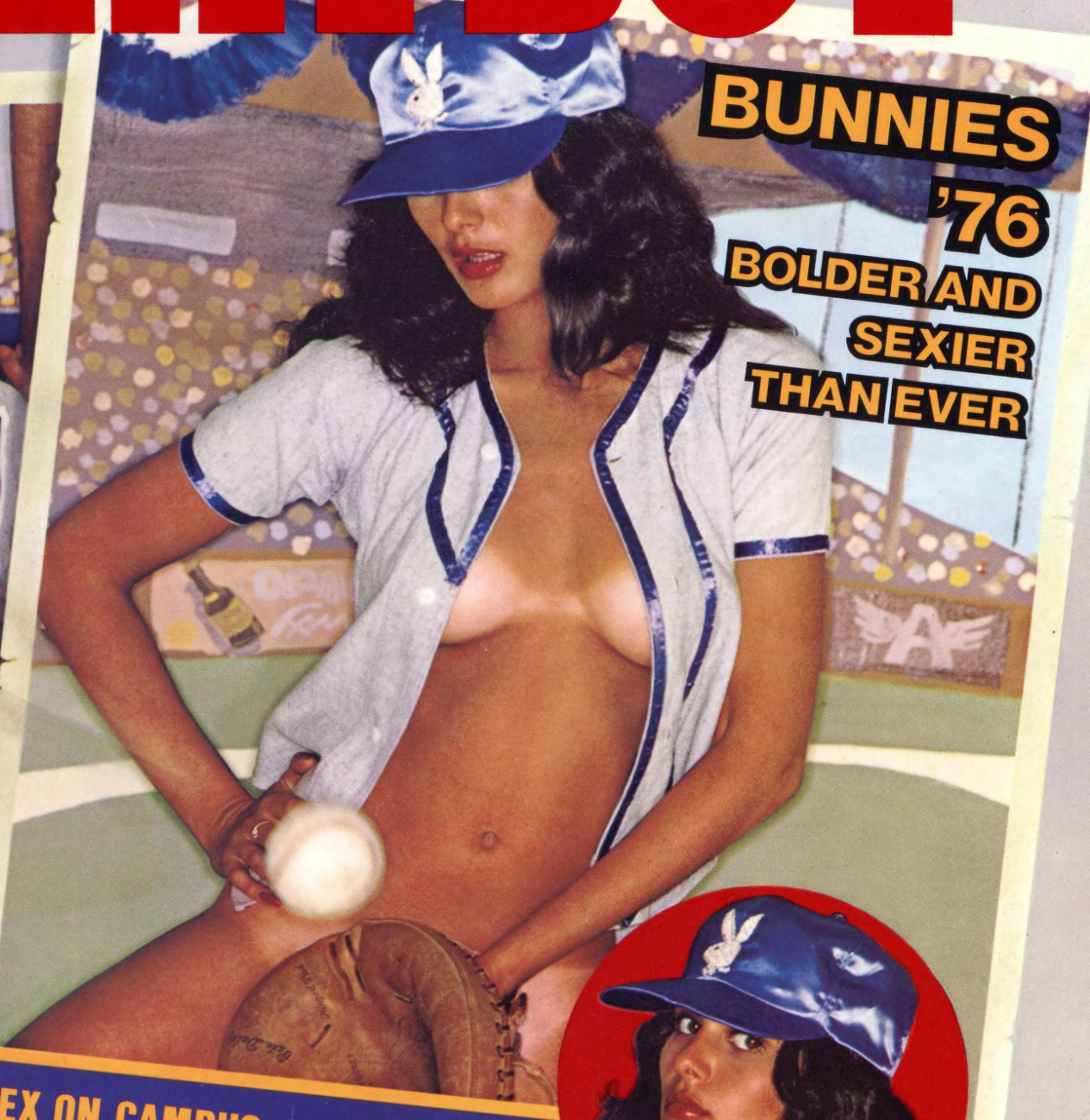


ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1976 • \$1.50

PLAYBOY



**BUNNIES
'76
BOLDER AND
SEXIER
THAN EVER**



**SEX ON CAMPUS:
COLLEGE LIFE HEATS
UP AS THE COEDS
GET IT ON**

**ROONE
ARLEDGE:
THE KING OF
TV SPORTS INTERVIEWED**

MEMPHIS LYNCHED "DEEP THROAT"

**"ROOTS": A PREVIEW OF
ALEX HALEY'S BLOCKBUSTER**

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WE DON'T WANT TO give away too much about Alex Haley's dramatic odyssey back through his lineage, the genealogical journey that produced his soon-to-be-published (by Doubleday), sure-fire best seller *Roots*, which is a chronicle of the past seven generations of Haleys, since that voyage will be the subject of his next book, to be called, appropriately enough, *My Search for Roots*. Suffice it to say, the research for *Roots*, which Haley describes as "high drama, purely a detective story," took 12 years, involved over half a million miles of travel over three continents and cost upwards of \$80,000 to complete. Haley did the very first *Playboy Interview* (Miles Davis, September 1962) and many others since then, so it is with no little measure of pride that we bring you *Roots: The Mixing of the Blood* (illustrated by David Wilcox), the true story of the rape of Haley's great-great-great-grandmother Kizzy by her white master. "The fact that that sort of thing happened was no news to me," says author Haley concerning this episode. "It was commonplace in the antebellum South. I felt no sudden rage when I found out about it." At the moment, aside from mapping out his next book, Haley is consulting on the teleplay for ABC's projected 12-hour miniseries on *Roots*, to be aired in January and starring Cicely Tyson, Lou Gossett, Leslie Uggams as Kizzy and a host of other stars.

Also destined for blockbusterdom is Gael Greene's first novel, *Blue Skies, No Candy*, an erotic confessional so steamy that it makes Erica Jong's celebrated heroine look like a refugee from a girl-scout picnic. Greene, *New York* magazine's restaurant critic, tells us that, since writing the book, "people at parties have stopped crowding me to discuss their favorite restaurant and whether or not the butter should be clarified. The topic of conversation has shifted." You'll get a first peek at a hunk of the book (which William Morrow will publish soon) in this issue. *Bon appétit!* Our other fictional offering is Part I of a condensation of Russell H. Greenan's new novel, *The Bric-a-Brac Man*, with accompanying artwork by Kinuko Craft. It's the tale of a burglar who robs a mansion and ends up falling in love with the beautiful lady who happens to live there. Random House will be publishing the book in mid-November.

You may have read about the smut vendetta that was carried out in Memphis recently concerning Harry Reems and others involved in the production of *Deep Throat*, in which not only the defendants but also the First Amendment got the shaft. In "*Deep Throat*" *Goes Down in Memphis*, Richard Rhodes gives the behind-the-scenes report on the trial, which, incidentally, was financed by your tax dollars.

Speaking of dollars, if you're interested in making some fast (and who isn't?), check out Lawrence Linderman's *The Mikolas Method*, in which our author, to the likely ire of every bookie in Christendom, spills the beans on a football-betting system. And that's not all we've got lined up for all you sports fans. Sam Merrill gets the inside poop on televised sports in a bally *Playboy Interview* with Roone Arledge, the man who brought you instant replay—and Howard Cosell.

Stay tuned; there's more. Research Editor Tom Passavant has compiled a ballot of fringe candidates currently running for President in *Who Says We Don't Have a Real Choice? What's Really Happening on Campus* will inform you as to what's new at the U; it includes the return of our campus-action chart, which clues you in on the best schools to go to for majoring in getting laid. (It's illustrated by Skip Williamson.) In the meantime, Fashion Editor David Platt and photographer Mario Casilli will get you on the right track with *Playboy's Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*. And to celebrate the ladies: *Bunnies of '76*, Playmate Hope Olson, shot by Ken Marcus, a pictorial on actress Melanie Griffith and a peek at what baseball cards will look like once the girls take over. Batter up!



HALEY



WILCOX



GREENE



GREENAN



CRAFT



RHODES



MERRILL



LINDERMAN



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PASSAVANT



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 23, no. 10—october, 1976

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COVER STORY

This month's cover, featuring future Playmate Karen Hafter as catcher and September Playmate Whitney Kaine in the batter's box, was designed by Associate Art Director Tom Staebler and photographed by Phillip Dixon. Staebler, who collected baseball cards as a kid in Kansas, got the idea after reading that baseball was again the number-one American pastime. Play ball!

THE BRIC-A-BRAC MAN—fiction RUSSELL H. GREENAN 96
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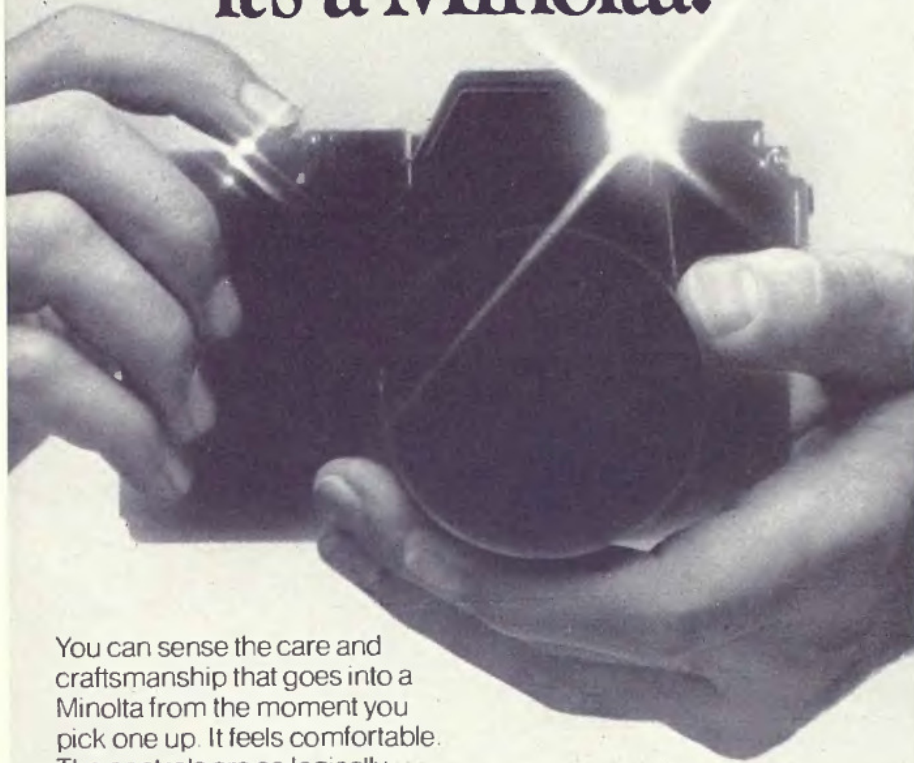
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PHILLIP DIXON. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: DAVE BAHM, P. 3; BRENT BEAR, P. 3; DAVID CHAN, P. 135 (1), 140 (1); ALAN CLIFTON, P. 3; NICHOLAS DE SCIOSE, P. 137 (1), 138 (2), 141 (1), 142 (1); PHILLIP DIXON, P. 17, 93, 94, 95; GRANT EDWARDS, P. 3, 137 (1), 139 (1); BILL FRANTZ, P. 3 (2); BRIAN D. HENNESSEY, P. 136 (1), 142 (1), 143; DWIGHT HOOKER, P. 135 (1), 136 (1); RICHARD IZUI, P. 151; KEH MARCUS, P. 136 (1), 140 (1); J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3; POMPEO POSAR, P. 137 (1), 139 (1), 141 (1), 142 (1); SUZANNE SEED, P. 3 (2); ARLETTE SHAPIRO, P. 3; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 3 (2); UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL, P. 224-225 (10); WARNER BROS., P. 101 (1); DAN WYNN, P. 3; TOM ZUK, P. 3, P. 146-147, MEN'S ATTIRE FROM ULTIMO / CHICAGO.

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HAILING HESS

Your timely interview with Karl Hess (*PLAYBOY*, July) serves to prove one thing: Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry and Teddy Roosevelt are alive and well, occupying the same body in West Virginia.

Charles E. Norris
Torrance, California

As an ex-Youth for Goldwater, Young Republican and YAF national board member turned libertarian (and subsequently purged from the right), I thoroughly enjoyed your interview with Karl Hess. It portrays much of the delightfully fresh, unthreatening thinking of the libertarian movement.

Patrick Dowd
Garden Grove, California

A round of applause for Karl Hess!
Pfc. Skyler Altland
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Nowhere to date have I been able to find evidence of such consistent all-encompassing reasoning.

Gregory C. O'Kelly
Santa Rosa, California

Hess's name on a Presidential ticket would be the most heartening sight I can imagine.

Vanislav Plemmons
Columbia, South Carolina

What the world needs is more persons like Karl Hess who live sane, productive lives, respect the right of their fellow humans to run their own lives and are willing to throw a custard pie in the face of any "leader" who usurps that right.

James D. McCawley
Chicago, Illinois

Karl Hess, replying to your interviewer's question, "Although you admire Buckley, you no longer agree with him. From your point of view, where did he go wrong?" answers: "He went wrong because, in the end, he actually believed he was preserving God's will. I remember a dinner party Bill had. . . . This fellow kept staring at him and finally said, 'You know, Bill, you have the profile of a young Caesar.' Well, instead of being embarrassed by that preposterous remark, Bill reveled in it. And, in retrospect, I conclude that people who do not blush

when they are compared to Caesar end up being Caesar." I remember the scene very well. On the agenda that particular evening was the question: Does my profile more closely resemble that of Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great or Rudolph Valentino? The guests were pretty well divided when one of them, with singular authority, announced that my profile is indisputably more like that of Caesar, and although I admit to a certain wistfulness at the rejection of Alexander and Valentino (a strong minority case can be made in their favor), I was secretly pleased that Caesar had won out. I thought I had kept my pleasure safely undetected. But I must congratulate Hess on his acuity. He saw through to my true attitude, even as now he has penetrated to the real intentions of God, the founding fathers and mankind.

William F. Buckley, Jr.
New York, New York

Now that I've read your interview with Karl Hess, I am able to understand the origin of the many imbecilities that characterized Goldwater's Presidential campaign. Hess is not an original thinker—he is merely a common hysteric.

An IRS Agent
Washington, D.C.

I haven't stopped laughing. The best the politicians can now expect from me, in this Bicentennial year, is a custard pie.

Larry Fullmer
Pocatello, Idaho

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS

Congratulations to Ron Kovic for *Born on the Fourth of July* (*PLAYBOY*, July). His treatment of that particular period is sure to hit home with millions of Servicemen who were there.

J. R. Burket
Yakima, Washington

Thanks to the Army National Guard, I did not get close to the "searing horror that was Vietnam." I just wish Ron Kovic, and all those like him, could have been as lucky. His memoir put me as close as I ever want to get!

Reginald M. Little, Jr.
San Antonio, Texas

If Kovic really was a Marine, he obviously was a ten-percenter who's now out to make a buck any way he can. Anyone

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Professionalism highlights everything John Newcombe does on the tennis court. But when it comes to taking pictures, he wants a camera that gives great results, but doesn't take a degree in math to operate. That's why he likes the Canon AE-1.

The AE-1 is a fine 35mm camera that has point-and-shoot simplicity, and still has the versatility even a pro can love. Its rapid-fire power winder is great for sequences — you won't miss a shot. And



the AE-1's electronic flash is so automatic it's truly foolproof. Best of all, it does all this at a price that's just a little more than what you might spend on a camera that's a lot less. If you want to lose your amateur standing in photography, the Canon AE-1 is the way to go.

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who carried a rifle in Vietnam can easily spot the inaccuracies. No one, for example, with a will to live would pop a flare in a night-ambush situation the way he describes it.

Greg Hughes
Ex-Marine Sergeant
West St. Paul, Minnesota

As a former Marine and Vietnam veteran, I found Kovic's article both spellbinding and frightening. Spellbinding because it is written in such a way that I felt I was there with him and frightening because I *was* there, only at a different time and place.

Robert Dekker
Huntington Beach, California

My thanks to Kovic for awakening memories I'd put to sleep.

Robert Knott, Jr.
Vietnam Veteran
Omaha, Nebraska

Bravo! An excellent, deeply moving work by Ron Kovic!

Art Tonucci, Jr.
Vietnam Veteran
Shelton, Connecticut

Ron Kovic may not realize it, but he is a 100 percent, true-blue American hero.

Joseph C. Piscopo
Plainsboro, New Jersey

SPEEDING REVISITED

Re Brock Yates's *55 Be Damned!* (PLAYBOY, June): I think this photograph, taken at the 1975 Watkins Glen Grand Prix, tells it all.

John P. McBurnie
Potsdam, New York



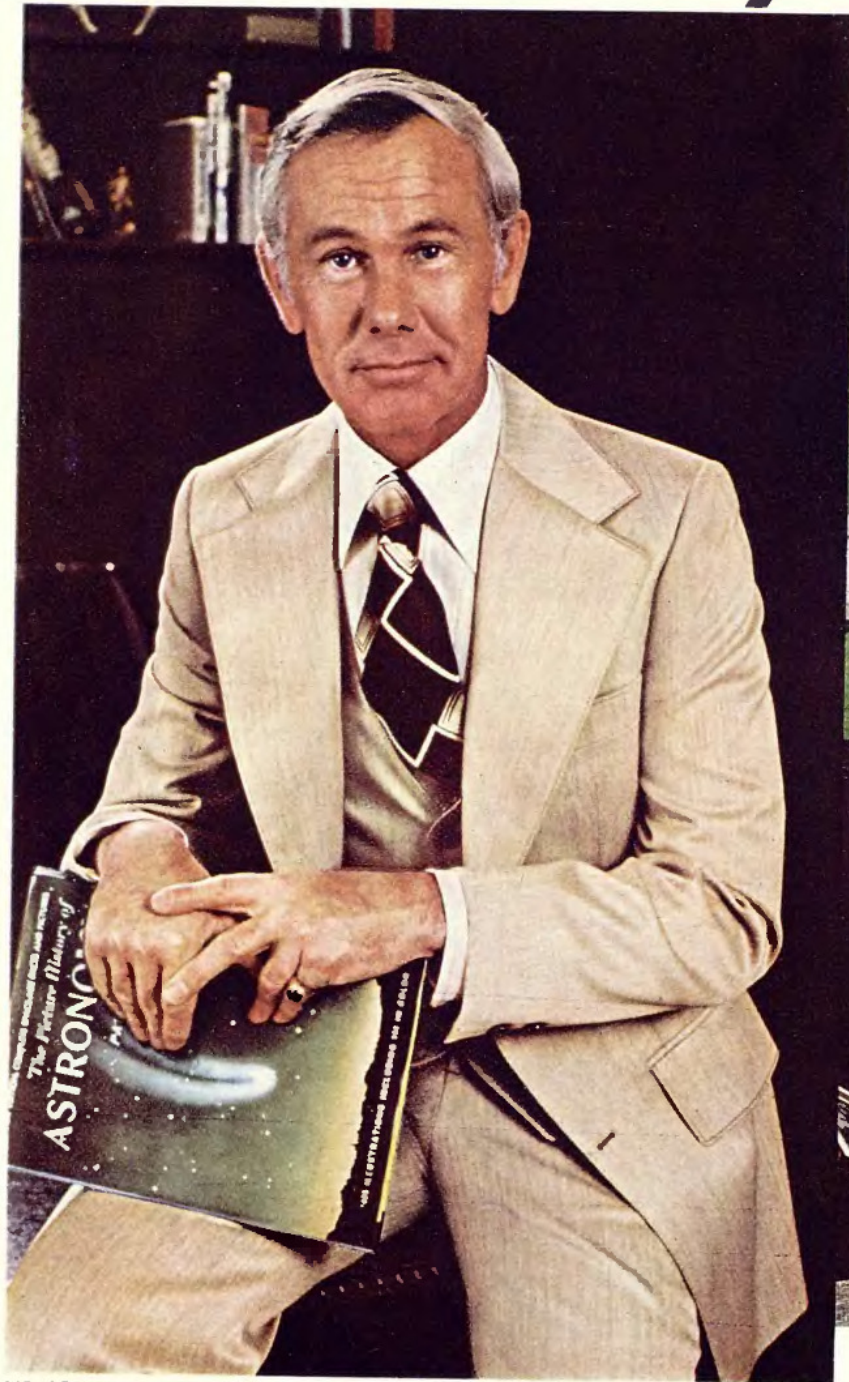
ASSASSINATION BUFFS

Many thanks are due PLAYBOY for publishing, and to James McKinley for researching and writing, *Playboy's History of Assassination in America* (PLAYBOY, January to July). McKinley has illuminated, highlighted and factualized the assassinations and the assassins. Through his direct and straightforward reporting, he has given us a fascinating, compact view of those brutal and outrageous acts.

Arnie Zettler
Paramus, New Jersey

The publishing of *Playboy's History of Assassination in America*, and, in particular, the sections on the J.F.K. murder,

here's johnny!



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has done a great service by enlightening your readers about the existence of a significant amount of contradictory evidence concerning that shooting.

Michael F. Bailey
Morgantown, West Virginia

As the adapter, coproducer, director, photographer and editor of the movie *The Second Gun*, referred to in Part VII of James McKinley's series on assassination, I feel sufficiently qualified to point out that McKinley's segment pertaining to the complicated saga of the involvement of another gun in R.F.K.'s assassination is remarkably clear and accurate.

Gerard Alcan
Beverly Hills, California

I commend PLAYBOY for having the insight to call for a reopening of the investigation of the J.F.K. assassination.

Helen Swanson
Citizens Commission of Inquiry
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I fully agree with James McKinley that there's a definite need for a new investigation into the killing of J.F.K. I suggest the following panel: Archibald Cox, Lowell Weicker, Morton H. Halperin, Leon Jaworski, Albert Seedman (former chief of detectives, N.Y.P.D.), Frank Church and John Sirica.

Fred Corcoran
New York, New York

The best short summary of facts and theories so far published.

Hendrik Piencar
Waltham Forest, England

I'm glad PLAYBOY doesn't cover up its girls the way the FBI, CIA and the Warren Commission covered up J.F.K.'s assassination!

Steve Hibbs
Geneseo, New York

DYNAMIC DUO

Your *Kris and Sarah* pictorial (PLAYBOY, July) is by far the best feature the magazine has ever done.

F. E. Lee
San Bruno, California

My God, I thought I only *liked* Kris Kristofferson! Somehow I haven't managed to make it through your July issue—my eyes have been glued to those pages ever since my husband brought it home. I've shown it to three friends and they're still looking. He is beautiful!

E. M.
Rock Hill, South Carolina

TOMLIN TALLIES

After reading Louise Bernikow's *Do You Know Lily Tomlin?* (PLAYBOY, July), I can only conclude that the piece is a boring misrepresentation of an individual. I interviewed Lily some four years ago for a college newspaper. There was a



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casual magic about this woman that had me bubbling with excitement. While Bernikow is viciously precise in reporting how Lily moves and acts, and—no doubt—records Lily's words verbatim, she misses completely what I consider Lily's greatest attributes: the warmth and character of a really super human being.

José Catalán
Scottsdale, Arizona

Bernikow has made possible the impossible. She has captured some of Lily Tomlin's magic and set it before us on the printed page.

Rita Mae Brown
Boston, Massachusetts

Hats off to Louise Bernikow!

Sandra J. S. Pinder
Miami, Florida

WAYNE HAYS REMEMBERED

Stirred by the torrent of media attention to Congressman Wayne Hays's "extracurricular activities," I remembered seeing an article about the Congressman in *PLAYBOY* two or three years ago. Searching through my old copies, I came across the article *Chairman Skinflint*, by Marshall Frady, in the August 1973 issue. I was truly amazed, as Frady fully describes Hays's proclivity for the fair sex—including ogling the beautiful staffers around him and his 1967 "Congressional" trips with a secretary that included stops in Paris and Bermuda. Special thanks go from this reader to *PLAYBOY* for giving some insight into one of the most powerful and feared men on Capitol Hill long before the national press picked up Hays's indiscretion.

Mitchell S. Kander
Los Angeles, California

CHEVY CHASERS

My husband and I really love NBC's *Saturday Night* and Chevy Chase. I was glad to see your report on him in *On the Scene* (*PLAYBOY*, July). Is his real name Chevy Chase?

Sandy Patterson
Columbia, Missouri

Yes, and yours isn't.

GATEFOLD GAZERS

As a longtime *PLAYBOY* reader, I have never seen a more perfect woman than your July Playmate, Deborah Borkman.

David Hernandez
Austin, Texas

They weren't raising girls as exotic as Deborah Borkman in Painesville, Ohio, in the years when I was a teenager in the nearby town of Geneva.

William G. DeLaham
West Millin, Pennsylvania

My husband and I are very upset by what Deborah Borkman has to say about Painesville, Ohio. I think she is very unfair. My husband grew up in Paines-

ville and, as a matter of fact, dated Deborah's sister. He does not remember it being at all the way Miss Borkman describes it.

Denise Jones
Painesville, Ohio

Boy, am I pissed at you guys! You run 13 pictures of gorgeous Deborah Borkman and not one of them has a decent picture of her feet. What have you got against feet, may I ask? As a certified foot fetishist, I'd like to lodge my formal protest.

Arthur Hastings
Los Angeles, California

Keep your socks on, fella. We have nothing against feet and, to prove it,



here's a picture of Deborah's left foot, fully exposed. Keep tuned in for a gander at her right one.

BUCHWALD'S ART

Art Buchwald's captions (*Art Buchwald's Bicentennial Album*, *PLAYBOY*, July) bring a much-needed bit of incisive levity to the storm of historic and sometimes pompously patriotic celebrations that has swept across the nation during its 200th year.

Robert Kumm
Staten Island, New York

Funny. Very funny.

Norman Howland
New York, New York

SEX OBJECTIVES

G. Barry Golson's *So You Want to Be a Sex Object?* (*PLAYBOY*, July) is outstanding, hilarious and true. As president of Man Watchers, Inc., a world-wide organization, I've found that at least 38 percent of women think that men's bottoms are tops. It may surprise your readers that we do not care at all for big muscles, and only four percent claim to be zipper watchers. We enjoy watching men,

just as men enjoy watching us. We also present compliment cards to men who are WELL WORTH WATCHING.

Suzy Mallery
Man Watchers, Inc.
San Diego, California

My wife agrees—it's the ass!

Gerald T. Nelson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

EDITORIAL SLANT

The editorial *Stonewalling on Sexual Freedom* (*PLAYBOY*, July) is the finest observation on the U. S. Supreme Court's decision upholding Virginia's sodomy statutes we have seen. So many commentators got sidetracked on the gay rights issue that they lost sight of the extent of the damage.

Ursula Enters Copely
Homosexual Information Center
Hollywood, California

FIRE ALARMS

As a longtime fan of Gil Scott-Heron, I found Vernon Gibbs's profile, *The Fire This Time* (*PLAYBOY*, July), both informative and entertaining. Congratulations to *PLAYBOY* for recognizing the talents of this much-ignored poet and musician.

S. T. McCann
Los Angeles, California

Bravo! A first-rate profile of a first-rate musician.

Pete Walhauser
Seattle, Washington

UNPLAIN JAYNE

Jayne Marie Mansfield (*Jayne's Girl*, *PLAYBOY*, July) is far and away the most beautiful girl you've run pictures of since Barbara Seagull.

Gavin Corliss
Hickory, North Carolina

CORRECTION

In its June 1976 issue, *PLAYBOY* published an article concerning the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. On page 224 of that article, the author, James McKinley, erroneously reports that Wayne Chastain, a Memphis attorney and former newsman, "spread accounts" of a mysterious advance man who visited the Lorraine and arranged for King to stay in a second-floor room instead of the usual ground-floor room.

McKinley never talked to Chastain and had no basis in fact for making the statement that Chastain "spread accounts" of that incident. A *PLAYBOY* researcher who assisted McKinley did call Chastain by long-distance telephone and did discuss several aspects of the King case, but the matter of the advance man was not discussed.



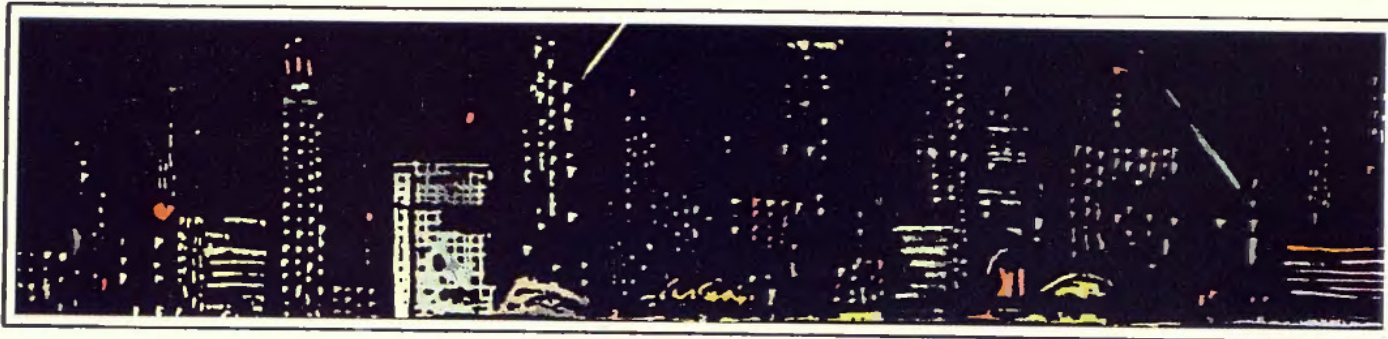
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A BBC commentator reviewing the Oxford-Cambridge crew race had this to say: "Look at the way Oxford are rowing—they're much smoother in the water. Cambridge, on the other hand—well, you can see their cox jerking backwards and forwards with each stroke."

Agent Fido calling Agent Spot: "CIA REPORTS DOG ITALIAN CHIEF," read the headline of a *Chicago Tribune* article concerning not a canine politician but how stories linking him to the CIA have been *hounding* the premier-designate of Italy.

Grass-roots justice: A man was acquitted of charges of embezzling almost \$70,000 from a Shreveport, Louisiana, bank after he explained that he had, indeed, come into the reported sun—not by embezzling but by selling marijuana over the past four years.

"Sex is still the biggest mass market," begins an ad on how to sell erotic writing appearing in *Writer's Digest*. The address to send for more information? French Lick, Indiana.

Tennessee's 63-year-old state senator Fred Berry, during the traditional end-of-session silly season, introduced a bill to name an official state fossil. When a voice vote was taken amending the bill to make Senator Berry the state's official fossil, he withdrew the bill.

The Louisville Times recently reported that a 31-year-old man "was admitted to General Hospital 2:10 A.M. . . . with a gunshot wound in his right thing."

In London, a young female gas-station attendant suggested to a man who ordered seven dollars' worth of petrol but didn't have enough cash to pay for it that

he leave his trousers as collateral. Without arguing, the customer removed his pants and drove away. Said the girl later: "He was . . . tall, broad-shouldered and good-looking . . . and he had a lovely pair of legs. I'm dying for him to come back so I can help him on with his trousers."

Montreal's *Sunday Express* reported that a provincial task force concluded that "venereal disease should be introduced into the classrooms no later than the seventh grade."



As a Gay Pride Day parade swished through the streets of Philadelphia, a middle-aged woman watched the march with distaste until a gay participant waved a canister reading GIVE TO THE NATIONAL HOMOPHILE ORGANIZATION. The woman slipped a dollar into the can, saying, "Hemophilia's a terrible disease and I'm all for curing it."

How tweet it is. A choir of 60 trained songbirds, led by a blackbird and a nightingale, has overtaken ice hockey as the number-one-rated TV show in Soviet Belorussia. The singing birds' repertoire includes Russian folk songs and Strauss waltzes.

A newscaster, reciting the daily stock-market report on a European radio station, described Hughes Tool as "having remained firm."

Connecticut state police recently announced the seizure of nearly \$1,000,000 in smuggled amphetamines. Amphetamines tend to keep users up all night—to say the least—and what was unusual about this case was that the drugs were found in a car that had crashed after the driver had fallen asleep at the wheel.

You are what you eat: This rather ambiguous filler appeared in an issue of the *Rhode Island Pendulum*: "During the last ten years, the U. S. consumed around 25,000 tons of sperm."

The *Chutzpah* Award of the Month goes to the Omaha man who stole a wallet from his probation department while reporting for a visit.

We're sure Rosalynn Carter has nothing to worry about if her husband, Jimmy, becomes our next President; but in

light of what's been happening in Washington these days, she apparently intends to be prepared for any eventuality. When she and Jimmy departed for a brief vacation after the primaries, an Associated Press photograph of her revealed that the book she was carrying was *The President's Mistress*.

The Occupational Health and Safety Administration spent \$500,000 on pamphlets that warn farmers that, among other things, "hazards are one of the main causes of accidents."

In a notice announcing a church social featuring Ethnic Tasting Treats, a St. Paul, Minnesota, parish newsletter included this come-on: "There will be a charge of two dollars for . . . Tasting Teats."

A Durham, North Carolina, flooring company uses the following slogan on its vans: WE LAY ANYTHING.

Hey, man, that Hannibal was really a far-out dude. A Carthaginian warship that sank off Sicily 2000 years ago had two bags of hashish aboard. British archaeologists claim the hashish was used to raise morale of sailors during the Punic Wars with Rome.

Above an article about Congressman Wayne Hays's late fight to maintain control of two House committees, Texas' *San Antonio Express* ran this headline: "HAYS: WON'T GIVE HEAD ON PLATTER."

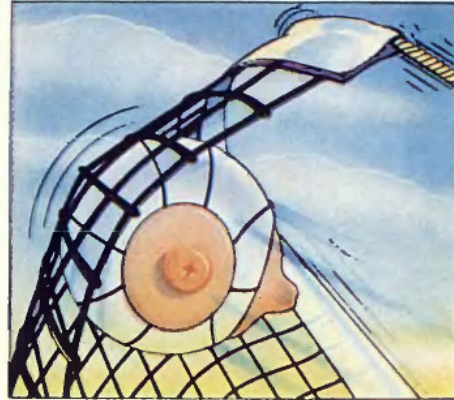
An industrial tribunal in Nottingham, England, ruled that Abdu Rashid's employer was justified in firing him for praying on the job. Rashid, a devout Moslem, reportedly stopped the engineering production line he worked on five times a day while he washed his feet, found paper to kneel on and faced Mecca to pray. Incidentally, when the tribunal was about to read its verdict on this case, there was a ten-minute delay—while Rashid prayed.

Testifying before a Senate committee on estate-tax revisions, Secretary of the Treasury William Simon referred to a proposed marital deduction as "a free interspousal transfer." Asked Kansas Senator Robert Dole: "You mean wife swapping?"

In one issue of *Bits & Pieces*, the newsletter of the In-Plant Printing Management Association, the print-shop manager is advised that to be an effective manager, "he must be willing to move paper when the stockboy is out, run the postage machine when the clerk goes home sick . . . and even help the girls strip when they can't do it alone."

SPORTS MISCASTS

Reporting an incident in which a Texas coed was thrown off her university's volleyball team for refusing to wear a bra, *The Kansas City Times* noted that the "other coeds have failed to support her."



In an article about Hank Stram, coach of the New Orleans Saints, *The Stars and Stripes* had this to say: "His teams won 174 games and the 1970 Super Bowl over the Minnesota Virgins."

Marksman of the Year Award goes to an unidentified sharpshooter who, while demonstrating his prowess at trick shooting, held a mirror in his left hand, a .22-caliber pistol in his right hand and proceeded to amaze and astound his audience by shooting himself in the nose.

This news story came over the U.P.I. wire at a Pennsylvania radio station: "Reggie Leach and Bill Barber each scored two goals to lead the Philadelphia Flyers to victory."

After a football game between the University of Southern California Trojans and the Oregon State University Beavers, the USC student newspaper ran a boldface headline: "BEAVERS UNIMPRESSED BY TROJANS."

The Saginaw News of Saginaw, Michigan, reporting on the results of the Minnesota Vikings-Detroit Lions game, ran the following misquote of Viking coach Bud Grant: "It was a typical Minnesota-Detroit game. They came at us real good and Munson hung in there despite taking a lot of hard tits all day."

Mayor José Paulo Moura of Campo Grande, Brazil, banned soccer in his town for reasons of modesty. "It is not decent," he announced, "that a group of louts wander around showing off their legs in the middle of a

football field, especially those hairy legs." Citizens of the town protested and the mayor finally lifted the ban, provided the players wore trousers. "If a cowboy can ride the range properly dressed and catch the bull, which is a difficult thing," he said, "I don't see why football cannot be played in decent clothes."

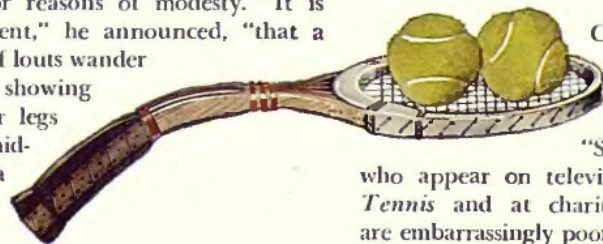
Their goalie's pretty nasty, too: In an article about hockey's New England Whalers, the Toronto *Sunday Sun* announced that "the Whalers have lost their number-one amateur pricks in each of the next five drafts."


Don Moos, fisheries director for the state of Washington, defending a proposed lowering of sport fishermen's per-day catch limit of salmon from three to two, said that most fishermen would appreciate it because they like to boast they've caught their limit.

Readers from Michigan have advised us of two incidents in which hunters were bagged by animals. One hunter was shot by his dog when the pooch inadvertently stepped on the shotgun trigger while the gun was lying on the ground. Another marksman was stalking rabbits when one spooked and jumped up his pant leg. Smelling a kill, the hunter opened fire and shot both his feet.

The Grand Rapids Press, giving the results of the Olympic single-seat luge (sledding) competition, reported the East Germans were "disqualified in 1968 for eating the runners of their sleds."

It's all in the wrist, fellas. The *Chicago Sun-Times*, reporting on a tennis-tournament group that includes such luminaries as Charlton Heston and Bill Cosby, ran this revelation: "Some of the stars who appear on television's *Celebrity Tennis* and at charity tournaments are embarrassingly poor layers."





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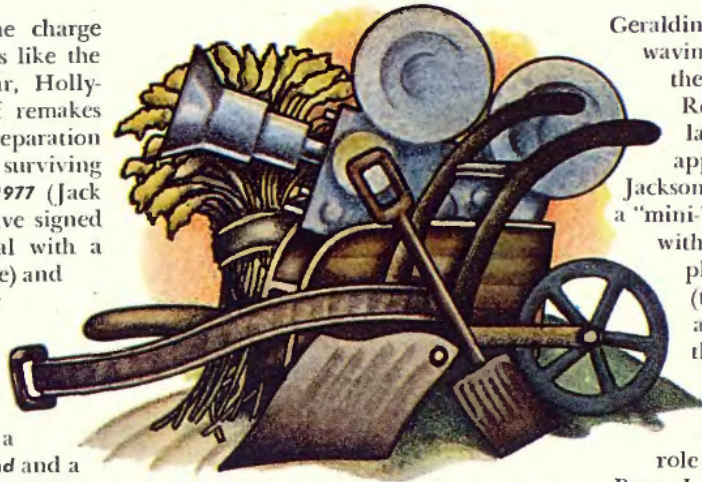
→Arrow→

MOVIES

Previews: As if to answer the charge that they don't make movies like the oldies and goodies of yesteryear, Hollywood has lined up a batch of remakes and sequels. Such works in preparation as *Jaws II* (with Roy Scheider surviving from the original cast), *Airport 1977* (Jack Lemmon and James Stewart have signed for this third go-round, to deal with a 747 lost in the Bermuda Triangle) and *The Heretic: Exorcist II* (Linda Blair is back, and presumably the Devil's got her again) are, of course, a relatively new crop of reconstituted hits. Also on the drawing boards at MGM are a continuation of *Gone with the Wind* and a contemporary, revisited *Grand Hotel*. Meanwhile, there'll be the modern, musicalized *A Star Is Born* (co-starring Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson) and that hairy classic *King Kong* (with newcomer Jessica Lange in Fay Wray's role), both due to open by Christmas. For comedy buffs, Marty Feldman is writing, directing and starring in (vis-à-vis Ann-Margret) a piece of mischief titled *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*.

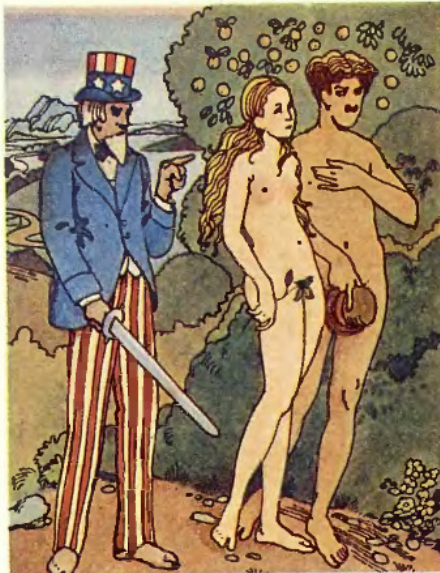
High adventure appears to be another keynote. Dustin Hoffman, Roy Scheider and Laurence Olivier are due very shortly, up to their ears in espionage, in John Schlesinger's *Marathon Man*, while Nicol Williamson, Robert Duvall and Alan Arkin spoof Sherlock Holmes in *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*. Director Robert Aldrich's *Twilight's Last Gleaming* conjures up a missile crisis with Burt Lancaster, Melvyn Douglas, Richard Widmark and Charles Durning, as a U.S. President held hostage. In *The Silver Streak*, directed by Arthur Hiller, Gene Wilder will be joined by Jill Clayburgh, Richard Pryor and numerous guest stars enduring some comic misadventures aboard a transcontinental train. Later on the timetable, *The Cassandra Crossing* locks Sophia Loren, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner and O. J. Simpson aboard a sealed train somewhere in Europe to contend simultaneously with terrorists and a deadly infectious disease. Sean Connery, as an Arab diplomat, travels to the Caribbean for intrigues in *The Next Man*, though the heaviest trip may prove to be *Voyage of the Damned*, in which Faye Dunaway, Orson Welles, Max Von Sydow, Malcolm McDowell and Oskar Werner re-enact the true-life drama experienced by a shipload of German-Jewish refugees desperately seeking safe harbor from Nazidom back in 1939.

Showbiz is the topic for a goodly number of new films. Director Elia Kazan's imminent *The Last Tycoon*, based on the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald, with screenplay by Harold Pinter, stars Robert DeNiro as a young Hollywood mogul a



Random movie harvest.

"In an interview filmed recently at his home in Switzerland, Chaplin observes mildly, 'I went through a hell of a lot.'"



Chaplin redressed.

bit like the late Irving Thalberg. Sidney Lumet directs William Holden, Faye Dunaway, Robert Duvall and Peter Finch in Paddy Chayefsky's *Network*, all about intramural squabbling among the TV giants. Peter Bogdanovich's *Nickelodeon* features Burt Reynolds with Ryan and Tatum O'Neal in a tale that harks back to the early frontiers of the film industry. The rest of the 1976 holiday harvest is a mixed bag of big names and bright hopes: Liza Minnelli in *A Matter of Time*, directed by her dad, Vincent, with Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer costarred; Keith Carradine, Lauren Hutton,

Geraldine Chaplin and Sally Kellerman waving *Welcome to L.A.*, which marks the promising directorial debut of Robert Altman's assistant and collaborator, Alan Rudolph; the apparently indefatigable Glenda Jackson in both *Nasty Habits* (described as a "mini-Watergate" comedy in a convent, with abbess Glenda heading the plumbers) and *The Incredible Sarah* (that's Bernhardt). Another sort of adventurer is *Fellini's Casanova*, the Italian maestro's long-awaited epic, with Donald Sutherland as the infamous seducer.

Sutherland also plays a pivotal role (with DeNiro, Gerard Depardieu, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden and Dominique Sanda) in Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900*, which spans two generations of sexual politics Italian style, and ran for five and a half hours at last count—but don't be surprised if a shorter version appears at your neighborhood Bijou.

There's an impressive array of movie biographies either waiting in the wings or ready to roll. This year, we'll have *Bound for Glory*, with David (Kung Fu) Carradine as folk singer Woody Guthrie. Then watch out for Gregory Peck as the controversial general in *MacArthur*; Warren Beatty in an as-yet-untitled bio of the late Howard Hughes; ballet's superstar Rudolf Nureyev in *Valentino*; Malcolm McDowell in the title role of Gore Vidal's *Caligula*; and Anthony Quinn as *The Greek Tycoon*, playing a character called Aristotle Anestis (opposite beautiful Jacqueline Bisset, cast as guess who?).

Tears, tragedy, sex, politics, poetry and a barrel of belly laughs add up to a tall order for any one movie to fill; yet that's what you get in *The Gentleman Tramp*, described not quite adequately as "a feature-film biography" of Charles Chaplin. To call this eloquent tribute to Chaplin a documentary might turn audiences away from a film that every man, woman and child in the civilized world—particularly in America—owes it to himself to see. *Gentleman Tramp*, though often hilarious, is not painless and becomes particularly poignant when one measures Chaplin's contribution to American films against the monstrous indignities inflicted upon him by Congress, the Pentagon and the public. Labeled a security risk in the Fifties (and attacked by one Richard M. Nixon for attending a peace conference in Paris), he was also denounced hysterically as "a menace to womanhood" and "a cheap Cockney master mechanic in the art of seduction, wasting his substance in debauching girls . . . that's the kind of stuff that makes communism." In portions of an interview filmed recently at his home in Vevey, Switzerland, Chaplin

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observes mildly, "I went through a hell of a lot." A hell of a lot of Chaplin has also gone through the world's collective consciousness, and that's here, too, in excerpts from *A Dog's Life* (1918), *The Kid* (1920), *The Circus* (1928) and other classic gems. Rare newsteel footage, film clips and endearing home movies supplied by Oona O'Neill Chaplin are narrated by Walter Matthau, with occasional excerpts from Chaplin's *My Autobiography*, read by Laurence Olivier, plus a stint by Jack Lemmon, delivering Charlie's Academy Award citation. Producer-director-editor Richard Patterson rates accolades for *The Gentleman Tramp*, though the last hurrahs should be scraped together and saved for Chaplin himself. This film puts his life, his work and his unique genius into human perspective as never before. If you love movies and are not immune to magic, you're going to love this one.

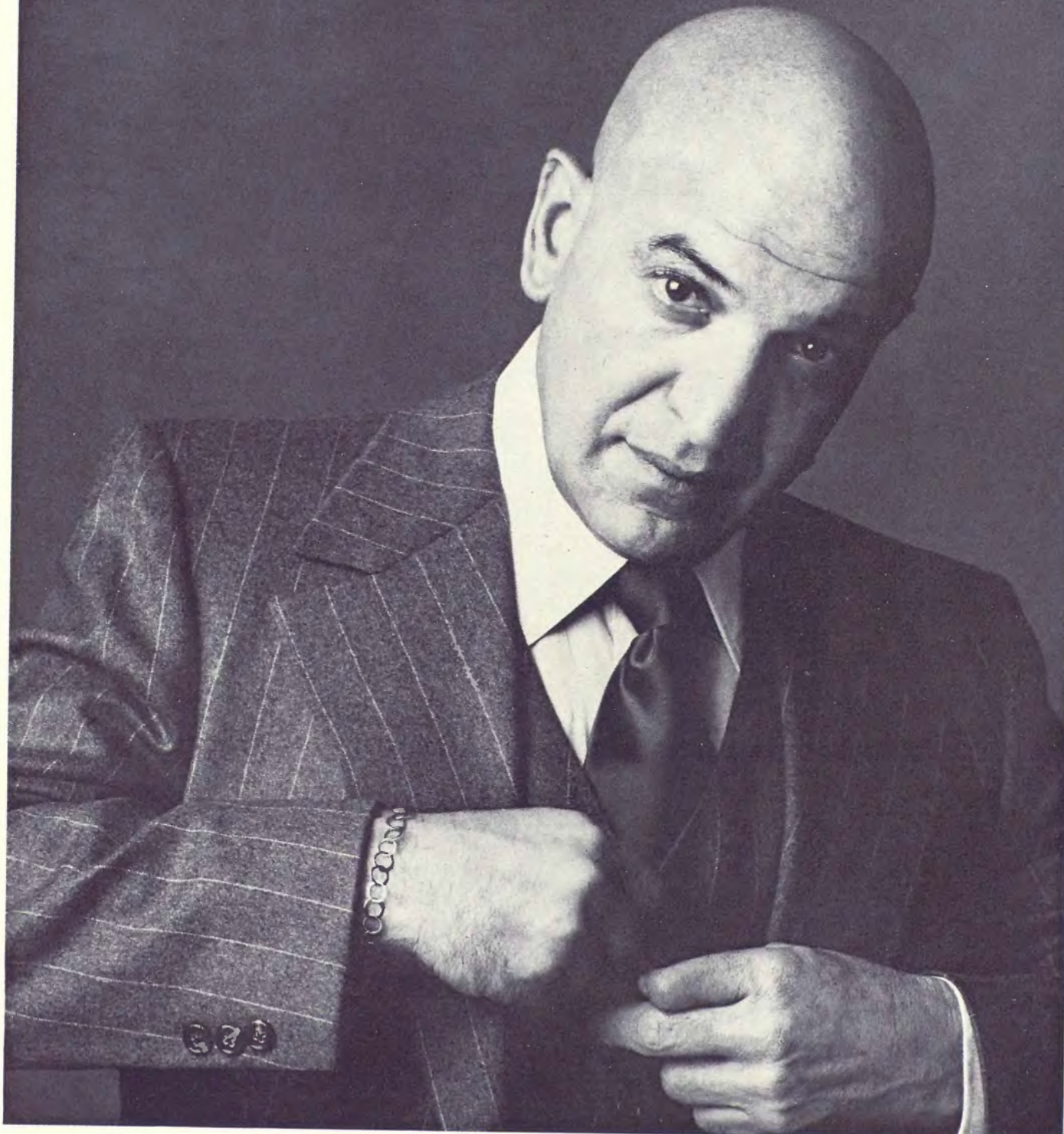
Paul Newman, Burt Reynolds and Anne Bancroft are very, very funny as themselves in *Silent Movie*. They lead a roster of luminaries seen in cameo



Our Mr. Brooks scores again.

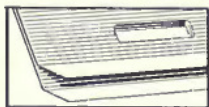
roles, all hotly pursued by Mel Funn (that's Mel Brooks), a has-been Hollywood director with a drinking problem, who hopes to save himself (and save The Studio for his studio chief, Sid Caesar) by bringing back silent movies. With big stars. It's a crazy-quilt plot and a nearly impossible task Brooks has taken on as director, co-author and star of this *Silent Movie* within a movie, which works comic wonders despite the unpromising odds. Brooks, after all, is more a wordman than a specialist in sight gags, and the single word spoken in *Silent Movie* issues from France's master mime, Marcel Marceau. In the classic manner, there are title cards between scenes, as well as graffiti ("Poverty sucks") on the door of the men's room at Engulf & Devour, a big-business conglomerate that's conspiring to engulf The Studio through such techniques as hiring a vamp named Vilma

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(Bernadette Peters) to drive Funn back to drink. Those Brooks irregulars Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise play Funn's side-kicks as if they were Laurel and Hardy running amuck. Brooks himself poses no serious retroactive threat to Chaplin, Keaton and their ilk, and his fondness for toilet humor (a romantic idyl with Vilma is fouled when a merry-go-round horse craps all over the carousel) gives *Silent Movie* a tinge of tackiness from time to time. But Brooks can be allowed a few cheap shots. From *The Producers* through *The Twelve Chairs*, *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein*, every outbreak of Brooksonian madness has its virtues and a band of loyal adherents. *Silent Movie* is probably not the pick of the lot, though in the barren field of madcap comedy today, it looks pungent, juicy and choice.

Transferred from Broadway to the big screen by director Richard Lester, *The Ritz* retains Rita Moreno and Jack Weston from the original cast of Terrence McNally's knockabout comedy set in a Manhattan steam bath full of flaming faggots (F. Murray Abraham throws the most heat, as he did onstage). The plot doesn't bear repetition, because *The Ritz* has rocks in its head and would be instantly forgettable except for Moreno's stylish, hip-wagging tour de force as an excitable singer named Googie Gomez. Her perfectly timed eruptions of Puerto Rican chic may well reward Rita with another Oscar nomination, and she'll deserve it. The rest is zilch.

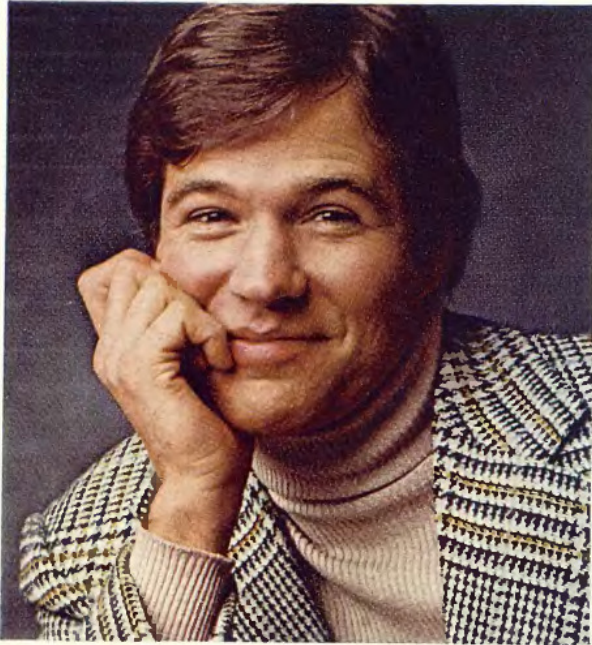
FILM CLIPS

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings takes a flip and funky backward look at what used to be called Negro baseball, before the major leagues gave up their ban on black players. Billy Dee Williams superstars as Bingo, with James Earl Jones and Richard Pryor scoring in an offbeat, soul-warming social comedy.

Shoot stars Cliff Robertson and Ernest Borgnine in a violent *macho* melodrama that lobbyists for the National Rifle Association should take to their hearts. After a senseless exchange of gunfire between two groups of hunters, one man lies dead and both sides begin to recruit fellow sportsmen for a return match, until virtually the entire cast has been wiped out. We thought Cliff was old enough to know better—and rich enough to pass up such a stupid role.

Logan's Run has solid performances by Michael York and Jenny Agutter as a couple fleeing a city of the bombed-away future where everyone is automatically eradicated at the age of 30, for reasons we're left to guess. The sets and special effects are impressive, the intellectual content, pallid. *Run* is mostly one long subterranean chase.

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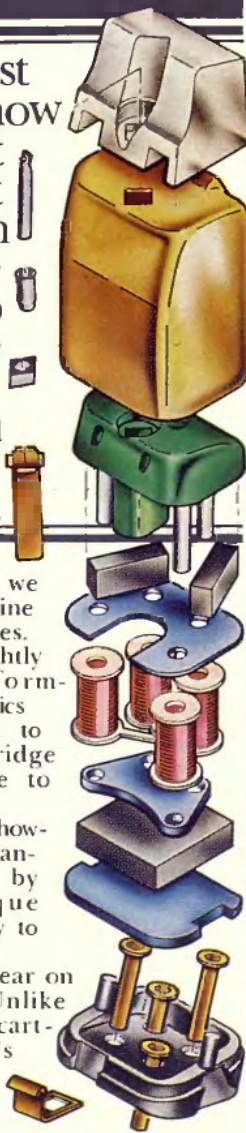
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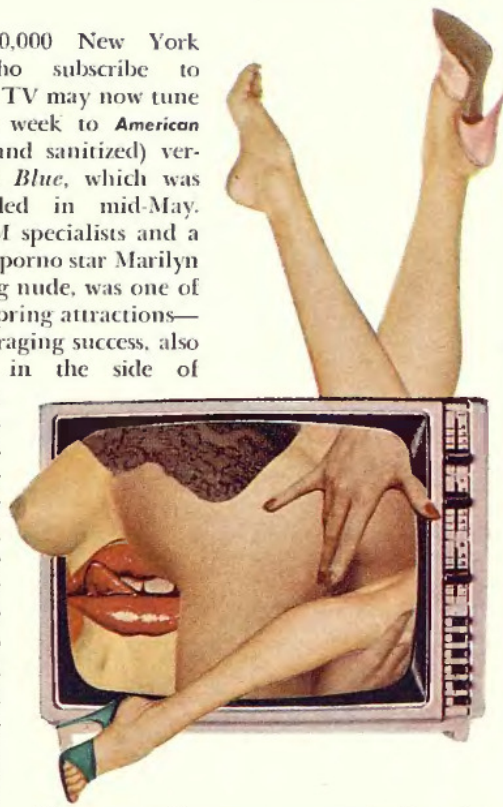
EROTICA

More than 80,000 New York stay-ups who subscribe to Manhattan Cable TV may now tune in three times a week to *American Blue*, a recycled (and sanitized) version of *Midnight Blue*, which was summarily canceled in mid-May. Boobs, pubes, S/M specialists and a video centerfold—porno star Marilyn Chambers, dancing nude, was one of the more comely spring attractions—had made *Blue* a raging success, also a porny thorn in the side of Manhattan Cable. Premiered on non-commercial channel C over a year ago, and initially supported as a sort of public service by *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein, the program began to look like a tax write-off until it joined the commercial channel J last March. Almost overnight, advertisers were wait-listed to buy one-minute spots at \$350 each (\$250 for a trial shot) and *Midnight Blue*'s commercials—most of them retained by

American Blue—occasionally outblued the show itself, with blurbs for sex boutiques ("gay or straight—come on in"), hard-core movies, theaters, massage parlors and such vibrating sex products as the Orgasmatron (\$24.95 with attachments). Swinging singles or couples may also buy time (minimally \$35 for 15 seconds) to make a personal pitch, on video tape, for whatever scenes they're into.

"My original idea was an electronic *Screw* magazine," says Goldstein, "but Manhattan Cable wouldn't accept the title, so we became *Midnight Blue*. We never had actual hard-core, which is boring, anyway. We were soft X, with frontal nudity and four-letter words—no fucking, sucking or hard-ons." Under state laws that govern public-access programming in cable television, censorship is specifically forbidden, but it exists, in fact, because Manhattan Cable (a subsidiary of Time, Inc.) has always demanded to see the taped programs in advance lest, management claims, they run afoul of vague Federal obscenity statutes.

Still, *Midnight Blue* managed to bend quite a few rules in a slick, nose-thumbing format that made most of television's family-hour twaddle look



"Boobs, pubes, S/M specialists
and a video centerfold had
made *Blue* a raging success."

a cold front moved in. . . Bone appétit!").

Though *Midnight Blue* was uneven and occasionally sophomoric, it pulled audiences. Congressman John M. Murphy (Democrat, New York) saw it—and declared he wanted to show its subversive filth to the House Subcommittee on Communications. He did, and the Representatives, along with FCC Chairman Richard E. Wiley, reportedly laughed. Nevertheless, reports Goldstein's partner, producer-director Alex Bennett, "the heat was on. Manhattan Cable just arbitrarily canceled us. We're suing for damages."

So now we have *American Blue*, which, according to Bennett, is "still irreverent—basically *Midnight Blue* without sex." *Midnight Blue* without sex sounds like *That's Entertainment* without music, though Goldstein straight-facedly claims, "We're going to start soft and slowly harden." The new show has toured Boston's adult-film combat zone and covered a hookers' convention in Washington. Still, sadly missed from the bluer *Blue* is the uninhibited tone of Annie Sprinkle's consumer reports on such topics as what to do when your vibrator breaks down—a segment that should have sent the sales of Water Piks soaring.

about as adult as a Julie Andrews orgy on *Sesame Street*. After a bawdy snatch of theme song by guitar-strumming Buzzy Linhardt, a typical show "from the horniest city in America" included such regular features as Goldstein reviewing *Fuck Flicks*, or *Speak Your Piece* (subtitled "A Sexual Survey"), wherein one eager participant testified that she had her greatest lay "in an electric wheelchair . . . cripples need love, too." A wild audience favorite called *The Wichman Report* summarized New York's sexual weather in the jargon of Wall Street ("Thighs opened for a record \$100 . . . price of an in-car blow job skyrocketed when

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BOOKS

Previews: The late-fall book list has no blockbusters on it, and maybe it's just as well—because some good books are coming out that might have gotten lost in the kind of media blitz we've come to know and dread. The most important of these is *Winners and Losers* (Random House), Gloria Emerson's long-awaited book on Vietnam. She spent the past few years traveling around this country, talking with everyone—those who fought, those who were wounded, those who deserted, the Vietnamese—trying to piece together a picture of exactly what the war has done to all of us. Random House is also bringing out *The Great Shark Hunt*, a collection of pieces by Dr. Hunter Thompson, the master of Gonzo Journalism, from *Rolling Stone* and other less regular sources. And Raymond Chandler freaks, the ones who are now reading his novels for the third time wishing there were more, have something to look forward to at last: *The Notebooks of Raymond Chandler and English Summer: A Gothic Romance*, combined in one volume by Ecco Press. *English Summer* is illustrated by Edward Gorey and published here for the first time in book form. The notebooks, which contain ideas for stories, anecdotes, pickpocket lingo, slang and essays, give the reader a look at the man who was responsible for the best detective writing ever. Just plain fun is *The Rich and Other Atrocities* (Harper's), by Charlotte Curtis. The author is the editor of the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* and the collection of pieces includes coverage of Truman Capote's famous black-and-white ball and Lennie Bernstein's entertaining the Panthers, plus visits with Hugh Hefner, the shah of Iran, Twiggy and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Two fine novelists are back: Donald Barthelme with a collection of short stories, *Amateurs* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), and John (Nickel Mountain) Gardner with a new novel, *October Light* (Knopf). Well, come to think of it, there is one blockbuster to mention. It's due in January from Simon & Schuster: John Dean's Watergate book, *Blind Ambition*. Dean, as you will recall, not only blew the big whistle but seemed to have almost total recall. We hope this one will have on-the-record sources.

Novelist/screenwriter William (Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid) Goldman's latest shoo-in for the best-seller list, *Magic* (Delacorte), is about a schizophrenic sleight-of-hand artist named Corky Withers who has a very, very weird relationship with a "character" named Fats. Fats is part of Corky's act—he's sort of an X-rated heckler who provides much-needed comic



Books for fall.

"Any astute reader will realize by mid-book that he is being set up, and by no amateur—Goldman is one of the best literary tricksters in the biz."



Magic: all that glitters is not Goldman.

relief for Corky's rather bland magical routines. But there's something very, very strange about Fats, so strange that any astute reader will realize by mid-book that he is being set up, and by no amateur—Goldman is one of the best

literary tricksters in the biz. We know it's blasphemous to give away a novel's central twist, but Goldman's gimmick here is so dumb, so idiotic and so condescending that we figure we'll be doing you a big favor (and saving you the price of the book) by letting the cat out of the bag, or the rabbit out of the hat, as it were: Fats is not really a person, he/it is actually Corky's schizoid other self in the form of—are you ready for this, folks?—a ventriloquist's dummy. Don't say we never gave you anything.

Art Buchwald doesn't write sonnets, but he uses a form that's almost as demanding: Three times a week, at precise 300-word clips, he produces a humorous newspaper column. What is remarkable about Buchwald is his consistency—we put it at one out of three columns that produces a real laugh—and his stamina. In *Washington Is Leaking* (Putnam's), his latest collection, he appears to have slowed just a bit—obviously mourning the loss of his low-life foil, Richard Nixon—but it's still funny, pointed stuff selected from the past couple of years. Included is the now-classic column explaining why there are only 13 people eligible for the Presidency (first you subtract unregistered voters, then the gays, then . . .). Our favorite is the one about Buchwald's friend Dalinsky, who refuses to believe the football season is over and cries out to his wife that O. J. Simpson, on TV, is about to go off tackle. When his wife explains that what is really on the screen is Olivia deHavilland getting into a whaleboat, Dalinsky bitterly complains, "Well, why didn't Frank Gifford say so?" In an introduction to this collection, Buchwald describes himself as a "tall, thin, handsome man" who spends his time lunching at the most fashionable restaurant in Washington fending off simpering Cabinet members, authorizing billion-dollar bonds and ignoring waves from Ted Kennedy. Writing his column, he claims, is the only fun he has all day. His writing is fun for his readers, too. Besides, he's about the only sonneteer we've got.

Ishmael Reed is not as well known as, say, Topanga Canyon—but then, when you write books with such names as *The Free-Lance Pallbearers* and *Yellow Back Radio Broke Down*, you don't rush to your mailbox each morning expecting an invitation from Barbara Walters. But Reed did wake up one morning in 1973 to find two National Book Award nominations jammed in there with the fliers hawking photos of people committing unnatural acts. His newest creation is *Flight to Canada* (Random House) and it's about . . . well, it's about 194 pages of sheer pleasure, but

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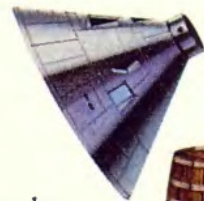


Charcoal has been used ever since then in many manufacturing processes including the refining of sugar!

Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.



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don't ask what it adds up to. See, there's this guy named Lincoln and he's President of the Union. And he's involved in a war and in the making of an Emancipation Proclamation to free slaves in the South. But every once in a while, an anachronism blasts through, like some fighter plane overflying the set of *Ben Hur*, where Charlton Heston's vaccination scar is showing. Southern plantation owners zip off in McDonnell-Douglas DC-10s. Howard K. Smith appears on national television. A runaway slave listens to *Dixie* on the radio.

Put it this way: *Ragtime* is the literary version of history. *Roots* is the current journalistic version of history. And *Flight to Canada* is the rock-n-roll version of history.

After more than half a century in and out of banks and prisons, Willie Sutton is at long last retired and living peacefully in Florida, too old for active criminal enterprise but clever as ever and refreshingly unrepentant. In *Where the Money Was* (Viking), co-authored by Edward Linn, Willie comes off as an ornery but lovable old codger, rocking back in his chair on the front stoop of some old-folks home, raising his cane and cackling over 75 years of continuously misspent youth: how he robbed or burgled almost 100 banks, using ingenious ruses and disguises that earned him the nickname Willie the Actor—and several million dollars, which he also misspent; how he cracked safes, avoided violence, courted the ladies, outwitted the cops, broke out of "escape-proof" prisons and finally legaled his way out of Attica. We have here a living legend—the Babe Ruth of bank robbery. But, like all legends, the picture is only two dimensional, and as failing health and a string of consecutive prison terms finally overtake our hero, there creeps in a note of melancholy and desperation that the reader suspects may have been there all along as the untold half of the story.

Vance Bourjaily's latest novel, *Now Playing at Canterbury* (Dial Press), is set in a university town that strongly resembles Iowa City, Iowa, home of a graduate program for would-be novelists (a kind of Famous Writers School without the coupons). This book reads like a collection of exercises from a creative-writing class: You know, the one in which the teacher asks the students to construct a character in such detail that the reader will know how he ties his shoes in the morning. The next day, there are 25 stories about multiple amputees. "Somehow," the teacher explains, "the class has missed the point." So has Bourjaily. *Canterbury*, which runs to such tricky devices as dialog in comic-strip balloons, seems to be his attempt at experimental writing. For experimental, read self-indulgent.

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MUSIC

"I'm an institution," Don Covay will let you know before you're halfway through the door. "I'll never be out of style, because I'm part of the country's fabric. You ever heard of corn bread or greens going out of style? They'll probably be eating that shit on the moon! Well, I'm like corn bread and greens, and that's why I'll always be around."

The source of that boast, even now adding fortification to his roots, face immersed in a plate of barbecued ribs, might be considered just another rhythm-and-booze strutter if behind the ego there were not the absolute confidence of truth. Don Covay has never been a star in the usual marquee sense, but he'll always be around, because he's always been around.

Covay's singing is riveted in the directness of the blues, a power source that some modern soul men seem to be trying to forget. All the great ones, from Jimmy Rushing to Johnnie Taylor, have had it, and what Covay lacks in polish he makes up for in evangelistic fervor. But it is his songwriting that has kept him solvent, and Covay is the first to admit it.

"I'm a writer," he will tell you proudly. "I wrote *Chain of Fools* when I was 12. I was bending over in the cotton field with my sack and I looked up and said to myself, 'Goddamn, we ain't nothing but a chain of fools.' You talk about learning to sing the blues? That's how you learn the blues, with your ass in that hot sun all day. I walked off the field right then and didn't look back. Didn't nobody hear the song till 1967, when Aretha recorded it. You know, that record sold 7,000,000 records; that motherfucker is still selling thousands every week."

When it finally came out, *Chain of Fools* added to Covay's quirky legend, which had first registered on the public consciousness with two massive 1964-1965 hits, *Mercy, Mercy* and *See Saw*. The next time he recorded anything of consequence under his own name was in 1973, when *Overtime Man* and *I Was Checkin' Out, She Was Checkin' In* went to the top of the soul charts. Lately, he has joined forces with Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff on their Philadelphia International label for an album of oddities, *Travelin' in Heavy Traffic*, that won't disappoint lovers of raw soul.

What has Covay done in the dry spells between hits? Merely written for everybody and anybody. He had early hits by Chubby Checker (*Pony Time*), Gladys Knight and the Pips (*Letter Full of Tears*) and Hank Ballard and the Midnighters (*Continental Walk*). When he started recording again under his own name for Atlantic in 1964, Covay suddenly



Covay's always been around.

"'You talk about learning to sing the blues? That's how you learn the blues, with your ass in that hot sun all day.'"

found himself part of a new wave of soul men who were to dominate the Sixties.

"It was me, Solomon Burke, Joe Tex, Wilson Pickett and Otis Redding," Covay says happily, obviously delighted with such company. "We called ourselves The Soul Clan and we was the new wave. But all we was doing was bringing back old-time soul. It was the Gospel-jubilee sound of the Thirties and Fifties.

"I learned everything about recording at Atlantic; it was like a workshop. You had arrangers and A&R men and a lot of times the songwriters actually did most of the producing. I remember Don Kirshner was one of the first to say to his songwriters, 'Hey, you wrote the song, so produce it.' That's how Carole King and all of them got so good: He gave them room."

Covay's songs were recorded not only by the Atlantic artists but by The Rolling Stones (*Mercy, Mercy*), Steppenwolf (*Sookie, Sookie*), The Kinks, The J. Geils Band, Sam Cooke, Jerry Butler, Freddie King, Fabian, Connie Francis, Ricky Nelson and Lena Horne—among those he can remember. One incident

he can't forget is Otis Redding's recording of *Dock of the Bay*.

"Otis was having trouble with the song and, since we were tight, he called me up and asked me to come down and help him with it. We made a few changes in it and when it was finished, we knew it was a smash. A few days later, I was sitting down with my wife, eating dinner, when I got a phone call about Otis' plane going down. When the record came out, Steve Cropper's name was on it as co-writer with Otis. I still don't know how his name got on it."

Shortly after that, Covay's Atlantic honeymoon was over and it wasn't until he joined with Gamble-Huff earlier this year that he once again found himself in the kind of atmosphere he has always been most creative in, surrounded by tireless believers in the virtues of prodigious output.

"I helped Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff when they were getting started and we been planning to hook up for years; the time was just never right. They just like me; they write about what's real and their music is from the gut. That's why they the biggest thing to ever come down the stretch. And they going stay that way." Anyone looking at the charts would have to agree. —VERNON GIBBS

There's a lot of interesting vinyl coming in from Japan on the Catalyst label, not the least of which is *As Time Goes By / Carmen McRae Alone / Live at the Dug*. That's a Japanese night club where in 1973, McRae, her voice and her piano, put it all together. The session travels down familiar byways—the title tune, *Try a Little Tenderness*, *More Than You Know, But Not for Me*—but the McRae pipes can infuse the most familiar material with the sound of surprise. For the perfect example of the above, put the stylus down on *I Could Have Told You So* and be prepared to find yourself slack-jawed in admiration.

Times are hard for the new rock-'n'-roll band. The record companies still sign up numbers of hopeful groups, but the huge advances of the lush days of the Sixties are gone. And unless you are Bruce Springsteen, you can't expect a massive publicity blitz to help you out. *Widow Maker* is a band facing the problems of the times. Five faces, framed by shag cuts and silk scarves that are as English as cold shoulder of mutton, stare earnestly out at us from the United Artists album cover.

Stylistically, *Widow Maker's* music is firmly in the line of heavy-metal tycoons who have dominated British rock for nearly a decade. Guitarist Ariel Bender



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has obviously been listening to Jimmy Page, and singer Steve Ellis has picked up a lick or two from Robert Plant. But *Widow Maker* is more than just a Led Zeppelin clone. Its strong point is its material. Four of the five musicians in the band get composer's credits on the album and several numbers are good solid rock-'n'-roll songs. Whether or not *Widow Maker* will grab the loyalties of the bubble-gum set is impossible to predict, but it's worth hearing.

What can you say about pianist Mary Lou Williams that wasn't said 20 or 30 years ago? This marvelous lady has been at it for a half century and, incredibly, has gotten nothing but better over the years. *Mary Lou Williams Live at the Cookery* (Chiaroscuro) is filled with so many good things, where to begin? Well, how about that quintessential cornball cantata, Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*? To take the ricky-tick (which is what R&H were after in the first place) out of that tune is a monumental task, but Williams (with an assist from bassist Brian Torff) does it with consummate ease. *Surrey* really moves! On the other hand, when she comes up against the lovely *My Funny Valentine* (this again from the pen of Rodgers but from those halcyon days when he was teamed with Lorenz Hart), Williams treats it with tender loving care. We ought to take a little time off from the Bicentennial madness to celebrate 50 years of music from Mary Lou Williams. Joanne Brackeen hasn't been on this earth anywhere near as long as Williams has been playing, but she, too, is one hell of a pianist. On *Snooze* (Choice), Brackeen opens up a bagful of ideas and demonstrates a gutty willingness to take risks. With bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Billy Hart pushing her along, Brackeen offers four of her own compositions, Wayne Shorter's *Nefertiti*, Miles Davis' *Circles* and—just to show that she can look backward as well as forward—the Burton Lane-Yip Harburg classic *Old Devil Moon*. We can guarantee that *Snooze* won't put you to sleep.

Memphis, Tennessee, has gotten a little seedy of late. Elvis is long gone, Stax-Volt has been repossessed by the bank and the Nashville flacks have successfully hyped their burg as Music City, U.S.A. Still, for our money, the gritty river town that sent the music of Elvis and Carl Perkins, Bobby Bland and Junior Parker, Jerry Lee Lewis, Otis Redding and Al Green out into the world beyond has a larger claim on musical affections than the recollection of *tout* Nashville watching Citizen Nixon play with his yo-yo on the stage of Opryland.

The Amazing Rhythm Aces is one group that hasn't forsaken Memphis. On the Aces' new album, *Too Stuffed to Jump*



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(ABC), the singing of lead vocalist Russell Smith is rich, with evocations of Bland, Otis and Ray Charles, as well as touches of Bill Monroe, Randy Newman and white Gospel. No, the boy does not sing a laundry list of impersonations, he's just a modest species of home-grown genius. He also wrote most of the lyrics and music (with pianist J. H. Brown) the band plays so well. The Amazing Rhythm Aces have come up with the most original synthesis of Southern music since The Allman Brothers first hit the scene.

When you want to beef up classical sales, you can always take the processed-food approach and make sausage out of soybeans. All record companies do this with some regularity. Columbia's recent *Love Scarlatti*, performed by one Ettore Stratta and a group called The Baroque Pops, consists of two parts Scarlatti (the great 18th Century harpsichordist and master of the sonata), one part jazz and one part rock. The resulting stylistic swill is not fit for lovers of rock, jazz or the Baroque. A number of arrangers contribute, but only Chico O'Farrill, formerly noted for his big-band-jazz writing, comes up with anything of the true Scarlatti flavor. Paradoxically, his *Samba Antigua* doesn't use much jazz or rock; the Brazilian dance form is more congenial. Record companies notwithstanding, it's hard to conceive just who would buy this kind of sappy album. The folks at Columbia, however, can come up with some beautiful ideas. They got classical pianist André Watts to sit down and record George Gershwin, and *Watts by George!* is a gas. There are lots of surprises here in tempo and treatment, but we'll bet you never heard these melodies so clearly defined. Our compliments to Columbia and to chef André.

SHORT CUTS

The Kay-Gees / *Find a Friend* (Gang): Dynamite soul rock, served up by protégés of Kool & the Gang.

Jon Faddis / *Youngblood* (Pablo): An absolutely stunning showcase for the man most likely to succeed as America's number-one jazz trumpeter. Highlights: George Gershwin's *Prelude No. 2* and the Monk's *Round Midnight*.

The Nighthawks / *Open All Night* (Adelphi): White boys pursue the ghost of Elmore James and get closer than most. It sounds like *stereo vérité*—three A.M. at Floyd's White-Trash Roadhouse and time for Da Blooze set. All that's missing are the bottles flying through the air.

MFSB / *Summertime* (Philadelphia International): Great warm-weather soulzak from the guys who have everything (and keep getting nothing but better).

Stan Getz / *The Best of Two Worlds* (Columbia): Tenor man Getz and composer-guitarist-vocalist Joao Gilberto cut up old Brazilian traces. A grand reunion.

