been at Meerut and Delhi and here—everywhere—since the beginning. He makes rebellion, as you say, and talks of a Russian army over the Khyber. Some would welcome that—myself, I fear it. If Jhansi falls, I suppose he will join Tantia or Nana"—she shrugged—"unless I have him killed for what he has done to you."

All in good time, thinks I happily, and got back to the matter at hand. "It's you they want. You see, there'll be no pardon for the pandies in your garrison when we storm the city. But if you will give yourself up alone, then they won't"—and I couldn't meet her eyes at this—"punish you."

"Why should they spare me?" And the fire was back in her voice. "They blow men away from guns or hang them without trial and burn whole cities. Will they spare Nana or Tantia or Azimullah? Then why the Rani of Jhansi?"

It wasn't an easy one to answer truthfully. She wouldn't take it too kindly if I said it was for the sake of politics, to keep the public happy. "Whatever their reasons, all that matters—"

"Is it because the British do not make war on women?" she asked softly and came over to stand in front of me. "Is it because they wish to take a beautiful captive, as the Romans did, and show her as a spectacle to the people in London?"

"That ain't our style," says I pretty sharp.

"Then what do Sir Hugh and Lord Canning care of me?" She dropped to her knees again, her lower lip trembling. "Unless—you came from Lord Palmerston—have you told them to save me?"

By George, here was an unexpected ball at my foot. It hadn't crossed my mind that she'd think I was behind Rose's remarkable offer, but when chance arises, I know how to grasp it as well as the next man. So, looking at her steady and grim, I made myself go red in the face and then looked down at the carpet, all dumb,

noble, unspoken emotion.

She put out her hand and lifted my chin. "Have you risked so much for me?"

"You know how I feel," says I, trying to look romantically stuffed. "I've loved you since the moment I clapped eyes on you in that swing. More than anything else in the world."

At the moment, it wasn't all gammon, mind you. I didn't love her as much as Elspeth, I dare say, but if you put 'em together side by side, both stripped down, I'd have to think hard before putting England in to bat.

"Tonight, I did not think whether you loved me or no. All that mattered was that you were with me again. But now"—she was looking at me with a kind of sorrowful perplexity—"I find that you have done all this for love of me." After a moment, she kissed me and asked simply, "What do they wish me to do?"

"To surrender yourself, no more. If I tell you how, will you do it?"

"If you will stay with me afterwards"—her eyes were fixed on mine, soft and steady—"I will do whatever they ask."

"When the city is stormed," says I, "you must be ready to make an escape through the Orcha gate. We'll have drawn off our cavalry picket there and it will be clear. You will ride out on the Orcha road and then you will be captured. It will look—well, it will look all right."

She nodded gravely. "And the city?"

"There'll be no looting"—Rose had promised that, for what it was worth—"and the people will be all right if they lie low and don't resist."

"And then—will they imprison me?"

I wasn't sure about this and had to go careful. She'd be exiled at least, but there was no point in telling her that. "No," says I, "they'll treat you very well. And then it'll all blow over, don't you know? Why, I can think of a score of nig—that is, native—chieftains and kings who've been daggers drawn with us, but after the war, we've been the best of friends. No hard feelings. We ain't vindictive, even the Liberals."

I smiled to reassure her and after a while, she smiled back, gave a great sigh and settled against me. What with all this nestling, I was growing monstrous horny again and I said it would be a capital idea to unslip my hands just for a moment.

But she shook her head and said that we must do nothing more to excite suspicion. I must seem to be a prisoner, but she would send for me when the time was ripe. "And we shall go together with a trusted few. And you will protect me—and love me when we come to the Sirkar?"

Till you're blue in the face, you darling houri, thinks I, and kissed her hands. Then she straightened her veil and fussed anxiously with her mirror before seating herself on her divan, and it was the charmingest thing to see her give me a last radi-

ant smile and then compose her face in that icy mask, while I waited suitably hangdog, standing in the middle of the floor at a respectful distance. She struck her little gong, which brought Sher Khan in like the village fire brigade, with chamberlain and ladies behind him.

"Confine this prisoner in the north tower," says she, as if I were so much dross. "He is not to be harshly used but keep him close—your head on it, Sher Khan."

I was hustled away forthwith—but it's my guess that Sher Khan, with that leery Pathan nose of his, guessed that all was not quite what it seemed, for he was a most solicitous jailer in the days that followed. He kept me well provisioned, bringing all my food and drink himself, seeing to it that I was as comfortable as my little cell permitted.

It took me a few hours to settle down after what I had been through, but when I came to cast up the score, it looked well enough. Bar my aching joints and skinned limbs, I was well enough and damned thankful for it. As to the future—well, I'd thought Rose's plan was just moonshine, but then I'd never dreamed that Lakshmi Bai was infatuated with me. Attracted, well enough—it's an odd woman that ain't—but the force of her passion had been bewildering. And yet, why not? I'd known it to happen before, after all, and often as not with the same kind of woman—the highborn, pampered kind who go through their young lives surrounded by men who are forever deferring and toadying, so that when a real plunger like myself comes along and treats 'em easy, like women and not as queens, they're taken all aback. It's something new to them to have a big likely chap who ain't abashed by their grandeur but looks 'em over with a warm eye, perfectly respectful but daring them just the same. They resent it and like it, too, and if you can just tempt them into bed and show them what they've been missing—why, the next thing you know they're head over heels in love with you.

In the meantime, I could only wait, with some excitement, for Rose to mount his assault. When a tremendous cannonading in the city broke out on the following day, with native pipes and drums squealing and thundering, I thought the attack had begun, but it was a false alarm, as Sher Khan informed me later. It seemed that Tantia Topi had suddenly hove in sight with a rebel army 20,000 strong to try to relieve Jhansi; Rose, cool as a trout as usual, had left his heavy artillery and cavalry to continue the siege and had turned with the rest of his force and thrashed Tantia handsomely on the Betwa River, a few miles away. At the same time, he'd ordered a diversionary attack on Jhansi to keep the defenders from sally-

ing out to help Tantia; that had been the noise I'd heard.²

"So much for our stouthearted mutineers in Jhansi," sneers Sher Khan. "If they had sallied out, your army might have been caught like a nut between two stones, but they contented themselves with howling and burning powder." He spat. "Let the Sirkar eat them, and welcome."

I reminded him that he would get short shrift when Jhansi fell.

"I am no mutineer," says he. "I have eaten the Rani's salt and I fight for her even as I fought for the Sirkar in the Guides. The sahibs know the difference between a rebel and a soldier who keeps faith. They will treat me with honour." He was another like Ilderim—shorter and uglier, though, with a smashed nose and pocked face, but a slap-up Pathan Khyber every inch.

"With any luck, they will have hanged thy Ruski friend by now," he went on, grinning. "He rode out to join Tantia in the night and has not returned. Is that good news, Hlass-man *husoor*?"

Wasn't it just, though? Ignatieff would be off to assist the rebels in the field. I felt all the better for knowing he was out of distance, but I doubted that he'd allow himself to be killed or taken—he was too downy a bird for that.

With Tantia whipped, Rose, it seemed, would lose no more time before assaulting the city, but another day and night of waiting passed and still there was nothing but the distant thump of cannon fire to disturb my cell. It wasn't till the third night that the deuce of a bombardment broke out, in the small hours, and lasted until almost dawn, and then I heard what I'd been waiting for—the crash of volley fire, signifying British infantry, and the sound of explosions within the town itself, and even distant bugle calls.

"They are in the city," says Sher Khan, when he brought my breakfast. "The mutineers are fighting better than I thought and it is hot work in the streets, they say." He grinned cheerfully and tapped the hilt of his Khyber knife. "Will Her Highness order me to cut thy throat when the last attack goes home, think ye? Eat well, *husoor*," and the brute swaggered out, chuckling.

Plainly, she hadn't confided her intentions to him. I guessed she'd wait for nightfall and then make her run; by that time, our fellows would be thumping at the gates of the fort itself. So I contained myself, listened to the crackle of firing and explosion, drawing always

² *The battle on the Betwa (April 1, 1858) was an example of Rose's coolness and tactical brilliance. He turned from the siege of Jhansi and attacked the new rebel force, which outnumbered him ten to one. Rose led the cavalry charge and routed Tantia's army.*

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nearer, until by nightfall, it seemed to be only a few hundred yards off—I was chewing my nails by then, I may tell you. But the dark came and still the sound of battle went on, and I could even hear what I thought were English voices shouting in the distance, among the yells and shrieks. Through the one high window of my cell, the night sky was glaring red—Jhansi was dying hard, by the look of it.

I don't know what time it was when I heard the sudden rattle of the bolt in my cell door and Sher Khan and two of his guardsmen came in, carrying torches. They didn't stand on ceremony but hustled me out and down narrow stone stairs and passages to a little courtyard. The moon wasn't up yet, but it was light enough, with the red glare above the walls, and the air was heavy with powder smoke and the drift of burning; the crashing of musketry was close outside the fort now.

The yard seemed to be full of red-coated troopers of the Rani's guard and over by a narrow gateway, I saw a slim figure mounted on a grey horse, which I recognised at once as Lakshmibai. There were mounted guardsmen with her, and a couple of her ladies, also mounted, and heavily veiled; one of the mounted men had a child perched on his saddlebow: Damodar, her stepson. I was about to call out, but to my astonishment, Sher Khan suddenly stooped beside me, there was a metallic snap and he had a fetter clasped round my left ankle. Before I could even protest, he was thrusting me towards a horse, snarling, "Up, *husoor!*" and I was no sooner in the saddle than he had passed a short chain from my fetter under the beast's belly and secured my other ankle, so that I was effectively shackled to the pony.

"What the hell's this?" I cried, and he chuckled as he swung aboard a horse beside me.

"Heavy spurs, *husoor!*" says he. "Peace!—it is by her order and doubtless for your own safety. Follow!" And he shook my bridle, urging me across the square; the little party by the gate were already passing out of sight, and a moment later, we were riding single file down a steep alleyway, with towering walls on either side, Sher Khan just ahead of me and another Pathan immediately behind.

I couldn't think what to make of this, until it dawned on me that she wouldn't have let her entourage into the whole secret—they would know she was escaping but not that she intended to give herself up to the British. So for form's sake, I must appear to be a prisoner still. I wished she'd given me the chance of a secret word beforehand, though, and let me ride with her; I didn't want us blundering into the besieging cavalry in the dark and perhaps being mistaken.

However, there was nothing for it now but to carry on. Our little cavalcade clattered down the alleyways, twisting and turning, and then into a broader street, where a house was burning, but there wasn't a soul to be seen and the sound of firing was receding behind us. Once we'd passed the fire, it was damned dark among the rickety buildings, until there were torches and a high gateway, and more of her guardsmen in the entryway; I saw her grey horse stop as she leaned from the saddle to consult with the guard commander, and waited with my heart in my mouth until he stepped back, saluting, and barked an order. Two of his men threw open a wicket in the main gate, and a moment later, we were filing through and I knew we were coming out onto the Orcha road.

It was blacker than hell in November under the lee of the great gateway, but a half mile ahead, there was the twinkling line of our picket fires and flashes of gunfire as the artillery pieces joined in the bombardment of the city. Sher Khan had my bridle in his fist as we moved forward at a walk and then at a slow trot; it was easy going on the broad road surface at first, but then the dim figures of the riders ahead seemed to be veering away to the right, and as we followed, my horse stumbled on rough ground—we were leaving the road for the flat maidan and I felt the first prickle of doubt in my mind. Why were we turning aside? The path to safety lay straight along the road, where Rose's pickets would be waiting—she knew that, even if her riders didn't. Didn't she realise we were going astray—that on this tack we would probably blunder into pickets that weren't expecting us? The time for pretence was past, anyhow—it was high time I was up with her, taking a hand, or God knew where we would land. But even as I stiffened in my saddle to shove my heels in and forge ahead, Sher Khan's hand leaped from my bridle to my wrist, there was a zeep of steel and the Khyber knife was pricking my ribs, with his voice hissing out of the dark:

"One word, Bloody Lance—one word, and you'll say the next one to Shaitan!"

The shock of it knocked my wits endways—but only for a moment. There's nothing like 18 inches of razor-edged steel for turning a growing doubt into a stone-ginger certainty and before we'd gone another five paces, I had sprung to the most terrifying conclusion: She was escaping, right enough, but not the way Rose and I had planned it—she was using the information I'd given her but in her own way! It rushed in on me in a mad whirl of thoughts—all her protestations, her slobbering over me, those tear-filled eyes, the lips on mine, the passionate endearments—all false? They couldn't be, in God's name! Why, she'd been all over me, like a crazy schoolgirl, but now we were pacing still faster in

the wrong direction, the knife was scoring my side, and suddenly there was a shouted challenge ahead and a cry, the riders were spurring forward, a musket cracked and Sher Khan roared in my ear:

"Ride, *feringhee*—and ride straight or I'll split your backbone!"