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EVENTS

There's war in the world of gourmet chili. Or at least a schism. Since 1967, a group of Texas businessmen, raconteurs and assorted eccentrics has been staging an annual *World Championship Chili Cook-off* at Terlingua, a remote and abandoned mining camp at the edge of the Big Bend National Park on the Texas-Mexico border. Although it takes place some 200 miles from the nearest commercial airport and about that far from anything else, the Terlingua chili contest, started as a stunt, has become a Southwestern tradition—an annual drunkathon and boozarama that now draws thousands to what its sponsors call “the beautiful and varmint-infested Chisos Mountains” before the first norther blows in each fall. *Dallas Morning News* columnist Frank X. Tolbert first cooked up the idea and grafted it onto another institution, the Chili Appreciation Society International (CASI), organized some 25 years ago by other Texas crazies. Two friends, David Witts and Carroll Shelby (of Cobra race-car fame), had a desolate, isolated ranch that included the town of Terlingua; another, Tom Tierney, had a Dallas PR agency; others had favorite chili recipes and a sense of humor, and one thing led to another.

Anyway, no one one ever disputed the Terlinguists' claim that their annual cook-off was the Olympics of chili competition. Until 1975. That was when C. V. Wood, Jr., a wealthy land developer, managed to antagonize other chili honchos with his self-promotion and weird chili recipes (which included such things as celery, chicken and pork) and was made to feel unwelcome as a Terlingua chili judge. He left in a snit and set up a rival world-championship chili cook-off in California, scheduled for the same weekend. Wood is the flamboyant fellow who bought and moved the London Bridge for a property development. The Texans accuse him of trying to do the same thing with their chili contest.

What first irked the Texans was the flurry of professional press releases and glossy photos announcing that something called the International Chili Society was about to hold its annual world-championship chili cook-off and that “the site of the colorful event for the first time has been switched” to California. There would be movie stars as judges, a custom-made kitchen (courtesy of some California custom-kitchen maker) and “marching bands, barbershop quartets, wandering minstrels and all kinds of impromptu fun.” To Terlingua's purists, such an extravaganza was about as close to the real thing as plastic beans and ersatz meat cooked on an electric stove in a chrome-plated pot.



“The Terlingua chili contest, started as a stunt, has become a Southwestern tradition—an annual drunkathon and boozarama.”

Despite wire-service reports that the annual world chili cook-off had been moved to California, somewhere between 12,000 and 15,000 of the faithful journeyed to Terlingua on schedule.

By Friday, C day minus one, Terlingua's 680 acres looked like the infield at Indy: Vehicles, tents, lean-tos and sleeping bags were scattered over the hillsides and ravines. By Saturday morning, the place looked like the beaches of Dunkirk, with the walking wounded drinking beer for breakfast and squinting with surprise as the sun peeked over the mountains. Belched one bleary-eyed observer: “Used to be we just dumped the bodies down the cistern over yonder, but it made the water taste funny.” Another, also bent on impressing the out-of-state press, allowed as how “this here's the biggest and scuziest crowd ever. With so much booze and broads and ordnance and country music here, we got to have a shooting or two just to keep up appearances.” That remark was quickly challenged by a nearby noncompeting chili cook who, incidentally, claimed his secret ingredient was Mexican marijuana: “Shee-it, no! Only in Texas can you mix all these freaks, shit-kickers and grannies and have 'em all so polite they only apologize when they stagger into each other and fall down.”

The fact is there *was* a fight during the dancing and revelry on Friday night;

and somebody reportedly broke a leg by toppling into Dirty Woman Creek (a 20-foot fall that probably would have killed a sober person in daylight). A few vehicles also sustained damage when their operators tried to park them nose down in ravines or on top of boulders in the dark; and cactus spines took their toll. Nevertheless, and despite a long knife on every belt, this redneck Woodstock came off harmoniously without a single cop or armed guard to be seen for 100 miles.

The actual chili judging, which took place in the early afternoon, was preceded by the Official Unusual Martini Judging Contest, staged mainly to keep the mob amused while the chilitasters sweated over numbered dishes in the back room of what's left of Terlingua's adobe saloon and opera house. The martini judges could not decide on the best martini, the worst martini or even the most original martini but eventually conceded first place to Al McGehee of Odessa, Texas, for his TNTini, a revolting combination of tequila, vermouth and other adulterants.

Eventually came the announcement that the chili judges had selected a new world-champion chili cook and a relative hush fell over thousands of rowdy drunks. Everyone knew that the reigning world's champ was a female—Alegani Jani Schofield, crowned the year before as history's first woman to win the title. Everyone, at least in Terlingua, also knew that women are supposed to do all good cooking *except* for chili. So it was with amazing grace that the *macho* honchos of Terlingua chili courageously awarded the new world's championship to Suzie Watson of Houston (and later auctioned off Alegani Jani's bright-red hotpants for \$30 to raise funds for some vague, and possibly charitable, cause).

The losing male contestants took their defeat with commendable equanimity, along with plenty of Pearl and Lone Star beer. Even Ed “Chill Lee” Paetzel, who had won the title in 1973 and had spent most of the morning quarreling with officials over procedural details, agreed that the contest had been conducted honestly: “I hear Suzie didn't sleep with none of the judges. I know I didn't sleep with none of the judges. I figure she won it fair and square.”

This year, the chili cooks off on October 16. The traditional date is the first Saturday in November, but the Californians set their contest two weeks earlier to upstage the Texans—who merely issued a long-range bad-weather forecast and moved theirs up three weeks to beat their opponents to the draw.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER



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To qualify, entries must list all ingredients, proper measurements in order of use, and give clear directions for your method of combining ingredients and completing the recipe. Dish or pan size, temperature (where necessary), and time for cooking or baking must also be included, as well as yield in terms of number and size of servings.

Final judging will be conducted by a special panel of internationally famous food experts commissioned for Seagram's V.O. by House Beautiful Magazine. The House Beautiful Panel includes: Helen McCully, House Beautiful Food Editor; Jacques Pépin, House Beautiful Chef; Robert Jay Misch, syndicated columnist and author, and James Beard, leading food authority in the U.S.A.

Five finalists, one from each category, will spend 4 days in New York City as guests of Seagram Distillers Company. This includes deluxe hotel accommodations, first-class airfare, evening meals (all for two persons), plus \$250 cash for incidentals. Each of the five finalists will receive \$1,000, and will attend an awards banquet at one of New York's world-famous restaurants. There, the Grand Prize winner selected from the finalists will be awarded an additional \$5,000.

The first runner-up in each category will win a THERMADOR Microwave Oven. The next 20 runners-up in each category will win a JENN-AIR electric GRILL-ette.

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3. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality and taste, as well as the listing of ingredients and proper measurements and clarity of directions.
4. All entries will first be reviewed by Creative Food Service, Inc., which will select the 200 best recipes among the 5 separate categories. The House Beautiful Panel will then select the five finalists, the Grand Prize winner, the first five runners-up and the additional 20 runners-up in each of the five categories.
5. Employees of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. and affiliates, retailers and wholesalers of alcoholic beverages, Creative Food Service, Inc., House Beautiful Magazine, their advertising agencies and their immediate families are not eligible for this contest. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in state of residence.
6. The \$1,000 prizes for the five finalists, and the \$5,000 Grand Prize will be presented at a banquet in New York City in February or March 1977—date to be determined upon the selection of the winners.
7. This contest is void in states or localities where illegal or otherwise restricted by law.
8. To be eligible for judging, all entries must be postmarked no later than midnight December 1, 1976. None will be returned. All entries become the property of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. which will have the right to use the names and likenesses of all entrants, including finalists and the ultimate winner, for advertising, publicity and promotional purposes.
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TELEVISION

Previews: After sitting through a summer of reruns, television viewers are getting ready for the annual madness known as the debut of the fall TV season. In the past couple of years, new shows have been falling faster than the autumn foliage, leaving schedules, network executives and millions of dollars lost down the hole in that Great Outhouse in the Sky. This year, in an effort to avoid the carnage, networks announced their fall schedules last spring. Theoretically, that should have given series producers more time to get their acts together. We'll see.

As usual, the class fare will be on PBS. *Masterpiece Theater* continues to be the most literate and entertaining example of how to turn classic novels into semiclassical television drama. In a four-hour, four-part production of *Madame Bovary*, premiering on Sunday, October tenth, Francesca Annis plays Emma, Flaubert's frenzied, beautiful provincial heroine with a fine precision that never spares the lady, a closet adventuress trapped by a stifling middle-class milieu on which any woman of imagination might be tempted to pull the chain. As Charles, Emma's bumbling husband, Tom Conti is possibly even better.

The late Stanley Baker and Sian Phillips (Mrs. Peter O'Toole in private life) head a family of strapping Welsh miners in *Masterpiece Theater's* six-hour version of *How Green Was My Valley*, beginning November seventh on PBS outlets. The logical question is: Why remake a novel that already exists as a golden film classic (with Donald Crisp, Sara Allgood and Maureen O'Hara) by that incomparable old master John Ford? The program answers by substituting minute, tender loving detail for the magnificent sweep and energy of Ford's revered original. Still dubious? Watch one episode and you'll be hooked for the duration.

Visions, a series of original dramas by American authors, will premiere on PBS on October 21 with Conrad Bromberg's *Two Brothers* (repeating January 27). This sample only demonstrates that seriousness of purpose may not be quite enough to make a writer's showcase viable for home consumption. A young doctor who is subject to paranoid fantasies commits suicide despite his brother's feverish efforts to help him. *Brothers* is a depressingly accurate case study, but it's deficient as meaningful drama—unless Bromberg's intention was to launch a right-to-suicide movement.

Hollywood Television Theater's *The Last of Mrs. Lincoln*, a two-hour drama produced and directed for PBS by George



What's new on the tube.

"As usual, the class fare will be on PBS. Watch one episode of *How Green Was My Valley* and you'll be hooked for the duration."

Schaefer, and adapted by James Prideaux from his Broadway play, will be telecast on September 16, with likely repeats. Julie Harris portrays Mary Todd Lincoln, a much-misunderstood lady who had a grim time of it after her husband's assassination. Forced to beg for subsistence, she was unhinged by the death of her youngest son, Tad, and permanently estranged from her son Robert (later, Secretary of War) after he had her committed to an asylum. This sad, seldom-told tale, handsomely mounted and acted to a fare-thee-well, adds up to a Bicentennial act of atonement toward a pitiable woman who has heretofore been painted by historians as a 19th Century Martha Mitchell.

The Love Boat, airing September 17 on ABC, is a sitcom ship of fools, clearly out on a shakedown cruise for a possible weekly series. There's an aloof, handsome captain (Ted Hamilton) discreetly pursued by a comely cruise director (Terri O'Mara) who has a full roster of guest stars to coddle as the Sun Princess steams toward Mexico. Cloris Leachman, Hal Linden, Florence Henderson, Karen Valentine, Don Adams and Tom Bosley are all aboard for the pilot run, picking up their cues in four light-weight stories. Sample adult dialog: "I'm the ship's doctor," says the ship's doctor. "I'll bet you have a nice warm stethoscope," bumbles a chunky man hunter. Then everyone gets dressed up for Mexican Fiesta Night. Don't be surprised if this *Love Boat* sinks with all hands.

The Captain and Tennille (starting date September 20) must be ABC's belated answer to Sonny and Cher. The Captain is dryly

funny, his singin' lady somewhat sunnier than Cher, with less middlebrow chic.

The Tony Randall Show (ABC, premiering September 21) replaces Tony's *Odd Couple* shtick with a far more conventional sitcom format. He's a widowed Philadelphia judge with a couple of precocious kids, a bossy housekeeper (Rachel Roberts), occasional ladyfriends and 1001 charming crotchets. Not very original. But Randall and Roberts—two performers who could wring sophistication from *The Hollywood Squares*—may make it work.

Holmes and Yoyo (ABC again, starting September 25) goes for the boffs seldom triggered by the *Bionic Woman* and the *Six Million Dollar Man*. John Schuck plays Yoyo, a robot plainclothes cop whose machinery seems overdue for a tune-up—which, of course, embarrasses Richard B. Shull as his partner, a fallible, flesh-and-blood policeman. Both are fall-guy types who may be carrying slapsticks; their faces fairly beg to be smacked with custard pies. Better tail them for a while; this just *could* lead to something.

As we went to press, neither NBC nor CBS had material available for screening. NBC is ballyhooing a concept called, infelicitously enough, *The Big Event*: a Sunday-night mélange with content ranging from sports presentations to a dramatization of Arthur Hailey's novel *The Moneychangers*. Taking a leaf from ABC, where *Rich Man, Poor Man* was a surprise hit last year and *Roots* bodes fair to be a blockbuster in 1977, NBC will present a series of novel dramatizations, *Best Sellers*—among them another Irwin Shaw book, *Evening in Byzantium*. Also due are such new series as *Serpico* and *Snip*, a comedy set in a Cape Cod beauty salon. *Shampoo*, we'll bet, it's not.

CBS PR types were saying nothing about that network's fall schedule, beyond listing times and titles. New series include *Delvecchio*, about a big-city guess what whose investigations ruffle bigwigs' feathers; *Spencer's Pilots*, about barnstormers; *All's Fair*, the romance between a crusty newspaperman (Richard Crenna) and an ultraliberal woman photographer (Bernadette Peters); and three rip-offs from other media: *Alice*, from the film *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*; *Ball Four*, starring the book's author, expitcher Jim Bouton; and *Executive Suite*, from the 1954 movie of the same name.

Doesn't look like a new Golden Age, but we can hope. After last season, television has nowhere to go but up.



SELECTED SHORTS

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THE UNWRITTEN CODE OF THE PRESS CORPS

By Peter Ognibene

HAVING SPENT some time covering various candidates earlier this year, I am convinced that there is an unwritten code governing the campaign press corps.

These unwritten rules can best be seen as a set of paired—and, in many instances, seemingly contradictory—propositions, a sort of Catch-22 designed to snare each declared Presidential candidate.

SCREW THE FRONT RUNNER

A. If you're winning, we'll give you great press coverage.

B. If you get great press coverage, that means we'll be magnifying your smallest flaw.

Jimmy Carter learned this rule the hard way when he added "ethnic purity" to the political lexicon. Yet by the time the networks and newspapers finally got around to examining what the other candidates had been saying about ethnic neighborhoods, they found Carter's position about the same as theirs.

When a reporter has been traveling with one candidate for a while, he gets to know that man's positions inside out and can spout passages from his standard speech by heart, if not in his sleep. So when the candidate does say something out of the ordinary, reporters are set to pounce on him whether or not the substance of his remarks differs from what his opponents have been saying. In fact, most reporters couldn't care less what the rest of the candidates' positions are; that's someone

else's territory. Because the press is looking for a controversy, if the candidate does not instantly defuse a flap when it first occurs, it can grow like a cancer.

IGNORE THE SECOND RUNNER

A. If you're in second place, we'll probably ignore you.

B. If we ignore you, you may just be able to sneak into first place after we cut down the front runner.

The political front runner risks being singled out and gunned down, which, of course, is what his nearest opponent is praying for.

What's wrong with that attitude is not that the press will foreordain the outcome by overpublicizing the front runner. (After all, earlier this year, the press gave tremendous coverage to George Wallace and look what happened to him.) No, the real danger is that the front runner may be eliminated and replaced by a second runner who has been poorly scrutinized and lightly tested by the press. That's what happened eight years ago, when George Romney tripped over his tongue—remember "brainwashing"?—and dropped out of the New Hampshire



When I asked a number of veterans on the press bus why Carter seemed to be getting so much scrutiny and Henry Jackson so little, I got practically the same answer from each one: "Let's face it, Jackson's not going anywhere, but Carter could."

primary, giving Nixon an almost free ride to the Republican convention.

WINNING IS EVERYTHING

A. Without serious media coverage, you cannot win.

B. If you don't win, you won't get serious media coverage.

The contradiction between these two propositions is more apparent than real, because it is the *perception* of winning, as much as winning itself, that determines how much press coverage each candidate will get.

Had Carter done poorly in his first contest, the Iowa caucuses in January, he might have been written off. But he came in first, or so it was reported, and the press, already favorably impressed, took a closer look at him.

ONLY CANDIDATES WITH CHARISMATIC COMPETENCE NEED APPLY

A. If you campaign on personality, we'll report that you have nothing under your blow-dry hairdo but a smile.

B. If you talk issues, we'll write that you're dull, dull, dull—if we write anything at all.

Nothing is more boring to a reporter than having to produce a laundry list of issues and explain each candidate's stand. On the other hand, nailing the front runner on an inconsistency is great sport.

Yet as much as the press clamors for candidates to be specific, it tends to ignore everyone but the front runner when substantive issues are discussed. So when one of the other candidates makes a speech detailing his plan for national health insurance, the collective attitude of the media is likely to be: "So what? He's not going anywhere."

Take the ethnic-purity flap again. Not only were the positions of the other Democrats practically identical to Carter's but the press let the second runner get away with hypocrisy of a monumental order by not challenging his racial and ethnic attitudes. To be specific, Jackson is a member of at least five social or fraternal organizations that have a long history of discrimination against blacks and/or Jews. Yet Jackson was permitted to feign outrage at Carter's remark without being called to account for his own deeds. Not what you'd call balanced press coverage.

THE MANLY ART OF SELF-OFFENSE

A. If you don't attack your opponents, we'll say you lack the spirit for the rough-and-tumble of American politics.

B. If you do, we'll brand you as ruthless.

A swift kick at Earl Butz can enliven an otherwise boring recitative on farm subsidies. Angry accusations and even angrier rebuttals make good entertainment, and if a TV-news editor has a lot

of political stories to choose from on a busy day, he's more likely to go with the action footage than with the think piece. The reporters know it, the candidates know it, and they tacitly collaborate to get one another on the air.

Of course, one can be too offensive, which is something poor Scoop Jackson never grasped. Over the past few years, Jackson learned you could play the networks like a house organ, using *ad hominem* attacks to get free time on the evening news. He succeeded so well, in fact, that he failed. By the time the primary season began in earnest, the press had already heard his personal attacks on Kissinger. Not only were these diatribes no longer new but they painted a self-portrait of a small-minded, mean-spirited candidate.

THE HOARY VIRTUE OF STONEWALLING

A. If you're open, we'll find and expose your smallest flaw.

B. If you're inaccessible, we'll probably expose nothing.

Newspapers and TV are geared for production; they have empty spaces that must be filled every day by news and most are only too happy to fill those spaces with what politicians hand them—press releases and the like. In short, the press likes easy targets.

If ever the press were guilty of travesty, it was in 1972, when it mercilessly dissected George McGovern but allowed itself to be stonewalled by Nixon. News from the Democratic camp was easy to come by, because the people involved with that campaign were open. No such scrutiny was given to the Nixon operation, because his operatives avoided the press and force-fed it a steady diet of "Presidential" as distinct from "campaign" news. Most of the reporters assigned to cover Nixon were only too happy to have a press release to rewrite.

An obscure candidate obviously cannot stonewall: He needs all the publicity he can get. But a sitting President or a serious, but *undeclared*, candidate can stonewall all he damn pleases and probably get away with it.

Unless the media are willing to rethink their convictions as to what is and what is not news, they could conceivably wind up stonewalled again in this or another Presidential election. If what I observed on the primary campaign trail is any indication, things on the press bus have not changed very much since 1972.

Peter Ognibene, a contributing editor of The New Republic, writes often on political affairs.

REMOVING KISSINGER'S COVER

By Morton H. Halperin

IT BEGAN, appropriately enough, with an indiscretion on the part of Henry Kissinger. The former Harvard professor was, in March 1969, the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs. I was Kissinger's assistant for planning.

As we stood talking in his office in the basement of the West Wing of the White House, a military aide brought in a report. The future Secretary of State looked through it quickly. A broad smile came over his face and he let slip the fact that the United States had begun bombing Cambodia with B-52s.

Knowledge about the Cambodian bombing was supposed to be confined to a small group on the MENU access list, as the program was called. I was not on the list and Kissinger's indiscretion was soon to cause difficulty for both of us.

Within weeks of that conversation, *The New York Times* reported that the bombing of Cambodia was under way. Kissinger and I spoke again, walking along the beach at Key Biscayne, where Richard Nixon was on a working vacation.

As the waves lapped at our feet, Kissinger told me that I was suspected of leaking the story to William Beecher, the *Time's* Pentagon correspondent. I told him I had not given any information to Beecher and Kissinger appeared to accept my denial. What he did not tell me was that he would be sending my name to the FBI the next day, with a request for a wire tap on my home telephone.

The surveillance put in place at Kissinger's request, as part of a Presidentially approved program of wire taps, remained on for 21 months, until February 1971. Kissinger was to say later that it produced no information casting doubt on my discretion or loyalty.

When we learned of the surveillance in May 1973, my family filed a suit for damages against those we believed to be involved, including Kissinger, Nixon, Haig, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Mitchell and the telephone company. We expect the trial to be held shortly.

In September 1969, a few months after the wire tap went on my phone, I reluctantly left Kissinger's staff. The excitement of being so close to the seat of power was outweighed by the burdens of



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working for a man who was compulsively secretive and manipulative and who expected everyone else to act in the same way.

Every action taken by the bureaucracy, every leak to the press that he did not generate was seen by Kissinger as part of a plot by his enemies to get him. The "enemies" among his colleagues changed from time to time. First it was Halldeman and Ehrlichman, later Secretaries Laird and Rogers, more recently it has been President Ford's political advisors—and, as always, the hated "permanent bureaucracy."

From this perspective emerged Kissinger's obsession with secrecy. Those of us on his staff who were in contact with career officials in the State Department, the CIA and the military were constantly admonished not to let the bureaucracy know what we were up to in the White House. Career officials assigned to Kissinger's NSC staff were viewed with great suspicion.

Any project involving a break with the past was conducted as a conspiracy. Only a few chosen assistants close to Kissinger would be let in on all of the plans—or almost all. "Dick," whose formal area of responsibility it was, might be told nothing or he might be set to work on a paper without being told what was really going on and with the notion that the paper would be ignored. "Larry" and "Mort" would be set to work on alternate drafts of the "real" paper, with only one of them knowing that the other was at work on the same paper. Kissinger's deputy Alexander Haig, would try to keep straight who knew what, while members of the staff read papers upside down on his desk to find out what was going on.

This style produced tension and distrust among members of the staff. This, along with Kissinger's temper tantrums and unreasonable work demands, was as responsible for the departure of most of the creative and sensitive members of the staff as were disagreements over policy.

The invasion of Cambodia in May 1970 was the turning point. Because of the invasion, I publicly resigned the consulting post I had accepted after leaving Kissinger's staff. About seven other full-time staff members resigned, but none would go public. Kissinger was furious. He denounced those who had left as faint-hearted liberals who stood for all that was wrong with America. Since then, Kissinger has surrounded himself with men whose first loyalty is to him. They may argue up to a point, but when the decision is made, they act on it. No one has resigned since.

The secrecy that has accompanied the major initiatives in the past eight years in Indochina, China, Angola, Chile and elsewhere raises the traditional dilemma of balancing the public's right to know against the perception of the Executive-branch official that he can work only in

secret. Kissinger solves the dilemma by excluding the Congress and the public from the process of decision making. He argues that the President alone must determine our national-security policy.

Such a notion would have astonished the founding fathers. Even Hamilton, the apostle of a strong Executive, wrote that foreign-affairs and national-defense powers were to be shared. Congress has the constitutional power to declare war and to regulate foreign commerce, and the Senate must approve treaties and ambassadorial appointments. Through its control of the purse, Congress can legislate how the Executive is to fulfill its national-security responsibilities. It cannot dictate the day-to-day military operations or the details of diplomacy, but it must make the fundamental decisions—to go to war, to commit American prestige and funds—and set general policy guidelines.

In order to fulfill these functions, Congress must have access to information and must be able to make it public. It cannot compete with the Executive branch in secret. Members of Congress must be able to communicate openly with their colleagues and with the public.

The record is clear that Kissinger has used the cloak of national security to prevent public debate about his policies. Others, if not the Secretary, have used national security to hide illegal and unconstitutional acts. Wire taps and other illegal means have been used to try to track down leaks. Congress has, in my view, abdicated its responsibility to legislate by leaving it to the President to determine what should be kept secret.

Legislation is urgently needed to right the balance. There are some legitimate secrets—details of military plans, of technical means of intelligence gathering, of weapons design. Much information is so important to public debate that it should be routinely and automatically made public. Never again should the Executive be able to urge war, provide military aid, make commitments or deploy troops without making its actions public.

Between these extremes, there will be difficult choices, but nothing should be kept secret without heavily weighing the public's right to know against the feared harm of release to national security. Excessive secrecy has broken the bond of trust between the President and the people and has led to foolish adventures abroad and violations of constitutional rights at home. It is long past time to return to first principles. Our security lies in open debate. The founding fathers provided for us a balance between liberty and security in the provisions of the Constitution. They served well then and will protect us now, if we adhere to them.

Ex-Kissinger aide Morton H. Halperin is director of the A.C.L.U.'s Project on National Security and Civil Liberties.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

One of my fraternity brothers always gets to speaking Latin when he's in his cups. His favorite phrase is something about all animals' being sad after sex, and he usually follows it with several exceptions to the rule. He has never said the phrase the same way twice—can you give me the original and tell me who said it?—L. S., New Orleans, Louisiana.

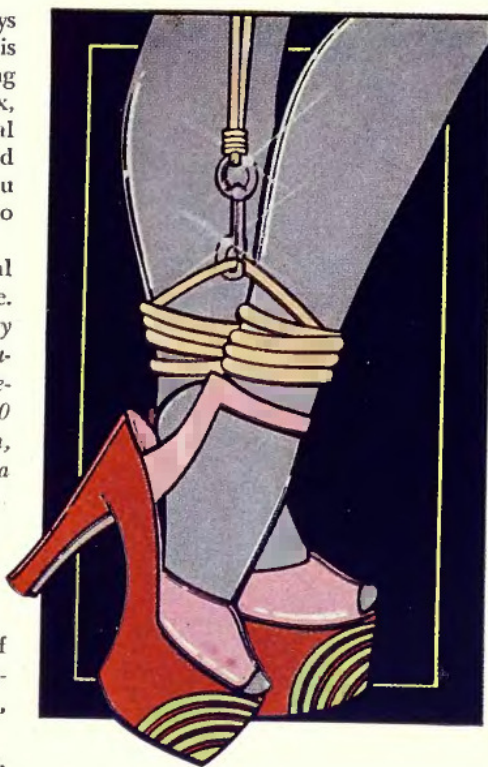
The phrase: Triste est omne animal post coitum, praeter mulierem gallumque. Roughly translated, that means, "Every animal is sad after coitus except the human female and the rooster." The remark is accredited to Galen (130–200 A.D.), who was something of a ladies' man, except (it seems) when he was around a henhouse. Queer old bird.

What is the difference between erasing tape on a tape recorder and using a bulk eraser? Is the difference great enough to justify the extra expense of buying a new piece of equipment to demagnify the tapes?—A. K., Chicago, Illinois.

When you erase a tape on a machine, you are actually making a recording of silence; i.e., you put the machine into a record mode and remove all input (such as microphones or patch cords). One man's silence is another man's blank noise: The tape can still pick up the snap, crackle and pop of static electricity; it can also be affected by dirty tape heads. In contrast, when you use a bulk eraser, you put the tape into a magnetic field that reduces the magnetic pattern on the tape to neutral; i.e., the same state the tape was in when you bought it. It is possible to be a virgin twice, but it costs more. If you think it's worth it, buy the bulk eraser.

While giving head recently to my boyfriend, I found that his semen had an unusually bitter taste. As we had been drinking wine up to the magic moment, I wondered if that could have been responsible for the strange flavor. What causes the taste to change from encounter to encounter? Can you recommend a wine?—Miss W. T., Cincinnati, Ohio.

It's possible that the wine you were drinking did appear to give your boyfriend's ejaculate a bitter taste, but not for the reason you think. The wine probably left an aftertaste in your mouth that affected your perception of the semen's flavor. (Semen is not affected by the wine—diet has no discernible effect on the composition of sperm.) The sense of taste varies from individual to individual,



so it is impossible to recommend a particular vintage to produce a pleasant flavor. There are those who favor reds (since it is a meat course) and those who favor whites (since the dish is salty). Some folks find that a before-meal mint helps. Bone appétit!

I was reading a back issue of PLAYBOY and discovered a replica of a chastity belt in the February 1974 *Potpourri*. I'm curious: How did chastity belts originate? Were they really used? It's my notion that if they were popular, there would be more of them around today. I suspect that they were novelty items even in the Middle Ages—the whoopee cushion of 1600. I can't believe that knights really locked their ladies up before riding off to the Crusades. Did they?—F. W., Richmond, Virginia.

"Can we have the keys to the belt tonight, Dad?" Actually, knights locked their ladies up after they got back from the East. Historians claim that Christians who fought in the Crusades were exposed to the Oriental custom of passing a ring or a set of rings through the labia of a woman to ensure her continence. (We leave to your imagination exactly how they were exposed to the custom.) Christians improved the concept: The chastity belt evolved into a contraption that circled the hips to hold an iron plate over both the genitals and the rear. According to Eric John Dingwal, author

of "The Girdle of Chastity," belts were first mentioned in a manuscript dated 1405. And, yes, they were worn. Dingwal cites the discovery of a female skeleton interred around 1600 in the area that is now Austria. Around her waist was an iron hoop holding a plate over what had been the genital area. Why it was thought the woman would need the belt in the afterlife is not known. Perhaps Renaissance men had heard the joke (it's an old one) about sex in the hereafter. (If you're hereafter what I'm hereafter, then you'll be here long after I'm gone.) Maybe you can take it with you. Anyway, if you want to see the real thing, chastity belts are on display in the Cluny Museum in Paris and the museum in Kalmar, Sweden. They are included as part of the armor exhibit at the Erbach Castle in Germany.

Since you are all-knowing, I am writing to you for a straight answer. I recently saw the movie *Taxi Driver*. One of the characters is a pimp who paints his pinkie with red polish. Just one finger. I also saw the same thing on *The Tonight Show* with Johnny Carson. Sammy Davis Jr. showed up with one pinkie painted red, but he would not tell the TV audience what it meant. Would you please enlighten me?—M. D., Chicago, Illinois.

Flattery won't get you anywhere, but since we know the answer, here goes. The painted pinkie is one of the trademarks of the coke freak: A devotee of the South American drug often manicures that fingernail on one hand into the approximate shape of a coke spoon and uses the same to transfer the renowned decongestant from vial to nasal passage, where it disappears without a trace. (The nail polish is to call attention to the tool.) That might explain Sammy Davis Jr.'s reluctance to discuss the details. However, it is just as likely that Davis saw "Taxi Driver," liked the looks of the pimp's fine-art finger and merely adopted the habit without asking any questions. It is not the first time the entertainer has embraced a passing fancy. What was that President's name?

Let me thank you from the depths of my heart (as well as other parts of my body) for the way you answered the letter on sodomy in the August *Playboy Advisor*. I let my husband enjoy the act of anal sex several times, but I always experienced a lot of pain. No matter how relaxed or lubricated I was, penetration was extremely uncomfortable. Although I had orgasms, the pleasure wasn't worth



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OST CRAVATES—DEPT. P10

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the pain, so we dropped the act from our sexual repertoire. Now I have a related problem: Whenever we have oral sex, my husband likes to use a dildo on me. The thing is somewhat thicker and longer than his penis and it hurts like hell. However, I still have orgasms. My husband tells me that the pain is all in my head—a vagina will expand to accommodate any size penis. Is he right? Also, am I some kind of masochist? I always have orgasms in spite of the pain.—Mrs. R. C., Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

A masochist enjoys himself because of the pain, not in spite of it. Sexologists have noted that it's a thin line between agony and ecstasy. As you've discovered, the two are not mutually exclusive. Your husband has correctly quoted Masters and Johnson. A vagina will accommodate a penis of any size—but that process depends on relaxation and the absence of anxiety. If the dildo makes you uptight, the tension will contribute to the pain. It shouldn't be hard to talk him out of using the accessory. Oral sex is a feast that should always be catered to the tastes of the recipient. If you can't do it the way your partner likes, why bother doing it?

While vacationing in France, I ran into a delicate problem: when to tip. My girlfriend and I were staying at a small, informal hotel called a *ferme*, or farm. Adjacent to the swimming pool was a restaurant where guests could have lunch or dinner. We ate there frequently and when it would come time to leave, would always wonder whether or not to tip the owner of the restaurant. As it turned out, the last night there, we talked with the guy, telling him how much we had enjoyed his cooking, swapped recipes, shook hands and left him without a tip. Did we do right?—M. K., Toledo, Ohio.

Yes. It's considered bad form to tip the owner of any business. For example, while you would tip a hairdresser at Vidal Sassoon, you would not tip Sassoon himself. Likewise, if you were dining at Chez Felix on the Plage de Tahiti in St-Tropez and Felix took your order, you'd consider it an honor but should not consider tipping Felix (ditto for Ronald McDonald at the golden arches). However, if you sign up for a session of bondage and discipline at Mistress Roxanne's and Roxanne herself is at the other end of the whip, then, by all means, tip.

Better dig up your record books: I have a problem that is definitely new. Ever since childhood, I have had sexual fantasies in which beautiful women undergo transformations of some sort. Usually, the changes are relatively minor: The woman will shrink to just six inches tall or become older or younger. My favorite fantasy involves turning women

into animals. I imagine encountering a woman—perhaps one I know or have seen, perhaps one invented for the occasion. She suspects nothing and seldom do I tell her what is about to happen. Then, in some way, with some magic power I possess, I cast a spell on her. Instantly, she turns into an animal—usually a common species such as a dog, cat or frog. Sometimes the transformation is in slow motion—the victim sees what is happening to her and is frightened. Then I tell her that I won't return her to normal unless she does a trick for me—like begging or rolling over. By the time I turn her back into a woman, she has wriggled out of her clothes and is naked. All memory of being an animal is gone and she is trying to cover herself. This unusual turn-on has been helped by the media: I used to masturbate while watching reruns of *Bewitched* or *I Dream of Jeannie*, hoping to catch a scene in which a woman would be turned into something else. I always came at the moment of transformation. I have no idea why I react like this. The idea of animal love revolts me and I have no desire to be dominant over women. I would like to know if you have ever heard of such a fantasy.—K. M., Bloomington, Indiana.

It takes all kinds to fill the freeways. We have never known anyone who had this fantasy (or is it just a shaggy-dog story?), though we did hear about a guy who used to sit before his television set with a channel changer, switching back and forth between "Wild Kingdom" and "Bionic Woman." If it gets you off...

Im currently in the market for a citizen's-band radio for my car. I've heard rumors that the FCC is about to add 40 or 50 channels to the existing 23. Should I wait and buy one of the improved units? The salesman at my local electronics store has explained that I shouldn't bother. If I want extra channels, I can spend extra dough and pick up something called the single side band—which somehow provides an extra 46 channels. What do you recommend?—B. H., Evanston, Illinois.

Single-side-band channels are deceptive. Manufacturers split the basic 23 channels to yield 46 minichannels. A C.B.er has his choice—he can broadcast on one of the half channels or stick to the basic AM channels (for a total of 69). However, if one of the 23 AM channels is busy, the two S.S.B. channels occupying the same frequency are also busy. (The effect is similar to what happens when an 18-wheeler overtakes two motorcycles on a single-lane road.) If you plan to use C.B. strictly for mobile use, there's no point in your buying the more expensive S.S.B. unit, nor should you wait a year or more for the FCC to grant and the industry to supply

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the double cross**

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

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

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

That's all. Just Two Fingers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

would say. "Just drink and enjoy."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



©1976. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill., San Francisco, Calif. Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico





Jensen's Triaxial[®] 3-Way Speaker... Quite simply, the most advanced car stereo speaker ever.

For the best sound ever in your car. The first car stereo speaker with a woofer, a tweeter and a midrange.

Identical in principle to the best home stereo speakers. Jensen's midrange picks up a whole range of tones lost to any other car speaker.

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SOLID STATE TWEETER — Space saving and efficient, providing distortion-free high frequency response.

WOOFER — Designed to reproduce lower frequency tones just as you would hear them in person.

MIDRANGE — Nobody else has one. It picks up the fine tones between the high and low frequencies that other speakers miss.

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JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
Division of Pemcor, Inc.

the extra channels. Very few motorists use S.S.B.—the theory is that they don't have time to play hide-and-seek through the extra channels. If you're going to do it on the road, use breaker-one-nine. The new territory being opened by the FCC will probably be staked out by home hobbyists with base stations, who will use the new channels to talk to their ole good buddies.

One of my friends claims that if someone admires a tie you are wearing, you should take it off and give it to him. Have you ever heard of such a practice?—F. K., Des Moines, Iowa.

In many countries, the only reason to wear clothes is to give them away with style. One of our editors claims he was in the park wearing a JOGGING CAN KILL YOU! sweat shirt, when he passed an attractive young lady, who read the message and smiled. He smiled back. She said, "That's the best one I've ever seen." He gave it to her. Underneath that shirt was a T-shirt with the logo for his favorite hangout—a local bookstore. She asked if he worked there. "No," he said, "but I met a salesgirl who was wearing this T-shirt and I told her how much I liked it. . . ." Later, they traded tattoos.

My girlfriend and I like to experiment with sexual accessories. Perusing a catalog of erotic devices, we noticed a tiny battery-powered vibrator. It is evidently intended for anal stimulation. My girlfriend says that she has heard that phallic-shaped objects are dangerous if used on the anus. True?—T. C., Portland, Oregon.

True. One of our favorite books of the past year was B. Kliban's "Never Eat Anything Bigger than Your Head." A similar axiom goes for anal sex: Never sit on anything smaller than your ass. According to the British Medical Journal, vibrators are being used increasingly "to gratify anal eroticism and may easily be inserted beyond the anal sphincters. These tend to close and to force a foreign object up the tract out of reach of the user, so that it has to be retrieved by surgery." Apparently, the little buggers are hard to hold on to in the excitement and they tend to slip away. Our advice: If it doesn't have a handle on it, don't use it.

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



Vivitar takes the mumbo-jumbo out of electronic flash.



(mumbo-jumbo)



(flash-flash)

This Vivitar 200 automatic electronic flash for 35mm cameras has all sorts of features we could talk about. But the one that's most important to you is the fact that it's automatic.

You don't have to be an Einstein to figure out correct flash exposures. You set your f stop once. Then regardless of how many times you move closer or farther away from the subject, a built-in sensor gives you perfect exposure from 2 to 10 feet.

The Vivitar 200 will give you up to two hundred flashes from one 9V alkaline battery and thousands of flashes from the built-in tube. No more fussing with hot, hit-or-miss flashbulbs.

The flash in this unit is color corrected. You'll get beautiful natural color in your slides and color pictures. Expensive? No. Vivitar automatics start under \$25. Ask your Vivitar dealer for a demonstration.

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Bad sound is an unnecessary evil.

To hear music beautifully reproduced in the home is one of life's most pleasurable experiences.



*Good for news.
Bad at music.*

It's also a pleasure that 8 out of 10 Americans have never experienced.

Unfortunately, most people still listen to music

played through dinky kitchen radios that weren't intended for accurate music reproduction in the first place.

Or they invest in "magnificent mediterranean fruitwood stereo consoles" which may be easy on the eyes but are



generally a blight on the ears.

Some people pick up nifty all-in-one stereo compacts they believe will give them good, high-fidelity sound. But a visit to a reputable high-fidelity dealer will quickly shatter that belief. Because only there will you hear *true* high fidelity and come to realize just how inadequate everything else is.

The simple truth is that only real high fidelity will give you real high-fidelity sound. That means separate component pieces: receivers, turntables, tape decks and speakers, each designed to do its job perfectly.

Pioneer makes more different

The \$900 worth of fruitwood looks good. The \$200 worth of electronics sounds bad.

Avoid buying cheap "no-name" stereo in a place like this or you'll end up with no-quality sound.

high-fidelity components than anybody. In fact, we're the leading high-fidelity manufacturer in the world today.

If you don't own some Pioneer components, or some of similar quality (such as that made by Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui and a handful of other dedicated companies) you're probably listening to bad sound. And it's so unnecessary. Today, in 1976, good hi-fi



*This may be stereo.
But it's not high fidelity.*

components (as opposed to bad "no-name" stereo systems which are ridiculously low-priced and provide sound to match) cost no more than many unsatisfactory alternatives.

True, you can assemble a super Pioneer system that costs more than an automobile. But that's equipment designed for the high-fidelity purist to whom expense is no object.

On the other hand, the Pioneer receiver, turntable and speakers shown here cost about the same as the console pictured at left. And when it comes to sound, there's no comparison.

Pioneer also makes equipment that costs still less. So for a few dollars more than a plastic compact, you can have life-size and life-like sound the compact could never deliver.

You see, bad sound is not only unnecessary. It's unjustifiable.



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

For a brochure describing the full line of Pioneer high-fidelity components and their capabilities, write us. To hear our sound with your own ears, visit your Pioneer dealer.

PIONEER®

Anyone can hear the difference.



Now that America has accepted our idea of a sensible small car, maybe you're ready for our idea of a sensible big one.



The Fiat 128.



The Fiat 131.

In 1971, we introduced the Fiat 128 to America.

It was the first car in the world to feature a transverse-mounted, overhead cam engine with front-wheel drive.

It offered people an incredible amount of room for a small car. And performed exceptionally well.

Since then, the Fiat 128 has become the largest selling car of its kind in the world. And more than one automobile manufacturer has had the good sense to try and copy it.

But no matter how practical the 128 is, there have

always been many sensible people who simply wanted bigger, more luxurious cars.

For these people, we now offer the biggest, most luxurious Fiat we've ever brought to America. The Fiat 131.

It features reclining bucket seats. Full carpeting. Tinted glass. A tilting steering wheel. And more headroom, legroom, and kneeroom than you have heads, legs, or knees.

For performance, the 131 comes with a five-speed transmission. One of only five sedans in the world that do so.

It also comes with rack-and-pinion steering, front-wheel disc brakes, radial tires,

and a dual overhead cam engine. The kinds of things you'd be more likely to find on an expensive sports car instead of an inexpensive sedan.

Just how inexpensive is the Fiat 131?

You might expect to pay almost \$6,500 today for a car that features this kind of engineering and performance.

Yet the 131 2-door coupe costs only \$4,286.*

After all, a car can't really be called sensible unless it's sensibly priced.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

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

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

POT AND POLITICS

Although Jimmy Carter and eight earlier Democratic Presidential hopefuls have endorsed marijuana decriminalization, the Democratic Platform Committee, under the guidance of the Carter forces, has elected to avoid mentioning the issue altogether in the party's platform. A proposed amendment supporting the concept that "millions of Americans who smoke marijuana should not be subject to arrest or jail for that act" was quickly defeated by a voice vote. No one spoke against the concept; but the Carter forces asked that it not be included, because it might cost Carter and other Democratic candidates some votes in certain regions of the country in November.

Exactly why it should be prudent for Jimmy Carter to endorse decriminalization but imprudent for the Democratic Party to do so is not clear. Nonetheless, that's the current state of affairs.

Since the Republican candidates support continued criminal penalties, most of us who endorse decriminalization will end up voting for Carter and the other Democrats. We can only hope that, if elected, Carter will follow through on his decriminalization position.

R. Keith Stroup, National Director
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

UNLUCKY POT OF GOLD

The U.S. Supreme Court has now ruled that a person may be convicted of selling drugs if an undercover agent supplies them to him and another agent buys them from him (*Forum Newsfront*, August). Talk about getting screwed! Anyone could be convicted. There are many people who normally would not deal in drugs but who would do so if offered \$300 to deliver 15 pounds of pot to the son of a bitch at the other end of the rainbow. This is a serious threat to our constitutional rights, if any.

James A. Coffey
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

SEX-POT RESEARCH BANNED

An attempt by Dr. Harris Rubin of Southern Illinois University to conduct a study of the relationship between marijuana use and human sexual response has been thwarted. It's not that he had trouble recruiting volunteers, you understand—he had 60 interested young males waiting in the wings—it's just that some influential Congressional critics of his

program successfully lobbied to curtail the necessary Federal funds.

In spite of the fact that the study was approved by the Food and Drug Administration, the National Institute of Drug Abuse, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the Justice Department, several Congressmen found it "too controversial" for their tastes. One of the most vocal opponents was Congressman Robert Michel of Peoria, Illinois, the very same community immortalized by

"For many rubber lovers, rubber does not displace interest in another human but simply enhances the pleasure of the sex act."

the Nixon gang ("Will it play in Peoria?"). Michel concluded that Dr. Rubin's experiment was "offensive to the standards of conduct pursued by most Americans." Since Michel is House Minority Whip and the ranking Republican on the House Appropriations Subcommittee, you might say that his opinion carried some weight; so much weight, in fact, that when Congress was considering passage of a huge appropriations bill, an amendment was inserted that specifically

removed the funds earmarked for the sex-pot study. After considerable debate, the amendment passed—with the assurance that this unusual action would not set a precedent for the funding of other research projects.

Whether or not they want to face it, those who went along with this incredibly shortsighted move have *already* established a precedent that could see any number of future scientific efforts aborted because of the personal or political motivations of some Congressional opponent.

Douglas Nelson

Madison, Wisconsin

PLAYBOY asked Rubin for his opinion of the Congressional action. He told us: "Never before has Congress taken funds away from a research project when the administering agency persisted in allocating those funds. This is a far more dangerous and important action than simply taking away the funding of a marijuana-sex study. I say this because the Congressman who wrote the amendment stated that this research was 'too controversial'—that's a direct quote—to be financed with Federal funds. Now, any innovative research is going to be controversial, simply because it is different. So this is a danger to all Federally funded scientific research."

LUST FOR LATEX

Rubber is probably the most popular fetish material in the U.S. and western Europe. Fetish material may not be a completely accurate term, since fetishism implies a pathological displacement of erotic interests from human sexual relations to some inanimate object or material. For many rubber lovers, rubber does not displace interest in another human but simply enhances the pleasure of the sex act.

Some like rubber tight, hot and wet; others like it loose and cool. Some like to wear it, while others like their partner to wear it. It is used in heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual and autosexual acts, bondage and discipline, sadism and masochism and transvestism. I happen to belong to the group that likes stretchy, tight-fitting latex. I like its smooth feel all over me and my wife as we make love. Like most women, she did not like or even know about rubber as a turn-on when we married, but she has learned to like it. We don't use it every time we screw but only on special occasions. Nor are these occasions marked merely by our donning rubber. We often play bondage games, masturbate, have anal or oral sex



and do anything else that feels good. Rubber is just one of our turn-ons, albeit an important one.

(Name withheld by request)
Richmond, Virginia

PETER PRESSURE

After talking with quite a few women, I've found that many believe that if a man doesn't come regularly and frequently, something physically damaging will happen to him. He will fall ill or become terribly irritable or his penis will drop off. Lines like "You should know why I'm cranky and irritable. I haven't had sex in a week" or "Why do you wonder that I had sex with another woman? I had to do something before I lost my mind" actually work.

Maybe some men actually believe this old husbands' tale. The more they hear that they can go only so long without ejaculating, the worse they feel when they are deprived of sex. Many men are not willful deceivers: they have actually convinced themselves that it is painful to go without sex.

I wonder what would happen if women tried to use the same sort of argument to get things they feel they need. For instance, "I went out with another man because he takes a genuine interest in my thoughts and feelings." Would this work as well as the peter-pressure story? Probably not. The male myth somehow seems more credible. But the day may come when women start applying logic to it and quit buying it.

(Name withheld by request)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

For all we know, it may be true that a man's penis falls off if he goes without sex for more than a week.

SELF-LOVE

Paul Colaizzi says it all in the June *Playboy Forum* when he writes, "Masturbation is its own justification." I'm a woman who doesn't feel that masturbation is a substitute for intercourse. When I lick my fingers and touch myself, I feel warm all over: in a way, I'm making love to myself. But just as a caress is not enough, I still need my man even after I come.

(Name withheld by request)
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I mostly agree with Paul Colaizzi, who, in the June *Playboy Forum*, writes in defense of masturbation. Too heavy a burden of shame has been laid on the masturbator. But in saying that it's all right to masturbate, Colaizzi may lead some people to conclude that masturbation is just as good as intercourse and that if their sex lives consist mainly of masturbation, they don't have to bestir themselves to find a partner.

Sexual intercourse isn't always good, but when it is good, it's so much better than masturbation that it's difficult to

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEX IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD

MOSCOW—The word sex—spelled *секс* in the Cyrillic alphabet—has finally been included in the Soviet national



encyclopedia. It is defined as "the combination of mental reactions, experiences, intentions and actions with the expression and satisfaction of the sexual urge."

MOVIES AND MORALS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has let stand a lower-court decision that will allow the Federal Government to prosecute the makers of pornographic movies under an old interstate-prostitution law. By driving a woman from Missouri to Kansas to appear in a sex film, the defendant was found to have violated the 1910 Mann Act, which prohibits the transporting of women across state lines for any "immoral purpose."

SMUT LAW VOIDED

CHICAGO—A three-judge Federal court has unanimously voided the Illinois obscenity law as unconstitutionally vague. However, several bills are before the state legislature to amend the law in ways thought to meet Federal requirements of specific definitions.

TYING THE TUBE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Federal Communications Commission wants tougher laws against broadcasting "obscene and indecent" material on radio and television. Regulations proposed by the commission would extend its powers over cable TV, which is generally not covered by existing broadcast laws.

RARE BIRD

MANKATO, MINNESOTA—Police netted a rare arboreal streaker swinging nude

through the trees, Tarzan style, near the local high school. They charged the 17-year-old man with disorderly conduct and said the arrest cleared up some eight similar complaints over the past year. The suspect was spotted by a woman bird watcher using a pair of binoculars.

RAPE VICTIM SCREWED

TORONTO—A 27-year-old Toronto woman who reported being raped at knife point and offered a \$500 reward for the arrest and conviction of her attacker has been charged with public mischief. Police defined public mischief in this case as "reporting something that can't be substantiated."

TELLTALE STAINS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A research chemist has discovered a means of determining the probable sex, race and even drug habits of a person through analysis of dried bloodstains. Dr. Robert C. Shaler of the University of Pittsburgh reported to the American Academy of Forensic Sciences that his method has worked on bloodstains up to eight months old and that further refinement may also permit determining the age of a person who, for example, has left bloodstains behind at the scene of a crime.

UNSUCCESSFUL OPERATION

MIAMI—A circuit-court judge has ruled that a physician does not have to pay the child-rearing costs for a baby born to a woman who underwent a sterilization operation. The plaintiffs, who sued for \$100,000, intend to appeal.

FLIPPANT JUDGE

NEW ORLEANS—The Louisiana Judiciary Commission has recommended disciplinary action against a Baton Rouge city judge for horseplay in the courtroom. His unorthodox practices included polling spectators on what they thought a verdict should be, fining defendants the amount of money in their pockets and appearing to decide cases by the flip of a coin. The panel cleared the judge of any willful misconduct or illegal acts but said his frivolous behavior "brings the judicial office into disrepute."

GAY RIGHTS

SACRAMENTO—The California health department has ruled that homosexuals cannot be denied licenses to operate homes for children solely because of

their sexual preference. In a letter to district administrators who process license applications, a health official wrote, "What two consenting adults do in the privacy of their bedroom is a separate issue from how they relate to children."

MESSAGE-PARLOR CUSTOMERS

CHICAGO—Two psychologists have concluded that men who go to massage parlors for sexual purposes tend to be well adjusted, average people. Addressing a convention of the Midwestern Psychological Association, Dr. Thomas Schill, a professor at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, and graduate



student Mary Simpson said they obtained information on 187 men who visited one such parlor during a five-month period and found the typical customer to be a 35-year-old white male who had attended college, works in a lower- or middle-class job, is personally and sexually adjusted, has high self-esteem, goes to church, has had a variety of sexual experiences and went to the massage parlor because of lack of a sexual partner or out of curiosity.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The healthiest Americans are those who have never married, according to the National Center for Health Statistics. In its first study of the relationship between marriage and health, the center found that married couples are less healthy than singles and that formerly married people have the most health problems.

MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Internal Revenue Service, fearing that too many Americans would discover the great Caribbean tax ploy, has issued a ruling prohibiting it. This dodge amounts to visiting Haiti or the Dominican Republic in December for a quickie divorce, remarrying in the U.S. in

January and filing separate "single" tax returns for the entire previous year. Under existing tax laws, a man and a woman who have separate incomes and are not married at the end of the year pay substantially lower taxes than a married couple with the same total income—with enough difference to pay for a Caribbean vacation and divorce and still come out ahead.

BACK TO THE BOTTLE?

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA—The Rand Corporation has come under attack after releasing a study suggesting that some alcoholics who undergo treatment are able to resume "normal drinking." Rand researchers reported that "some alcoholics can return to moderate drinking with no greater chance of relapse than if they abstained," but cautioned that there is currently no way to predict who can do this and who can't. A number of alcoholism groups criticized the Rand report as dangerous, premature and contradictory to the conventional belief that alcoholism is an incurable disease that can be arrested only by abstinence.

ESCAPE IN DRAG

SAN DIEGO—Helped by his sister, who got in to see him by posing as his girlfriend, a 24-year-old U. S. sailor slipped out of a Mexican prison disguised as a woman. The Serviceman was being held



in the La Mesa federal prison outside Tijuana on a charge of marijuana possession. His sister gave prison guards \$30 to allow what she said was a conjugal visit, then supplied her brother with women's clothing and make-up.

PRISONER EXCHANGE

MEXICO CITY—U. S. and Mexican officials are discussing the possibility of exchanging prisoners held on drug charges. About 500 U. S. drug prisoners are in Mexico and an even larger number of Mexicans are in U. S. jails.

find an analogy. The best I can come up with is to say that masturbating is like listening to a pop tune on your car radio, while good sexual intercourse is like hearing your favorite symphony played live by the New York Philharmonic. Nobody wants to abolish car radios or declare them immoral. They serve a purpose. But it's nice when people make it to the symphony.

God knows, I don't want to make anybody feel bad. I do plenty of masturbating myself. But Colaizzi isn't doing anybody any favors if his advice encourages some lonely man to stay home and masturbate instead of going out to find himself a girlfriend. For some people, just making contact with the opposite sex involves effort. And for everyone, keeping an intimate friendship going, deepening it and strengthening it requires work and often is painful. But it is worth it. Boy, is it ever worth it!

(Name withheld by request)
 Babylon, Long Island

THE MEMPHIS PORNO TRIALS

Several times in recent years, vandals have attacked and attempted to damage or destroy works of art, such as the *Pietà*, by Michelangelo, and Picasso's *Guernica*. Society reacts with horror, treating these destructive persons as madmen and confining them for the public good. Surely if a person of the same mentality were to attempt to burn all the prints of one of our great movies, such as *The Birth of a Nation*, *Citizen Kane* or *Carnal Knowledge*, he would be similarly treated as a dangerous madman.

The obscenity-conspiracy conviction of Harry Reems and others connected with *Deep Throat* and the ongoing series of trials of other films are also destructive acts. Memphis prosecutor Larry Parrish is destroying movies that could have existed had the climate for creative activity remained free and open in this country. Maybe *Deep Throat* isn't such a great film, but it is certain that because it has been prosecuted, movies that might have been great will not be made. Prosecutor Parrish is a vandal who has dealt a savage blow to our culture. Yet he is considered a public servant and our tax money pays him to do his work of destruction.

James Scott
 Los Angeles, California

In January 1972, I participated in the filming of the controversial sex movie *Deep Throat* in Miami, Florida, by accepting a one-day acting role. I was paid \$100 and signed a contract relinquishing all artistic, marketing and distribution rights. In July 1974, I was arrested in the middle of the night by FBI agents and subsequently extradited to Memphis, Tennessee. On March 1, 1976, a jury trial began there, the longest courtroom proceeding in the history of that judicial

BURYING THE BILL OF RIGHTS

On July 6, 1976—two days after our Bicentennial birthday—the Nixon appointees to the Supreme Court took the Bill of Rights into a basement room, tortured it for several hours and, finally, left it to die in isolation. The event was the *coup de grâce* of a six-month assault on civil liberties. In a series of decisions, the Court made it clear that privacy and individual freedom are less important than the apprehension and prosecution of criminals. In an effort to eliminate all obstacles to vigorous law enforcement, the men in black pushed the pendulum of constitutional protection about as far to the right as it will go.

The authors of the Bill of Rights felt that the crimes of individuals could not be used to justify crimes of the state. Two wrongs do not make a right, because in the absence of wrongdoing by the individual, we are left with the wrongdoing of the Government. The Fourth Amendment was intended as a specific barrier to police powers: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated and no Warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by Oath or affirmation and particularly describing the place to be searched and the persons or things to be seized."

The freedoms guaranteed by the Fourth Amendment have always been fragile and difficult to protect. In an effort to deter police abuse, judges have relied on the exclusionary rule. If evidence was seized illegally, it could not be used in court. The exclusionary rule has never been popular with law-and-order boys, or with Judge Benjamin Cardozo, who complained, "The criminal is to go free because the constable has blundered."

In four cases decided on July 6, 1976, the Court put the screws to the exclusionary rule and clearly indicated a desire to obliterate it entirely. The Nixon appointees do not want to penalize police for mere procedural flaws. (Their image of a blundering constable is something between the Keystone Cops and Columbo.) Calling the exclusionary rule "nothing less than sophisticated nonsense," Chief Justice Warren Burger announced that if police break into a home and find "a pistol, a packet of heroin, counterfeit money or the body of a murder victim," then, by God, the criminal should go to jail. Of course, if the same police ransack your home and don't find anything, don't expect an apology. They were only following orders. When such behavior is sanctioned by the Government, tragic mistakes become a dime a dozen. And since the Court has ruled that police who act in "good faith" are immune from civil suits, you'll probably have to pay for the repair of the damage.

The tactic of Burger and brethren seems clear: If there is no such thing as illegal search and seizure, then all evidence is admissible. The Court has redefined privacy so that the welcome mat in front of your house is as good as a search warrant. In the past year, U.S. postal inspectors, FBI agents, U.S. Marshals, DEA agents, Secret Service agents and Customs agents have received permission to conduct searches and seizures without bothering to first obtain warrants. As one political cartoonist noted, what with the DEA kicking down doors, the IRS doesn't have any keyholes left to look through.

The logic of the Court borders on the amusing: Since automobiles are not mentioned in the Fourth Amendment, police don't need a search warrant to examine the contents of your vehicle. In *South Dakota vs. Opperman*, an officer conducted a routine search of a glove compartment of a locked car impounded for parking violations, found a small

quantity of marijuana and sent the owner of the car to jail. The Court upheld the conviction on two grounds: A person who takes to the road sacrifices his privacy to public view (i.e., people who live in glass Winnebagos shouldn't get stoned) and the search was not unreasonable, because it was routine. You do not have to be carrying contraband to resent that routine. Now any officer who wants to hassle you can write out a ticket ("Your taillight ain't working, kid"), search your car and, if he finds anything, send you to jail. It's a hell of a lot easier to write out a ticket than it is to obtain a warrant. And, besides, if the cop doesn't find anything, you still have to pay the ticket.

In *United States vs. Martinez-Fuerte*, the Court held that Immigration agents can conduct warrantless searches and seizures at a check point 66 miles from the border, in order to prevent the smuggling of illegal aliens. If the only people stopped at such check points are persons of Mexican ancestry, well, it's just part of the job. "The visible manifestations of the field officer's authority at a check point provide assurances to the motorists that the officers are acting lawfully." If a man is wearing a uniform and carrying a gun, he doesn't need a warrant. Who are you to argue?

In *United States vs. Janis*, the Court ruled that if a policeman illegally seizes evidence that is later ruled inadmissible in a criminal case, he can hand that evidence "on a silver platter" to the IRS for use in a civil tax case. The Court previously ruled that the Government has the right to look at your bank records and personal papers any time it wants. Reversing a 90-year precedent, the conservative majority argued that any individual who uses documents for commercial transactions is not entitled to a legitimate expectation of privacy. Citizens who feel that their business is none of the Government's business had better keep their records in their heads.

The Nixon appointees do not believe that the individual has the right to be left alone. Earlier this year, the Court ruled that adults who engaged in consensual sex acts in the privacy of their own homes could be apprehended, prosecuted and sent to jail. In that case, the Court simply refused to hear an appeal that stated such behavior was protected by the Constitution. It abdicated its responsibility to intervene on behalf of citizens who suffer abuse at the hands of capricious and arbitrary officials.

In *Stone vs. Powell*, the Court carried that trend one step further, closing the courthouse door to victims of illegal searches and seizures. By a six-to-three vote, it ruled that Federal courts would no longer review Fourth Amendment claims made in habeas corpus suits by prisoners in state criminal cases. The writ of habeas corpus has been called the "great writ" and the last safeguard of freedom. If a prisoner could show that he had been deprived of his constitutional rights, he could appeal to the higher court for a writ of habeas corpus. If granted, he would be released from custody. No more.

The shift to the right has alarmed civil libertarians throughout the country. It has moved the two surviving members of the liberal Warren Court to criticize their brethren. In his dissent to *Stone vs. Powell*, Justice William Brennan expressed disgust and outrage at the course charted by Burger: "To sanction disrespect and disregard for the Constitution in the name of protecting society from law-breakers is to make the Government itself lawless and to subvert those values upon which our ultimate freedom and liberty depend."

This is the fourth of a series of editorials.

district, at a cost to the taxpayers reported to be in the millions. On April 30, 12 defendants, including myself, were found guilty of "a national conspiracy to transport interstate an obscene motion picture."

I'm the first actor—or artist of any sort—to be prosecuted on a Federal level for his work. Local prosecutions, such as Lenny Bruce's, have been scarce enough.

From opening statement to closing argument, the Government admitted that my participation was limited to acting. Prosecutor Larry Parrish stated that I did not share in the profit, did no public appearances and was not even promoted in the advertising campaigns for the film. He admitted that my contract proved I had no control over the editing process and no say in where the film was to play. Oddly enough, there has never been a Federal law against creating or acting in a pornographic film. But Parrish contended that under the conspiracy laws, all actors, writers, directors and even technicians are liable for prosecution if the final product is later found to be against the law.

If my conviction stands, any artist could become fair game for prosecutors determined to enforce their personal morality or individual animus. Actors, writers, producers and directors who worked in or on films ruled obscene after they were produced could also face charges years later, thousands of miles from the filming location, under laws passed after the film was finished. It's conceivable that artists and their models could be liable if their work were later found obscene. I am appealing this conviction.

If I go to jail, I will not be going alone. Behind those bars with me will be the thoughts and ideas of thousands of other people, and after I've served my sentence, those creative energies will still be imprisoned.

Court proceedings have begun against me, again in Memphis, for my participation in *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Funds to help in these cases are being accepted at Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund, Suite 1030, 120 East 56th Street, New York, New York 10022.

Harry Reems
New York, New York

For a complete account of Reems's trial, see "Deep Throat' Goes Down in Memphis" on page 106.

CORRUPTING THE KIDDIES

In the May *Playboy Forum*, Lance R. Hart attempts to pass off a rather narrow-minded personal opinion as objective comment from a scientist. He even makes it seem that his view that it's dangerous to expose children to *PLAYBOY* is endorsed by none other than Big F, Sigmund Freud himself. Hart admits his hypothesis is based on no empirical evidence whatever. In the history of psychology, similar supposedly scientific thinking (also not favored with actual



MARY HOLT AND ROGER BRASHEARS invite you to take lunch at The White Rabbit Saloon, Lynchburg, Tennessee.

You can't take a drink, because Moore County is dry. But you *can* build a sandwich as high as you like with a wide variety of fixings. And enjoy it with watermelon, tomatoes and ears of garden corn. Afterwards, you can stroll to Jack Daniel Distillery and watch us make whiskey. Most folks agree there's no distillery like Jack Daniel's. And according to Mary and Roger, you won't find many lunchrooms like The White Rabbit.



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"Playboy Forum" Casebook

UPDATE: THE DAN ATKINSON CASE

In May, we reported the case of Daniel Atkinson, a 28-year-old heroin addict facing 20 years to life in prison, who escaped from Washington's Snohomish County Jail and turned himself in at a Veterans Administration drug-treatment center. His purpose in escaping was to call attention to the need for drug-treatment programs in prisons. The state of Washington, in fact, had such programs, for addicts both in and out of prison, but only on paper. The legislature had never voted operating funds. Atkinson wrote to PLAYBOY and we contacted the Legal Services Center in Seattle to assist in a class-action suit to require the state to establish the programs called for by state law.

Since then, the good news is that Atkinson will be getting treatment instead of prison. The court has probated his sentences on the condition that he successfully complete the rehabilitation program at Seattle's Genesis House, where he is now living with his wife, Teresa, and daughter, Celeste.

The bad news is that the Washington legislature, instead of voting funds for the state's drug-treatment programs, merely repealed the law requiring them.

I am a 29-year-old black veteran of Vietnam with a wife and three children. I spent the past ten years in the Army and I am now on my way to the Louisiana State Prison at Angola to begin a six-year sentence for possession of heroin. I tried to get help for my addiction before I was caught, but I couldn't find any and now it's too late. I've never been in any other trouble with the law. I wish Daniel Atkinson the best and hope that your coverage of cases like his will help people realize that heroin addicts need treatment and that merely sending them to prison is a lost cause.

Andrew Johnson
Leesville, Louisiana

If the drug problem cannot be solved by the threat of the most drastic criminal penalties, as seems perfectly evident after years of the "war on drugs," you'd think that this approach would eventually be scrapped as unsuccessful and that our lawmakers and law enforcers would decide to try something else. Common sense should tell us that.

A. Jones
Los Angeles, California

Like Atkinson, I became addicted to heroin while in Vietnam. I knew plenty who used it who did not become addicted and I am now convinced that those who get hooked do so primarily because they are psychologically vulnerable and don't realize it. I find that I can get clean and maybe go for months, or until I start feeling depressed or worried. Then staying off the stuff is like trying not to drink water when you're thirsty. I've become fatalistic about it. I doubt that I can ever be completely free of heroin. I expect that someday I'll go to prison for it.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

The only reason this country has a serious heroin problem is that our moralistic lawmakers have always treated drug abuse as a crime instead of an illness.

William White
Wilmington, Delaware

Over the past five years, I have had the misfortune to attend the funeral services of seven Vietnam-veteran addicts who died from drug overdoses; and as a service officer for Vietnam vets, I have interviewed hundreds of men like Atkinson. His case is so much like the others it's spooky—it's like they all got together and rehearsed the same story. I am not a hard-ass, but I am sick of listening to the same old crap. Personally, I can sympathize only with the parents of these poor junkies. They will never know peace until these addicts are safe in jail or in a pine box. This is sad, but it also cannot be disputed—especially by the seven war heroes who were killed by seven needles that carried the white horse of death.

Snowflake
San Diego, California

I hope Atkinson is allowed to get treatment where he is, because he won't get any if he comes here to "the Walls." Drugs are as common here in the yard as they are on the streets outside. I'm getting treatment at present because I tried to kill myself, but I won't be allowed to continue, because I have too much time—6 to 20 years. I'm 27 and I have a wife and family. I sure would dig it if PLAYBOY could help open some people's eyes.

David E. Griffiths
Walla Walla, Washington

findings) linked blindness and insanity to masturbation. Being dead, Freud may not mind his theories being bent out of shape, but psychology is still alive to complain about such abuse of its reputation.

On a strictly personal basis, I congratulate PLAYBOY for doing a splendid job of putting sexuality into perspective for the ultimate benefit of the children about whom Hart is so worried.

Rob P. Ferris, Postgraduate,
Family Research
University of Leeds
Leeds, England

As a longtime PLAYBOY subscriber and the mother of three children, I feel I must state my objection to Lance R. Hart's suggestion that children could suffer psychological disorders as a result of exposure to nude photographs.

PLAYBOY has been in our home for years and we've never made any attempt to hide it from our kids. They pick it up and look through it occasionally, with no signs of ill effects. We feel we have a healthy and open attitude toward sex and nudity in our home and we think our kids will, too.

I think Hart should concentrate on helping the children who already have psychological disorders and let parents of well-adjusted kids make up their own minds about what their children should and should not look at.

Sharon Kapua
Rotorua, New Zealand

BURNING MORAL ISSUE

The problem we antiabortion people have with prochoicers is that the free choice they defend is so sweeping as to include the right to kill. We would have no quarrel over a freedom of choice that ended where the welfare of another human being began.

It would be reassuring to think that even prochoicers would not look the other way if they happened to see a woman abusing a child to the point of maiming or even death. I hope they would take action, directly or indirectly, to force their moral values on the offending mother and prevent further abuse, thereby saving the child's life. One is compelled to ask why our mutual concern about child abuse should be limited only to those already born.

Prochoicers are critical of religions that have gone on record as opposing voluntary pregnancy termination. One wonders whether or not prochoice counterparts of the 19th Century would have criticized antislavery Quaker and Methodist leaders for trying to enforce their moral values by denying anyone the right to own a slave. Slavery, like abortion, was voluntary. No one forced anyone to own a slave if it conflicted with one's moral views.

As slavery was the burning moral issue

in the 19th Century, so is abortion—also a form of absolute domination by one group of human beings over another—in the 20th Century. We seek to extend the same legal protection to unborn citizens that each of us now enjoys and that was provided when we were fetuses.

Louis Hausheer Pumpfrey
Shaker Heights, Ohio

The problem we have with antiabortion people is that they have already made up their minds that fetuses are, as you put it, "unborn citizens" and that an abortion is equivalent to murdering a child or enslaving an adult. But that's precisely what the argument is all about. Until you can understand that we don't perceive the fetus as a person with a full set of human rights, it will be hard to have a reasonable discussion.

THE MORALITY OF ABORTION

I commend you on your response to Hugo Carl Koch in the June *Playboy Forum*. Like most would-be philosophers, he is so engrossed in the complexities of his own language that he completely misses the practical applications of his grand theology. It's just brilliant the way he deduces an irrefutable argument against abortion from Aristotle's definition of vice and virtue. I wonder whether or not his rhetoric would convince any unwillingly pregnant woman.

Dave Wright
Nashville, Tennessee

Have a baby, Koch; then tell me what I should do.

Sandy Siegle
Moss Landing, California

There is only one way to get through to Hugo Carl Koch and I'm working on it. Just as soon as I've developed my powers of witchcraft, I will turn him into a middle-class mother of three preschoolers. And on his/her very worst day, when the washing machine has conked out, she's had a fight with her husband, she's received an overdraft notice from the bank, the three-year-old has flushed his fire truck down the toilet (which is now spilling over into the hall) after tossing her glasses into the garbage disposal, the two-year-old has smeared his feces all over the living-room wall and the baby has been crying and vomiting down her back all day—then, I will give her a missed period.

Shirley L. Radl
Palo Alto, California

Koch claims we should be willing to consult theological authorities about questions such as abortion, just as we consult doctors about medical problems and lawyers about legal problems. The analogy stinks: A doctor's knowledge is based
(continued on page 178)



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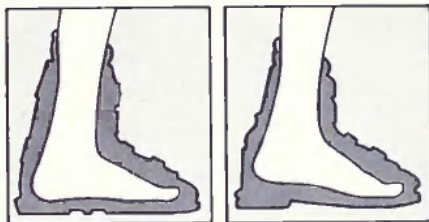
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROONE ARLEDGE

a candid conversation about the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat with the creator of the instant replay, monday-night football and howard cosell

In 1960, ABC hired one *Roone Pinckney Arledge*, a red-haired, freckle-faced, 29-year-old nobody, to produce ten minutes of locker-room drivel per week for the network's N.C.A.A. football broadcasts. But about a month before the start of the 1960-1961 football season, Arledge placed a strange document in the hands of Tom Moore and Ed Sherick, the network's programming and sports directors. It was a theoretical treatise on the TV production of football, recommending such unheard-of techniques as the use of directional and remote microphones, the replacement of half-time shows with highlights and an analysis of the first two quarters, the use of hand-held and "isolated" cameras, the use of a split screen and the filling of "dead spots" during the game with prerecorded biographies and interviews.

Moore and Sherick decided to give the kid his shot: *Roone Arledge*, who at the time looked more like *Spanky* from "Our Gang" than like the major TV executive he had suddenly become, was installed as producer of N.C.A.A. football. Gillette, the sponsor, was skeptical but hung in there and the show went on. The elec-

tronic age of sports coverage was under way and Arledge was its revolutionary.

Between 1960 and the present, Arledge has spun out a dizzying succession of top-rated sports shows, including "Monday Night Football," six of the past eight Olympic games, "Monday Night Baseball," "The American Sportsman" and "The Superstars." He has also "line produced" every minute of every Olympic telecast on ABC. In the process, he advanced to network vice-president in 1964 and to president of ABC Sports, Inc., in 1968. ABC Sports is now the most profitable production company in television and Arledge, whose 1975 earnings approached the \$1,000,000 mark, is reputed to be the industry's highest-paid executive. But names of shows and numbers of dollars do not accurately express the impact of the man who has either invented or pioneered the use of virtually every major technical advance in sports coverage. One of Arledge's most famous electronic toys, the instant replay, has profoundly altered the way sports events are viewed and may soon change the way they are officiated as well.

There are supposedly only three living

Americans named *Roone* and they are all named *Arledge*. *Roone Pinckney Arledge*, the son of one and the father of the other, was born in Forest Hills, New York, in 1931. Following what he describes as "a typical Long Island childhood, affluence masquerading as the middle class," *Roone II* attended Columbia University as an undergraduate and, in 1952, after a brief stint at Columbia's graduate School of International Affairs, he was drafted. When he was discharged in 1954, Arledge went to work for NBC, where he progressed from stage manager to unit manager, finally to director and producer.

By the late Fifties, Arledge was producing *Shari Lewis'* kiddie show, "Hi, Mom," for which he won an Emmy Award and the opportunity to do a network pilot. Although NBC passed on his pilot, a magazine-style collage of sports, adventure and jazz called "For Men Only," ABC liked the show enough to offer Arledge what he describes as "a nonspecific job somewhere in network production at a modest salary. I grabbed it."

A few months later, he was producing N.C.A.A. football. A few weeks later, he



"Canada made a grandstand play over Taiwan and the Olympic Committee was gutless. Say what you want about old Avery Brundage, but until D day, he was the only man to make Hitler back down."



"Today, the baseball-team owners are just a loose confederation of carny operators and robber barons, with a small sprinkling of enlightened statesmen thrown in."



"Here was President Nixon trying to impress people, first, because he remembered some Olympic records and second, because he knew Frank Gifford. And because Frank Gifford knew him!"

J. BARRY O'ROURKE

was producing A.F.L. football. In April 1961, he introduced "ABC's Wide World of Sports," now the longest-running sports show in TV history.

Arledge's contribution to TV sports has been verbal as well as technical. His 1961 description—first written on the back of an airline ticket—of the sports experience as "the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat" has passed into the language and when, later that year, he refused to sign any contracts that included the traditional announcer-approval clause, ABC became the first network to allow critical commentary to accompany its play-by-play.

But of all the innovations Arledge has brought to the sporting scene, he will perhaps be best remembered for having hired an obscure New York attorney whose voice reminded Arledge of Eddie Bracken and who had, by 1965, done enough local broadcasting to get himself blackballed by the national network. That Arledge invented Howard Cosell is indisputable—but whether he is to be praised or damned for it is a question still open to debate.

The TV production of sports is a two-sided enterprise: physical production and the acquisition of rights. Arledge's gaudy genius for the former has been lavishly attested to by virtually everyone in the medium (his awards include 17 Emmys and the grand prize at the Cannes Film Festival), but his colleagues are somewhat less generous in their assessment of his performance at the conference table. "When it comes to acquiring rights," says a top executive at one of the other networks, "the man is totally unscrupulous. A jackal. He'd rip my heart out for a shot at the world series." A former associate claims that "beneath his Howdy Doody face lurks one of the most ruthless, opportunistic guys in the business." Arledge answers such criticism blandly. "If you don't have the rights, you can't do the show."

Throughout his career, Arledge has been something of a mystery man. He travels incessantly and even those closest to him never know when or where he will turn up next. "The Lord and Boone Arledge travel in mysterious ways," says a "Wide World of Sports" employee.

Partly because he is a producer rather than a performer and partly because of his legendary elusiveness, nobody seems to know very much about the man who, in 1976 alone, personally determined how the world saw and heard the Winter and the Summer Olympics, the U.S. Open and British Open golf tournaments, the Indianapolis 500, the Kentucky Derby, the All-Star Baseball Game, "Monday Night Football," "Monday Night Baseball" and many other major sporting events. We decided to interview Arledge in this, the year of his greatest triumphs (the Winter and Summer Olympics) and most crushing defeat ("Saturday Night

Live with Howard Cosell"). Sam Merrill, whose "Playboy Interviews" have included Joseph Heller (June 1975) and Karl Hess (July 1976), followed the nomadic producer from New York to L.A. and back, discussed sports, technology and Cosell with the former third-string college wrestler who has been called "the creator of the electronic sports revolution." Merrill reports:

"Roone Arledge's turned out to be the most difficult interview I have ever done. Not because he was hard to talk to but because he was impossible to find. Three projected New York meetings fell through when, on the tentatively appointed days, Arledge turned up in Cincinnati, L.A. and Monte Carlo, respectively; after four weeks on the assignment, I had never even seen the man. It eventually occurred to me that I would have to capture Arledge in motion. He finally called me and said he was flying out to L.A. for the Emmys on May 17 and returning the following day. Would I care to join him? I thought he'd never ask.