He slashed his reins at my pony, it bounded forward and in a second, I was flying along in the dark, willy-nilly, with him at my elbow and the thundering shadows surging ahead. There was a fusillade of shots, off to the left, and a ball whined overhead; as I loosed the reins, trusting to my pony's feet, I saw the picket fires only a few hundred yards off. We were racing towards a gap between one fire and the next, perhaps two furlongs across; all I could do was career ahead, with Sher Khan and a Pathan either side of me—I couldn't roll from the saddle, even if I'd dared, with that infernal chain beneath my horse's belly; I daren't swerve or his knife would be in my back; I could only gallop, cursing in sick bewilderment, praying to God I wouldn't stop a blade or a bullet. Where the hell were we going—was it some ghastly error after all? No, it was treachery and I knew it—and now the picket fires were on our flanks, there were more shots, a horse screamed ahead of us and my pony swerved past the dim struggling mass on the ground, with Sher Khan still knee to knee with me as we sped on. A bugle was sounding behind, and faint voices yelling; ahead was the drumming of hooves and the dim shapes of the Rani's riders, scattered now as they galloped for their lives. We were clear through and every stride was taking us farther from Jhansi and Rose's army, and safety.

How long we kept up that breakneck pace I don't know, or what direction we took—I'd been through too much, my mind was just a welter of fear and bewilderment and rage and stark disbelief. I didn't know what to think—she couldn't have sold me so cruelly, surely, not after what she'd said and the way she'd held my face and looked at me? But I knew she had—my disbelief was just sheer hurt vanity. God, did I think I was the only sincere liar in the world? And here I was, humbugged to hell and beyond, being kidnapped in the train of this deceitful rebel bitch—or was I wrong, was there some explanation after all? That's what I still wanted to believe, of course—there's nothing like infatuation for stoking false hope.

However, there's no point in recounting all the idiot arguments I had with myself on that wild ride through the night, with the miles flying by unseen until the gloom began to lighten, the scrub-dotted plain came into misty view, and Sher Khan still clung like a bearded ghost at my elbow, his teeth bared as he crouched over his pony's mane. The riders ahead were still driving their

tired beasts on at full stretch; about a hundred yards in front, I could see Lakshmbai's slim figure on her grey mare, with the Pathans flanking her. It was like a drunken nightmare—on and on, exhausting, over that endless plain.

There was a yell from the flank, and one of the Pathans up in his stirrups, pointing. A shot cracked, I saw a sudden flash of scarlet to our left and there was a little cloud of horsemen bursting out of a nullah—only half our number but Company cavalry, by God! They were careering in to take our leaders in the flank, pukka light-cavalry style, and I tried to yell, but Sher Khan had my bridle again, wrenching me away to the right, while the Pathan guardsmen drew their sabres and wheeled to face the attackers head on. I watched them meet with a chorus of yells and a clash of steel; the dust swirled up round them as Sher Khan and his mate herded me away, but half-slewed round in my saddle, I saw the sabres swinging and the beasts swerving and plunging as the Company men tried to ride through. A Pathan broke from the press, shepherding away a second rider, and I saw it was one of the Rani's ladies—and then more figures were wheeling out of the dust and one of them was Lakshmbai, with a mounted man bearing down on her, his sabre swung aloft. I heard Sher Khan's anguished yell as her grey mare seemed to stumble, but she reined it up somehow, whirling in her tracks; there was the glitter of steel in her hand, and as the Company man swept down on her, she lunged over her beast's head—the sabres clashed and rang and he was past her, wheeling away, clutching at his arm as he half-slipped from his saddle.³

That was all I saw before Sher Khan and the other herded me down a little nullah, where we halted and waited while the noise of the skirmish gradually died away. I knew what was happening as well as if I were seeing it—the Company riders, outsabred, would be drawing off and, sure enough, presently the Pathans came down the nullah in good order, clustered round Damodar and the Rani's women; among the last to come was Lakshmbai.

It was the first clear look at her that I'd had in all that fearful escape. She was wearing a mail jacket under her long cloak, with a mail cap over her turban, and her sabre was still in her hand, blood on its blade. She stopped a moment by the rider who carried Damodar and spoke to the child; then she laughed and said something to one of the Pathans and handed him her sabre,

³ About 20 miles from Jhansi, British cavalry under Lieutenant Dowker caught up with the Rani's party. According to popular tradition (now confirmed by Flashman), it was she herself who wounded Dowker.



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while she wiped her face with a handkerchief. Then she looked towards me, and the others looked with her, in silence.

As you know, I'm a fairly useful hand on social occasions, ready with the polite phrase or gesture, but I'll confess that in that moment, I couldn't think of anything appropriate to say. When you've just been betrayed by an Indian queen who has previously professed undying love for you and she confronts you, having just sabred one of your countrymen, possibly to death, and you are in the grip of her minions, with your feet chained under your horse—well, the etiquette probably takes some thinking about. I suppose I'd have come out with something in a minute or two—an oath or a squeal for mercy or a polite enquiry, perhaps, but before I had the chance, she was addressing Sher Khan.

"You will take him to Gwalior." Her voice was quiet and perfectly composed. "Hold him there until I send for you. At the last, he will be my bargain."

You may say it served me right, and I can't disagree. If I weren't such a susceptible, trusting chap where pretty women are concerned, I dare say I'd have smelled a rat on the night when Lakshmbai rescued me from Ignatieff's rack and then flung herself all over me in her perfumed lair. A less warm-blooded fellow might have thought the lady was protesting rather too much and been on his guard when she slobbered fondly over him, vowing undying love and accepting his proposal for her escape. He might—or again, he mightn't.

For myself, I can only say I had no earthly reason to suppose her false. After all, our last previous meeting had been that monumental roll in her pavilion, which had left me with the impression that she wasn't entirely indifferent to me. Secondly, her acceptance of Rose's proposal seemed natural and sensible. Thirdly, I'll admit to being enthralled by her; and fourthly, having just finished a spell on the rack, I was perhaps thinking less clearly than usual. Finally, m'lud, if you'd been confronted by Lakshmbai, with that beautiful dusky face looking pleadingly up at you, and those tits quivering under your nose, I submit that you might have been taken in yourself, and glad of it.

In any event, it didn't make a hap'orth of difference. Even if I'd suspected her then, I was in her power and she could have wrung all the details of Rose's scheme out of me and made her escape anyway. I'd have been dragged along at her tail and finished up in the Gwalior dungeons just the same. And mind you, I'm still not certain how far she *was* humbugging me; all I know is that if she was play-acting, she seemed to be enjoying her work.

More than I enjoyed Gwalior, at any rate. That's a fearful place, a huge, rocky fortress of a city, bigger than Jhansi, and said to be the most powerful hold in India. I can speak with authority only about its dungeons, which were a shade worse than a Mexican jail, if you can imagine that. I spent the better part of two months in them, cooped in a bottle-shaped cell with my own filth and only rats, fleas and cockroaches for company, except when Sher Khan came to have a look at me, about once a week, to make sure I hadn't up and died on him.

He and his fellow Pathan took me there on Lakshmbai's orders, and it was one of the most punishing rides I've ever endured. I was almost unconscious in the saddle by the time we reached it, for the brutes never took my chain off once in the hundred miles we covered; I think, too, that my spirit had endured more than I could stand, for after all I'd gone through, there were moments now when I no longer cared whether I lived or died—and I have to be pretty far down before that happens. When they brought me to Gwalior by night and half-carried me into the fortress and dropped me into that stinking, ill-lit cell, I just lay and sobbed like an infant, babbling aloud about Meerut and Cawnpore and Lucknow and Thugs and crocodiles and evil bitches—and now this. Would you believe it, the worst was yet to come?

I don't care to dwell on it; so I'll hurry along. While I was in that dungeon at Gwalior, waiting for I didn't know what, and half-believing that I'd rot there forever or go mad first, the final innings of the mutiny were being played out. Campbell was settling things north of the Jumna, and Rose, having captured Jhansi, was pushing north after Tantia Topi and my ministering angel, Lakshmbai, who'd taken the field with him. He beat them at Kalpi and Kunch, driving them towards Gwalior, where I was enjoying the local hospitality. The odd thing was that at the time I was incarcerated there, Gwalior's ruler, Maharaja Sindhia, had remained neutral in the rebellion and had no business to be allowing his prison to be used for the accommodation of captured British officers. In fact, of course, his chief advisors were sympathetic to the rebels all along, as was proved in the end. For after their defeat at Kalpi, Tantia and Lakshmbai turned to Gwalior, and the Maharaja's army went over to them, almost without firing a shot. So there they were, the last great rebel force in India, in possession of India's greatest stronghold—and with Rose closing inexorably in on them.

I knew nothing of all this, of course;

mouldering in my cell, with my beard sprouting and my hair matting, and my pandy uniform foul and stinking (for I'd never had it off since I put it on in Rose's camp), I might as well have been at the North Pole. Day followed day, and week followed week, without a cheep from the outside world, for Sher Khan hardly said a word to me, though I raved and pleaded with him whenever he poked his face through the trap into my cell. That's the worst of that kind of imprisonment—not knowing, and losing count of the days, and wondering whether you've been there a month or a year and whether there is really a world outside at all, and doubting that you ever did more than dream that you were once a boy playing in the fields at Rugby or a man who'd walked in the Park or ridden by Albert Gate, saluting the ladies, or played billiards or followed hounds or gone up the Mississippi in a side-wheeler or watched the moon rise over Kuching River or—you can wonder whether *any* of it ever existed or whether these greasy black walls are perhaps the only world that ever was or will be; that's when you start to go mad, unless you can find something to think about that you *know* is real.

I've heard of chaps who kept themselves sane in solitary confinement by singing all the hymns they knew or proving the propositions of Euclid or reciting poetry. Each to his taste: I'm no hand at religion or geometry and the only repeatable poem I can remember is an ode of Horace's that Arnold made me learn as a punishment for farting at prayers. So, instead, I compiled a mental list of all the women I'd had in my life, beginning with that sweaty kitchenmaid in Leicestershire when I was 15, and to my astonishment, there were 478 of them, which seemed rather a lot, especially since I wasn't counting return engagements. It's astonishing, really, when you think how much time it must have taken up.

One morning, I woke up to the sound of distant gunfire and it went on all that day and the next, but, of course, I couldn't tell what it meant or who was firing and I was too done to care. All through the morning of the third day it continued, and then suddenly my trap was thrown open and I was being dragged out by Sher Khan and another fellow; I hardly knew where I was. When you're hauled out of a dead captivity like that, everything seems frighteningly loud and fast—I know there was a courtyard full of nigger soldiers running about and shouting, and their pipes blaring, and the gunfire crashing louder than ever, but the shock of release was too much for me to make sense of it. I was half-blinded just by the light of the sky, though it was



"Gee, Amelia, I'm really very sorry you won't be able to make it here tonight."

heavy with red and black monsoon clouds, and I remember thinking, it'll be capital growing weather soon.

It wasn't till they thrust me onto a pony that I came to myself—instinct, I suppose, but when I felt the saddle under me, and the beast stirring, and the smell of horse in my nostrils and my feet in stirrups, I was awake again. I knew this was Gwalior fortress, with the massive gate towering in front of me, and a great gun being dragged through it by a squealing elephant, with a troop of red-coated nigger-prince's cavalry waiting to ride out, and a bedlam of men shouting orders; the din was still deafening, but as Sher Khan mounted his pony beside me, I yelled:

"What's happening? Where are we going?"

"She wants you!" cries he, and grinned as he tapped his hilt. "So she shall have you. Come!"

He thrust a way for us through the crowd milling in the gateway, and I followed, still trying to drink in the sights and sounds of this madhouse that I had all but forgotten—men and carts and bullocks and dust and the clatter of arms: a bhisti running with his water-skin, a file of pandy infantry squatting by the roadside with their muskets between their knees, a child scrambling under a bullock's belly, a great-chested fellow in a spiked cap with a green banner on a pole over his shoulder, a spindly-legged old nigger shuffling along regardless of them all, the smell of cooking ghee and, through it all, that muffled crash of cannon in the distance.

As we emerged from the gate, I stared ahead, trying to understand what was happening. Gunfire—that meant that British troops were somewhere near, and the sight that met my eyes confirmed it. Before me, there were miles of open plain, stretching to distant hills, and the plain was alive with men and animals and all the tackle of war. Perhaps a mile ahead, in the haze, there were tents and the unmistakable ranks of infantry and gun emplacements and squadrons of horses on the move—a whole army stretched across a front of perhaps two miles. I steadied myself as Sher Khan urged me forward, trying to take it in—it was a rebel army, no error, for there were pandy formations moving back towards us, and native state infantry and riders in uniforms I didn't know, men in crimson robes with little shields and curved tulwars, and gun teams with artillery pieces fantastically carved in the native fashion.

That was the first fact; the second was that they were retreating and on the edge of rout. For the formations were moving towards us, and the road itself was choked with men and beasts and vehicles

heading for Gwalior. A horse-artillery team was careering in, the gunners clinging to the limbers and their officer lashing at the beasts, a platoon of pandies were coming at the double-quick, their ranks ragged, their faces streaked with dust and sweat, and all along the road men were running or hobbling back, singly and in little groups. I'd seen the signs often enough, the gaping mouths, the wide eyes, the bloody bandages, the high-pitched voices, the half-ordered haste slipping into utter confusion, the abandoned muskets at the roadside, the exhausted men sitting or lying or crying out to those who passed by—this was the first rush of a defeat, by gum! and Sher Khan was dragging me into it.