"My tape recorder droned on for six hours between New York and Los

"If Cosell berates some poor coach on 'Wide World of Sports,' we'll get a few letters. If he does it at the Olympics, it's an international incident."

Angeles. Arledge was as easy to talk to as he had been hard to find.

"ABC Sports swept the Emmys; Arledge himself went four for four and his department took a record eight.

"After the ceremonies, at a dinner dance in the Century Plaza, Arledge found himself dancing with both Lola Falana and O. J. Simpson's wife, Marguerite. By midnight, the party had adjourned to the Polo Lounge, which Arledge and Company closed (Jim McKay picked up the check and became my favorite sportscaster). The festivities then repaired to Arledge's suite in the Beverly Hills Hotel. By dawn, the basic partying had pretty well mellowed out. Our return flight left L.A. International three hours later.

"By the time we touched down at Kennedy, around six p.m. New York time, I was totally wiped out. But Arledge seemed preposterously chipper, said maybe he'd stop at his office for a few hours before going home. I went home directly, slept until noon the next day. When I awoke, Arledge was in

St. Louis. (Some weeks later, I caught up with him in Montreal at the Summer Olympics.)"

PLAYBOY: This year, besides your regular schedule of programs—Monday Night Football and Baseball, Wide World of Sports and others—you're also the producer of both the Winter and Summer Olympics. Hasn't it all been rather frantic?

ARLEDGE: Producing the Olympics is a lot like competing in the Olympics, except that your event lasts 20 hours a day for two weeks. But I enjoy it. Performance under pressure is what sports is all about: You create an artificial situation that is fraught with incredible tension, then see how people perform. It's exciting, exhilarating.

And, of course, when it's the Olympics, everything is magnified by the largeness of the games themselves. If Howard Cosell berates some poor coach on *Wide World of Sports*, we'll get a few letters about it. If he does it at the Olympics, it's an international incident.

PLAYBOY: You mean like the international incident you created at the Winter Olympics in Innsbruck—something about Polish hockey jokes?

ARLEDGE: Right. I was in the studio when a hockey score came in—Russia, 16; Poland, 1—and I thought, "My God, can you imagine what that Polish goalie went through? It must have been a nightmare." So we set the highlights of the game to music as a joke, pucks flying past this poor guy from every angle. It never occurred to me that because he happened to be a Polish goalie, people would take it as some kind of ethnic slur. But the Polish embassy and every Polish civic group in America was suddenly clamoring for equal time. And all because everything you do in the Olympics is magnified so intensely. The pressure is enormous.

PLAYBOY: During this year's Summer Olympics, you had a hand in the making of a new star—Nadia Comaneci, the Romanian gymnast. What did you think of her perfect scores?

ARLEDGE: I think Nadia's—and Nelli Kim's—perfect tens will ruin the sport. They imply not only that they can never improve but also that no one will ever perform better than they did. The sport may become stultified. It certainly has been cheapened.

PLAYBOY: But Nadia herself said she hopes to improve anyway.

ARLEDGE: She's capable of improving, but because of those scores, I don't think she will. Why risk failing at more difficult maneuvers when she's already been judged perfect? She'll never be awarded a 10.1.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about the walkout of African nations at Montreal?

ARLEDGE: I felt they had a terrible issue. Whether a private New Zealand rugby team should have competed against a

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private South African team was *not* an International Olympic Committee issue. We interviewed Lee Evans, the American coach of the Nigerian track team. He's an eloquent and powerful speaker, but as he explained the reasons for the pull-out, what came across, at least to me, was the same feeling I had during my divorce—that here was an issue in which reason no longer counted.

PLAYBOY: What about Canada's refusal to allow Taiwan's team to compete?

ARLEDGE: Canada made a grandstand play and the I.O.C. was gutless. It should have taken the games away from Canada immediately, regardless of expense or inconvenience. And I say that in spite of the political issue.

PLAYBOY: Why in spite of it?

ARLEDGE: Because no one in his right mind can pretend that Taiwan is China. But unless the host nation honors the pledges it makes when it is awarded the games, there can be no Olympics. Now a precedent has been set for host nations to exclude anyone they want. Say what you want about Avery Brundage, who was a crotchety old so-and-so, but until D day, he was the only man on earth to make Adolf Hitler back down when the Nazi government tried to get its own way during the 1936 games. Pierre Trudeau is hardly Hitler, but the best deal the I.O.C. could come up with was a pathetic compromise that copped out all the way around.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the Soviet government was involved in any of those incidents of cheating—such as the Russian fencer whose *épée* had been electronically rigged?

ARLEDGE: No. Although the Russians I've dealt with have been very competitive, and they *do* view their athletes as extensions of their political system, they have also been extremely honest people. I can't believe those incidents were anything but individual actions.

PLAYBOY: You once described the Olympic experience as "communal." What did you mean?

ARLEDGE: There's a desperate need for total reliance on other people during an Olympic production. We take over the entire prime time of the network for two solid weeks of *live television*. And the audiences are unprecedented. In Munich, 49 of the 50 top-rated half-hour segments each week were the Olympics. So I just have to *know* that if someone goes out to do something, he is going to get it done correctly, get it done the way I want it *and* add something of his own creativity as well.

PLAYBOY: You must get to know your people pretty well in a situation like that.

ARLEDGE: That's why the Olympics are so great for an organization. You get to watch people in action, see how they react under pressure. And, as a communal experience, the absolute worst thing that can happen to a producer is for him to

walk into the video-tape room and be treated like a VIP—the chairman of the board making his tour of the studio. There's got to be an equality of roles.

PLAYBOY: At Innsbruck, some ABC executives criticized you for demonstrating too *much* equality by barricading yourself in the video room when you should have been out pressing the flesh with the sponsors.

ARLEDGE: The network brought a lot of guests to Innsbruck. They stayed at one of the most beautiful hotels in the world up in Ziefel and spent their days skiing and their nights partying. Meanwhile, the production people were working day and night, many of them never even getting out of the video room to see what Innsbruck looked like. I decided to stay at the Holiday Inn with the basic troops and

*"We replayed the
touchdown in slow
motion. . . . Nobody had
ever seen anything like that
before and the impact was
unbelievable. That moment
changed TV sports forever."*

didn't go to a single cocktail party. The advertising people were a little angry.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that as much for psychological reasons as for convenience?

ARLEDGE: I suppose so. I didn't want the people who actually make the shows good—which is why the sponsors buy them in the first place—to think I was living it up in the Alps while they were sweating it out in the tape room.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that point up the biggest problem you've had in recent years, the schizophrenia of being an executive producer? What *is* an executive producer, anyway—an executive or a producer?

ARLEDGE: Both, usually both at the same time. The image that ultimately appears on the tube is what TV is all about, so for me, the most rewarding and exciting part of my job is making pictures and words that move people. Not selling time or buying rights or making schedules. But the bane of this industry—the problem we face that magazines and newspapers don't, the problem that leads to so much of television's gutlessness—is that we have to buy the rights to an event before we can produce anything. So I end up spending more and more time on rights and scheduling each year. Which is a shame, because during a major sporting event, the action isn't in the commissioner's box, where every other TV executive sits,

but in the mobile unit. That's the place to be.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the technical end of the business, let's discuss some of the electronic wizardry for which you originally became known. The instant replay, for example. How did that happen?

ARLEDGE: In 1960, I was doing a survey for a college football game in the Los Angeles Coliseum with an engineer named Bob Trachinger—

PLAYBOY: Bob Trachinger? Isn't he that bearded guy in the commercials?

ARLEDGE: That's him. "More chief engineers choose blah-blah-blah than any other color TV." Trach is one of the most brilliant guys in the business, our head man on the West Coast now; but at the time, he was just a working engineer. Anyway, after the survey, we went over to a place called Julie's for a few beers. I asked him if it would be possible to replay something in slow motion so you could tell if a guy was safe or out or stepped out of bounds, and Trach immediately began sketching on the napkins. We talked and sketched and drank beer that whole afternoon and when we were finished, we had the plans for the first instant-replay device.

PLAYBOY: The top people at ABC must have been pretty excited when they saw those napkins.

ARLEDGE: On the contrary. Trach's superiors at ABC engineering thought he was crazy. They were opposed to the idea and wouldn't give him any development money. So he literally took funds that were supposed to be used for something else and developed the system. Incidentally, Trach is also the guy who developed the underwater camera for me. He's just an extremely creative guy.

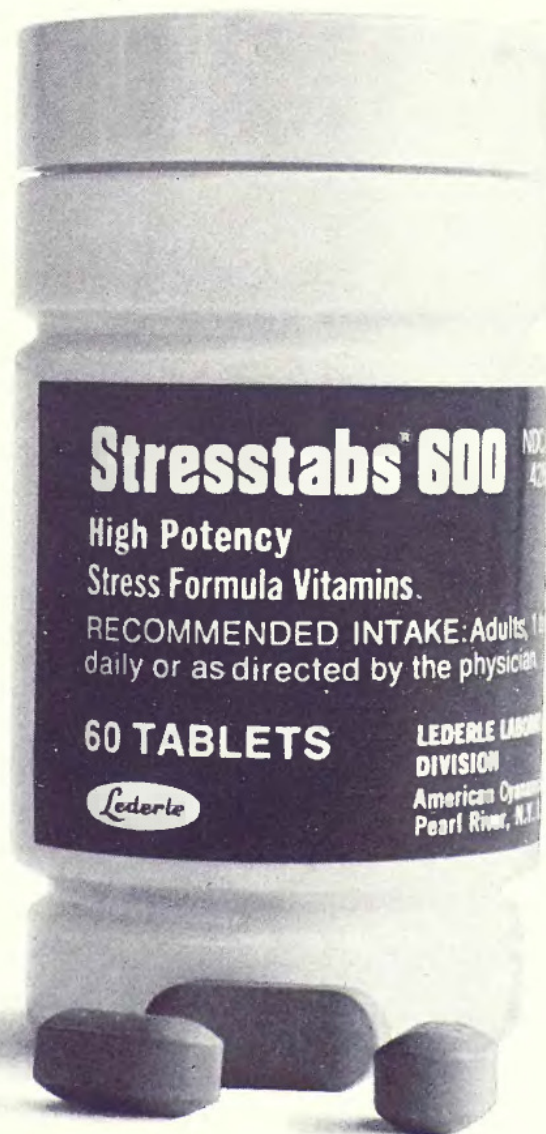
PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first time you used the instant replay?

ARLEDGE: The first use was during a Texas-Texas A & M football game. It was a lousy game and the instant replays were justifiably unmemorable. But the first important use came the following weekend, during a Boston College-Syracuse game. That was a terrific game and, at one point, Jack Concannon, a sophomore quarterback, was trapped in the pocket but ended up running 70 yards for a touchdown. Six or eight people had a shot at him and we replayed the whole thing in slow motion with Paul Christman analyzing the entire play as it unfolded. Nobody had ever seen anything like that before and the impact was unbelievable. That moment changed TV sports forever.

PLAYBOY: Back in the early Sixties, when you were producing the old A.F.L. football broadcasts, you used to pull all sorts of weird technical stunts.

ARLEDGE: I'd prefer to call them experiments, but, yes, I guess we did play around a lot. Since nobody was watching, anyway—particularly when the N.F.L. was on opposite us—we had the freedom

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PLAYBOY: You were also the first guy to put sound into TV sports.

ARLEDGE: It's hard to believe now, but back in the "golden age" of the N.F.L., you couldn't even hear the ball being kicked. Yet sounds are very much a part of the experience of a game: the clatter of the lines converging, the sound of the quarterback barking signals. So when I began producing football for TV, I knew I had to get those sounds on the air.

PLAYBOY: But not *all* the sounds of the game are acceptable to the FCC.

ARLEDGE: That's true; and, at first, we used a two-second tape delay; but I never liked that, because you'd see the huddle break and they were halfway up to the line by the time you heard them clap and say, "Let's go." So finally I just said the hell with it and went live.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever gotten into trouble for any of those live sounds?

ARLEDGE: A couple of times. You know how a stadium will sometimes quiet down all of a sudden until, for a brief moment, there isn't a sound? That happened to us once in the Cotton Bowl. Absolute dead silence. Then some guy in the stands started screaming, "Get going, you motherfuckers!" It came over the air with better quality than we were getting from our announcers. Another time, a Florida A & M running back named Bob Paremore was taken out of the North-South Shrine game and said, "Awww, sheeee-it!" But when that sort of thing *does* happen, the complaints usually come from league and network officials, not from the fans. Fans know what a game is supposed to sound like.

PLAYBOY: No one would deny that by wiring sports for sound you brought the TV viewer a lot closer to the stadium experience. But haven't you also gone overboard occasionally? We've heard rumors that, in 1972, you put a miniature microphone in the Olympic torch to catch the sound of the flame being lit at the opening ceremony. Is that true?

ARLEDGE: It is true, and perhaps we did go a *little* overboard with that one.

PLAYBOY: Did you do it again at Montreal this year?

ARLEDGE: We tried, but this time it wasn't possible.

PLAYBOY: As TV's major sports producer, you've created a lot of media heroes—and one very notable media villain. Exactly how did Howard Cosell happen?

ARLEDGE: Howard was a lawyer who had represented a number of athletes, including Willie Mays. He'd done some local radio and TV sports and had tried many

times to get on national television. But, to tell you the truth, he was blackballed.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ARLEDGE: Well . . . a lot of it was anti-Semitism. But many other people just hated his guts on general principles—personal reasons.

PLAYBOY: But you hired him despite the blackball.

ARLEDGE: I was tremendously impressed by the fact that he had developed a great rapport with the athletes and that he'd done it on his own. When a guy is with a major network or magazine, the athletes have to, you know—

PLAYBOY: Kiss his ass?

ARLEDGE: Sure, because he's important. He has the power of his medium behind him. But Howard had achieved that power on his own. So, for that reason, and because I thought he had a funny voice, I hired him to do the pregame show on our ill-starred baseball telecasts of the mid-Sixties.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say ill-starred?

ARLEDGE: Because the broadcasts were poor and the ratings were worse. But I

*"Ali is a strange man;
very childlike but also
very honorable. And
he has the world's
shortest attention span."*

shouldn't blame the stars. They were OK. We were lousy.

PLAYBOY: But Cosell was good?

ARLEDGE: I thought he did a hell of a job. He got players to do things they'd never do for anyone else. Once he even got a pitcher to demonstrate his spitball. So, despite the hate mail and the little remarks from network executives, when I began to produce boxing, I decided to give Howard a try. And Howard had never been a fight announcer, but he knew Floyd Patterson and a lot of other people. And he did very well.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "the little remarks from network executives"?

ARLEDGE: When a guy is blackballed, you hear all kinds of things. Some people just say, "I don't think you ought to use him anymore, you know what I mean?" Others are more specific, like, "The sponsor's wife hates him and everybody at my country club thinks he's a loud-mouth Jew."

PLAYBOY: You mentioned anti-Semitism before. About how much of the antagonism toward Cosell would you attribute to that?

ARLEDGE: It's hard to say, because Howard embodies the entire anti-New York

feeling people have around America, and a large part of that feeling is based on anti-Semitism. Howard did an innocuous little piece about New York on his show last fall that Bob Lipsyte of the *Times* wrote with him. It said to the rest of the country that we're no different from you, that we've made our mistakes but they're only a little ahead of your mistakes, so don't treat us like an enemy. The piece lasted less than a minute, but by the time Howard had finished reading it, the switchboard was lit up with over 500 long-distance calls. Can you imagine how upset people have to be to spend the money to call in from Kansas and then wait on the line maybe ten minutes just to tell some poor operator how much they hate Howard Cosell?

PLAYBOY: But if people hate Cosell, why do you keep him on the air?

ARLEDGE: I keep him on the air because I think he's a good honest journalist. And to illustrate just *how* honest he is, even when I was the only guy in the business willing to hire him, he still persisted in bad-mouthing me. He once said publicly that "*Wide World of Sports* is important if your idea of journalism is Jim McKay yodeling on a mountaintop." Howard characterized us as a bunch of kids playing with cameras who tried so hard to get more blimp shots than anyone else that we missed the journalism.

PLAYBOY: We agree that Cosell is honest, but what about his effect on the ratings?

ARLEDGE: Apparently—assuming the ratings are accurate—Howard is the man middle America loves to hate. Some people watch because they love him, while others watch hoping to see him fall on his ass. But *everybody* watches. Many of Don Meredith's fans, on *Monday Night Football* were people who enjoyed seeing the down-home Texas cowboy insult the brash New Yorker.

PLAYBOY: So, for various reasons, you hired Cosell as your boxing announcer. And from there he developed his famous relationship with Muhammad Ali. How did *that* happen?

ARLEDGE: It happened because Howard was really the first guy in the media to publicly defend Ali during his years as a draft resister and he was the *only* one to call him Ali immediately after he changed his name. So, naturally, Ali would talk to Howard and not, for example, to Dick Young of the *New York Daily News*, who continued to call him Cassius Clay until quite recently.

PLAYBOY: What's it like to work with Muhammad Ali?

ARLEDGE: He's a strange man; very childlike but also very honorable. And he has the world's shortest attention span. In the middle of talking to him, he will suddenly begin playing with something or looking out the window and you'll be absolutely certain he didn't hear a word



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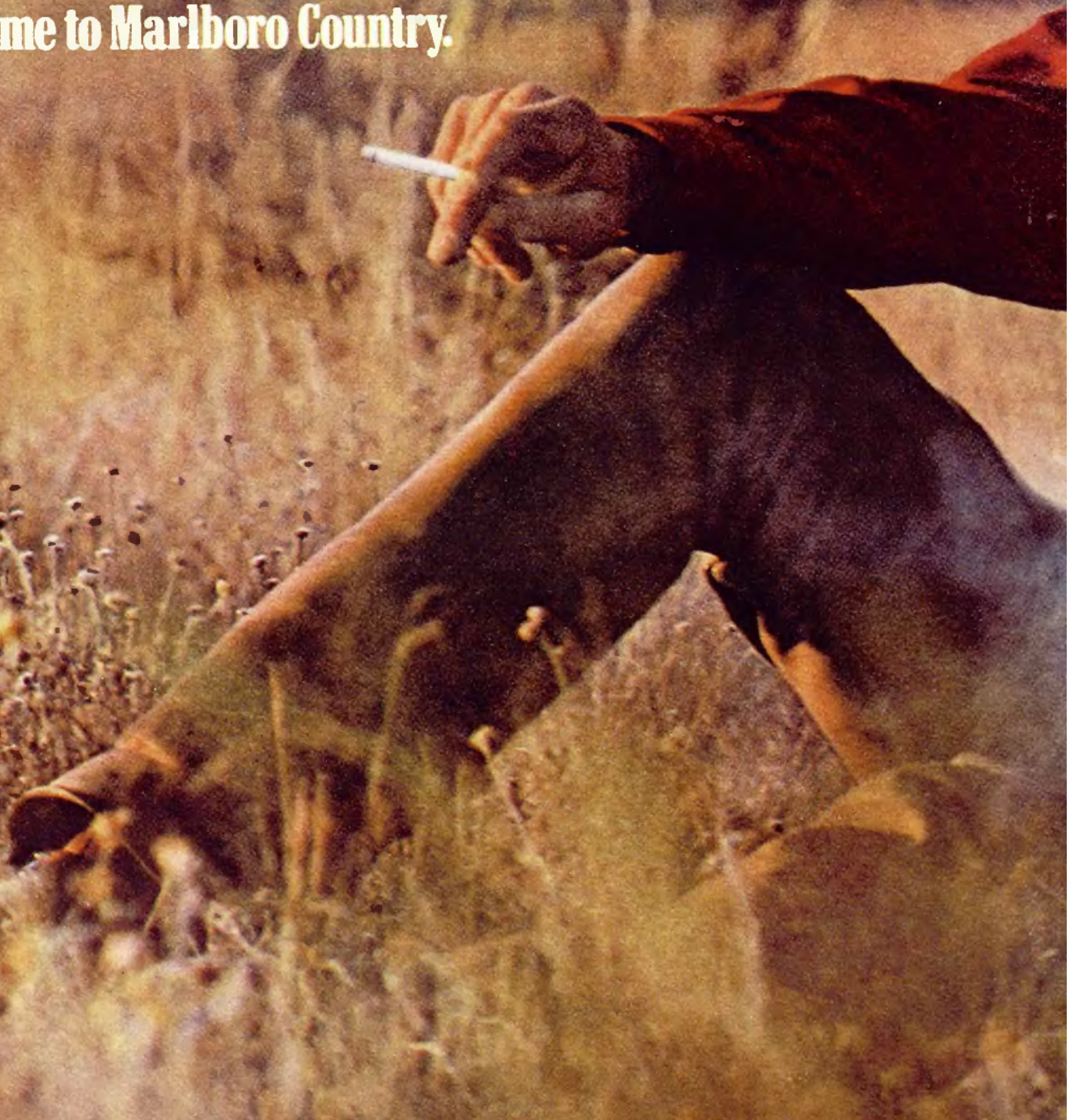
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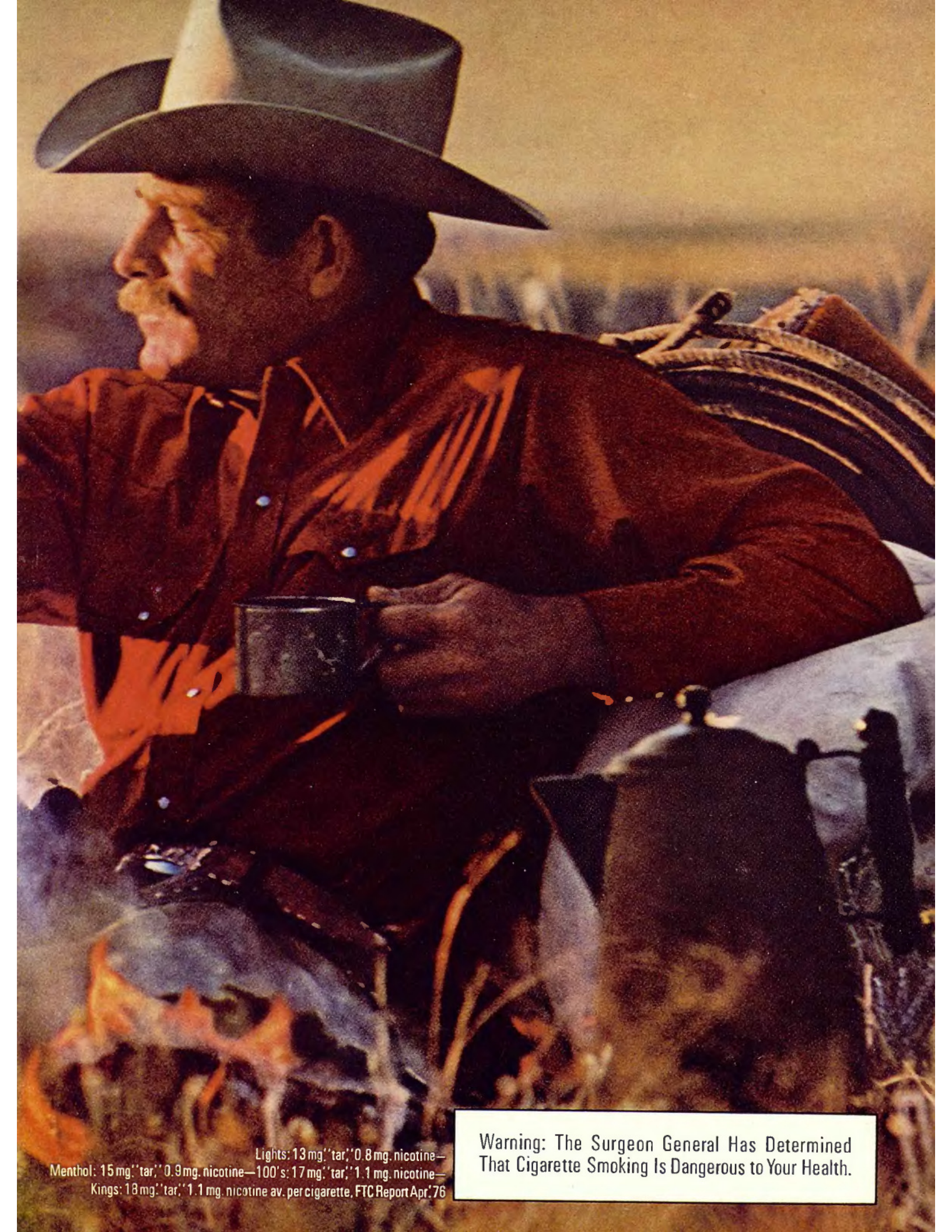
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you said. But six months later, when even *you've* forgotten what you said, you'll discover that not only did he hear and remember it but he intends to hold you to it down to the last detail. Ali keeps his commitments and expects others to keep theirs. In that sense, he's an ideal athlete to work with—completely reliable. But before you tell him anything, make sure you can say it in less than six seconds. Otherwise, he'll start fiddling with your stapler in the middle of a sentence and make you feel like a total idiot.

PLAYBOY: Ali certainly helped Cosell achieve national prominence. But Cosell also received a great deal of notoriety during your coverage of the 1968 Olympics at Mexico City.

ARLEDGE: Right after the Tommie Smith—John Carlos "black-fist affair," Howard alone got both of them into our studio for an in-depth interview. Then he attacked the U. S. Olympic Committee and the International Olympic Committee for overreacting. That was the event that brought Howard into focus as a national personality. But *Monday Night Football* made him a star.

PLAYBOY: A star?

ARLEDGE: We deliberately set out to create a special role for Howard on *Monday Night Football*. The analogy I always use is Dorothy Kilgallen on the old *What's My Line?* show.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you wanted him to antagonize people.

ARLEDGE: But only in the course of speaking his mind and making things happen.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever feel he antagonized people a little *too* much?

ARLEDGE: Sure, but that's only natural. There are people in this country for whom football isn't a game but a religion. They want Ray Scott to tell them the down and yardage and maybe Pat Summerall to say, "That was a zig-out." But beyond that, they don't want their religion disturbed. They certainly don't want Howard criticizing everybody, or Don Meredith saying about football, as he did one night, "There must be more to life than this." To some people, football *is* life and Howard has had quite a few death threats because of things he's said about somebody's favorite player. On several occasions, we've broadcast the game from a control booth full of FBI agents.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty bad.

ARLEDGE: There's worse. I probably shouldn't tell you this. I've never even told Howard—

PLAYBOY: Oh, go ahead.

ARLEDGE: There's a bar down South where, during the football season, all the regulars put in a few bucks a week and on Monday night they buy an old TV set and a load of buckshot. Then they draw lots and, the first time Howard's picture comes on the screen, the winner



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gets to blast the TV set to smithereens. Then they all get drunk and watch the game on another set.

PLAYBOY: Last fall, you gave Cosell his own prime-time variety show. That was your first crack at nonsports programming at ABC and it was also your first unmitigated disaster. What went wrong?

ARLEDGE: Everything. The time period was wrong for two reasons: One, at eight o'clock Saturday night, none of the people Howard appeals to are home—the audience consists mostly of children and old people; and, two, there is ample evidence that even if Elizabeth Taylor did a striptease at eight P.M. Saturday on ABC, it wouldn't get more than a 15 percent share.

PLAYBOY: How about you? Were you one of the things that went wrong?

ARLEDGE: Definitely. I had a clear vision of what I wanted that show to be, but when the second week's ratings went down and everybody began panicking, I suddenly found myself listening to research people instead of sticking to my own instincts. I found myself wanting the show to succeed so much that I did things despite my own best judgment. When the research people with little scraps of paper in their hands told me children and old people want Kate Smith and tigers jumping through hoops, I went along with them. And it was all downhill from there.

PLAYBOY: What was your own best judgment, your original vision of *Saturday Night Live with Howard Cosell*?

ARLEDGE: First of all, we were live, so I wanted things to happen on the show. And Howard is the kind of person things happen to. I wanted it to be like the old *Jack Paar Show*, where the one night you didn't watch, that's the show everybody's talking about the next day. But nothing ever happened on our show to justify its being live.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ARLEDGE: The network was one reason. Apparently, it *didn't* want anything to happen on the show. For example, when F. Lee Bailey was named Patty Hearst's attorney, we got him to come on. But our own lawyers said he couldn't talk about the Hearst case. Lee himself told them that the judge had lifted the gag rule, but for corporate reasons, ABC still wouldn't let him discuss it. So we did some innocuous little interview about what kind of girl Patty Hearst was, for which we were bitterly—and justifiably—criticized.

PLAYBOY: Any other great almosts?

ARLEDGE: One rather big one. Ted Kennedy was almost assassinated on the air. Ted had agreed, as a personal favor, to fly up from Washington and do an interview. But around the middle of the afternoon, a detective arrived and said a woman had overheard two men planning to shoot Kennedy on our program that night. He said they checked the woman

out and she was definitely no crackpot. Then, around five P.M., a taxi driver called the police to report he'd picked up two men with guns in their attaché cases at the La Guardia shuttle. So Ted's plane was stopped at the end of the runway and he was whisked away. Then he called me and I told him not to come on the show.

PLAYBOY: But Kennedy *did* appear on the show.

ARLEDGE: He told me that sort of thing happens to him all the time. So he came on and half the audience was composed of plainclothesmen. And with all that happening, you'll never believe what I found time to worry about: that the policemen wouldn't laugh or applaud. I remember thinking, Not only is Ted Kennedy going to be assassinated on my show but it's going to happen in front of a dead audience.

PLAYBOY: You said the show failed because "everything" went wrong. So far, you've blamed yourself, the network and the time period. What about Cosell?

ARLEDGE: I suspect that Howard was unwilling to take the personal abuse he

"I remember thinking, Not only is Ted Kennedy going to be assassinated on my show but it's going to happen in front of a dead audience."

would have had to take to make the show work. He simply wasn't the Howard Cosell everyone was expecting.

PLAYBOY: You mean he didn't tell it like it was?

ARLEDGE: Howard will say that all the vicious personal attacks don't bother him, but he'll walk around for weeks with a favorable letter or news clipping. Perhaps all that criticism finally got to him and he simply didn't want to take any more. The real problem—and Howard has never admitted this either to me or to himself—was that deep in his heart he never really thought the show would succeed and he wasn't willing to take all that personal abuse on a show that was going to fail anyway.

PLAYBOY: Do you, personally, like television?

ARLEDGE: Let's say I don't think its potential is being properly utilized. I mean, do Mac Davis, Tony Orlando and *Laverne and Shirley* really represent the ultimate use of this medium?

PLAYBOY: But commercial TV as we know it is a mass medium. Look at your own

career. You do the Olympics every four years. You do demolition derbies somewhat more often.

ARLEDGE: I believe we've proven in our best sports coverage, and I *know* it's been proven in certain areas of the news, that you can appeal to a mass audience without appealing to the lowest common denominator.

PLAYBOY: In general, what do you think of TV news?

ARLEDGE: I think news, like entertainment, is done better elsewhere. It is my understandably biased opinion that TV does sports better than sports is done anywhere else but that everything else is done better in other media.

PLAYBOY: What would a Roone Arledge news program be like?

ARLEDGE: The first thing I'd do as a news producer would be to hire a staff of investigative reporters. Television did nothing with Watergate, perhaps the biggest news story in the history of our nation. That's because Watergate was essentially an investigative story. John Mitchell didn't hold a press conference to reveal he was one of the co-controllers of Nixon's secret fund, so naturally, television newsmen had to read that in the papers. Also, I'd try for a more interesting format. Newspapers are always wrestling with their formats in an attempt to enhance reader interest. But TV thinks news has to be dull to be credible. Another thing I'd do as a news producer is personalize world leaders the same way I personalize sports figures.

PLAYBOY: Presumably, the networks do that on their panel shows.

ARLEDGE: Right. Three discussion programs that are carbon copies of one another. I simply cannot believe the only format in which a world leader can be presented to the American people is around a desk with three people asking him questions at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

PLAYBOY: What would you suggest?

ARLEDGE: I'd do one-minute press conference-type interviews on the six-o'clock news and hourlong documentaries on prime time. That way, on a daily basis, we could get to know who these people are. During our Olympic coverage, we routinely run documentary profiles of the athletes. The next morning, Americans know not only what people like Olga Korbut and Dorothy Hamill look like but where they come from and, to at least some extent, what kind of people they are. But until the Senate hearings, 90 percent of the American public didn't even know what Bob Haldeman looked like, let alone what he did and thought. He was the second most powerful man in the country and we had the most powerful medium in the country, yet somehow, a man like that was able to remain anonymous.

PLAYBOY: The most powerful man in the country was also America's number-one



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football fan. Did you ever meet Richard Nixon?

ARLEDGE: On several occasions. The first was at a Texas-Arkansas game for the national championship. I was supposed to meet my wife in Hawaii that weekend, but when Nixon decided to attend the game, I felt I *had* to produce it personally. I would never have forgiven myself if something had happened to the President and I wasn't there.

PLAYBOY: Because you felt you could have helped prevent an assassination?

ARLEDGE: No, because I wouldn't have wanted anyone else making the decisions on how to cover one.

PLAYBOY: You are nothing if not professional.

ARLEDGE: Incidentally, stranding my wife in Hawaii like that proved to be the last straw in our marriage. Soon afterward, she divorced me. But getting back to Nixon, Texas won the game and after congratulating the team, the President went into the Arkansas dressing room to give the players a little talk. It started out with the usual locker-room clichés, just another politician giving another speech. But then something happened and Nixon began discussing defeat in the most intensely personal terms. It was extremely moving, since, as we all realized, he was actually talking about himself. But the next time I met Nixon, just four days later, it was plain weird.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

ARLEDGE: The afternoon before a football dinner Nixon was attending, I got a call saying the President would like to see me. I went up to his suite in the Waldorf Towers and everyone said, "Oh, yes, the President is expecting you." So I walked into this huge room, figuring there would be about 100 other people in a reception line. But the room was empty: just an American flag, the Presidential flag and one man: the President of the United States. It was a rather awesome experience. We spent more than half an hour together, talking about sports. At first, I thought, This is awfully nice of him. He wants to put me at my ease by talking about something I'm familiar with. But after a while, I began trying to change the subject to other things that interest me a lot more than sports: music, theater, the problems of our cities. But Nixon kept coming back to sports. Finally, I realized that he wasn't trying to put me at ease, he was trying to impress me with his knowledge of sports trivia. While he was rattling off the times of quarter-milers in the 1936 Olympics, I remember saying to myself, I can't believe it. The President of the United States is trying to impress me. But the third time I met Nixon was the strangest experience of all.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ARLEDGE: The President had agreed to come on *Wide World* and be interviewed by Frank Gifford. We did the show and,

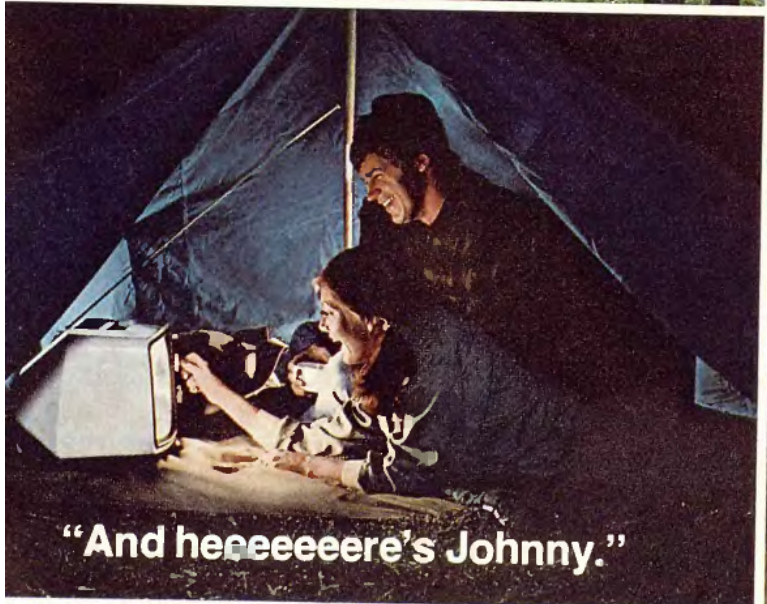
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during a break, Nixon took me aside and said something I'll never forget. He said, "When Frank Gifford was a big star with the Giants and I was living in New York, he used to have parties after the games and I was up to his apartment many times. I know Frank Gifford. He remembers me." I thought, I do not believe what I am hearing. It has now become fashionable to discuss Nixon's so-called inferiority complex. But I think it went far beyond that. Here was the President of the United States trying to impress people, first, because he remembered some Olympic records and second, because he knew Frank Gifford. And because Frank Gifford knew *him*!

PLAYBOY: Let's go back a moment to your development of innovations in televising games: Did you run into much opposition from the sports establishment?

ARLEDGE: Sure. Techniques that are now considered standard, such as the instant replay, slow motion, showing the faces of the players, even superimposing the names of the players on the screen after a good play, were called gimmicks when we introduced them.

PLAYBOY: Do any particular incidents come to mind?

ARLEDGE: The first time we put a camera in the dugout was at Yankee Stadium. Before that, no one was doing field-level shots. But I wanted the kind of dramatic close-up from a human perspective—not foreshortened because the camera is in the upper deck—that has become standard now. Well, Red Barber was doing the local telecast for the Yankees and he turned his cameras on us and did a whole editorial on the air. He announced to his viewers, "Ladies and gentlemen, you are witnessing something that has never happened before in the history of baseball. The sanctity of the dugout has been violated."

PLAYBOY: You've had a lot of problems with the U.S. Golf Association over the years. That organization seems especially resistant to sports coverage *Roone Arledge* style.

ARLEDGE: When they were trying to get the P.G.A. tour on television, we said they'd have to go to sudden death in the event of a tie. We simply couldn't promise to do four hours of programing that the kids and housewives who are home on Monday afternoon wouldn't watch anyway, just so two guys could have an 18-hole play-off in the Dallas Open. We argued about it for days and days. Finally, they gave in and now they really like the sudden-death system. In fact, a couple of years ago, we were doing a tournament from the Coast and we preferred a play-off the next day. But the golf people refused. They wanted to get the hell out of town on Sunday night. But I don't want to rap the U.S.G.A. Even though I've had many disagreements with them, they are absolutely honest and straightforward. And the U.S.G.A.

is the *only* organization that is willing to trade dollars for something it thinks will be good for the game—like fewer commercials and TV coverage of the U.S. Amateur. In an era of commercialism, the U.S.G.A. feels its responsibility is to the 50,000,000 people who play golf for fun, not to the handful who play it for money.

PLAYBOY: While revolutionizing the visual aspects of sports broadcasting, you were also making some important changes in the way events were announced. You have even been quoted as saying that sometimes sportscasters talk too much.

ARLEDGE: That's why Dick Button is so good. He's an expert who knows when not to talk. When something is truly beautiful to look at, a play-by-play becomes an irritating intrusion between you and the event. It would drive me crazy to watch Baryshnikov dance and have to listen to somebody babbling in my ear: "Now watch his left foot. He's going to jump and, as he turns, listen to the music change key."

PLAYBOY: But because of the size and variety of the TV audience, sometimes an announcer *has* to explain something

"Rights? What rights? We were just naïve and crazy enough to fly 100 tons of equipment into Moscow without official clearance."

that for millions of sophisticated viewers might seem academic.

ARLEDGE: Would you believe that when we first covered Wimbledon, very few Americans knew even the basic rules of tennis? It was embarrassing, but Jim McKay had to go on the air and explain that love means zero and the object of the game is to keep the ball inside the white lines. Can you imagine how that must have offended veteran tennis fans?

PLAYBOY: *Wide World of Sports*, which premiered in 1961, was really the show that made you and, as you've said, it's been your proving ground for the techniques you use in covering the Olympics. How did that show get started?

ARLEDGE: In 1960, the major-league baseball owners still clung to their old black-out rule. They restricted the telecasts of major-league games to minor-league markets. As a result of that great humanitarian gesture, which contributed to the destruction of the minor leagues, the three networks were fighting over only 40 percent of the country, since 60 percent was in the big-league markets. ABC

decided that was silly and assigned me to come up with a year-round sports show that could fill the void and not have to worry about the blackouts. That show was *Wide World of Sports*. The idea was to travel to the world's greatest events and try to capture whatever it is that makes those events fascinating. We combined the techniques of documentary film making—so viewers could get to know the performers personally—with coverage designed to make you feel as though you are there.

PLAYBOY: *Wide World of Sports* has covered some pretty weird events over the years. How do you find them all?

ARLEDGE: It's easy now, because people come to us with them. But when we were starting out, that was one of our biggest problems. I knew NBC had a large microfilm library with a lot of the information I needed and I gambled on two things: first, that nobody there knew I was gone and, second, that nobody there knew what I looked like. So I sent Chuck Howard, who was then a production assistant and is now vice-president of ABC Sports, over to NBC to go through their files and list all the sports events we might be interested in. I told him whenever anyone asked who he was, to say he was me. It worked, and so I began traveling all around the world, signing up events for *Wide World of Sports*.

PLAYBOY: And that's how *Wide World* got started?

ARLEDGE: Not exactly. Because when I returned to New York with the rights to everything from the Japanese All-Star Baseball Game to the British Open, to the 24 Hours of Le Mans, no sponsor wanted to buy the show. At ten minutes to five on the afternoon of the day the show was going to be canceled, Ed Sherick, who was then the head of sales for ABC, had the guts to use N.C.A.A. football as a sledge hammer to sell time on *Wide World of Sports*. He made R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company buy the new show before he'd let it have a quarter of college football. So *Wide World of Sports*, now the longest running sports show in television history, came within ten minutes of never getting on the air.

PLAYBOY: You were the first American producer to do a show from the Soviet Union: the 1961 U.S.-Russia track meet. Acquiring the rights to shoot in Moscow must have been the bureaucratic experience of a lifetime.

ARLEDGE: Rights? What rights? We were just naïve and crazy enough to fly 100 tons of equipment into Moscow without official clearance or permits or anything. We got all set up overnight and taped the meet the next day. I had never been to Russia before, couldn't speak the language—we weren't even sure what kind of electricity they had. But everything went well and we ended up with Russian

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APR. '76.

soldiers in the control room—not arresting us but watching to see if Valery Brumel could break the world's high-jump record. That first trip was easy, but each successive time we've been back there—the if you'll excuse the expression—red tape has gotten a little thicker.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you also the first American to do a show from Prague after the revolution?

ARLEDGE: That was also without permits, and we were even shooting stuff at the palace. We thought we'd be arrested at any moment.

PLAYBOY: But you weren't?

ARLEDGE: Fortunately not. It would have been difficult to explain the girl we were smuggling across the border in our mobile unit. Especially when she turned out to be a double agent!

PLAYBOY: Last year, when the U.S.-Russia track meet at Kiev was canceled because of a contract you had signed with a Soviet agency, the A.A.U. accused you of everything from selling out the American athletic team to ruining *détente*. What's your side of that story?

ARLEDGE: I paid the Soviet radio-television committee \$50,000 for the broadcast rights, but the A.A.U. people claimed that since we were giving the money to the Russians instead of to them, they could no longer afford to send our athletes to Kiev. So they postponed the meet.

PLAYBOY: There must have been more to it than that. According to news reports, you later offered to charter a plane and fly every American athlete to Russia at your own expense, yet the A.A.U. still insisted on canceling the meet. Why?

ARLEDGE: It turned out that what the A.A.U. was *really* concerned about was getting free junkets for its own officials. They wanted to send one official for every two athletes. And when I refused to underwrite all those junkets, they refused to let the athletes go.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it generally more difficult to deal with amateurs than with professionals?

ARLEDGE: Yes, with one notable exception. The former commissioner of the National Basketball Association was the most difficult man I have *ever* dealt with.

PLAYBOY: We assume you're referring to Walter Kennedy.

ARLEDGE: Yes; I feel he acted deceitfully in his negotiations with us. Actually, Pete Rozelle is the only sports commissioner who can sit down and tell you something and you know it's going to stick. Bowie Kuhn, though he is not deceitful, doesn't have Rozelle's authority.

PLAYBOY: Because Rozelle is a stronger man than Kuhn?

ARLEDGE: Perhaps, or perhaps the football owners are enlightened enough to realize that they all gain strength when their league has a strong commissioner. The baseball owners tend to be self-motivated most of the time—crotchety and either unaware of anyone else's problems or,

if they are aware of them, they don't give a damn. With the exception of football, most pro sports groups cannot agree on anything among themselves, so we can hardly expect them to agree on how to treat the outside world. The baseball-team owners are just a loose confederation of carny operators and robber barons, with a small sprinkling of enlightened statesmen thrown in.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the baseball owners actually want a weak commissioner?

ARLEDGE: I'm sure of it. Several years ago, when they made their much-publicized nationwide search for a new commissioner, the baseball owners *talked* about hiring such people of real or presumed stature as Hubert Humphrey and—before Watergate—Richard Nixon. But who did they end up with? General William Eckert, the unknown soldier. Don't get me wrong. Bowie Kuhn is a good man. But the owners never intended to give him any power when they hired him—and they didn't. So even if I were to sign a binding contract with

"It would have been difficult to explain the girl we were smuggling across the border. She turned out to be a double agent!"

Kuhn, I'd still have to wait and see if the owners would let him live up to it.

PLAYBOY: In 1973, when you announced that you had acquired the TV rights to this year's Summer Olympics for \$25,000,000, NBC protested that you had made the deal "through secret and non-competitive procedures . . . contrary to the best interests of the people of Canada, the American TV audience and the games themselves." Rumors were also circulated that your price tag included some heavy bribes.

ARLEDGE: There were all sorts of accusations of under-the-table payments, illegal contributions to Canadian political parties and everything else. Of course, nothing was ever proved. We'd have been pretty dumb to get involved in anything like that.

PLAYBOY: But bribery does happen occasionally, doesn't it?

ARLEDGE: Not to me. Who do you think I am, one of Nixon's friends? The point is, even if I'd *wanted* to bribe somebody, I didn't have to. The Olympic people wanted to go with us all along. That's what infuriates the other networks. It happened when we signed Montreal and

it happened again this year after we signed Lake Placid: CBS president Bob Wood fired off telegrams to the Olympic committee, every Congressman and Senator in New York, the governor, even the President, raising the phony issue that we did not acquire the TV rights through sealed competitive bidding.

PLAYBOY: Well, you didn't.

ARLEDGE: Because sealed bidding is almost never done in television. I don't see NBC putting Bob Hope up for sealed bids every year or CBS doing it with *All in the Family*. There are continuing relationships in this business.

PLAYBOY: But the Olympics are different. Since public funds were needed to build most of the facilities in Montreal and will be needed to build at least some of them at Lake Placid, don't you think there is a public responsibility to have competitive bidding so the municipality can raise as much money as possible?

ARLEDGE: No, because, in a sense, money itself is a phony issue. Let me give you an example. N.C.A.A. basketball was just renewed by NBC. We'd talked to the N.C.A.A. and had told them we were interested, but we never even got a chance. They just sat down in a room with NBC, said they were happy with the job that network had done last year, told NBC how much money they wanted, negotiated a bit and the deal was made.

There was nothing unethical about that and, although I was sorry we didn't get our shot at it, I certainly didn't scream to Congress that, since many of the colleges are supported by public funds, the N.C.A.A. has a responsibility to raise as much money as it can through competitive bidding. The point is that the N.C.A.A. was happy with the way NBC had treated them. That was worth more to them than the possibility of a few extra dollars. Besides, with sealed bidding, there is also the possibility of *fewer* dollars, since the seller has abdicated his right to negotiate. And, of course, with sealed bidding, there's an opportunity for collusion among the networks to keep prices down. Collusion, like bribery, has been known to happen.

PLAYBOY: So, in the case of the Summer Olympics, the people of Montreal believed that you could provide certain benefits that the two other networks could not.

ARLEDGE: Well, we *were* able to offer them our track record at producing Olympic Games in the past.

PLAYBOY: NBC produced the 1964 and 1972 Olympics from Japan.

ARLEDGE: Very unsuccessfully, I might add. The Japanese government spent over one billion dollars on each of those Olympics—1964 was particularly important to them, because it was supposed to be their welcome back into the human race after World War Two—and it was pathetic how little impact the NBC

broadcasts had. They were done in 15-minute increments late at night and practically nobody knew what was happening. We've done every other Olympics: Innsbruck in 1964, Mexico City and Grenoble in 1968, Munich in 1972, Innsbruck and Montreal this year. And, in each case, the impact has been tremendous.

PLAYBOY: Nice of you to say so.

ARLEDGE: The fact remains that we did 43 and a half hours in prime time from Innsbruck—which even I believe was more time than necessary—and the reviews and ratings were tremendous. Our success with winter sports in prime time surprised most people in the TV industry and even some at ABC. So, putting yourself in the place of Mayor Jean Drapeau, who had to spend 1.3 billion dollars and whose goal was to publicize Montreal, which network would *you* have picked?

PLAYBOY: You're a persuasive salesman.

ARLEDGE: Unfortunately, selling one's network takes up a good deal of a producer's time.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the alleged scandals in acquiring TV rights to the Olympic Games—

ARLEDGE: If you must.

PLAYBOY: If the Lake Placid deal was really on the level, why didn't CBS and NBC move to get the 1980 Winter games even *after* you proved at Innsbruck that winter sports could capture a big viewing audience in this country?

ARLEDGE: I don't know, but after Innsbruck, we kept waiting for the two other guys to contact the Lake Placid people. It was like waiting for the other shoe to drop. But they never did. Finally, the Lake Placid committee sent telegrams to NBC and CBS saying that, since they hadn't heard from them in over six months, they were proceeding with us. That's when those two networks began screaming to Congress, the President and God, not necessarily in that order.

PLAYBOY: What you've been describing is essentially behind-the-scenes work. Even though you've brought about some profound changes in television, practically no one knows what you look like and your name is hardly a household word. Does the relative anonymity of a producer's role ever bother you?

ARLEDGE: Sometimes. After I've worked 20 hours a day to produce the Olympic Games, even my own father has said, "Gee, that was a great show Jim McKay put on."

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the kind of news show you might present. What other kinds of programming would interest you?

ARLEDGE: Well, considering my addiction to ballet, I can think of ways to produce *that* that would make it exciting.

PLAYBOY: How?

ARLEDGE: Well, apparently Baryshnikov and Nureyev had never met before a

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year ago January, when they were in New York at the same time. I think that, if we'd been given the opportunity to explain the rudiments of dance—as we explained gymnastics and figure skating at the Olympics—people would have really gotten into a kind of big-money shoot-out between two top stars. And the result would have been a piece of video tape that people would be watching 100 years from now.

PLAYBOY: When you say shoot-out, surely you're not implying that you'd open with a blimp shot of Lincoln Center, then cut to an isolated camera on Nureyev's big toe.

ARLEDGE: Of course not. And neither am I implying that after every leap, three judges would hold up signs saying 5.6, 6.3 and 5.8. As in sports or news or anything else, producing ballet would simply mean getting the shot the viewer really wants to see, not the shot that proves you are an electronic wizard.

PLAYBOY: But some of the shots you've gotten over the years *have* required a lot of electronic wizardry. How do you determine when you are getting the shot the viewer wants and when you have gone beyond it to become, in Cosell's words, "a bunch of kids playing with cameras"?

ARLEDGE: The answer is simple: You must use the camera—and the microphone—to broadcast an image that approximates what the brain perceives, not merely what the eye sees. Only then can you create the illusion of reality.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you distort reality in order to make it seem real.

ARLEDGE: Exactly; but you must exercise the restraint to stop before it becomes surreal.

PLAYBOY: This is beginning to sound a little circular. Let's cut to a concrete example.

ARLEDGE: Take auto racing. When you're at Le Mans, the entire atmosphere is charged with the vivid sensations of speed and danger. But put a camera in the middle of the Mulsanne Straight, where the cars are traveling well over 200 miles per hour, and all you see is this dot that gets a little bigger as it approaches. The perception of speed is absent. So we put slave cameras much closer to the track than any spectator could ever get. They give the television viewer that zip and roar, the sensation of speed the live viewer would perceive simply by watching that little dot grow larger. That way, we are not creating something phony. It is an illusion but an illusion of reality.

PLAYBOY: *Wide World of Sports* routinely compresses three-hour events into eight-minute segments. And people seem to love it. But that doesn't seem to be even an illusion of reality—just a snippet.

ARLEDGE: There's certainly some truth to that, but it depends upon the setting.

People eagerly watch the long, nonaction segments of the Olympics, heavyweight championship fights and the world series. But in sports they aren't that familiar with, or in events that aren't that important, people do enjoy the knowledge that something different will be coming on every ten minutes.

PLAYBOY: In addition to catering to an ever-shortening attention span, do you feel you are oversaturating the airwaves with sports?

ARLEDGE: Oversaturation is a danger faced by everyone in the media. **PLAYBOY** now has to compete with all its would-be emulators and TV is glutted with 43 cop shows that have replaced 43 Westerns. In every area of every medium, you can reach a point of surfeit, when numbness sets in.

PLAYBOY: Has sports numbness ever set in on you?

ARLEDGE: I must confess that it has. On the weekend after New Year's, you generally have at least two N.F.L. championship games and four or five—sometimes six or eight—bowl games. And by

*"Palmer was the hero
who would be six strokes
down, hitch up his pants
and charge. People who
didn't know a putt from a
sand blast could root
for him."*

the end of that weekend, I have this composite image of 47 tumbling catches in the end zone, 26 explanations of why you've got to have both feet in bounds and, really, it's all just a blur.

PLAYBOY: Would you say, then, that sports have peaked on television?

ARLEDGE: No. In fact, I'd say the TV audience for sports will continue to grow for quite some time, but there's going to be a lot of weeding out. Some bowl games have already vanished. A football league and a basketball league both folded this year. Tennis went from being wildly underexposed to being wildly overexposed. There *may* never even be a TV audience for hockey.

PLAYBOY: But hockey is such a successful sport.

ARLEDGE: Not on television. NBC and CBS made big mistakes with hockey and I'm not knocking them. I could have made the same mistake. I enjoy watching hockey and every time I go to Madison Square Garden, there are 17,000 people

there. But it's the same 17,000 people all the time. In the New York TV market, you need 1,000,000 viewers, not 17,000. So, you see, the weeding-out process is already under way.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think television has the power to create tastes, even create an entire sport, if it's left on the air long enough?

ARLEDGE: No.

PLAYBOY: Many media experts have credited you with creating the sudden American taste for gymnastics.

ARLEDGE: Gymnastics came along when Americans were just beginning to become aware of their bodies, and the personality of Olga Korbut came along when the women's movement was getting into athletics. TV *can* create a personality, but it *can't* create a taste the public isn't ready for. Americans were ready for golf when Arnold Palmer appeared on television. He was the swashbuckling hero who would be six strokes down, hitch up his pants and charge. People who didn't know a putt from a sand blast could root for him. But, like Bobby Fischer, Palmer would have soon faded into obscurity if an interest in the game didn't underlie an interest in the personality.

PLAYBOY: Your *Monday Night Football* announcing team certainly became personalities—in fact, they almost became folk heroes. Did you expect them to work together that well, or was it just a fortunate accident?

ARLEDGE: Of course I knew what each would do individually, but the magic of their group personality developed spontaneously over a period of time. And there were adjustments. Few people remember that our original play-by-play announcer was Keith Jackson, not Frank Gifford, or that Don Meredith wasn't very funny the first year. And the public's response to Howard that first year was unbelievable. I'd come to work on Tuesday morning and the office would be filled with sacks of letters demanding that we throw him off the air. And I'm not talking about letters that began, "In my opinion . . ." I'm talking about letters that began, "We the undersigned . . ." and ended with 300 names. But toward the end of the first year, letters praising Howard began to equal the ones that asked, "By what right does that Jewish boxing loudmouth come off criticizing *my team*?" And, of course, Howard was the guy who eventually drew out Don Meredith.

PLAYBOY: When and how did that happen?

ARLEDGE: Toward the end of the first year, St. Louis beat the Cowboys 38-0 and Meredith was moaning, crying; he was a man in anguish and with Howard to egg him on, his human qualities really came across. Don won an Emmy largely

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because of that show and it made him a star.

PLAYBOY: Sometimes your announcing "stars" overshadow the game itself.

ARLEDGE: Yes, that's true. When *Monday Night Football* comes to town, some cities build parades around our announcers and ignore their own teams. *Monday Night Football* is a traveling circus.

PLAYBOY: How did Meredith react to his old buddy Pete Gent's novel, *North Dallas Forty*?

ARLEDGE: Don was hurt by it.

PLAYBOY: By the thinly fictionalized portrait of the Dallas quarterback as a self-involved, dope-smoking back stabber?

ARLEDGE: No, by the fact that Pete beat Don to the story. Don was a writer the week Pete's book came out. Since then, Don has been a painter and a back-to-nature farm boy. Now, I believe, he has bought a house in Beverly Hills and is being a "celebrity."

PLAYBOY: Meredith and Cosell were a perfect match: the pompous city slicker and the sly country fox. How would you characterize their very different senses of humor?

ARLEDGE: The difference was illustrated clearly the night we had Agnew on the show. Howard likes the loud, pretended-to-be-overheard remark. While strolling through the Baltimore Colts' dressing room with the Vice-President, Howard said, "In other words, Mr. Agnew, it is your position that black ballplayers should no longer be allowed in the N.F.L.?" And, to his credit, Agnew came right back with, "I didn't say there should be none. I said we were considering a quota." But Meredith waited until he was on the air—he was a little high that night, which always made him even more irreverent than usual—and said, "Hi there, Mr. Vice-President. Nice to meet-cha. You seem like a nice fella, but I'd never vote for ya. I notice you're wearing a Howard Cosell wrist watch."

PLAYBOY: Was Meredith a little high often during the show?

ARLEDGE: Well, occasionally.

PLAYBOY: Did Meredith's irreverence ever get you in trouble?

ARLEDGE: Only when he called the President of the United States Tricky Dickey.

PLAYBOY: Was Meredith difficult to replace?

ARLEDGE: Very. Now, Don is an entertaining guy, a hell of a guy, and over the course of a season, he'll come up with five or six truly memorable remarks. But because *Monday Night Football* is larger than life, people remember Don as being hysterically funny all the time. So the guy who replaces him feels compelled to reel off 28 knee-slappers in the first quarter. And if he doesn't, everybody says, "Hey, he's not as good as Don Meredith."

PLAYBOY: Your first replacement for Meredith, Fred Williamson, was a disaster.

ARLEDGE: But Alex Karras has been terrific, and the ratings have never been better.

PLAYBOY: On *Monday Night Baseball*, aren't you trying to do the same thing with Bob Uecker that you did with Meredith?

ARLEDGE: In a way, except that Uecker is a much funnier person than Meredith or Karras or Garagiola or, in my opinion, anyone who has ever injected humor into sports.

PLAYBOY: Yet Uecker hasn't been that funny on the air.

ARLEDGE: I know. The format may not be quite right for him or, as with *Monday Night Football*, it might just take time.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Garagiola a moment ago. What do you think of his work?

ARLEDGE: Garagiola is funny, but he's a very strident humorist. You get the impression Joe comes in with a list of stories he's going to work into the game.

"Sports is the only area of modern life where people are sold for money. The word owner, when applied to a man, conjures up images of slavery."

whether they fit or not. And his speciality is the long story, like a Senator might tell at a banquet. I prefer sports humor to be reactive.

PLAYBOY: What's your view on the "jock rights" movement—specifically, the labor disputes that have afflicted baseball this season?

ARLEDGE: I can't tell you how repugnant the notion of owning and selling human beings is to me. Sports is the only area of modern life where people are traded or sold for money. The word owner, when applied to a man, conjures up images of slavery.

PLAYBOY: Yet fans boo ballplayers who favor modification of the reserve clause.

ARLEDGE: It has always astonished me that the sympathies of so many working people instinctively go to management. The fan, who is himself a wage earner, behaves as though he owns the franchise.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the Kuhn ruling voiding Charlie Finley's sale of Vida Blue, Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers for \$3,500,000?

ARLEDGE: I agreed with Kuhn's ruling.

PLAYBOY: But team owners have been selling ballplayers for 100 years. Didn't

Connie Mack sell Jimmy Foxx, Lefty Grove and Al Simmons?

ARLEDGE: America tolerated a lot of things in Connie Mack's era that are not tolerated today. Like the exclusion of blacks from the major leagues, to cite a small example.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that all players should become free agents at the end of every contract?

ARLEDGE: Not in baseball. Unlike other sports, baseball spends a lot of money developing players in the minor leagues. So I think the team owner should have some continuing rights to a player he has developed. But he shouldn't own that human being in perpetuity, nor should he be able to dispose of him as he wishes. After all, I can't wake up tomorrow morning and read in the paper that I have been traded to CBS for *All in the Family*, plus an executive to be named later. I'm a free agent, yet ABC has been able to sign me to contracts that have kept me at the same network—and it's certainly not the richest network—for 16 years. Why does Finley assume he won't be able to sign his employees to contracts that will keep them in an A's uniform? And what about the Oakland fans?

Although Finley has been good for baseball in many ways, this time he *did* treat the fans like asses. For years, the people of Oakland have been urged almost as a civic duty—certainly as a matter of civic pride—to support the A's, to go out to the ball park they paid for and root for Reggie Jackson, Joe Rudi, Vida Blue, Rollie Fingers, Ken Holtzman and all the other Oakland stars. But now, suddenly, they are deprived of those players for no other reason than that the owner, on a whim, felt like having a human garage sale. In a fit of petulance, Finley wanted to transform a first-place club into a last-place club, and the fans were supposed to accept that and keep paying the bills.

PLAYBOY: Assuming America's pro-team owners don't regulate themselves—which, based on past performance, seems a fairly reliable assumption—what do you foresee? Chaos?

ARLEDGE: Worse. I think the Government will get involved. Nobody wants a Federal Sports Commission, but I think we're headed for one.

PLAYBOY: Why would a Federal Sports Commission be so awful?

ARLEDGE: Chaos would be replaced by political corruption: "We'll get this bill passed if you put a franchise in Birmingham, Alabama." A Federal Sports Commission would *run* sports. Of course, sports aren't apolitical now. Why do you think Congress lifted the N.F.L.'s black-out rule?

PLAYBOY: OK, we'll bite. Why?

ARLEDGE: Because political leaders were

The fire started on the first floor..

...worked its way to the second floor where my Marantz 2270 was, and finally engulfed the third floor. The floors collapsed and fell into the basement where the Marantz remained buried in debris and water until March when the wrecking company came.

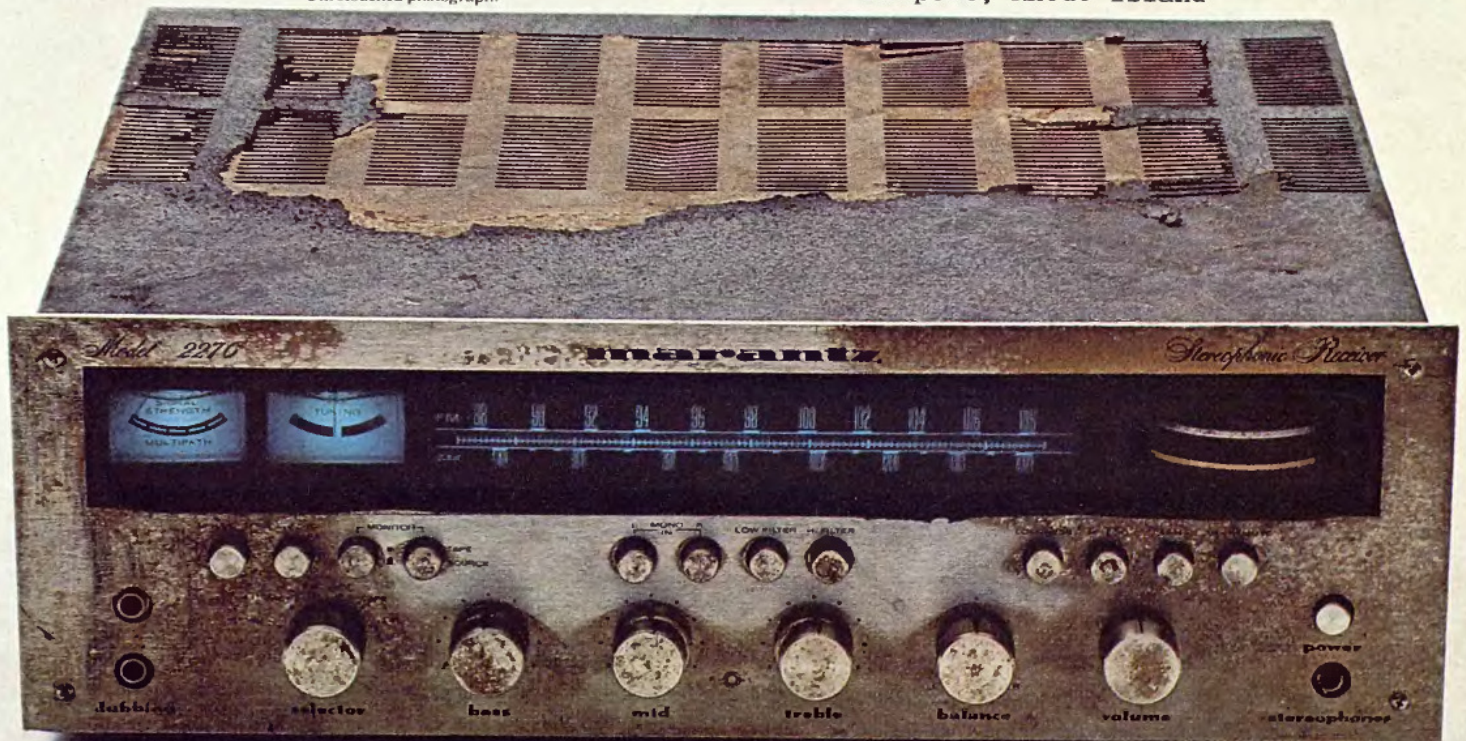
While the men were lifting the debris into trucks I noticed a piece of equipment I thought could be the Marantz. I asked the man to drop the load, and the receiver fell 20 feet to the ground.

Out of sheer curiosity, I brought the damaged receiver up to my apartment and after attaching a new line cord to it, I plugged it in. All the blue lights turned on. I connected a headphone and the FM played perfectly. I then tested it with my tape deck, and finally the turntable speakers. They all played perfectly, too.

Francisco Espina

Francisco Espina*
Newport, Rhode Island

Unretouched photograph.



Mr. Espina's Marantz 2270 receiver still meets factory specifications. We design all Marantz equipment to perform under extreme conditions for unmatched reliability year after year after year. Like the new Marantz 2275—even better than its incredible predecessor. See the complete line of Marantz receivers, components and speaker systems at your Marantz dealer. He's in the Yellow Pages.

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sick and tired of not being able to get tickets to the Redskins games. Complaints from the fans had little to do with it. If the same situation had existed in Cleveland, we'd still have a blackout rule today.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, the Government doesn't operate the pro leagues and you seem satisfied with that arrangement. Yet you do not seem satisfied with the way private enterprise has handled the sports industry.

ARLEDGE: I'm troubled by what is really an ethical, not an economic, question: To what extent does the private ownership of a public facility conflict with our traditional American values? We condition our children to identify with their community, particularly with the sports heroes of their community. Politicians run for office while waving the home-team banner. Local sportscasters, who are paid by the team and whose job it is to sell tickets, imply that it's the fans' civic duty to support the home team. If we allow something that important to be created in people's minds, two questions arise: One, is private ownership compatible with a public enterprise? and, two, should any standards of excellence—or at least competence—be required?

PLAYBOY: And how would you answer those questions?

ARLEDGE: I don't know; but assuming private ownership is compatible with operating a civic institution, should the owner of the Metropolitan Opera be permitted to move to Milwaukee because he can get a better deal there? I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: Your second question sounds rather idealistic. We've never heard anyone suggest that owners meet standards of excellence in order to retain control of their ball clubs.

ARLEDGE: A TV station is granted a regional monopoly, just like a sports franchise. And, like a sports franchise, that monopoly is usually a very profitable thing. But in order to keep its broadcast license, a station is reviewed every three years and has to prove that it operates in the public interest. It also has to demonstrate a certain degree of competence. And I approve of that practice. When a public facility is privately owned, there has to be a way to make sure the community standards are being met.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to own a ball club yourself?

ARLEDGE: That might be an interesting experience but one I will probably live without—certainly as long as owning a ball club means owning the employees, too.

PLAYBOY: You're almost as well known for business acumen as for technical expertise and your income is reputed

to be awesome. Would you mind telling us where you invest your money?

ARLEDGE: Lately, I've been investing rather heavily in divorce.

PLAYBOY: On second thought, perhaps we should go elsewhere for financial advice. But we will ask you who your favorite athletes are—and why.

ARLEDGE: Bill Russell is probably number one. Not only did he exhibit total mastery of his sport but he was also an innovator. Due solely to his presence, the game of basketball Russell left when he retired was different from the game he found when he began playing. And Russell is also an important person in America. I've been after him for years to run for office. I think he'd make a great Senator, or President, for that matter. Another favorite is Jack Nicklaus and for similar reasons: his dominance of the game he plays and his personal qualities.

PLAYBOY: Nicklaus is an unexpected choice. The two of you are hardly

*"I've been after Bill
Russell for years to run
for office. I think he'd
make a great Senator,
or President,
for that matter."*

friends. He has generally sided with the U.S.G.A. in your frequent disputes with that organization.

ARLEDGE: Nevertheless, I admire Jack's integrity. Golf is, in many respects, the purest sport, because it is the only one in which the player must penalize himself. If your caddy moves the ball in the rough, you must call it on yourself. That happened to Byron Nelson in the U. S. Open and he lost the tournament by one stroke. You just know that Nicklaus would do the same thing, even if no one on earth could possibly have seen his ball move. It's interesting to ask yourself what you'd do in a situation like that.

PLAYBOY: Any other favorite athletes?

ARLEDGE: One more: O. J. Simpson. Although he is the greatest running back in football history, his basic modesty hasn't changed since he was a junior at USC. Incidentally, O. J. could have broken the reserve system wide open when he graduated, but he chose not to.

PLAYBOY: How?

ARLEDGE: He was the most sought-after college player of all time. He could have marketed his services for millions of

dollars, and he *wanted* to play for Los Angeles, where he lived, where he was already a hero and where he could have made a fortune in endorsements. But, instead, he went to Buffalo and took whatever Ralph Wilson felt like giving him, which wasn't much. He played on a lousy team with a lousy line for a coach who wouldn't let him carry the ball. It was only by luck that, after years of frustration, Buffalo finally changed coaches and drafted some good linemen. Otherwise, O. J.'s entire career would have been ruined—by the reserve clause. Unless both sides get together, there's never going to be any sanity in professional sports.

PLAYBOY: Are you sorry Simpson didn't smash the reserve clause when he had the chance?

ARLEDGE: I'm not sure.

PLAYBOY: Had you been his business manager, what would you have advised him to do?

ARLEDGE: Smash the reserve clause.

PLAYBOY: Of all the shows you've produced, what would you consider the greatest moment, the single most important image you have ever beamed out to the world?

ARLEDGE: The word important may seem to require some justification in this context, since individually, both sports and television are essentially trivial. But when the two are combined, they can become *very* important. And I think my most important moment came during the 1963 U.S.-Russia track meet in Moscow. In those days, the meet was a titanic international struggle, with the conflict between the two systems as the underlying motif. And in that particular year, the U. S. and Russia were trying to put together the first meaningful arms agreement of the Cold War. Khrushchev and Harriman were negotiating day and night, but at the very end of the meet, the two of them came out to Lenin Stadium to watch Valery Brumel, the great Russian high jumper, try for the world's record. It was getting dark and a light rain had begun falling. Brumel was down to his last attempt. He sprinted toward the bar, leaped and made it. There was a momentary lull as 90,000 people waited to see if the bar would topple. It didn't, and the crowd exploded. I turned our cameras on the chairman's box and Khrushchev and Harriman were jumping up and down, screaming, hugging each other. That was the single most important image I have ever broadcast. Two old men. Enemies who spoke different languages and couldn't even agree on a way to prevent the world from blowing itself up. Yet there they were, embracing like brothers on world television at the simple act of a man jumping over a bar.

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ROOTS
**The Mixing
Of the Blood**

From the book by
ALEX HALEY

a noted black author traces his past through seven generations and, in this excerpt, describes the rape of his first american-born slave ancestor by her white master

For 12 years, Alex Haley researched and wrote the story of the seven generations of his family that he would call "Roots." It began when Haley, a writer who conducted the first "Playboy Interview" and many others, was on a PLAYBOY assignment in England and first saw the Rosetta stone, the key to deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics. He became curious about some African phrases he remembered hearing from his relatives as a boy in Tennessee and, in particular, the name Kunta Kinte, whom he believed was his African ancestor.

Poring over old records, consulting experts in linguistics, anthropology and genealogy, Haley tracked down every lead until his research finally led him to a village in Gambia. There, in a moment of high drama, the tribal historian, known as a griot, was retelling the story of the village through past generations and came

to a day in 1767 when a 17-year-old boy was abducted by white men in the woods near the village and never heard from again. His name was Kunta Kinte.

Beginning with life in the village of Juffure, "Roots" describes Kunta Kinte's early years, his kidnaping, his transportation in the filthy, hellish hold of a slave ship across the Atlantic and his sale to John Waller, a Virginia planter. Rebellious and fiercely independent, Kunta tried to escape so often that his pursuers chopped off part of his foot as punishment. He eventually married Bell, the plantation cook, who gave birth to a girl named Kizzy. Bell taught their daughter how to get along with whites and was delighted when, for instance, Kizzy became fast friends with the Waller niece, Missy Anne, who taught her to read and write. But Kunta remained stubbornly committed to passing along at least some of

his African heritage, telling her about Juffure and relating old village customs—such as his method of keeping track of time by dropping pebbles into a gourd. By the early 1800s, the first of Kunta's descendants to be born in America had grown to be a pretty girl and was living a relatively sheltered life as a house slave.

"DO I GOT a gran'ma?" asked Kizzy.

"You got two—my mammy and yo' mammy's mammy."

"How come dey ain't wid us?"

"Dey don' know where we is," said Kunta. "Does you know where we is?" he asked her a moment later.

"We's in de buggy," Kizzy said.

"I means where does we live?"

"At Massa Waller's."

"An' where dat is?"

"Dat way," she said, pointing down the road. Uninterested in their subject, she



WILCOX

said, "Tell me some more 'bout dem bugs an' things where you come from."

"Well, dey's big red ants knows how to cross rivers on leafs, dat fights wars an' marches like a army, an' builds hills dey lives in dat's taller dan a man."

"Dey soun' scary. You step on 'em?"

"Not less'n you has to. Every critter got a right to be here, same as you. Even de grass is live an' got a soul, jes' like peoples does."

"Won't walk on de grass no mo', den. I stay in de buggy."

Kunta smiled. "Wasn't no buggies where I come from. Walked wherever we was goin'. One time I walked four days wid my pappy all de way from Juffure to my uncles' new village."

"What 'Joo-fah-ray'?"

"Done tof' you don' know how many times, dat where I come from."

"I thought you was from Africa. Dat Gambia you talks 'bout in Africa?"

"Gambia a country in Africa. Juffure a village in Gambia."

"Well, where dey at. Pappy?"

"'Crost de big water."

"How big dat big water?"

"So big it take near 'bout four moons to get 'cros' it."

"Four what?"

"Moons. Like you say 'months.'"

"How come you don' say months?"

"'Cause moons my word fer it."

"What you call a 'year'?"

"A rain."

Kizzy mused briefly.

"How you get 'cros' dat big water?"

"In a big boat."

"Bigger dan dat rowboat we seen dem fo' mens fishin' in?"

"Big 'nough to hol' a humud mens."

"How come it don' sink?"

"I use to wish it woulda."

"How come?"

"'Cause we all so sick seem like we gon' die anyhow."

"How you get sick?"

"Got sick from layin' in our own mess prackly on top each other."

"Why'n't you go de toilet?"

"De toubob had us chained up."

"Who 'toubob'?"

"White folks."

"How come you chained up? You done sump'n wrong?"

"Was jes' out in de woods near where I live—Juffure—lookin' fer a piece o' wood to make a drum wid, an' dey grab me an' take me off."

"How ol' you was?"

"Sebeteen."

"Dey ask yo' mammy an' pappy if'n you could go?"

Kunta looked incredulously at her. "Woulda took *dem*, too, if'n dey could. To dis day, my fam'y don' know where I is."

"You got brothers an' sisters?"

"Had three brothers. Maybe mo' by

now. Anyways, dey's all growed up, prob'ly got chilluns like you."

"We go see dem someday?"

"We can't go nowheres."

"We's gon' somewheres now."

"Jes' Massa John's. We don' show up, dey have de dogs out at us by sundown."

"'Cause dey be worried 'bout us?"

"'Cause we b'longs to dem, jes' like dese hosses pullin' us."

"Like I b'longs to you an' Mammy?"

"You's our young'un. Dat diff'rent."

"Missy Anne say she want me fo' her own."

"You ain't no doll fer her to play wid."

"I plays wid her, too. She done tole me she my bes' frien'."

"You can't be nobody's frien' an' slave both."

"How come, Pappy?"

"'Cause frien's don' own one 'nother."

"Don' Mammy an' you b'long to one 'nother? Ain't y'all frien's?"

"Ain't de same. We b'longs to each other 'cause we *wants* to, 'cause we loves each other."