"What the blazes is happening?" I asked him again, but all I got was a snarl as he whipped my pony to a gallop, and we clattered down the roadside, he keeping just to the rear of me, past the mob of men and beasts streaming back to Gwalior. The formations were closer now and not all of them were retreating: We passed artillery teams that were unlimbering and siting their guns, and regiments of infantry waiting in the humid heat, their faces turned towards the distant hills, their ranks stretched out in good order across the plain. Not far in front, artillery was thundering away, with smoke wreathing up in the still air, and bodies of cavalry, pandy and irregular, were waiting—I remember a squadron of lancers, in green coats, with lobster-tail helmets and long ribbons trailing from their lance heads, and a band of native musicians, squealing and droning fit to drown the gunfire. But less than a half mile ahead, where the dust clouds were churning up and the flashes of cannon shone dully through the haze, I knew what was happening—the army's vanguard was slowly breaking, falling back on the main body, with the weaker vessels absolutely flying down the road.

We crossed a deep nullah and Sher Khan wheeled me off along its far lip, towards a grove of palm and thorn, where tents were pitched. A line of guns to my left was crashing away towards the unseen enemy on the hills—enemy, by God, that was my army!—and round the oasis of tents and trees, there was a screen of horsemen. With a shock, I recognised the long red coats of the Jhansi royal guard, but for the rest, they were only the ragged ghosts of the burly Pathans I remembered, their uniforms torn and filthy, their mounts lean and ungroomed. We passed through them, in among the tents, to where a carpet was spread before the biggest pavilion of all; there were guardsmen there and a motley mob of niggers, military and civilian, and then Sher Khan

was pulling me from the saddle, thrusting me forward and crying out:

"He is here, Highness—as you ordered."

She was in the doorway of the tent, alone—or perhaps I just don't remember any others. She was sipping a glass of sherbet as she turned to look at me and, believe it or not, I was suddenly conscious of the dreadful, scarecrow figure I cut, in my rags and unkempt hair. She was in her white jodhpurs, with a mail jacket over her blouse, and a white cloak; her head was covered by a cap of polished steel like a Roman soldier's, with a white scarf wound round it and under her chin. She looked damned elegant, I know, and even when you noticed the shadows on that perfect coffee-coloured face, beneath the great eyes, she was still a vision to take your breath away. She frowned at sight of me and snapped at Sher Khan:

"What have you done to him?"

He mumbled something, but she shook her head impatiently and said it didn't matter. Then she looked at me again, thoughtfully, while I waited, wondering what the devil was coming, dimly aware that the volume of gunfire was increasing. Finally, she said simply:

"Your friends are over yonder," and indicated the hills. "You may go to them if you wish."

That was all, and for the life of me I couldn't think of anything to say. I suppose I was still bemused and in a shocked condition—otherwise, I might have pointed out that there was a battle apparently raging between me and those friends of mine. But it all seemed unreal and the word that I finally managed to croak out was: "Why?"

She frowned again at that and then put her chin up and snapped her cloak with one hand and said quickly:

"Because it is finished and it is the last thing I can do for you—Colonel." I couldn't think when she'd last called me that. "Is that not enough? Your army will be in Gwalior by tomorrow. That is all."

It was at this moment that I heard shouting behind us, but I paid it no heed, not even when some fellow came running and calling to her and she called something to him. I was wrestling with my memory and it will give you some notion of how foundered I was when I tell you that I absolutely burst out:

"But you said I would be your bargain—didn't you?"

She looked puzzled, and then she smiled and said to Sher Khan, "Give the colonel sahib a horse," and was turning away, when I found my tongue.

"But . . . but you! Lakshmi bai! I don't understand . . . what are you going to

do?" She didn't answer and I heard my own voice hoarse and harsh: "There's still time! I mean—if you . . . if you think it's finished—well, damn it, they ain't going to hang you, you know! I mean, Lord Canning has promised . . . and . . . and Sir Hugh!" Sher Khan was growling at my elbow, but I shook him off. "Look here, if I'm with you, it's sure to be all right. I'll tell 'em—"

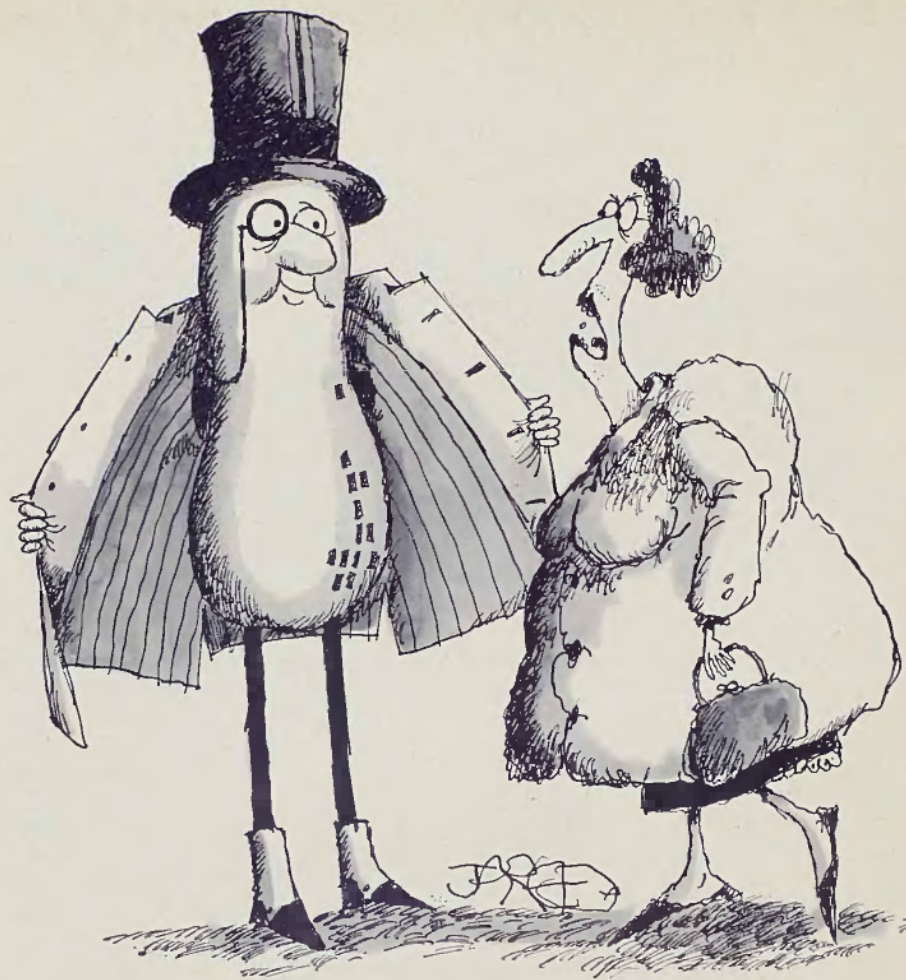
God knows what else I said—I think I was out of my wits just then. Well, when the shot's flying, I don't as a rule think of much but my own hide, and here I was absolutely arguing with the woman. Maybe the dungeon had turned my brain a trifle, for I babbled on about surrender and honourable terms while she just stood looking at me, and then she broke in:

"No—you do not understand. You did not understand when you came back to me at Jhansi. But it was for me you came—for my sake. And so I pay my debt at the end."

"Debt?" I shouted. "You're hawering, woman! You said you loved me—oh, I know now you were tricking me, too, but . . . but don't it count for anything, then?"

Before she could answer, there was a flurry of hooves and some damned interfering scoundrel in an embroidered coat flung himself off his horse and started shouting at her; behind me, there was a crackle of musketry, and shrieks and orders, and a faint bugle note whispering beyond the cannon. She cried an order and a groom hurried forward, pulling her little mare. I was roaring above the noise at her, swearing I loved her and that she could still save herself, and she shot me a quick look as she took the mare's bridle—it was just for an instant, but it's stayed with me 50 years, and you may think me an old fool and fanciful, but I'll swear there were tears in her eyes—and then she was in the saddle, shouting, and the little mare reared and shot away and I was left standing on the carpet.

Sher Khan had disappeared. I was staring and yelling after her as her riders closed round her, for beyond them, the gunners were racing towards us, with pandy riflemen in amongst them, turning and firing and running again. There were horsemen at the guns, and sabres flashing, and above the hellish din, the bugle was blaring clear in the "Charge!" and over the limbers came blue tunics and white helmets and I couldn't believe my eyes, for they were riders of the Light Brigade, Irish hussars, with an officer up in his stirrups, yelling, and the troopers swarming behind him. They came over the battery like a wave and the scarlet-clad Pathan horsemen were breaking before them.



"What are you—some kind of a sex nut?"

Lakshmibai was in among the Pathans and she had a sabre in her hand. She seemed to be shouting to them, and then she took a cut at a hussar and missed him as he swept by and for a moment, I lost her in the melee. There were sabres and pistols going like bedamned, and suddenly the grey mare was there, rearing up, and she was in the saddle, but I saw her flinch and lose the reins; for a moment, I thought she was gone, but she kept her seat as the mare turned and raced out of the fight—and my heart stopped as I saw that she was clutching her hands to her stomach, and her head was down. A trooper drove his horse straight into the mare and as it staggered, he sabred at Lakshmibai backhanded—I shrieked and shut my eyes, and when I looked again, she was in the dust, and even at that distance, I could see the crimson stain on her jodhpurs.

I ran towards her—and there must have been riders charging past me as I ran, but I don't remember them—and then I stumbled and fell. As I scrambled up, I saw she was writhing in the dust; her scarf and helmet were gone, she was kicking and clawing at her body, and

her face was twisted and working in agony, with her hair half across it. It was hideous and I could only crouch there, gazing horrified. Oh, if it were a novel, I could tell you that I ran to her and cradled her head against me and kissed her, while she looked up at me with a serene smile and murmured something before she closed her eyes, as lovely in death as she'd been in life—but that ain't how people die, not even the Rani of Jhansi. She arched up once, still tearing at herself, and then she flopped over, face down, and I knew she was a goner.⁴

It was only then, I believe, that I

⁴Accounts of her death differ, but Flashman's accords with the generally accepted version that she was killed when the Eighth Hussars charged her camp at Pool Bagh. She was seen in the melee with her horse's reins in her mouth. She was struck by a bullet, crossed swords with a trooper and was cut down. According to tradition, she gave her priceless necklace of Sindhia to an attendant as she was dying. Her battlefield tent contained a full-length mirror, books, pictures and her silk swing.

began to think straight again. There was one hell of a skirmish in progress barely 20 yards away and I was unarmed and helpless, on all fours in the dirt. Above all other considerations, I'm glad to say, one seemed paramount—to get the hell out before I got hurt. I was on my feet and running before the thought had consciously formed—running in no particular direction but keeping a weather eye open for a quiet spot or a riderless horse. I dived into the nullah, barged into someone, stumbled up and raced along it, past a group of pandies in pillbox hats who were scrambling into position at the nullah's edge to open fire, leaped over a wrecked cart—and then, wondrous sight, there *was* a horse, with a wounded nigger on his knees holding the bridle. One kick and he was sprawling; I was aboard and away—I put my head down and fairly flew. A fountain of dirt flew up just ahead of me as a cannon shot from somewhere ploughed into the nullah bank, and the last thing I remember is the horse rearing up and something smashing into my left arm with a blinding pain; a great weight seemed to be pressing down on my head and a red smoke was drifting above me, and then I lost consciousness.

I told you the worst was still to come, didn't I? Well, you've read my chronicle of the Great Mutiny, and if you've any humanity, you're bound to admit that I'd had my share of sorrow already, and more—even Campbell later said that I'd seen hard service, so there. But Rose himself declared that if an eyewitness hadn't told him the circumstance of my awakening at Gwalior, he wouldn't have believed it—it was the most terrible thing, he said, that he had ever heard of in all his experience of war, or anybody else's. He wondered that I hadn't lost my reason. I agreed then and I still do. This is what happened:

I came back to life, as is often the case, with my last waking moment clear in my mind. I had been on horseback, riding hard, seeing a shot strike home in a sandy nullah—so why, I wondered irritably, was I now standing up, leaning against something hard, with what seemed to be a polished tabletop in front of me? There was a shocking pain in my head and a blinding glare of light hurting my eyes; so I shut them quickly. I tried to move but couldn't because something was holding me; my ears were ringing and there was a jumble of voices close by, but I couldn't make them out. Why the hell didn't they shut up? I wondered, and I tried to tell them to be quiet, but my voice wouldn't work—I wanted to move, to get away from the thing that was pressing against my chest; so I tugged and an unspeakable pain

shot through my left arm and into my chest, a stabbing, searing pain so exquisite that I screamed aloud, and again, and again, at which a voice cried in English, apparently right in my ear:

"'Ere's another as can't 'old 'is bleedin' row! Stick a gag in this bastard an' all, Andy!"

Someone grabbed my hair and pulled my head back and I shrieked again, opening my eyes wide with the pain, to see a blinding-light sky and a red, sweating face within a few inches of mine. Before I could make another sound, a foul wet rag was stuffed brutally into my mouth, choking me, and a cloth was whipped across it and knotted tight behind my head. I couldn't utter a sound, and when I tried to reach up to haul the filthy thing away, I realised why I hadn't been able to move: My arms were lashed to the object that was pressing into my body. Stupefied, blinking against the glare, in agony with my arm and head and the gag that was suffocating me, I tried to focus my eyes; for a few seconds, there was just a whirl of colours and shapes—and then I saw.