"Well, I loves Missy Anne, so I wants to b'long to her."

"Couldn't never work out."

"What you mean?"

"You couldn't be happy when y'all growed up."

"Would too. I bet you wouldn't be happy."

"You sho' right 'bout dat!"

"Aw, Pappy, I couldn't never leave you an' Mammy."

"An' chile, 'speck we couldn't never let you go, neither!"

For many years now, Kunta had gotten up every morning before dawn, earlier than anyone else on slave row—so early that some of the others were convinced that "dat African" could see in the dark like a cat. Whatever they wanted to think was fine with him, as long as he was left alone to slip away to the barn, where he would face the first faint streaking of the day prostrated between two large bundles of hay, offering up his daily Suba prayer to Allah. Afterward, by the time he had pitched some hay into the horses' feed trough, he knew that Bell and Kizzy would be washed, dressed and ready to get things under way in the big house, and the boss field hand, Cato, would be up and out with Ada's son Noah, who would soon be ringing the bell to wake the other slaves.

Almost every morning, Noah would nod and say "Mornin'" with such solemn reserve that he reminded Kunta of the Jaloff people in Africa, of whom it was said that if one greeted you in the morning, he had uttered his last good word for the day. But although they had said little to each other, he liked Noah, perhaps because he reminded Kunta of himself at about the same age—the serious manner,

the way he went about his work and minded his own business, the way he spoke little but watched everything. He had often noticed Noah doing a thing that he also did—standing quietly somewhere with his eyes following the romps of Kizzy and Missy Anne around the plantation. Once when Kunta had been watching from the barn door as they rolled a hoop across the back yard, giggling and screaming, he had been about to go back inside when he saw Noah standing over by Cato's cabin, also watching. Their eyes met and they looked at each other for a long moment before both turned away. Kunta wondered what Noah had been thinking—and had the feeling that, likewise, Noah was wondering what *he* was thinking. Kunta knew somehow that they were both thinking the same things.

At ten, Noah was two years older than Kizzy, but that difference wasn't great enough to explain why the two hadn't even become friends, let alone playmates, since they were the only slave children on the plantation. Kunta had noticed that whenever they passed near each other, each of them always acted as if he or she had not even seen the other, and he couldn't figure out why—unless it was because even at their age they had begun to sense the custom that house slaves and field slaves didn't mix with one another.

Whatever the reason, Noah spent his days out with others in the fields while Kizzy swept, dusted, polished the brass and tidied up the massa's bedroom every day—for Bell to inspect later with a hickory switch in her hand. On Saturdays, when Missy Anne usually came to call, Kizzy would somehow miraculously manage to finish her chores in half the time it took her every other day, and the two of them would spend the rest of the day playing—excepting at midday if the massa happened to be home for lunch. Then he and Missy Anne would eat in the dining room with Kizzy standing behind them, gently fanning a leafy branch to keep away flies, as Bell shuttled in and out, serving the food and keeping a sharp eye on both girls, having warned them beforehand, "Y'all lemme catch you even thinkin' 'bout gigglin' in dere wid Massa, I'll tan both yo' hides!"

Kunta by now was pretty much resigned to sharing his Kizzy with Massa Waller, Bell and Missy Anne. He tried not to think about what they must have her doing up there in the big house and he spent as much time as possible in the barn when Missy Anne was around. But it was all he could do to wait until each Sunday afternoon, when church would be over and Missy Anne would go back home with her parents. Later on these afternoons, usually Massa Waller would be either resting or passing the time with



"She's spanking new."

company in the parlor, Bell would be off with Aunt Sukey and Sister Mandy at their weekly "Jesus meetin's"—and Kunta would be free to spend another couple of treasured hours alone with his daughter.

When the weather was good, they'd go walking—usually along the vine-covered fence row where he had gone almost nine years before to think of the name Kizzy for his new girl-child. Out beyond where anyone would be likely to see them, Kunta would clasp Kizzy's soft little hand in his own as, feeling no need to speak, they would stroll down to a little stream and, sitting closely together beneath a shade tree, they would eat whatever Kizzy had brought along from the kitchen—usually cold buttered biscuits filled with his favorite blackberry preserves. Then they would begin talking.

Mostly he'd talk and she'd interrupt him constantly with questions, most of which would begin "How come. . . ." But one day Kunta didn't get to open his mouth before she piped up eagerly, "You wanna hear what Missy Anne learned me yestiddy?"

He didn't care to hear of anything having to do with that giggling white creature, but not wishing to hurt his Kizzy's feelings, he said, "I'm listenin'."

"Peter, Peter, punkin eater," she recited, "had a wife an' couldn't keep 'er; put 'er in a punkin shell, dere he kep' 'er very well. . . ."

"Dat it?" he asked.

She nodded. "You like it?"

He thought it was just what he would have expected from Missy Anne: completely asinine. "You says it real good," he hedged.

"Bet you can't say it good as me," she said with a twinkle.

"Ain't tryin' to!"

"Come on, Pappy, say it fo' me jes' once."

"Git 'way from me wid dat mess!" He sounded more exasperated than he really was. But she kept insisting and finally, feeling a bit foolish that his Kizzy was able to twine him around her finger so easily, he made a stumbling effort to repeat the ridiculous lines—just to make her leave him alone, he told himself.

Before she could urge him to try the rhyme again, the thought flashed to Kunta of reciting something else to her—perhaps a few verses from the Koran, so that she might know how beautiful they could sound—then he realized such verses would make no more sense to her than "Peter, Peter" had to him. So he decided to tell her a story. She had already heard about the crocodile and the little boy, so he tried the one about the lazy turtle that talked the stupid leopard into giving him a ride by pleading that he was too sick to walk.

"Where you hears all dem stories you tells?" Kizzy asked when he was through.

"Heard 'em when I was yo' age—from a wise ol' gran'mammy name Nyo Boto." Suddenly, Kunta laughed with delight, remembering: "She was bald-headed as a egg! Didn't have no teeth, neither, but dat sharp tongue o' her'n sho' made up fer it! Loved us young'uns like her own, though."

"She ain't had none of 'er own?"

"Had two when she was real young. long time 'fo' she come to Juffure. But dey got took away in a fight 'tween her village an' 'nother tribe. Reckon she never got over it."

Kunta fell silent, stunned with a thought that had never occurred to him before: The same thing had happened to Bell when she was young. He wished he could tell Kizzy about her two half sisters, but he knew it would only upset her—not to mention Bell, who hadn't spoken of it since she told him of her lost daughters on the night of Kizzy's birth. But hadn't he—hadn't all of those who had been chained beside him on the slave ship been torn away from their own mothers? Hadn't all the countless other thousands who had come before—and since?

"Dey brung us here naked!" he heard himself blurting. Kizzy jerked up her head, staring; but he couldn't stop. "Even took our names away. Dem like you gits borned here don' even know who dey is! But you jes' much Kinte as I is! Don' never fo'git dat! Us'n's fo'fathers was traders, travelers, holy men—all de way back hunnuds o' rains into dat lan' call Ol' Mali! You unnerstan' what I'm talkin' 'bout, chile?"

"Yes, Pappy," she said obediently, but he knew she didn't. He had an idea. Picking up a stick, smoothing a place in the dirt between them, he scratched some characters in Arabic.

"Dat my name—Kun-ta Kin-te," he said, tracing the characters slowly with his finger.

She stared, fascinated. "Pappy, now do my name. He did. She laughed. "Dat say Kizzy?" He nodded. "Would you learn me to write like you does?" Kizzy asked.

"Wouldn't be fittin'," said Kunta sternly.

"Why not?" She sounded hurt.

"In Africa, only boys learns how to read an' write. Girls ain't got no use fer it—over here, neither."

"How come Mammy can read an' write, den?"

Sternly, he said, "Don' you be talkin' dat! You hear me? Ain't nobody's business! White folks don' like none us doin' no readin' or writin'!"

"How come?"

"'Cause dey figgers less we knows, less trouble we makes."

"I wouldn't make no trouble," she said, pouting.

"If'n we don' hurry up an' git back to

de cabin, yo' mammy gon' make trouble fer us both."

Kunta got up and started walking, then stopped and turned, realizing that Kizzy was not behind him. She was still by the bank of the stream, gazing at a pebble she had seen.

"Come on, now, it's time to go." She looked up at him and he walked over and reached out his hand. "Tell you what," he said. "You pick up dat pebble an' bring it 'long an' hide it somewheres safe, an' if'n you keeps yo' mouth shet 'bout it, nex' new-moon mornin' I let you drop it in my gourd."

"Oh, Pappy!" She was beaming.

Just after Christmas of 1803, the winds blew the snow into deep, feathery drifts until in places the roads were hidden and impassable for all but the biggest wagons. When the massa went out—in response to only the most desperate summons—he had to ride on one of the horses, and Kunta stayed behind, busily helping Cato, Noah and the fiddler keep the driveway clear and chop wood to keep all of the fireplaces steadily going.

Cut off as they were—even from Massa Waller's *Gazette*, which had stopped arriving about a month before with the first big snow—the slave-row people were still talking about the last bits of news that had gotten through to them: how pleased the white massas was with the way President Jefferson was "runnin' the gubmint," despite the massas' initial reservations toward his views regarding slaves. Since taking office, President Jefferson had reduced the size of the Army and Navy, lowered the public debt, even abolished the personal-property tax—that last act, the fiddler said, particularly having impressed those of the massa class with his greatness.

But Kunta said that when he had made his last trip to the county seat before they had gotten snowed in, white folks had seemed to him even more excited about President Jefferson's purchase of the huge Louisiana Territory for but three cents an acre. "What I likes 'bout it," he said, "'cordin' to what I heard, dat Massa Napoleon had to sell it so cheap 'cause he in sich hot water in France over what it cost 'im in money. 'long wid fifty thousan' Frenchmans got killed or died 'fo' dey beat dat Toussaint in Haiti."

They were all still warming themselves in the glow of that thought a later afternoon when a black rider arrived amid a snowstorm with an urgently ill patient's message for the massa—and another of dismal news for the slave row: In a damp dungeon on a remote French mountain where Napoleon had sent him, Haiti's General Toussaint had died of cold and starvation.

(continued on page 150)

Collector's Item

what will happen when the ladies finally move in on the great american pastime? why, baseball cards like these, of course

IT'S BOUND to occur. Already there are women boxers, women jockeys and women race-car drivers. So it's only a matter of time before the first all-girl baseball team hits the dugouts. Once it does happen, there's a good chance baseball cards will take on a whole new dimension—along with RBIs and ERAs, you'll have CWHs (chest, waist, hips). Get the picture?



PHILADELPHIA FILLIES' STAR CATCHER MASTREMSKI, VOTED "1977 NOOKIE OF THE YEAR," IS PERHAPS BEST KNOWN FOR HER PREOCCUPATION WITH HAND SIGNALS. SHE GENERALLY PREFERENCES A FAST BALL.

Baseball seems made for the female of the species—the uniforms are cute, the game is played on a diamond and what normal American girl doesn't feel right at home with her hands wrapped around a nice smooth bat? The terms pitcher's mound and batter's box fit in nicely, too. Women will most likely alter the standard baseball garb somewhat, though—the Boston Red Sox will become the Boston Leotards—and from that point, it's only a line drive to such clubs as the Pittsburgh Privates and the Baltimore Beavers. Talk about spectator sports!



Francis 'Francie' La Fleur

FOR YEARS, LA FLEUR THOUGHT "BATTER UP" MEANT SHE WAS READY TO MAKE PANCAKES. BUT SHE FINALLY CAUGHT ON. HERE SHE IS TESTING A BAT.



SHORTSTOP EDNA "KNOCKERS" KNUTSEN, NEVER LETS ANYONE GET PAST SECOND BASE.



PINCH HITTER RUTH "RUTH" BABE, UP FROM THE BUSH LEAGUES, EASILY HANDLES A 40-OUNCE BAT. THE SIGNAL SHE'S GIVING IS NOT FOR A TIME OUT.



NEW YORK JUGS PITCHER MC CARTHY, KNOWN FOR HER KNUCKLEBALL, IS ABOUT TO DELIVER HER LESS-WELL-KNOWN KNUCKLE SANDWICH TO THE KISSER OF WASHINGTON SECS' LA FLEUR, WHO HAS MADE A DISPARAGING REMARK ABOUT HER HIGH HARD ONES.

*the mansion housed a half million dollars' worth of treasures
and a girl beautiful beyond dreams—and he wanted both*

fiction

By RUSSELL H. GREENAN



Part one of a new novel

WHERE SHOULD I START? A tricky question, that. God alone knows where all personal dramas begin, and though He's supposed to be omnipresent, He never seems to be around when you need Him.

I met my cousin, Maurice Fitzjames, by chance in the summer. Having parked my decrepit station wagon outside the Harvard Club, I was trotting along Commonwealth Avenue when I almost collided with him. So I had no opportunity to avoid the bastard.

As usual, he was dressed like the leading man in a drawing-room comedy—Tattersall jacket, paisley shirt, whipcord slacks, suede sandals—and as usual, too, he had on those wrap-around sunglasses to conceal his shifty ophidian eyes. The only uncharacteristic element in his appearance was that he was smiling at me. Knowing him well, I deduced from this that he'd just broken into a poor box or burned down an orphanage to collect on an insurance policy.

"Look who's here," he said in his mildly mocking manner. "Cousin Arnold. How are things?"

I managed to twist my mouth into a reciprocative grin and replied, "As good as can be expected, I guess. I've been meaning to give you a call."

"I should think so," he said. "Haven't heard from you since March. Hey, where the hell is the rest of my money?"

"The money is why I've been out of touch, Maurice. I don't have it yet. My luck lately has been catastrophic—honest. At Easter, I caught the Asian flu, and after that, I wrenched a vertebra carrying a Franklin stove down a flight of steps in Charlestown with Claude Siegfried. I was out of circulation six weeks. Then my Ford got a crack in the cylinder block and I had to buy a whole rebuilt engine. And disasters like that can ruin you mentally. I was totally depressed—nearly had a classic case of nervous prostration."

"Is that a fact, Arnold? What a shame! You must be jinxed or something. Three hundred, wasn't it?" he asked, although he knew the sum even better than I did.

"Three hundred, yes—a trifle when you have it but an Inca's treasure when you don't." Maurice's smile took on a sardonic tinge. "Business can hardly be that bad. A girlfriend

I caught a glimpse of one of the sisters when a wayward wind lifted her veil; they were the three Fates, I thought, come to resurrect my failing fortunes.





of mine makes three bills a week for typing envelopes. Come on, be reasonable. You could pay me if you wanted to. Look—why don't you do some jobs for me? Nobody in the trade knows how to distress furniture better than you—and nobody knows how to fake bronze patina as good, either. You can work the debt off in a couple of days if you come out to Brookline to the shop. Why should I hire strangers to handle that kind of thing when my own cousin is the best around?"

"All right, Maurice," I said readily, though I hadn't the least intention of becoming his handy man. "I'll be out soon—word of honor."

Maurice and I were only cousins, but we could pass for twins—identical twins, at that. The reason for this strong resemblance lies in the fact that our fathers were brothers and our mothers sisters—an odd circumstance, perhaps, yet natural enough when you think about it. And, also, the difference in our ages was a mere 40 days—he being the older. When we were in our teens, we occasionally swapped girlfriends, without their ever realizing it. Such impersonations worked more to my advantage than to his, actually, because Maurice was always dynamite with the women. They fell at his feet. He had twice as many as he could handle, the bastard. Yes, except for a difference in the shade of our brown eyes and a minor variation in the shape of our jaws, we were duplicates—genuine *Doppelgängers*. That's probably why we never got along. We suffered from double trouble. With people, as with magnets, like poles are mutually repulsive, it seems.

As kids, we saw a lot of each other, because our mothers operated a curio shop on Huntington Avenue, near where the old Mechanics' Building stood before the Prudential Center went up. The place was full of Chinese brass incense burners, iron doorstops, patterned-glass bud vases and earthenware crocks. At that time, Uncle Maurice, Maurice's father, was away at Bridgewater, serving a sentence for arson. He had a regrettable passion for three-alarm fires and was nabbed one night after starting a dandy in a frame house on Neponset Avenue. Perhaps that was a portent—a glimpse of things to come.

But after four or five years, Uncle Maurice cut his throat with a broken bottle when the guards weren't looking, and Aunt Edna married Jack Fitzjames and quit working. All the family are gone now. My mother died eight years ago. My father's been dead since 1945, the year I was born. He got himself killed at Okinawa, in the Army. Maurice's parents died, too. Maurice and I are the last of the clan.

After I spoke to my cousin that day, I went to see Mrs. Dunlap. Back in the Fifties, when property was still cheap, Mrs. Dunlap bought a couple of adjacent Commonwealth Avenue brownstones, hired a contractor to knock down some of the intervening brick walls and then converted the resulting single structure into a home for elderly ladies—elderly ladies of means, that is.

It's an enormous place—40 rooms, I understand—and chock-full of interesting furnishings that have been taken there by the guests, most of whom come from big houses in prosperous suburbs like Winchester, Newton and Wellesley. The furniture is what drew me to Mrs. Dunlap's genteel retreat. When the old girls died, which they did at a remarkably steady rate, those fancy chairs and tables, ottomans and escritaires, four-posters and highboys were, in nine cases out of ten, left to the landlady to dispose of, and I was the man who was always given first option to buy. Luckily, Mrs. Dunlap knew little about antiques. Her prices were refreshingly reasonable. For me, it was a beautiful setup.

Between times, to stay on the good side of my benefactress, I used to do trivial chores for her—tighten door hinges, mend rockers, cane chair bottoms, rewire lamps—for very nominal sums.

"Dear me, I almost forgot," she said, as I was leaving. "Dolores Breen—an old friend—has two boxes of Far Eastern ivory statues she wants to sell. Would you be interested, Mr. Hopkins?"

"I might be," I said offhandedly, not wanting to sound eager. "Are you sure they're ivory?" I asked.

"Dolores said they were. After her husband's death, she was completely shattered. Not that she needs money, because her family owned several big restaurants on the North Shore. Japanese. That's what the statues are."

"Japanese," I repeated disdainfully.

"Yes, but her husband claimed they were genuine works of art."

"Why does your friend want to sell them, then, Mrs. D.?"

"She thinks they're disgusting. They are, too—lizards, insects, rats, monsters, dragons. And they're carved so realistically they seem to be alive."

I said I would go and have a look at them, and she gave me the address, which was on Rindge Avenue in Cambridge, and the phone number.

"All right," she declared. "That's taken care of. By the way, Mr. Hopkins, do you know any reliable person who'd be interested in an efficiency apartment? The little one in the basement is empty again, because the Harbachs returned to Nova Scotia."

"No, but if I hear of somebody who is interested, I'll call you," I said. Then I departed.

Descending the stoop to the sidewalk, I suddenly felt light as a feather. Since I sometimes have odd mental spells that are usually preceded by a sensation of weightlessness, I paused at the foot of the steps, gulped a few deep breaths and walked to the (continued on page 104)

Suddenly, out of the blue, jars of cosmetics and rolls of toilet paper whizzed by me—but before I could adjust to this peril, my bridge began to buck and quiver.



"Mom always told me that your first love is your most precious. It's not as if I was out fucking some different guy every night. Even so, Don and I did do it in the back seat. . . ." According to Don, that was "just so Melanie'd know what it was like."

FAST STARTER

she slept with a guy for four years, married him, then left him after a few months. and she's made three movies. now, at 19, melanie griffith is ready for her life to begin



Melanie and Don Johnson had been together three years when she debuted in *Night Moves* (with Gene Hackman and Jennifer Warren, above). "I told her she ought to do something with her life," said Don. "So what does she do? Goes out and gets in an Arthur Penn movie!"

SHE JUST turned 19, but Melanie Griffith already has a past she wishes the world would forget while she tries to handle the challenges of her future. Despite widespread agreement that she's destined to become a star, this child-woman doesn't quite look the part. Her Pollyanna grin more readily suggests a country girl who learned about life from the birds and the bees. Melanie, however, grew up—fast—in New York and Hollywood. The daughter of actress Tippi Hedren—Alfred Hitchcock's Grace Kelly-type discovery who starred in *The Birds*—Melanie has been a voluptuous bundle of contradictions since she first assumed the prerogatives of a consenting adult, at an age usually viewed as a no man's land somewhere between junior miss and jail bait. Many an otherwise sensible journalist has clucked over

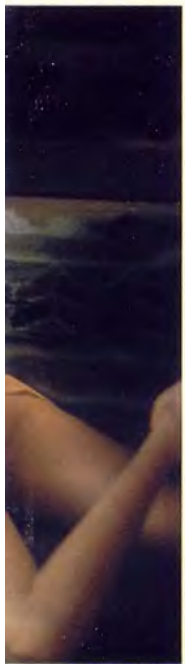
"When I met Don, I'd only been out on a date once. That was with a boy who was younger than I was. We went to the observatory and just sat there." Don got an earlier start: "I began making love at 12, with my baby sitter. She was terrific, a form girl."



"It's really very primitive, beautifully primitive, to be nude in the water, with water falling on you. You feel like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden." It wasn't long after these pictures were taken that the serpent arrived.

Melanie's morals as if she were a stray chick from Hollywood-Babylon, where the game of boy meets girl is rumored to be, at best, a low-stakes one with constantly changing partners. But Romeo and Juliet were mere teenagers, remember, when they met and mated in an avalanche of headlong passion that's been big box office for centuries; the mixed-up, off-again, on-again love story of Melanie Griffith and Don Johnson, though, has yet to attract a Shakespeare, despite the imminent prospect of an unhappy ending. But that is a scene from the last act.

Melanie introduced herself to PLAYBOY, and skipped blithely through the colorful opening sequences of the Griffith-Johnson saga, at the bar of New (continued on page 192)



Bric-a-Brac Man (continued from page 99)

curb and leaned against a parking meter. The disembodied sensation remained with me, however.

These attacks of mine are bizarre. During them, I continue to function perfectly normally, except that my mind fails to record what's happening. The blackouts last only around ten minutes, but of that period I'm never left with the slightest recollection.

Disturbed, I went to see the medical savants for a diagnosis. A doctor on Brookline Avenue said it was *petit mal*, the milder sort of epilepsy, and told me to stop drinking coffee. But another physician thought it was "spasmodic amnesia," which he patiently explained was a psychomotor seizure, or brief switching off of the various electrical stimuli that governed my memory. From a psychologist at a city clinic, I got a third opinion. He pronounced it an emotional disorder related to narcolepsy and somnambulism, insisting the locus of the problem was my amygdala, in my cerebellum.

So that day on Commonwealth Avenue, I rested against the parking meter until my head stabilized a bit, and then I crossed the street and sat on a bench on the elm-lined mall. In a few minutes, I was my old steady self again.

Nevertheless, the episode reminded me that I had to slacken my pace. The life I led was too hectic. I had to cease whirling about like a lunatic performing a fandango.

I am an ambitious man. I wanted to be like Duveen or Tiffany, but all I had been dealing with recently was rubbish. That's right. I hoped to establish a magnificent gallery on New York's Fifth Avenue, just down from The Plaza. Such was my recurring fantasy. Rengane wasn't wrong when he said:

*Insatiable vanity?
It's worse than stark insanity.*

I sighed, yanked out my wallet and counted what was in it. That morning, I'd left the house with \$43; now I had \$46 and the day was virtually over. If something didn't break for me soon, I'd have to go on welfare. Small wonder I was getting lightheaded.

Ah, well, I reflected—the decrees of fate are not always fatal. I had this Dolores Breen that Mrs. Dunlap had presented me with. Perhaps her Japanese ivories would be genuine Japanese ivories and not doctored globs of yellow celluloid. I was certainly due for a windfall.

My contemplations were interrupted by the sudden appearance of a noisy yellow taxi, which came to a halt across from where I sat. An instant later, the door of the house next to Mrs. Dunlap's brownstone opened and three women

emerged. They seemed young—in their late 20s or early 30s—though it was impossible to judge this definitely, because they all wore hats with thick veils.

Queer gear, I thought, for such a warm afternoon. They must be going to a funeral.

The rest of their clothing supported this hypothesis, for, while it was fashionably cut, it was somber as widow's weeds. Still, it couldn't conceal the fact that the ladies had willowy figures and splendid legs.

Sisters, I said to myself—the three Fates, turning up on cue to resurrect my failing fortunes.

As they came down the steps, the wayward breeze intensified. It lifted the veil of one of the women and flicked it back over her dark felt hat. Raising a gloved hand, she pulled it down. A moment after that, the three of them got into the cab and the noisy vehicle drove away.

I sat on the bench, scarcely breathing. The face beneath the veil had been incredibly beautiful, with indigo eyes. Inside my chest, my heart was pounding frantically.

Who could appreciate the significance of these events? I hadn't an inkling then of what the future held.

Mrs. Breen lived in a garrison Colonial house, on the lawn of which there stood a jovial concrete elf who was painted orange from head to toe. Even his bulging eyeballs were orange.

Dolores herself was a squat woman with a low forehead and yellowish hair like unraveled shredded wheat.

"How much do you want for them?" I asked her directly.

"A thousand dollars," she replied through tight lips.

The statues were displayed on a round walnut table in the dining room. They were absolutely terrific.

"Not all of them are ivory," I said depreciatingly. "Those fish are soapstone and the dancing girls are wood."

Mrs. Breen gave me a gorgon stare.

"The two elephants are wood, also," I went on. "Only their tusks are ivory. And those three filigree balls—they're carved from peach pits."

She leaned against a bulky Victorian sideboard, as if seeking additional support for the impending struggle. "My husband paid more than a thousand for them, Mr. Hopkins," she said pugnaciously. "They're genuine artistic antiques. If you don't want the ones that aren't ivory, I'll put them away again—but I still have to get a thousand dollars for those that are left."

Assuming a doubtful expression, I circled the table. "If they were all ivory—the rest of them, I mean—they might be

worth what you're asking," I said. "The trouble is, Mrs. Breen, at least a third of this collection is made of bone."

"Bone?"

"Yes. You can see for yourself a lot of the pieces are dark. Ivory never gets that brown. Those pieces are bone."

"My husband said they got dark from age."

I smiled tolerantly and shrugged. "Not as dark as that. He probably heard that story from some sharp Chinaman. Over here, I know, it's a common sales gimmick unscrupulous dealers use. I don't have to tell you ivory is a scarce and expensive material, but bone is plentiful and cheap—which is why they palm it off on the unsuspecting." Covertly, I glanced at her, to see what effect my lies were producing. She appeared confused. Encouraged, I continued glibly. "And bone is easier to carve, of course. It's softer than some woods. That's why it's so fragile and why it discolors so rapidly."

"He never mentioned bone," she said, wrinkling her brow. "What kind of bone is it?" she asked in a voice that lacked resolution.

"Oh, the Japanese used horses and water buffalo, chiefly," I answered, sounding to my own ears as authoritative as Bernard Berenson or Kenneth Clark. "They've been known to work with human bones, too." I added casually.

"Human bones," she echoed, wiping her hand on her flowered apron.

I nodded and took another stroll around the exhibition, inspecting a piece here and a piece there. Finally, I said, "The best I can offer for the lot is seven hundred. If they were Chinese, I could pay more, because their stuff is rarer."

"I couldn't let them go for that," she replied. "Seven hundred? No, no. To be perfectly honest, Mr. Hopkins, a man offered me eight hundred yesterday and I turned him down."

I studied her face. "He actually made you a firm offer of eight hundred dollars?"

"Yes, he did. He was here in the afternoon—about three."

The squat woman's eyes avoided mine. Far from being perfectly honest, she was feeding me a little con. I laughed easily. "That was a good price, Mrs. Breen. You should have accepted. Was he a reputable dealer?"

"Oh, yes. He has a big store . . . near Harvard Square."

"Big stores don't always mean reliability. Some of these characters will quote high figures, but when it's time to pay, they have second thoughts. Sometimes their checks bounce, too."

"I think I should get at least nine hundred," she said, looking dejected.

"I wish I could give it to you," I answered sadly, "but I can't. It wouldn't leave me with any margin. Let's be frank,

(continued on page 200)

meet kate, eros scholar, seducer of men, cataloger of sexual responses—a peep into the long-awaited erotic novel by the author of "sex and the college girl"

BLUE SKIES, NO CANDY



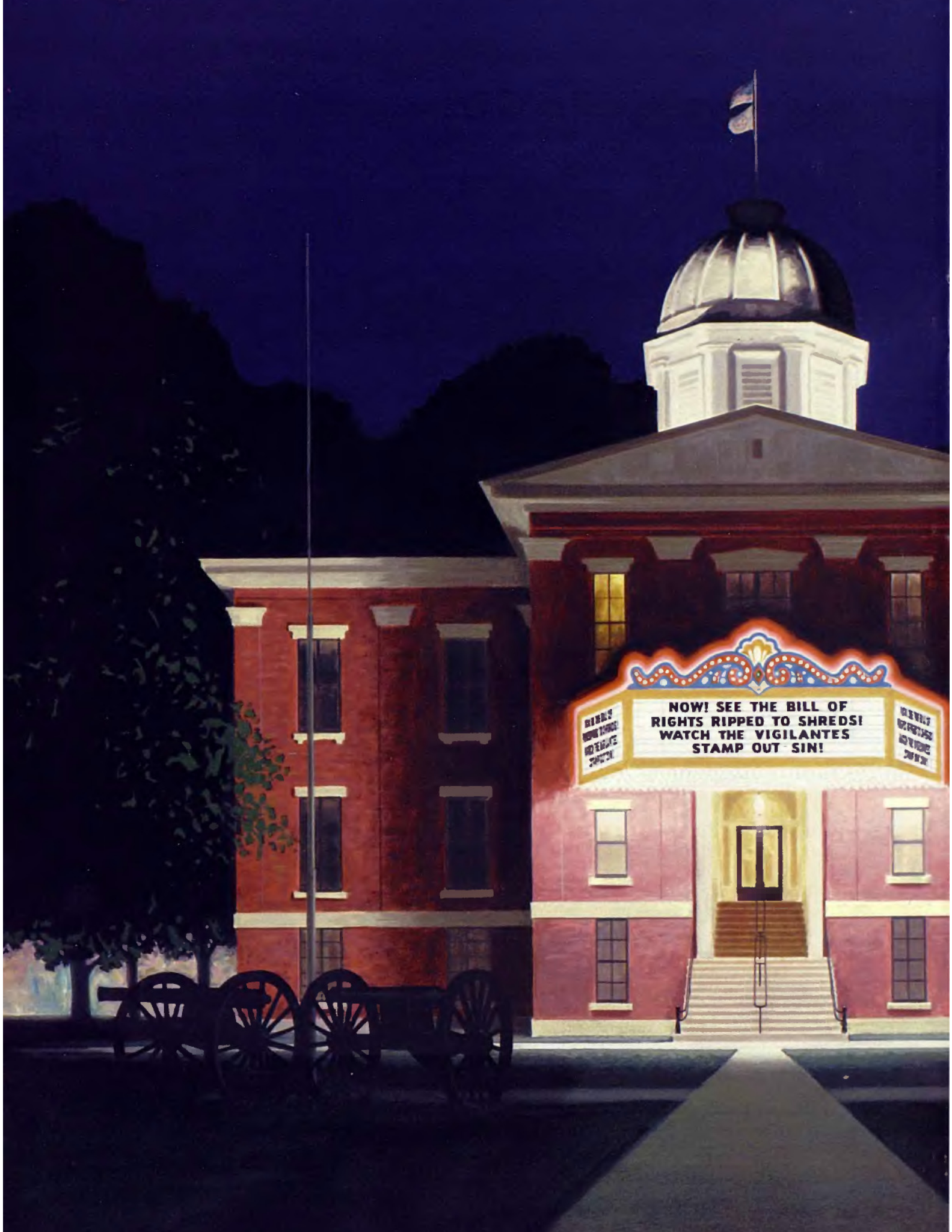
fiction

By CAEL GREENE

IN MY WILDEST and most narcissistic fantasy, I did not imagine how it would be. He thinks Kate is wonderful. He thinks she is some goddamned raving beauty. He adores her body, this time-flawed, painstakingly maintained and refurbished arrangement of skin and bones and flesh. He is so positive, so awed and

admiring that even I, the great champion flawfinder, am starting to believe. Suddenly, my hair—well, I do have marvelous hair, even if it drives M. Marc to despair because I will not cut it—my hair is now a national treasure, glorious, American. My skin is baby soft. I smell so good. Not just my perfume—Cabochard, he adores it—

but all my woman smells, me. Adores them. My pussy smells like peaches only better. All his life, every masturbatory fantasy has starred a woman with ass, hips, breasts precisely like mine. Cellulite . . . he doesn't see it. Tit-tuck scars, oblivious. My voice, ah, my voice . . . still slightly husky. (continued on page 196)



**NOW! SEE THE BILL OF RIGHTS RIPPED TO SHREDS!
WATCH THE VIGILANTES STAMP OUT SIN!**

THE BILL'S
HONORABLE
MEMBERS
STAMP OUT
SIN!

THE BILL'S
HONORABLE
MEMBERS
STAMP OUT
SIN!

the porn-movie people
were on trial, but it
was the first amendment
that was convicted

THE SETTING for this ethereal circus, this ecclesiastical, Cromwellian P. T. Barnum extravaganza, is the courtroom of the United States District Court for the Western District of Tennessee, Western Division, in Memphis, and here, as the sleight-of-hand artists like to say, nothing is quite what it seems. The courtroom is spacious, as it must be to contain its subdued but zany crew; but though admission is free, the stands are nearly bare. Jugglers and midgets work here, fat ladies and clowns, acrobats, bareback riders of noble proportions, sliders of poles and wires, sweepers of tanbark and dung, and a dashing ringmaster calls the acts, but all are disguised behind straight faces and business suits of

“DEEP THROAT” GOES DOWN IN MEMPHIS

the most ordinary cut. Because it needs no spotlights to heighten the drama, the courtroom is lit like a mental ward by cold fluorescents recessed above white-plastic panels. The wall behind the judge's bench is faced with gray marble, a feeble attenuation of symbolism alluding to the mighty *lex Romani* of ancient days. The bench, its lines classically severe, is walnut, built

article By RICHARD RHODES

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK



in two tiers, the judge dominating in his black robe above, the court reporter and the clerk ministering below; the clerk runs his Middle English oyses in a Tennessee dialect, compelling the performers to stand and bow their heads. The witness chair is placed to the judge's right, under his magisterial wing, and no man may approach it except by his leave. Beyond the witness chair extends the crowded jury box, where one of the female jurors wears a bandage over her ear. The prosecutor and his assistant ply stacks of incriminating documents—telephone bills, canceled checks, a detritus of notes torn from personalized memo pads—at a table cozily near the jury, facing the bench. At a row of tables on the other side of the room, balefully confronting the jury, sit the angry defendants, those who haven't skipped the country, those at least who have physical existence (for corporations and the shells of corporations are also on trial here), and the presumption of guilt hangs heavy as cannon smoke in the air.

The First Amendment, libertarians say, is on trial in Memphis, in this severe, unlikely circus tent, but legally it is not: The First Amendment has been excused from attendance by prior decision of the United States Supreme Court. Not the First Amendment but one of its most impoverished representatives is on trial: *Deep Throat*, a reel of transparent acetate on which are reproduced images of the sexual organs of a species of mammal called *Homo sapiens* in the process of joining and unjoining to no apparent serious literary, artistic, political or scientific purpose. *School Girl* stood trial before *Deep Throat* (and was declared obscene), as did numerous other reels of acetate described variously as "hard-core," "pornographic," "sexually explicit" or "wet," and so will *The Devil in Miss Jones*, if the longevity of judges, prosecutors and defendants allows—for these are dogged, complicated proceedings.

Deep Throat is on trial and, with it, Harry Reems—the young actor who played the crazy doctor who diagnosed the lady's ailment—and a hefty crowd of businessmen who purveyed the film to an eager America, earning an estimated \$25,000,000 or more for their pains; but Linda Lovelace, she of the wink and the girlish grin and the golden throat, is nowhere to be seen, nor has she been charged with the crime. The charge against the defendants, individual or corporate or fugitive, is conspiracy to distribute an obscene film interstate in violation of certain sections of the United States Criminal Code, a felony punishable by heavy fines and/or up to five years in Federal prison. Only one juror has ever seen a sexually explicit film.

The Federal conspiracy laws are shotgun laws. They are designed to catch

criminals whose crimes reach beyond local jurisdictions—drug distributors, for example, or interstate-auto-theft gangs. They are also complicated laws. To help the jury understand the trial, the prosecutor eagerly steps forward to explain.

He is only 33 years old, but he is 6' 1", broad as a yeoman, dressed in a dark suit of conservative cut, with his dark-brown hair cropped close above his ears, and his face is puffy and pale, despite the Memphis sun, because he has spent endless hours in windowless Federal courtrooms pursuing conspiracies, pursuing military-purchasing-kickback schemes, insurance frauds, illegal bombings, Mexican drug pipelines, multistate prostitution rings. Behind his back, some of the defendants call him Potato Face. He knows and cherishes their hostility and in the hall outside the courtroom, when they hiss him as he passes, he threatens with boyish humor to drop a "stink bomb" among them.

His name is Larry Parrish. He is an Assistant U. S. Attorney for the Western District of Tennessee. He was born in Nashville. He majored in political science at the University of Tennessee, where he also took his degree in law. He worked in Washington as a trial attorney for the Federal Trade Commission, specializing in consumer fraud. He was hired to his Memphis office in 1969, in the heyday of the Nixon years. He is married, the father of three, an elder in Memphis' First Evangelical Church. He has been officially commended for his prosecutorial skill by the Justice Department. His boss has described him as demonstrating "an almost instinctive ability to discern the true form and structure of perfidy."

He is pledged to enforce the law. He is also committed to the cause. A witness testifies that Parrish told him that he would "rather see dope on the streets than pornography." He means, he says, that "the commercialization of sex in violation of a statute stands to have a more detrimental effect on society at large than heroin. The heroin hurts the addict, but obscenity hurts us all. And there's absolutely no question that there is such a thing as obscenity. The Supreme Court has said that there is and Congress has said that there is." He paces metronomically back and forth before the jury and explains the law:

A conspiracy is simply a plan by people. It takes two to make a conspiracy, just like it does to tango. There can be two, a hundred and two or a thousand and two, but it can't be one. Two people or corporations or legal entities make a conspiracy, and those people or entities have to have a plan and they have to plan to do acts, to engage in conduct, and the conduct that they plan to engage in has to be against the law.

Now, I make this distinction,

because this is very important. . . . It is not necessary that they know that what they plan to do is a violation of the law. . . . [The law] says "unlawfully combined, conspired, confederated, agreed and planned to engage in conduct against the laws of the United States. . . ." Notice it does not say that they planned to violate the laws of the United States, [it says they] planned to engage in conduct, that conduct which would be a violation of the law. The indictment alleges that the conduct that they planned to engage in was to distribute *Deep Throat* in interstate commerce. It alleges that *Deep Throat* was obscene and, being obscene, it could not be distributed [legally] in interstate commerce in the manner alleged in the indictment. And what they planned to do was distribute it in interstate commerce for the purpose of profit.

Early on, defense counsel interrupts to object that explanations of the law should be left to the judge, and the judge, Federal District Judge Harry Wellford, a short, handsome, athletic, impatient man with wavy silver-gray hair who came to the Federal bench from private practice after a stint as Senator Howard Baker's Tennessee campaign manager, reminds the jury that he will instruct it in the law, and then the prosecutor continues:

Now, obviously, all of the persons who are represented in the courtroom here, and all of the other persons who you will hear from and hear about, did not join this plan all at the same time. Everybody didn't get in one big room and say that is our plan. A conspiracy is a plan conceived, it is put into operation and others can join in, and when others join in, over a period of time they become responsible as if they had been there when it first started. . . . For that to be prosecutable . . . [it will have to be shown] that they joined in and that they knew of the plan and that they participated as a coconspirator in the plan.

Parrish is not exceptionally articulate, but he is intelligent and exceptionally thorough, and the conspiracy charges he has brought in the *Deep Throat* case have far-reaching implications. If the jury finds *Deep Throat* obscene, and finds that a conspiracy existed, then anyone involved in the film's production and distribution could be charged. The jury is a Memphis jury—eight black women, one black man, one white woman, four white men counting alternates; several of the defendants, including Reems, have never been in Memphis before; according to

(continued on page 181)



"Just act natural."

october playmate hope olson still has hayseed
in her hair and on her it looks good

FARM FRESH



"Living on a farm is incredibly healthy. For one thing, no one cares what you wear. You don't have to dress up for anything. You don't even have to dress. You can just be your natural self."

THANK GOD she's a country girl. Hope Olson is at home in the wilderness. Her favorite movie is *Jeremiah Johnson*. She liked the scenery and the silence. At times, she entertains the idea that someday there will be a movie about a mountain woman and that she will be asked to play the lead. The part fits her as perfectly as a pair of jeans. When we talked to Miss October, she was in mourning for a favorite pair of cutoffs that she had acquired from a boyfriend a few years back. (She wouldn't go into the details of the trade except to say, if the jeans fit, wear them. Until you wear them out.) Those cutoffs had been everywhere: the mountains. The desert. Down the Colorado River. Places we can only dream about. "Finally, there was almost nothing left of them. You could see through the sides, through the rear. One day I put them in the wash and they just dissolved. I guess I'll have to start all over." We will now have a moment of silence for those





"I could never live in a city apartment. I would miss the fresh air. Sunlight is very erotic. It makes you feel sensuous, lazy, yet more alive. There's nothing quite like it."

jeans. The stories they could tell. Hope spent the first 15 years of her life in Wisconsin on her grandfather's farm. She learned to ride horses and later to maneuver a snowmobile around an oval track. Whatever Hope does, she does well. When she moved to California, she tried body surfing. "I discovered that the ocean was not exactly the lake I had been used to swimming in. It's much more powerful and dangerous. On my first day, I wiped out completely. I lost the bottom of my bathing suit. Got sand burns. the works." On weekends, or whenever she feels like it, Hope throws a tent, a sleeping bag and a few days' worth of food into the back of a van and takes off for parts unknown. Sometimes she and her boyfriend drop in on bluegrass music festivals. "I like the idea of people sitting around, eating, drinking, raising hell. They're always friendly. We just unroll our sleeping bag and make ourselves at home." On one of her drives across country, Hope's van began to overheat. So did Hope, so she asked a gas-station attendant where the nearest swimming hole was. A 20-mile drive down a back road brought her to a glade of cottonwood trees. "It was so nice I stayed for almost a day and a half. You really should have been there." Yup.





"I get off on textures. Making love in a hayloft is different from making love on a beach. When you're finished, your body is covered by a fine gold dust."



"After a long ride, it's best to walk a horse until his breathing slows down. Then you let him drink. Lovers do the same thing by talking to each other."



MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





"Growing up on a farm has fashioned my taste in men. I want a lover who is strong and ambitious. He should be able to take me two falls out of three in Indian leg wrestling."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A highly paid executive whose firm had suddenly folded was advised by his tax accountant to discharge some of his servants. Over cocktails that evening, he raised the matter with his wife. He concluded by saying, "You know, Martha, if you could only do simple cooking well, we could let the chef go."

"I have to agree," responded the woman coolly, "but on the other hand, Henry, if you could only do simple fucking well, we could let the chauffeur go."

The fellow's blind dare proved to be superbly built, pretty, intelligent and personable, and they hit it off well together. Later that evening, he got up the courage to say, "Brenda, dear, I've fallen for you so hard that I want to give you an old-fashioned first-date kiss!"

"At a time like this," muttered Brenda, "you're asking me to change positions?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *minivibrators* as toys for twats.

When I see a monk's ass, I just grab it,"
Said a lazily amorous abbot.

"Though it's vastly more fun
To make love to a nun,
It's so hard to get into the habit."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vasectomy* as tearing off a piece of vas.

We're inclined to attribute it to the passage of the years when a fellow keeps asking at a group-sex party: "What—my turn again?"



The rather stuffy male grade school teacher had asked his class to specify various kinds of fun. When bright young Tommy volunteered, "Screwing!" he was expelled from the classroom and told not to return until he had a note of explanation from his father.

When the boy came back to school the next morning, he was immediately asked for the written parental explanation of his conduct. "I don't have a note from my father," Tommy responded, "but I do have a message. My dad said to tell you that if you don't agree that screwing is fun, then you must be a cocksucker—and that in that case, he declines to enter into correspondence with you!"

Here's a line that was recently heard being addressed by a single male diner to an unusually well-put-together young waitress: "Say, there, I'd like to know when you get off . . . and how."



There's so much brazen, primitive fanny pinching these days," sighed the female tourist just back from Rome, "that I'd classify the city as an ass-felt jungle."

In the farm belt, a hooker named Blum,
Who's the favorite floozy of some.

Takes her teeth out in bed
To administer head,
Since her rural tricks love it, by gum!

And then there was the high school drum major who dated two of his majorettes and so enjoyed the breasts of both whirlers.

Returning home unexpectedly one afternoon, the somewhat innocent husband found a stranger on top of his wife in bed, with his head cradled between her breasts. When he demanded to know what they were doing, the interloper said that he was listening to the music in the woman's chest. The husband bent over and listened. "I can't hear any music," he said suspiciously.

"Of course not," said the stranger, "you're not plugged in."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay cowboy* as a buggeroo.

The unworldly-wise aspiring young actress was genuinely offended by the director's pass. "I'll have you know, sir," she said firmly, "that although I'm twenty-one years old, my hymen is still intact."

"I am impressed," replied the director. "But tell me, my dear, doesn't it get in the way when you fuck?"

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.



"Looks like we've got another endangered species on our hands."





Get on board the fashion express. Opposite page: a suede jacket, about \$400, worn with an alpaca/ acrylic pullover, about \$50, plaid shirt, about \$35, and knit gloves, about \$12.50, all by Peter Borton's Closet; plus corduroy jeans, by New Man, about \$60; work boots, from Hawkeye for Acme, about \$32; plaid scarf, by Laura Paprika, \$16; and velour hat, by Mokins, \$30. (Her outfit is by Bill Kaiserman for Rafoel, Charles Jourdan and Jean Cosanave for George Graham.) Left, above: a wool three-piece suit, about \$385, cotton shirt, about \$35, and paisley tie, about \$15, all by Alexander Julion. (Her outfit is by Bill Kaiserman for Rafoel, Pulitz-Her and Bery Schwartz for Eric Ross.) Left, below (left to right): a suede coat, by Eric of Sweden, \$400; three-piece suit, by Italy Presents, about \$375; silk shirt, by Pancaldi & B. for Mark Schwartz, \$110; silk tie, by Yves St. Laurent for Berkley, about \$15; a beaver-collared coat, by Aquoscutum, about \$720; plaid suit, by Country Britches, about \$230; sleeveless cordigan, by Jaeger, \$55; striped shirt, by Von Heusen, \$16.50; Shetland tie, by Posh for Berkley, \$7.50; and velour hat, by Makins, \$30. (Her outfit is by Ralph Lauren and Charles Jourdan.)

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

attire
BY DAVID PLATT

you're just in time to catch what's coming
down the track in the months ahead

AS THE steam train suggests substance, so does the forthcoming crop of fall and winter fashions; natural fabrics (flannels, tweeds and leathers) and double-breasted three-piecers—often with contrasting vests—all worn layered. To keep out the cold, double-breasted overcoats and the ever-popular chesterfield will be offered, along with sporty models in a variety of materials from polished leather to classic loden. Tweed slacks and jeans in chill-cutting fabrics will aid in keeping you well clothed and warm. And if you've always wanted to sport a chapeau, well, you're in luck; hats have arrived. All aboard!



Right: These two were no longer stronger on a train once she got a look at his wool chesterfield, by B. Teller of Vienno, about \$195; double-breasted three-piecer, by Tiger of Sweden, \$275; plus striped shirt, about \$35, and silk tie, about \$18, both by L'Italiano Fashions for D'eva Ltd.

Our guy looks out for old number one wearing a Shetland wool jacket, \$230, tweed slacks, \$80, cable-knit pullover, \$55, checked cotton shirt, \$37.50, and silk tie, \$20, all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. (The lady's getaway clothes are by Bill Koiserman for Rafael and Charles Jourdan. Her leather bag is by Berny Schwartz for Eric Ross.)





Below left: A leather pullover, \$275, cashmere sweater, \$120, and cotton twill shirt with matching scarf, \$40 the pair, all by The Italian Groups of Fashion. Below right: A loden-cloth pullaver with raglan sleeves,

by Christian Dior Sportswear, \$120; plaid wool pullover shirt, \$135, cashmere turtleneck, \$120, and double-pleated wool slacks, \$80, all by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. (Her outfit is from Bill Kaiserman for Rafael and Makins.)



Right: Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer, except a tweed coat, by Aquascutum, about \$300; wool jacket, about \$125, and striped slacks, about \$60, both by Carlo Palazzi; striped shirt, by Tre Re for George Graham, about \$45; and pongee tie, by Bernard Chaix for George Graham, about \$22.50. (Her coat is by Richard Assatly for Gino-Snow.)

D I N E R



WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING ON CAMPUS

bringing you up to date on the wonderful world of higher education: our ever-popular chart of where the fun is (and isn't) and an in-depth student poll that will knock you right off your preconceived notions

FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS, we've been hearing disturbing rumors that all's quiet on the college front. According to most sources, the sexual revolution had ground to a halt; the battle between the sexes had declined into a cold war in which virginity and lesbianism were the weapons of choice. All traces of the counter-culture had disappeared; students no longer dropped acid to see God—they drowned themselves in Coors and saw Gerald Ford. Social activism was dead; crime had made the streets unsafe for demonstrators. We decided to look for ourself. And discovered that we should have known better.

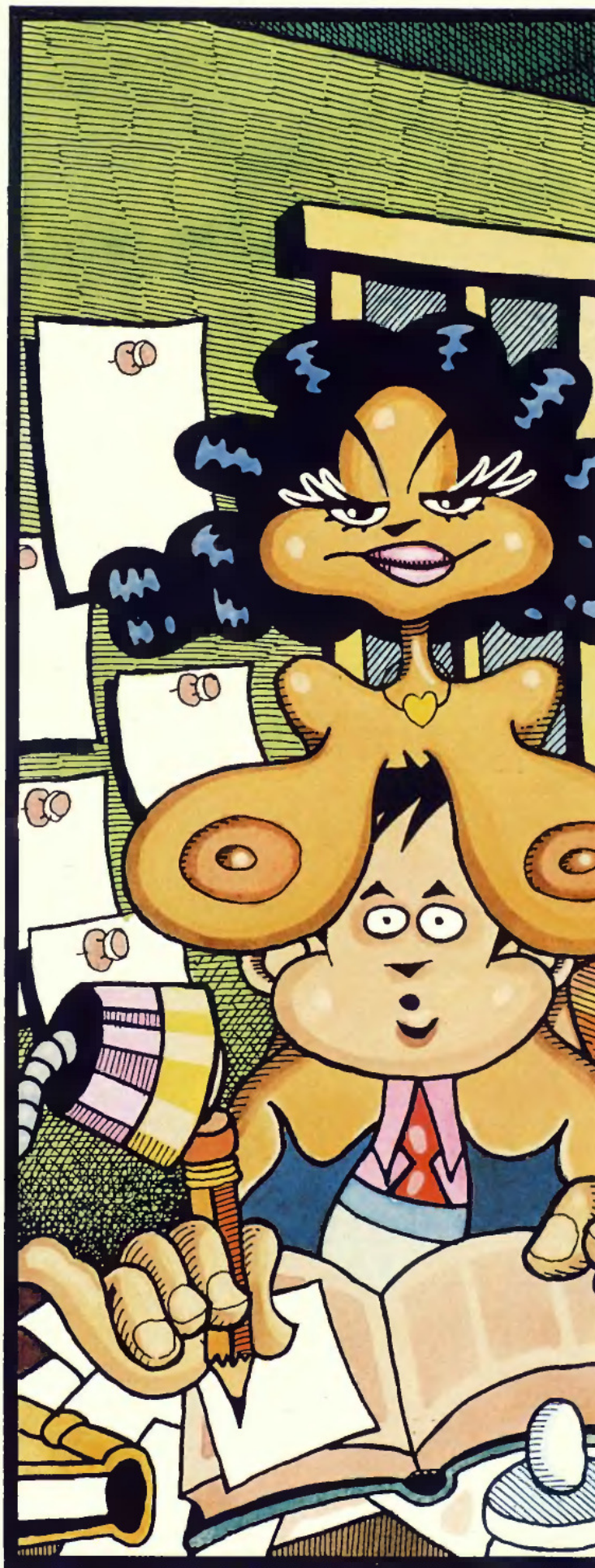
Here is the harsh truth we found: It is actually possible to go through four years of higher education without getting laid, though why you'd want to is beyond us. Fortunately, the odds are against it. What makes it so hard to go through school unscathed is the coeds. In 1970, about 49 percent of female students graduated with more than their brains intact. The figure has fallen to 26 percent in 1976. At the same time, the percentage of male virgins has gone up from 18 percent in 1970 to 26 percent in 1976. This magical equality of percentages means that students have arrived at that promised land—a sexual utopia where the women are just as active sexually as the men.

Our findings reveal that the three out of four coeds who get it on, get it on with a vengeance. Their activities equal those of men in every form of sex—except masturbation (college women apparently would rather make love than masturbate). In past years, men earned their stripes with a few overworked, cooperative ladies, or as one survivor put it, "Never were so few so fucked by so many." Now they are making it with their companions-in-arms, either in fairly monogamous relationships (55 percent of the women and 47 percent of the men had a lifetime total of three or fewer partners) or through a fairly active, casual sex life (29 percent of the women and 38 percent of the men had six or more partners). Only 14 percent of the women still think you should save it for marriage. A few women want to save it for other women. (Fourteen percent of the women have thought about having a homosexual relationship. A full four percent have actually tried lesbianism.) In short, your chances are better than ever. Pass that graduate school catalog, Jack.

If you're wondering why parents are footing the bill so that their kids can play—don't worry about it. Our statistics reveal that initial experiences with sex may cause a drop in grades, but the longer you have been having sex, the more likely you are to be an A student. A full 67 percent of the people who made A's have been making love for more than two years. Smart little fuckers.





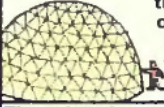







































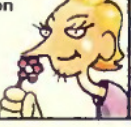



Politically, too, the kids had some surprises for us. This is an election year and nearly every candidate in the country is running an anti-Government campaign. The Federal bureaucracy, they say, is too big. In sharp contrast to the politicians, students want *more* Government intervention in almost every area of life:














































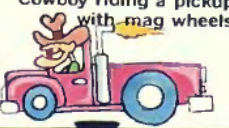






128 90 percent think Uncle Sam (text continued on page 160)





CAMPUS ACTION CHART '76

SCHOOL	OFFICIAL ATTITUDE	UNDERGRADUATE POPULATION MALE/FEMALE	CAMPUS AMBIENCE	CAMPUS MALE	CAMPUS FEMALE	EXTRACURRICULUM
1. U of California at Los Angeles	A	10,300/9300	Accessories by Gucci are as important as a good tan 	Eying the future with a slightly bloodshot gaze 	Best-looking on the West Coast; really 	Ten moviehouses in Westwood Village, beach, mountains, Mexican music, road and hype 
2. Reed College, Portland, Oregon	A	600/400	A 50-foot geodesic dome appeared one night in the middle of campus 	Brilliant, eccentric, skinny 	Even more brilliant, decadent, overweight 	Bisexual faction guarantees a partner in every bed 
3. U of Wisconsin, Madison	A	17,800/12,500	The political concerns of the Sixties confront a Greek revival 	Drink, study, drink, study; it wears you down 	Do I have the nerve to ask him? 	State Street Mall in spring is almost X-rated 
4. Chico State College, California	B	5900/5600	Affluent California liberalism 	Long-haired business major 	Feminist with great charlies 	Open season during Pioneer Days 
5. U of Minnesota, Minneapolis	A	17,500/13,600	Scandinavian modern 	Young Hubert Humphrey with hot-combed hair 	Aloof blonde in a jean skirt 	Divide time between downtown Minneapolis and canoeing in Boundary Waters 
6. Ohio State U, Columbus	A	20,000/15,900	You can't be best without that pin on your chest 	Eager predator in straight-leg jeans 	Elusive prey in Earth Shoes 	Free fights in all the hillbilly bars 
7. Duke U, Durham, North Carolina	A	3000/2300	Blacks in groups of more than two are considered extremists 	Premed hedonist 	Rich and bitchy 	Why don't we do it in Duke Gardens? 
8. North Texas State U, Denton	B	4800/4100	Bikes equipped with C.B. radios 	Freak in cowboy boots 	Divorced Miss America 	There are mobile massage parlors on the road to Dallas 
9. Cornell U, Ithaca, New York	A	6900/4400	Andy Hardy campus is a weekend tourist attraction 	Premed, prelaw, prelife, premale, reads a lot 	Headed for Harvard Law 	Professors sleeping with students are hot gossip item 
10. U of Alabama, Tuscaloosa	B	7000/5500	Afro-American Association and Knights of the K.K.K. manage to coexist 	Rhett Butler with a joint 	Scarlett O'Hara with a pop-top 	Michelob and marijuana 
11. U of Nebraska, Lincoln	B	9100/6700	Football is it 	Greek with an Aspen tan 	Snow queen with flaky disposition 	When games are over, students tryst at the stadium 
12. State U of New York at Albany	A	5300/5100	Greek love gets more attention than Greek letters 	Gothamite among the yokels 	Jewish-American princess 	Thrills and chills watching your state legislature in action 

SCHOOL	OFFICIAL ATTITUDE	UNDERGRADUATE POPULATION MALE/FEMALE	CAMPUS AMBIENCE	CAMPUS MALE	CAMPUS FEMALE	EXTRACURRICULUM
13. Middle Tennessee State U, Murfreesboro	B	4300/3800	Campus NORML sponsored home-coming float topped by a 12-foot J 	New South: Charlie Daniels, dope and upward mobility 	Southern belle starting to swing a little 	Opryland . . . Music City, U.S.A. . . . talkin' about Nashville 
14. Northwestern U, Evanston, Illinois	A	3400/2600	Students get very political—about tuition hikes 	Young Republican obsessed with grades, grad school, getting on 	Young Republican but good-looking 	Chicago lurks on the doorstep 
15. Arizona State U, Tempe	B	18,700/14,700	Administration considering a ban on bikes 	Marlboro Man 	Prospecting for prospects 	Possession of grass still a felony in Arizona 
16. U of Connecticut, Storrs	B	6400/5800	Campus rapes on the increase 	Beery and horny 	Fun, fun, fun but likes to be begged first 	Hartford is not worth the trip, so you love the one who's in your room 
17. Rider College, Trenton, New Jersey	B	2000/1400	A small college in the shadow of Princeton 	Tom Hartman 	Moving up to middle class 	New York and Philly are equally far away 
18. Oberlin College, Ohio	A	1300/1300	Drinking 3.2 at Zeke house parties provides only relief from studies 	Studios jock 	Frustrated, with hairy, muscular legs 	Lake Erie catches fire occasionally 
19. Old Dominion U, Norfolk, Virginia	C	4000/3300	Recent food drive netted 225 cans from two fraternities, 23 from the rest of the campus 	Veteran, looking for free education 	Virgin, looking for free meal ticket 	Choose between Virginia Beach and the Great Dismal Swamp 
20. U of Georgia, Athens	C	8800/7300	Big controversy over band's refusal to play Dixie 	Serious and cynical 	Wears topside and painter's pants and wishes the men were less serious and cynical 	No place to go since Effie's closed 
21. Bowling Green State U, Ohio	C	6600/8300	Great debate over arming kampus kops with hollow-point bullets 	Buys his condoms from a men's-room machine 	Acts willing but doesn't take the pill 	Favorite weekend pastime is leaving; Toledo is 23 miles away 
22. U of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana	C	5500/1300	May the Lord bless and keep the athletic department 	Have jock, will trade for three-piece suit 	Can snap towels with the best of them 	Liquor laws for 18-year-olds in Michigan, only ten minutes away 
23. Bucknell U, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania	C	1800/1200	The heaviest action is in the library 	Lacking other outlets, he cherishes his calculator 	For four dates and a dinner, you get a kiss 	Watch the convicts getting out of Lewisburg Pen and wonder why you aren't 
24. New Mexico State U, Las Cruces	D	4600/2900	Administration has reluctantly decided to let married students live together 	Cowboy riding a pickup with mag wheels 	Career-minded, studios feminist who wants to get married 	Take off to Juárez, where the good grass grows 
25. Clemson U, South Carolina	D	5100/2600	Formerly a military college, still pretty militaristic 	The redneck of Sigma Chi 	Fresh off the farm 	You can't have a pizza delivered oncampus after mid-night 

HIGH-FI!

want the word on some
out-of-this-world
sonic wonders? plug in here

modern living
By NORMAN EISENBERG

It hasn't exactly become a fashion industry, but the high-fidelity-components field seems more than ever concerned about the cosmetics of its wares. Do not, however, read this to mean that if you buy a super-styled amplifier, you will be getting ripped off on performance. On the contrary; for the most part, there is a new happy constellation of good sound and good looks. The former virtue is based not on any space-age breakthroughs in the labs but, rather, on a rediscovery and *(concluded overleaf)*



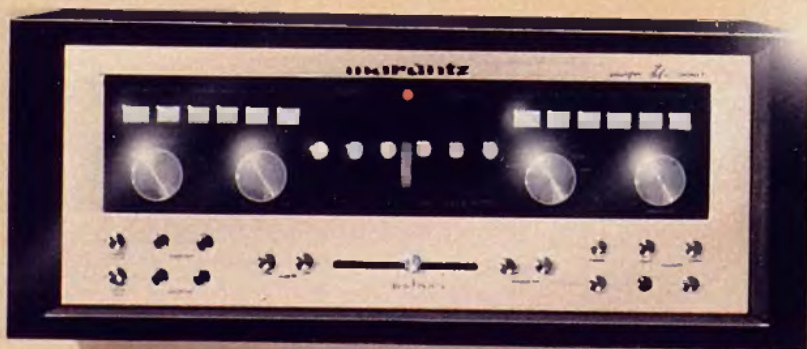
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What you see here (not drawn to scale, of course) is what you can get in the latest hi-fi gear. Playing it by the numbers: 1. Phase/2 stereophonic earphones, by Koss, feature Panoramic Source Controls on each earcup that enable the listener to emphasize various sections of the orchestra, \$75. 2. The Geostatic 360-degree omnidirectional speaker measures 52 1/2" x 20" x 3 3/4"; its heart is a polymer diaphragm that radiates distortion-free stereo sound, by Bertagni Electro-acoustic Systems, \$549. 3. Model 300 stereo receiver is a compact unit (15 7/8" x 9" x 3 1/2") that houses a Holman

phono preamp circuit, FM multiplex tuner and power amp, by Advent, \$260. 4. Model D-150 amplifier offers state-of-the-art excellence; includes three built-in low-noise fans, plus much more, by Audio Research, \$2685. 5. Marantz' Model 3800 stereo preamplifier control console includes a Dolby/Varioble Dynamic Noise Filter, about \$600. 6. Sansui's Model 9090 receiver puts out a whopping 110 watts per channel, \$750. 7. The Contrara P speaker, by Jennings Research, measures 33" x 10" x 10", includes dual eight-inch bass reproducers and a one-inch domed high-frequency-response reproducer, \$225.



application of solid basics. The latter appeal is not a return to the chintzy blandness of equipment styling that brought on a so-what-else-is-new attitude several years ago but, instead, an advance to a new boldness of product concept in which units seem to be saying: Look at us; we're big and sinewy and good-looking and sensitive; we can make better sound than anything before and we're fun to play with.

This theme is echoed in visual tones of either subdued chrome or matte black. The black-is-beautiful idea is carried out in such high-end audio hardware as the new Model 2200 power amp from SAE. Rated for 100 watts per channel, which in the context of the kind of products this company makes is just medium-high power, the 2200 comes in matte black. It also sports front-panel handles, the kind a pro uses in a studio to pull a unit out of its rack mount or to replace it. The handles can be removed if the unit is installed in a home-type cabinet, but how many owners of this class of equipment, or of something like the larger Audio Research D-150 amplifier, are going to remove a symbol of "professionalism" from their equipment?

Complementing the spate of power amplifiers are many new preamp-control units, often boasting more elaborate and versatile adjustments than in the past (*viz.*, the Marantz 3800, which contains a variable built-in Dolby processing option). For the stereo buff who wants less separatism than that provided by individual units for preamp and power amp, there are new integrated amplifiers, many of which yield relatively little to the all-out separates in terms of ultimate power capability or even versatility, since, with the rear-panel circuit-interrupt feature, it is possible to use such amplifiers as if they were separate units, with the signals leaving the preamp section and routed to wherever you like. Of course, with either setup—preamp *cum* power amp or integrated amplifier—you get no FM unless you buy a separate tuner. Many of the companies making amplifiers also make tuners; those that offer both invariably follow uniform styling, but there is no reason you cannot mix these components in terms of different brands for tuner and amp (or even for tuner, preamp and power amp) and emerge with a supersystem that is perfectly matched electronically, if somewhat patchworked visually. There is, in fact, a doughty breed of hi-fi buff that prides itself on owning no two components made by the same manufacturer.

At the other extreme, of course, are the receivers, or all-in-ones, that combine tuner with preamp and power amp. Once looked down on by the all-out sound nut as a product strictly for the timid, the receiver, over the years, has

gained in popularity and prestige, with increasing evidence of the desiderata sought by the sound enthusiast who does not go for the all-separate approach, such as high power, ample control functions and options and improved FM reception. The price spread here is enormous, ranging from something like the \$260 Advent 300, which has a nice balance of features and capabilities for a modest or compact stereo system, to something like the Tandberg TR-2075, whose price is now about \$1100. The "super-receiver" area, in particular, has become a new battleground among manufacturers trying to outdo one another within the single-chassis format. Among the new biggies here, for instance, you will find the \$750 JVC JR-S600, offering 110 watts per channel and a built-in five-slider "graphic equalizer." The same price tag and the same power output rating apply to Sansui's 9090, which includes conveniently worked-out switching for a versatile tape-dubbing and monitoring option. Also at \$750 is Kenwood's KR-9400, which manages to squeeze out 120 watts per channel, while another \$50 gets the Marantz 2325, with 125 watts per channel and a built-in Dolby system. In this top receiver group, Pioneer, which had the field to itself with its SX-1250, priced under \$900 and offering—for a receiver—a prodigious amount of power, 160 watts per channel, has been joined by Technics by Panasonic with its SA-5760, costing \$800 and claiming 165 watts RMS per channel. Well, that's showbiz, or horse racing, or something.

Among turntables, the trend to the single-play or manual type continues unabated, with the emphasis on the direct-drive mechanism by which the platter spins on an extension right from the motor instead of via intervening belts or idlers. A unique offering here is the Accutrac 4000 from ADC, a BSR of England company, which adds to this basic type of machine a "memory bank" you can program by push buttons to get the arm to play any sequence of individual cuts on one side of a record.

In tape, the basic pattern of choice among open-reel, cassette and cartridge has not changed, but more people—in and out of the industry—seem to have caught on to what's actually happening. And that is, simply, that the high-end cassette deck—with such advanced niceties as built-in Dolby, switching to optimize the unit for handling various kinds of tape, peak-reading meters, quick-acting controls, smooth tape movement, and even, in a few models, a "third head," for direct off-the-tape monitoring—has just about taken over the consumer tape market. The anticipated supercartridge from the 3M Company has not yet materialized. Open-reel tape remains, of course, the

preferred medium for the advanced recordist or "semipro" who hankers after such studio options as the large-sized tape reel running at 15 ips, synchronized multitrack recording, the facility to "punch in" new material onto a recorded tape, really precise adjustments for both bias and equalization, and so on. The open-reel format also is the only one you would choose for serious four-channel use, although the extra channels today probably would be used for add-on material instead of quadraphonic sound.

As you might expect, speaker-system design is following the general big, bold look set by electronic components. So-called bookshelf speakers probably will be with us indefinitely, but most of the new models this year want to stand on their own pedestals or feet or, as in the case of one model (the Sonab OA-2212), on small wheels, an eminently useful solution to the problem of moving a pair of monsters about to find the best locations for stereo in your room. The old dominance of walnut finish is being challenged by a return to lighter woods, such as the oak used for the Contrara P from Jennings Research, a floor-standing model nearly three feet tall. An effort to match amplifier power to speaker response with regard to room acoustics is seen in a new twist in the B.I.C. Venturi line: A power monitor and overload indicator with adjustments to regulate the signal input to the speaker is included under a lift-up flap along the top front of the speaker cabinet. There's also evidence of a renewed interest in full-range electrostatics. In addition to the oldest line on the scene (Acoustical Manufacturing's Quad), new models have been announced by Dayton-Wright and by Koss, the headphone manufacturer.

In most of the new speaker systems, regardless of size or operating principle, there is an emphasis on smoothness of response that many insiders take to mean a reaction to the so-called rock sound or West Coast sound (translation: beefed-up midbass and overly forward upper mid-range). It's not that rock is being slighted; rather, it's an admission that rock listening ought to be rid of the kind of distortions that can fool you into thinking you are hearing more than is actually on the record. For years, conscientious sound buffs have been saying that the best speaker is one that favors no one kind of music but, rather, permits whatever is in the signal to be reproduced honestly and fully. The same virtues that make a speaker OK for classical music make it equally OK for rock. The fact that this simple formula is being applied to more speaker systems than ever before is a tribute to the listeners' growing maturity of taste. Congratulations.



Cavorting in the new disco of the New York Club (right) are Bunnies Eileen Finley, Amber Mulz and Lucia Bongiorno. They typify the New York Bunny: turned on and full of zip. Chicago's Leslie Heiss (below), a Windy City native who spent some time in California, is a former professional puppeteer who collects old records and hopes to own her own boutique or pet store someday. She likes artistic men, but not if they make her drive the car. OK, Leslie—just leave the driving to us.



BUNNIES OF '76

GORGEOUS COTTONTAILS, IN EYE-GRABBING PROFUSION, INVITE YOU TO ENJOY THE PLEASURE OF THEIR COMPANY

NEW YORK CITY may still be waiting for its second wind—but the New York Playboy Club, after being closed for renovation, encored last spring in a burst of regenerative splendor as David Steinberg, Lainie Kazan and Bill Cosby all entertained during a much-publicized week of festivities. The refurbished Club on East 59th Street boasts seven floors of technologically sophisticated goodies, including a mushroom-shaped stainless-steel disco dance floor equipped with a \$100,000 electronic entertainment complex and 102 well-trained new Bunnies who are equipped with no electronic parts, despite the bionic efficiency they display. The reopening festivities also included a reunion for former Bunnies and Bunnies '76, a spectacular song-and-dance revue—staged by Ray Golden and featuring ten girls from (text concluded on page 194)





It's hard to believe England is in bad shape when you check out Debbie Lillington (above), who works at the Portsmouth Playboy Club—and maintains her own shape by playing badminton. At right, the 1976 Bunny of the Year, Barbara Patterson—a former psychology student who obviously learned her stuff, as she's one of the most popular Bunnies at the Phoenix Playboy Club. Barbara's currently on a promotional tour (no time to work on her macramé).
Below: Margo Miller, of our Baltimore hutch, likes to get lots of exercise and to keep things well organized, taa. She looks well organized to us.





Linda Haycox (right) doesn't care for cold weather—a bit of a hang-up, since she works at the Playboy Club in Detroit, where it can get cold. Linda makes it up to herself by going to the theater and to French restaurants, where it's warm.

Denver Bunny Kay Mansfield (below right) hopes she never goes broke (a groundless fear).

However, since she's taking up sky diving, she's obviously not afraid of a broken bone or two. San Francisco's Sandy Nicholson (below far right) appreciates quieter things—stained-glass windows, eucalyptus trees, sunsets and what not. People who tell her to smile are definitely out, though; remember that the next time you're going to San Francisco.





Phoenix is sun country, and that's just fine with Sharon Reid (left). But she doesn't like to sit around a lot, and the sun comes on pretty strong south of the border, too—so whenever Sharon gets the urge, she hies herself down to Nogales. St. Louis Bunny Patti McGuire (right) was a history major in college and hopes to teach in junior or senior high school. Even if you can't enroll in her class, you can see more of her—she's next month's Playmate.



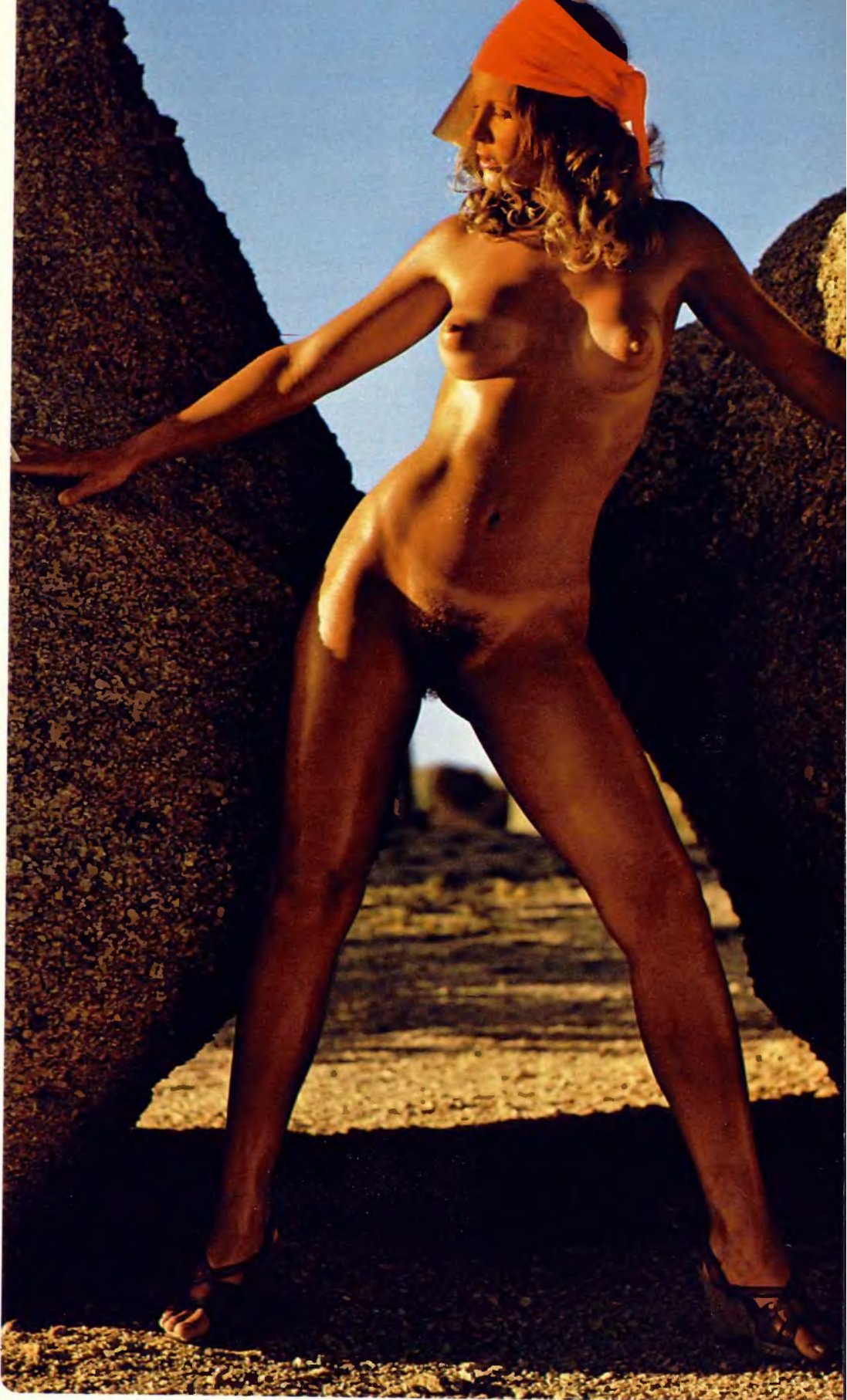
Bunny Grace Nagano (above), of our Denver Club, was born in Tokyo and has studied in Switzerland. Grace, who hates any kind of scheduling or regulation, gets away from it all by retreating to the mountains. San Francisco's Nini Minor (right), an artist and a writer, tries to exercise her mind as well as her body. Smart.





Wide-awake readers will no doubt recognize Debra Peterson of our Century City Club in L.A. (above) as our June 1976 Playmate. She enjoys Bunny-hopping better than she liked her old job, training horses, but she still finds time to ride her thoroughbred. Boston's Bunny Toni Consalvi (right) owns an antique shop. She also studies acting. Though Toni maintains that sensitivity is her middle name, she's not sensitive to the point of getting bugged by things; she thinks her adaptability is unlimited and that the same is true for all of us. Just roll with the natural flow, she says. We're rolling. . . .





Bunny Dona Johnson (left), of our Lake Geneva resort, would like to be a nurse (she also wants her men to be rugged, and it's the tough guys who always need bandaging). Bunny Jennifer Edl (above), who's based in Phoenix, creates erotic sculpture; she's currently doing a series of pieces with bondage as the theme. Jennifer, who has a degree in ceramics, candidly admits that she hopes to become a famous artist—and most people who've seen her work agree she has a chance to make it. In any case, she's the best-sculpted sculptress we've seen.