I was tied across the muzzle of a cannon, the iron rim biting into my body, with my arms securely lashed on either side of the polished brown barrel. I was staring along the top of that barrel, between the high wheels, to where two British soldiers were standing by the breech, poking at the touchhole, and one was saying to the other:

"No, by cripes, none o' yer Woolwich models. No lanyards, Jim, my boy—we'll 'ave to stick a fuse in an' stand well clear."

"She's liable to blow 'er flamin' wheels off, though, ain't she?" says the other. "There's a four-pahnd cartridge in there, wiv a stone shot. S'pose it'll splinter, eh?"

"Ask 'im—arterwards!" says the first, gesturing at me, and they both laughed uproariously. "You'll tell us, won't yer, Sambo?"

For a moment, I couldn't make it out—what the devil were they talking about? And how dared the insolent dogs address a colonel as "Sambo"—and one of 'em with a pipe stuck between his grinning teeth? Fury surged up in me, as I stared into those red yokel faces, leering at me, and I shouted, "Damn your eyes, you mutinous bastards! How dare you—d'ye know who I am, you swine? I'll flog the ribs out of you. . . ." But it didn't come out as a shout, only as a soundless gasp deep in my throat behind that stifling gag. Then, ever so slowly, it dawned on me where I was and what was happening, and my brain seemed to explode with the unutterable horror of it. As Rose said afterwards, I ought to have gone mad; I believe I did for an instant.

I don't have to elaborate my sensa-

tions—anyway, I couldn't. I can only say that I was sane enough after that first spasm of dreadful realisation, because behind the fog of panic, I saw in a second what had happened—saw it with blinding certainty. I had been knocked on the head, presumably by a splinter of flying debris, and picked up senseless by our gallant troops. Of course, they'd taken me for a pandy—with my matted hair and beard and filthy and ragged sepoy uniform; they'd seen I wasn't dead and had decided to execute me in style, along with other prisoners. For as I flung my head round in an ecstasy of such fear as even I had never known before, I saw that mine was only one in a line of guns, six or seven of them, and across the muzzle of each was strapped a human figure. Some were ragged pandies, like me, others were just niggers; one or two were gagged, as I was, the rest were not; some had been tied face to the gun, but most had the muzzles in their backs. And shortly these brutes who loafed about the guns at their ease, spitting and smoking and chaffing to each other, would touch off the charges and a mass of splintering stone would tear through my vitals—and there was nothing I could do to stop them! If I hadn't screamed when I regained consciousness, I wouldn't have been gagged, and three words would have been enough to show them their ghastly error—but now I couldn't utter a sound, only watch with bulging eyes as one of the troopers, in leisurely fashion, pushed a length of fuse into the touchhole, winked at me and then sauntered back to rejoin his mates, who were standing or squatting in the sunlight, obviously waiting for the word to start the carnage.

"Come on, come on, where the 'ell's the captin?" says one. "Still at mess, I'll lay. Christ, it's 'ot! I want ter get on my charpai, I do, an' bang me bleedin' ear'ole. 'E couldn't blow the bloody pandies away arter supper, could 'e? Oh, no, not 'im."

"Wot we blowin' 'em up for?" says one pale young trooper. "Couldn't they 'ang the pore sods—or shoot 'em? It 'ud be cheaper."

"Pore sods my arse," says the first. "You know what they done, these black scum? You shoul'da bin at Delhi, see the bloody way they ripped up wimmen an' kids—fair sicken yer, wot wi' tripes an' innards all over the plice. Blowin' away's too . . . good for 'em."

"Not as cruel as 'angin', neither," says a third. "They don't feel nothin'." He strolled past my gun and to my horror, he patted me on the head. "So cheer up, Sambo, you'll soon be dead. 'Ere, wot's the matter wiv 'im. Bert, d'ye reckon?"

I was writhing frenziedly in my bonds, almost fainting with the agony of my



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wounded arm, which was gashed and bleeding, flinging my head from side to side as I tried to spit out that horrible gag, almost bursting internally in my effort to make some sound, any sound, that would make him understand the ghastly mistake they'd made. He stood, grinning stupidly, and Bert sauntered up, knocking his pipe out on the gun.

"Matter? Wot the 'ell d'yer think's the matter, you duffer? 'E don't want 'is guts blew all the way to Calcutta—that's wot's the matter! Gawd, 'e'll kill 'isself wiv applexie by the look of 'im."

"Funny, though, ain't it?" says the first. "An' look at the rest of 'em—jes' waitin' there, an' not even a squeak from 'em, as if they didn't care. Pathetic, ain't it?"

"That's their religion," pronounced Bert. "They fink they're goin' to 'eaven—they fink they're goin' to get 'arf-a-dozen rum bints apiece, an' bull 'em till Judgement Day. Fact."

"Go on! They don't look all that bleedin' pleased, then, do they?"

They turned away and I flopped over the gun, near to suffocation and with my heart ready to burst for misery and fear. Only one word—that was all I needed—Christ, if only I could get a hand free, a finger, even! Blood from my wounded arm had run onto the gun, drying almost at once on the burning metal—if I could even scrawl a message in it—or just a letter—they might see it and understand. I must be able to do something—think, think, think, I screamed inside my head, fighting back the madness, straining with all my power to tear my right wrist free, almost dislocating my neck in a futile effort to work the gag binding loose. My mouth was full of its filthy taste, it seemed to be slipping farther into my gullet, choking me—God, if they thought I was choking, would they pull it out, even for a second?—that was all I needed, oh, God, please, please, let them—I couldn't die like this, like a stinking nigger pandy, after all I'd suffered—not by such cruel, ghastly, ill luck.

"Aht pipes, straighten up—orficer comin'!" cries one of the troopers, and they scrambled up hastily, adjusting their kepis, doing up their shirt buttons, as two officers came strolling across from the tents a couple of hundred yards away. I gazed towards them like a man demented, as though by staring, I could attract their attention; my right wrist was raw and bleeding with my dragging at it, but the rope was like a band of steel round it and I couldn't do more than scabble with my fingers at the hot metal. I was crying, uncontrollably; my head was swimming—but no, no, I mustn't faint! Anything but that—think, think, don't faint, don't go mad! They've

never got you yet—you've always slid out somehow.

"All ready, Sergeant?" The leading officer was glancing along the line of guns and my eyes nearly started from my head as I saw it was Clem Hennidge⁵—Dandy Clem of the Eighth Hussars, whom I'd ridden with at Balaclava. He was within five yards of me, nodding to the sergeant, glancing briefly round, while beside him a fair young lieutenant was staring with popeyes at us trussed victims, going pale and looking ready to puke. By heaven, he wasn't the only one!

He shuddered and I heard him mutter to Hennidge: "Christ! I shan't be writing to mother about this, though!"

"Beastly business," says Hennidge, slapping his crop in his palm. "Orders, though, what? Very good, Sergeant—we'll touch 'em off all together, if you please. All properly shotted and primed? Very good, then."

"Yessir! Beg pardon, sir, usual orders is to touch 'em off one arter the other, sir. Leastways, that's 'ow we done it at Kalpi, sir!"

"Good God!" says Hennidge, and contained himself. "I'll be obliged if you'll fire all together, Sergeant, on this occasion!" He muttered something to the lieutenant, shaking his head as in despair.

Two men ran forward to my gun, one of them pulling matches from his pocket. He glanced nervously back and called:

"Sarn't—sir! This 'un ain't got no lock, nor lanyard, please! See, sir, it's one o' them nigger guns—can't fire it 'cept with a fuse, sir!"

"What's that?" cries Hennidge, coming forward. "Oh—I see. Very well, then, light the fuse at the signal, then, and—good God, is this fellow having a fit?"

I had made one last desperate effort to pull free, hauling like a mad thing, flinging myself as far as my lashings would allow, tossing my head, jerking to and fro, my head swimming with the pain of my arm. Hennidge and the boy were staring at me—the boy was green.

"'E's been carryin' on like that since we triced 'im up, sir," says one of the gunners. "Screamin', 'e was—we 'ad ter gag 'im, sir."

Hennidge swallowed and then nodded curtly and turned away, but the lieutenant seemed to be rooted with horrified fascination, as though he couldn't tear his eyes away from me.

⁵ Captain Clement Heneage took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava and also charged with the Eighth Hussars in the action of June 17, 1858, in which the Rani of Jhansi was killed. *Flashman's misspelling may have arisen through his never having seen the name written.*

"Ready!" bawls the sergeant, and "Light the fuse now, Bert," says the man at my gun. Through a red haze, I saw the match splutter and go out. Bert cursed, struck a second and touched it to the fuse. A moment and it fizzed and the gunners retreated.

"Best stand back, sir!" cries Bert. "Gawd knows what'll happen when she goes orf—might blow wide open!"

The lieutenant shuddered and seemed to collect himself, and then the strangest thing happened. For I absolutely heard a voice and it seemed to be very close in my ear, and the oddest thing was, it was Rudi Starnberg, my old enemy from Jotunberg, and as clear as a bell across the years, I heard him laughing: "The comedy's not finished yet! Come on, play actor!"

No doubt it was the product of a disordered mind, as I stared at death in the spluttering fuse, but just for a second, I realised that if there was the ghost of a chance left, it depended on keeping ice-cold—as Rudi would have done, of course. The lieutenant's eyes were on mine just for an instant before he turned away and in that instant, I raised my brows and lowered them, twice, quickly. It stopped him, and very carefully, as he stared, I closed one eye in an enormous wink. It must have been a grotesque sight; his mouth dropped open, and then I opened my eye, turned my head deliberately and stared fixedly at my right hand. He must look, he must! My wrist was as fast as ever, but I could just turn my hand, palm upwards, fold the thumb and last three fingers slowly into my palm and beckon with my forefinger, once, twice, thrice—and, still beckoning, I stared at him again.

For a moment, he just gaped and closed his eyes and gaped again, and I thought, Oh, Christ, the young idiot's going to stand there until the bloody fuse has burned down! He stared at me, licking his lips, obviously flabbergasted, turned to glance at Hennidge, looked back at me—and then, as I tried to bore into his brain and crooked my finger again and again, he suddenly yelled, "Wait! Sergeant, don't fire!" and, striding forward, he yanked the burning fuse from the touchhole. Clever boys in the Light Brigade in those days.

"What the devil? John—what on earth are you doing?" cries Hennidge. "Sergeant, hold on there!" He came striding up, demanding to know what was up, and the lieutenant, pale and sweating, stood by the breach, pointing at me.

"I don't know! That chap—he beckoned, I tell you! And he winked! Look, my God, he's doing it again! He's . . . he's trying to say something!"

"Hey? What?" Hennidge was peering across at me, and I wobbled my eyebrows as ludicrously as I could and tried to munch my lips at the same time. "What the deuce—I believe you're right; you,

there, get that gag out of his mouth—sharp, now!”

“Arise, Sir Harry,” was one of the sweetest sounds I ever heard. I can think of many others, but so help me, God, none of them rang such peals of hope and joy in my ears as those words of Hennidge’s beside the guns at Gwalior. Even as the cloth was wrenched loose, though, and the gag was torn out of my mouth, and I was gasping in air, I was thinking frantically what I must say to prevent the appalling chance of their disbelieving me—something to convince them instantly, beyond doubt, and what I croaked out when my breath came was:

“I’m Flashman—Flashman, d’ye hear! You’re Clem Hennidge! ‘The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,’ God save the Queen. I’m English—English—I’m in disguise! Ask General Rose! I’m Flashman, Harry Flashman! Cut me loose, you bastards! I’m Flashman!”

You never saw such consternation in your life; for a moment, they just made popeyed noises, then Hennidge cries out: “Flashman? Harry Flashman? But . . . but it’s impossible—you can’t be!”

Somehow I didn’t start to rave or swear or blubber. Instead, I just leered up at him and croaked:

“You give me the lie, Hennidge, and I’ll call you out, d’you know? I called a man out in ’39, remember? He was a cavalry captain, too. So—would you mind just cutting these damned ropes—and mind my arm, ‘cos I think it’s broken. . . .”

“My God, you are Flashman!” cries he, as if he were looking at a ghost. Then he just stuttered and gaped, and signed to the gunners to cut me loose, which they did, lowering me gently to the ground, horror and dismay all over their faces. I was glad to see. But I’ll never forget what Hennidge said next, as the lieutenant called for a water bottle and pressed it to my lips; Hennidge stood staring down at me appalled, and then he said, ever so apologetically:

“I say, Flashman—I’m most frightfully sorry!”

Mark you, what else was there to say? Oh, aye, there was something—I hadn’t reasoned it, as you can imagine, but it leaped into my mind as I sat there, almost swooning with relief, not minding the pains in my head and arms, and happened to glance along the guns. I was suddenly shuddering horribly, and bowing my head in my sound hand, trying to hold back the sobs, and then I says, as best I could:

“Those niggers tied to the guns. I want them cut loose—all of ‘em, directly!”

“What’s that?” says he. “But they’ve been condemn—”

“Cut ‘em loose, damn you!” My voice was shaking and faint. “Every mother’s son of a bitch, d’you hear?” I glared up at him, as I sat there in the dust in my rags, with my back to the gun wheel—I must have been a rare sight. “Cut ‘em loose, and tell ‘em to run away—away, as

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far as they know how—away from us, and never to get caught again! Blast you, don't stand there gauping—do as I say!"

"You're not well," says he. "You're distraught, and—"

"I'm also a bloody colonel!" I hollered. "And you're a bloody captain! I'm in my right mind, too, and I'll break you, by God, if you don't attend to me this minute. So . . . set—them—loose! Be a good chap, Clem—very well?"

So he gave the orders and they turned them free, and the young lieutenant knelt beside me with the water bottle, very respectful and moist-eyed.

"That was merciful," says he.

"Merciful be damned," says I. "The way things are hereabouts, one of 'em's probably Lord Canning."

It was late autumn before I was up and about again and had received word from Campbell that I might go home. Before I left, though, I made a visit to Kotah-ki-serai to have a look at the spot where Lakshmibai's people had made a little shrine to her, near the nullah.

They had cremated her, Hindoo fashion, but there was this little painted temple as a memorial, withered flowers and wreaths still round it. I mooched about, scuffing the dust with my boots, while a few old niggers, squatting under the thorns, watched me curiously. There wasn't much sign of a skirmish where she'd died—a few trifles of broken gear, a rusty stirrup, that sort of thing. I thought of her and it seemed to me that she'd done the thing that mattered to her more than life—she hadn't given up her Jhansi. As to what she may have felt about me, I'd never know—and it didn't matter now. I'd always remember those eyes above the veil and the soft lips brushing my cheek. Aye, well. Damned good-looking girl.

I went up the Agra Trunk on my way home and down to Cawnpore, where there were letters waiting for me. One was from Billy Russell, the *Times* correspondent I'd known in the Crimea. He was at Allahabad, following the seat of government, as he put it, and he asked me to stop off and celebrate with him. There were several letters from Elspeth, in her usual rattlepated style, full of loving slush about her dear, darling champion, whom she was yearning to clasp again to her loving bosom (Hear! Hear! thinks I) when he returned with laurels fresh upon his brow. (She absolutely did write like this; came from reading novels, I suspect.)

When I got off the train at Allahabad, Russell was at the station with a gharry to meet me. He was all beams and whiskers as usual, full of fun and demanding my news of the Jhansi and Gwalior affairs. He already knew the essentials, of course, "But it's the spice and colour I'm after, old fellow, and devil a bit of that d'ye get in dispatches. This business of your stealing into the Jezebel of Jhansi's fortress in disguise, now—eh?"

I parried his questions, grinning, as we bowled away towards the fort, and then he said, "I've got your prize money safe. It's about all you've had out o' this campaign, ain't it?—bar a few wounds and grey hairs."

I knew what he meant, blast him. While orders, ribbons and medals had been flying about like hail among our heroes, devil a nod had come my way. In official eyes, my service must have looked a pretty fair frost. I'd failed in the original mission Pam had given me and Rose had been damned stuffy that the plan to save Lakshmibai had come adrift. Lord Canning, he'd said, would be profoundly disappointed—as though it were my fault, the ungrateful bastard. But these are the things that matter and while honours were being showered on other men, poor old Flash would be lucky to get an address of welcome and a knife-and-fork supper at Ashby town hall.

"Slowcoach is a lord now," says Billy, "and there must be fifty Crosses flying about and God knows how many titles. I wonder whether a leaderette in the old Thunderer might stir up something for you? Can't have the Horse Guards neglectin' our best men."

I liked the sound of that, rather, but as he conducted me across the hall, where the Sikh sentries stood and the punkahs hissed, I thought it best to say I didn't mind, really—and then I found that he was grinning all over his whiskers as he ushered me through a doorway and I stopped in amazement.

It was a big, airy place, half office and half drawing room, with a score of people standing at the far end, beyond the fine Afghan carpet, all looking in my direction. There was Campbell, with his wrinkled Scotch face; Mansfield, smiling and toying with his dark whiskers; Macdonald, grinning openly; and Hope Grant, stern and straight. In their midst was a slim civilian in a white morning coat, with a handsome woman beside him; it took me a moment to realize that they were Lord and Lady Canning.

Then Russell was pushing me forward and Canning was smiling and shaking hands. I was quite taken aback to be thrust into this company so unexpected—what was this Canning was saying? "Distinguished conduct on numerous occasions . . . Afghanistan, Balaclava, Central Asia . . . lately, and most exemplary, service in the insurrection of the Bengal Army . . . gallant conduct in the defence of Cawnpore . . . service of the most dangerous and difficult nature in the Gwalior campaign . . . warmest approval of Her Majesty . . . recognition of conduct far beyond the call of duty. . ."

I listened to all this in a daze and then Campbell, taking something from Canning, was coming up to me, glowering and harrumphing. "It is at my personal request that I have been pur-mected tae bestow. . . ." He reached up and I felt a

sudden keen pain in my left tit as he stuck a pin in it.

I gasped and looked down—and there it was on its ribbon, a shabby-looking little bronze cross against my jacket. Then Lady Canning was leading the clapping and Campbell was pumping my hand. "The Order o' the Victoria Cross," says he.

I was red in the face, I knew, and almost in tears as they clustered round me, shaking hands and slapping me on the back. And then, in the august presence of the commander in chief and the governor-general, somebody started to sing *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. It went on until Canning led me out onto the verandah. In the garden, there was a crowd of soldiers and civilians—bearded Sikhs and ugly little Goorkhas, Devil's Own and Highlanders, artillerymen and sappers, chaps in white coats and sun helmets, ladies in garden-party dresses. Someone shouted, "Hip, hip, hip!" and the crashing "Hurrah!" sounded three times, and a tiger.

I looked out at them through a mist of tears and saw beyond them the Gwalior cannon muzzle and the Cawnpore barricade and the burning lines of Meerut and the battery reek of Balaclava—and I thought, By God, you don't deserve it, you shifty old bastard of a Flashy. But if they are handing out medals for luck, and survival through sheer funk and suffering ignobly borne, then grab 'em with both hands. How little you know, I thought, or you'd be howling for my blood instead of cheering me—you honest, sturdy asses. Or maybe you wouldn't, for even if you knew the truth about me, you wouldn't believe it.

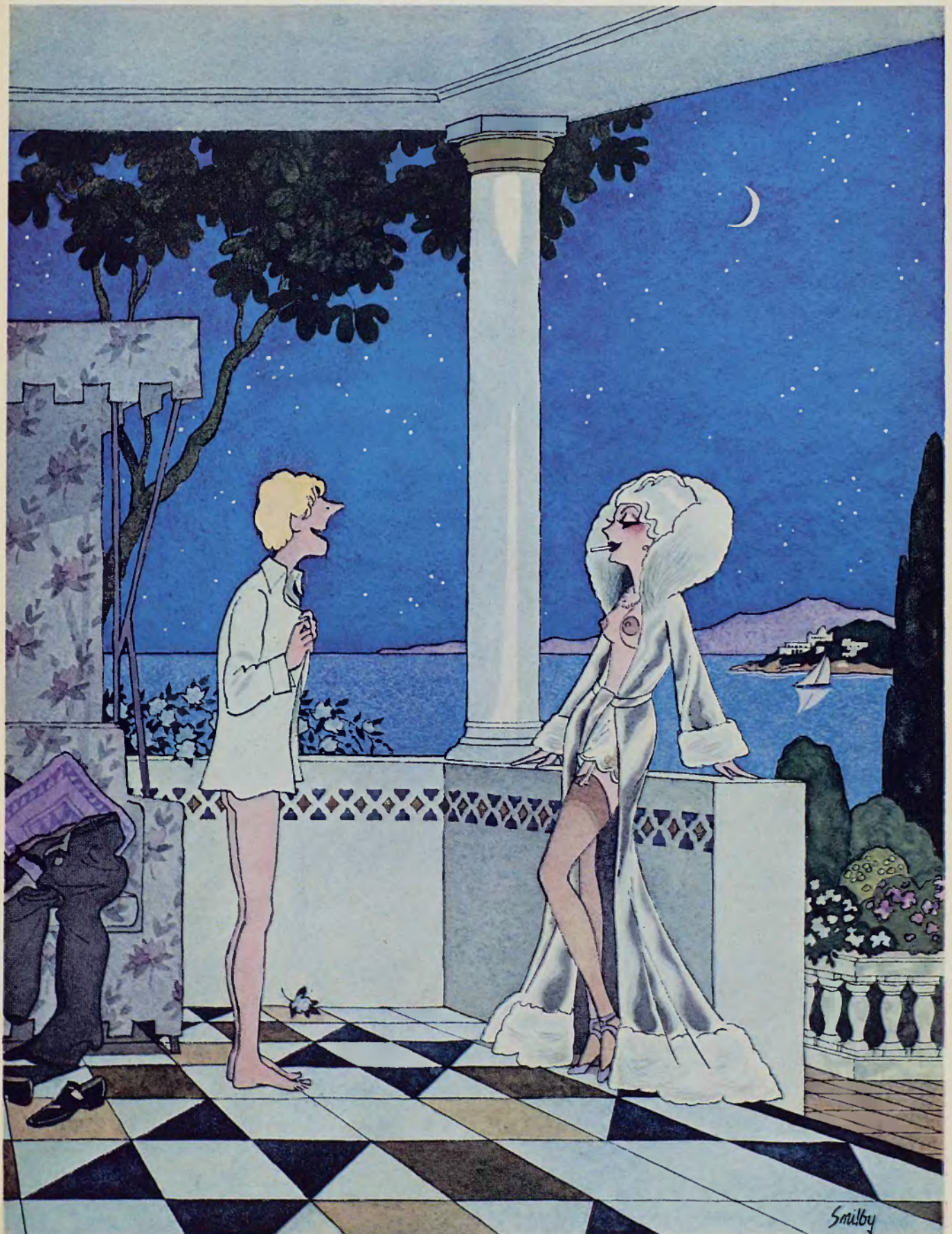
Then Lady Canning smiled at me and said, "What a gratifying experience to relate to your children, Colonel—and to Lady Flashman."

When the last words sank in, my legs went weak and I absolutely believe I said, "Hey?" Canning and his wife both laughed politely at my bewilderment and he looked at her with fond reproof, saying, "That must be under the rose, my dear. But, quite privately, Colonel, Her Majesty wished to distinguish your services by an additional mark of favour. She has been graciously pleased to create you a knight of the Bath."

I suppose I was already numb with shock, for I didn't faint or gape with disbelief. I blew my nose in my emotion. Who but little Vicky would have thought to pile a knighthood on top of the V. C.? By God, wasn't it bloody famous? That astonishing woman—I remembered how she'd blushed and looked bashful that time years before when she'd hung the Queen's Medal on me. I'd thought, aye, cavalry whiskers will catch 'em every time—and apparently still did.

This is the third and final installment of "Flashman in the Great Game."





"Harriet and I really appreciate your hospitality, Mrs. Faversham."

EDEN EXPRESS (continued from page 120)

branches. I'd get all hung up on how perfectly beautiful one muscle was, exactly what it did and getting it to do it just right. But then all the others would go off on their own little trips. I nicked my ankle with the chain saw. I was losing my coordination as well as my concentration.

Sometime in the next few days I gave up food.

I remember trying to eat some bread. It had a sharply bitter taste. It stuck to the top of my mouth, almost suffocating me, sticking to my teeth and gums, making my whole mouth burn and itch. It made awful squishy sounds. I had to spit it out.

There were times when I was scared, shaking, convulsing in excruciating pain and bottomless despair. Most people assume it is very painful for me to remember being crazy. It's not. The fact is that memories of being crazy give me an almost sensuous glee. Part of the pleasure I derive from them comes from how much I appreciate being sane now; but most of what's so much fun is that when I was crazy, everything I did, felt and said had an awesome grace, symmetry and perfection to it. My appreciation of that hasn't vanished with the insanity itself.

THE LETTER FROM VIRGE. On the back of the envelope in a barely legible scrawl was, "This is a terrifyingly incomplete letter." I should have sent it back unopened and told her to send me a complete one.

"Dearest darling Mark. Some of this letter is for you and some is for everyone. You decide what's what." Fat chance of that. For the past few days, I hadn't been able to tell the difference between myself and the trees, let alone the people. There was some description of the land and the farm in California. And then some stuff about going off pills and getting a new I.U.D. coil and feeling much better. Then there was the part about having slept with Vincent. And being sorry about hurting me and crying and shaking in Vincent's arms. It came right after the part about the coil. Well, I guess you get a new machine, you want to try it out right away.

Was I hurt? I really had to think about it. I found the idea of giving a shit about who puts whose thing in whose thing absurd and degrading.

She said she wanted to come shake and cry in my arms. Was this maybe some new position or something Vincent had taught her?

There was no way I could write back to her. All I could do was sit and wait for her return. Wait for her to complete the letter. OK. One more time, Virge, I'll play. Let's see the new Virge. I hope you're ready for the new Mark. Let it

all hang out. This train is bound for glory. The brakeman has resigned.