Bunny Jodi Rhatigan (far left), of the London Playboy Club, goes in for a variety of sports, including trampolining and squash. Christy Ann Brumfield (left), of Phoenix, digs "anything outdoors" (especially camping). Detroit's Katherine Madison (bottom left) says she's a night owl. Hoo, boy!



Meet one of the premier attractions of our London Club—Bunny Luella Maxwell, who revels in fast cars and lots of parties. In quieter moments, she practices yoga (this is not one of her yoga exercises). If anybody gets fresh with Luella, her pet piranha will take care of him.



Versace



“Cat got your tongue?”

THE VARGAS GIRL

MESSER D'AREZZO, an affluent citizen of Bergamo, wished only to see his daughter Lella married to a good husband, for this lovely, unruly girl was like a wild mare—she shied at the approach of any man who seemed hopeful of mounting her.

One day, Lella went to her father with a strange list of things to be bought in the market: half a quintal of Palermo sugar, ambrosian almonds, six flagons of scented water, musk and amber, twoscore pearls, rubies, two sapphires, spun gold, a modeling bowl and a scalpel. He puzzled over the extravagant request but, being a fond father, did as she asked.

Now, Lella, having heard an old story about a king of Cyprus who had made a statue come to life and, moreover, possessing a natural talent for modeling, took the materials to her room, mixed a compound and set to work to create a figure.

The result was striking—an image of a handsome young man with pearls for teeth, ruby lips and spun gold for hair. He was also blessed with a rather exaggerated virility.

Lella stripped off her clothes, threw herself onto the bed, closed her eyes and prayed to Eros. Something in the words must have been right, because soon she heard a sigh and, opening her eyes, saw the figure staring at her and its newly awakened spirit rising stiffly. With great joy, Lella embraced the figure. Now she was complete—and quite independent of all the rude, heavy-handed men she so despised.

Messer D'Arezzo was astonished to hear that his daughter wished to be married to the strange-looking youth who seemed to have appeared from nowhere, but he finally gave his consent. The wedding feast was lavish and the guests were many. Among them was a lascivious duchess who was aroused by the handsome looks of Pio—the name Lella had given him. She spoke to her retainers. When the jollity was near an end, somebody discovered that the bridegroom was missing and that the duchess' coach had disappeared.

The next day, Lella disguised herself as a poor wanderer and went to the hut of an old woman reputed to be a sorceress. When she had won the woman's sympathy, the sorceress taught her three magic sentences: *Ogni medaglia ha il suo reverso. Chi tace confessa. A che vuole, non mancano modi.*

This seemed a fairly useless gift, but Lella thanked the old woman politely and went off on the road to the duchess' palace, where one of the servants let her stay in a small room under the stairs.



Watching that night, she saw Pio pass by, dressed in fine robes.

So, making sure that the friendly servant was nearby to report, Lella uttered the first of her sentences. Immediately, a tiny silver cart adorned with gems appeared and ran around the room.

Learning of this wonder, the duchess went to the chamber and offered to buy this marvelous toy.

"You may have it if I can have one night in bed with your husband," Lella said.

The duchess thought she was mad. Ascanio da Sienna was a doddering, white-haired old man.

The next morning, however, Lella was glowing with fulfillment. "What a powerful lover!" she exclaimed to the duchess. "It proves my first sentence: Every medal has its reverse side."

That night, Lella spoke the second sentence and a golden cage appeared, within which sang a bird of gold and jewels. The weary Ascanio was led to bed again.

"A man of marvelous dimensions!" Lella exclaimed the next morning. The duchess, who had failed to notice that over the past 20 years, was left to ponder the second sentence: He who keeps silence confesses.

But when the duchess suggested a third exchange, Lella shook her head. "I promise to send you Pio tonight, a servant of mine who is much more talented than my husband," she offered.

Making a show of reluctance, Lella at last agreed. When Pio arrived after dinner, Lella immediately began to tell him the whole story of his creation. To jog his memory better, she threw off her clothes and took him in her arms. Pio's memory was restored several times over.

Much later, Lella produced her third sentence: Where there's a will, there's a way. A beautiful little leather box appeared with two metal spheres inside, one much heavier than the other. "And this we shall leave as recompense for the duchess," Lella said just before they made their escape through the garden. "After that impotent husband of hers, the poor woman deserves something."

"I don't understand," said Pio.

"You weren't created to understand, my dear. But she will."

Evidently, the duchess did. She had a fine rocking chair made for herself and nowadays she sits rocking happily in it, with hardly a regret.

—Retold by John G. Dickson



EXECUTIVE



MAKING BUSINESS A PLEASURE IN YOUR ROOM AT THE TOP

The parchment table above, designed by Karl Springer and available through decorators and designers, sells for \$5400. Behind it is an Ergon leather Executive chair, from Herman Miller, \$481. Below, from left: The Marketline portable terminal flashes prices and other data relative to more than 7000 stocks and options onto an electronic screen; rental, \$25 a month. The IBM 6:5 portable recorder (\$575) allows you to put down dictation material anywhere; it has two and a half hours of playing time. The Caramate II sound/slide projector lets you record your picture comments, and change them if you wish, by Singer Education Division, \$449.50. Finally, our library glass (from Kaleidoscope, \$70) features a four-power lens that enables you to zero in on rare stamps—or feeble pictures.

EXECUTIVE TIME, the theory goes, is too valuable to be spent sharpening pencils, placing phone calls or whatever. As *Webster's New International Dictionary* makes clear, an executive is charged, above all else, with the conduct of affairs. It makes sense, therefore, that he be able to dispose of the more mundane aspects of his job as quickly and as easily as possible—the better to deal with all those important affairs. It was to that end, obviously, that secretaries were invented. Not to mention the two marvelous desks shown here—the desk being one of civilization's key elements, ranking just below the bed, which it's been known to stand in for, and the wheel, which is what you have to be to work at one of these. (It's especially fun when

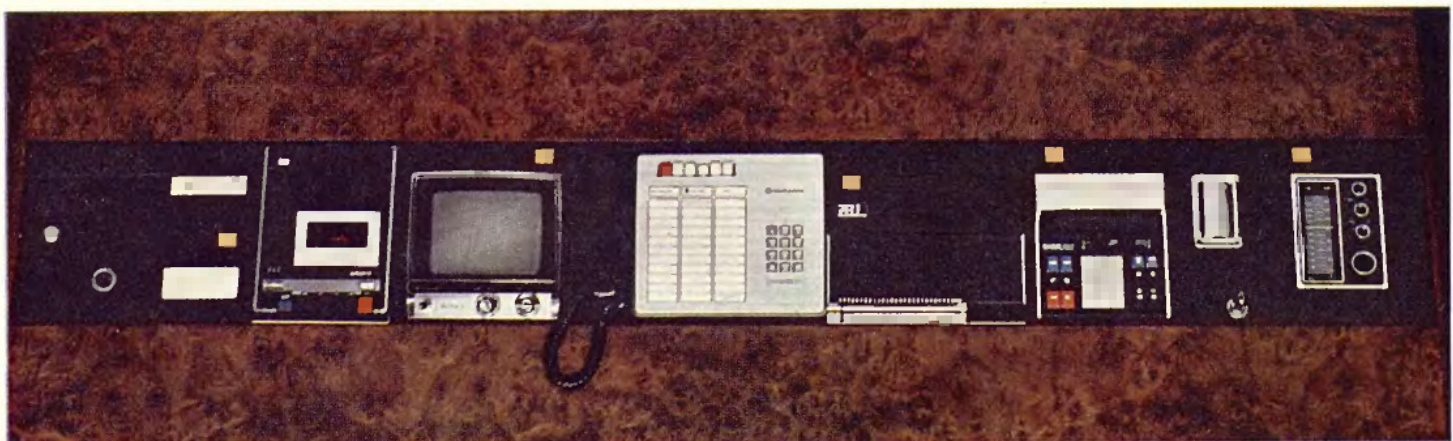


PRIVILEGE



you can clutter up the surface with some of the fine goodies pictured below.) Of course, it doesn't matter what sex you are: in fact, the changes in our society have created a number of office situations in which females are on top. Case in point is the picture above: This man Friday has the boss's routine down pat (and you'd better believe he knows what all those nifty little buttons atop her desk are for). It's not a bad job—once he accepts the idea that there'll be a little hanky-panky now and then. But what the hell, it goes with the territory. And as for the young lady, well, she could make more money elsewhere—but say goodbye to that marvelous burled-elm footrest? Never. Like Sewell Avery, they'd have to carry her bodily away.

The desk above is called The Electron. Designed by Paul Zell (for Paul Zell Designs, of course), it is handcrafted from American black walnut, with a Lucite base (wood optional) and a burled-elm top. The price is \$3620. Below: When you sit at this superdesk and look down, Pharaohlike, this is what you see. From left to right: an automatic paper shredder, electric locking device for all doors and windows to the office plus items on desk, a 110-volt outlet, an emergency light that doubles as a slide reviewer, a cassette tape recorder, a black-and-white Sony nine-inch TV (color optional), Touch-A-Motic telephone that automatically dials specific numbers and records last call, ten-digit calculator, digital clock, telephone index, cigarette lighter and ashtray and an AM/FM radio.



WHO SAYS WE DON'T HAVE A REAL CHOICE?

compiled by
TOM PASSAVANT

since the big guys get all the publicity, we thought we'd tell you about some other folks who are running for the presidency

IN AMERICA, any youngster can grow up to be President. Every four years, two grownups, a Republican and a Democrat, vie for the office. Sounds simple, right? Wrong! The Federal Election Commission knows better, and herewith are profiles of some of the more than 120 bona fide Presidential candidates this year.

ERNEST "UTOPIA IN '76" WHITFORD—Republican, San Pedro, California. "The state of the Union can be summed up in one word—constipation. What this country needs is a little bran in its diet." Whitford's platform is simple and straightforward. Constipation, he says, caused by white flour and synthetic preservatives, is ruining our nation. Therefore, he proposes to outlaw all preservatives and dyes used in junk foods. A strong believer in vitamin-C enemas as a means toward world peace, Whitford believes he is asking the impossible and claims he's the man who can do it. "A health spa in every home," urges the originator of the Utopian Moon Peace Program, a singular theory that Whitford claims has kept us out of war with Red China for the past ten years. "For 5000 years, the world has been torn up by constipated rich people," he says. "I want to wipe out constipation in the U. S."

CECELIA M. PIZZO—American People's Party, New Orleans, Louisiana. "I have this bag of voodoo on the magnolia tree out in my back yard," says the candidate, "and I use it on the crooked politicians." A metaphysician and bishop in the Life Science Church who claims to have no lights or gas in her house, Mrs. Pizzo came to our attention when she filed suit in Federal court seeking to nullify the Louisiana Purchase. "Jefferson and Napoleon," she claims, "had no power to carry out the purchase. The property belongs to Spain." This suit is similar to her attempt to nullify the charter of the

United Nations. In the former case, the judge dismissed the charges, pointing out that the statute of limitations had run out 167 years earlier. Stamping angrily out of the courtroom, the plaintiff promised to bring a class-action suit against the Purchase. As a Presidential campaigner, Mrs. Pizzo proposes to "reorganize the U. S. Government, abolish the Federal Reserve System and investigate President Ford to find out if he is a member of the Bilderbergers [supposedly a sinister international conspiracy of financiers], and why." Explains Mrs. Pizzo, "Nelson Rockefeller is a friend of a friend."

PAUL TRENT—The Non-Committee to Elect Paul President, Altus, Oklahoma. An ultraconservative who runs as a radical, Trent is the originator of the Revolting Plan to Break the National Treasury—subtitled How to Make a Zillion Dollars Without Paying Taxes. The plan calls for (1) becoming a minister, (2) forming a church and (3) making a zillion dollars. An "instant minister" himself, Trent claims to have no tax problems, because "I don't work and I don't earn money, and I don't accept contributions for my campaign." A self-described Super Okie Brother (S.O.B.) and male chauvinist, Trent is focusing his campaign this year (there have been numerous others over the years) on sex, because "I like broads. I want to turn women on to politics." Although he's had some problems with the FEC over his claim of not accepting funds (it also informed him that he could not be secretary and treasurer of his own campaign), he is undaunted. "Rather than eliminate tax loopholes," he says, "we should all learn to use them."

THE REVEREND JOHNNIE MAE HACKWORTHE—Independent, Brenham, Texas. "I'm running because the Lord told me to," says the lively 71-year-old Miss Hackworthe. A perennial candidate in Lone-

Star State politics, she was beaten out of a Congressional seat in 1946 by no less than Lyndon Johnson. As for her more recent races, she says that she "lets the Lord watch after the results." A specialist in prophecies, she wrote to President Eisenhower in 1955 and told him that the Lord would destroy him. Ike, not amused, had her arrested for threatening his life. In 1964, she wrote to old nemesis L.B.J. and was once again arrested. "The Lord has told me that I will be the 39th President," she says, "and I have filed my prophecies with the Election Commission."

EDDIE COLLINS—Nude Run Candidate, Sycamore, Illinois. "The people who wished to usher in the truly free society gathered in Sycamore on the Fourth of July to drop their collective pants in unison," says Collins, who offered to be interviewed in the nude at his place or ours. The self-styled son of God was most recently in the De Kalb County Jail, charged with streaking; then, while appearing before the judge on that charge, he dropped his pants again, drawing an additional 180 days for contempt. Noted for his nude poetry readings at Juicy John Pink's coffeehouse, Collins is currently at work on a book about nudity. "I believe that nudity will kill people's drive to love money and clothes. That will save our natural resources. I see nudity as an ecologically sound movement."

LAR "AMERICA FIRST" DALY—Republican, Chicago, Illinois. "Mind our own Western Hemisphere business only," says Chicago's only seven-time Presidential candidate. Daly (no relation to the mayor), who was one of Joe McCarthy's staunchest backers, runs on a five-point platform of domestic issues: (1) Lawmen should shoot dope peddlers on sight, (2) gambling should be legalized, (3) prostitution should be legalized, (4) rapists should be castrated and (5) child beaters should be horsewhipped. On the diplomatic front, Daly is no shrinking violet, either. "Red China must be destroyed now, after a fair warning to surrender, with an all-out use of atomic weapons," he says. "And the same goes for Cuba."

PAUL T. "THE PHANTOM" LANYHOW—Unknown. "I am a spear carrier from the ranks," says the candidate. Certainly, he's the unknown factor in the '76 election, because the name Lanyhow is an alias. "Factors like personality and charisma should not divert attention from the issue of national unity," he told the FEC. More than any other Presidential aspirant, Lanyhow, wherever he may be, knows the problems of being an unknown candidate.

LESTER HIGBY, SR.—Independent, Chico, California. "I have the answers to





ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCHMELZER

crime, drug abuse, mental illness and other social problems," says Higby. Running as a humanistic philosopher, he feels that we can't allow ourselves to believe in free will as a cause of crime. Instead, we must look to science to explain the cause-and-effect patterns of our behavior. Higby claims to have confided in Charley Manson, Squeaky Fromme and Sandra Goode but is disappointed at their response to his ideas. "They believe in free will," he says, "and that's where they are wrong." As an example of his way of thinking, Higby claims to have convinced a criminal in California to plead not guilty on the basis of being a victim of cause and effect. "I have no party platform, no one is listening to me," he states.

SAM "MR. CLEAN" SILVERSTEIN—Independent, New York, New York. Certainly the most elusive (possibly even illusive) candidate this year, Silverstein has for his campaign manager hoaxmaster Alan Abel. He nevertheless has a formidable platform for a candidate who "promises nothing and can deliver on that promise." Silverstein would take all Congressmen off salary and put them on straight commission. As for gun control: "Legalize gun ownership," he says, "but decrease the velocity of bullets 98 percent." He also proposes to issue ten-cent stamps with nude photos of famous Americans as a way to keep the Postal Service afloat. Silverstein,

like Lanyhow, is running under an assumed name, it is said, "to discourage crank callers." As further evidence of the earnestness of his campaign,

Mr. Clean proposes that all doctors be required to publish their medical school grades in the telephone book and that insurance companies be compelled to sell no-fault suicide insurance. As for taxation:

"Abolish the present income-tax law and, instead, charge families one dollar per pound of body weight for each member on April 15." Silverstein's campaign has gone so far as to issue lengthy policy statements on issues such as mugging. Since he feels it's inevitable that you'll be mugged if you live in New York, he offers such suggestions as "Smile at the mugger and try to not make any ethnic slurs while being mugged" and "Keep your eyes closed during the holdup so you can't identify the perpetrators later in a line-up, since 87 percent of all muggers plan to execute witnesses as soon as they are free." When they go for your wallet, says the Presidential aspirant, "stick a finger down your throat and throw up on your money." Snipers are best avoided, he advises, by running (zig-zag, if possible) to your destination. "I promise you nothing," he reminds us. "This way, you'll know I'm an honest person. If I'm elected, I promise to resign."



ROOTS

(continued from page 92)

Three days later, Kunta was still feeling stricken and depressed when he trudged back to the cabin for a mug of hot soup and, stamping snow from his shoes, then entering pulling off his gloves, he found Kizzy stretched out on her pallet in the front room, her face drawn and frightened. "She feelin' po'ly," was the explanation that Bell offered as she strained a cup of her herb tea and ordered Kizzy to sit up and drink it. Kunta sensed that something was being kept from him; then when he was a few more minutes there in the overwarm, tightly closed, mud-chinked cabin, his nostrils helped him guess that Kizzy was experiencing her first time of the bloodiness.

He had watched his Kizzy growing and maturing almost every day now for nearly 13 rains, and he had lately come to accept within himself that her ripening into womanhood would be only a matter of time; yet somehow he felt completely unprepared for this pungent evidence. After another day abed, though, the hardy Kizzy was back up and about in the cabin, then back at work in the big house—and it was as if overnight that Kunta actually noticed for the first time how his girl-child's previously narrow body had budded. With a kind of embarrassed awe, he saw that somehow she had gotten mango-sized breasts and that her buttocks had begun to swell and curve. She even seemed to be walking in a less girlish way. Now, whenever he went through the bedroom separator curtain into the front room, where Kizzy slept, he began to avert his eyes; and whenever Kizzy happened not to be clothed fully, he sensed that she felt the same.

In Africa now, he thought—Africa had sometimes seemed so distantly in the past—Bell would be instructing Kizzy in how to make her skin shine, using shea-tree butter, and how to fashionably, beautifully blacken her mouth, palms and soles, using the powdered crust from the bottoms of cooking pots. And Kizzy would at her present age already be starting to attract men who were seeking for themselves a finely raised, well-trained, virginal young wife. Kunta felt jolted even by the thought of some man's *foto* entering Kizzy's thighs; then he felt better after reassuring himself that this would happen only after a proper wedding. In his homeland at this time, as Kizzy's *fa*, he would be assuming his responsibility to appraise very closely the personal qualities as well as the family backgrounds of whatever men began to show marriageable interest in Kizzy—in order to select the most ideal of them for her; and he would also be deciding now what proper bride price would be asked for her hand.

But after a while, as he continued to shovel snow along with the fiddler, young Noah and Cato, Kunta found himself feeling increasingly ridiculous that he was even thinking about these African customs and traditions anymore: for not only would they never be observed here, nor respected—indeed, he would also be hooted at if he so much as mentioned them, even to other blacks. And, anyway, he couldn't think of any likely, well-qualified suitor for Kizzy who was of proper marriageable age—between 30 and 35 rains—but there he was, doing it again! He was going to have to force himself to start thinking along lines of the marrying customs here in the tobacco's country, where girls generally married—"jumpin' de broom," it was called—someone who was around their age.

Immediately, then, Kunta began thinking about Noah. He had always liked the boy. At 15, two years older than Kizzy, Noah seemed to be no less mature, serious and responsible than he was big and strong. The more Kunta thought about it, the only thing he could find lacking with Noah, in fact, was that he had never seemed to show the slightest personal interest in Kizzy—not to mention that Kizzy herself seemed to act as if Noah didn't exist. Kunta pondered: *Why* weren't they any more interested than that in each other, at the least in being friends? After all, Noah was very much as he himself had been as a young man, and therefore, he was highly worthy of Kizzy's attention, if not her admiration. He wondered: Wasn't there something he could do to influence them into each other's paths? But then Kunta sensed that probably would be the best way to ensure their never getting together. He decided, as usual, that it was wisest that he mind his own business—and, as he had heard Bell put it, with "de sap startin' to rise" within the young pair of them who were living right there in the same slave row, he privately would ask if Allah would consider helping nature take its course.

It was a week after Kizzy's 16th birthday, the early morning of the first Monday of October, when the slave-row field hands were gathering, as usual, to leave for their day's work, when someone asked curiously, "Where Noah at?" Kunta, who happened to be standing nearby, talking to Cato, knew immediately that he was gone. He saw heads glancing around, Kizzy's among them, straining to maintain a mask of casual surprise. Their eyes met—she had to look away.

"Thought he was out here early wid you," said Noah's mother, Ada, to Cato.

"Naw, I was aimin' to give 'im de

debbil fo' sleepin' late," said Cato.

Cato went banging his fist on the closed door of the cabin once occupied by the old gardener but which Noah had inherited recently on his 18th birthday. Jerking the door open, Cato charged inside, shouting angrily, "Noah!" He came out looking worried. "Ain't like 'im," he said quietly. Then he ordered them all to go quickly and search their cabins, the toilet, the storerooms, the fields.

When they returned to their cabin, Kizzy burst into tears the moment she got inside; Kunta felt helpless and tongue-tied. But without a word, Bell went over to the table, put her arms around her sobbing daughter and pulled her head against her stomach.

Tuesday morning came, still with no sign of Noah, and Massa Waller ordered Kunta to drive him to the county seat, where he went directly to the Spotsylvania jailhouse. After about half an hour, he came out with the sheriff, ordering Kunta brusquely to tie the sheriff's horse behind the buggy and then to drive them home. "We'll be dropping the sheriff off at the Creek Road," said the massa.

"So many niggers runnin' these days, can't hardly keep track—they'd ruther take their chances in the woods than get sold down South." The sheriff was talking from when the buggy started rolling.

"Since I've had a plantation," said Massa Waller, "I've never sold one of mine unless my rules were broken, and they know that well."

"But it's mighty rare niggers appreciate good masters, doctor, you know that," said the sheriff. "You say this boy around eighteen? Well, I'd guess if he's like most field hands his age, there's fair odds he's tryin' to make it North." Kunta stiffened. "If he was a house nigger, they're generally slicker, faster talkers, they like to try passin' themselves off as free niggers or tell the road patrollers they're on their master's errands and lost their traveling passes, tryin' to make it to Richmond or some other big city, where they can easier hide among so many niggers and maybe find jobs." The sheriff paused. "Besides his mammy on your place, this boy of yours got any other kin livin' anywheres he might be tryin' to get to?"

"None that I know of."

"Well, would you happen to know if he's got some gal somewheres, because these young bucks get their sap risin', they'll leave your mule in the field and take off."

"Not to my knowledge," said the massa. "But there's a gal on my place, my cook's young'un, she's still fairly young, fifteen or sixteen, if I guess correctly. I don't know if they've been haystacking or not."

(continued on page 170)

how to bet college football and not lose your ass before christmas



sports By Lawrence Linderman

JOE MIKOLAS had a problem. By 1972, his fondness for betting on football was beginning to cost him dearly and the time had come to put an end to that sort of thing. Which didn't mean that he would have to back off completely. Joe's troubles, you see, couldn't be laid at the feet of Sunday's pros, for he'd

always found the National Football League no harder to handicap than horse races featuring Secretariat. Instead, the villains of the piece were Saturday's heroes. No matter how much time he spent analyzing upcoming games, Mikolas and college-football bets went together about as well as Scotch and ginger ale. As a result,

THE MIKOLAS METHOD

SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

autumn Sundays invariably began with Joe seriously behind for the weekend; and although he would often manage to wipe out his losses of the day before, you know what the smart-money boys say about catch-up football.

Mikolas four years ago set out upon what seemed to be a fool's errand: the improbable search for a winning college-football betting system.

Now, don't laugh. During 1973 and 1974, Joe's system hit on 60.6 percent of his picks (slightly better than 15 wins to every 10 losses), a percentage any inveterate plunger would gladly settle for. Still, the rush of skepticism you're feeling at the moment is understandable: Faced with college football's many imponderables and variables, it just doesn't seem possible to come up with a reliable betting system.

Before we get to Joe and his system, a few words on the subtleties of point-spread betting.

Football point spreads were established to make every game played between every school a 50-50 gamble, a far more sporting proposition than merely choosing which side will win or lose. To illustrate: If the University of Oklahoma's football team, perhaps the nation's finest in '75,

were to play West Virginia University this fall, the Sooners would be at least a 25-1 favorite, which would prompt minimal betting activity on a win/lose proposition. But when expert handicappers install Oklahoma as perhaps 42 points better than West Virginia, an intriguing element is introduced: Who's to say a fired-up team of Mountaineers can't beat the spread by "holding" Oklahoma to a score such as 45-7? From a 25-1 bet offering little in the way of gambling appeal, an Oklahoma-West Virginia match-up has been transformed into an attractive pick-'em bet.

Bookmakers will now get their fair share of betting action. And "vigorish," the ten percent commission they tack onto customers' losing bets, is all they need to clean up. Aided by the vigorish (and figuring that most bettors risk the same amounts each time out), bookies can win less than 47.6 percent of the time and stay even, while their customers have to hit at just over 52.4 percent to achieve the same result. If you consider that point-spread bets essentially resemble 50-50 coin flips, the law of averages indicates that over the long haul, a bookmaker and his clients will both win approximately the same number of bets—and at that rate,

the bookie eventually *has* to have you in his pocket.

For almost a decade, Mikolas felt he had the key to a college-football betting system; he just didn't know where it fit in. That key was the home-field advantage, which handicappers judged to be worth anywhere from three to ten points a game. Mikolas thought its value was often more than that; he never forgot a complaint once lodged by a Rice lineman after his school was humiliated by Arkansas at the Razorbacks' home field in Fayetteville. As Mikolas recalls it, the Rice player said, "It's no wonder we got whomped so bad. What with 90,000 folks layin' on those lurid hog calls and wearin' red, we just naturally started fumblin' all over the place."

Although odds makers take such possible breakdowns into account when figuring point spreads, Joe felt he could award home teams a constant point total, which would then become part of an equation to be applied to all college football games. After experimenting with 1-15 points as the Home Field Point Advantage, he settled on 14. But he didn't know how to figure it into a betting equation.

One spring afternoon six months later, while watching *The Dating Game* out of sheer frustration, it suddenly came to Joe. Shouting, "Eureka! I've found it!" (or words to that effect), he grabbed a pencil and began scribbling furiously on the backs of old envelopes, canceled checks and book-club circulars. Within a few hours, he was ready for the start of the 1973 college-football season. "That year, I bet 261 games and wound up with 160 wins and 101 losses," he says. "In '74, I bet 262 games and did almost as well—157 winners, 105 losers. If the match adds up, I'll bet every game on the board."

Which is a major violation of football gambling's oldest axiom: Anything over eight bets a day is considered sucker play. For that reason, if you're a heavy bettor and you use the Mikolas Method this fall, there isn't a bookie in the business who won't give you the ring off his pinkie just to get your action. And maybe more. Says Joe: "In 1974, a friend of mine named Jack—a \$1000-a-game bettor—used my system, meaning that every Saturday he was giving his bookie about \$25,000 in business. As a concession, Jack got the guy to give him one point per game off the spread, meaning if Jack bet a seven-point underdog, he automatically had eight, and if he went with the favorite, he only had to beat six, right? Well, for three weeks in a row, Jack absolutely demolished the man. After the fourth weekend, his bookie suddenly left town and hasn't been heard from since."

To make use of the Mikolas Method for any given game, it's necessary to have the following information at your finger tips: last year's score, this year's game site, the starting time and the point



"Switch to plan B."

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



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

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76



OSBORN CO.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

spread. The most convenient sources of such data are weekly betting sheets, legally sold and widely available in major cities; but readers who want to work the Mikolas Method as a free exercise in gamesmanship can find the requisite information in any number of sports publications and newspapers. (One hedged bet here: Newspaper point spreads such as those syndicated by Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder often differ from actual betting lines by up to one and a half points a game.) Once you've gathered the necessary information, you're ready to begin.

THE METHOD

1. First, scan the week's list of games and cross off those that match schools that didn't meet the previous year. Without this standard of comparison, the Mikolas Method can't be employed. Normally, no more than 40 college games are nationally listed and, except for the first Saturday of the season (when the number can reach 20), no more than 15 games each week will feature opponents who didn't play each other last season.

2. When college teams fall behind by 28 points or more, games have a way of getting out of control and ending in lopsided scores such as 62-7, as was the case last autumn when Oklahoma chewed up Oregon. No matter how much of a rout last year's game was, the maximum prior score to record under the Mikolas Method is 28-0.

3. To set up the Mikolas Method equation, follow betting-sheet style and list home teams below visitors and the previous year's scores in parentheses. To illustrate, we'll use the '74 Clemson-Texas A & M game, played at the Aggies' home field in College Station. In '73, Texas A & M won the game, 30-15:

CLEMSON (15)
TEXAS A & M (30)

4. Next, add 14 points (the Home Field Point Advantage) to the previous year's score of this year's home team:

CLEMSON (15)
TEXAS A & M (30) + 14 (H.F.P.A.)

5. Now add the point spread to the underdog's total or subtract it from the favorite's. (In '74's Clemson-Texas A & M encounter, Clemson was a 10-point underdog.) When that's done, total up your computation score:

CLEMSON (15) + 10 (point spread) = 25
TEXAS A & M (30) + 14 (H.F.P.A.) = 44

6. The 44-25 computation score favoring Texas A & M is not indicative of the probable margin of victory, for the point spread has already been figured into the equation. The computation score tells you only one thing: which team to bet. A computation-score differential of three to 21½ points calls for you to place your usual-size bet. In the above case, the Mikolas Method showed the choice to be Texas A & M, which won the game, 24-0—and covered the point spread of ten.

7. When the computation score results in a difference of 22 points or more, double your average bet. As illustration, in '74, Indiana (which had lost to Michigan State by a score of 10-9 in '73) was a ten-point underdog at home against the Spartans. The Mikolas Method equation looked like this:

MICHIGAN STATE (10) = 10
INDIANA (9) + 14 (H.F.P.A.) + 10 (point spread) = 33

The computation-score differential of 23 points qualified the game for a double bet. Indiana lost the game, 19-10, but beat the point spread. Mikolas estimates that in double-bet situations, his system's efficiency goes from slightly better than 60 percent to just over 62 percent.

8. Bet underdogs as early in the week as possible, favorites just before game time. Primarily, this is done to give you maximum leverage if a game you've selected is played in foul-weather conditions, which generally result in lower scores and a last-minute lowering of the point spread. If the Mikolas Method shows your choice in a game to be a 21-point opening-line favorite and if by game time the field is a muddy quagmire, the spread will almost certainly drop by at least a point. If the favorite's margin of victory turns out to be 21, you now win a bet you'd have lost if it had been placed early in the week. The reverse holds true for underdogs in the same situation.

9. Be alert to the possibility of a "middle," a betting maneuver that can bring you a windfall with only minimal financial risks. By way of explanation, let's project into the current season. Last fall, Texas A & M, a two-point favorite at home, beat the University of Texas 20-10. This year, the game will be played at the University of Texas and, for the sake of illustration, let's say that the opening line on the game will favor Texas A & M



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by seven points. The Mikolas Method equation:

$$\begin{aligned} \text{TEXAS A \& M (20)} - 7 \text{ (point spread)} &= 13 \\ \text{TEXAS (10)} + 14 \text{ (H.F.P.A.)} &= 24 \end{aligned}$$

The computation score of 24-13 dictates a wager on underdog Texas, which means your bet is placed early in the week. On Thursday, a freak accident occurs during an A&M practice: The Aggies' best defensive lineman inadvertently runs into the starting quarterback and both are injured too severely to play on Saturday. As a result, by Saturday morning, the odds on A&M have fallen from seven to three and a half points—and a situation calling for a middle has now presented itself. If you go ahead and bet A&M as a three-and-a-half-point favorite (you already have Texas as a seven-point underdog) and if A&M wins by four, five or six points, you win *both bets*. The most you can lose in this situation is the ten percent vigorish a bookmaker collects on your one possible loser. (For example, if A&M wins 24-14 and you've bet \$100 on each side, you win \$100 on A&M and lose \$100 + \$10 on Texas.) Notes Mikolas, "The only time I recommend trying to middle a game is when the betting line switches by at least three points."

10. If you bet big money, deal with a minimum of three bookmakers. This is advisable, says Mikolas, because your three bookies may all quote different point spreads on the same game, a reflection of how their clients are betting on the contest. If, for example, UCLA opens up as a seven-and-a-half-point favorite over Stanford and practically all of a bookmaker's customers like Stanford, he'll have to lower the spread to seven or perhaps six and a half in hopes of attracting UCLA money (if bookmakers wanted to go out on a limb, they'd be bettors). Should the Mikolas Method favor going with UCLA, you now have the game at an attractive price.

11. Don't be influenced by "inside information." If the information is any good, it will be reflected in the point spread—and even then it may be worthless. "I've gone against the inside information on every occasion where it contradicted my method, and I can't say I'm sorry," Mikolas reports. "In '74, the so-called smart money was heavily on Kansas State to kick the hell out of Missouri, an opinion based on inside information from Big Eight Conference handicappers to Las Vegas odds makers. Everyone I knew went with Kansas State, including my friend Jack, the \$1000-a-game bettor who uses my system. But my computation showed the bet to be Missouri—and Missouri took K State apart, 52-15. The same kind of thing happened when everyone but me backed North Carolina State against North Carolina. North Carolina won, 33-14. The biggest argument I got all year, though, was when my system showed that Texas would easily

beat Arkansas. It did, too—38-7."

And that's the story on the Mikolas Method.

Mikolas gave us his paperwork for the '74 season, and the math checks out. Assuming the same held true for '73 as well, the question finally comes down to whether two winning seasons prove out a system's worth or signify nothing more than a long lucky streak. In an effort to find out what the smart money had to say about the Mikolas Method, I laid it out for Jimmy the Greek at his home in Las Vegas. After studying the system for ten minutes, Jimmy said, "If a guy's crazy enough to bet this thing, he should tell his bookie about it in advance, 'cause the bookmaker will gladly give the guy the use of a limo. No system can beat the point spread."

There finally seemed to be only one sure way to give the Mikolas Method a fair test: Play it for a season. Supplied with \$1000 of PLAYBOY's money, that's what I did last fall.

I've been betting on football since 1969 and, until last season, I'd always stayed away from college games. I did that mainly to keep myself from thinking I'm a football junkie, which I am. On any N.F.L. Sunday, I'm up before nine o'clock (whether I've gone to sleep at midnight or at five), quickly out of the house and back with the *San Francisco Examiner*, and then it's coffee and a 15-minute look at the TV and sports-section pregame round-ups. (Gotta check for weather and any late injuries.) I'll often research weather conditions. Let's say I'm interested in the Bills at home. If we're into November, I'll call Buffalo information for the number of the downtown Holiday Inn (every city seems to have one) and, after mentioning that I'm flying in from California that day, I'll ask what the weather's like. Buffalo's operators are very nice about that sort of thing. By 9:45, I've phoned in my bets, and from ten A.M., when the West Coast begins watching its first N.F.L. game, until four P.M., when the second game ends, I don't budge from the couch. I have cable-TV service, and occasionally I get to see four ball games. I try to resist the temptation to bet TV games just because they're televised, but I don't often abstain.

My bets are phoned in to my friend Richie, who passes them on to one of the bookies he deals with. Richie is from Philadelphia and is now a financial consultant in Los Angeles. Since I live in Sonoma, 50 miles north of San Francisco, and since Richie and I often compare stats, rumors and opinions of sportswriters who handicap for bettors' journals, such as *Football News*, my autumn telephone bills usually hit \$200 a month.

Bettors should not be confused with fans; a bettor roots only for his money.

The reason I still bet the pros is that I'm good enough at it not to go into hock—and, more important, I love the

action. Football is an interesting enough spectator sport, but when you've got money riding on them, the games become almost fascinating to watch. Bettors quickly become sensitized to pro football's more subtle nuances and inner rhythms, a heightened awareness that's triggered all season long by a number of standard game situations (such as having a ten-point lead late in the fourth quarter with your team favored by four—and knowing that the dog will score its gimme touchdown and thus screw up your day).

Now, with PLAYBOY footing the bill and Mikolas pointing the way, I was more than happy to go up against the colleges last year. In fact, I could hardly wait for the season to begin. But the very first thing I felt was a rush of larceny. Screw participatory journalism: I could, after all, keep track of the Mikolas Method without actually betting it. If Joe's system turned out to be a bummer, I'd be up \$1000 and nobody back at PLAYBOY would be hip to it. (Bookies aren't famous for issuing receipts.) On the other hand, if the Mikolas Method came up aces, you can imagine the incredible self-loathing I would feel at winding up with a measly \$1000 instead of a real bundle. I figured that if Joe's creation logged a season record of 150 wins to 100 losses, a system of graduated bets could easily result in a profit of \$7000 to \$10,000. Although the PLAYBOY advance represented a Marantz receiver and a B.I.C. turntable, I decided not to nickel-and-dime myself out of a possible Porsche.

But if I was going to be a boy scout about that \$1000, it was, nevertheless, incumbent upon me to search for an edge, and one angle quickly presented itself. The most crucial part of any football bet is, of course, the point spread, and with that in mind, I got in touch with Richie and two other gambling friends, Mike in Philadelphia and Kenny in New Orleans. My plan was for the four of us to compare point spreads each week and, after I'd run through the Mikolas calculations, they'd get my money down in the city offering the best price. Unfortunately, Mike had tapped out at the end of the baseball season—he's *really* a degenerate gambler—and was no longer on speaking terms with his bookies. And Kenny backed off after I mentioned that it's a Federal offense to transmit betting information across state lines. (What will the FBI think of next?)

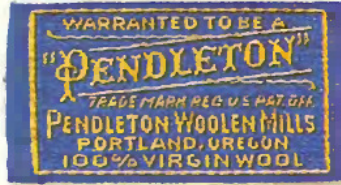
That left Richie and me to clean up all by ourselves. Richie shopped around L.A. for our point spreads and confined himself to going with the Mikolas Method's double-bet selections. But I had no need for such trifling. I decided to bet the system flat-out, starting at \$75 a pop and working my way upward.

Joe had told me that the first full week of college action would offer only a limited

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selection of games matching schools that had played against each other the previous fall. Richie and I came up with 11 bets, and on Saturday morning, September 13, 1975—we definitely had a sense of history about it—I flicked on the radio and tuned in to the very first of my Mikolas wagers, Stanford at Penn State, with the Nittany Lions (beautiful nickname) rated a seven-point favorite. The paperwork called for a bet on Penn State:

STANFORD (20-'74 score) + 7 (point spread) = 27
 PENN STATE (21-'74 score) + 14 (H.F.P.A.) = 38

A piece of cake: Penn State won, 34-14, and I was up \$75. There were two afternoon double-bet situations: Kentucky, a 12½-point choice over Virginia Tech, covered by winning 27-8, and Indiana, a five-point pick over Minnesota, won by six, 20-14. I had two other afternoon winners, Northwestern over Purdue and Army over Holy Cross, but I also had three losers—Wisconsin, Illinois and Kansas. My afternoon bookkeeping: up \$525 (three wins at \$75, plus two double bets of \$150), minus three losses at \$75, including ten percent vigorish (\$225 + \$22.50). I was now up \$277.50 and with any kind of break on the three night games, I'd be off to a fast start.

The evening action didn't pan out. North Carolina State, a three-touchdown favorite, was blown out by Wake Forest 30-22, and Houston, a double-bet ten-and-a-half-point choice over Rice, also took gas, 24-7. South Carolina salvaged what was nearly a disaster. The seven-point underdog Gamecocks held that betting line, losing to Georgia Tech by only six, 23-17. My joy had been tempered, but the first weekend was over and I was ahead \$105. No complaints.

College football's second Saturday offered a Mikolas line-up of only nine games—and the results left me feeling like Marlon Brando's Zapata just after Joseph Wiseman slinks off and leaves him staring up at 9,000,000 *federales* who are about to begin blasting the shit out of him. Would you believe only two winners? *¡Ay, Chihuahua!* I was down \$435 for the day, and I immediately telephoned Mikolas.

"I don't understand it," Joe told me. "Maybe it has something to do with the new N.C.A.A. rule that allows visiting teams to carry only forty-eight players."

"But, Joe," I said, "six of my seven losers were *home* teams."

The third weekend brought more grief. Five winners, eight losers and another \$375 down the tubes. Week four seemed to confirm that the system was strictly from hunger: only four winning bets in 11 games, and \$210 more was sent air special to Los Angeles. At that point, double bets were 6-5, but overall, the Mikolas Method had logged a calamitous mark of 17-27, and I make it 3-2 that your mother can do better. I'd now donated \$915 toward the cost of a bookie's Cadillac, and my own dreams of a Porsche had turned to dust. It was time to punt: I'd had enough.

The week after I became a real-money dropout, Joe's system—I kept book on paper—was a \$30 loser (14-13), but then, on October 18, the figures read 16 wins, 10 losses, and if I'd been betting my \$75 a game (and allowing for a 2-2 split on double bets), I would've picked up \$360. The following week, Joe's selections were good for 13-12 and, more important, 5-2 on double bets. That would've been worth \$195. The Saturday after that, I would have won another \$202.50 (14-10), and on November eighth, I would have

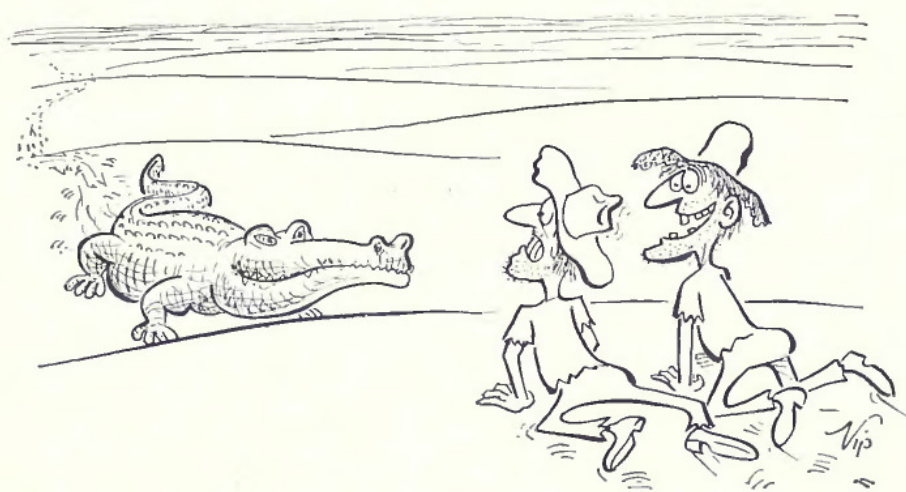
rolled up my biggest score of the season: the system was 17-13, including seven double-bet wins against three losses. If I'd had the cash or the courage to hang in, the bottom line on the eighth would've read plus \$480. I began to feel as if I were being rebuked by Nemesis for having heeded Jimmy the Greek, but just as I was working my way into a towering funk, the Mikolas Method turned around again and closed out the season with losing slates of 16-16, 10-12 and 3-5.

Which in no way left me feeling vindicated for having turned tail. When I added up all the figures, the system had finished with an over-all record of 120 wins and 118 losses; but because the double bets had turned out remarkably well, my season net loss would have amounted to only \$217.50. Considering the abominable start, Joe's creation hadn't done all that badly.

I happen to think the Mikolas Method has more than a modicum of validity but needs further refinement. Specifically, an adjustment must be made for football programs that undergo significant change from one year to the next. That doesn't happen very often; but when it does, Joe's system isn't geared to cope with it. For instance, Wake Forest was 1-10 in 1974, but last fall, the school finished with a 4-7 record, and three of its losses were by a combined total of five points. Because of its awful '74 performance, however, Wake Forest was a double-bet Mikolas underdog in games where the point spread was as low as three. As a result, the Deacons were responsible for three of the system's 21 double-bet losses. If a point factor had been introduced to compensate for the team's improvement, those particular games might have added up to a \$450 profit instead of a \$195 loss, a switch of \$945. That, as any better will tell you, is your season right there.

Wake Forest notwithstanding, the Mikolas Method's double-bet picks did inordinately well. I finished with a 30-21 mark in that department, for a 58.8 percent win ratio. (Mikolas was 33-23, or 58.9 percent.) This is the third straight season that Mikolas' doubles have finished solidly in the black, and I'm of the opinion that these four or five double bets a week will not prove hazardous to your financial health. In fact, if I'd stayed exclusively with double bets in '75, I would have come away with winnings of \$1035. That's not exactly a Porsche, but it would have been the Marantz receiver and the B.I.C. turntable. Maybe two turntables, just for the hell of it, 'cause there's no way PLAYBOY could have prided that \$1000 back.

As it is, I wound up with the B.I.C. Not the turntable—the cigarette lighter.

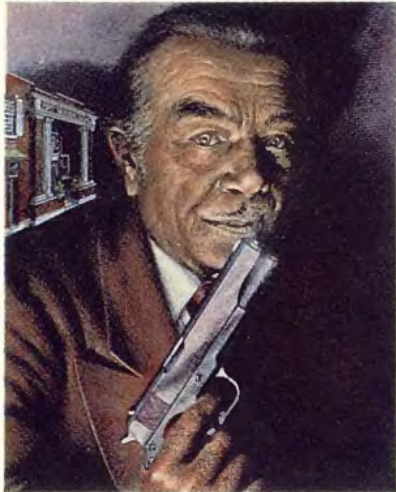


"You know what this means, Slim? We're nearing water!"



Wily Willie?

Sure he's a bank robber. And an ex-con. But that doesn't make Willie Sutton a bad person. Or does it? America has



always clutched "cute" criminals to her star-spangled bosom. And that fact has not eluded Willie, as you'll see in

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fun? As we munch on our Big Maos, we could listen to Chairman Nik-sun give his "Chinese Checkers" speech. The possibilities are explored

only, thank Ford, in OUI. What's more bizarre than Bowie, kinkier than Cooper and odder than the Osmonds? OUI names **Five Bands** so



weird that their mothers won't admit what they do for a living. And while you're waiting for the **Swine Flu** vaccine, OUI has uncovered a pig farmer who says the porkies are getting a bad rap. He knows the real reason for swine flu. And so will you, when you get your copy of the October OUI, which includes the last word on the late, lamented Sixties, entitled, with crushing irony, **Bourgeois Is Beautiful**. It's on sale now.

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ON CAMPUS (continued from page 128)

should be stricter in his enforcement of air- and water-pollution laws. Like other citizens, students worry about violent crime. The majority (70 percent) favor handgun control, and almost half want to restore the death penalty. And students generally favor stricter laws, heavier penalties and mandatory therapy for all the so-called hard drugs, including cocaine and the psychedelics. (The only drugs escaping this prohibition are alcohol and marijuana.)

Last spring, PLAYBOY hired an independent research organization to conduct the 1976 *Student Survey*. The researchers

chose 20 colleges and universities and polled a random sampling of students from school directories. In all, 3700 students responded to the study. This sample checked out as representative of the sex, age, class level, family income and grade-point average of students across the country.

PLAYBOY's 1971 *Student Survey* asked the question: Is there a sexual revolution on campus? Today we're not even asking. The revolution has been fought and won, the territory secured. Most students view college as a boot camp, where new recruits are inducted into a standing army of the sexually liberated. The

morale is incredibly high. Most undergrads on campus are satisfied with their love lives, if not with their brand of tooth paste. They enjoy what they do. They get better at it the older they get. They do not feel guilty. Indeed, they are having the time of their lives.

The prime indicator of happiness is simply: Are you getting any? Of the students who aren't currently dating, 81 percent express dissatisfaction with their sex lives. (That makes sense. They may be dumb, but they're not stupid.) Three out of four of those who have not had intercourse in the past 30 days are discontent. In contrast, four out of five of those who have made love in the past month say that their sex lives are great.

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR SEX LIFE?

	Not Dating Anyone Now	Dating Several Persons	Going Steady	Living Together	Engaged	Married
Satisfied	19%	49%	86%	91%	92%	81%
Unsatisfied	81%	51%	14%	9%	8%	19%

The closeness of students' relationships seems to have the most effect on the quality of their sex life. Couples who are living together, going steady or engaged express greater satisfaction than

those who are just going out with anything that walks. The dating game on campus is not exactly like musical chairs, but it's close. If you don't move fast, you can get left out. Most college couples

are monogamous—they don't sleep with more than one person a month. The majority of people who have gotten it on in the past month have gotten it on with just one person.

HOW MANY SEXUAL PARTNERS HAVE YOU HAD THIS MONTH?*

	0	1	2	3	4-5	6 or More
Male	28%	56%	9%	4%	1%	2%
Female	21%	67%	8%	3%	1%	0%

* Asked of nonvirgins only.

HOW MANY SEXUAL PARTNERS HAVE YOU HAD IN YOUR LIFE?*

	1	2	3	4-5	6 or More
Male	21%	14%	12%	15%	38%
Female	28%	16%	11%	16%	29%

* Asked of nonvirgins only.

The numbers tend to support the professed attitudes of the student body. There is an overwhelming acceptance of what used to be called premarital sex: 89 percent of the student body are willing to engage in intercourse before the wed-

ding night. A small percentage of the students we interviewed will do it at the drop of a book. If the book happens to be *The Joy of Sex*. For example, seven percent of the women would go to bed with a casual acquaintance (compared

with 27 percent of the men). If you meet a girl and she says that she just wants to be friends, don't be discouraged. Twenty-nine percent of the women consider simple friendship sufficient grounds for sexual intercourse.

HOW CLOSE SHOULD A SEXUAL PARTNER BE?

	Casual Acquaintance	Friend	Lover	Fiancé	Spouse
Male	27%	39%	24%	2%	8%
Female	7%	29%	45%	5%	14%

The change in attitude is astonishing: Both sexes agree almost unanimously that women want sex as much as men. With equal unanimity, they disagree with the old idea that "a woman should never take the lead in sexual activity." The Erotic Rights Amendment has been passed on campus. Still, if women are taking the initiative, why are there more male virgins now (26 percent in 1976,

compared with 18 percent in 1970)? It's the end of the double standard—the women can and the men don't have to. Male students seem less preoccupied with losing their virginity per se. They do not seek out the aid of professionals for a corrective operation. In fact, only 16 percent of our male sample have ever visited a prostitute. (This figure rose to a percentage almost twice as high in the South,

where 30 percent of the students had paid to ring a belle.) It seems that both men and women are willing to wait until they find someone they like, or love—then they take care of each other. Virginity loves company.

Also, some of the students seem to realize that college is a testing ground. Conservatives may become alarmed that the behavior shown on campus proves



"I've always known R. H. would be able to do that!"

our moral fabric is unraveling, that society is doomed. But the majority of the students do not anticipate carrying over their experimental lifestyle into married life. A full 60 percent disagree strongly with the statement "I hope to have an open marriage which would include extramarital sex." Another 57 percent disagree strongly with the statement "I'm not interested in marrying. I hope to

have a varied sex life, including a number of affairs."

Almost all students are sexually active in some way. Nearly three fourths of the male students masturbate once a month or more. Ten percent (still afraid of going blind or growing hair on their palms?) refrain. Do-it-yourself sex still hasn't caught on with women. As mentioned earlier, the percentage of women

who have never masturbated is actually higher than the percentage who have never had sexual intercourse. (An interesting side light: Almost 75 percent of the people who have never masturbated expressed satisfaction with their sex lives. Either they don't know what they are missing or they are getting something on the side—i.e., two in the bush are worth one in the hand.)

WHAT TURNS YOU ON?				
	Never Done and Wouldn't Like to	Never Done but Would Try	Tried and Didn't Like	Tried and Liked
Masturbation				
Male	7%	3%	12%	78%
Female	25%	8%	13%	54%
Oral sex				
Male	5%	20%	4%	71%
Female	14%	14%	10%	62%
Anal intercourse				
Male	39%	41%	6%	14%
Female	57%	17%	19%	7%
Mechanical aids				
Male	46%	44%	3%	7%
Female	58%	32%	2%	8%
Group sex				
Male	46%	47%	2%	5%
Female	77%	19%	2%	2%
Homosexual activity				
Male	81%	7%	6%	6%
Female	82%	14%	1%	3%
Being tied up or chained in sexplay				
Male	78%	18%	1%	3%
Female	84%	12%	1%	3%
Master-slave role playing				
Male	77%	19%	1%	3%
Female	84%	12%	1%	3%
Inflicting or receiving pain during sex (No sex difference)	93%	4%	1%	2%

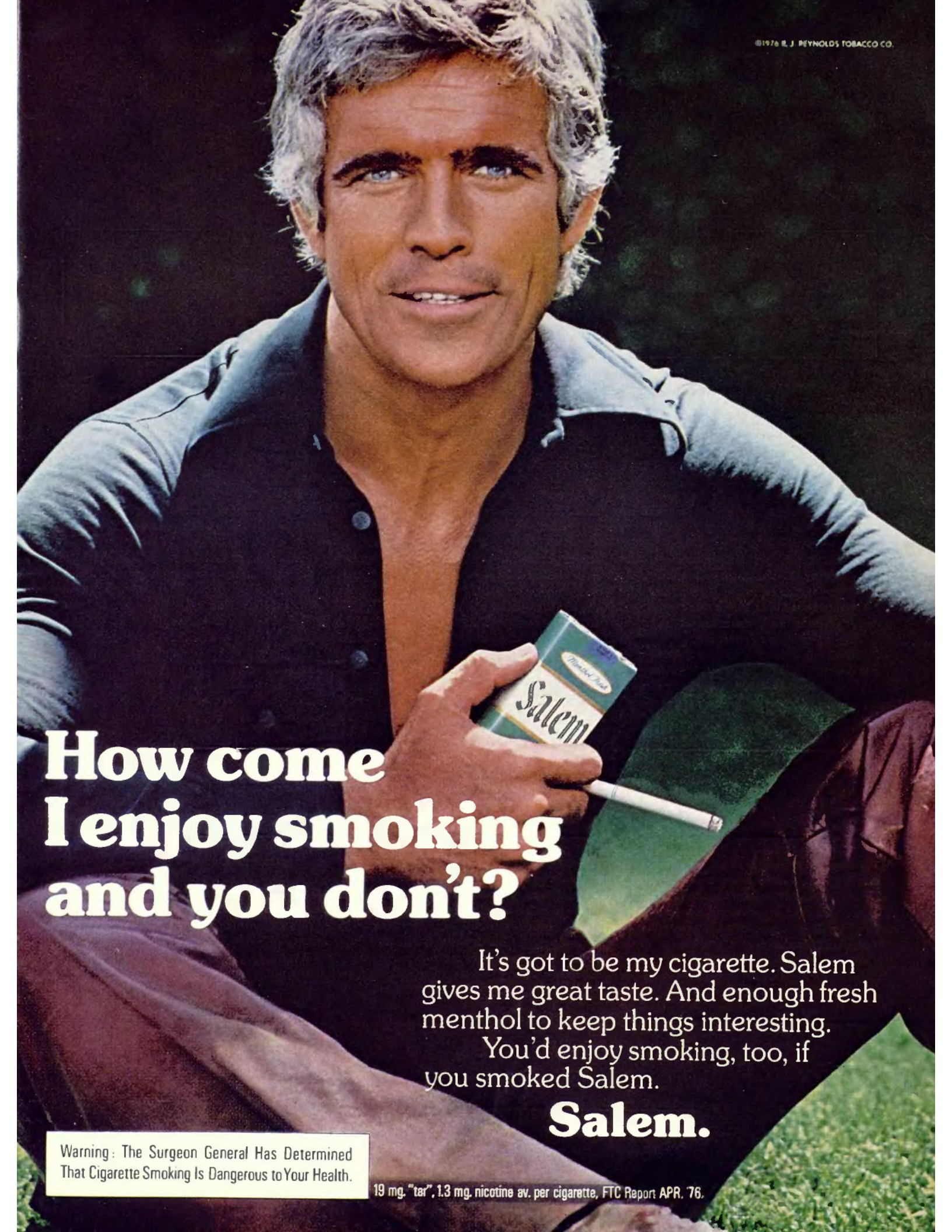
Comparing the frequency chart with the sexual-preference chart reveals one thing: Although students have fairly conventional tastes, they tend to do what they like and like what they do.

For instance, students express an across-the-beds disinterest in such exotic forms of sexplay as bondage and discipline, master-slave role playing, inflicting or receiving pain during sex and homosexuality. Only a tiny fraction have engaged in these behaviors. More students

are willing to try group sex and anal sex or to include a mechanical aid in their lovemaking, but again, most haven't gotten around to it. (Another interesting but perhaps obvious side light: More than twice as many male students as females express interest in group sex—that's why there are too many guys at orgies.) College is the time when couples tend to focus on the basics: Three out of four have tried oral sex and mutual masturbation. The better the partners know each

other, the better the sex. For example, 63 percent of those dating for variety enjoy oral sex. The figure rises slightly for those going steady (72 percent) or engaged (76 percent). An astonishing 93 percent of those living together enjoy oral sex. (Apparently, that's why they live together: They started having oral sex and liked it so much they couldn't leave the room.) Upperclassmen also seem to enjoy oral sex more: Experience is its own reward. *(continued overleaf)*

HOW OFTEN DO YOU DO IT?								
	Never	Not This Year	Less Than Once a Month	1-4 Per Month	5-8 Per Month	9-12 Per Month	13-24 Per Month	25+ Per Month
Manual stimulation to orgasm by partner ..	26%	8%	25%	22%	9%	5%	4%	1%
Manual stimulation of partner to orgasm ..	23%	7%	24%	24%	11%	6%	4%	1%
Oral stimulation to orgasm by partner ...	37%	8%	21%	18%	8%	4%	3%	1%
Oral stimulation of partner to orgasm ..	37%	7%	19%	19%	9%	5%	3%	1%
Genital intercourse	25%	4%	14%	16%	10%	12%	14%	5%



**How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

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The sexual fantasies of college students tend to reflect their actual behavior. Most men and women daydream about past experiences (63 percent) or people they know (76 percent). The next most popular fantasy is one in which the student watches others make love (22 percent). A fairly high percentage have fantasies about homosexual affairs. Women fantasize slightly more about members

of their own sex (in the preference chart, 14 percent said they might try a lesbian relationship, four percent actually have had one and most of those liked it). Only 13 percent of the men fantasized, and seven percent expressed interest in trying a same-sex relationship; 12 percent have actually tried it. Three out of four of the women liked their lesbian encounters; half of the males enjoyed

their homosexual experiences. Gals make better gays than guys.

Women are more likely to have sado-masochistic fantasies, while men are more into spectator roles. Only 14 percent of the students daydream about orgies. Oddly, the couples living together give group-sex fantasies a 23 percent Nielsen rating. They also score high on same-sex fantasies.

WHAT KINDS OF SEXUAL FANTASIES DO YOU HAVE?

Type of fantasy:	I Relive a Past Sexual Experience	I Have Sex with Someone I Know and Would Like to Make It with	I Make Love to Someone of My Own Sex	I Inflict or Receive Pain	I Watch Others Make Love	Others Watch Me Make Love	I Attend an Orgy
Total	63%	76%	14%	6%	22%	6%	14%
Male	63%	84%	13%	5%	27%	4%	18%
Female	63%	66%	15%	8%	16%	8%	16%

We discovered an interesting connection between the tendency to fantasize about sex and attitude toward masturbation. We presented the students with a list of various sexual-fantasy themes and told them to indicate all those that recur in their daydreams. We compared these responses with the replies to our question about masturbation. It turned out that the people who enjoy masturbating have more varied kinds of fantasies than people who don't masturbate or who don't enjoy it. To a certain extent, the number of fantasies a person has also indicates how much he or she enjoys oral sex. Fellatio and cunnilingus melt in your mind, not in your mouth.

The single most important finding of the survey is the equality between the sexes. In every form of heterosexual behavior—mutual masturbation, oral sex and intercourse—the women are full

partners. They participate on equal footing, or bedding. Past surveys have always revealed the symptoms of the double standard: Men are expected to be experienced; women are expected to be virgins. Our findings reveal that there have been shifts in the way men view their own behavior. For example, male students are more willing to confess an occasional failure. About 35 percent claim to have had difficulty in attaining an erection at some time; 68 percent have suffered from premature ejaculation at one time or another. Yet most students are secure about their own sexuality. A full 96 percent of the males feel that their penises are large enough to satisfy their mates. Another 81 percent feel that they are skilled as lovers. Approximately two thirds of the men claim that they can tell when their partners have had an orgasm.

There may be some truth to their

claims of skill: Two thirds of the women report that they reach orgasm with some degree of regularity. When it comes to the question of whether or not the size of a man's penis increases the woman's satisfaction, 33 percent of the women say that a larger penis does not increase satisfaction, 55 percent say that it sometimes does, ten percent say that it usually does and two percent that it always does. But what do they know?

More than half of the women report that they have faked an orgasm at least once in their lives. Their motives seem to stem less from ego building or mischief than from a simple "to each his own" principle of sex. The majority of our sample disagree with the statement "It is a man's responsibility to make sure a woman has an orgasm during intercourse." Women are more adamant on this point than their partners.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU DRINK?

	Not at All	Once in Two Weeks	Once a Week	2-3 Times a Week	Daily
Total	19%	19%	25%	31%	6%
Male	15%	16%	23%	37%	9%
Female	23%	24%	26%	24%	3%

Many of the reports on college life in the Seventies make comparisons with the silent Fifties, when students weren't just quiet, they were unconscious. Alcohol, the Big A, is supposedly making a comeback. We doubt that it ever went away. Students still like to think that they attend the hardest-drinking school in the world, and some cite as proof a famous

PLAYBOY study that supposedly gave their school top honors. (We hate to break it to you, but PLAYBOY never made such a study, for the simple reason that we never argue with drunks.) Actually, there is not a great trend toward bottle feeding. When we asked students how many times in the past two weeks they'd drunk an alcoholic beverage, many hadn't touched

a drop and many drank very little.

Marijuana is the only drug that comes close to alcohol in popularity. The number of men and women who have tried pot has increased steadily over the years. Our 1970 *Student Survey* found that 47 percent of the student population had tried pot. The total of veteran heads is now 70 percent.

HAVE YOU EVER USED MARIJUANA?

	Never Used		Have Used	
	1970	1976	1970	1976
Total	53%	30%	47%	70%
Male	49%	26%	51%	74%
Female	61%	34%	39%	66%

Almost half of those who have used marijuana say they are not using it currently. This points up two things: that it is relatively easy to quit smoking mari-

juana and that the drug scene on campus appears to be fading rather than flourishing. There are probably more Scientists than acidheads and more

Flat-Earthers than heroin users. Those who have tried and stopped using drugs other than marijuana far outnumber (concluded on page 169)

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PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



CURTAIN TIME

Bed sheets have come out of the closet, so to speak, so why should shower curtains still look like plastic tablecloths? A company called Saturday Knight Ltd., at 1455 Dalton Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is manufacturing a number of far-out models, including the see-through one above that sells for \$18 postpaid in blue, yellow, red or brown. Voyeurs and nervous types who can't forget *Psycho* love it.

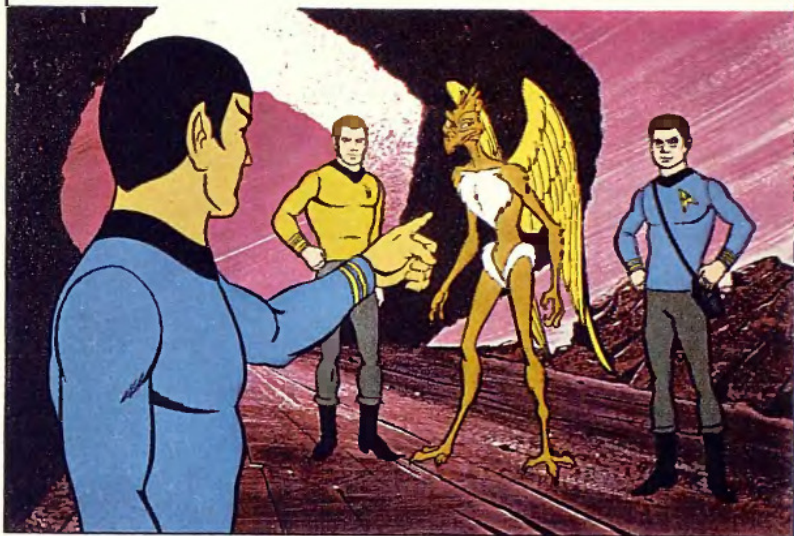


WAR STORE

Old soldiers never die, they just drop by the Compleat Strategist, a store at 11 East 33rd Street in Manhattan that specializes in warfare board games. Verdun: The Game of Attrition; Viking: Tactical Warfare in the Middle Ages; Crimea: The Dawn of Modern Warfare; or Rommel: The War for North Africa—the Compleat Strategist has them all, plus miniature soldiers, paints and books on costumes. At least it keeps the old boys off the streets.

TREK STOP

Star Trek is rapidly becoming to the sci-fi freaks what Sherlock Holmes is to whodunit junkies. Now a firm called Tuttle & Bailey Galleries, P. O. Box 1981, Beverly Hills, California 90213, is selling matted 14" x 18" hand-painted "cels" from the animated *Star Trek* TV series for \$21.50 each. There are 13 scenes available, each in a limited edition. Quite an enterprise, we'd say.



IN CASE OF EMERGENCY—BREAK GLASS

The funniest money around right now, of course, is the stuff in your wallet. But if that isn't enough of a laugh, there's also a company called Progressive Marketing at Box 1876, St. Paul, Minnesota 55111, that's selling bottles of Government-shredded U. S. currency for \$5.50 postpaid. Each bottle contains up to \$10,000 in non-negotiable confetti—and, no, you can't piece it together. We tried.





CODE IN THE HEAD

Having been an underground classic for over a year, Master Mind is rapidly taking hold as one of the most challenging two-man games to hit the boards since chess. The whole object is to crack the other player's secret code; a logical mind helps, but brainy types have been known to weep from frustration when up against a crafty opponent—and all for just \$4 at most department stores. Cheap thrills!



WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?

Looking for something this Halloween a bit more arty than the usual Mouseketeer ears and baggy trench coat? Tom Fitzpatrick, an accomplished artist on Old Concord Road in Lincoln, Massachusetts, specializes in making masks in the *commedia dell'arte* style out of suede or grained leather on aluminum. Creations are generally priced at \$30 to \$80, with more intricate designs going for more. And, best of all, when October 31st is over, you can hang your acquisition on the wall.

JACK AND THE BOX

The Nasty Jack Epicurean Prescription for Spirits is a series of four-color 5" x 7" recipe cards for about 750 mixed drinks that are sold in sets of 16 cards at \$2 each set. (The first set costs \$5 and includes a wooden file box to house your complete collection.) The drink cards fall into various categories—holiday, nightcap, etc., with a new shipment becoming available every 45 days. (Order from En-Jay International Ltd., Box V, Dept. FP 1, College Park, Maryland 20740.) Of course, when you're through ponying up for 24 sets (the price includes a newsletter), you'll be out \$51, plus postage and handling. That's nasty, Jack.



THE REAL THING

What is it about old-time Coke trays? Well, the girls have warm smiles and sunlit locks and they bring back a happier America, when everything really did go better with Coke. If they also make you reach for your wallet, take note: A store called Propinquity at 8915 Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood, has a mint-condition set of 28 trays, from 1920 to 1950, that it's willing to part with—complete set only—for \$2000. One shows a slim Johnny Weissmuller cuddling up to a Coke-swigging Maureen O'Sullivan. Johnny, we hardly knew you.



ON THE BEAM

It used to be that if you saw somebody with a light around his head, he had to be an angel. Now he's probably getting his image sculpted—by a light beam that measures every angle of his head, thus aiding an artist to guide a stylus through a block of Chromastone until the bust is close enough for the details to be finished by hand. The process was invented by a Scotsman looking for a better way to fit artificial limbs; it's been purchased by Chromalloy American of St. Louis, which plans to franchise it in the portrait-sculpture field; it's already available in several outlets, including Gump's of San Francisco (price: \$750 to \$2000).





"Playing odes to love all day long makes me horny, too!"

ON CAMPUS (continued from page 164)

those who currently take them. Amphetamines are a bit more popular than barbiturates, probably because they promise that magical ability to go without sleep

that every college student dreams of. Interest in the fuels of the counterculture seems to be declining. The only drug with a future appears to be cocaine: A

full ten percent of the sample want to try the white lady at the first opportunity, and probably haven't only because it costs so much. There are no important differences between the sexes in use of any of these drugs.

WHAT DRUGS DO YOU USE?

	Amphetamines	Barbiturates	Tranquilizers	Mescaline	LSD	Cocaine	Heroin
Never tried	71%	80%	79%	81%	80%	82%	98%
Tried but no longer use	23%	17%	18%	17%	16%	13%	2%
Currently use	6%	3%	3%	2%	4%	5%	0%

Students recognize the risks involved in trying such drugs—the surprising thing is that they are willing to increase the risks. We gave students a list of problem drugs, ranging from heroin to uppers and downers, and a choice of possible legal remedies for their abuse. The range of choices went from making the laws harsher and increasing the penalties, as was done in 1971 in New York State, to a middle-of-the-road approach, mandatory therapy at Government expense, to various humane or permissive

reforms. These included the so-called British system, which provides registered addicts with safe doses of drugs on prescription; the removal of penalties for possession for use, retaining penalties for sale; regulated sale, as with tobacco and alcohol; and removal of all restrictions.

Students favor a hard line with the hard stuff; many checked more than one of the possible approaches. Most often, these multiple answers included harsher laws and penalties and mandatory therapy. Presumably, the harsher laws would

apply to the sellers of drugs and the therapy to the users.

Attitudes toward drugs are determined more by politics than by any other factor: Half the conservatives want harsher laws and penalties dealing with hallucinogens and cocaine, while only 40 percent of them feel that strongly about uppers and downers. About a quarter of the leftists favor regulated sale of LSD and cocaine, but only 15 percent are that liberal about pills. Flog my back and I'll flog yours.

HOW WOULD YOU TREAT DRUG OFFENDERS?

	Same as Now	Harsher Laws and Penalties	Mandatory Therapy	Safe Prescription Dose	No Penalty for Possession	Regulated Sale (Same as Alcohol)	No Restrictions	Multiple Approach (i.e., Jail and Therapy)
Heroin	8%	32%	14%	13%	2%	2%	1%	28%
LSD	19%	26%	9%	5%	10%	9%	3%	19%
Cocaine	18%	25%	8%	7%	10%	9%	4%	19%
Uppers and downers	20%	21%	9%	9%	8%	10%	3%	20%

Despite all the horrible examples of the past decade, and despite all the anti-Washington rhetoric of this year's campaign, students seem to think the Government can actually solve problems. On a list of statements about political and social questions, 90 percent agreed that the Government is not being strict

enough in restraining those who pollute our air and water. On economic questions in general, they lean somewhat to the left. A plurality of 41 percent agreed that we need a more collectivist economy to survive economically, while 27 percent passed on this one. (Students are as puzzled by economics as the rest of us.) On

gun control, 70 percent agreed with the proposition that "stricter control of handguns will reduce the number of homicides in the country." This may reflect their worry about crime, as does the fact that nearly half favor the restoration of capital punishment. They ranked crime fourth in a list of vital issues.

WHAT ISSUES CONCERN YOU MOST?

Environment	19%
Inflation	14%
Unemployment	12%
Crimes against persons	9%
Quality of education	7%
Poverty	5%
Women's rights	5%
Energy crisis	4%
Racial conflict	4%
Changing sex roles	3%
Other	18%

On the two most important women's issues, 94 percent support equal economic and political rights for women, while 79 percent oppose any move to restrict women's right to abortion. Showing the change of attitude among educated Catholics, 67 percent of Catholic students oppose the so-called right-to-life amendment.

Today's youths are tomorrow's middle-aged. Can we predict the future of America based on the students of 1976? Perhaps: Only 58 percent of those we

polled were optimistic about the future of the country. Three out of four adopt the popular view that there has been a shift toward conservative attitudes and behavior on campus. But judging from the statistics, most students have a different definition of conservative—it seems that the New Morality of the Sixties has become the dominant moral code of the Seventies. Just as the popular musical trend is still rock, blue jeans are still the official uniform (at least when anyone bothers to wear clothes). The 58 percent

who expressed optimism for the future are probably the same group who admire the idealism and activism of the Sixties' students. Only 14 percent of the students today agree that there is no reason to engage in protest demonstrations. We've still got four years to go in this decade. Our guess is that things will heat up on campus—after all, most of the 26 percent who still have their virginity are going to lose it someday.



(continued from page 150)

Kunta nearly quit breathing.

"I've known 'em to have pickaninnies at the age of twelve!" the sheriff chortled. "Plenty of these young nigger wenches even draw white men, and nigger boys'll do anything!"

Through churning outrage, Kunta heard Massa Waller's abrupt chilliness. "I have the least possible personal contact with my slaves and neither know nor concern myself regarding their personal affairs!"

"Yes, yes, of course," said the sheriff quickly.

Saturday morning after breakfast, Kunta was currying a horse outside the barn when he thought he heard Cato's whippoorwill whistle. Cocking his head, he heard it again. He tied the horse quickly to a nearby post and cripped rapidly up the path to the cabin. From its front window he could see almost from where the main road intersected with the big-house driveway. He knew that Cato's call had also alerted Bell and Kizzy inside the big house.

Then he saw the wagon rolling down the driveway—and with surging alarm recognized the sheriff at the reins. Merciful Allah, had Noah been caught? As Kunta watched the sheriff dismount, his long-trained instincts tugged at him to

hasten out and provide the visitor's winded horse with water and a rubdown; but it was as if he were paralyzed where he stood, staring from the cabin window, as the sheriff hurried up the big-house front steps two at a time.

Only a few minutes passed before Kunta saw Bell almost stumbling out the back door. She started running—and Kunta was seized with a horrible premonition the instant before she nearly snatched their cabin door off its hinges.

Her face was twisted, tear-streaked. "Sheriff an' Massa talkin' to Kizzy!" she squealed.

The words numbed him. For a moment, he just stared disbelievingly at her, but then, violently seizing and shaking her, he demanded, "What he want?"

Her voice rising, choking, breaking, she managed to tell him that the sheriff was scarcely in the house before the massa had yelled for Kizzy to come from tidying his room upstairs. "When I heard 'im holler at her from de kitchen, I flew to git in de drawin'-room hallway, where I always listens from, but I couldn't make out nothin' clear 'cept he was mighty mad"—Bell gasped and swallowed. "Den heard Massa ringin' my bell, an' I run back to look like I was comin' from de cookhouse. But

Massa was awaitin' in de do'way, wid his han' holdin' de knob behin' 'im. Ain't never seed 'im look like he did at me. He tol' me col' as ice to git out'n de house an' stay out till I'm sent for!" Bell moved to the small window, staring at the big house, unable to believe that what she had just said had really happened. "Lawd Gawd, what in de worl' sheriff want wid my chile?" she asked incredulously.

Kunta's mind was clawing desperately for something to do. Could he rush out to the fields, at least to alert those who were chopping there? But his instincts said that anything could happen with him gone.

As Bell went through the curtain, into their bedroom, beseeching Jesus at the top of her lungs, Kunta could barely restrain himself from raging in and yelling that she must see now what he had been trying to tell her for nearly 40 rains about being so gullible, deluded and deceived about the goodness of the massa—or any other toubob.

"Gwine back in dere!" cried Bell suddenly. She came charging through the curtain and out the door.

Kunta watched as she disappeared inside the kitchen. What was she going to do? He ran out after her and peered in through the screen door. The kitchen was empty and the inside door was swinging shut. He went inside, silencing the screen door as it closed, and tiptoed across the kitchen. Standing there with one hand on the door, the other clenched, he strained his ears for the slightest sound—but all he could hear was his own labored breathing.

Then he heard: "Massa?" Bell had called softly. There was no answer.

"Massa?" she called again, louder, sharply.

He heard the drawing-room door open. "Where my Kizzy, Massa?"

"She's in my safekeeping," he said stonily. "We're not having another one running off."

"I jes' don' understan' you, Massa." Bell spoke so softly that Kunta could hardly hear her. "De chile ain't been out'n yo' yard, hardly."

The massa started to say something, then stopped. "It's possible you really don't know what she's done," he said. "The boy Noah has been captured, but not before severely knifing the two road patrolmen who challenged a false traveling pass he was carrying. After being subdued by force, he finally confessed that the pass had been written not by me but by your daughter. She has admitted it to the sheriff."

There was silence for a long, agonizing moment, then Kunta heard a scream and running footsteps. As he whipped open the door, Bell came bolting past him—shoving him aside with the force of a man—and out the back door. The hall was empty, the drawing-room door shut.



"Gloria? One flight up."

He ran out after her, catching up with her at the cabin door.

"Massa gon' sell Kizzy, I knows it!" Bell started screaming, and inside him something snapped.

"Gwine git her!" he choked out, crippling back toward the big house and into the kitchen as fast as he could go, with Bell not far behind. Wild with fury, he snatched open the inside door and went charging down the unspeakably forbidden hallway.

The massa and the sheriff spun with disbelieving faces as the drawing-room door came jerking open. Kunta halted there abruptly, his eyes burning with murder. Bell screamed from behind him, "Where our baby at? We come to git her!"

Kunta saw the sheriff's right hand sliding toward his holstered gun as the massa seethed, "Get out!"

"You niggers can't hear?" The sheriff's hand was withdrawing the pistol and Kunta was tensed to plunge for it—just as Bell's voice trembled behind him "Yassa"—and he felt her desperately pulling his arm. Then his feet were moving backward through the doorway—and suddenly the door was slammed behind them, a key clicking sharply in the lock.

As Kunta crouched with his wife in the hall, drowning in his shame, they heard some tense, muted conversation between the massa and the sheriff . . . then the sound of feet moving, scuffling faintly . . . then Kizzy's crying and the sound of the front door slamming shut.

"Kizzy! Kizzy chile! Lawd Gawd, don' let 'em sell my Kizzy!" As she burst out the back door with Kunta behind her, Bell's screams reached away out to where the field hands were, who came racing. Cato arrived in time to see Bell screeching insanely, springing up and down with Kunta bear-hugging her to the ground. Massa Waller was descending the front steps ahead of the sheriff, who was hauling Kizzy after him—weeping and jerking herself backward—at the end of a chain.

"Mammy! Maaaaamy!" Kizzy screamed.

Bell and Kunta leaped up from the ground and went raging around the side of the house like two charging lions. The sheriff drew his gun and pointed it straight at Bell: She stopped in her tracks. She stared at Kizzy. Bell tore the question from her throat: "You done dis thing deys says?" They all watched Kizzy's agony as her reddened, weeping eyes gave her answer in a mute way—darting imploringly from Bell and Kunta to the sheriff and the massa—but she said nothing.

"Oh, my Lawd Gawd!" Bell shrieked. "Massa, please have mercy! She ain't meant to do it! She ain't knowed what

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she was doin'! Missy Anne de one teached 'er to write!"

Massa Waller spoke glacially. "The law is the law. She's broken my rules. She's committed a felony. She may have aided in a murder. I'm told one of those white men may die."

"Ain't *her* cut de man, Massa! Massa, she worked for you ever since she big 'nough to carry yo' slop jar! An' I done cooked an' waited on you han' an' foot over forty years, an' he"—gesturing at Kunta, she stuttered—"he done drive you eve'ywhere you been for near 'bout dat long, Massa, don' all dat count for sump'n?"

Massa Waller would not look directly at her. "You were doing your jobs. She's going to be sold—that's all there is to it."

"Jes' cheap, low-class white folks splits up families!" shouted Bell. "You ain't dat kine!"

Angrily, Massa Waller gestured to the sheriff, who began to wrench Kizzy roughly toward the wagon.

Bell blocked their path. "Den sell me an' 'er pappy wid 'er! Don' split us up!"

"Get out of the way!" barked the sheriff, roughly shoving her aside.

Bellowing, Kunta sprang forward like a leopard, pummeling the sheriff to the ground with his fists.

"Save me, *Fa!*" Kizzy screamed. He grabbed her around the waist and began pulling frantically at her chain.

When the sheriff's pistol butt crashed above his ear, Kunta's head seemed to explode as he crumpled to his knees. Bell lunged toward the sheriff, but his

outflung arm threw her off balance and she fell heavily as he dumped Kizzy into the back of his wagon and snapped a lock on her chain. Leaping nimbly onto the seat, the sheriff lashed the horse, whose forward jerk sent the wagon lurching as Kunta clambered up. Dazed, head pounding, ignoring the pistol, he went scrambling after the wagon as it gathered speed.

"*Missy Anne!* . . . *Missy Annnnnnnne!*" Kizzy was screeching it at the top of her voice. "*Missy Annnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnne!*" Again and again, the screams came; they seemed to hang in the air behind the wagon swiftly rolling toward the main road.

When Kunta began stumbling, gasping for breath, the wagon was a half mile away; when he halted, for a long time he stood looking after it, until the dust had settled and the road stretched empty as far as he could see.

The massa turned and walked very quickly with his head down back into the house, past Bell huddled sobbing by the bottom step. As if Kunta were sleep-walking, he came crippling slowly back up the driveway—when an African remembrance flashed into his mind and, near the front of the house, he bent down and started peering around. Determining the clearest prints that Kizzy's bare feet had left in the dust, scooping up the double handful containing those footprints, he went rushing toward the cabin: The ancient forefathers said that precious dust kept in some safe place would ensure Kizzy's return to where she

had made the footprints. He burst through the cabin's open door, his eyes sweeping the room and falling upon his gourd containing his pebbles on a shelf. Springing over there, in the instant before opening his cupped hands to drop in the dirt, suddenly he knew the truth: His Kizzy was gone; she would not return. He would never see his Kizzy again.

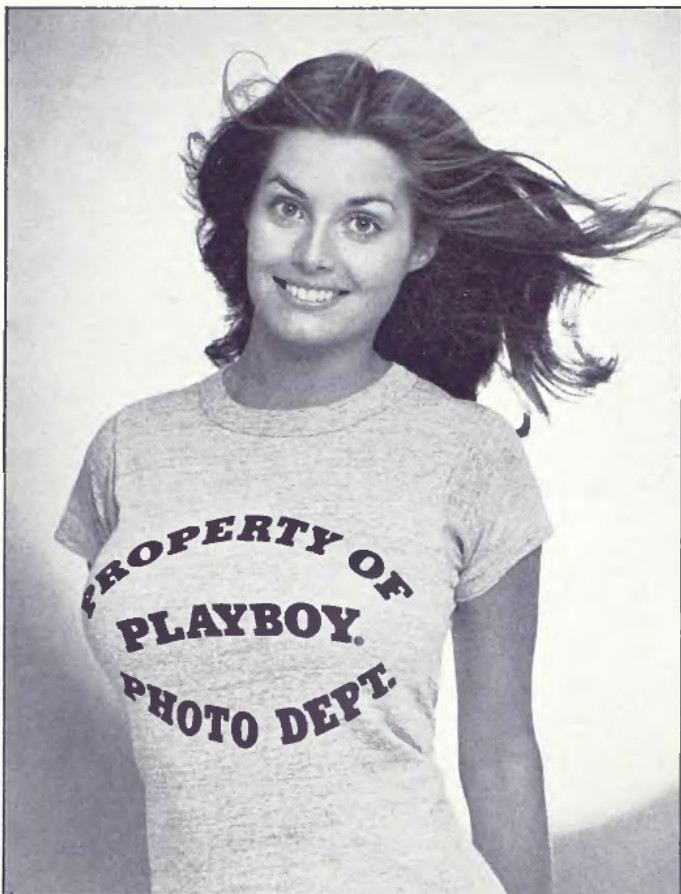
His face contorting, Kunta flung his dust toward the cabin roof. Tears bursting from his eyes, snatching his heavy gourd up high over his head, his mouth wide in a soundless scream, he hurled the gourd down with all his strength and it shattered against the packed-earth floor, his 662 pebbles representing each month of his 55 rains flying out, ricocheting wildly in all directions.

Weak and dazed, Kizzy lay in the darkness, on some burlap sacks, in the cabin where she had been pushed when the mule cart arrived shortly after dusk. She wondered vaguely what time it was; it seemed that night had gone on forever. She began tossing and twisting, trying to force herself to think of something—anything—that didn't terrify her. Finally, for the 100th time, she tried to concentrate on figuring out how to get "up Nawth," where, she had heard so often, black people could find freedom if they escaped. If she went the wrong way, she might wind up "Deep Souf," where people said massas and overseers were even worse than Massa Waller. Which way was "nawth"? She didn't know. I'm going to escape, anyway, she swore bitterly.

It was as if a pin pricked her spine when she heard the first creaking of the cabin door. Springing upright and backward in the dark, she saw the figure entering furtively, with a cupped hand shielding a candle's flame. Above it she recognized the face of the white man who had purchased her, and she saw that his other hand was holding up a short-handled whip, cocked ready for use. But it was the glazed leer on the white man's face that froze her where she stood.

"Rather not have to hurt you none," he said, the smell of his liquored breath nearly suffocating her. She sensed his intent. He wanted to do with her what Pappy did with Mammy when she heard strange sounds from their curtained-off room after they thought she was asleep. He wanted to do what Noah had urged her to do when they had gone walking down along the fence row, and which she almost had given in to, several times, especially the night before he had left, but he had frightened her too much when he exclaimed hoarsely, "I wants you wid my baby!" She thought that this white man must be insane to think that she was going to permit him to do that with her.

"Ain't got no time to play wit you now!" The white man's words were



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slurred. Kizzy's eyes were judging how to bolt past him to flee into the night—but he seemed to read that impulse, moving a little bit sideways, not taking his gaze off her as he leaned over and tilted the candle to drain its melted wax onto the seat of the cabin's single broken chair; then the small flame flickered upright. Inching slowly backward, Kizzy felt her shoulders brushing the cabin's wall. "Ain't you got sense enough to know I'm your new massa?" He watched her, grimacing some kind of a smile. "You a fair-lookin' wench. Might even set you free, if I like you enough—"

When he sprang, seizing Kizzy, she wrenched loose, shrieking, as with an angry curse he brought the whip cracking down across the back of her neck. "I'll take the hide off you!" Lunging like a wild woman, Kizzy clawed at his contorted face, but slowly he forced her roughly to the floor. Pushing back upward, she was shoved down again. Then the man was on his knees beside her, one of his hands choking back her screams—"Please, Massa, please!"—the other stuffing dirty burlap sacking into her mouth until she gagged. As she flailed her arms in agony and arched her back to shake him off, he banged her head against the floor, again, again, again, then began slapping her—more and more excitedly—until Kizzy felt her dress being snatched upward, her undergarments being ripped. Frantically thrashing, the sack in her mouth muffling her cries, she felt his hands fumbling upward between her thighs, finding, fingering her private parts, squeezing and spreading them. Striking her another numbing blow, the man jerked down his suspenders, made motions at his trousers' front. Then came the searing pain as he forced his way into her, and Kizzy's senses seemed to explode. On and on it went, until finally she lost consciousness.

In the early dawn, Kizzy blinked her eyes open. She was engulfed in shame to find a young black woman bending over her and sponging her private parts gently with a rag and warm, soapy water. When Kizzy's nose told her that she had also soiled herself, she shut her eyes in embarrassment, soon feeling the woman cleaning her there as well. When Kizzy slitted her eyes open again, she saw that the woman's face seemed as expressionless as if she were washing clothes, as if this were but another of the many tasks she had been called upon to perform in her life. Finally laying a clean towel over Kizzy's loins, she glanced up at Kizzy's face. "Reckon you ain't feel like talkin' none now," the woman said quietly, gathering up the dirty rags and her water pail, preparing to leave. Clutching these things in the crook of one arm, she bent again and used her free hand to draw up a burlap sack to cover most of Kizzy's body. "Fo' long, I bring you

sump'n to eat," she said, and went on out the cabin door.

Kizzy lay there feeling as if she were suspended in mid-air. She tried to deny to herself that the unspeakable, unthinkable thing had really happened, but the lancing pains of her torn privates reminded her that it had. She felt a deep uncleanness, a disgrace that could never be erased. She tried shifting her position, but the pains seemed to spread. Holding her body still, she clutched the sack tightly about her, as if somehow to cocoon herself against any more outrage, but the pains grew worse.

Kizzy's mind raced back across the past four days and nights. She could still see her parents' terrified faces, still hear their helpless cries as she was rushed away. She could still feel herself struggling to escape from the white trader whom the Spotsylvania County sheriff had turned her over to; she had nearly slipped free after pleading that she had to relieve herself. Finally, they had reached some small town where—after long, bitterly angry haggling—the trader at last had sold her to this new massa, who had awaited the nightfall to violate her. Mammy! Pappy! If only screaming for them could reach them—but they didn't even know where she was. And who knows what might have happened to them? She knew that Massa Waller would never sell anyone he owned "*less'n dey breaks his rules.*" But in trying to stop the massa from selling *her*, they must have broken a dozen of those rules.

And Noah, what of Noah? Somewhere beaten to death? Again, it came back to Kizzy vividly. Noah demanding angrily that to prove her love, she must use her writing ability to forge a traveling pass for him to show if he should be seen, stopped and questioned by patrollers or any other suspicious whites. She remembered the grim determination etched on his face as he pledged to her that once he got up North, with just a little money saved from a job he would quickly find, "Gwine steal back here an' slip you Nawth, too, fo' de res' our days togedder." She sobbed anew. She knew she would never see him again. Or her parents. Unless—

Her thoughts leaped with a sudden hope! Missy Anne had sworn since girlhood that when she married some handsome, rich young massa, Kizzy alone must be her personal maid, later to care for the houseful of children. Was it *possible* that when she found out Kizzy was gone, she had gone screaming, ranting, pleading to Massa Waller? Missy Anne could sway him more than anyone else on earth! Could the massa have sent out some men searching for the slave dealer, to learn where he had sold her, to buy her back?

But soon now a new freshet of grief poured from Kizzy. She realized that the

sheriff knew exactly who the slave dealer was; they would certainly have traced her by now! She felt even more desperately lost, even more totally abandoned. Later, when she had no more tears left to shed, she lay imploring God to destroy her, if He felt she deserved all this, just because she loved Noah. Feeling some slickness seeping between her upper legs, Kizzy knew that she was continuing to bleed. But the pain had subsided to a throbbing.

When the cabin door came creaking open again, Kizzy had sprung up and was rearing backward against the wall before she realized that it was the woman. She was carrying a steaming small pot, with a bowl and spoon, and Kizzy slumped back down onto the dirt floor as the woman put the pot on the table, then spooned some food into the bowl, which she placed down alongside Kizzy. Kizzy acted as if she saw neither the food nor the woman, who squatted beside her and began talking as matter-of-factly as if they had known each other for years.

"I'se de big-house cook. My name Malizy. What your'n?"

Finally, Kizzy felt stupid not to answer. "It Kizzy, Miss Malizy."

The woman made an approving grunt. "You sounds well raised." She glanced at the untouched stew in the bowl. "I reckon you know you let vittles git cold dey don't do you no good." Miss Malizy sounded almost like Sister Mandy or Aunt Sukey.

Hesitantly picking up the spoon, Kizzy tasted the stew, then began to eat some of it, slowly.

"How ol' you is?" asked Miss Malizy.

"I'se sixteen, ma'am."

"Massa boun' for hell jes' sho's he born!" exclaimed Miss Malizy, half under her breath. Looking at Kizzy, she said, "Jes' well's to tell you Massa one dem what loves nigger womens, 'specially young'uns like you is. He use to mess wid me, I ain't but roun' nine years older'n you, but he quit after he brung Missy here an' made me de cook, workin' right dere in de house where she is, thanks be to Gawd!" Miss Malizy grimaced. "Speck you gwine be seein' 'im in here regular."

Seeing Kizzy's hand fly to her mouth, Miss Malizy said, "Honey, you jes' well's realize you's a nigger woman. De kind of white man Massa is, you either gives in or he gwine make you wish you had, one way or 'nother. An' lemme tell you, dis massa a mean thing if you cross 'im. Fact, ain't never knowed nobody git mad de way he do. Ever'thin' can be gwine 'long jes' fine, den let jes' anythin' happen dat rile 'im." Miss Malizy snapped her fingers, "quick as dat, he can fly red hot an' ack like he done gon' crazy!"

Kizzy's thoughts were racing. Once darkness fell, before he came again, she must escape. But it was as if Miss Malizy read her mind. "Don't you even start thinkin' 'bout runnin' nowhere, honey!

He jes' have you hunted down wid dem blood dogs, an' you in a worsen mess. Jes' calm yo'self. De next fo', five days he ain't gon' be here nohow. Him an' his ol' nigger chicken trainer already done left for one dem big chicken fights halfway 'crosst de state." Miss Malizy paused. "Massa don't care 'bout nothin' much as dem fightin' chickens o' his'n."

She went on talking nonstop—about how the massa, who had grown to adulthood as a po' cracker, bought a 25-cent raffle ticket that won him a good fighting rooster, which got him started on the road to becoming one of the area's more successful gamecock owners.

Kizzy finally interrupted. "Don' he sleep wid his missis?"

"Sho' he do!" said Miss Malizy. "He jes' love womens. You won't never see much o' her, 'cause she scairt to death o' 'im, an' she keep real quiet an' stay close. She whole lot younger'n he is; she was jes' fo'teen, same kind of po' cracker he was, when he married her an' brung her here. But she done foun' out he don't care much for her as he do his chickens." As Miss Malizy continued talking about the massa, his wife and his chickens, Kizzy's thoughts drifted away once again to thoughts of escape.

"Gal! Is you payin' me 'tention?"

"Yes'm," she replied quickly.

Miss Malizy's frown eased. "Well, I specks you better, since I'se 'quaintin' you wid where you is!"

Briefly she studied Kizzy. "Where you come from, anyhow?" Kizzy said from Spotsylvania County, Virginia. "Ain't never heard of it! Anyhow, dis here's Caswell County in North Ca'liny." Kizzy's expression showed that she had no idea where that was, though she had often heard of North Carolina, and she had the impression that it was somewhere near Virginia.

"Look here, does you even know Massa's name?" asked Miss Malizy. Kizzy looked blank. "Him's Massa Tom Lea." She reflected a moment. "Reckon now dat make you Kizzy Lea."

"My name Kizzy Waller!" Kizzy exclaimed in protest. Then, with a flash, she remembered that all of this had happened to her at the hands of Massa Waller, whose name she bore, and she began weeping.

"Don't take on so, honey!" exclaimed Miss Malizy. "You sho' knows niggers takes whoever's dey massa's name. Nigger names don't make no difference nohow, jes' sump'n to call 'em."

Kizzy said, "My pappy's real name Kunta Kinte. He a African."

"You don't say!" Miss Malizy appeared taken aback. "I'se hearded my great-gran'daddy was one dem Africans, too! My mammy say her mammy told her he was blacker'n tar, wid scars zigzaggin' down both cheeks. But my mammy never say his name." Miss Malizy paused. "You

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know yo' mammy, too?"

"'Cose I does. My mammy name Bell. She a big-house cook like you is. An' my pappy drive de massa's buggy—leas' he did."

"You jes' come from bein' wid yo' mammy an' pappy both?" Miss Malizy couldn't believe it. "Lawd, ain't many us gits to know *both* our folks 'fo' somebody git sol' away!"

Sensing that Miss Malizy was preparing to leave, suddenly dreading being left alone again, Kizzy sought a way to extend the conversation. "You talks a whole lot like my mammy," she offered.

Miss Malizy seemed startled, then very pleased. "I specks she a good Christian woman like I is."

Hesitantly, Kizzy asked something that had creased her mind. "What kine of work dey gwine have me doin' here, Miss Malizy?"

Miss Malizy seemed astounded at the question. "What you gon' *do*?" she demanded. "Massa ain't tol' you how many niggers here?" Kizzy shook her head. "Honeychile, you makin' zactly five! An' dat's countin' Mingo, de ol' nigger dat live down 'mongst de chickens. So it's me cookin', washin' an' housekeepin', an' Sister Sarah an' Uncle Pompey workin' in de fiel', where you sho' gwine go, too—dat you is!"

Miss Malizy's brows lifted at the dismay on Kizzy's face. "What work you done where you was?"

"Cleanin' in de big house an' helpin' my mammy in de kitchen," Kizzy answered in a faltering voice.

"Figgered sump'n like dat when I seen dem soft hands of your'n! Well, you sho' better git ready for some calluses an' corns soon's Massa git back!" Miss Malizy then seemed to feel that she should soften a bit. "Po' thing! Listen here to me, you been used to one dem rich massa's places. But dis here one dem po' crackers what scabbled an' scraped till he got holt a li'l lan' an' built a house dat ain't nothin' but a big front to make 'em look better off dan dey is. Plenty crackers like dat roun' here. Dey got a sayin', 'Farm a hundred acres wid fo' niggers.' Well, he too tight to buy even dat many. But he finally had to see wasn't no way jes' Uncle Pompey an' Sister Sarah could farm much as he like to plant, an' he *had* to git somebody else. Dat's how come he bought you." Miss Malizy paused. "You know how much you cost?"

Kizzy said weakly, "No'm."

"Well, I reckon six to seb'n hundred dollars, considerin' de prices I've heard him say niggers costin' nowadays, an' you bein' strong an' young, lookin' like a good breeder, too, dat'll bring him free pickaninnies."

With Kizzy again speechless, Miss Malizy moved closer to the door and stopped. "Fact, I wouldn't o' been surprised if Massa stuck you in wid one

dem stud niggers some rich massa keeps on dey places an' hires out. But it look like to me he figgerin' on breedin' you hisself."

The conversation was short.

"Massa, I gwine have a baby."

"Well, what you expectin' me to do about it? I know you better not start playin' sick, tryin' to get out of workin'!"

But he did start coming to Kizzy's cabin less often as her belly began to grow. Slaving out under the hot sun, Kizzy went through dizzy spells as well as morning sickness in the course of her painful initiation to field work. Torturous blisters on both her palms would burst, fill with fluid again, then burst again from their steady friction against the rough, heavy handle of her hoe. Chopping along, trying to keep not too far behind the experienced, short, stout, black Uncle Pompey and the wiry, light-brown-skinned Sister Sarah—both of whom she felt were still deciding what to think of her—she would strain to recall everything she had ever heard her mammy say about the havin' of young'uns. She felt she'd give anything if Bell could be there beside her now. Despite her humiliation at being great with child and having to face her mammy—who had warned repeatedly of the disgrace that could befall her "if'n you keeps messin' roun' wid dat Noah an' winds up too close"—Kizzy knew she'd understand that it hadn't been her fault, and she'd let her know the things she needed to know.

She could almost hear Bell's voice telling her sadly, as she had so often, what she believed had caused the tragic deaths of both the wife and baby of Massa Waller: "Po' li'l thing was jes' built too small to birth dat great big baby!" Was she herself built big enough? Kizzy wondered frantically. Was there any way to tell? She remembered once when she and Missy Anne had stood goggle-eyed, watching a cow deliver a calf, then their whispering that despite what grownups told them about storks bringing babies, maybe mothers had to squeeze them out through their privates in the same gruesome way.

The older women, Miss Malizy and Sister Sarah, seemed to take hardly any notice of her steadily enlarging belly—and breasts—so Kizzy decided angrily that it would be as big a waste of time to confide her fears to them as it would to Massa Lea. Certainly, he couldn't have been less concerned as he rode around the plantation on his horse, yelling threats at anyone he felt wasn't working fast enough.

When the baby came—in the winter of 1806—Sister Sarah served as the midwife. After what seemed an eternity of moaning, screaming, feeling as if she were ripping apart, Kizzy lay bathed in sweat, staring in wonder at the wriggling infant grinning Sister Sarah was holding

up. It was a boy—but his skin seemed to be almost high yaller.

Seeing Kizzy's alarm, Sister Sarah assured her, "New babies takes leas' a month to darken to dey full color, honey!" But Kizzy's apprehension deepened as she examined her baby several times every day; when a full month had passed, she knew that the child's permanent color was going to be, at best, a pecan-colored brown.

She remembered her mammy's proud boast, "Ain't nothin' but black niggers here on Massa's place." And she tried not to think about "sassaborro," the name her ebony-black father—his mouth curled in scorn—used to call those with mulatto skin. She was grateful that they weren't there to see—and share—her shame. But she knew that she'd never be able to hold her head up again even if they never saw the child, for all anyone had to do was compare her color with the baby's to know what had happened—and with whom. She thought of Noah and felt even more ashamed. "Dis our *las'* chance 'fo' I leaves, baby, how *come* you can't?" she heard him say again. She wished desperately that she had, that this was Noah's baby; at least it would be black.

"Gal, what's de *matter* you ain't happy, gret big ol' fine chile like dat!" said Miss Malizy one morning, noticing how sad Kizzy looked and how awkwardly she was holding the baby, almost at her side, as if she found it hard even to *look* at her child. In a rush of understanding, Miss Malizy blurted, "Honey, what you lettin' bother you ain't no need to worry 'bout. Don't make no difference, 'cause dese days an' times don't nobody care, ain't even pay no 'tention. It gittin' to be near 'bout as many mulattoes as it is black niggers like us. It's jes' de way things is, dat's all"—Miss Malizy's eyes were pleading with Kizzy. "An' you can be sho' Massa ain't never gwine claim de chile, not no way at all. He jes' see a young'un he glad he ain't had to pay for, dat he gwine stick out in de fiel's same as you is. So de only thing for you to feel is dat big, fine baby's *your'n*, honey—dat's all it is to it!"

That way of seeing things helped Kizzy to collect herself, at least somewhat. "But what gwine happen," she asked, "when sometime or 'nother Missis sho' catch sight dis chile, Miss Malizy?"

"She know he ain't no good! I wisht I had a penny for every white woman knows dey husbands got chilluns by niggers. Main thing, I speck Missis be jealous 'cause seem like *she* ain't able to have none."

The next night, Massa Lea came to the cabin—about a month after the baby was born—he bent over the bed and held his candle close to the face of the sleeping baby. "Hmmm. Ain't bad-lookin'. Good-sized, too." With his forefinger, he jiggled one of the clenched tiny fists and

DISCOVER WHAT VITAMINS CAN DO FOR YOUR HAIR.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

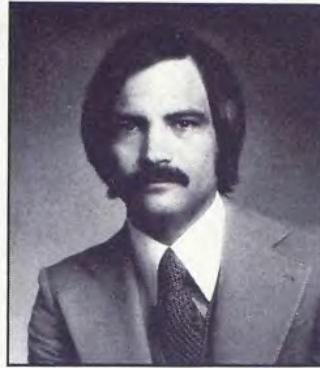
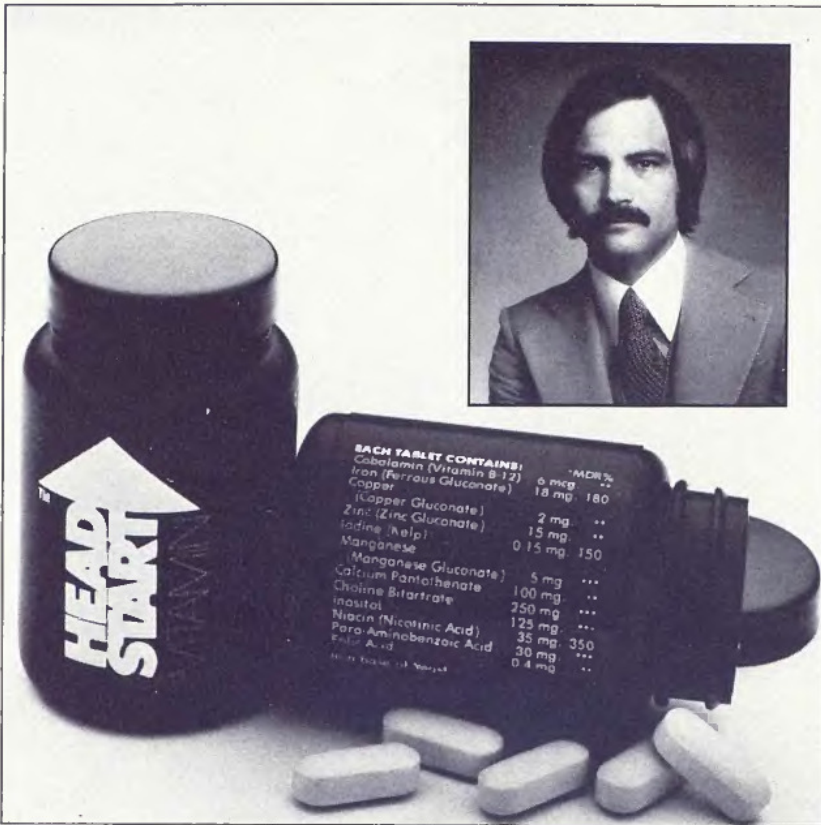
Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occurs 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my



hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females! Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.



"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." E.H., New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..."

W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..."

S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..."

E.H., Charlotte, N.C.

"The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more..."

H.A., Bronx, N.Y.

"Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..."

V.M., Carrollton, Ga.

"I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..."

R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works..."

J.T., Brooklyn N.Y.

"Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair..."

D.D., Chehalis, Wash.

"These pills really work..."

Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala.

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said, turning to Kizzy, "All right. This weekend will make enough time off. Monday you go back to the field."

"But Massa, I ought to stay to nuss 'im!" she said foolishly.

His rage exploded in her ears. "Shut up and do as you're told! You're through being pampered by some fancy Virginia blue blood! Take that pickaninny with you to the field, or I'll keep that baby and sell you out of here so quick your head swims!"

Scared silly, Kizzy burst into weeping at even the thought of being sold away from her child. "Yassuh, Massa!" she cried, cringing. Seeing her crushed submission, his anger quickly abated, but then Kizzy began to sense—with disbelief—that he had actually come intending to use her again, even now, with the baby sleeping right beside them.

"Massa, Massa, it too soon," she pleaded tearfully. "I ain't healed up right yet, Massa!" But when he simply ignored her, she struggled only long enough to put out the candle, after which she endured the ordeal quietly, terrified that the baby would awaken. She was relieved that he still seemed to be sleeping even when the massa spent himself, and then was clambering up, preparing to go. In the darkness, as he snapped his suspenders onto his shoulders, he said, "Well, got to call him somethin'." Kizzy lay with her breath sucked in. After another moment, he said, "Call him George—that's after the hardest-workin' nigger I ever saw." After another pause, the massa continued, as if talking to himself, "George. Yeah. Tomorrow I'll write it in my Bible. Yeah, that's a good name—George!" And he went on out.

Kizzy cleaned herself off and then lay back down, unsure which outrage to be most furious about. She had thought earlier of either Kunta or Kinte as an ideal name, though uncertain of what the massa's reaction might be to their uncommon sounds. But she dared not risk igniting his temper with any objection to the name he'd chosen. She thought with a new horror of what her African pappy would think of it, knowing what importance he attached to names. Kizzy remembered how her pappy had told her that in his homeland, the naming of sons was the most important thing of all. "'cause de sons become dey fam'lies' mens!"

She lay thinking of how she had never understood why her pappy had always felt so bitter against the world of white people—toubob was his word for them. She thought of Bell's saying to her, "You's so lucky it scare me, chile, 'cause you don' really know what bein' a nigger is, an' I hopes to de good Lawd you don' never have to fin' out." Well, she had found out—and there seemed no limit to the anguish whites were capable of wreaking upon black people. But the worst thing they did, Kunta had said, was to keep them ignorant of who they are, to keep them from being fully human.

"De reason yo' pappy took holt o' my feelin's from de firs'," her mammy had told her, "was he de proudest black man I ever seed!" Before she fell asleep, Kizzy decided that however base her baby's origins, however light his color, whatever name the massa forced upon him, she would never regard him as other than the grandson of an African.



"He wants a fairy tale. Should I tell him about your brother Bruce?"

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 61)

on fact; a lawyer's authority is based on his legal knowledge, which is also fact; whereas a theologian's beliefs are pure guesswork. They're just not playing in the same ball park.

David Rogers

Madison Heights, Michigan

The spate of letters appearing in the June *Playboy Forum*, and particularly your reply to Hugo Carl Koch, convinces me that Catholic baiting and the attempt to depict antiabortionists as theological dupes have become deliberate smear tactics designed to discredit the prolife movement and obfuscate the issues.

There is so little correspondence between Koch's letter and your comments that I was tempted to believe that the wrong reply had been attached to Koch's letter by accident. You state that Koch seems "to think that God invented screwing for the primary purpose of making women pregnant and producing babies, and that anything interfering with this process is against God's will." Upon carefully re-examining Koch's letter, I could find nowhere therein either the word God or the term God's will or any reference at all to the purpose of what you so eloquently call screwing. I conclude that your only reason for raising the issue of theology is to confuse matters by appealing to the religious bigotry of at least a segment of your readership.

Michael L. Pastorkovich
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Laws shouldn't be based solely on theological opinions or even on nonreligious philosophical opinions. Our society grants people the right to differ in these matters. Considering that Koch claims to derive his views from the teachings of the founders of the world's great religions and that he states that women should be compelled to endure "the predictable result" of the sex act—pregnancy—we'd call our restatement of his views fair.

NITTY-GRITTY ON BREAST FEEDING

I would like to assure the nursing mother who wrote about experiencing the milk-letdown reflex when performing fellatio on her husband (*The Playboy Forum*, June) that such occurrences are quite common. This new mother's description of the letdown reflex is a bit misleading, however. It is simply a physical response in the breasts that causes them to give milk. In reaction to the stimulus of the baby's sucking, the mother's pituitary gland releases the hormone oxytocin, which causes the milk to be pushed from the tiny milk ducts in her breasts. Oxytocin is also released when she is responding sexually. Emotional upset and fatigue can interfere with the letdown reflex. If this happens, a hot bath, a warm, soothing drink or an alcoholic

beverage may relieve tension and help it function properly. While a letdown is a common occurrence in nursing mothers during lovemaking, sex is not a very practical aid. The hungry baby may not want to wait for Mommy to get through eating Daddy.

(Name withheld by request)
Jacksonville, Florida

FLUSHED WITH VICTORY

The Committee to End Pay Toilets in America (CEPTIA) has claimed victory and disbanded now that its goal has been achieved. In May of this year, Ohio and Kansas passed laws banning pay toilets, bringing the total number of states with similar laws to 12. It is estimated that more than one half of all pay toilets in operation when the group began in 1970 have been banned by law or removed voluntarily and that by the end of 1976, even fewer will be left. The U. S. is well on its way to complete rest-room freedom. The trend can no longer be stopped.

Although founded when pay-toilet liberation was virtually unheard of, CEPTIA grew to a membership of 1800. In 1973, the group was responsible for an ordinance that banned pay toilets in Chicago—the first successful pay-toilet ban in the U. S. (*The Playboy Forum*, February 1975). CEPTIA's success was its own undoing. There are so many

anti-pay-toilet bills being introduced around the country that it could no longer keep track of all of them.

CEPTIA outlasted its usefulness. It never intended to stay in existence any longer than necessary. It wasn't making a bid for power; its end was its own elimination.

Michael Gessel, President
Teresa Bailey, National Secretary
CEPTIA
Dayton, Ohio

ANTIBIKER BIGOTRY

When I read the letter titled "Disturbers of the Peace" in the May *Playboy Forum*, I wondered how a person in another state can pontificate on a situation he knows nothing about. How can anybody compare my son's driving a dirt bike on the street, as described in the January *Playboy Forum*, with the crimes committed by bikers in another part of the country? Can it be that Henry Ruh is so blinded by his prejudice against motorcyclists that *anything* done to any of them is OK by him? In contrast to Ruh's local situation ("The innocent kiddies here have damaged private property, endangered life and forced drivers off the road, driven at speeds twice the residential limit of 25 mph and eluded the police so often that they will no longer respond to calls from the local citizens"), here it's the police who are harassing the

cyclists. My son didn't learn anything constructive by the judge's sitting down on "the brat." He learned that law enforcement is capricious and arbitrary and that adults are not bigger than children. They just make bigger mistakes.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

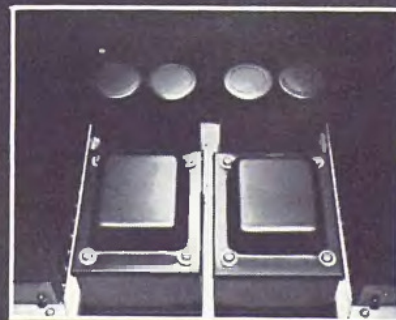
UNHOLY INQUISITION

The Supreme Court's decision last April holding that the Internal Revenue Service is free to examine our bank-account records, secretly and without court permission, is the closest thing to pure tyranny that our republic has ever suffered. The use of the IRS for intimidation and harassment of political enemies—as under Nixon—can now be revived in a more virulent form. As columnist Nicholas von Hoffman emphasizes, nobody is immune from IRS persecution:

They can always show you did your taxes wrong, because it is almost impossible to do them right. The IRS' own figures show that 74 percent of middle-income returns prepared by outfits like H & R Block are incorrect, but the greater the expertise of the tax preparer, the more likely the possibility of mistakes. Thus, 75 percent of middle-income returns prepared by accountants are wrong, 78 percent prepared by

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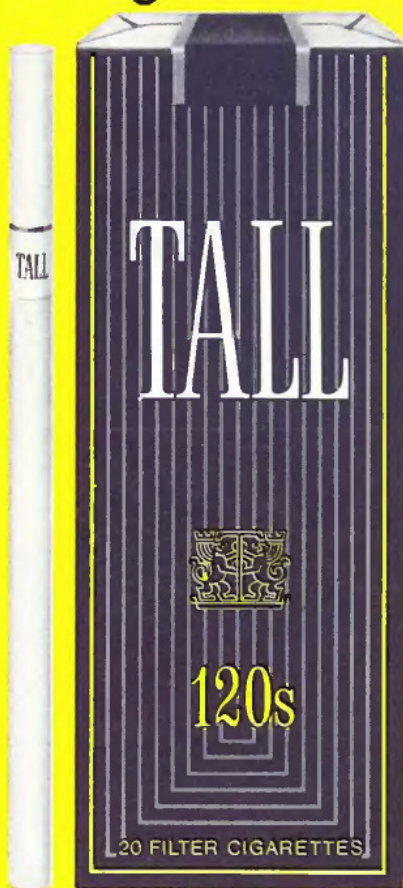
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lawyers and, get this, 79 percent prepared by the IRS itself are incorrect.

Which is but another way of saying there is no right way of preparing your taxes. You are always wrong.

With laws like this and the Court's new ruling removing from IRS victims the right of freedom from unwarranted search, it will not take a new Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell crowd to introduce horrible abuses. This system is already a horrible abuse.

(Name withheld by request)
Modesto, California

RED, WHITE AND BLUES

Six years ago, I had the unfortunate experience of being arrested on a flag-desecration charge. My Valiant needed a paint job and, inspired by the gas tank in *Easy Rider*, I created a red, white and blue bomber. At the time, however, if you were under 30 and made any decorative use of the flag, you were automatically treated as a hippie-radical-criminal. A state trooper hit me with a class-A misdemeanor, which involved expensive court costs, a lawyer's fee and a new paint job.

Now the Vietnam war is over and the Bicentennial is happening and everything is red, white and blue. Colorful storefronts, mailboxes and 18-wheelers decorate the countryside. The apex of irritation for me, however, is the large number of fireplugs painted with the Stars and Stripes that dot the roadsides. I was arrested for proudly showing the flag, but now dogs can indiscriminately pee on it. Something's screwy in this country.

(Name withheld by request)
Oswego, New York

BERTH CONTROL

For sheer laughs, consider the case last spring in which some snooper found a midshipman and a female cadet in bed together at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York. It's hard to understand why this was even treated as a crime. Thirty years after Kinsey and 70 years after Freud, does the academy really think it's possible or desirable to suppress normal heterosexuality? Or would it have preferred that those two young adults had gone off to separate rooms and masturbated like a couple of 14-year-olds?

But that's only the beginning. At the time of the incident, the midshipman took off like a bat out of hell and was never identified, leaving the lady to face the music alone. What an example of chivalry for the other academy students! Then, to pile hypocrisy upon injustice, the officials gave the female cadet a choice of resigning or facing formal charges. I hope nobody thought the double standard was dying out.

The whole scenario is like Griffith's

Way Down East. All that was missing was a snowstorm for the poor lady to get lost in when she was heaved out the front door of the academy.

Joseph Johnson
Los Angeles, California

The young lady was readmitted to the Merchant Marine Academy after Senator J. Glenn Beall, Jr., from her home state of Maryland, called for an investigation of the case.

POSTERIOR PLEASURES

The woman from Garfield Heights, Ohio, who describes anal intercourse as a perverted pleasure (*The Playboy Forum*, June) seems to base her opinion on the fact that someone accidentally bugged her and she didn't like it. Intentional anal intercourse with a thoughtful and gentle lover is not dangerous but downright fantastic. My husband opened up a new world of mind-blowing sexual pleasure when he introduced me to anal fucking. I have never had lacerations, pain or vaginal infections, only much pleasure and many orgasms.

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

After reading the two letters on anal intercourse in the June *Playboy Forum*, I feel compelled to write on behalf of this pleasure. My derrière is one of the most erotic parts of my body and I enjoy having it made love to in every possible fashion. The first few attempts at anal intercourse were disasters. I'll admit, but so were, a long time before that, my first attempts at vaginal intercourse. A little bit of Vaseline and a warm bath afterward can work wonders. The occasional discomfort is certainly worth the pleasure. Since my husband and I are not always in the mood for anal intercourse, its infrequency makes it much more of a treat.

Anal intercourse also has many little fringe benefits, like leaving his hands free for fondling, feeling, fumbling and fooling around with all my goodies in front. And you never hear of anyone getting pregnant from it, either.

My husband just happens to be the most gentle and considerate person I've ever met. He has always put my pleasure before his and I can honestly say that I owe every bit of my delight in sexuality to him. Maybe the ladies with bruised bottoms should start looking around for a partner who knows an ass from an elbow.

(Name withheld by request)
Brooklyn, New York

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



DOWN IN MEMPHIS

(continued from page 108)

testimony later at the trial, one of the defendants, a Memphis theater owner, was muscled into paying for showing *Deep Throat* after being caught by the distributors with a bootleg print; but the jury could judge all these defendants conspirators. Linda Lovelace would be a conspirator, too, but she has been given immunity from prosecution in exchange for her testimony (she never appeared at the trial; FBI agents were unable to track her down). Gerard Damiano, who wrote, coproduced and directed *Deep Throat*, would also be a conspirator, but, under immunity, he has come to town to testify, and from the witness stand he speaks of the requirements of art and fingers the defendants who put up money for his film and later bought him out.

Anyone, anywhere, who helped make *Deep Throat*, who handled a print, who paid money to the several individuals and corporations who produced and distributed it—the gaffer who arranged the lights; the Florida bachelor who lent the *Deep Throat* crew his swimming pool and his house; the laboratory that processed the rushes; the many projectionists in Los Angeles and New York and points between who loaded the reels; the popcorn sellers; the ticket takers; anyone who had anything at all to do with the film except the hundreds of thousands of Americans who went to see it—was theoretically part of the conspiracy and could have been indicted. In fact, 98 citizens and corporations were listed on the indictment as unindicted coconspirators, including the agency that designed *Deep Throat's* advertisements. The only reason the defendants don't fill all 11 floors of the Memphis Federal office building is that Parrish and his boss, U. S. Attorney Thomas Turley, as Parrish explains, aren't after "the low people—we don't want the popcorn sellers and the ticket takers. The low people aren't the real people and prosecuting them at that level has no effect at all. It's analogous to getting addicts instead of pushers. So we resolved that if we were going to move in this area, we wanted action on a high level and decided to treat it as a national crime." And so they do: a national crime for which, had they so chosen, literally thousands of Americans might have been indicted, jailed, bailed, shipped to Memphis and required to remain there at their own expense for the duration of a trial that would prove to last a lengthy nine weeks, paying their counsel if they wanted better than a public defender. You see the possibilities.

The obscenity-conspiracy strategy, if it succeeded, would be a powerful new bludgeon for censors to wield (even as a threat, it had already had a profound punitive effect: Reems estimated the

Deep Throat and *Devil* trials would cost him \$150,000 in expenses, not including lost work). It had not yet succeeded for Parrish at the time of the *Deep Throat* trial; the *School Girl* jury had found that film obscene but had found only interstate transport, not conspiracy. A Kentucky jury had found conspiracy in a case involving *Deep Throat—United States vs. Marks*—in 1975, and *Marks* had been upheld on appeal and accepted for review by the U. S. Supreme Court. An immediate question that defendants and reporters raised was where the strategy had originated.

Turley claimed the Memphis cases originated locally. He also claimed that the guidelines established for preparing them for trial have been adopted as models by the Justice Department, which knows a good thing when it sees one. Turley is a Nixon appointee who helped rebuild the Republican Party in Tennessee, and some have seen the heavy hands of Richard Nixon and John Mitchell, the law-and-order boys, in the Memphis prosecutions. Richard Kleindienst announced the *School Girl* indictments from Washington in 1973, and Federal grand juries had begun working on the cases several years before, but the immediate indictments almost certainly originated with Turley and Parrish. Which is not to say that the ghosts of Nixon and Mitchell don't walk abroad in the Memphis courtroom, because they do: propelled by the decisions of the Nixon Supreme Court that make the trial possible; by the co-operation, since at least 1971, of the FBI, represented among other things by nearly 1000 depositions collected in most of the major cities of the land; by the approval by the Nixon and Ford administrations of grants of immunity, which are coordinated in Washington. Fred Graham, a CBS correspondent and former practicing attorney, came to Memphis during the trial, talked to Turley and Parrish and said afterward that he thought the conspiracy approach and the monumental series of trials had more to do with a climate of opinion in Washington than with any specific Justice Department scheme to crack down on "pornography," which nicely makes the point. Washington approves, and Washington is following and cooperating to give the strategy a chance. You see the possibilities.

The ten trials Parrish has scheduled are estimated to cost the Government \$2,000,000. Since *Deep Throat* must be judged obscene before a criminal-conspiracy conviction can be sustained—if it isn't obscene, then conspiracy becomes business as usual—it might seem logical, and more economical, to test a jury's opinion of its obscenity first. Instead, Parrish has chosen to show the film to the jury at the end of his presentation, eight long weeks into the trial. Certainly, he hopes to stun the jurors as close as

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HOLLYWOOD AND HARRY REEMS

A number of prominent film people have declared their support for Harry Reems, and many were prepared to testify on his behalf but were not allowed to. After Reems's conviction, Richard Warren Lewis asked some Hollywood notables to state their views for PLAYBOY.

Tony Bill, producer, actor: I'm planning to direct a movie. If there's reason to show frontal nudity, I'll certainly have to wonder whether I could be arrested someday for that film. I would do everything in my power to prevent such a state of affairs from developing in this country, which is why I flew to Memphis to testify. Indicting Reems was like arresting a model who posed for a painting that somebody hung in an illegal place. Or like arresting the girl who posed for the cover of PLAYBOY because the magazine found its way into a convent.

Louise Fletcher, actress: I'm a Southern lady, a minister's daughter from Alabama. I've never seen a pornographic movie, but I was packed and ready to testify for the defense in Memphis, because I felt the whole concept of the trial was so unjust. Particularly the wording of the charge: "A national conspiracy to transport an obscene motion picture." The fact that Reems was ever indicted for participating in such a conspiracy was theater of the absurd. He was simply an actor who was paid to do a job in a movie. If I did a film where I appeared in the nude, or did anything that could be construed as obscene, I could probably be indicted in the same way he was.

The Reems conviction reminds me of the days of black-listing in Hollywood, as a result of which movies became more boring, less mature, safer. It took years to come out of that cycle, for studio heads and the people who make the decisions to take a chance on something new and different. It could happen again.

Buck Henry, writer, actor: If producers and studios began to pre-edit with an eye toward the lowest common denominator, that could ruin film production. The Reems decision has already done harm in several cases that I know of, projects that people are now hanging back on just to see what will happen. I know of two scripts that were moving ahead with an eye toward a probable X rating. They were scripted by well-known writers and had well-known people ready to act in them and direct. These projects have been put in the freezer to wait and see what's going to happen in the court of appeals. Several very important foreign films have suddenly had their backing by American distributors withdrawn.

It would just be a shame if all of us in Hollywood ultimately wound up working for Walt Disney.

Stanley Kramer, producer: The Memphis decision poses a threat to the motion picture as an art form. Censorship is the most dangerous thing that can be done to the creative process. It simply dismisses the entire idea of adult choice. Whatever is regulatory, whatever is delimiting, whatever is negative, whatever is an imposition by a noncreating outside source on the work is a threat to the creativity of the people who are doing it. I recall well the days when film censorship did not confine itself to the bedroom. It also

included social and political censorship. If Harry Reems can be convicted, then this type of censorship can return. Once you censor a bedroom act, it's really a tiny step to the censoring of a social or political act.

Rod McKuen, poet, composer: It's very difficult now to raise money for films whose plots require any kind of honesty regarding sexual matter. Not only does the money man not want to be involved but producers, stars, writers, technicians are all worried. In my new book, *Finding My Father*, I use the word fuck because it happens to be the most appropriate word in context. Does this mean that I could be hauled into court in Memphis or any other city in America and made to stand trial for offending public morality? Worse, does it mean my publisher, the people who printed the book, the secretary who typed the final manuscript and the mail-room boy could be nailed as well? I have just done the music for a film that may or may not get an X rating. If somebody finds the film obscene, I could conceivably be forced to stand trial. This case doesn't have just a chilling effect on artistic freedom, it's a fucking blizzard.

Jack Nicholson, actor: Had the Reems case been national precedent when *Carnal Knowledge* was released, I could have been subpoenaed and put in jail by some self-seeking religious fanatic functioning as a prosecutor in East Podunk or Albany, Georgia, or wherever. Art Garfunkel, Candice Bergen and Mike Nichols also would have been vulnerable.

In this modern day, it's hard to believe that what happened in Memphis is a reality, it's so outlandish. The poor guy is just an actor who worked one day on a movie. And they want to put him away. The guy's got hundreds of thousands of dollars in legal bills. You know how hard it is coming back from a hundred-grand deficit? It's tough. And the state doesn't pay your legal expenses if you beat the charges.

This judgment makes a crime of an act that wasn't a crime when it was committed. That's why most of us wanted to trek down to Memphis to give Reems support. If similar prosecutions began happening around the nation, an actor would practically be afraid to say hello in a film unless there was a confessional screen between him and the person he was talking to. Some actors would be afraid to appear in certain movies, fearing what some Savonarola like the Memphis prosecutor could do to their careers.

Rod Steiger, actor: I cannot see why any actor should be convicted of a crime when he's trying to communicate life, just because that view of life does not agree with someone else's. This debate has been going on ever since the time of Socrates and Plato. If the artist is afraid to be free, it means that his most precious right has been taken away, the right to be wrong. An artist must make mistakes in order to progress. Since I'm an actor, the Memphis decision poses a real threat to me. I'm horrified by the idea that I may do something in a picture that somebody in some obscure town may call obscene and find myself in a legal battle. The stifling of artistic courage is much more important than what's obscene or not obscene.

possible to their time of deliberation. Certainly, he also means to harass the defendants with expenses. These are standard, if deplorable, methods of attack.

But a remark Parrish made when I interviewed him at mid-trial suggests a further purpose. I asked him about the defendants. He said, with a touch of sarcasm. "It didn't surprise me to uncover *mafiosi*. It's that kind of business." Parrish denies using the obscenity-conspiracy strategy to get at organized crime. So does Turley, though he also describes the defendants as "some of the leading organized-crime figures who have taken over this industry." Both men believe that obscenity is crime enough. "We're going to get rid of all these perverted minds," Parrish chillingly promised a CBS producer during the trial. But he could hardly have failed to see the dramatic effect on the jury of the appearance and activities of most of the defendants, who were tough, physical, secretive men with Italian names. Or the dramatic effect on the jury of some of the testimony, which included allegations of violent threats made to witnesses to prevent them from testifying.

Consider the defendants listed in the indictment, most of whom now sit lined up at their row of tables facing the jury, alternating with their expensive New York, Florida, Atlanta and Memphis attorneys: Anthony Joseph Peraino, a fugitive in Italy from a Federal warrant;


Robert J. DeSalvo, a fugitive from a Federal warrant last located in the Bahamas; Michael Cherubino, business associate and trouble shooter for *Deep Throat's* Fort Lauderdale distributors; Louis Peraino, son of Anthony Peraino, coproducer with Damiano of *Deep Throat* and principal in its distribution; Joseph Peraino, Louis Peraino's uncle, another principal, a big man of nearly 300 pounds; Carl R. Carter, a Memphis theater owner already convicted of showing an obscene film and sentenced to three years and fined \$10,000 in the *School Girl* case; Mel Friedman, a Los Angeles distributor who manages Tennessee theaters (Parrish remarks of him scornfully in his opening statement, "There is one instance where it will be shown that he engineered the film being seized by the police in Atlanta in order to get publicity for the film, and then raised the tickets two dollars so people would come and continue to make money in that respect"); Mario DeSalvo, Robert DeSalvo's brother and another principal in the Lauderdale operation, formerly a bricklayer; Angelo Miragliotta, whom Government witnesses would describe as a go-fer at the Lauderdale office, who suffered a heart attack during the trial the day after Judge Wellford admonished him for laughing at a witness' testimony, was awarded a mistrial and returned to a Miami hospital to recuperate; Anthony Novello, another Lauderdale go-fer; and,

sitting as far away from the other defendants as possible, sitting not at the line of tables but in a corner, on the first row of spectator benches, looking wounded and forlorn, Harry Reems.

The witness whose testimony may be most damaging to these defendants takes the stand in the trial's fifth week. His name is Robert Bernstein and he has been chief booker for the Lauderdale office. He has a badly, perhaps recently broken nose. He wears a green double-knit suit, a pale-green shirt, a dark-green tie. He is balding, middle-aged and he sports a deep Florida tan. His father was a lawyer in the early motion-picture industry. He has owned adult theaters—owns them now and is still booking X-rated films when he testifies, though he claims he's getting out of the business as fast as he can—but a few years ago, his business failed and the DeSalvo brothers picked him up and gave him a job. Guided carefully by Parrish, Bernstein testifies under a grant of immunity.

He testifies that the system of distribution the defendants practiced was different from the industry norm and private to the point of elaborate secrecy. The defendants, he says, shipped *Deep Throat* around the country in the trunks of automobiles or aboard commercial buses in boxes labeled PROJECTOR PARTS. They hired checkers who stood at ticket booths counting heads to make sure they weren't

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getting stiffed on the handle, and week by week they carted their 50 percent of the proceeds back to Lauderdale in cash, as much as \$50,000 at a time stuffed into their suitcases and their pockets. Bernstein tells of clandestine meetings at airports, of territories marked off for other operators, of salaries paid partly by check and partly in cash, of money—"green," he calls it—carried off to the Bahamas. He also tells of violent action against a rash of bootleg prints. In one case, he says, in Kansas City, some of the defendants roughed up a projectionist, seized an offending print and dumped it into the Missouri River.

The jury isn't allowed to hear many of Bernstein's allegations of violence; defense counsel argues outside the jury's hearing that such allegations don't show furtherance of the conspiracy but would prejudice the jury against the defendants; and, for a change, Judge Wellford, whose sympathies usually go to the prosecution, agrees. The jury does hear Bernstein charge that some of the defendants have threatened his life, the wife of one of the defendants telling Bernstein's wife that her husband is going to send Bernstein an "Italian kiss," whatever that is. The jury also, on cross-examination, hears Bernstein admit perjuring himself twice before the grand jury that investigated *Deep Throat*, at which point Parrish steps in and asks Bernstein if his present statements are true, and Bernstein swears that

they are. The jury, which has listened to Bernstein's long testimony without expression, hardly bats an eye, and he leaves the courtroom as he arrived, nervous but defiant. How much weight the jurors will give his testimony remains to be seen; if they weigh it heavily, it could be devastating, even though the allegations of violence have nothing directly to do with the conspiracy charges.

Parrish calls 77 witnesses in the nine-week trial, and one by one they index for the jury a textbook of office layouts, accounting systems, mail schedules, print-handling procedures, the comings and goings of various defendants—a short course in business management.

A few are more spectacular. Robert DeSalvo's secretary reveals herself to have been a secret informer for the FBI and the IRS, a role Bernstein also admitted to having played after the Government confronted him with his perjury. An expert witness, a psychiatrist, testifies that premarital sex is destructive, oral sex a perversion and group sex sick. Only one-on-one sex with one's spouse is healthy and normal, he says. Another expert witness announces that sexual freedom and pornography caused the downfall of the Roman Empire and other ancient civilizations. Ninety civilizations in all, a Parrish expert had testified at the *School Girl* trial, including Rome, Greece, ancient India, Babylon, Egypt and the Syrian Empire.

The case that most observers at the trial find appalling is the one of Harry Reems. Reems, who borrowed his crazy doctor from an old and classic burlesque routine, who says that, as an actor, he has not yet "exposed" himself, who got into sexually explicit films for the money and the fun when he was studying acting in New York, who once did Wheaties commercials in Puerto Rico, who thinks sex films "a very mechanical, physical job," who decided to get out of the business over two years ago, after starring in nine of the 11 explicit films that had grossed more than \$1,000,000 by the time of the trial, was called to Memphis from Rome, where he was beginning to find roles in Italian feature films. Trim, tanned, handsome, a legitimate actor with union cards to prove it and stints off-Broadway and with the National Shakespeare Company behind him, he had worked as crew on *Deep Throat* for six days, earning \$25 a day, and as an actor for one day, earning \$100. He had not produced the film nor distributed the film nor promoted the film, but he was charged with conspiracy as certainly as the other defendants on trial, and would be tried again, along with Georgina Spelvin, in the *Devil* case yet to come.

His indictment was a direct threat to film makers everywhere. "I keep remembering," film critic Arthur Knight wrote in the *Hollywood Reporter* during the trial (he would later appear to testify), "that soon after the Supreme Court's *Miller* decision in 1973, the first film to be labeled obscene was not porno trash but *Carnal Knowledge*." Knight went on:

Fortunately, the charge was dismissed. But considering the climate in Memphis and our Government's all-out determination to secure convictions, this might not be the case were that same film to go on trial today. Instead of Harry Reems it could just as well be Jack Nicholson, Art Garfunkel, Candice Bergen and Ann-Margret standing in the docket—not to mention Mike Nichols, Joseph Levine, Jules Feiffer, Richard Sylbert, Sam O'Steen and all the others who contributed to that watershed film. . . . [Reems's] conviction would imply that anyone—yes, anyone—connected with a picture that might conceivably be labeled obscene (Warren Beatty's upcoming *Hard Core*, for example) would be in jeopardy.

To underscore both the threat and the concern, Reems and his Memphis counsel, an intensely competent young trial attorney named Bruce Kramer, who is also president of the West Tennessee chapter of the A.C.L.U., arranged for Nicholson, Beatty, Knight, Buck Henry, Louise Fletcher, Tony Bill (coproducer of *The Sting*), Bert Schneider (who produced *Five Easy Pieces*, among others)



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and George Slaff (a Hollywood attorney who once worked for Samuel Goldwyn) to come to Memphis to testify to the general question of an actor's limited control over the films in which he appears. Knight made the stand, as did Slaff and Bill, before Judge Wellford, livid with anger, sent the jury out of the courtroom and announced to Kramer that he was not going to allow any more expert testimony to this point, that the First Amendment didn't apply, that actors who performed in film were not above the law. Only days before, Judge Wellford had seen *Deep Throat* for the first time. Apparently, the memory still stung.

"I never took this thing seriously," Reems said outside the courtroom. "I'd had many times when guys from out of town, FBI, would come busting through my doors with the guns out. When the New York grand jury came around a few years back and subpoenaed me, the local morality squad talked to me about it. They said, 'We're not after you. We're not after the actors. We know you guys don't control it.' Actors have nothing whatsoever to do with the finished film. We do our work and sign away any control over editing or distribution. It's part of the standard contract. Hell, I've made soft-core films that people would later go back to and cut in hard-core inserts I didn't make. It's incredible." Reems also pronounced the last word on the technique that gave *Deep Throat* its title: "It hurts. It's not a very sensual feeling. It doesn't feel good at all. It's sort of like putting a ring on and off your finger. You don't feel anything up front, and then there's the ring, and then there's nothing." For doing something that hurts, Reems sits in a Memphis courtroom charged with conspiracy.

The appearance of the national press at the *Deep Throat* trial seemed to cause Turley discomfort. He was, at least, more defensive about his purposes than Parrish, who proudly identified his own standards with those promulgated by Congress and the Supreme Court. Turley, a tall, lanky, bald, weathered man of 62 who practiced law out of a one-man office for 30 years before accepting Federal appointment, is colorful and articulate, quick with original turns of phrase. He once described a rural hoodlum whom Parrish prosecuted as "typical of a breed of cocklebur bullies" that infests the countryside. His explanation for the Memphis pornography trials is appropriately ingenuous.

"I came to this office with specific ideas on writing," he told me. "I would willingly stand up on Milton's *Arcopagitica* and wave a sword. I always thought it was every man to his own taste, that some people prefer opera and other people prefer burlesque. I thought that since I was raised a country-town boy and served in the walking Army and practiced law



"It's Harry, all right!"

for 30 years, I could say with the ancient that 'I am a man and a Roman and nothing human is foreign to me.' I thought I was a man of the world. But these damned films are raunchy. The mafiosi were coming in to take over production and distribution and they were getting filthier and worse by the week. And they don't give me a problem. Responsible psychologists tell us that some of these things are destructive. We had a prostitution case here and we found crude efforts to recruit prostitutes by photographing them and turning them out. Girls as young as 12 and 13 getting recruited, beaten, hooked on drugs and then shipped and sold around the country. Sometimes in bunches. You tell me about victimless crime!" Which has nothing to do with *Deep Throat*, but Turley does not find it easy to justify the Memphis trials, or perhaps he fears that out-of-towners will take him for a hick, which he is not. He is, rather, a clever and quite possibly an ambitious man. He was appointed to the Tennessee Supreme Court in 1971, but such complaint was raised that he asked that his appointment be

withdrawn. He may have been more interested in the Federal bench or in a Federal appointment, though he denies personal ambition and insists that he continues to pay rent on his one-man office in case he gets tired of his Federal job.

Nevertheless, he, not Parrish, authorized the Memphis trials, as he personally authorizes all trials in his district; and in boosting Parrish for the Justice Department's John Marshall Award, he was also forcefully and even heavily-handedly boosting himself. Only one other U. S. Attorney has successfully pursued a national obscenity conspiracy, and none other has assembled so large a list of indictments—in Turley's case, indictments against more than 60 individuals and corporations. Nor would any others necessarily find assistants willing to try them. "Tell most Assistant U. S. Attorneys," commented Fred Graham, "that they'll have to spend the next two years of their lives trying skin flicks and they'd say, 'No way, brother!' Parrish is obviously a zealot." But since Turley is obviously not a zealot, what explains his

decision to spend millions of dollars and thousands of man-hours on obscenity prosecutions? The trial had, as it ground on, all the appearance of a grandstand play designed to catch Washington's eye. If the *Marks* case passes muster with the Supreme Court, as the court of appeals in sustaining it obviously thought it would, and if the same maneuver works in Memphis, then it will work almost anywhere, and Turley and Parrish will be credited with a monumental victory in the obscenity wars. And credit, as we know, brings reward.

Yet the Memphis trials could not have been staged without the decision of the United States Supreme Court to retreat from its past liberalism in matters of First Amendment protection.

In 1957, under the leadership of Chief Justice Earl Warren, the Court decided a pair of cases collectively cited as *U. S. vs. Roth*. The Court was asked to judge if anti-obscenity statutes were unconstitutional because they denied freedom of speech. Justice William Brennan wrote the leading opinion for a three-member plurality. It questioned "whether obscenity is utterance within the area of protected speech" and held that it was not.

The Brennan opinion then proceeded to define unprotected obscenity. In the course of that definition, in what

amounted to an aside, Brennan wrote: "All ideas having even the slightest redeeming social importance . . . have the full protection of the guarantees." The phrase became the foundation for a new attack on the anti-obscenity statutes, and by 1966, in the case of John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure (Fanny Hill)*, it was accorded what appeared to be the full force of judicial law. Brennan wrote of *Memoirs* that "a book cannot be proscribed unless it is found to be utterly without redeeming social value." Brennan again wrote for only a three-member plurality of the Court, however; the Justices who made up the rest of the *Memoirs* majority found the book to be not obscene on other grounds.

The *Memoirs* decision did not eliminate the possibility of obscenity trials, especially where hard-core films were concerned, but it did make conviction appear to be less likely and it deterred prosecutors and thoroughly confused the lower courts. The immediate effect of the decision was to embolden the makers of sexually explicit films. There had been only anonymous skin flicks before it; there were *Deep Throats* and *Devils* and *Green Doors* after it, and Americans in great numbers went to see them, many taking their spouses, many for the first time. *The New York Times* announced the era of porno chic; Johnny Carson was said to have seen *Deep Throat*, and

Truman Capote, and some of the Kennedys, and Ed McMahon stood outside the theater in New York one day, quaffing his favorite beverage and talking about the movie to pedestrians.

But the Justices of the Supreme Court hadn't really agreed on what constituted obscenity. They had written no fewer than five separate opinions in the *Memoirs* case. Lower courts didn't know which to rely on and obscenity cases continued to work their way up to the Supreme Court on appeal. Between 1967 and 1971, the Court practiced justice by head count. The Justices took a vote. Whenever five agreed on the obscenity of the material before them, they refused to review the case; whenever five agreed on the redeeming social value of the material before them, or found improper procedures or decisions, they summarily reversed the lower court. In effect, without providing guidelines for the lower courts, they set themselves up as a national board of censors. They dealt with no fewer than 31 cases this way.

They didn't like the role and they didn't like turning cases back without explanation. They obviously had two options: They must either find a clearer and more reliable definition of obscenity or get out of the censorship business entirely. Given the trend of their previous decisions toward increasing liberalism in matters of expression, they might



Decisions...decisions

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well have chosen the latter option, but at that point, the Warren Court became the Burger Court, and four new men came onto the Court in the short space of four years, appointees of Richard Nixon, and Chief Justice Warren Burger, at least, had no intention of allowing the open circulation of sexually explicit material in the United States of America: He knew the Nixon Administration's position on obscenity and basically agreed with it.

Nixon had announced it most blatantly in 1970, when he angrily rejected the liberal and enlightened report of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography that Lyndon Johnson had appointed in 1968. "So long as I am in the White House," Nixon had said, "there will be no relaxation of the national effort to control and eliminate smut from our national life." He had compared "the pollution of our culture" to "the pollution of our once pure air and water." He had theorized that "the warped and brutal portrayal of sex in books, plays, magazines and movies, if not halted and reversed, could poison the wellsprings of American and Western culture and civilization. . . . American morality is not to be trifled with." Of the truth of the latter statement, at least, he would soon have reason to know.

Chief Justice Burger decided to try to find a way to assemble a clear majority of Justices behind a new obscenity decision,

and on June 21, 1973, he succeeded. The decision he announced that day concerning a number of cases generically titled *Miller vs. California* expanded the definition of obscenity and made its prosecution a matter of local option; and for the first time in years, a majority delivered a common opinion on the subject. Justices Burger, Blackmun, Powell, Rehnquist and White joined; significantly, four of the five were the Nixon appointees. Justice William O. Douglas, who has consistently argued that the First Amendment means exactly what it says, predictably dissented. Justice Brennan, with Justices Stewart and Marshall joining, dissented separately on less absolute grounds.

Burger delivered the majority decision. He said that the Court was now undertaking "to formulate standards more concrete than those in the past." He repudiated the value test of the *Memoirs* case ("utterly without redeeming social value"), saying it "called on the prosecution to prove a negative . . . a burden nearly impossible to discharge under our criminal standards of proof." His emphasis on the problems of the prosecution was prophetic of the rest of the decision: He went on to redefine obscenity as "works which, taken as a whole, appeal to the prurient interest in sex, which portray sexual conduct in a patently offensive way, and which, taken as a whole, do not have serious literary, artistic, political or

scientific value." The last clause, changing "utterly without" to "serious," changed everything. Burger justified it by emphasizing the force of numbers: "We do not adopt as a constitutional standard the 'utterly without redeeming social value' test . . . that concept has never commanded the adherence of more than three Justices at one time." The liberals, he said in effect, have finally been outvoted.

Burger expressed the local-option judgment this way: "Nothing in the First Amendment requires that a jury must consider hypothetical and unascertainable 'national standards.' . . . It is neither realistic nor constitutionally sound to read the First Amendment as requiring that the people of Maine or Mississippi accept public depiction of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas or New York City."

One of Burger's footnotes implicitly slapped the hand of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography. It cited not the report of the commission's liberal majority, which recommended legalizing sexually explicit material for consenting adults, but the repressive report of its three-man minority, which had claimed that viewing erotic materials might lead to crime. And near the end of the *Miller* decision came a peculiar comparison of sex and drugs:

One can concede that the "sexual revolution" of recent years may have

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had useful by-products in striking layers of prudery from a subject long irrationally kept from needed ventilation. But it does not follow that no regulation of patently offensive "hard core" materials is needed or permissible; civilized people do not allow unregulated access to heroin because it is a derivative of medicinal morphine.

Commercial depiction of explicit sexual behavior was thus made analogous to the heroin traffic, and the stage was set for Parrish's more extreme formulation that he'd rather see dope on the streets than pornography.

The Justices of the *Miller* majority may have hoped that they had dispensed with the constitutional question once and for all, but they would soon discover that they had not, largely because their decision was inconsistent and even self-contradictory. Douglas' dissent raised one immediate issue that came up again in *United States vs. Marks*, the Kentucky conspiracy case.

"Today we leave open the way," Douglas wrote at the beginning of his *Miller* dissent, "for California to send a man to prison for distributing brochures that advertise books and a movie under freshly written standards defining obscenity which until today's decision were never part of any law. . . . A brand-new test would put a publisher behind bars under a new law improvised by the courts after the publication. That . . . has all the evils of an ex post facto law."

Deep Throat was filmed late in 1971 and released in 1972, before the *Miller* decision. The *Marks* attorneys therefore argued before the court of appeals that the retroactive application of *Miller* was effectively the application of ex post facto standards. The court of appeals ruled bluntly that *Deep Throat* and the other films involved in the case were obscene by any standards, whether those of *Miller* or *Memoirs*. Yet the Supreme Court Justices weren't entirely convinced, or they wouldn't have agreed to review.

The *Marks* appeal also struck at the local-option portion of the *Miller* decision, arguing that a locally restricted jury couldn't constitutionally decide the issue of obscenity in a national conspiracy case. The court of appeals upheld the correctness of the jury's composition in the *Marks* case, but judges in at least three other obscenity cases coming on for appellate review have not done so. The Supreme Court apparently overlooked the possibility of combining the obscenity and the conspiracy laws to force Federal censorship beyond local jurisdictions; as a result, it must deal again with the issue of national versus local standards of judgment.

The *Miller* decision made the obscenity-conspiracy strategy possible, however, giving the people of Maine or Mississippi

control over public depiction of conduct found tolerable in Las Vegas or New York City, and now in Memphis, on a sunny spring day, the *Deep Throat* jury, which has finally seen a sexually explicit film and been enlightened as to the true form and structure of perfidy, goes out at 4:30 P.M. to deliberate, having first been charged by Judge Wellford that neither the First Amendment nor cruel censorship is among the issues it must decide.

Since some of us are still free men and also have opinions in these matters, perhaps we should constitute ourselves an imaginary jury and go out to deliberate as well.

By the force of both legislative and judicial laws, there exists today in the United States of America, one of whose most eminent founders, Thomas Jefferson, long ago swore "eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man," a category of materials—inanimate objects—declared to be criminal and obscene. These materials may be possessed in the privacy of one's home, but they may be neither created nor distributed nor bought nor sold. They are not drugs of powerful and potentially asocial effect, nor Governmental secrets whose loosing could precipitate distant wars or proximate humiliations, nor counterfeit bills that might debase the currency on whose bloating certitude we depend. They are materials far more dangerous than these: They are photographs, still or motion-picture, of naked, priapic human beings at work imitating play.

Almost uniquely in American law, the criminality of such images has never been precisely defined. Such terms as "appeal to the prurient interest in sex" and "patently offensive," for example, describe not the criminality of these images but merely two possible responses jurors might have when they view them.

Yet the images that judges and legislators have consistently condemned as obscene can be simply defined. They are images of human beings engaged in sexual play or intercourse with engorged genitals fully displayed, images frankly offered for sexual stimulation and used by other human beings for purposes of recreation.

Authorities have chosen not to define obscenity in this straightforward way, because such definition includes no assertion of social harm. Without an assertion of social harm, without an imagined appeal to prurient interest, without patent offensiveness, images of sexual congress, no matter how casual, take their place beside other images—of human beings being born, eating, suffering pubescence, loving, voting, marrying, praying, dying, giving birth—as mute but eloquent expressions of the enormous glory and the tragic brevity of human existence. And such expressions, however lulling or shocking, are protected from limitation by the First Amendment.

No one goes to jail for taking baby pictures, but people have gone to jail for taking pictures of the plain connection whereby babies are conceived. The crucial term of the definition is recreation. Its counterpart in legal phraseology is prurient interest. Erotic images, the Supreme Court has repeatedly held, are freely available to scholars and scientists, and they are sometimes required viewing for judges and juries, as are images of accidents and violent death. They become criminal only when purveyed to the common man. Charles Rembar, the distinguished New York attorney who defended *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Memoirs* before the Supreme Court, writes in his book *The End of Obscenity*:

A curious phenomenon in censorship is the censors' personal immunity to the infectious [material]. The moral fiber in jeopardy is always somebody else's. In not one of these trials did the prosecution produce a witness—or his doctor, or his clergyman—who, as a result of his [exposure], suffered physical, moral or spiritual deterioration. But prosecutors are certain it can happen—to other people.

We may look at the obscene with impunity as long as we have our thinking caps on. Take them off, go out for a lazy afternoon or a hot evening, and we risk becoming criminal, we risk being doomed. The Supreme Court, having achieved its majority, is weary of these apparent scholasticisms and would remand them to lower jurisdictions to reduce its burdensome load. Only Justice Douglas saw the point, though even without his paralyzing stroke, his age would not have carried it. He declared his exposure to such images a matter of taste, not of law, and being a man of taste, he never bothered to look at them, and, like a sovereign or a Jefferson, he pronounced them free as the birds. He was busy with the business of the Court and fertile with young wives. He had to hike the Appalachians. He had other fish to fry.

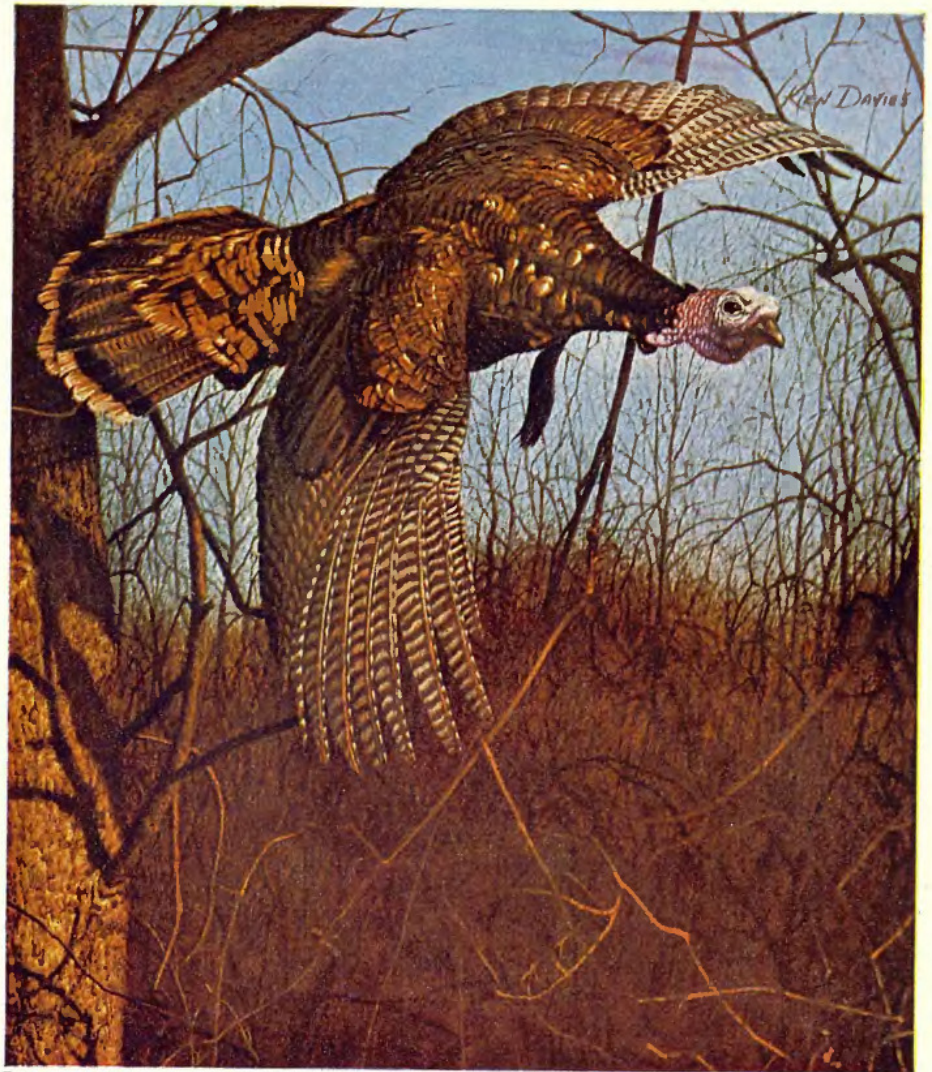
These erotic images, whether in written or in pictorial form, have been the curiosity and the common entertainment of mankind throughout its history and continue to be today. Most of us have seen them at one time or another (84 percent of American males, 69 percent of American females, according to the President's commission report), and there is reliable scientific and statistical evidence that not to have seen them—or, more precisely, to have grown up in an environment where they were strictly forbidden along with any other open expression of sexuality—predisposes men to vicious sexual crime. The majority of Americans do not believe these images should be outlawed among consenting adults. Americans who are older, who are less active

politically, who have fewer years of education, who more frequently attend church, tend to favor outlawing them more than Americans who are younger, who are more active politically, who have more years of education, who less frequently attend church. An overwhelming number of professionals in such fields of science and social service as sex research, psychology, sociology and marriage counseling believe that erotic images are at least harmless and may even be beneficial to love, marriage and mental health. And yet they are outlawed, and for trafficking in them, Americans are arrested and are sentenced to jail.