Fear and pain would be everything and then nothing. My happiness and sadness were all out of proportion to anything that was happening. Having their feelings make sense is how people get their kicks. I'd come to myself from time to time and realize that I was walking, half stumbling, through the woods. I'd wonder where the hell I was going, what I was doing. I'd take handfuls of snow and press them to my face, trying desperately to get some sort of hold on myself.

By the time Simon took me, Jack and Kathy to town, where we kept a car, ten days after our mescaline trip, I hadn't eaten or slept for at least four days. Everything was glowing with such an eerie light and trembling so that doing even the simplest thing was incredibly difficult. One foot in front of the other, step two follows step one, I can do it.

Twelve miles from anywhere by boat, and such a laughable boat on such an unlaughable lake: over 30 miles long, one of the world's deepest, over 1500 feet in places. Everything was zipping past us at incredible speed. There was still some light and the sky and the water, the sounds, the colors, everything was plastic and water, all flowing together and too real or unreal. . . . "I want to go back. Simon. Let's turn around," I screamed, but my voice came out all funny. It was too fast or I had said it backward or something. I couldn't make my voice sound right. Simon looked at me helplessly and shrugged his shoulders.

"We can't go back now, Mark."

"Help, pleh, pleh!" What's happened? Why can't we go back? What have I wandered into? What have I dragged Simon and God knows who else into?

And the mocking hateful contempt of the face earlier: "Now you're really going on a trip."

"Trip, pirt, help, pleh," as the sardonic wind and its accomplice, the Day-Glo water, rushed by in an eerie chuckle.

TOWN. We went to The Works to get a little something to eat. I sat there sipping coffee, feeling warmer and safer than I had in quite a while, still a little shaky but pretty sure everything was going to be all right, and then something new happened.

I started falling very deeply in love with the waitress and everyone else in the place. It seemed that they, in turn, were just as deeply in love with me. What would Virge think about all this? I had somehow fallen in love with Simon, Jack, Kathy, the waitress and assorted passers-by more powerfully and completely than I ever had with her.

Falling in love with everyone I see. Oh, Christ, what will those jokers from the Pentagon come up with next, the fun-loving boys in biological-chemical warfare? I understand that good old American technology has developed a scanner that can discriminate on the basis of race as to whom it kills. The ideal thing would be something that automatically rewarded good and punished evil. Something like what we had hoped acid was.

Maybe the Germans are putting something in the VWs they send over here. Maybe the Japanese are doing something with transistors. Sometimes I think it's timed to go off someday, sometimes I think it's going off all the time.

Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom.

Insanity is the price of eternal vigilance.

As soon as I started driving, I felt much better. Driving along deserted Highway 101 at night. On to the Prior Road Commune to crash. I had put it off as long as I could, but everything was closed and Simon was very tired.

A HALF DREAM. I am in heaven, where the senselessness of pain is clear. The feeling of peace, the fullness, the slight giddiness just below my chest, the magic place of no shadows. Then an incredible pain in my foot, a small bump on the sole, between my toes, like a plantar wart. Picking at it. Little by little, I separate it from the surrounding skin. It's a plug about a quarter inch across. I pull at it. Pain. It seems to have some sort of roots reaching up into my foot. I've pulled about six inches of foreign growth out of my foot and there's no end in sight. A feeling of relief, making my foot all warm and tingly; the more I pull out, the higher the warmth and relief spread. After each six inches or so, I rest, basking in the warmth and relief, letting each part of my body feel its new freedom, past my knee, up to my thigh. There seems to be a particularly tight concentration around my groin that makes it feel all the better when I pull it out. Down my left leg, until my left toes turn warm and free, and up my torso, bringing peace and warmth to my belly and my lower back. At my solar plexus, the resistance increases again. I feel the roots pulling on my heart and stop, but only for a moment. I can feel the tentacles being pulled through my whole body: Out it comes, more and more. I am ecstatic as the peace passes up my throat, over my mouth and through my nose to the top of my head. Ecstasy.

That's what all the rushes of fear and pain were. Just getting free of the shit. Nothing, but nothing, is going to turn me around. Pain? Fear? Fuck 'em; this shit has got to go. I've seen heaven and nothing's gonna turn me around. What is it that wants to turn me around and make me crawl back into believing all the sham about pain's being unavoidable,

utopia impossible? I'm a freight train, baby, don't give me no sidetrack. I want your main line, baby. Climb aboard the Eden Express. This train, this train is comin' through. THIS TRAIN IS BOUND FOR GLORY.

So we kept moving toward Vancouver. I think the basic idea in both of our minds was still to find Virginia and hope that that would somehow straighten everything out. I also thought that I had become a hydrogen bomb and that someone in Vancouver could defuse me.

On the way to the ferry: "Mark, you know there's been an earthquake in California?"

"Yes, I know that, Simon." That Virginia had been killed in it was obvious.

We got to the ferry landing in plenty of time. I spent most of the ride clutching my knees to my chest, trying to keep my body from turning into light. I'd feel unbearably hot and sweaty and Simon would say he felt cold. Ten minutes later, the situation would be reversed. After fighting off the most powerful rush yet and just lying back, completely exhausted, trying to get my breath, I glanced over at Simon. He was looking at me with utter bewilderment.

"You know, Mark, this is certainly turning into a strange trip."

"You ought to see it from here, Simon. You ought to see it from here."

"You know, Mark, this whole thing is really giving me a new outlook on mental illness."

"Yes, I expect it would." If Simon wanted to think that that was the explanation for what was going on, it was fine with me.

"It's giving me a whole new respect."

"It's been a very well-kept secret. No one talks about it at all. It makes sex and drugs look like apple pie."

THE VOICES. By this time, they had gotten very clear. At first I'd had to strain to hear or understand them. I broke the code and somehow was able to internalize it to the point where it was just like hearing words. Once you hear the voices, you realize they've always been there. It's just a matter of being tuned to them.

The blanks were a lot like the voices: It's hard to say exactly when they started. At first there'd be only an instant or two that I couldn't account for. Later I'd be missing whole days. I'd feel myself going away, and then I'd feel myself coming back. I had no way to gauge how much time passed during the blanks.

I didn't exactly lose contact with objective reality. My focus was just a bit bizarre. I remembered license numbers of cars we were following going into Vancouver. We paid \$3.57 for gas. The air machine made 18 dings while we were there.

We arrived in Vancouver in the late afternoon. At that point, I knew very clearly that the world was ending and

that it was my fault. I was sure that the next stop was hell and even more sure that I deserved it.

The next stop was really the Stevens Street apartment in Vancouver, where I had said goodbye to Virginia only two weeks before, though it seemed like lifetimes.

"You know you're in hell, don't you?" The voices said that a lot.

"All I know is that I don't like it much."

"You know Virginia's dead. You know your father's dead. You know the world is ending. You know you're dead. You know you've killed a lot of people. You know you're responsible for the California earthquake, the death of the planet. You know you have a mission. You know you're the Messiah."

"I know I feel that way. But I'll be damned if I'll take my word for it. People think a lot of screwy things."

ASTRAL SEX. For one reason or another, sex as I had known it was no longer

possible. I had some cosmic clap that had to be quarantined. So, for compensation, severance pay or whatever, I got astral sex. I wondered how I had ever worked up so much enthusiasm about regular sex.

I was electric with sexuality. Breathing gave me orgasm upon orgasm. I can't begin to describe what dancing with angels was like.

I had earthly sexuality, too, but like the rest of my earthly life, it had become twisted, disjointed and horrifying. My penis would seem monstrously huge. I'd get hard-ons that wouldn't go away. I'd try to masturbate to defuse my earthly sexuality but couldn't come. I feared that something was trying to turn me into a homosexual. It's possible that those feelings represented the breakthrough of repressed homosexuality, but I have my doubts. Food was horrible to me, too, but I have yet to hear anyone say that schizophrenia is a repressed fear of food.

Down from 155 to about 125 pounds, deaf, dumb and blind, convulsing in my



"Two-twenty-five for a cheeseburger and a shake, and you ask me what's the meaning of life!"

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own puke, shit and piss. If something wanted me to suffer, how much more could it want?

At some point, I gave up clothing. It was just too sticky and confining, almost like drowning. Somewhere in there, I threw a huge rock through the living-room picture window. Gradually, it became clear even to Simon that they might have to put me into a hospital, if only to save their own sanity.

Twelve days without food or sleep, 12 very active days, hadn't done wonders for my physique. As we found out later, death by starvation wasn't a farfetched possibility. Stop eating, make it a 24-hour, no-time-outs day, and you've got one hell of a quick-weight-loss program. According to doctors at the hospital, another week, maybe less, would have done the trick. My sense of taste was as badly screwed up as all my other senses, which had a lot to do with my giving up food in the first place and is also why so many schizies think they're being poisoned. I don't care how much you trust the people around you, you trust your own senses more.

"Good night, sweet prince, whoever you were or thought you were. Please let me go, Mark." Dad.

Of all the awful news I was dealing with—Virge's death in the earthquake, impending nuclear holocaust—my father's suicide hit me hardest. From as early as I was old enough to worry about such things, I had worried about his either drinking himself to death or blowing his brains out. He had hinted at it fairly broadly from time to time. Sometimes I thought the only thing holding him back was fear of how it would affect me. Sons of suicides find life lacking—Rosewater.

Being still able to talk with him took some of the sting away. He actually seemed pretty cheerful. Maybe he had somehow driven me nuts just so he could say goodbye and explain a lot of things he hadn't been able to before.

"I'm sorry about this, Mark, but think how hard it would be for me to resist this sort of thing. I just wanted to dance with you once before I left." We had some substantive talks, mostly about World War Two, for some reason, but most of it was dancing and giggling. It was lots of fun.

My father and others had wanted to tell me, but things moved too fast. There was no way to get word to me through normal channels, but somehow I had caught on.

"I thought you guys would never get here." Simon and my father, or damn convincing hallucinations, were holding me up and talking about getting me the hell out of that apartment.

I'd give almost anything for a tape of my ride to Hollywood Hospital near Vancouver. My father had a lot on his mind, but still, not to have brought along a

recorder verges on criminal neglect. It was bop talk. Like a Fifties d.j. Words a mile a minute. I wasn't thinking, it was just all there. One thing a tape of my ride to the hospital would show was how I was responding to outside events. It was a dialog. Jackhammers had some very encouraging things to say.

When my father and Simon left me, when three guys dressed in white started walking me down that long hall, half holding me up, half holding me down, I understood. I had gone too far.

Clunk, into that little room. Cuzzunk, a huge mother bolt ran the width of the door.

If you were terribly confused, desperately trying to get your bearings without the faintest idea of where you were or what was happening, if you finally got your mouth and tongue to work right and finally managed to ask "Where am I?" what would be the worst possible thing someone could tell you? I would have anagrammed almost any name into something perfectly wonderful or perfectly terrible. But Hollywood? That one didn't need much work. It didn't call on my knowledge of medieval mysticism or Russian lit. After chewing on that awhile and getting my words to work right again: "Hollywood where?"

"Fifth Avenue. New Westminster."

"Tower of London, man for all seasons." At last, a use for my liberal-arts education.

If being in Hollywood on Fifth Avenue in New Westminster isn't being caught in a time-space warp, what is?

For a while, I was convinced that the whole thing I was going through was my father's way of helping me give up cigarettes. Some lesson.

"Cigarettes, Dad?"

"Cigarettes, Mark."

"Shit, Pa, who would have guessed?"

"Well, it took you quite a while, Mark." But then, when I said I wouldn't smoke anymore and they still wouldn't let me out of my little room, I got suspicious that cigarettes weren't the whole story. Little by little it sank in. It was all on the level. This was a real mental hospital with real doctors and nurses.

THE DOC. I have a fuzzy recollection of walking up to some doctor-looking person and being totally absorbed by his gold tie clip. I suspected it was the button to end the world, so I didn't touch it. I'm pretty sure it was Dr. Dale. I don't know who else could be so tasteless as to walk around a mental hospital wearing the button to end the world.

I often look on him as one of God's little jokes on me. When I was in desperate trouble, what saved me from a fate worse than death? To what do I owe my life? Was it love, affection, understanding, friends, wisdom? No, no, no. It was biochemistry and a man who looks like a poor copy of Walt Disney, drives

pink Cadillacs, wears baby-blue alligator shoes and appears to have the emotional depth of a potato.

I was back to being polite, the well-tempered paranoid. It seemed to take them forever to believe that I was capable of keeping clothes on or not being combative or able to go anywhere without an orderly watching over me. The doctors are always the last to catch on. The first to realize you've gotten better and to start to treat you accordingly are the other patients. After the patients catch on, then the maintenance staff and the lower orderlies realize you're OK, and so on through the various orders of nurses until the news reaches the doctors. It works the same for relapses.

As soon as I was OK, I was bored. Most of the time, I just sat around and tried to figure out what had gone wrong. I had blown my cool. The world wasn't ending. Virginia hadn't died. My father hadn't died. I had been mistaken. OK. I realized I was wrong. I just wanted to get out of there.