We came to this madness by so slow a progress that few of us now even remember the steps of our descent. The history of Western attitudes toward explicit sexuality—toward sexuality itself—is long, subtle and complex. It is intimately connected to the rise and ultimate dominance of Christianity; obscenity is now and has always been a religious crime, though it is cast today in other words. The early Church found sexual pleasure to be a grievous sin by a subtle and most peculiar argument: because at the moment of climax, of orgasm, it suspended reason and temporarily blotted out man's consciousness of God. "It was as much the suspension of reason," writes the historian Wayland Young, "as the narrowing and averting of love from God which made Saint Augustine look askance on desire and the pleasure of love. To Saint Thomas Aquinas, it was the main objection." Outside of marriage, or for purposes other than procreation, it still is.

But the line of thought, even the line of terrorism, that leads most directly to Memphis is more immediately anchored in 19th Century England and America, in a body of pseudoscientific medical theory, concerned primarily with the evil effects of masturbation, that was taken over and exaggerated to the point of hysteria by clergymen and reformers. The theory, which paralleled early theories of capitalism, held that the body had a finite quantity of vital fluids, semen pre-eminent among them. Saving semen produced health: "spending" it produced sickness, mental illness and eventually death. Sexual activity was thus stigmatized as a disease: "spermatorrhea." But since even the most continent of men had nocturnal emissions, the disease must inevitably be fatal. In the immensely popular works of the leading proponent of the spermatorrhea theory, writes Steven Marcus in *The Other Victorians*, "Sex is thought of as a universal and virtually incurable scourge. It cannot ultimately be controlled, and it serves as a kind of metaphor for death, as cancer does today."

One way that 19th Century doctors sought to control the disease was to eliminate a powerful source of infection, female sexual desire. Good women were



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raised to be passionless; but for those who were not, American gynecologists perfected surgical cures. Gynecology, historian G. J. Barker-Benfield points out in his brilliant new study, *The Horrors of the Half-Known Life*, was the only branch of American medical science to achieve an international reputation in the 19th Century, largely because a few leading practitioners honed their skills on submissive women, including female Negro slaves. Women who went to such practitioners complaining of excessive desire or compulsive masturbation found themselves treated by having their clitoris cut off or their ovaries removed. The last known clitoridectomy for psychological reasons was performed in the United States in 1925. The last known female castration for psychological reasons was performed in the United States in 1946. The surgical expression of the quaint sexual theories of the Victorians reaches down almost to the present day. "It may be noted," Barker-Benfield writes, "that clitoridectomists and castrators tested women for indications of the disease of desire by inducing orgasm, manipulating clitoris or breasts." Rape thus preceded mutilation in the name of medical science and mental health.

Medical violence against the disease of sexuality had its counterpart in movements of reform, and here the line that leads to *Miller* and Memphis grows taut. One man, more than any other, shaped the attitudes and lobbied into existence the laws that, duly revised but hardly improved upon, are the basis for the Memphis trials. His name is a joke today: Anthony Comstock. It was not a joke in the years between 1868 and 1915, when Comstock almost singlehandedly defined the obscene.

Comstock was a Connecticut farm boy whose mother died when he was ten. He grew up with an intense and religious desire to keep himself as pure as his mother had piously taught him to be. He volunteered to fight for the Union in the Civil War and afterward found work in New York as a grocery clerk. Images that stimulated sexual desire enraged him and he began fighting them on his own. When he was 28, in 1872, he emerged to public notice by raiding two New York stationery stores with a police captain and a newspaper reporter in tow. That year he acquired the backing of a group of powerful and reform-minded men, and with their financial and moral support, he founded the Committee for the Suppression of Vice within the Y.M.C.A., the forerunner of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. With a bundle of obscene materials to display, he went to Washington in 1873 to lobby for legislation (which he wrote) outlawing the mailing of obscene matter interstate. He got his law; he also got an appointment as a postal inspector with broad discretionary powers and free

passage on the nation's railroads.

From that moment until the day he died, Comstock scourged the land. He achieved such power that his word alone was sufficient to convict in almost every American court. He claimed once that he had driven 15 people to suicide, and he boasted in 1913, near the end of his life, that he had personally arrested more than 3600 men, women and children and confiscated hundreds of thousands of pounds of smut, including tons of contraceptives and wagonloads of printing plates.

Comstock believed fiercely that his purpose in life was to protect children from exposure to mental infection. He insisted that "a single book or a single picture may taint forever the soul of the person who reads or sees it," and from the diaries he kept as a young man, it appears that the soul he knew to be tainted was his own: He was for much of his youth a secret masturbator, and he fought his "sin" for years before he brought it under control. He believed with the medical men and the clergy that desire was a disease that sapped the body and drove men and women insane. He was terrorized by his fear of his own infection, as someone would be terrorized who believed he had been deliberately infected with cancer, and he resolved that those who similarly infected others would receive the full measure of his revenge.

He promulgated not only Federal but also model state laws against obscenity, and the Comstock laws are the immediate precursors to those under which Larry Parrish prosecutes in Memphis today. They are thus founded on a species of illogic that would be merely a historical curiosity if it were not embodied in harsh, punitive laws: that erotic images sometimes stimulate men and women to masturbate, and masturbation is a fatal disease and, therefore, the state must interdict erotic images as it interdicts pollutants or powerful drugs.

Yet they are also, like all laws, political, and the political suppression they mask has been of far greater consequence than the discredited theories on which they are based. Not for any artistic virtue that they may possess, but for the hard core of protected political expression that they mutely define, do such meaty images of sexual congress as *Deep Throat* deserve to be unchained, however much they may disturb us. Charles Rembar:

Sex in literature provided the field on which the struggles [I have] recounted . . . took place, but the war was wider. The true censor has objectives beyond the masking of the erotic and the indecent. The end in view is an established principle of suppression, available anywhere in the world of the mind.

Steven Marcus discovers a similar and more insidious connection:

We have in our own time been witness to a sexual revolution which has . . . been split off from what might have been expected to accompany it—impulses of a social revolutionary kind. . . . The socially radical impulses with which the sexually revolutionary impulses have, historically, been symbiotically connected seem to have been almost systematically thwarted in their search for legitimate means of expression.

Think of the connection between open sexual expression and social revolution and examples immediately come to mind: early feminism, with its emphasis on free love (it was forced to disavow that emphasis before it could achieve female suffrage); the radical sexual reforms advocated by American and Soviet Communists in the Twenties and Thirties; the counterculture of the Sixties, with its rejection of middle-class moral values; the women's movement itself. "Those who have spoken out in defense of pornography from the expert realm," Parrish told me in Memphis, "are speaking a political philosophy, not a scientific view." And again, more bluntly, his remark to the CBS producer: "We're going to get rid of all these perverted minds."

It should come as no surprise that the Nixon regime was fanatical on the subject of "smut," of denying radical—or, for that matter, even normal—sexual expression. Nixon saw such expression for what, potentially, it is, a source of social revolution. Since he feared such revolution, he thought sexual expression could "poison the wellsprings of American and Western culture and civilization." It could also help them run clear again.

It should come as no surprise that Nixon appointees are trying erotic films in Memphis or that the Nixon Court has rigged new standards to help police and prosecutors suppress what they consider obscene.

They wish to control expression, and sexual expression, whether in images or in person, is expression of the most radical kind. It distracts men and women from the love of God and from the love of the state, and it teaches them a fact that no fanatic and no fascist would have them know: that they are human and beneath the clothing of circumstance have their humanity in common with others of their kind, and might, if they choose, assemble to defend it from all oppression. It teaches them not with words, which are paltry things, but with the immutable senses themselves, with sight and hearing and taste and smell and touch, beyond denial or contradiction. We had a long, hard task to free ourselves from political authoritarianism, and the central document of that freedom is the Bill of Rights. We have



"Ah, breakfast in bed. I hope it's more than snap, crackle and pop!"

not yet freed ourselves from moral authoritarianism, and the authorities still seek to convince us that to do so would destroy what we have gained. Freedom didn't destroy us last time, in the political realm, 200 years ago this year.

But through the law out of spermatorrhea by way of Comstock, censors still belabor us. They strike today, in their increasing desperation, at the shock wave of the advancing revolution, at images that we have not yet admitted to our living rooms and therefore still suspect of danger and therefore still fear, though they are no more fearsome than the barnyard or the meat counter, though they are far less fearsome, and so also far less promising, than the bedroom itself and that mysterious other who voluntarily, out of love and lust, joins us there. They strike at a few of us caught up in cynicism and profit, but thereby they most certainly strike at us all.

So the jury returns, the real one in Memphis, having deliberated for less than an hour on a Thursday afternoon and

merely four hours on a Friday—at 2:30 P.M., Friday, April 30, 1976, our Bicentennial year—and the foreman announces that he and his 11 peers “had to follow the law,” and the brute verdict is guilty: Louis Peraino is guilty, and Mario DeSalvo is guilty, and Mickey Cherubino is guilty, and handsome Harry Reems is guilty, and the others, and the corporations with which they dressed themselves, of obscenity, of interstate transport, of conspiracy, and the clowns roll their barrels and the lion tamers crack their whips and the ringmaster affects a somber mien to disguise his righteous delight and they are all guilty, guilty, guilty all.

[On July 9, 1976, Robert Bork, U.S. Solicitor General, confessed error in applying *Miller* to *Deep Throat* in the *Marks* case; the confession could supply the defendants in Memphis with grounds for a new trial. Judge Wellford took the issue under advisement. The outcome remained unresolved as PLAYBOY went to press.—Ed.]



“Just thought we’d drop by and mention that, as we’re not carrying on any illegal wars at the moment, you might like to start paying your taxes again.”

FAST STARTER

(continued from page 102)

York’s St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel in 1975. She was 17 then, making a publicity junket for Warner Bros. to plug her movie debut as the runaway minx in *Night Moves*, opposite Gene Hackman. Within the year, Melanie would have two more major films in release: *Smile*, in which she was one of the teenaged beauty contestants getting the eagle eye from Bruce Dern; and *The Drowning Pool*, which featured her as a murderous little trollop on the make for Paul Newman.

That day, between formal interviews, Melanie was furious as she squeezed into a booth beside Don, who had tagged along on the junket at her insistence and been quickly invited by nervous public-relations people to do a disappearing act. Her blue-green eyes dark with rage, Melanie seemed to recoil from the faint odor of hypocrisy that implied. “When I asked them in L.A. about Don coming to New York, they said fine. But when we got here, there were two separate rooms with twin beds in *each* room. Then, when I said I wanted Don to go on interviews with me, they told me to go home. They’re afraid everyone will find out we’ve been fucking since I was 14.”

Everyone did find out. *People* magazine headlined the scoop: “FOR . . . THOROUGHLY MODERN MELANIE, LIFE WITH DON JOHNSON BEGAN AT 14.” Everyone wondered what her mother thought, of course, and Tippi was dutifully quoted: “No two people were ever more in love. . . . Melanie was always ahead of the other kids her own age.”

As the publicity blitz gained momentum, even Warner Bros. did an abrupt turnaround. Says Melanie, “Earl Wilson took me to lunch and asked what I thought about nudity. Pretty soon the studio was saying: ‘Hey, gee, we think it might be good if Don went on some interviews with you.’”

The giddy press coverage ultimately backfired; Melanie’s and Don’s notoriety as sex symbols began to upstage every other aspect of their careers, creating resentment. After her triple-play 1975 debut, Melanie went back to modeling and has yet to make another film. As for Don, he’s a lithe, cleanly handsome Hollywood comer with a couple of box-office hits (*Return to Macon County* and, more recently, the lead in *A Boy and His Dog*, a sci-fi shocker with Jason Robards) to his credit who has moved on to television.

On January 8, 1976, less than six months after Melanie’s 18th birthday—and only a few days after they had quarreled and decided it was time to break up for good—Melanie and Don, on impulse, flew to Las Vegas and got married.

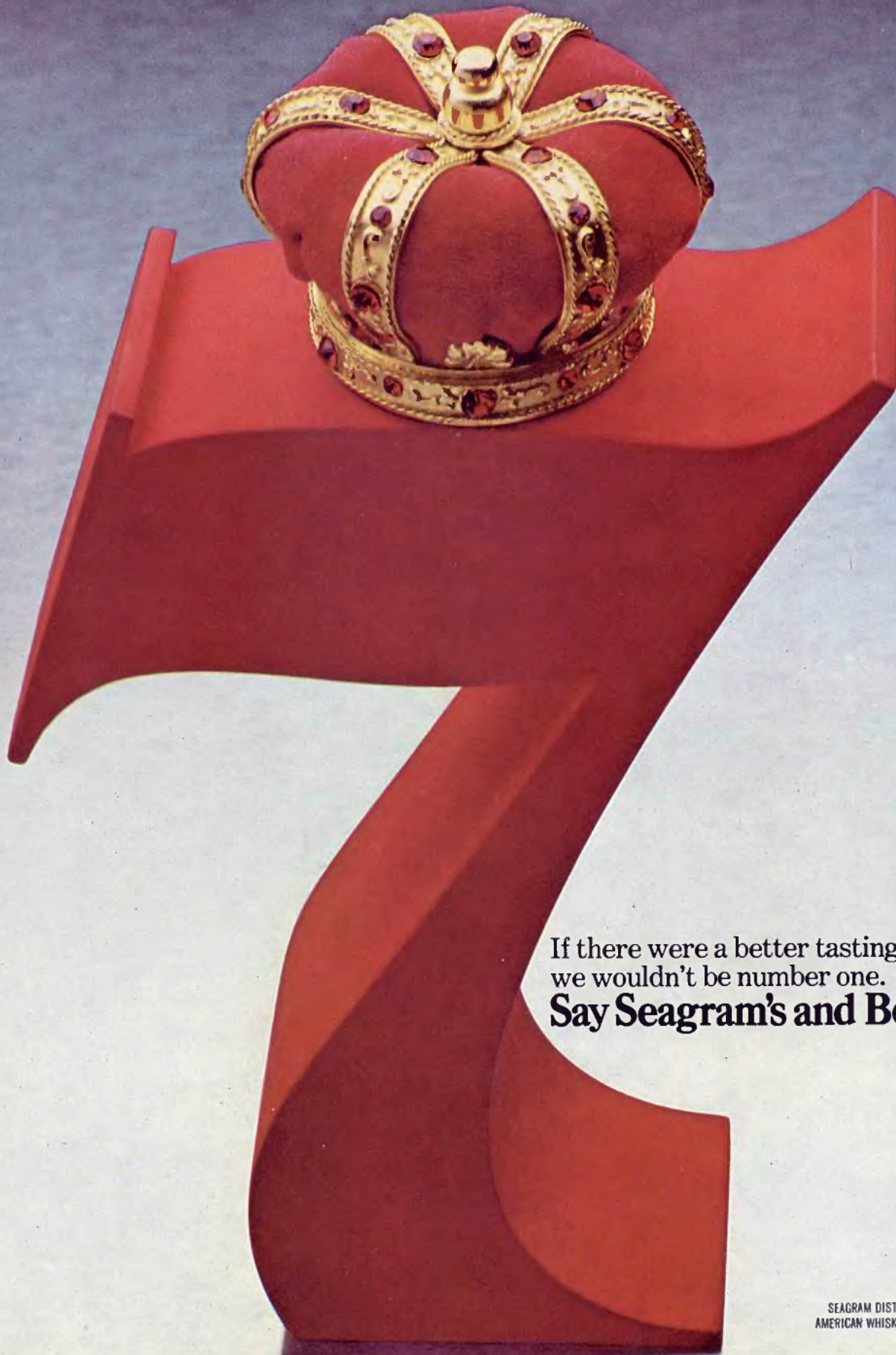
By spring, they were snugly ensconced in a shabby but comfy hillside house, in

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the Laurel Canyon district, that was mostly filled by a pair of rangy Russian wolfhounds named Goldie and Colorado. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had also raised a lion cub, they revealed in the course of an open-ended discussion of their courtship, careers, families, fights and future prospects. The lion was a foster cub from the game ranch owned by Tippi and her second husband, film producer Noel Marshall, who was planning to make a lion movie in Africa that Melanie and Don might do.

They seemed like any other young marrieds named Johnson, give or take a few of those God-given natural attributes that certify one's membership in the company of Beautiful People.

Explaining how they met, Melanie and Don went into a kind of Pat-and-Mike routine, pure bravura, that must have taken practice. "Don was making *The Harvard Experiment* with my mother," Melanie would begin. "I fell madly in love with him and wanted to do it—"

"Girls always want to do it at that age," Don came in on cue.

"I was 14, but all my girlfriends had already done it, and the boys I knew were jerks. I'd never met anybody who even came close to giving me that kind of feeling before Don."

"I was 22 and scared to death of her, because 20 years in prison was not my idea of a good time. Finally, it just happened rather naturally—Melanie raped me."

"No. Don's a sex maniac," Melanie responded.

"Only for you, dear."

"Don't listen to him, he'll say anything. Let's not talk about this anymore right now, OK?" Suddenly cool, Melanie had become embarrassed by the game. She didn't mind so much talking about her parents' warmth and understanding, followed by their gradual acceptance of the situation. It had been especially tough for her real father, who, ironically, lives in the Virgin Islands.

Speaking solo later on, Melanie dropped the façade of latter-day Lolita armed with sexy, self-deprecating wisecracks. "Things we've said before, or things that have been written about us, have hurt my family, hurt a lot of people. I feel now that something very special, which should have stayed private, has been taken away from me. I really believe in what I did. I was able to make love at 14, not just physically but mentally and spiritually, too. It seemed a completely normal thing. I'm not going to describe it anymore for people who think: Oh, my God, how terrible. First they freak out and don't want to talk to me; then they freak out again and have to hear everything. But I don't like being judged by people who don't even know me. So I was 14, big fucking deal.

"My God, I hate being called a nymphet, or Lolita. I'm not that way at all.



"Yes, it is strange . . . he usually orders bourbon and water."

Someone called me a while back to go in and read for this really sexy role—a girl who just hangs all over a guy—and I started to laugh and couldn't do it. I told them: 'I'm sorry, I just can't . . . I'm not the type.'"

About the doldrums in which her career seems to be becalmed, she was philosophical: "I'm not so anxious about getting parts, anyway, because I want to think about becoming a fuller person. I went out to a hamburger place the other day, where this kid kept looking at me and finally said: 'Hey, aren't you the girl who was in *Smile* and *The Drowning Pool*?' I told him yes and he said: 'You were pretty hot for a while, there, weren't you?' Yet I know there's still so much ahead of me that a silly thing like that doesn't matter. I mean, Don and I are both really young. I don't feel any difference between us in age; in fact, sometimes I think I'm years and years older than he is." Melanie paused, her bright child's eyes lit with preternatural wisdom. "To tell you the truth, I'm not sure this relationship is going to last."

Only a few weeks later, a cryptic column item in *The Hollywood Reporter* corroborated her prognosis: "*Melanie Griffith (Tippi Hedren's daughter) is splitting from actor-hubby Don Johnson after but three months of marriage. . . .*"

Checking out the story with Melanie—and rechecking as spring blossomed into summer—leaves little room to doubt that a fine romance is *fini*. While deciding about a divorce, they have divided custody of the dogs. "I've got Goldie and Don's got Colorado. Goldie seems very happy. And I'm much happier. I have a

new lover, and I don't mean a boyfriend. He's a lover."

It took only a few more weeks for Melanie to decide that her new love wasn't the answer, either. "I've had the Hollywood bullshit. These people out here are fun to be with, but they're very shallow. I respect myself too much to be passed around like a piece of meat."

Melanie's summer-fall plans seemed to allow little time for further romantic complications. "First I'm going to Hawaii to do some modeling for Jantzen bathing suits. Then we're going to Africa to start the lion movie, which will be called *Roar*. My stepfather's doing it, with my mother, my two stepbrothers and me in the cast. I may stay in Africa awhile. I want to travel. You know, I quit college to make *The Drowning Pool*. There's so much to learn; I've been reading a lot." She's also getting into mime and yoga. "Not meditation. I don't meditate, I do deep breathing." She's considering a couple of other film offers and has talked to Warren Beatty about a projected feature titled *Hard Core*. "If I do it, I'll play a girl who works in porno movies. I'm free now, very interested in my career, feeling more secure about myself than I've ever felt before. Nothing bugs me." Young, free, famous, one of the happiest has-beens in Hollywood. What more could a girl want, unless she suddenly decides she wants another try at marriage with Don before their split is filed and final? But don't bet on that. At 19 going on ageless, Melanie seems to have grown up a lot between takes, the way cute kids do—at least in the movies. It's magic.



BUNNIES OF '76

around the country (Angelique Ilo, Patricia Cosier, Louise Turner, Valerie Miller, Carol Maddon, Natalie Jones, Sheila Richardson, Victoria Walter, Thelma Nevitt and Laura Wesson)—that had previously opened to rave notices in Chicago.

Meanwhile, at the Aquarius Theater in Hollywood, a panel of judges, including O. J. Simpson, Dick Martin, Milton Berle, Ringo Starr, Robert Goulet, columnist Jim Bacon and Lynda "Wonder Woman" Carter, selected Phoenix Bunny Barbara Patterson as the 1976 Bunny of the Year. The finalists also included Carolyn Moore of the London Club, Candy Collins (Chicago), Ellen Anderson (Atlanta), Suyen Kong (Jamaica), Terri Whitmire (Miami), Suzanne Dunsford (Manchester, England), Susan Cisar (San Francisco), Maryse Larose (Montreal), Jeannie Lewis (Cincinnati), Lee Fehlig (St. Louis), Anita Plested (Portsmouth, England), Toni Price (Baltimore), Jennifer Gibson (Lake Geneva), Laura Sypherd (Denver), Theresa Bailey (Los Angeles), Lori Cimini (Detroit), Lynn Passinger (New York), Kiku Takagi (Boston) and Vanessa Santo (Great Gorge). The show was hosted by Don Adams, and Redd Foxx, Arte Johnson, Barbi Benton and The Hudson Brothers helped him keep the audience and the contestants in the best of spirits. Our winner, Bunny Barbara, was nonplused,

(continued from page 135)

partly because she had other things going on at the time: "I'd never won anything in my life, and then in the same week, I won the pageant and the love of my life!"—the latter being actor Johnny Crawford, whom Barbara met that week at Hugh Hefner's Holmby Hills mansion. Barbara's rewards include a 1976 Datsun B-210, a television, a stereo and a promotional-appearance schedule that—along with her new-found romance—should make it hard for her to keep up her various hobbies (which include water-skiing, sun worshiping and making macramé plant hangers) over the next few months.

As usual, there were individual achievers galore scattered among the Clubs—especially in the likely field of show business. In Los Angeles, where you expect such things, Bunny Kandy Keith has been appearing regularly on *Police Woman*, while Bunny Ninette Bravo has acted in two episodes of *The Streets of San Francisco*. Two of the girls in our thriving London Club—where over 200 Bunnies are employed—played in *The Voyage of the Damned*, a film starring Faye Dunaway and Oskar Werner; as a result, Bunnies Tricia Stratton and Prue Ryan got to tour America ("And we got to meet the Bionic Woman, who's one of our idols"). Bunny Tricia also survived making a film with the Monty Python company.

On other fronts: Bunny Gloria Ptak of the New York hutch has been heard on

radio as Lois Lane in a re-creation of *Superman*. You want singers? We've got Bunny Alyson Merkel of the Playboy Resort and Country Club at Great Gorge; she's currently touring the circuit with her own act. Dancers, maybe? The Chicago Club boasts Angie Chester, former International Bunny of the Year, whose dance group recently performed at a downtown theater, and Bunny Pattie Allison, who took part in a three-day dance marathon at Faces, a posh Windy City disco (we're proud to report that she was among the finishers).

Other Bunnies—including Detroit's Jackie Banks, Boston's Marilyn Ross, Phoenix' Christy Ann Brumfield and London's Jarmillia Duggan, whose image has been appearing all over Europe on behalf of everything from cars to tooth paste—have been branching out successfully into the modeling business. As usual, some others have been busy getting degrees in various subjects, from New York's Bunny Diane Snediker (architecture) to Boston's Kiku Takagi (marketing) and Cincinnati's Evvie Highhouse (biology). Bunnies Cassia Waspotick of Boston, Kathy Worthington of Century City and Maynell Thomas of Chicago are among those attending law schools. Century City's Bunny Paulette Huber is studying flying, with an eye toward being a helicopter newsperson. And—how's this for something completely different?—Bunny J. B. Baca of New York has been attending the Church of Scientology, with the intention of entering its ministry.

Bunnies at several Clubs have also been showing business initiative. Detroit's Lori Cimini has opened a restaurant in that city. Lake Geneva's Portlyn Mason continues to operate her health-food store. Boston's Monika Zganiacz, who tends the Gift Shop, designed a Bicentennial T-shirt that has become one of her hottest-selling items.

And there are those, of course, whose lives are centered on more bucolic elements. Denver's Bunny Lisa Christie still works on a farm all day before donning her Bunny togs. Several others are into the training and display of animals: Miami's Bunny Shiella Mouw (horses) and Lake Geneva's Dale Clark (Yorkshire terriers). And then there's Century City's Melanie Ramback, who went to Africa last year to study marine biology; at presstime, she was again somewhere at sea, this time in the vicinity of South America, as part of an eight-man crew on a sloop bound round the world. Which just goes to show how far Bunnydom can take a girl, if she's together. It's no secret, of course—especially as plans continue to bubble for expansion of the Playboy Club chain in the Far East, among other places—that these elegant and convivial young ladies have already taken us a long way.



"We have, your Honor, but first I want to thank all those responsible for one of the most enjoyable nights I've ever spent!"



Oh, the disadvantages of our long cigarette.

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BLUE SKIES, NO CANDY

He has never heard a voice of such elegant sexiness.

In the airport, that morning, standing at the Avis desk, I watch his lazy, loping stride across the floor, eyes searching, scowling, a goddamned knockout—a peacock—in faded blue denim, discreetly flared pants and battle jacket, precisely the same faded blue in his cotton turtle-neck, that hat. And in my understated Saint Laurent pants suit, I feel like a little brown wren. Then the grin. He has spotted me. "You're here." Hugs me. "I had an awful feeling you wouldn't come."

Silly. This All-American Cowboy peacock was worried I would stand him up. What a wonderfully ridiculous notion. As if there were such a Kate, an arrogant man-killer Kate. It was I who was worried he wouldn't be here. Bite your tongue. Don't say it. Don't spoil his wonderful illusion. Don't let him know the doubting Kate, the ugly-duckling Kate, the self-mocking Kate. Don't let him see her and maybe she'll go away.

He is a morning person and a compulsive organizer. Every morning he maps out an itinerary for the day. Plots our path on his Michelin maps, tracing the proposed route with his Big Red felt-tip pen. Consults his list of recommendations, restaurants worth the detour, châteaux and vineyards not to be missed, castles with stately bedrooms swathed in velvet and fireplaces big enough to cook a boar in . . . as if we'd ever be bored. He wants to wake at dawn for an early start. But I convince him nine o'clock is a virtuous compromise. Anyway, he has his own internal wake-up device and it seems to be connected to his cock. I am not quite sure which wakes first. His brain or his sweet fat prick. I reach for it in my half-sleep, waking with amazing grace for a fiercely non-morning person like me. Sometimes I wake to find him inside me. Part of my dream. I wake from a dream of fucking, creamy, always ready. At night we are adventurers, research scientists, sexual pioneers. Mornings we make love.

He can't stop touching me. In the car, his hand on the back of my neck, at my throat . . . bringing my hand to his mouth. At dinner, his hand inside my skirt under the tablecloth. He will look up from his book as we lie reading in bed—he is a scholarly cowboy in his gold-rimmed aviator glasses. He is farsighted. That is how you know you are getting older, dear love. When all the beautiful boys who love you are suddenly men cursing over the fine print on menus held at arm's length, cowboys in bed in bifocals.

I am lying here trying to work on the new script for E. Jay Eskins and he is

(continued from page 105)

adoring my hand. I cannot turn the page. Or he will touch my ass, examine the shape of each cheek in his palm, study my ear as if it were a poem in Braille . . . and my belly button. That tickles. I don't like that.

"I forgot your belly button is taboo," he says. "Good thing I'm not a belly-button man."

He talks, talks endlessly. He has brought an envelope of treasures to show me—a big manila envelope with a flap and a ribbon tie. Short stories, one that he wrote, one of mine, the funniest story he ever read, cut out of an old PLAYBOY, a letter he wrote to his father 32 years ago, family snapshots, dirty limericks.

I had forgotten what falling in love is like. I am becoming an addict. How did I ever agree to give it up for so long? Yes, yes, I know. You trade that roller-coaster high for something better, Jamie forever, to cherish and keep, loving eyes open, loving what really is there, everything you know. No more diving off cliffs into the arms of a stranger, never sure whether there are rocks below or crocodiles or a man to catch you, love you. The dive worth every risk. Does this sound like a *Tarzan* remake?

What do we talk about? Almost nothing else. Who was the first? What was it like? How do I feel in your mouth? Does my come taste different from other comes? What do pussies taste like? What do you think when you're eating me? Does it hurt? What did you think the first time we made love? When did you know we would go to bed together? If I had a cock, would you let me fuck you? That last line is Kate, of course, wanting everything.

Evening, afternoon, I don't know, can't keep track. The room is dark. After love. Me very shaky, body racked with crazy kind of shock waves. He pulls me closer, makes me still. Then he is kissing me, soft full lips and his tongue in all the corners of my mouth. His fingers fold my lips open for his tongue. What is he doing to my mouth? Oh, God, he is making a cunt of my mouth. My whole body feels it. My mouth is a cunt and I'm coming.

"I don't believe you, Jason. What you did . . . to my mouth."

"No, Kate. It's you. You're unbelievable. You knew."

He loves our rented Mercedes. He drives with his head telescoped deep into his neck, fierce, competitive, snarling obscenities at the suicidal French drivers, challenging them to insane drag starts, Russian-roulette passing on two-lane roadways. He rides the Mercedes as if it were a horse, bucking in and out of traffic, reining in, letting loose. Streaking off onto side roads or onto the shoulder to examine

a ruin or to stretch his back and legs and stare across long vistas.

"Oh, those poppies," I cry, knocked out by a field of red.

He screeches to a stop, slams out of the car, picks one and puts it into my mouth.

I can't keep my hands off him. I like to tuck my hand under his thigh. That's to stay just at the edge of his perception when he seems deep in thought. On his thigh inside pressing that wonderful muscle I've come to admire when I don't want to be ignored a minute longer. Reaching close after a perilous near-fatal pass on a curve to kiss his sideburn or his tough, wrinkled, sunburned neck. He smells of suede.

"Don't fall asleep," he begs me on a boring stretch outside Roanne.

"I'm here."

"Diane could never stay awake in a car. Texans are always driving two hundred miles at a clip."

"I wouldn't dream of wasting one minute." He puts my hand on his crotch. "Oh, my, what have we here, Jason? How lovely. Have you ever been eaten on the highway between Chagny and Roanne?"

"Not to the best of my recollection."

Zip. Ah, how fresh and pink it is in my hand, how sweet with its tiny smile. Kate, suddenly shy (or possibly concerned about highway mortality): "May I?"

He pulls me closer.

I know what pleases him now. He does not want teeth, not even gentle teeth teasing. He wants to be surrounded by mouth. Fast, slow, pressure, tickles, he wants to be swallowed, to be milked between thighs, to slide between breasts. Sometimes Kate eating is cool, imperious and precise and sometimes her mouth leads her off into a feverish, wet, weeping, dribbling come-streaked frenzy. We are careening down the highway, groaning, laughing. I feel him braking the car, screeching off the road into a field. He throws open his door. "Get out of the car, you bitch." Coming around the car with that fiery-red prong sticking out in front. I'm standing there laughing. He pulls down my pants, my panties, pushes me backward over the fender, coming into me fast and rough, making me come with him, then collapsing into the scratch of grass.

Kate stands there in a muddle of knit and lace and a great ribbon of road map. Laughing. "Crazy. Crazy." I fall beside him. "Too chicken to come on the highway?"

"I wanted to share it with you."

"Am I all right? Do I do it all right?"

"You give great head, lady. Didn't you tell me that?"

"Did I? You're kidding. Did I really say that?"

"You think of yourself as modest, shy, unassuming but you're some kind of



"Get a load of who's walking around semi-erect!"

narcissistic nut, lady. Would you like to sit on that for a while?"

"Jason, you're unbelievable. Where did that come from?"

"I don't know. I amaze myself."

I'd forgotten how cozy cars used to be. With the sexual revolution, I suppose kids don't have to make love in cars anymore. What a tragic loss to the culture. Making out in cars . . . I loved it. Steaming up the windows of Terry's old Dodge jalopy parked on the grass behind the high school tennis courts. Terry, the boy next door, can't remember the last name, slight, with bunched-up muscles from running track. Kate the incurable cocktease, rubbing up against danger. Defending various Maginot lines. Retreat. He sneaking under sweaters, trying to undo bra hooks, failing, lifting the whole stern white-cotton quilted Maidenform fortress. Kate sitting there like a prisoner, bound with her own underwear. Van Johnson never did those animal things to June Allyson, you knew damn well.

Kate determined to recapture a measure of grace by unhooking, untangling and tossing everything into the back seat. Boldly naked for the second wave of attack. Below the waist. Fingers trying to get into crotch of white-cotton panties, elastic snapping. Finally, Kate, with a great ungenerous sigh of submission, peeling everything off, fighting his mouth and his fingers, to reach a mute compromise.

He may pull her onto his lap. They will rub against each other, not letting it in, that thing, keeping it a few millimeters away from that must-be-preserved hymen, wherever it is, if it is still intact after all that masturbation, falling off bicycles, riding lessons, playing doctor, one doesn't really know. Oh, what a glorious struggle.

And then the cops with their flashlights. How sordid. *Butterfield 8* but without the glamor. Terry beet red. Kate heart pounding to burst. "You can turn off the flashlights now, I believe, can't you?" she says.

The cop, recognizing Terry. "Not you again."

An innocent bath. That's how it begins. He helps me out of the tub, wraps me in a towel. I'm trying to pull him to the bed. He's choreographing the pace. He rubs me all over, rubs the towel between my legs. Pushes me into the bedroom and throws me across the back of a chair. I spread my legs obediently, hot, so hot . . . limp and obedient as a life-size Raggedy Ann, waiting for that re-entry. Fingers open me up, then the cock, filling me full, driving hard into me. Epileptic climax for him, blackout for me, can't think where I am. Who. Am. I. Is. He.

He carries me to the bed. Even half-conscious I am sure if I were wearing red shoes I could make myself as light as Fonteyn. He fluffs the pillow beneath my head and touches my cheek and pulls

the sheet high, folding it back neatly. He takes my hand in his, between us, lying side by side in the dark. "I love you, Kate."

Yes, I heard that. I am not going to answer. Men say that, you know. I love you. It doesn't mean anything much. What it means, perhaps, is . . . at this moment I love you. Four seconds from now, who knows? Farewell, toots. You're on your own. Kate is not like that. Perhaps it has to do with gender. I wonder if all women are like me. I don't just toss around idle I love yous. When I say it, watch out. It doesn't mean. Thanks, baby, that was a nice fuck. It means, I love you.

"This is really quite extraordinary. How we get along," he says. "You know that?"

It is a sunless day with a curious pale-pink light filtering through peach gauze curtains. The French are very clever with their mirrors. By opening the armoire an inch or two, we can watch ourselves make love. There is always a mirror. In the middle of a wall, for no reason at all. Over a bureau too low to paint a face in . . . just low enough to reflect myself to me stretched across the bed.

"How beautiful we look in this light," says Kate. We study ourselves in the mirror. Jason watches his hand trace the outline of my body, cupping both breasts. "Do you think we could ever be normal, everyday people together? Want to go to a movie. Be too tired to make love. Want to see people. Instead of fucking. Get up in the morning and get dressed . . . without making love."

"That would be strange," he says.

"That would be real."

"It will be different," he says, putting his cock between my legs from behind.

"Maybe we'll love it."

"Maybe we could always be like this."

"Give up making movies and raising cows," I say. "Just fuck all day."

"And read in between."

"Or write."

"See, your puritan work ethic is incorruptible."

I guide him to the edge of the bed, so I can kneel on the floor between his legs, eating him at precisely the right angle for the mirror.

I'm getting used to the way he looks. I'm falling in love with his body. There is a thick raised white scar behind his left knee. And his ass is a constant joy, tight apple ass, with those muscled indentations I can press my fists into. He smells sweet, even his sweat is mildly sweet. His asshole tastes like apple cider. I love his balls, tight and round, a neat, pleasing package. Sometimes I smell a faint perfume of milk. Or sunshine. I am soothing my hot little bottom in the lukewarm water of the bidet—dousing my overindulged pussy with lemon-scented



"Unh . . . unh . . . oh, God . . . I'm combing!"

splashings. He watches me. I cannot ever remember feeling quite so uninhibited with anyone. The light in this room is blinding white. I am naked, face naked, too. And he is watching me. Fascinated by what I do to soothe and calm and sweeten my pussy.

"Aren't you jealous I can kiss it and you can't?" he says. In bed again.

Never thought about that. But I'll humor him. No one would believe the time we spend marveling over all the assorted parts of our anatomies. "Yes, I guess I'm jealous. But I can eat your cock and you can't. Or can you?"

"I've tried a few times in moments of extreme loneliness. But you have to be double-jointed. How is my cock, I mean, compared with other cocks you have known?"

He knows damn well how is his cock. He is insufferably arrogant about his cock. I am sure women have been admiring the fat monster forever. I told him big made no difference. Now I know with a kind of rage—it matters. I'll spend a long time of my life wanting to be that full again.

I am playing the game, after all, it's my game. "I would say your cock is, among the cocks I have known, uniquely beautiful."

How solemn he looks as he rubs his cock up and down, wetting it with my stickiness. "Pretty pussy," he says. "You

should see it, too."

I have seen pussies. Never really thought of pussies as beautiful. My friend Ariane, the sculptress, does exquisite erotic pink petals cast in Lucite. He hands me my evening bag from the bedside table.

"Your mirror," he says.

I open the compact. And, well, yes, I suppose it is mysterious and beautiful. He taps his cock against the clitoris, making shocks, down, dipping into the sticky cunt. I see it in my tiny mirror. Tight little curls of hair. The thick engorged rod with one throbbing dark vein burrowing into me, slipping into raw red fleshy pocket. For a few minutes I watch, fascinated. It could be boring, like *Deep Throat*, except the beautiful cock is Jason and the pink juicy mouth is me. Then he sits on me sideways, one leg under him, the other in his hand, my legs like a scissors. Goes into me so deep I'm forgetting everything. The compact drops. What a crazy angle. I didn't know it could feel like that. I hear lots of wild-animal growls growing into sandpaper screams.

"You know why I love it when you do it that way?"

"Yes, I know."

"Jason, you don't know everything."

"You love it because you can't move. You're totally in my control."

"Oh, is that why? Hmm. I thought it was because you go so deep. So maybe I'm not a true masochist. Maybe I'm just an everyday old-fashioned woman hungering for submission. Show me again where the legs go. I want to learn how you do that."

"So you can teach my successor."

My smile freezes.

Are other women curious to see their own pussies? I wonder. My friend Carla Giannini confessed once to me and Jamie that she'd used a make-up mirror to look at herself a few days after her second baby was born. To her husband's extreme mortification. "Carla, please don't tell that story, not here in Lutèce, please."

"I wanted to see the stitches," she explains, ignoring him. By accident, she'd used the magnifying side, terrifying herself.

I smile. Jamie grimaces. "Carla, I can't stand gynecological horror stories."

I never looked at my pussy before yesterday. Now I am studying the dear thing in repose. I'm getting rather to like it. There is a tiny freckle on my vulva. Imagine. I have been walking around the world with this freckle for who knows how many decades. Secret and uncharted.



I honestly believe that sex—good sex—is a woman's right!

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Bric-a-Brac Man (continued from page 101)

Mrs. Breen—statues like these have limited appeal. The average person considers them ugly. I might have to hold them for years before finding a buyer—and with bank interest rates what they are, I simply can't afford to tie up too much money for lengthy periods."

At last, she said, "Well, I suppose I'd settle for eight hundred and fifty."

"Mrs. Breen," I responded, oozing patience and magnanimity, "you're a friend of Mrs. Dunlap, a lady I've known and respected for many years. I honestly want to do the best I can for you, but eight-fifty is still too much. However, even though it's against my better judgment, I'll match the other man's bid. I'll give you eight hundred. And that's absolutely as high as I can go. If you want more, you'll have to call somebody else."

Turning my back on the table, I buttoned my jacket as if preparing to be on my way.

"I'll take it, Mr. Hopkins," the woman said hastily.

I was pleased, naturally, yet I was careful not to show it. Sitting down to write the check, I caught sight of my face in a mirror, and Jesus on the cross had a happier expression. A few minutes later, I carried the two cartons of ivories out to the station wagon. Only then did I grin.

It might be appropriate here for me to explain my banking arrangements. Several years back, I had difficulty opening an account locally, because my old bank had stuck my name on some sort of black list. I admit it had reasons. I'd clipped it for a couple of hundred dollars by cashing checks at its various branches, when I well knew my account was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard—and, since things were dismal at the time, I couldn't find the money to repay them anywhere.

They threatened me with arrest; but after I produced a letter from my physician explaining my memory lapses, the storm subsided. My account was closed, however, and when I tried opening a new one elsewhere, I discovered none of the other financial institutions desired my custom, either. I was compelled to traipse all the way to Nashua, New Hampshire, before I could find an outfit—the Merrimack-Monadnock Merchant Bank—willing to accept me as a client.

But, believe it or not, this peculiar setup worked to my advantage in the end. Nashua, though it's only 40 miles from Boston, was sufficiently distant to discourage people from cashing my checks the same day they got them, which is a definite hazard for an operator like me. Furthermore, because the bank was out of state, any of my checks deposited in Massachusetts usually took a couple of weeks to clear, which meant I could buy merchandise without money. I'd pay with

a check, peddle the stuff fast, then scurry up to New Hampshire and replenish my account before the check arrived for collection.

So I wrote the check and walked off with the figurines.

It was a beautiful coup. While bolting a cheeseburger and a cup of tea in a Porter Circle diner, I congratulated myself generously. If I got \$30 each for the 200 pieces—a reasonable price—my profit would be well over \$5000, and that was more money than I had ever owned outright in my life. This was the break I'd been waiting for. With such a sum, I could now buy quality merchandise. I could move up a couple of notches in the antique-trade hierarchy. I might even become respectable.

The man I intended selling the things to was Wilfred Sloan—the biggest Oriental dealer in the city. His shop on Boylston Street was like a wing of the Museum of Fine Arts. If he wanted the carvings, and I was almost certain he would, he'd pay what I asked without hassling.

I called him from an outdoor phone booth, told him I had 200 old Japanese ivory netsukes and arranged to meet him at my place on Bay State Road that afternoon.

My domicile isn't exactly Fontainebleau, or even Blenheim; still, I do own a few sticks of fairly decent furniture. Connoisseurs might notice they all have little defects—warped tops, cigarette burns, missing hardware—and this is what's prevented me from selling them; nevertheless, carefully placed, they can be most attractive.

I washed the mirror over the fireplace, dusted everything and rubbed boiled linseed oil on all the stained-wood surfaces. Then I set the ivories out—the grandest pieces on the mantel and bookcase and the remainder on the whatnot, the desk and the pseudo-Sheraton coffee table.

By now it was 3:30, and I was getting nervous. Would Sloan buy or would he not? I got a bottle of sherry that Guilfoyle had given me the previous Christmas and poured some into a goblet. I'm not much of a drinker, but at that moment, the wine tasted delicious.

And what did I want? Well, I wanted to be somebody extraordinary—a big shot. I've always admired successful people—J. P. Morgan, Garibaldi, Hernando Cortes, Stalin, Cecil Rhodes, Cromwell, Napoleon, Meyer Rothschild, Henry Ford. I wanted money and prestige. I didn't want to just live and die; I wanted to be something more than a nobody.

While I was dwelling on these matters and sipping the sherry, the doorbell announced Sloan's arrival. The Englishman

was tall and gaunt and had sandy hair and a florid complexion. Guiding him into the parlor, I made it a point to watch his face in the glass above the mantel—a tactic I'd found useful on other occasions. As he crossed the threshold, his blue eyes widened slightly. It wasn't much of a reaction, but it showed me at once that he was impressed by what he saw.

He spent a minute surveying my carefully mounted exhibition from a distance, then sauntered to the bookcase and picked up one of the most striking figures—an elderly farmer with a basket of vegetables on his arm and a shaggy dog by his side. "Interesting," he murmured.

"Interesting? It's superb, Wilfred," I said, my voice overflowing with irrefragable conviction. "Nowadays, you only see netsukes like that in museums."

"Strictly speaking, Arnold, it isn't a netsuke. Netsukes have holes in them, so they can be strung on a cord. This chap hasn't any."

"Does it matter? The thing's a masterpiece."

"Jolly handsome, yes," he admitted graciously, returning the ivory to the shelf. "Are you selling them individually or as a lot?"

"As a lot," I answered promptly.

"What must you get for them?" he inquired.

"Seven thousand," I said without hesitation, whacking him an extra grand for the infinitesimal change in his expression when he entered the room.

"That's a packet of money, Arnold," he said, but there was neither shock nor resentment in his voice.

"For two hundred and three works of art, Wilfred? I'm letting them go for less than thirty-five each."

"Some are relatively new—done in the Twentieth Century."

"A few, sure—but they're not tourist souvenirs."

Sloan smiled. Replacing a clamshell, he took up a monkey playing with a tortoise and said noncommittally, "Seven thousand." After a moment, he said, "I'd like more information about their provenance, Arnold. Can you give me any?"

"Sure," I answered. "I bought the collection from an elderly lady who told me her mother's father compiled it when he was in the Navy. He was a commodore or something."

"A sailor's treasure-trove, eh?"

"Yes. The old guy was with the fleet in the Far East for many years. His granddaughter said he knew Admiral Dewey."

"And are you certain this lady had a clear title to them?"

"Absolutely."

"Good. I can assume, then, she's an honest, law-abiding citizen—a pillar of the community, as they say. All right, Arnold, I'll pay your price. Come to the

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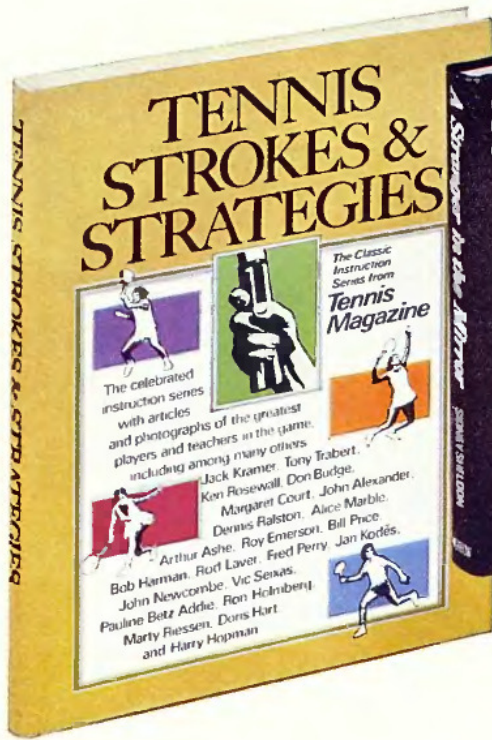
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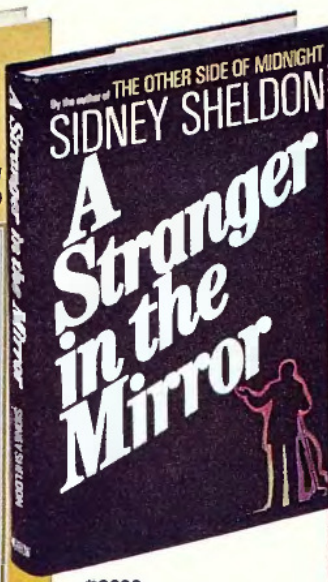
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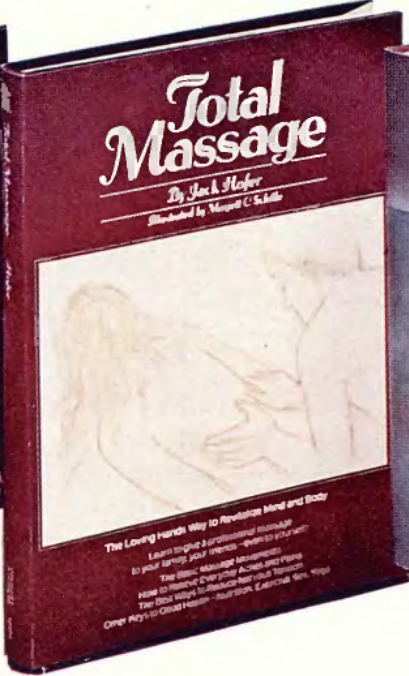
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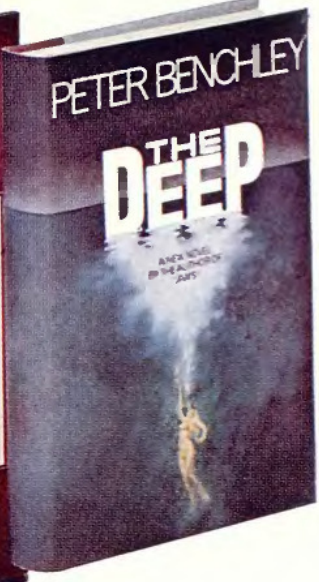
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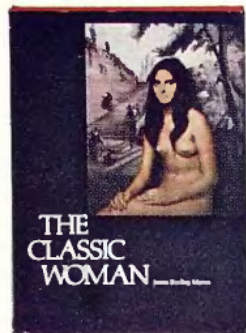
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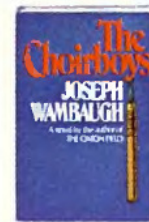
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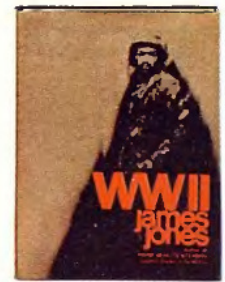
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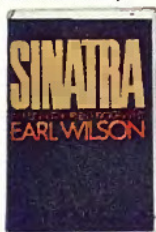
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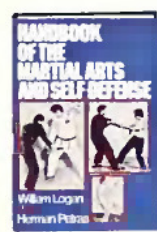
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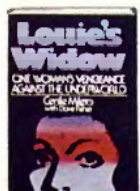
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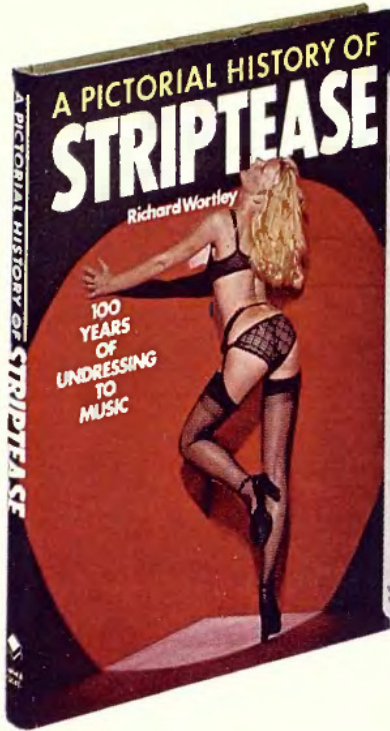


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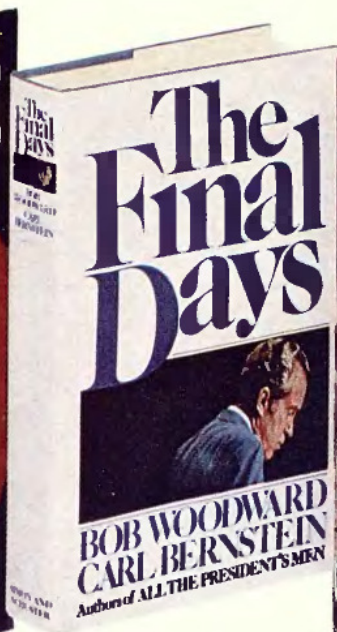


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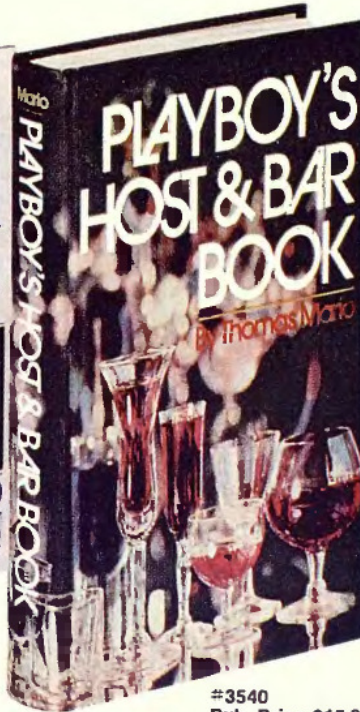
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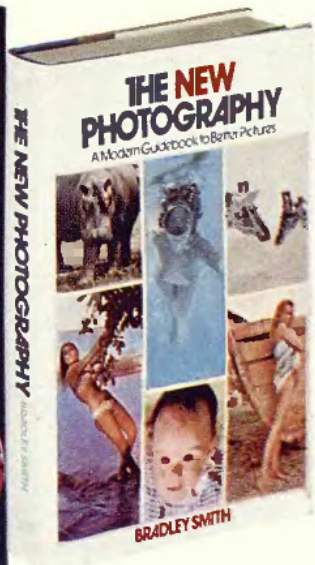
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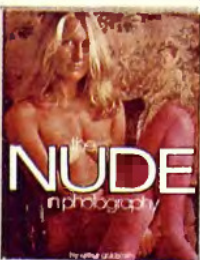
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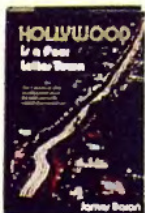
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shop around eleven tomorrow and I'll give you the money in cash."

His words intoxicated me. Until that instant, I hadn't dared believe the \$7000 would actually be mine. Nevertheless, I maintained a reserved, businesslike demeanor. "Wilfred, I'd be delighted to take your check."

"Thanks, but the income-tax bloodhounds have been baying at my heels, and I'd just as soon not have a paper record of this. They know enough about my private affairs as it is. Ever dealt with the Internal Revenue Service?"

"No," I said untruthfully.

"They're a hard lot," he said. "Last autumn, I borrowed a bit of money to buy the contents of a town house on River Street—a place crammed with Chinese and Korean porcelains and bronzes. The seller was in a hurry to fly back to the Coast, so to make up the full price, I had to get a quick loan. Instead of going to a bank, therefore, I obtained twenty thousand dollars from a strange Cuban or Mexican a bloke I know introduced me to. I wish I had time to tell you the whole fantastic story—it's a piece of science-fiction—but, suffice it so say that when I sent the wog a check to cover what I had borrowed, he refused to cash it in. Can you imagine? I'm sure he's bonkers. And since I treated these funds as a loan on my tax return, the authorities at Andover have been bothering me. They call it income and refuse to listen to my explanations."

"Do you mean the Cuban still hasn't accepted your money?"

"No, he hasn't. A right mess, it is."

Laughing mirthlessly, Sloan yanked a straight-stemmed pipe from his coat pocket, stuck it in the corner of his mouth and began to produce hollow sucking noises like the gasps of a dying consumptive.

Then he said, "It occurs to me that I'm seeing a chap tonight who might very well be interested in these carvings—or a portion of them, anyway. Would you object to my carting them off with me now?"

Aware that my customer had a spotless reputation, I hesitated only a fraction of a second before replying, "Certainly, Wilfred. That's all right with me. I'll get you a box."

"Seven thousand lovely dollars," I whispered joyfully after Sloan had left, and I poured myself a second glass of Guilfoyle's wine.

The next day, I drove to Boylston Street, parked near Prudential Center and went in the Braden Cafeteria to kill the hour or so that remained before my appointment with Wilfred, whose gallery was only a couple of blocks away. Nick Segilli, a Newbury Street used-furniture dealer, was seated in one of the booths and I joined him.

Segilli bent his ursine body over the

small table and asked, "You been down Mass. Ave. today, Arnold?"

"No," I said. "Why?"

"Terrific accident," he declared portentously. "Guy drove his Lincoln right through the window of the supermarket next to the National Suffolk Bank. It happened last night, but the car was still there when I went by this morning."

"And the people in the automobile?"

"There was only the driver. He was stone-dead. His head got smashed in and his neck was twisted like a cruller. There must have been a gallon of blood on the upholstery. Anyhow, the guy was probably dead before the crash, because the ambulance doctor seemed pretty sure he had had a heart attack. He could tell on account of the guy's lips were purple."

"The poor man," I said. "Was he very old?"

Segilli shook his head, setting his jowls in motion. "Fifty, maybe. Wasn't overweight, neither. Funny thing is, I recognized the fellow. A couple of years ago, I sold him a pair of embroidered silk hangings—very classy articles. He was English—had an accent and all. I remember him good, because he paid three bills for those hangings and that creep, Eddie Osborne, only offered me a hundred and a half."

Suddenly, I was apprehensive. "English?" I asked weakly.

"Yeah. His place of business was in the Brunswick Building."

"You mean Wilfred Sloan—the Oriental dealer?"

"Right—he's the one. You know him, too, Arnold?"

As quickly as I could, I escaped from the cafeteria. Segilli must have thought I was crazy. When I reached Wilfred's antique shop, the lights were off and there was no one inside. I peered through the glass of the locked front door, but I couldn't see my netsukes on any of the shelves or in any of the cases.

When Sloan went to his reward, I thought for a while I was going to have to join him. In the space of an hour, I plunged from the lofty mountains of the moon down to the dark and freezing bottom of the Marianas Deep.

Nonetheless, that very afternoon, I was at the dead man's house in Needham, mingling with the crowd of mourners. I paid my respects to the widow, a lady I'd never met before, but out of delicacy refrained from broaching the subject uppermost in my teeming brain. She was too distraught, anyway, to have been much help. However, I did prowl around the place to see what I could see, but it was a waste of effort. The netsukes were nowhere in evidence.

What was I to do? I had to get money into the bank to cover Mrs. Breen's check. If I didn't, I'd be in trouble.

Dutifully, I attended both the wake and the funeral. Even Wilfred's wife

couldn't have mourned his passing more fervently than I did. On numerous occasions, I stared into the coffin, long and steadfastly, searching his waxy features for the smallest hint of what he might have done with my property. It was a futile endeavor.

Immediately after Sloan's interment, which took place on a damp and dismal Monday morning, I drove to Charles Street to ask Hogan Guilfoyle for help. I wasn't in the best of shape. For 72 hours I hadn't slept a wink, and my whole body seemed charged with static electricity.

Guilfoyle conducted his business from the basement of an old brick house. Poorly illuminated and crowded with gleaming objects, his shop invariably reminded me of the thieves' den in *Ali Baba*. Nor was this a farfetched comparison, since the proprietor—craggy-faced, stubble-jawed, evil-tempered South Boston Irishman—was a very devious fellow.

When I entered the place, Hogan was at his cluttered desk, making a deal on the phone.

Dropping the phone into its cradle, he shook his capped head and growled, "Simple-minded son of a bitch!" Then, whirling around in his swivel chair, he shot me a disagreeable glance. "What do you want?"

I treated him to my boyish grin and asked, "Can you lend me five hundred dollars?"

Guilfoyle sneered. "No, I can't," he replied.

"Hogan, I'm in a terrible predicament," I said earnestly. "I'm in a jam—a real bone cruncher. I wouldn't bother you if I wasn't."

Then I described what had happened to me.

He heard me out and when I was finished, grunted, folded his arms, leaned back in his creaky chair and remarked, "I always knew those lousy checks of yours were no damned good, Arnold Hopkins."

"None of them ever bounced on you, Hogan," I reminded him, "and in three weeks, I'll pay you back six hundred."

"Oh, sure," he said sarcastically. "Not that I'm interested—but how, exactly?"

"You know Manny Robinson in Worcester, don't you?"

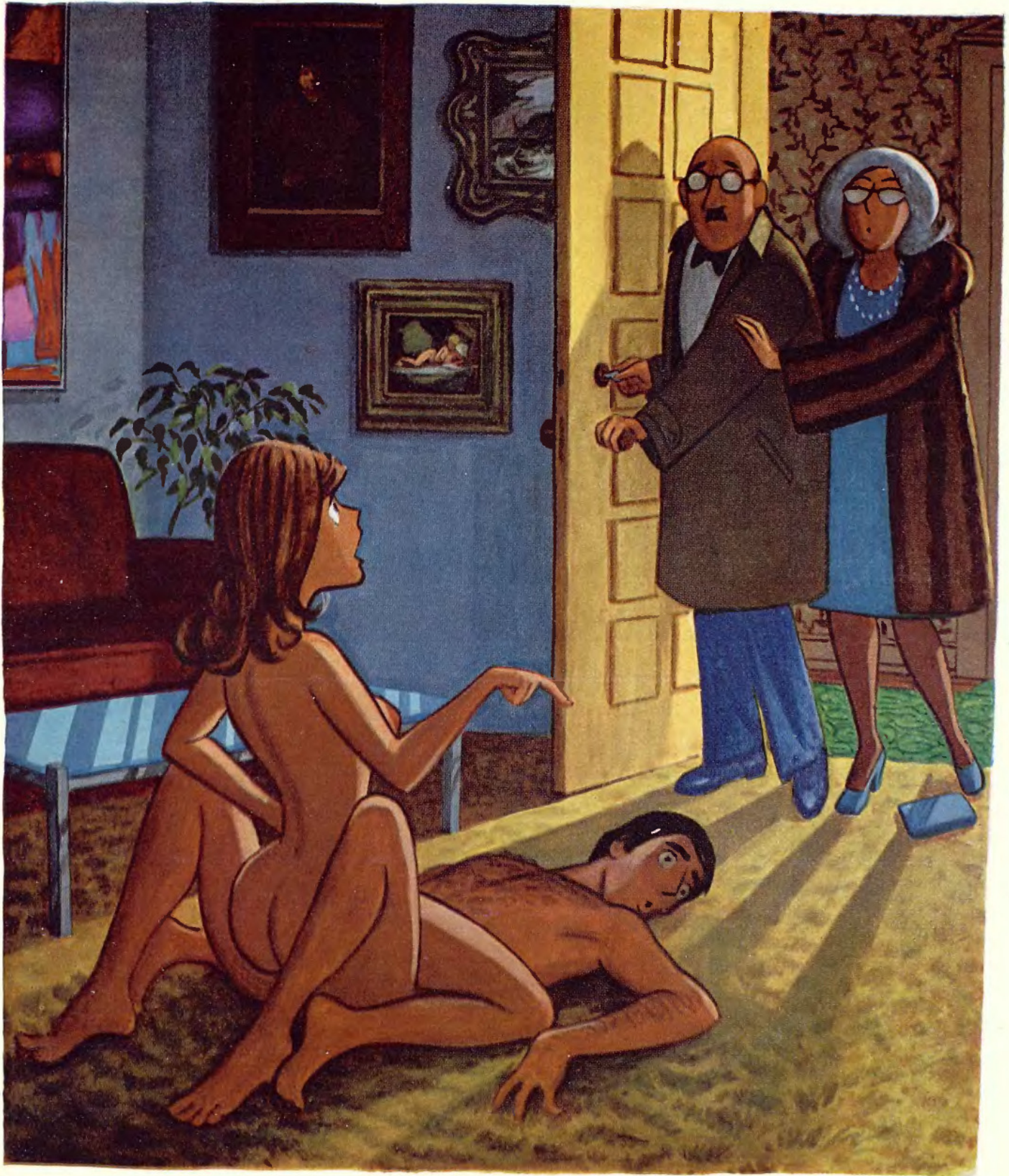
"Yeah. What about him?"

"He does the Coliseum show in New York every year. I gave him a crate full of my best stock to sell for me. If Manny only peddles half of what I consigned to him, I'll still clear a thousand dollars."

This story was a fabrication, but I needed a lever if I was going to pry money out of Hogan Guilfoyle.

"There's no hassle, then," he said. "All you got to do is get the crate back, show me the merchandise and we'll negotiate prices."

"I wish I could, only it's impossible. Manny is in Cleveland, Ohio, doing a



Bruce Brown

"You were right, Mom and Dad. He's unable to adequately provide the things to which I've become accustomed."

INTRODUCING THE STRAWBERRY MARGARITA



WELCOME TO

flea market. And after that, he's traveling to a country fair—near Buffalo, I think. It'll be three weeks before he finally hits New York City."

Guilfoyle leered at me. "I think you're as full of crap as a Christmas goose, Arnold Hopkins," he declared candidly. "Anyhow, it don't matter. I ain't lending you no five bills. My mother never dropped me on my head when I was a baby."

"If I don't locate the five hundred, they'll toss me in the slammer," I said in a voice imbued with sorrow.

"Tough," he answered.

"There's nowhere else I can get it, Hogan."

"Sell your car."

"How can I do that? I'd be out of business."

"You'd also be out of jail," said Guilfoyle.

"You know I'm good for the money," I said, as though this were a firmly established fact throughout the world of finance. "Why won't you lend it to me?"

"All right—you want to know why?" he said. "Because I ain't the Little Sisters of the Poor, that's why. Besides, you don't do me any favors, do you? A crate full of high-quality items you give to some bum in Worcester. What am I—invisible? Don't I pay fair prices? And that ain't all, Arnold. You get your hands on a couple of hundred netsukes—

every one of them ivory, you say—and then you sell the whole damned lot to that limey, Sloan, without giving me so much as a peek at them. Can't I use Oriental goods, same as anybody else? I might've paid you more, too—how do you know? Now you got problems. Too bad. If a guy wants favors, he can't go around treating people lousy. Life's a two-way street."

It was a sound argument. I had to admit. Still, the old bastard was just making excuses. He wouldn't have given me the loan under any circumstances and we both knew it.

"OK, Hogan. Thanks a ton," I said resentfully, as I got to my feet.

Guilfoyle had the glasses up to his eyes. "You want to borrow five hundred dollars?" he said. "Get it from the Devil."

Then he laughed softly, as though the remark were a sparkling witticism.

I muttered an oath and walked out.

As I was about to leave my apartment that evening to attend an auction, Mrs. Dunlap phoned to ask me when I was coming to fix the settee. I promised I'd be over in a couple of days and she hung up—leaving me to ruminate on what might occur when my check to dear Dolores bounced off the Merrimack-Monadnock Merchant Bank, like a new golf ball off a flat stone.

My miseries much enhanced by all this, I strode from the apartment, cursing humanity in general and idle widows in particular.

Alas, not much happened at the auction. I stood there for three hours, bid on several cheap things and ended up empty-handed.

Outside the hall, I met Barney Slocum. He invited me across the street to the hotel for a drink and I accepted.

Barney was a picker, like me—picker being the trade designation for a person who buys antiques here and sells them there, operating out of an automobile because he hasn't a store.

Slocum had a full head of blue-black curly hair, a bushy mustache and a beard like a bunch of grapes. His parents had been in show business and he was fond of loud clothing. That night, he was wearing a terra-cotta shirt and a mauve necktie. He had a rich wife—her father owned a fleet of concrete mixers down on the Cape—but she didn't believe in joint accounts, so Barney only received an allowance, and a meager one, at that. He was able to make money in the antique business, though, because he knew a lot of angles and had an army of good customers in the South and out West. These people came to him whenever they were in town—and he always had something to sell them.

"Barney, I've got to find five or six

hundred in the next few days or I'll be out of circulation for a while," I declared grimly.

"Sounds like you're in a tight-corner situation, Arnold." He lowered his voice and said, "I'll tell you something. I know how you can raise a fast bank roll, but it's a little unorthodox."

"Let's hear it," I said.

"Well, there ain't much to tell, really. You go to this house, open the front door with a key, go up one flight, open another door with two keys, step into the foyer, turn left into the bedroom, take an article off the wall, and then walk out of the place and go home. Later on, when you give me what you took, I'll compensate you with a thousand dollars."

I swallowed some bourbon, licked my lips and asked, "Didn't you used to have a girl who handled things like that for you, Barney?"

"Yeah—Sharon Doucette. She was good, too. A college kid from Northeastern. Sharon isn't available, though. She's in Framingham."

"That's not far. Can't you call her?"

"No. She's in the joint out there—the women's correctional institution. Sharon won't be receiving calls for a while. She got messed up with a very dubious character from Louisiana—a guy named Tommy Joe. What they did was glom a load of silver from a house on Fairfield Street. She went down the chimney,

Arnold—honest to God. Ever meet her? She's built like a snake, so she could perform a stunt of that sort."

Barney sipped his whiskey sour and glanced warily around the dimly lit barroom. "So this Southern guy walks into Mabel Tullock's the next day and sells her a box of sterling flatware. An idiot, he was. Swipes it on Fairfield Street and peddles it on Charles Street—ten blocks away! And the stuff was monogrammed, also! Poor Sharon didn't know a thing about it until the cops came and apprehended her. They found her quick, because Mabel copied Tommy Joe's license-plate number, and it was Sharon's car. Him they grabbed later."

"Burglary is a dangerous occupation," I said.

"Sure—if you act like a moron," Barney replied. "But you're not going to do that, because you've got plenty of intellectual capacity. And this is a dream situation, Arnold. The risks have been eliminated. Nothing detrimental can happen. You'd have to do it on a Thursday morning, and I guarantee the building will be empty. Plus you'll have a set of keys that fit perfectly. Listen—it's a two-family house. One couple lives on the first and second floors and another couple lives on the third. The husbands work in town—regular nine-to-fivers. The wife on the top floor works every Thursday at a Hadassah thrift shop in Malden until one

in the afternoon. And the wife from the apartment we're interested in—she goes to the beauty parlor, ten-thirty every Thursday, and never misses. There's no kids, no dogs, no alarm system—nothing."

The proposition didn't appeal to me much, yet I had to get the money somehow. "Suppose one of the occupants doesn't keep to his schedule?" I asked.

"No problem," said Barney complacently. "Leo Greenspan will be sitting in his car in front of the building, to make sure they all leave. If there's a hitch, he'll honk the horn."

Leo was Barney's helper—a chunky kid from Peabody who moved furniture, drove trucks and did other onerous chores.

"If Greenspan's going to be at the scene, why aren't you using him for the larceny?" I inquired, suddenly suspicious.

"Because he hasn't the brains for it. He'd lift the wrong article. Listen—what I'm after is a crucifix, and this guy has a very elaborate collection of them. There's forty, at least, hanging on the walls of that apartment, but only one has genuine merit—a Seventeenth Century Italian ormolu job, encrusted with lapis, carnelians and jargons. So what do you say? Are you agreeable? You could do it this Thursday, Arnold, and have the thousand by dinnertime."

I drank two mouthfuls of bourbon, reflecting cynically that crime was really

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only business carried on by other means. Then I put my glass down and said, "OK, I'll try it."

"He that hasteneth to be rich hath an evil eye," the Book says. Who could deny that? Not Arnold Hopkins.

At a quarter to 11 the following Thursday, I strode down Marlborough Street, got an all-clear gesture from Leo Greenspan, who was seated in his Volvo at the curb, and entered the trim two-family house as confidently as if it were my own. Minutes later, I emerged with the crucifix under my arm in a manila envelope, and by nightfall, I was \$1000 wealthier.

The next morning, I drove to Nashua, singing and whistling all the way, and there I deposited \$800 in my bank account to cover the widow Breen's check.

So smoothly did this Marlborough Street operation go that I wasn't the least bit averse to accepting a second and similar assignment from Barney when he offered it to me a couple of weeks later. Again he had door keys, again the place was empty and again the adventure went off without a hitch. I walked in carrying a small satchel, stuffed it with old delft pottery from a bow-front china closet and then walked out. For this brief performance I received another \$1000.

I found, oddly enough, that this furtive work was rather pleasant. Violating the sanctity of a private home gave me a bizarre sense of power. Stepping boldly into a stranger's personal territory made me feel that I had at last achieved some control over my own destiny—that I was a manipulator, instead of a manipulatee. It was exhilarating.

But life is careful not to be too generous. A cornucopia of blessings it isn't. The third project Barney gave me was as complicated as the other two had been simple. Indeed, the only reason I didn't reject it out of hand was that the payoff was unusually large—\$500 American dollars.

However, the object of this theft wasn't as ancient as either of those relics, though it was old enough. Barney was asking me to snatch a 17th Century gold-and-silver-inlaid flintlock pistol that, according to him, had once been the treasured possession of the Sun King, Louis XIV. It was in a glass case on a mantel in the parlor of a fifth-floor suite of rooms in a high-priced condominium in the Longwood area of Brookline. He'd given me a key to the apartment, but it did me little good, because the security arrangements in the building were, to say the least, stringent.

To make things worse, the apartment itself was occupied almost continuously. The tenants, a rich realtor named Ambrose Julian and his wife, Lily, employed an Irish housekeeper-cook who came to work at 11 A.M., before the wife went out, and stayed until eight P.M. or later. And

the Julians never seemed to go anywhere or do anything at night or on Sunday, so the place was constantly inhabited.

Barney had a crude map of the suite but no brilliant ideas.

Several times, both in my station wagon and on foot, I reconnoitered the neighborhood. As there were no fire escapes, sun porches or balconies, I would have had to rent a helicopter or sprout wings to gain entrance from that direction. Yet those rear windows were the only vulnerable spots in the fortress.

Next to the condominium, another apartment house stood. It was much less modern and half as tall. Lurking in the park one afternoon, I noticed that the Julian windows were almost on the same level as the roof of the smaller building. What was more, the roof extended farther out in back than the condominium did. Possibilities formed in my mind.

I ambled around to the front, ducked into the second house, forced the lock with a credit card and climbed to the roof unchallenged. Pretending a professional interest in the brickwork of a chimney, I covertly surveyed the scene. The roof was flat, surfaced with tar and gravel and enclosed by a low parapet. From where I was standing at one corner of it, I could actually see into the Julian apartment—even distinguish some old firearms on a wall over a sectional sofa.

The distance separating the edge of the roof from the parlor window was about eight feet. There was another window that was closer—according to my map, it opened into the bathroom—but it had no ledge to speak of and was quite tiny. The ledge outside the parlor window, however, was a broad, deep slab of granite that I could easily stand on—provided I was able to get there.

Eight feet was no great distance, I thought. A man could cover eight feet in a few short strides. If I figured out a way to cross that gap, I could bypass the whole elaborate security system. It was certainly worth a try.

The next morning, I purchased lumber and constructed a crude gangplank. It was light and I was able to assemble and disassemble it in minutes.

To test my bridge, I set one end of it on a stepladder and the other on the seat of a sturdy chair. Then, like a circus funambulist, I climbed up and walked back and forth on it. My gangplank not only held me, it sagged very little—and it showed no tendency to slide or tilt, either.

Delighted, I scampered around on the thing as confidently as if I were performing on the ground. While I was enjoying myself in this manner, the phone rang. By a quirk of chance, the caller was Barney Slocum, who wanted to know how I was progressing. I told him what I had in mind.

"A bridge? Are you serious?" he asked.

"But it's on the fifth floor, Arnold—which is a very high altitude. You're liable to fall and end up in the back yard, emulsified. I mean, it ain't like you're an acrobat or a human fly or something. Doing a balancing act up in the air is risky. And when you open that window, suppose it makes a lot of noise and the people hear it?"

"That problem occurred to me," I declared, "and I think I have a solution. Behind the building, there's a trolley-car line—the one that runs out to Chestnut Hill. Every twenty minutes, the trolley goes by. So, Barney, if I synchronize the raising of the window with the passing of the trolley car, the Julians won't hear a sound because of the racket those things make."

Slocum sighed. "It might work," he admitted grudgingly. "I wouldn't want to try it, though. I admire your moxie, Arnold."

With that compliment, my confederate rang off and I went back to gamboling on my catwalk.

At a quarter to 11 on a Tuesday night, I parked my wagon in the shadow of a stately elm tree on a side street not far from the condominium. The plywood sections—wrapped in brown paper and tied with twine, to make them look more commonplace—were on the back seat. I dragged them out, hoisted them onto my shoulder and resolutely set off. They were heavier than I had expected, and by the time I reached my destination, perspiration was trickling down my face and neck.

In just a couple of minutes, I was safely on the roof. It was a clear and pleasant night. In the inky sky, a crescent moon gleamed like a sliver of gold. By its faint light I unwrapped the package and assembled my gangplank.

Crouching behind a chimney, I commenced my vigil. Both of the Julians were in the parlor, watching a talk program on their 25-inch console color television.

My prospective victims didn't stay up late, however. At 20 after 11, the man roused himself from his chair, switched the set off and left the room—and a moment later, the woman followed him. Mr. Julian returned twice to the parlor, but by 11:45, everything was quiet and the apartment was in complete darkness. I was relieved to see they weren't night owls.

As the streetcars stopped running at one o'clock, I had a limited period in which to accomplish my mission. Still, there was no need to hurry. Husband and wife had to be given adequate time to fall asleep. My safety depended on the depth of their slumber.