My father flew up from the "real" Hollywood, where they were making a movie of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, and spent a day visiting and taking me out to lunch. He, like everyone else, seemed to think the whole thing was very heavy. I was feeling OK and wished everyone would just forget about it or treat it like a broken leg. Mark went bonkers. What does it mean?

I just couldn't get into thinking about it much. Maybe that was because of all the Thorazine they had pumped into me. Thorazine makes thinking a pretty unprofitable proposition. It has lots of unpleasant side effects. It makes you groggy, lowers your blood pressure, making you dizzy and faint when you stand up too quickly. If you go out in the sun, your skin gets red and hurts like hell. It makes muscles rigid and twitchy. The side effects were bad enough, but I liked even less what the drug was supposed to do. No doctor or nurse ever came out and said so in so many words, but it was an antihero drug. Dale kept saying to me, "You mustn't try to be a hero." Thorazine makes heroics impossible.

On Thorazine, you can read comic books and *Reader's Digest* forever. You can tolerate talking to jerks forever. Babble, babble, babble. The weather is dull, the flowers are dull, nothing's very impressive. Muzak, Bach, Beatles, Lolly and the Yum-Yums, The Rolling Stones. It doesn't make any difference.

GETTING OUT. Dr. Dale, who was in charge of me, had to go to some conference in Hawaii. In the meantime, Dr. McNice was in charge of me. Dr. McNice was a soft touch for mysticism and literature and had a bit of sympathy for hippiedom. A liberal. If there was one thing my life had taught me, it was how to manipulate liberals.



After some long, urbane chats about medieval mystics, the Dead Sea Scrolls, Jung and the fallacies in Freud's essays on religion, we decided my brain was in working order.

Virginia was going to pick me up in the morning. Back to the farm, back to where life made sense. It was March seventh. Three weeks of Hollywood was plenty. If disease was a cleansing process, I was some clean.

After I'd been back on the farm a few days, my resolve to forget about the whole thing, never terribly strong, crumbled completely. It started as a very reasonable attempt to figure out what had happened, so that I could avoid its happening again. As I began to fit things together, it became more and more apparent to me that there was very little, if anything, delusional about my thoughts or inappropriate about my behavior. There was too much confirmation from too many sources that something momentous had happened and that I had responded at least appropriately and very possibly heroically.

Sex had never been very carefree or playful between Virginia and me. Recent events were hardly calculated to improve matters. Getting back together was tentative and gingerly. We were two very scared china dolls. Sex had less than ever to do with biological desire and was more than ever a garble of symbolic proofs

and deeper needs. It was a desperately important hurdle.

There was so much to say that neither of us said anything. The first couple of nights, we just rubbed and clumsily hugged each other, pulling back every five minutes or so and looking into each other's scared, pleading eyes, trying to figure out what, if anything, was understood between us.

We finally made love. Considering what we had been through, having any kind of sex was plenty ambitious; but, at the same time, having been through all that shit somehow raised the ante. For it to have been good, it had to have been much better than before, and it wasn't. In fact, it seemed that nothing had changed.

Somehow, ten days went by and it was time for me to go into town and take my immigration physical so I could stay in Canada. Kathy, having set a record of two months straight on the farm, decided to go with us. In midafternoon, we all tromped down to the lake, list in hand, with a couple of bags of laundry, letters to be sent, library books to be returned.

On to the laundromat. While Kathy and I were folding clothes, Joe and Mary, a couple we had met, came in. They had had it with the Powell River area and were about to head for the interior. They asked us to come to dinner.

Driving out to good old Joe and Mary's, taking each hill as it comes, each

curve as it comes, in tune with the car and the road. I usually found an evening with Joe and Mary just the change of pace I needed. It was a vacation from hipness. There were times when I wanted some hot tea, central heating, electric lights, a nuclear family. Innocence. I wasn't looking for a place to get the Eden Express rolling again.

"There's this guy with us who's a big fan of your father's and is dying to meet you," Joe said. "I hope that won't be too big a pain in the ass."

Greetings, greetings.

"Mark, this is David."

"You've probably heard this a million times before, but I've read everything your old man's written and really dig his stuff. I'm really a fan." I just smiled and nodded. Fan seemed like a nice enough kid.

It went so nicely. I was getting exactly the kind of Joe-and-Mary evening I had looked forward to.

In a matter of a couple of hours, maybe less, everything changed. I think most of the really heavy things happened after my first attempt to get some sleep and pretend nothing extraordinary was happening.

Kathy and I had brought our sleeping bags with us. We were supposed to crash in a small side room. I was feeling a little sick and nervous and lonely and jittery. That was how it had started with Vincent and Virginia. She had been feeling bad and lonely and had not been able to sleep. Vincent had rubbed her stomach for her, and then one thing had led to another. Kathy lying there all swaddled in that

icy blue. I had always thought she was kind of pretty, but looking at her now, she was exquisitely beautiful. Kathy, my stomach feels all screwed up. Could you rub it? No, no. That was all wrong. It was what I meant, but somehow there was no way for me to say it.

Was Virginia not thinking about fucking when she asked Vincent to rub her stomach? What a luxury. I couldn't ask anyone for a glass of water without thinking about fucking. Men, women, children, dogs, goats, and on and on. Some part of me wanted to fuck just about everything.

So there I was, going nuts again and pretty sure I was going nuts again (the voices were getting clearer and more insistent; the crazy taste was in the back of my mouth; things were starting to glow and shimmer again), thinking, maybe if I could make love with someone, it would defuse this whole damn thing. But even if it worked, I'd spend the rest of my life wondering if I had cried wolf just to get laid.

I heard voices in the living room. It was Joe, Mary and Fan talking, but their voices sounded strange. Very low and wispy, like wind: "Mark, Mark, Mark." Being polite, I got up and went into the living room. Mary was wearing some priestess-type outfit. She told me to sit down in a voice too low to be hers (or anyone else's, for that matter). Her legs were spread and her crotch was glowing smoky Day-Glo orange.

Why couldn't it be her fingers or something else? Don't I have enough problems without Day-Glo crotches? I wasn't about

to argue that whatever my problem was, there was a lot of sex involved. Day-Glo crotches seemed to be rubbing it in.

"Do we have time to move to higher ground?" There was that voice that wasn't Mary's coming from Mary again.

"Higher ground is within," I said and faded out again.

"Let me go, Mark. Please let me go." It was my father again, begging me, pleading with me, trying to explain, trying again to make me hate him. Again I got the feeling that he wanted to kill himself.

"Don't you see I'm responsible for all this pain you're going through? How can you not hate me?"

"If you weren't the fifteenth joker through here in the last few hours trying to claim responsibility for the hell I'm in. I might be able to take you more seriously. A lot of what's going on certainly has your flavor to it, but Bob Dylan, believe it or not, was just through to apologize and try to make it all better. He figured the whole thing was his fault.

"The thing I'm telling them and want to tell you, too, is that it's not all that bad. I have a feeling that I'm somehow where all you big deals were afraid to go. Where you all drew the line and chickened out. That may sound grandiose, but it certainly feels like that's what's happening."

In the morning, the trees were green again. Somehow, the destruction had been reversed, the earth reprieved. There was still time.

Joe and Mary talked about some nice doctor who had taken care of something for them. Joe drove his Microbus. Then the sun came out and everything got bright, too bright. The road was shaking and everything on it started to fall apart. Joe pulled up to the hospital. The big red sign, EMERGENCY ENTRANCE.

"What seems to be the problem?" Good question. Here I was in the emergency ward; just what was the problem? Why hadn't someone asked me that before? It seemed so straightforward. What was the problem?

One way or another, I found myself back in the front seat of the Microbus. There was a little piece of paper. It was a prescription for pills I was supposed to take "if the going gets rough."

Back to Joe and Mary's cabin. Everybody seemed to be all right.

Fan David's was the most persistent "Far out, that's cool," etc., I have ever run into. I remember how I finally shook him up. I went into the room where he was sleeping. He started up, per usual, being enthusiastic about how far out I was. His dog was lying next to his bed. I reached over and jacked his dog off. Fan got very upset. I guess everyone has a limit.

A WALK WITH FAN. I must have been gritting my teeth or shaking or something. It was a pretty rough time just



"It's the same with his wife."

about sunset of the second day. David came up to me. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Come on, brother, don't hold it all in. Let some of that energy go. There are lots of people who could use some of it."

"No one wants this shit."

"No, you're wrong. It's just that you've got too much. Give some to me."

"You really want it?" I was incredulous. "I really don't want to put anyone through this shit."

"No, really. I could use it. Give it to me."

I wasn't sure how to go about it, but I put both of my hands on his head. "OK, you want it? Here it comes." I felt a rush of relief as something went from my hands into his head.

He stepped back; his eyes were wide. "Wow, you're not just fucking around, are you?" I just sort of nodded and shook my head all at once. That something real had happened was both frightening and comforting.

I said, "Let's go for a walk."

"Sure," he said, half in a daze, and we headed down a little two-rut dirt road that ran toward the woods behind the cabin.

"I think I'm starting to catch on," he said.

"Well, it's a funny thing. Once you start to get it, you won't be able to figure out why you never saw it before. It's really so simple."

"Has your father been here?"

"No, I don't think so. But he knows or strongly suspects it's here. For some reason, he couldn't make it or didn't want to. He sort of decided to send me instead."

It was the first rational conversation I had had in a long time. Actually, just about a day or so, but it seemed much longer. I felt relaxed and not half so lonely. Fan was catching on. There was someone to talk to. I started crying softly.

"What's wrong, Mark?"

"Nothing's wrong, really. I just sort of wish he were here. I wish I could talk to him here like this. I mean, with his body here like mine. I mean, I can talk to him like this now, but if he were here, if he brought his body along, all we'd be able to talk about would be Mickey Mantle or something neither of us really gives a shit about."

"You mean he's here now?"

"Yes, Dad, we know you're here. Why don't you bring your body along sometime?"

"Hi, Mark."

"Hi, Pop."

"Hey, Mark, did you ever think that maybe I'm writing this script?"

"Hey, Pop, did you ever think that maybe you're not?"

"I mean, Mark, did you think that maybe I'm a good enough writer to write what you're going through?"

"Frankly not, Pop. I don't think anyone could."

"Well, Mark, you're probably right. I couldn't write what you're living, not even begin. But there were guys who were really good. It's incredible some of the things people have written."

"You mean like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky?"

"Ya, and there were some others, too."

"Well, Pop, guess what your college-educated son just happened to pick up fresh out of the nuthouse? I just happen to have a copy of *The Brothers Karamazov* right here in my pocket."

"Oh, shit, Mark, was that ever a mistake. But what a beautiful one. I mean, really, first thing you picked up when you got out?"

"Yup, Dad, you guessed it."

"Well, Mark, let that book fall open." I let the book open. About halfway down the right-hand page, one sentence stood out, glowing from the rest of the print:

THE END OF TIME WILL BE MARKED BY ACTS OF UNFATHOMABLE COMPASSION. [Though that is what the author saw, the quote does not appear in *The Brothers Karamazov* but is an amalgam of thoughts expressed by Dostoevsky—Ed.]

"Thanks, Dad." Then I started to laugh in spite of myself, just a slight chuckle.

"What's funny, Mark?"

"Not much, Dad. I was just thinking what shit I would have gotten if I had *Cal's Cradle* or something instead."

"You don't have to rub it in. There's just one thing I'd like to ask you, Mark."

"Fire away, Pop."

"Well, Mark, just how, exactly, did you get here, anyway?"

"Well, Dad, that was the one thing I thought you probably knew. After all, it was something I sort of picked up from you. It's really amazingly simple. Just never turn down an invitation."

"Bye, Mark."

"Bye, Dad. See you around and thanks for dropping by."

"Mark, I've never read much." Joe talking.

"Well, old man," I said affectionately, putting my arm around him, and started reciting *Moby Dick* from memory. I had read *Moby Dick* only once and hadn't made any effort to memorize it. I had been going on for about five minutes before I realized what I was doing.

I remember feeling his hand on my arm, shaking me.

"But I can't let you go on, I'm afraid of what it's doing to you. Take this." He handed me one of the pills that the doctor had prescribed if things got rough.

The pill went down easily and took effect quickly. "Everyone was swell." My last breath, last whisper, and I lost consciousness.

"Mark." Joe was tapping on my shoulder.

"What is it, Pops?"

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"Mark, you've had a relapse. Listen to me. We're going to have to take you back."

"Back to my little room? Back to Dr. Dale?"

"Yes, Mark. But you'll get out again, just like you did before."

"And after I get out again, will I have to keep going back and keep going back over and over again? Mary said that I had already been down as far as I could go. Why would she lie to me?"

"It's OK, Mark. It'll be all right. You'll get out again. You'll get well again."

"Promise?"

"Yes, I promise, Mark. A lot of people love you and are behind you. No matter what's wrong, we'll find a way out. When this is all over, I'll come and get you."

"And we'll go fishing and play some chess?"

"Well, I'm not much of a chess player, Mark. But, yes, I'll take you to some of my kind of country and we'll fish as much as you want. I'll take you fishing up in the Kootenays."

"Can't I come with you now? Can't you take me with you now?"

"No, Mark. I'm sorry. I can't explain it all now. But as soon as things get straightened out, I'll come get you and we'll go fishing."

"OK, Pop. I'll go back. It's not really so bad. Easter break is coming up pretty soon. I have a feeling this is going to be one hell of an Easter."

A cop on either side of me. Half holding me up, half holding me down. Virginia behind me, saying, "Walk, Mark."

"What the fuck you think I'm trying to do, bitch?" That's the last thing I remember for quite a while.

When I recovered enough to care about where I was, my first reaction was to be pissed off at the hospital. If only they had given me a few pills to take along, this whole thing could have been avoided. If anything, I was less patient than before. There wasn't much magic about pills three times a day. Why don't they just give me the fucking pills and let me the fuck out of here?

Then they seemed to loosen up a little. Dr. Dale told me what he thought was wrong with me, what could be done about it, what the pills did. What I had was schizophrenia. It was probably genetic. It was biochemical. It was controllable. It might have something to do with adrenaline metabolism. There were dietary adjustments I could make that might help. Dope wasn't such a hot idea for someone like me.

I also found out that my legal situation was quite a bit more complicated than it had been last time around. My first stay I was, technically at least, a voluntary patient. This time I had arrived in a strait jacket, accompanied by four Royal Canadian Mounties. They could lock me

away for years. I decided to work on patience again.

I worked my way out of the locked wards. Even got all my own clothes back. I was in one of the best rooms. And then, seemingly out of nowhere, all hell broke loose again and I was back in that fucking little room. No visitors, no clothes, no one would even talk to me through the little hole, no nothing.

The power phenomenon—the idea that I was responsible for earthquakes, the course of history, the end of the world—had a neat, almost ceremonious ending that set it apart from other things. The voices, visions, misperceptions, irrationality, bizarre behavior all faded fuzzily, much the way they had come. Milder versions still come to visit occasionally. I'd just as soon they didn't, but as long as the powers stay away, I don't mind too much.

It was a few days before Easter. I had been in the little windowless room for what seemed like forever. The door opened.

I was taken into the room diagonally across the corridor. It had windows, curtains, flowers, paintings, books, paper, pens. It was all anyone could ever ask for.

"Sit down, Mark." I sat down. "My name's Walter. Call me Wally."

Most of what he said wouldn't have made much sense to anyone but me. It would have been just another poor crazy person raving his brains out. What it boiled down to was that I was being divested of my power.

"You're not a conductor anymore. Someone else is in charge of the train." He seemed to be congratulating me for having done my part well and saying that now I could relax. It worked like a charm. I don't think I did any raving after that. I had no more power. I could now be just one of the fellas.

Easter morning I was sitting just outside the little room rolling a cigarette, still trying to put together some of the things Wally had said and who the hell he was. According to the nurses, Wally was just another patient.

A breeze came through the ward. It smelled like spring. It was the first smell I had noticed in months that hadn't been death. Something was saying goodbye to me.

"Goodbye, sport. Who would ever guess?" And it was gone.

Tears started streaming down my face. They tasted sweet. I sat there smoking a cigarette through the tears, tasting them both, and how good they were.

ON THE LOOSE AGAIN. When I was finally released from the hospital, I bore little resemblance to the dynamo of assertion I had been on my first release. I had nothing but a feeling of extreme fragility and vulnerability and a little hope that someday things would be different. It was hard to be graceful.

I don't think I had any real hope of

making the farm my life anymore. It was like getting back up onto a horse after you've been thrown. It was like a lot of things, but it wasn't much like Eden. It was the best of a lot of lousy alternatives.

Three months later, I headed East. I still had to keep taking Thorazine. Philosophical niceties were swept aside. Biochemistry and those funny guys who called themselves orthomolecular psychiatrists were my new buddies.

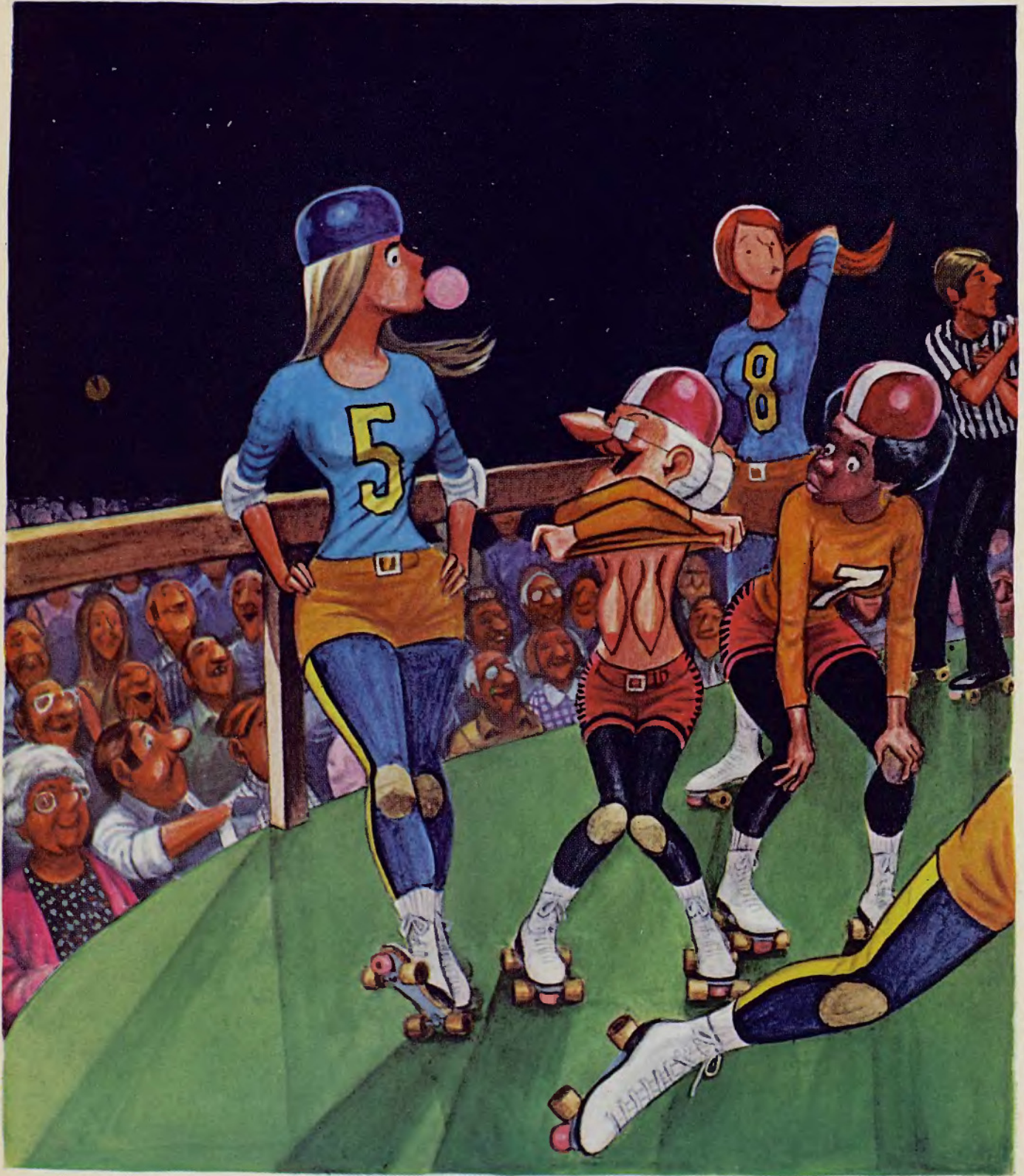
It took quite a bit to convince us that anything as pedestrian as biochemistry was relevant to something as profound and poetic as what I was going through. But the idea had a lot to recommend it. The hopelessness of dealing with it on a poetic level was the start. The poets in the business gave little hope and huge bills. The chemists fixed me up with embarrassingly inexpensive, simple nonprescription pills. Vitamins, mostly. The biochemists said no one was to blame. The poets all had notions that required someone's having made some mistake. The A.M.A. had no particular affection for megavitamin therapy. That was something. Anything the A.M.A. hated couldn't be all bad. The more research I did, the more impressed I was. I remain converted.

When I finally left the farm and went East, it wasn't to get away from painful memories or a lifestyle that might drive me nuts again. I felt stronger than ever before. I was curious about this new strength and there wasn't enough variety at the farm to give it a thorough testing.

It seemed that virtue was no longer compulsory. I had spent a lot of my life trying to figure out what "good" was and trying to do it. It had seemed that my state of mind, my mental health, was directly tied to how much good was in my life, which would have been fine if the process hadn't been such a progressively demanding, implacable one.

In the beginning, I couldn't take physical violence. In the end, I couldn't cut firewood. I didn't want to move or breathe for fear of harming microbes. My life became more and more an instant-karma replay. There was no way to be good enough. My friends had gradually become as monstrous as the SS and the farm as hectic and frightening as New York City.

But gradually all this was turned around. The more the vitamins took hold, the less my mental health depended on how good I was. Before, I had had a fairly simple, if tyrannical, guideline for how to run my life. Anything that rattled me was bad and to be avoided. The world's horror and sinfulness matched my constantly deteriorating stress tolerance. In any event, my mental health doesn't give me many clues about how to act anymore. It's kind of nice to be back on my own.



BUCK BROWN

"Aw, what the hell—let's give the fans what they really came for!"

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GROVER LEWIS TAKES US TO THE MOVIE SET OF KEN KESEY'S *ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST* AT AN OREGON FUNNY FARM, WHERE IT'S HARD TO TELL THE ACTORS FROM THE LOONIES, IN "CUCKOO'S NEST"

DAN GREENBURG, PURELY OUT OF OVERWEENING INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY, OF COURSE, ANSWERS A FEW OF THOSE ADS WITH SURPRISING, AND WALLET-LIGHTENING, RESULTS: "DOMINANT WRITER SEEKS SUBMISSIVE MISS WITH SPANKABLE BOTTOM"

FREDERICK FORSYTH WEAVES AN EERIE TALE ABOUT AN R.A.F. PILOT WHO FINDS HIMSELF LOST IN THE FOG, WITHOUT COMPASS OR RADIO, AND ON CHRISTMAS EVE, YET, IN "THE SHEPHERD"

MORTON LUND HELPS US CHOOSE THE BEST POWDER SNOW, THE EASIEST BUNNY SLOPES AND THE QUICKEST PLACES TO BREAK A LEG—OR SCORE IN THE APRES-SKI SWEEPSTAKES: "PLAYBOY'S BEST IN SKIING"

LEE FALK PENS A THRILLER ABOUT A MAN WHOSE ACCOUNT IS OVERDRAWN IN A FUTURE SOCIETY, WHERE, LITERALLY, "TIME IS MONEY"

EDWARD ABBEY RATTLES AROUND THE MOUNTAIN STATES, WHERE THERE USED TO BE GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS, AND DISCOVERS THAT AFTER THE COAL STRIPPERS FINISH, THERE WON'T EVEN BE THEM THAR HILLS, IN "THE SECOND RAPE OF THE WEST"

JAMES CAAN REVEALS HE'S "A ROMANTICIST WHO WAS BORN 200 FUCKIN' YEARS TOO LATE" IN A FRANK **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

EVAN HUNTER GOES BEHIND THE SCENES OF A PORNO-MOVIE SET AND FINDS A SETUP. IT'S JUST A STORY, BUT IT'S FUNNY: "SKIN FLICK"

DAVID KAHN SHEDS SOME LIGHT ON CRYPTOGRAPHY, FORMERLY THE PROVINCE OF KOOKY ANAGRAM ADDICTS, NOW THAT OF A GIANT COMPUTER BANK: "THE CODE BATTLE"

JOHN CHEEVER PAYS A MEMORABLE FICTIONAL VISIT TO A HIGHBROW PRISON INMATE IN "FALCONER"

ARTHUR KNIGHT PRESENTS HIS ANNUAL EVALUATION OF THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO TURN US ON AT THE MOVIES IN "SEX STARS OF 1975"

CRAIG KARPEL CHRONICLES SOME PRIME EXAMPLES OF REVERSE HORATIO ALGERISM IN "THE AMERICAN WAY OF FAILURE"

SCOTT BURNS WONDERS IF SOCIAL SECURITY—THE BIGGEST CHAIN LETTER IN HISTORY—COULD GET MORE FOULED UP THAN IT IS NOW. ANSWER: IT CAN AND WILL: "AMERICA IS GOING BROKE"

JUDITH WAX PITCHES HER ANNUAL DOUBLE-HEADER: "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS" AND "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"

PLUS: "THE VOYEUR," OR IS IT VOYEUSE?—THE PICTORIAL ADVENTURES OF A PEEPING THOMASINA; **ARNOLD ROTH'S** "HISTORY OF SEX, PART VI," OR GOING DOWN ON THE ROMAN EMPIRE; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY** SURROUNDED BY ASSORTED SEX FREAKS; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; "THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR'S GREATEST HITS"; A FAR-OUT PICTORIAL ON A KINKY MOVIE: "STORY OF O"; AND, IN THE "IS NOTHING SACRED?" DEPARTMENT: "EROTIC PENNY CANDIES." ALL THIS AND MUCH, MUCH MORE ON EATING, DRINKING, PARTY THREADS AND YULETIDE GIFTING, FOR THE MERRIEST HOLIDAY SEASON EVER.

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

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



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



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