I waited almost an hour. The hands on my wrist watch crawled, while the leering moon overhead seemed nailed to the heavens, so little did it move. But at last

the moment for action arrived. I got to my feet, lifted my plywood bridge and, as silently as possible, extended it over the wall and toward the parlor window.

Some five minutes later, I spied the headlight of an outward-bound trolley car 100 yards up the track. I took off my watch, which glowed in the dark, and shoved it into my pocket. Then, without hesitating, I climbed onto the gangplank and walked across it. The journey wasn't a difficult one, though I hadn't the courage to look at what lay below me.

Clutching the window frame, I knelt on the broad granite ledge. Over my right shoulder I could see the streetcar wobbling along, its interior lights brilliant in the gloom. The grinding of the wheels was comfortingly loud. While the clamor was at its peak, I slid my fingers under the window sash and raised it as far as it would go. It offered no resistance and produced no audible sounds. In half a second, I was over the sill and into the parlor.

On the mantel, the glass case gleamed eerily. I reached up and ran my gloved fingers over its top, finding hinges though no catch of any kind. I opened it slowly and put my hand inside. The pistol was resting on a stand. I clutched it by the barrel and it came away easily.

At this point, however, things went wrong. Hastening to slip the gun into my belt, I almost dropped it—and in preventing this from happening, I was obliged to release the lid of the box, which promptly closed with a noise like a clap of thunder. I froze.

For the next few moments, all I could hear was the rapid beating of my heart. Except for that, the apartment was as still as a tomb. I became frightened. Whoever had been snoring wasn't snoring now. Was one of them awake? Somehow, the hush that hung about me wasn't natural. It was vibrant with menace.

Suddenly, like the screech of an owl in the night, a raucous voice cried out, "There's somebody in there. Ambrose! Wake up! There's somebody in there!"

Discarding any attempts at stealth, I dashed for the window, but I didn't get far. The hassock I'd taken such pains to avoid a minute earlier I now failed to notice at all. It tripped me neatly and I fell flat on my face. Only the deep-piled rug saved me from a broken nose. Shaken by this tumble, I was a few seconds getting back on my feet. In the meantime, lights were flashing on all over the place. Suddenly, Mr. Julian appeared under an archway at the end of the room. He was a portly middle-aged man, dressed in purple pajamas.

"Hey, buster! What the hell you think you're doing?" he shouted belliciously. "Is that my flintlock you got there?"

Making fists of his hands, he then started toward me.

I leaped out the window, got onto the gangplank and steadied myself before

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taking a step—but the irate householder was so close behind that he was able to grasp me by the ankle. I nearly lost my balance. Only by dropping to one knee and clamping my hands to the edges of the plywood did I manage to keep from falling.

"Let go, you fool!" I croaked in terror.

"Like hell I will," answered Mr. Julian defiantly. "Give me back my French pistol. That thing is irreplaceable—and they'll jack up my insurance premiums, you bastard!"

No sooner had he spoken than the bathroom window off to my left flew open and in it I saw a thin-lipped apparition in a gold hair net—Mrs. Julian, the other member of the team. She glared at me like a basilisk and screamed, "Throw him in the alley, Ambrose! Push him over!"

Galvanized by these bloodthirsty utterances, I jerked my leg forward with such violence that my captor was pulled halfway out the window. He released my ankle hastily and just as hastily I started to scamper across the bridge on all fours.

Suddenly, from out of the blue, something whizzed past my nose. I hesitated and looked around. The source of the flying object, I discovered to my dismay, was the lady in the lavatory. Taking advantage of my helplessness, this gorgon was throwing bottles of cosmetics and rolls of toilet paper at me. And before I could reconcile myself to this new peril, I was faced with yet another. The bridge had begun to buck and quiver. Mr. Julian, ever ingenious, was doing his best to dislodge it from the ledge.

Yet safety was just a few feet away. A single swift lunge and I might be out of danger. But to perform that sort of maneuver, I would have to stand, and with so much apprehension in my mind and nervous system, I wasn't sure my legs would support me.

While I was busy with these critical speculations, a heavy article of some kind bounced off my rib cage. It felt like a two-pound jar of cold cream. Jolted and in agony, I swayed and almost lost my grip.

"You're lunatics!" I bellowed. "You're both crazy—homicidal maniacs. You want to kill me for a knickknack."

Then, having vented my anger in this forthright fashion, I straightened up and jumped for the roof—and, as I did, the gangplank slued away beneath my feet and disappeared.

My right elbow was over the parapet and I hung on for dear life.

I dangled there for a second or two, but then, recalling what lay below, I quickly dug my sneakered feet into the wall and clambered over the top. Moaning and gasping, I collapsed on the tarred surface of the roof.

Springing to my feet, I fled. Down the stairs I raced, covering four or five steps at a bound. I gained the street in excellent time. There was still no one around.

As I buttoned my jacket over the pistol, it occurred to me that, in addition to everything else, I'd be charged with carrying a concealed weapon if I were caught.

Between the discomfort of my bruised ribs and the spasmodic twinging of my frayed nerves, I slept badly that night. Heavy-eyed, I got up at eight o'clock, took a shower and made my breakfast. While I ate, I inspected the fancy flintlock of Louis XIV. It truly was a work of art—gold and naire inlay, delicately etched sheet-silver ornamentation, finely chiseled steel fittings. I wondered what such an elegant item would fetch at Sotheby's or Parke-Bernet.

Wrapping the pistol in a paper bag, I then dropped it into my coat pocket and drove to Barney Slocum's home on Joy Street. He opened the door before I could even press the buzzer.

"Jesus—I been reading about your exploits in the *Globe*," he said in a low voice, guiding me into the dining room. "You're a lucky guy, Arnold. You could be in the mortuary with a tag on your toe."

"Nobody knows that better than I do," I answered. "They tried to murder me—they actually did. Nice friends you have, Barn. But I got it, anyway. Here."

I handed him the bag and he peeped in. "Quite a pistol, isn't it?" I said.

"Yeah," he agreed. "only don't talk so loud. You'll wake up my wife. She was at the opera last night and that always puts her in an antagonistic mood. Wait here. I'll bring you the money in a minute."

He hurried from the room and I sat down in an armchair at the head of the table and cast some admiring glances at the furniture.

He returned in a few moments. "Here's the money. Thirty-five hundred, like I promised."

He passed me a roll of bills, which I stuck in my pocket uncounted. "Do you have any other projects?" I asked.

"Right now? Nah. Hopefully, later—but not right now, Arnold. If I was you, I'd want a little vacation, after last night. What happened?"

I told him the whole hair-raising story.

"Jesus!" he exclaimed when I finished. "You must have a guardian angel. Anybody else would've been dead. I told you it was an irrational plan. But, anyhow, you got away with it—which is the primary consideration. Moneywise, you should be OK now. Lately, you've been doing sensational."

"I think I'll open a store," I said.

"Yeah? Where?"

"I've been looking at places in Cambridge—around Harvard Square."

"Well, I wish you all the success in the world, Arnold. You're a nice guy. I want you to know that. But from now on, stay

the hell away from those high-altitude jobs, will you?"

He laughed, though not loudly, because of his wife.

Shortly thereafter, Maurice Fitzjames telephoned me. He had heard I'd been doing "confidential work" for Barney Slocum, he said, and wondered if I would undertake a similar enterprise for him. I wasn't pleased to learn that my activities had become the subject of other people's conversations, and I told him so. To pacify me, my cousin declared that Barney gave him the information only because he knew he had a very lucrative proposition hanging fire—one that I'd surely be interested in.

"Barney knows I'm trustworthy—and you should, too," he said.

"Should I? What about the three-hundred-dollar swindle you pulled on me?" I asked. "Do you think I've forgotten that?"

"Come on, Arnold—be reasonable. There was no swindle. I only collected money you owed me. I had to do it that way. You seemed determined not to pay me—I don't know why."

What had happened was this: When I failed to show up at Maurice's shop in Brookline to work off my debt, he started calling me every other night to complain. It got so I hesitated to pick up my own telephone. Perhaps I should have paid him—I had plenty of cash—but I really hated to do it, because over the years Maurice had tricked me out of all kinds of money. Had I settled the debt, I would have felt like a clump.

In any case, one evening when he was more vociferous than usual, I calmed him down by saying that Hogan Guilfoyle owed me \$290 and that I would collect it the following afternoon and send it off to him in a money order. Part of this tale was perfectly true. The Irishman did owe me that sum and I did plan to get it the next day—but I hadn't the least intention of mailing it to Maurice Fitzjames.

Now, what Maurice did was this: The following morning, without his wrap-around sunglasses and dressed in old clothes, he strode into Hogan's shop and, brazen as a Chinese gong, pretended he was me!

"I came early, Hogan, because I have to drive to Marlboro this afternoon," he had declared, as convincingly as Stanislavsky himself. "Can you give me my money?"

And the Irishman, hoodwinked completely, passed him my \$290 without a moment's hesitation.

When I arrived later that day and discovered what had happened, I nearly had a seizure. There wasn't a thing I could do, however. Guilfoyle flatly refused to pay the debt twice, mistake or no mistake.

The episode left me bitter. No one



"I probably have the cleanest windows in Paris."

likes being made a fool of. Nevertheless, I wasn't so bitter that I wouldn't listen to Maurice's proposition. Besides, I thought it might afford me a chance at revenge. I agreed to meet him at Larry's, a smart saloon on Newbury Street, later that day.

"Last week, a fellow who peddles me tips and information came to the shop and told me an intriguing story," Maurice began, when our drinks were in front of us and the waiter had gone. "He's an electrician, this guy, and he had just spent the morning working in a Back Bay house that was crammed with antiques—the finest stuff he had ever seen, he said. Fabulous was the adjective he kept repeating. I asked him some questions and found out he was returning to the place after lunch, to finish the job—which happened to be the rewiring of a lot of girandoles. Posing as his assistant, I went along with him.

"The place is a big brownstone and everything the fellow said about the furnishings is true. Hey, Arnold, believe me—it's a treasure house. It's full of the kind of gorgeous objects you used to see at the best auctions twenty years ago but never see anywhere now. On a credenza I noticed a pair of Queen Anne silver chambersticks, and in an ebonized cabinet, a collection of snuff bottles, the likes of which you'll never see outside a museum. There was a George III punch bowl, an elaborate tantalus, a silver inkstand, a fantastic music box—but why go on? In twenty minutes of talking, I couldn't catalog everything I saw. Have you ever dreamed of being drowned in precious articles? That's how I felt. The paintings and bronzes alone would give you a heart attack, and many of them are small enough to fit in a duffel bag or a pillowcase. If I were asked to appraise the contents of the four rooms I got a look at, I wouldn't hesitate to quote a figure of half a million bucks. What do you say, Arnold? Would you like to take a crack at this palace of opulence?"

I hid my eagerness under a scowl and said, "Sounds too good to be true. What about the alarm system?"

"There isn't any," he answered promptly. "But I have to admit it isn't going to be easy to get into, because the lower windows are barred and the doors aren't the type you can spring with a hunk of plastic—but there may be possibilities up on the roof."

"The roof is out. I'm not an acrobat," I objected, my stomach writhing at the idea. "Who lives in the place?"

"Three women—sisters, named Ramsay."

"When is it usually empty?"

"Well, that's a sticky point," said Maurice. "I've been making a few discreet inquiries, and it seems a couple of these ladies hardly go out at all. I thought you

might work at night, after everybody's safely tucked in bed."

"Nothing doing," I replied vehemently. "No, thanks. At the moment, I'm only interested in unpeopled domiciles. Crowds inhibit me. And women are the worst, Maurice. They're light sleepers. A single creak from a loose floor board and they wake up screaming."

My cousin fingered the neat triangular knot of his silk necktie and gave me a winning smile. "I appreciate that, Arnold, but if we insist on perfect conditions, it could take months."

"It sounds rich enough," I conceded. "How much do you think we could make?"

He shrugged. "If you choose the right objects and fill a couple of fair-sized bags, I wouldn't be surprised if we cleared twenty thousand dollars—ten for you and ten for me. The small paintings and the silver and the snuff bottles—they're the important items. But you know prices, so you'll know what to take."

"Ten thousand," I murmured thoughtfully. "All right, Maurice. I'll have a look at it. Where is this El Dorado?"

"Five forty-eight Commonwealth Avenue, near Gloucester Street."

"Five forty-eight? That's interesting."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I know the owner of five forty-six—a woman named Dunlap. She runs a boardinghouse for old people."

"Great. A lucky coincidence. That would be right next door. You can probably work something from that angle—a fire escape, maybe, or a balcony," he said. Then he gulped down his drink and added, "Look—I got to run along, because I have a karate class in town. You check the thing out and give me a call when you're ready to make your move—OK?"

"OK," I answered.

After he left, I sat for a while, daydreaming about \$10,000. Number 548 would be the house that the three veiled women had emerged from, the day I was sitting on the bench. I remembered the face of the beautiful girl—remembered it with a vague longing. It was odd, the way things happened.

By 9:30 the next morning, I was in my station wagon, cruising the alley that runs parallel to the south side of Commonwealth Avenue between Gloucester and Hereford streets. As Maurice had mentioned, the lower-floor windows of the Ramsay house were protected by bars—decorative ones but very sturdy, nonetheless. The first-floor windows—those above the ground floor—weren't covered by these grilles; yet, since they were well out of reach, it hardly mattered. To get to any of them, I'd have had to borrow a hook and ladder from the fire department.

The building's rear was curved like the spine of a book and, except for a single

stringcourse, free of architectural adornment. Not even the most intrepid thief—and after my experience at the Julians', I was far from being that—could have found footholds on its surface. At the level of the pavement, there was a heavy wooden basement door. Intuitively, I knew it was bolted on the other side by a piece of hardware as thick as a broom handle. The whole setup looked definitely unpromising. I decided to call on Mrs. Dunlap.

"I didn't realize you were coming today," she greeted me. "How nice!"

"Just happened to be in the neighborhood," I said, following her into the foyer, "so I thought I'd drop by."

"Oh, I'm glad you did, Mr. Hopkins. Miss Herzenthal has been having trouble with her knob. Keeps falling off."

"Her knob?"

"Yes, yes—her doorknob. She's deathly afraid of fires, you see—and if she couldn't open her door, she'd be trapped and burned alive. Do you suppose you could put a new washer in the hot-water faucet on the top floor? The drip is driving everybody crazy, and with oil prices what they are, it's wasting a bit of money, I should think. I'd also like you to look at Mrs. Farnham's iron. She claims it gave her a shock. And I have two gate-leg tables I want to sell you. Rather nice, they are."

In her circuitous way, she gave me the locations of these household calamities and was about to reel off a few more when a woman who was 80 or 90 years old and bent over like a question mark tottered into the foyer and said in an aggrieved voice that nobody had brought her the hot milk she always had at ten o'clock. Mrs. Dunlap rushed away and I went to the basement for the box of doorknobs and some tools.

The dripping-faucet job I left till last, because it was on the top floor. When I had finished replacing the washer, I went up onto the roof. All the buildings on that block are roughly the same height and they're built in a row. I only had to scale a three-foot wall to get to the Ramsay house. Their roof, like Mrs. Dunlap's, had a trap door and two small skylights. On tiptoes, I went to the door and tried to raise it. The thing wouldn't budge a millimeter. It felt, in fact, as if it were nailed down. Crossing to the skylights, I found that both were fastened securely and paned with thick green glass, heavily reinforced with chicken wire. Chagrined, I went back the way I had come.

After eating a quick lunch at the doughnut shop on Boylston Street, I phoned Maurice and told him the task we'd set ourselves wasn't going to be easy. Then I tried to get him to advance me a couple of hundred dollars for the expenses I'd have to incur—hoping to regain some of the money he had conned Guilfoyle out

of—but he refused flatly. I wasn't too surprised.

During this period, I was hyperactive. In addition to everything else, I had signed a two-year lease with a Thracian Greek called Miltiades Poso for a store in Cambridge that was 360 square feet in area and had a fair-sized window.

This Poso was a cheerful man, but since he owned half of Harvard Square, there was no reason for him not to be. The rent was \$500 a month.

My new shop was a wellspring of satisfaction to me. Having spent years and years as an itinerant peddler, I now believed my star was in the ascendant. How I dreamed and schemed! Already, I had a dozen great ideas for window displays. Already, I could visualize the way the place would look and see in my mind's eye the crowds of customers milling about.

To make all this a reality, I had to buy a lot of stock—and, being busy with these transactions, I had little time for book-keeping. Thus, one melancholy morning, I received a notice from the Merrimack-Monadnock Merchant Bank that my account was \$36 overdrawn.

I was shocked. Only a few weeks earlier, it had contained five grand. Incredible as it seemed, however, when I checked my figures, I found that the bank was correct down to the last penny. I really had spent the money—and I was broke again.

The situation wouldn't have been too awful if I could have thrown open the doors of my emporium and commenced doing business; but, unfortunately, this wasn't possible. I still didn't have enough stock. The store was half empty.

Once more I attempted to wring money out of Maurice Fitzjames and once more I failed. Nor could Barney Slocum offer me any help. Disgusted, I went to see Guilfoyle on Charles Street.

"Hogan," I said with a show of amiable confidence, "lend me six hundred, will you?"

"Six hundred what?" he asked, glaring up at me from his swivel chair.

"Dollars. What else—bottle caps?"

"Whether it's dollars or bottle caps, the answer is no."

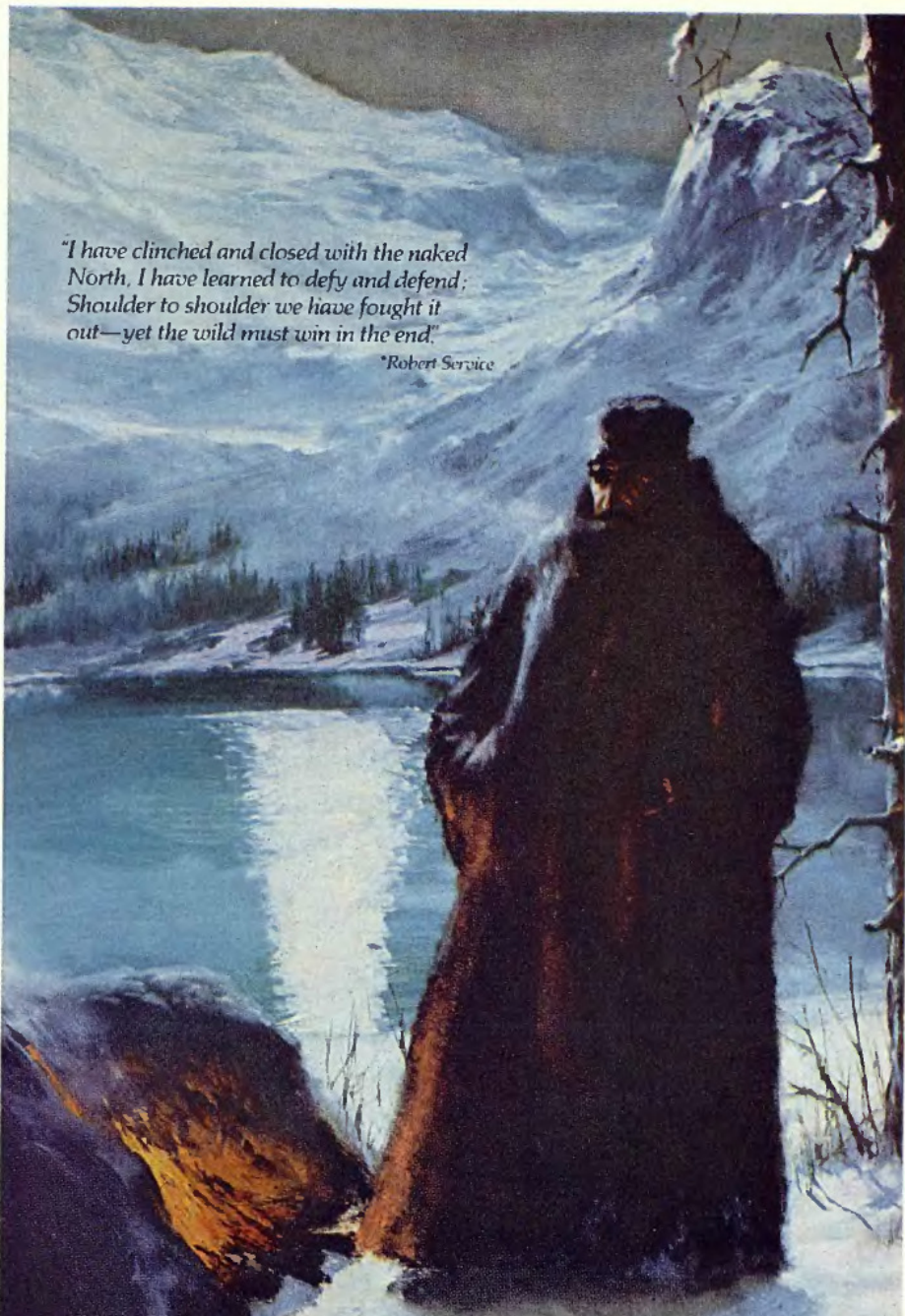
"Don't be that way, Hogan," I said feelingly. "I'm on the verge of opening my shop, but I need a few more items. First impressions are important, so the store has got to look prosperous. Isn't that right? With six hundred in cash, I could buy another thousand dollars' worth of merchandise—and then I'll never have to bother you for money again. How about it?"

"The answer is no."

"Why?"

"Because I'm afraid I'll never see it again—that's why," he replied frankly. "You could get the money from the Devil. He wouldn't expect it back. There's an idea for you, Arnold."

I glanced at him, wondering what



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North, I have learned to defy and defend;
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out—yet the wild must win in the end."*

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he was babbling about.

"You'd have to give me ten percent," he went on, lowering the glasses. "As a finder's fee. But if you handle it smart, you ought to shake the son of a bitch for two or three thousand—maybe more."

"What is this?" I inquired warily. "Some kind of extortion deal?"

"Nah, it ain't nothing like that. I wouldn't put you up to something illegal. I'll explain. You pay me ten percent of whatever you work him for, though. OK?"

"Sure—ten percent," I said, going along with the charade. "I give you my word. Now tell me what I agreed to."

"I should ask twenty percent," he grumbled, "but I'm too softhearted." Then he leered at me for a moment, pushed the peak of his baseball cap up with the binoculars and lumbered back to his swivel chair. "You know that fairy on Huntington Avenue—the guy who sells those soapstone monkeys and tells the customers they're muton-fat jade? He put me wise to this crazy spick who thinks he's the Devil. Told me that if I signed a contract with this nut case, he'd pay me real money."

"What sort of contract?"

"A contract for your soul. The Devil is always in the market for souls. Don't you know nothing about religion? I figured the fairy was kidding me—but I went there, anyway, just to make sure. And I met this simple-minded son of a bitch. Fed him a sad story about how I needed three thousand for a stomach operation, and so on, signed a piece of paper and came home with a wad of money."

"The man sprang for three grand?"

"Nah. I only got two thousand—on account of him beating me down. But I didn't argue. What the hell—it was for nothing."

"It's a weird story," I said. "It doesn't make sense."

"Of course it doesn't, because the guy don't have no sense. He's soft as oleo-margarine: You'll see when you meet him. He lives in that big luxury apartment house there on Park Drive. Nine-ninety is the number and his name is Merendaro."

The Irishman scribbled the information on a scrap of paper for me and said, "Ten percent, Arnold Hopkins—and no lying about how much he gives you, either."

On the brass plate in black-enamel letters was the name FELIX JERONIMO RODRIGUEZ DIEGO DE MERENDARO Y ALCALA. It occupied three lines. I pressed the buzzer and a chubby, round-shouldered man in a white servant's coat, complete with frogs and piping of gold braid, opened the door.

"Yes, señor?" he asked.

"Mr. Merendaro," I said, autocratically.

The fellow, whose sleek face was nutmeg brown, smiled slyly and showed me into a huge living room. Then he van-

ished through a side door without uttering another word.

The apartment was furnished in an ultramodern style—all molded plastics, teakwood, chrome, wrought iron, leather and fiberglass. Sitting in a chair shaped like a soup ladle, I began composing a supplicatory speech in my mind. The room distracted me, however. On the eggshell-white walls, a multitude of brightly colored pictures hung, each one framed in ebony. They were identical in size and appeared to be made of fabric. While I was casting a curious eye on these curious representations, a small man with an oval face and a button nose walked in.

"You appreciate my pictorial tea towels?" he inquired politely.

"Tea towels? Is that what they are?" I replied.

"Yes, yes. Tea towels, tea towels," he said, raising his eyebrows, which were inverted black Vs, and waving a hand no larger than a child's in the direction of the principal wall. "I noticed you were inspecting them."

I got to my feet. "They're very handsome," I said. "Have you lived in England?"

"Indeed, yes. I dwelt in England many years. But these fascinating creations are manufactured in Ireland—of pure linen. Those tea towels that are manufactured of cotton I ignore, because they are woefully insubstantial. My collection of pictorial tea towels is, in the whole wide world, absolutely the finest. But there is one superior tea towel that I lack—a Jonathan Wild. I, alas, have never even seen a Jonathan Wild, because there are only three of them. Who are you?"

Surprised by the sudden question, I said, "Me? Oh, I'm Arnold Hopkins."

"Hello. I am the Devil—Felix Merendaro, as I sometimes call myself. You come to see me for what purpose, exactly?"

"I . . . I'm an antique dealer, and Mr. Hogan Guilfoyle is a good friend of mine," I declared, a trifle embarrassed. "He told me you give deserving people financial assistance . . . if they will sign a contract with you. My situation is desperate. Unless I can raise five thousand dollars in the next few days, my business will go into receivership, and that will mean the loss of everything I hold dear. My life will be ruined beyond repair."

"Oh, yes?" murmured the Devil, running his fingers over his dark, shiny hair, which was brushed so flat on his head that it looked like a black-vinyl skullcap. Next he drew a pair of silver-framed spectacles from his breast pocket, placed them on his button nose and, for a long while, regarded me in silence. Then, without warning and at the top of his lungs, he shouted, "Xochimilco! Hi, Xochimilco! Hi! Hi! Drinks. Bring drinks. Two Scotches and sodas—with ice included. And hurry, you slothful bastard." Turning to me again, he inquired courteously,

"You like Scotch and soda? Splendid. Sit, why don't you?"

My ears still ringing from his maniacal outburst, I resumed sitting in the soup-ladle chair. Was this crackpot capable of violence? I wondered.

He fixed his dark features in a tight smile and said forthrightly, "You wish to sell your soul, Mr. Hopkins. Jolly good. The question is, how do you feel about original sin? Do you believe people can be guilty, even when they are innocent babies and before they perpetrate any transgressions?"

I adopted a serious mien and considered how best to answer this archaic query. At last, I said, "No, Mr. Merendaro, original sin is a postulate I can't accept. Do you believe in it?"

"I? What have I to do with it, sir? Doctrines and dogma are not for the Devil. He deals only in realities—in pounds and ounces and dollars and cents. The validity of this inherited guiltiness, then, you positively deny. Interesting. And free will? What are your opinions, precisely, with regard to that philosophical question? Would you endorse that people control all the events and episodes of their own little lives?"

I frowned, squinted and replied gravely. "Perhaps I'm too fatalistic, Mr. Merendaro, but I don't believe in the free-will concept, either. Do any of us volunteer to be born? No, none. Therefore, it follows that our every subsequent action is forced upon us also. Free will is a myth, a fantasy, a mirage, a figment of the imagination. The true principle is willy-nilly. Each gesture we make, thought we think, sensation we feel is preordained. Human beings are simply automatons, robots programed ages ago by a concatenation of dispassionate cosmic accidents."

Beaming at my host, I sat back in my soup-ladle chair. He wrinkled his forehead and lowered his small body onto a shaggy vermilion scatter rug on the floor and, reverting to his normal dulcet tone, said, "'A concatenation of dispassionate cosmic accidents.' Sublime, Mr. Hopkins. I immensely enjoy such orotundity. You have a way with phrases, you really do. Instead of a purveyor of antiques, you should be a politician."

Xochimilco entered with our drinks. "It is about time, you son of a three-peso whore," Merendaro remarked caustically as the round-shouldered servant ambled into the room carrying a silver tray. "To pour a dram of whisky in a tumbler takes you entire eons. Quick, quick—present one to my guest. Now, get out. Return to sleeping in your chair, like a disgusting sow in a wallow."

The chubby retainer bowed obsequiously and moved away—but, once he was out of his employer's line of vision, he turned and winked at me. Then he made a comical grimace, stuck out his tongue, tapped his temple with a swarthy finger,

rolled his eyes idiotically, and finally disappeared through the doorway, wagging the empty tray as though it were a tambourine. I took a deep drink of the Scotch and soda.

"Sir, I do not wholly understand," said Satan, oblivious of what had occurred behind him. "If, as you appear to suggest, accidents account for the universe, what function is there for God?"

"None," I said promptly. "In my view, there is no God. God is as much a fantasy as free will."

"Ah-ha! You are an atheist. I see, I see. Yet you believe in the Devil. Very curious. And you desire me to provide you with a sum of money?"

"Yes—if you would be so generous."

He sipped from his glass and scowled. "No, I'm sorry, but it is quite impossible for me to give you anything, Mr. Hopkins."

"Why?" I asked, taken aback.

"Because you are a nonbeliever, and in hell I have a vast superfluity of nonbelievers. Accommodating them is a frightful problem. Let Him up there receive the atheists and agnostics," he stated, directing his dark, cocker-spaniel eyes toward the ceiling. "In heaven, there are plenty of vacancies. It is virtually empty, that place. Also, a nonbeliever is not a genuine sinner. How can you sin, if you have no creed? How can you be faithless, if you profess no faith? How can you be an outlaw, if you are convinced that the universe is devoid of laws?"

"Come, now, Mr. Merendaro," I protested smoothly, hoping to salvage my great expectations. "Is hell such an exclusive community? I've always been under the impression that people didn't want to go there."

"But it isn't important what they want, sir. It is just a question of supply and demand. I must preserve a balance. Even in hell there are distinctions. At this instant, Mr. Hopkins, there is a profusion of nonbelievers. They are more abundant than sparks, cinders and puffs of smoke. Now, if you were a churchgoer—if you were a Bible reader and prayer sayer—that would immeasurably improve your chances. And if you were a virgin lady, I would donate the money to you without demur. I am most munificent to virgin ladies. It is like the tea towels; only the scarce examples are of interest to me."

"If I just had three thousand, I could scrape by."

"Three thousand dollars? For three thousand dollars, Mr. Hopkins, I can purchase an altar boy."

"I see. Well, I won't waste any more of your time," I said in disgust, rising to my feet.

The Devil gazed up at me wistfully. "I might be prepared to offer you a thousand dollars," he murmured.

"That's very kind," I countered, happy

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to discover that the game wasn't yet over but concealing my happiness behind a dejected countenance. "A thousand won't solve my problem, though. Could you make it two thousand, Mr. Merendaro?"

"A concatenation of dispassionate cosmic accidents," he recited, the words flowing mellifluously from his mouth. "Truly eloquent, sir. You should have been a rhetorician. Two thousand? Jolly good. Two thousand it is. The Devil has his faults, but he is not niggardly. I will fetch a contract."

I breathed a silent sigh of relief. The little man got up from the floor, straightened the skirt of his blazer and went to a severe teakwood cabinet that stood against the far wall beneath a picture of Queen Victoria. When he returned, he held a thick bundle of currency in one hand and a sheet of paper in the other.

"Sign at the bottom, sir."

I examined the contract and found it a very peculiar document. Though it began in English, it lapsed after the opening lines into a polyglot jumble. There were words in German, Spanish, Arabic, Greek, French, Hebrew and many other languages impossible to identify.

Any qualms I might have felt were swiftly dissipated by the sight of the money in his small hand. I wrote my name and stepped back.

"Excellent," said Merendaro, peeling four \$500 bills from the thick green wad and presenting them to me with a flourish.

We exchanged a couple of pleasantries, and then I managed to escape. On the street, I examined the money closely. It seemed real. I went to a bank on Massachusetts Avenue, where a teller unhesitatingly gave me ten \$50s for one of the bills.

Returning to Charles Street, I paid Guilfoyle his \$200 commission and described my adventure.

"I should've got twenty percent," he complained after I finished. "A lousy two hundred! I should've charged more, Arnold Hopkins, but I'm just a big-hearted, easygoing slob."

Three days after hustling the money from the lunatic on Park Drive, I opened my store. It was a Saturday and the sun was shining. I had sent off 200 printed announcements to the better-class dealers throughout New England. The furniture, statuary, paintings and bric-a-brac were all arranged in elegant combination. The lamps were lit and the wall-to-wall, pearl-gray broadloom freshly vacuumed. Across the gleaming front window in gold-leaf letters were the words:

ARNOLD HOPKINS
ANTIQUITIES

and on my late-Victorian oak pedestal desk, next to the blue telephone, the

sales book was expectantly agape at page one. I even wore a necktie.

That day, 12 people came into the shop, including Claude Siegfried and a couple of other dealers, and no one bought anything. I was there from ten in the morning till six in the evening, without making a single sale. Oh, well, I thought, with the weather so nice, everybody must have gone away for the weekend.

But Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday weren't much of an improvement on Saturday—and, while I sold a ladder-back chair and some kickshaws on Thursday, the next couple of days brought me only tightfisted browsers. For the entire week, I did \$63.50. Since my expenses for the period were three or four times that amount, I didn't have to be a certified public accountant to recognize I was on the bumpy boulevard to bankruptcy.

Fortunately, I had a chance to do a \$1200 job for Barney Slocum on Sunday and that lifted my spirits some.

I was visiting Guilfoyle the following day when I had to answer his phone as he tended to customers. A woman's tremulous voice came over the receiver, "Is this Guilfoyle's Antique Shop on Charles Street?"

"Yes," I affirmed cheerfully. "What can we do for you?"

"I'm moving very soon to a smaller place—my sister, Lydia, and I—so it's necessary for us to dispose of some of our choice furniture. There's a set of eight dining-room chairs, beautifully inlaid, and there's a piecrust table, and a spool bed, and two bull's-eye mirrors."

"Quite an assortment," I said, interrupting her inventory. "When would be the best time to come and see the things?"

"This morning. Yes, this morning. I have to go out in the afternoon. The address is one twenty-four Cummington Street. That's near Boston University, Mr. Guilfoyle. Can you make it before eleven o'clock?"

Through the open door, I spied Hogan hobbling back. "Yes, yes," I replied hurriedly. "What's your name, ma'am?"

"Elvira Crabtree—Mrs. I'm on the third floor."

"Wonderful. I'll be there by ten-thirty, Mrs. Crabtree," I said, and swiftly replaced the receiver in its cradle.

Seconds later, the Irishman re-entered the shop, complaining about the customers.

I offered him a word or two of commiseration and then departed.

Now, ordinarily, I wouldn't have practiced treachery on Hogan—at least not treachery on so grand a scale—but recently, he had been a source of annoyance to me. His forking over my \$290 to Cousin Maurice, his consistent refusals to advance me quite nominal sums were all prickly thorns in my side. True, he had put me onto the Devil, but even

there he had charged me an outrageous fee for the information—so you couldn't rate that an act of charity.

For these reasons, then, I determined to keep the phone call to myself. It was a rare chance to enjoy a little vengeance.

I climbed the stairs of number 124 Cummington Street and was met by a frail elderly woman who introduced herself as Mrs. Crabtree. I guessed her age to be over 70. She had almost transparent skin and curly white hair like the fur on a French poodle. I was shown into a tiny, elegant parlor, where I met the woman's sister, Mrs. Lydia Lambert—a blue-eyed, rouged-cheeked creature who resembled a 19th Century porcelain doll.

Although the apartment wasn't large, it contained many charming things. Mrs. Crabtree went from one piece to the next, quoting prices in her quavering voice, while I recorded them in my notebook. She knew precisely how much she had to get for each item. None of the stuff was dirt-cheap, but neither was it exorbitantly expensive.

On finishing the tour, I added my figures and found that the total came to \$1700. I hemmed and hawed for a while, then said I'd be willing to take the entire lot if I could have it for \$1400. But Mrs. Crabtree wasn't an easy mark. She wanted \$1700 and not a nickel less. I argued, toned, pleaded—and achieved nothing. Still, it was a great bargain, so I agreed to give her the \$1700 rather than risk getting laryngitis.

While we were busy with these matters, Mrs. Lambert made some tea and I was invited to sit down and have a cup. It was a good, strong brew—orange pekoe, I think—and piping hot.

"Delicious," I said, after the first sip.

"Do you like tea, Mr. Guilfoyle? How nice!" the Crabtree woman commented, smiling maternally. "These days, everyone drinks coffee—and, as far as I'm concerned, coffee's no better than gin or whiskey. All that caffeine! And they roast coffee, you know, whereas tea is dried naturally by sunlight. My late husband, Michael, drank coffee by the pot, and it gave him a terrible disposition. He caused an awful lot of trouble, my husband." Mrs. Crabtree shook her head sadly. "Even when he died, he caused trouble. Michael fell out a window, you know."

"Really?" I asked, unsure whether sympathy or congratulations was the appropriate response.

"Oh, yes. He plunged six stories and died instantly. That was eight years ago—in Springfield. Then the stupid police accused my son, Tyrone, of being responsible, just because the poor boy was in the apartment at the time it happened. Defenestration, they charged him with—which means pushing a person out a window. Isn't that a funny word—defenestration? Of course, they had to let



"What opus number am I, Herr Haydn?"

Tyrone go in the end. The whole thing was ridiculous—wasn't it, Lydia?"

"Yes, Elvira. The whole thing was ridiculous."

It seemed to me that lately I was encountering more than my share of cuckoo birds, but, remembering the profit I stood to make on their heirlooms, I grinned benignly at the ladies and swallowed another mouthful of tea.

"When Michael's head hit the sidewalk, it burst open like an overripe beefsteak tomato," said the widow, with apparent satisfaction. "That's how hard he came down. I couldn't recognize him, Mr. Guilfoyle, and we'd been married twenty-six years. Fell headfirst, he did. You could actually see his brains on the pavement. Yes, yes. Mrs. Tillman said the argument was about a cat. She insisted she heard Michael say he was going to buy one, and that would have been impossible, because Michael was very conscious of the fact that Tyrone hates those animals." Mrs. Crabtree declared sedately. "The poor boy can't bear to have cats anywhere near him, and his father knew that perfectly well, so why would he buy a cat? Ridiculous. I explained it all at the trial—how Tyrone can't even stand people who wear fur coats. When those cat-food commercials come on television, he has to close his eyes and put his fingers in his ears. It's a strange idiosyncrasy, isn't it? Believe it or not, just a pussy willow is enough to bother him—and caterpillars give him hysterics."

She set her teacup down, rose, made her way to a rope-leg table in the corner

and picked up a gilt-framed photograph. "This is my Tyrone," she said, handing it to me. "He'll be thirty in August. Isn't he handsome?"

Often, in the past, I had heard people described as having "bulletheads," but until that moment, I'd never come across an authentic example of this phenomenon. Tyrone's broad skull really did look like something you could fire from a cannon. It was cylindrical and sloped upward to a point, though the torpedo effect was spoiled a bit by his fringe of wavy hair.

"Oh, yes," I agreed mendaciously. "A very handsome young man. You must be very proud of him, Mrs. Crabtree," I said, returning the photograph to her with a feeling of relief.

"I am. He's the sweetest son a mother could ever have."

We smirked at each other for a while—then, deciding it was time to wrap things up, I pulled out my checkbook and said, "I'll pay you now, but I can't collect the stuff until later, because my van is in Charlestown making deliveries."

"You're going to give me a check?" Mrs. Crabtree inquired.

"Yes—for the full amount."

"But I can't accept a check. I thought you would pay in cash, Mr. Guilfoyle."

"Cash?" I said, as though the word were Pushtu or Croatian. "No one uses cash in this day and age—not for a sum like seventeen hundred dollars, ma'am." I chuckled jovially. "But my check is just as good as cash."

The lady made a face. "I dislike

checks," she said. "They're really only pieces of paper, you know."

"Oh, come, now! Everybody accepts checks, Mrs. Crabtree. It's the modern method of conducting business. Without checks, commerce in this grand country of ours would grind to a halt."

I spent the next quarter of an hour pleading with Elvira Crabtree, but I got nowhere. Old as she was, she had a will of iron. At last, sensing hostility in her manner, I capitulated. Whatever happened, I didn't want her to cancel the deal.

"You win," I said resignedly. "I'll pay you cash."

"Lovely," she said.

"I'll bring the money when I come with the van—around three o'clock."

"That late? Dear me! I don't know."

"What's wrong now, Mrs. Crabtree? Surely you don't think I carry seventeen hundred dollars in my hip pocket?"

"No, I don't," she replied, acting flustered. "It's just that another man is coming."

"Somebody else interested in the furnishings?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

"Yes—a Mr. MacTavish. He'll be here at one o'clock."

"All right. All right. I'll fetch the money immediately. It won't take me forty-five minutes. By twelve o'clock, you'll have the seventeen hundred in your hands. How will that be?"

"Wonderful," she said. "I guess I'm old-fashioned, but I do worry about things."

It was a stroke of luck for me that I really could produce that much cash so promptly. Of the money I'd received from the Devil and Barney Slocum, I still had close to \$2000. I was back on Cummington Street just as the Boston University chapel bells were tolling 12.

The ladies greeted me with kindly simpers. Elvira counted the money twice before finally relinquishing a neat little receipt she had written on her personal mauve stationery.

"I'll come with the truck at three o'clock. OK?"

Mrs. Crabtree assured me she would be there waiting, and her sister, Lydia, corroborated this statement with some vigorous head nodding.

Normally, the transport I used for such deals was a Ford Econoline parcel van that I hired from a man named Norman Lee, whose regular job was delivering clothes for a dry-cleaning firm. As he didn't get home until two o'clock, I had plenty of time to eat my lunch. Downstairs, I noticed a Jewish delicatessen-cafeteria opposite the house, so I ducked into it, bought a Pepsi and a pastrami on onion roll and took a seat near the window. Someone had left a *Globe* on the table; I read it while I ate. Forty-five minutes later, my meal finished, I grabbed the check and got up—and, as I did, I happened to look out the window.



"Can you figure it? We start out filming a straight antifreeze commercial and end up with an underground faggot Western."

Across the street, there was a gray U-Haul panel truck, with its back doors wide open. Into it, a burly bulletheaded man was shoving a Victorian single-end chaise longue, upholstered in cobalt-blue shot silk. I cursed under my breath and made for the exit, but to get out of the place, you had to pass through a turnstile in front of the cashier, and there was a line of five or six people waiting at that turnstile. I joined the queue. Everyone ahead of me paid for his lunch with a ten-dollar bill. It was excruciating. From where I stood, I no longer had a view out the window, yet I could clearly envision my art treasures being loaded into that yawning gray truck.

Like a maniac, I rushed through the door—and then I almost collapsed on the sidewalk. The truck had vanished. I think I went into shock. For the space of a couple of minutes, the sole idea in my brain was that I had just spent \$1700 for a hot-pastrami sandwich.

I ran across the street and darted up the stairs of number 124. Without bothering to knock, I barged in.

It all looked quite different. The only piece of furniture left in the living room was a small easy chair. Perched on the edge of its seat was Elvira Crabtree.

"Why are you back so early?" she asked in her shaky voice.

"Never mind that!" I exclaimed furiously. "Where's the chaise longue, and the chest of drawers, and the marquetry chairs, and everything else I paid you for?"

She glared at me for a moment, with her mouth slightly open. Then, evidently having decided on the course she was going to take, she folded her skinny arms across her chest and declared with emphasis, "They're gone—and you better be gone, too, before my son comes back."

"What a brazen flimflam artist—and at your age, too!" I said, astonished in spite of myself. "But enough talking. Let me have that seventeen hundred, unless you want to spend your last years in a correctional institution."

Her cheeks flushed. "I'll give you nothing," she snapped defiantly. "If you want that money, you can sue me for it."

"Come on, let's have the money."

"My son is strong as an ox. You'd better get out of here before he comes back," she threatened. "Tyrone will break your neck for you—and blacken both your eyes."

I caught sight of the big lizard handbag on the window sill and moved quickly.

"No! Don't touch that!" Mrs. Crabtree cried.

However, I had already fished out the roll of bills with the red rubber band still around it.

Her face became scarlet. "That's my money," she wailed. "It doesn't belong to you anymore."

Not deigning to answer, I hurried from

the apartment and skipped down the stairs.

Incredible! I thought. Who can you trust? Even old ladies are turning to crime. They probably peddle that stuff every time they move—but the buyer never gets to keep it.

Now and then, Maurice Fitzjames would ring me up and, in his slightly mocking manner, ask if I had solved the Ramsay puzzle yet. Being a fairly vain man, I wasn't going to admit to a lack of cunning. All the same, I couldn't formulate a workable *modus operandi*. It was one thing to ransack an empty house and quite another to rob a house full of women.

To further complicate matters, all my calculations were haunted by the delicate face of the girl with the indigo eyes. Wasn't it beneath contempt to steal from anyone so beautiful? Would it cause her grief? Suppose, during the theft, I encountered her. What would I do? These notions truly bothered me.

One night, I jumped into the wagon and drove to the scene of my contemplated crime, hoping another close-up view of the building's rear would give me a brain storm. Caught in the glare of the head lamps, the vaguest features stood out vividly—more so than they would have in broad daylight. The iron-studded door was revealed as a very solid barrier, much as I had suspected. Made of thick planking, it fit the jamb as snugly as a door on a Chippendale cabinet. No one was going to budge a thing like that with a jimmy and some body leverage.

As for the massive bars on the two windows, they were an equally hopeless proposition. Turning my attention to the wall on the opposite side of the door, I discerned that it was constructed of red brick.

More than satisfied with my discoveries, I emerged from the alley, drove around for a while, pondering what I had observed, and then returned home.

The students at last came back from their summer vacations, and for a few days it was almost busy in my little shop. I sold a mission chest of drawers, a love seat, a pair of German wood carvings, a punch bowl, a rococo chair and a limed-oak Bible box. Immediately afterward, however, it got quiet again.

Running my own place, I found, was neither as profitable nor as pleasurable as I had anticipated. There just weren't enough customers. I couldn't begin to understand it. My stock wasn't garbage. It was first-class, authentic, top-quality, choice merchandise—and the prices were ludicrously low.

I fell to brooding. Hour upon hour, I would sit alone at my late-Victorian oak pedestal desk, gawking out the window like a victim of paretic catatonia. I had

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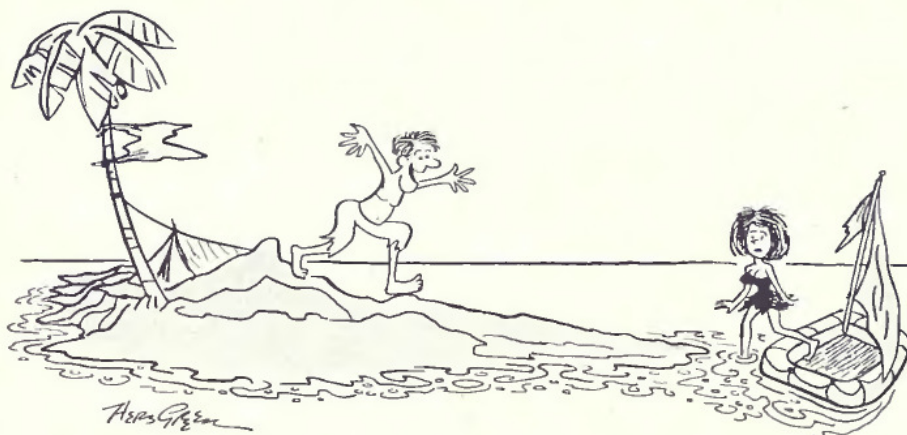
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"Wow! Talk about timing—tonight is the big swinging singles party!"

for years longed to own an antique store, but now that my dream had come true, I was finding it a nightmare.

Had I been a sedentary type to begin with, it might not have been so bad—but I was accustomed to hectic activity. This enforced idleness was disturbing my cerebral balance.

I was desperate for action—and for money, too. My capital had dwindled alarmingly. Occasionally, I'd meet Barney Slocum at an antique show or an auction, but he never seemed to have any acts of light-fingered larceny for me to perform.

So, with things tight and getting tighter, I had to do some hard thinking about the Ramsay deal.

At lunchtime on a Friday, I went to see Mrs. Dunlap. "Sorry to bother you, Mrs. D., but I was wondering if that furnished apartment in the basement is still vacant. I'm thinking of renting a small place for a while, because my sister, her husband and their two-year-old daughter are staying with me until they can find their own place."

"Yes, indeed, the apartment is vacant. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes," I said, delighted.

We left the lounge and descended to the cellar, she continuing to ask questions about my fictitious relatives and I continuing to answer them with the sort of specious sincerity that only a truly dedicated liar can ever hope to command. At the end of a whitewashed corridor she opened a door, saying, "It's tiny but cozy."

I glanced around and decided that was a fair description. There was a kitchen, a parlor and a bedroom—all so small, I'm sure I could have broad-jumped from one end of the place to the other without straining myself. Even a Cistercian or a Trappist might have found the dimensions a trifle claustrophobic.

"Looks very comfortable," I said heartily, wondering what I was letting myself in for.

"Eighty a month, Mr. Hopkins," my companion said, cheerfully. "I charged the Harbachs a hundred, but they were strangers. Of course, any jobs you do, I'll deduct your fees from the rent—which will make it even cheaper, won't it? And things always need mending." Mrs. Dunlap paused, batted her eyes, then added, "It's what's called an efficiency apartment. You'll have complete privacy."

"I usually do repairwork at home—fixing small pieces of furniture, and so forth. Would I be able to do that here?" I asked.

"Oh, I guess that would be all right."

"It will involve some hammering and drilling, but I'll try to keep the noise down—and I won't work after eight in the evening."

"I see," Mrs. Dunlap gazed pensively at the end of her feather duster. "Well, Elaine Alexander, who's an awful fuss-budget, is liable to complain, but I suppose I can do a little shifiting and shunting. She's in the room above, you understand. Elaine wouldn't mind being relocated to number three, though, because she's often mentioned she would like a view of the chns on the avenue. But what will I do with Mrs. Farnham? Mrs. Farnham can't stand noise, either—which is why she won't object to leaving number three. The morning traffic gives her migraine for the rest of the day. Oh, I know—Lucy! Lucy Tomberg. She's the answer to our problem, Mr. Hopkins. Why in the world didn't I think of her before? I'll install Lucy in Elaine's room and transfer Mrs. Farnham to Lucy's room on the second floor. Miss Tomberg will be pleased as punch. She's always hated climbing those stairs."

Striving to keep pace with the landlady's swift and complex peregrinations, I inquired, "But won't Lucy Tomberg be bothered by my banging and sawing?"

She laughed lightly. "Lucy? Heavens, no! Lucy's stone-deaf, the poor dear. We

have to write everything down for her on a memo pad that she carries in her pocketbook."

"Ah," I murmured. "There's no difficulty, then. Would it be OK if I moved in tomorrow?"

"Certainly. The sooner the better. Having you here will be very convenient. So much gets broken—toasters, door locks, phonographs, electric fans, sewing machines—and the ladies become unbelievably cross."

"I'll do what I can to keep things in good repair," I said gallantly.

In Lenny Miller's Western Avenue junk yard, I found a four-pound short-handled sledge, a brick hammer, a crowbar, five good tungsten-carbide masonry drill bits and a couple of hardly used claw chisels. I then drove downtown to Guilfoyle's to borrow his heavy-duty electric hand drill.

"Hogan, can you lend me the drill? I need it for a job I'm doing."

"What kind of job? Opening a strong-box?"

"No, nothing that romantic, Hogan. I have to hang a huge barbola mirror in a ranch house out in Sudbury and the wall is brick."

Guilfoyle sighed, fiddled with the peak of his rumpled baseball cap, scowled, pushed himself away from the desk and reluctantly got to his feet. "The Yellow Pages has long lists of guys who rent power tools," he informed me. "Every time you come in here, you're looking for something. I ain't the Public Works Department. If you're going to tackle them kind of jobs, loosen up and buy the equipment."

He hobbled back to his disordered workbench and began rummaging noisily among the broken objects and grimy hardware. After a minute, he found the drill and gave it to me.

"Don't make holes in the bricks. Drill in the mortar," he cautioned. "This thing is old. You work it too hard and the motor will burn out. If that happens, I'll have to buy another one, so you can stay in business."

"Thanks, Hogan. I appreciate your kindness and magnanimity. Don't worry. I'll treat it like it was my own."

"Might as well. You use it more than I do, anyway," he retorted.

With a small suitcase and a large tool chest, I moved into Mrs. Dunlap's subterranean efficiency apartment the following day. The strategy prompting this relocation was neither subtle nor complicated. I meant to punch a fair-sized hole in the wall of my new residence and thereby create a handy route into the cellar of the Ramsay house next door.

Loath to waste a moment, I commenced operations that very afternoon. I resolved to use the bed as a screen for my burrowing, since its headboard was big and

solid. I dragged it into the middle of the floor. On that side of the room, there was a wainscoting. I attacked it with a heavy screwdriver and a crowbar. The molding, eight matchboard slats and a section of the baseboard all came away quite easily. Beneath the wainscoting I found a water-stained layer of rough plaster, and under that, some wooden laths. The plaster was no problem, but the laths, because they were tacked to studs well inside the wall, had to be severed one at a time with a backsaw.

Once I had these eliminated, I was face to face with the brickwork—an expanse of it some three feet by 30 inches. After studying its dusty surface for a few minutes, I decided to quit for the day. If the deaf woman hadn't yet moved in upstairs, the electric drill might perturb Elaine what's-her-name. Tomorrow would be soon enough.

Brick walls, I soon learned, are not easily dismantled. Ancient as the one in my basement bedroom was, it put up a fierce resistance.

Actually, there were two walls, one for each building, with a cavity between them. The next afternoon, I knocked a foot-square hole in the first of these. It was hard work, made even more so by the necessity to labor in relative quiet. Though Lucy Tomberg was deaf, other people in the house weren't. By five o'clock, when I laid down my hammer, chisel, drill and crowbar, I was exhausted.

I devoted most of the afternoon to hacking away at the obdurate cellar wall, managing in this time to dislodge about 30 bricks and an enormous quantity of mortar dust.

I was feeling gloomy and I couldn't face Mrs. Dunlap's dungeon—so I decided to sleep at Bay State Road. Three seconds after I entered the apartment, the telephone started ringing frantically. It was as though it had been waiting for me to arrive. Maurice was the caller.

"Hey, where the hell have you been?" he asked in a resentful tone. "I've been trying to contact you for two days. What's going on?"

"I've been busy," I said.

"How about the treasure house, Arnold? Have you solved the problem yet?"

"I think so."

"Great! Terrific! When's it going to be?"

"I'm not sure, Maurice—a few days."

"Fine. What's the plan? The roof? Or are you going to use a cane on the front door?"

"Never mind how I'm going to handle it," I said, knowing that if I revealed I was constructing a tunnel into the cellar, he wouldn't be satisfied with just a duffel bag of bric-a-brac. "That's my concern, not yours."

"You can't be serious," he replied, sounding astonished. "I'm your partner,

the one who found the setup in the first place—remember? Come on, be reasonable."

"As long as the result is good, what difference does it make how I go about it? I'm taking the risks, so I'll take the precautions."

My cousin sighed like a martyr under the scourge and declared, "Very well, if that's how you want it—but you've got to tell me what night you're doing the job, Arnold. That's absolutely essential."

"Why—so you can establish a nice, cast-iron alibi? I suppose you'll be at a house party with a bunch of solid citizens, while I'm sweating it out."

"Is that wrong? You take your precautions, why the hell shouldn't I take mine? Besides, if you bungle the thing, I can help you a lot more if I'm out walking around than I can from an adjoining cell. Give me a couple of days' notice, at least."

He then said goodbye and the conversation ended.

I was taking off my shoes when the door buzzer sounded. Answering it, I found Barney Slocum on the landing. Perspiration dotted his brow and he was wheezing like a Saint Bernard in July.

"Those stairs . . . they could give you an infarction," he gasped. "How come there ain't an elevator, Arnold? Isn't there a city ordinance that mandates elevators in a structure this high?"

"It's only five stories," I said. "Come on in and rest yourself. Want a glass of sherry?" I asked, while he strove to regain his breath.

"Nah . . . I just had a whiskey sour over in the motel. I been to . . . to Saint Elizabeth's. You know who's there . . . in the emergency ward . . . in extremely critical condition?"

"No. Who?"

Barney's black-bearded visage became funereal. "Guilfoyle," he said.

"Guilfoyle? Did he have an accident?"

"You could call it that, maybe. Some punk mugged him in a hallway on Westland Avenue. During the scuffle, Hogan fell out a window . . . four floors, into a parking lot. He's busted up bad—lacerations, multicontusions and acute brain damage."

Taken aback by this grim news, I murmured, "That's awful. The poor old bastard."

"Yeah . . . it's a shame." Barney pulled a handkerchief from his pepper-and-salt sports jacket and swabbed his forehead. "Between you and I, Hogan isn't going to make it. His injuries are too massive. They had to give him four units of blood, just to keep him breathing."

"I can't believe it."

"This thing occurred around five P.M. He got a call to come and look at some Mettlach steins—regimentals—so he went there and this guy grabbed him. It must've been a terrific altercation. Anyhow, Guilfoyle lost his balance, I guess, and catapulted over the edge of the

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window sill. Those junkies—they're all psychopathologically insane." Barney wiped the back of his neck. "The one clue the detectives have is that Guilfoyle said the mugger looked like Frankenstein."

He then expatiated on the Irishman's injuries—ruptured organs, fractured limbs, shattered bones—until I was getting sick to my stomach. All I could think of was that the same thing might well have happened to me, the night I was walking the plank outside Ambrose Julian's window.

At last, my visitor got up and departed, leaving me awfully depressed. Guilfoyle and I had our differences, but I knew I was going to miss the man very much. Violence seemed to be everywhere. The Englishman, Wilfred Sloan—he had died only a few blocks away from Westland Avenue. Life was a fragile ornament.

Early the next morning, I phoned the hospital, but as soon as I mentioned Hogan's name, I was told he had died during the night.

Barney went with me to the wake. We bought a \$20 wreath—one composed of dark-red roses. Staring down into the coffin at the old man's wrinkled face, I experienced a spooky sensation. I imagined he was still alive. I imagined he was conscious but unable to move. I imagined he was trying to speak, trying to tell me something vitally important. Chilled by these fancies, I hurried abruptly to my seat.

Twelve hours later, on a crisp fall day, they buried him at Mount Hope Cemetery.

My assault on the brickwork was gathering momentum. I toiled like a quarry slave—chiseling, drilling, pounding. As each little brick came loose, I carried it out to the kitchen and stacked it in the cupboard. The pile grew steadily. By the evening of the day of Hogan's funeral, I had finished with the first wall and started on the second.

Saturday, while I was polishing a Persian *repoussé* brass bowl at the sink in the rear of my store, two tall men came in. Both had fair hair, blue-agate eyes and florid faces. Cops, I thought, as my heartbeat accelerated.

"You Arnold Hopkins?" the burlier of the pair asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied, affecting a bonhomie I didn't really feel. "What can I do for you?"

"Detective Graham—Cambridge Police Department," he said, flashing a badge. "This is Detective Boyce. Could we see your license to sell secondhand goods?"

I almost sighed with relief. Compared with a burglary charge, a license violation was a mere fribble.

Smiling broadly, I answered, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I can't show it to you because I haven't received it yet. My application went in two months ago. I can't understand the delay."

Detective Graham's pink features manifested annoyance. "Mr. Hopkins," he said, "if you don't have a license, you're not supposed to open up. Without a license, you're not allowed to do business. You're breaking the law."

"But I applied——"

"That don't mean a thing. The license hasn't been granted you. The city hasn't given you permission to sell secondhand goods, and everything here is secondhand—right? So where the hell did you get the idea you could start operating?"

"Since I have impeccable references, I didn't anticipate problems. Everybody in the trade knows I'm an honest man. I figured getting an OK was just a bureaucratic formality."

"Yeah? Well, I got bad news for you. The bureaucrats rejected your application. The board ain't going to issue you a license."

I lifted my eyebrows in disbelief. "Why would they do that? There must be a mistake."

"I don't know why they did it," the detective growled irritably. "You have to close this store down."

"I don't understand. I included a check with my application. Can it be a matter of money, gentlemen?"

"Don't get cute," Graham snapped.

"What do you mean?" I asked innocently.

The other detective, who till then hadn't spoken a word, said in a contemptuous voice, "He means that if you offer bribes to police officers, you can be put in jail."

"Bribes? Who mentioned bribes? I was talking about the license fee, that's all. I don't offer bribes—never!"

"Yeah, yeah," retorted Graham wearily. "You're an honest man, we know. Good-bye, Mr. Hopkins. Lock your door tight and keep it that way—because every time we find it ain't locked, you're going to be served a summons."

With this explicit threat, the two of them marched out, leaving me rather shaken. I bolted the door, switched off the light and sat down to consider my latest misfortune.

How could they discriminate against me? How could they refuse my application? What grounds did they have? Half an hour later, after a telephone call to city hall, I had the answers to these questions—though they didn't ease my anxiety.

According to the ordinance, as I understood it, any adult who is not a convicted criminal can obtain a secondhand-goods license simply by filling out a form and paying a fee. However, in my case, the board chose to ignore the limitations of this law and, instead, arrogantly arrogated powers to which it had no right whatsoever. It turned me down because of two youthful escapades—neither of which ever got as far as a courtroom, let alone a conviction.

I realized I was in a perilous position,

because with a two-year lease at five bills a month, plus an additional \$1500 tied up in deposits, I just couldn't afford to close down. It would be a calamity—particularly since this Miltiades Poso wasn't the sort of man who would tear up a contract on account of a tenant's bad luck.

Money, money, money. Recognizing that I absolutely had to acquire a bundle of it, I worked harder than ever on the cellar wall. It was essential at this stage for me to be extra quiet, since I was not into the second of the two bulkheads. After all my drudgery, I certainly didn't want the Ramsay sisters to detect strange noises in their basement and call the police.

Here, luck came along to lend me a helping hand. Saturday afternoon, a team of tree surgeons appeared in the alley and, barely ten yards from my kitchen window, felled and dismembered a huge dead elm. The racket of their chain saws enabled me to drill for two hours with no fear of being heard by anyone. That night, I wrenched out the last few bricks. All that stood between me and my Golconda was a piece of half-inch plywood, the paneling in the other cellar. Weary from my hours of laboring, I quit at that point and pushed the bed back in place.

The following day, I easily detached the plywood section—a sheet 40 inches from top to bottom and more than two feet wide. Working fast, I converted this panel into a crude door by securing it to a wall stud with three small butterfly hinges. I pushed my newly finished portal open and entered the Ramsay residence almost as casually as one of the family.

The next thing I knew, I was in the Ramsay basement. The floor, like the wall, was composed of rough brick. I was pleased to note that my sneakers left no discernible footprints.

For the next five minutes, I wandered around the place, doing my best to etch the layout on my memory. If I had to decamp in a hurry, it wouldn't help to take a wrong turn or stumble over a fuel-oil connection. Cautiously, I climbed the wooden staircase to the ground floor, but I made no attempt to go farther than the landing. A close examination of the door convinced me it was neither locked with a key nor bolted on the opposite side. I retraced my steps, crept back into the tunnel and shut and hooked the piece of plywood. Then I tacked an old Army blanket over it, so that light from my bedroom wouldn't seep through any cracks.

Throughout this reconnaissance, the house above me had been as still as a mausoleum.

The exciting conclusion of "The Brick-a-Brac Man" will appear in the November issue.



"Come, Suzette, you know our rules—no gentlemen visitors after eleven P.M."

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

MONEY

DONKEYS, ELEPHANTS, BULLS & BEARS

I have a relic left over from the 1972 Presidential campaign. It is a button bearing the words WALL STREET FOR MCGOVERN. I keep it as an ironic reminder of the true state of the political affections of the financial community (the button was not exactly a hot seller). But it has a greater connotative value than simply underlining the obvious fact that bankers and stockbrokers didn't rush to form cadres for the South Dakota Senator. The 1972 campaign, when fear of McGovern caused stocks to decline sharply, was the first time I became aware of the emergence of politics as the dominant force in determining the direction of financial markets, replacing economics as the prime mover. It is an insight—by no means mine alone but still a minority view today—that has served me well. More important, it can be the source of stock-market profits for you if you abandon the near-impossible task of dopping the direction of the over-all economy and, instead, become an astute handicapper of the political scene.

By politics I do not mean just trying to figure out every four years who the next President is likely to be. Rather, an understanding of the changing set of attitudes about how this country should be governed and the role Government will play in shaping the economy can be the basis for deciding whether to own stocks or bonds, when to buy or sell them and even which areas present the least risk or the greatest growth potential. For, despite the post-Watergate flood of words about the effect of money on politics, there has been near silence on the far more pervasive influence of politics on money. In evaluating the relationship between the two, it is vital to separate what is really happening from what people say they want to see happen. Wall Street—in the metaphoric sense—is nominally Republican. And that is because the tenets of traditional Republicanism strike a harmonious chord in the hearts of the men who are charged with investing billions of dollars of other people's money, and who with those billions thereby determine the direction of the market.

Does that mean the election of Republican Presidents is good for the stock market and, conversely, that Democrats are bad? Well, it happens

that the past 16 years divide neatly into eight years of Democratic rule under Kennedy/Johnson and eight years of Republican control of the White House with Nixon and Ford. From the election of John Kennedy in 1960 to the departure of Lyndon Johnson eight years later, the stock market rose over 90 percent, and this during a period of relatively modest inflation. The eight years since the Republicans took control of the Presidency have produced a ten percent decline in the over-all market, a time when stock prices would have had to rise 65 percent just to keep investors even with inflation. However, history is a bad guide to predicting stock markets, which rise or fall on the divergence of future events and the present expectation as to what will happen. So if, as expected, Jimmy Carter



is elected, don't necessarily rush out to buy stocks.

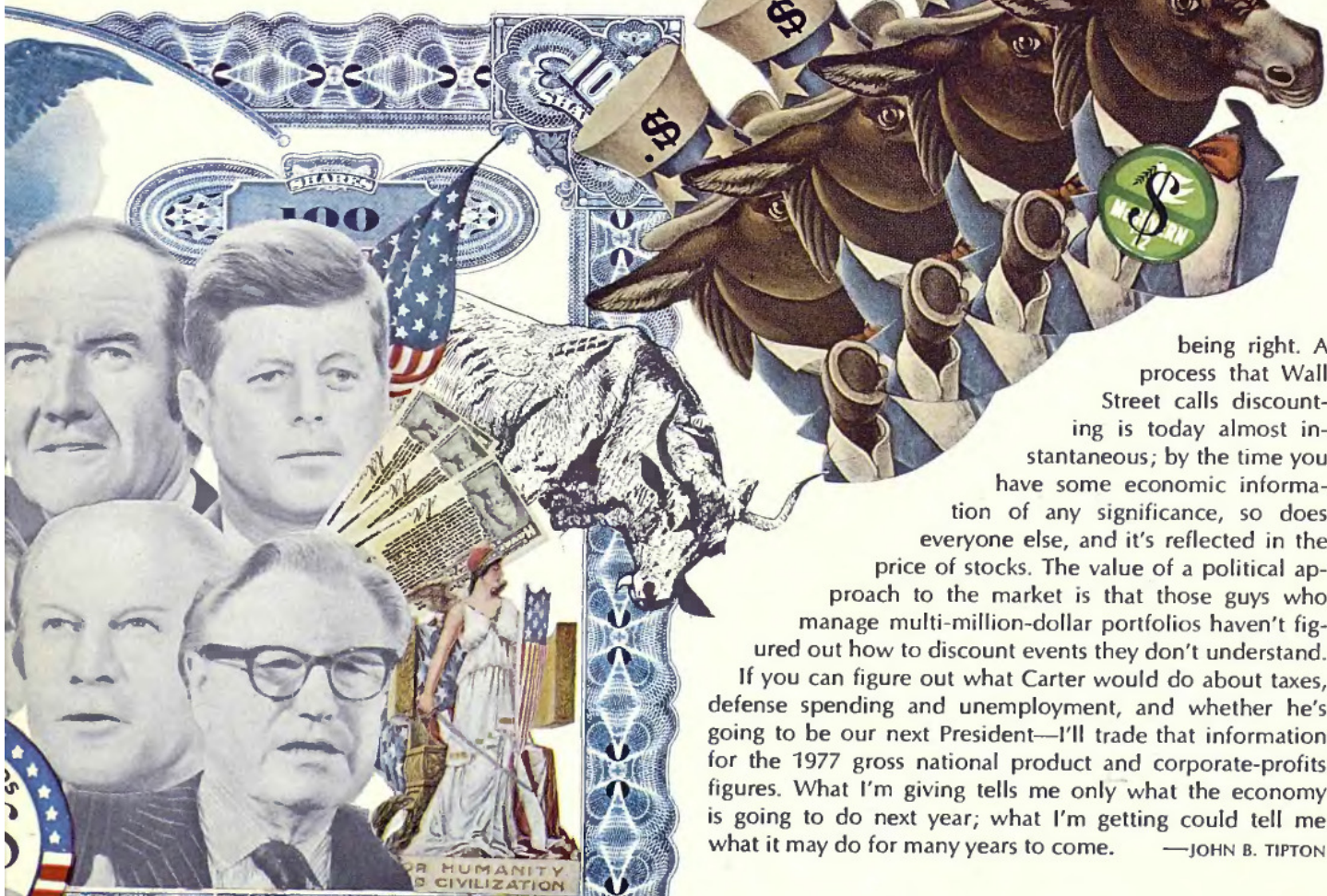
In the spring of 1976, there were only two Presidential contenders with hopes of nomination who were truly disturbing to the stock market. Hubert Humphrey, whose election in 1968 Wall Street would have taken with equanimity, is today capable of inspiring genuine terror. The difference between then and now? Eight years of abnormally rapid inflation has made its control the single dominant concern of the market, and poor Hubie is seen as the leading proponent of massive Government spending to cure unemployment, with a somewhat cavalier attitude toward the inflationary effects of such spending.

The other contender who scared Wall Street is Ronald Reagan. Certainly, Reagan does not lack for adherence to the principles of free enterprise; rather, he cherishes them a little too much for the Street's comfort. This tells you quite a bit about the political affinities of the men who control the nation's private investments. Their Republicanism is of the Willkie-Eisenhower-Rockefeller stripe, not the Taft-Goldwater-Reagan variety, and they believed that a ticket headed by Reagan would be devastating for Republican Congressional candidates, adding still further to the already uncomfortably large Democratic majorities in the House and Senate. A majority of the Congress is today notably hostile toward big business. This has not been a major worry as long as good ole Jerry Ford has been there to veto the more frightening bits of legislation the Democratic majority pushed through. But after November, there may be a Democratic President—in fact, it appears likely—and this protection will be gone. Thus, Ford, whose service to the business and financial community has been positively heroic, was seen as the far better Republican nominee. If he won, they would be delighted; if

he lost, it would probably be by a smaller margin than Reagan, with fewer friends of free enterprise going down to defeat with him.

Beyond the Presidency and the composition of Congress, there are two major political factors that an astute investor must assess. One is the trend of Government regulation—toward more or less, and with how much diligence. The other is the general political mood of the country and how changes in it may affect future elections. Wall Street's attitude toward regulation is simple: It's against it. But not because it believes in unbridled competition; far from it. It is because increased Government regulation adds the one thing an investor hates—uncertainty. As for the country's political mood, schizophrenic is the best description. The electorate keeps sending men to the White House who say they are against Big Government, while voting for Congressmen and Senators who delight in writing laws that extend the reach of regulation.

The uncertainty all these political considerations build into the outlook for stock prices is the best reason why politics, not economics, dominates the questions of whether, when and in what to invest. The amount of time, energy and intelligence that the managers of institutional pools of money devote to guessing the trend of the economy has reached a level that, fallible as these guesses are, makes it impossible for you or me to hold a contrary view with any reasonable hope of



being right. A process that Wall Street calls discounting is today almost instantaneous; by the time you have some economic information of any significance, so does everyone else, and it's reflected in the price of stocks. The value of a political approach to the market is that those guys who manage multi-million-dollar portfolios haven't figured out how to discount events they don't understand.

If you can figure out what Carter would do about taxes, defense spending and unemployment, and whether he's going to be our next President—I'll trade that information for the 1977 gross national product and corporate-profits figures. What I'm giving tells me only what the economy is going to do next year; what I'm getting could tell me what it may do for many years to come.

—JOHN B. TIPTON

GROOMING

HOW TO STAY A BRONZED GOD

As summer disappears, so does your suntan. To prolong that healthy glow, consider using a bronzer. Come November, you can still look as if you've just returned from a Bahamian playground.

Even though bronzers—harmless dyes that add a ruddy tone to the face—have been around for years, some men still consider these temporary colorizers make-up. They aren't. Being transparent, bronzers won't mask blemishes; they'll only darken the entire face, including skin imperfections.

Today's bronzers are much more sophisticated than the generation sold several years ago. Then the only way to get an even spread was by first applying a moisturizer base. Even so, the results often resembled Indian war paint. Now many manufacturers incorporate moisturizing properties within the bronzers. Application is thus easier and the color looks more natural.

TYPES. Bronzers come either as gels in squeeze tubes or as solids in stick form. Gels, the more popular, dry faster than sticks, but the depth of color is more easily controlled. Sticks tend to result in a denser coloring job. Both types generally cost about five or six dollars.

APPLICATION. Always start with a clean, freshly shaved face. Work in front of a well-lighted mirror.

Sticks. Simply stroke across the facial zones. Start at the forehead and complete it before tackling the cheeks and chin. Finish with the nose and upper lip. Blend with finger tips.

Gels. There are two methods for applying bronzing

gels. The simpler and faster is to squeeze a small amount into your palms, rub them together, then quickly massage the gel over the entire face. Blend with the butt of your palm.

Although this quick method can yield satisfactory results, there is the risk of uneven shading. Men who'll spend the extra time to divide the face into sections—forehead, cheeks, chin, etc.—and cover each area individually will end up with more consistent toning. Just squeeze a dab of gel into your palm. Moving your three middle fingers in small, circular motions, work on one area, say the forehead, until it's completed. Move to another spot, perhaps one cheek, then another. Keep the revolutions small and contained. Take care not to overlap sections or there will be a mottled effect. Scrub the residue off your palm and fingers with soap and water.

SHADES. Certain companies market only one bronzer shade. The more bronzer applied, the deeper the color. Other firms offer both natural and dark shades. Even so, the amount applied still affects the depth of color. Since additional dabs can always be worked into the skin, start sparingly.

REMOVAL. Manufacturers say bronzers are easily removed, but since they're formulated to stay on the skin despite perspiration, removal involves loads of soap and water. Better yet, use an astringent and cotton pads to whisk away the major color, then wash with soap and water.

TIPS. Don't apply after-shaves or colognes following bronzing; the alcohol will make the bronzer run. It's unlikely, but should the color start to streak, blot, don't rub, with a tissue. Use little, if any, bronzer on those areas—the neck immediately beneath the chin, the nostrils, behind the ears—that normally don't get the sun. Blend carefully, especially into the hairline and sideburns, to avoid a masklike effect. Bronzers lightly applied won't stain shirt collars; however, excessive amounts will. —CHARLES HIX

Below: Colorado Sage Western Bronzer, by Jess Bell, \$5. Pierre Cardin's Face Bronzer, \$5. Sudden Tan Bronzing Foam, by Coppertone, \$3.25. Instant Bronzing Stick, by Aramis, \$6. Déjà Vu Bronzing and Conditioning Gel, by Beau Monde, \$5.50. Kanon Man's Bronzer, by Scannon, \$5.



TRAVEL

CHAMPS ELYSEES, U.S.A.

Despite the current semantic inquisition against *franglais*, the American craze in Paris just won't stop. Every café and corner *tabac* in the Latin Quarter has one or two Gottlieb pinball machines (Fast Draw and Spirit of '76 are very big) and Fats Domino on the Rock-Ola jukebox. You will hear *Be-Bop-a-Lula* more often in a month there than during all your years in high school. There is even an approximation of a singles bar, called Rosebud, on the Rue Delambre just around the corner from the Café La Coupole (Sartre's hangout) on Montparnasse. One night, I ran into a guy in Rosebud (the place is packed, so you literally run into people) with a skate board under his arm. "Je fais du skate," he said, drunkenly sailing off down the sidewalk.

What this city is all about is style. The kings who built Versailles and the Louvre had it, the blue-aproned bartender at Le Relais Odéon with the ferociously smoking Gauloise hanging from his lower lip has it, the arm-waving cop at the Place St.-Michel has it. And the women of Paris have it when they put one foot in front of the other on the Boulevard St.-Germain in pussy-hugging jeans and U.S. college sweat shirts these days. This city is designed to bring out the looks of things, like grand architecture and women, which may be related. The current vehicle is virtually anything American, especially if it is Fifties and camp. Of course, the French don't know what camp is. They call it style.

Annie Treille of the big green eyes, salesgirl in Charlie Baxter's boutique on the Boulevard St.-Germain, does not realize that not everybody in the United States wears a bowling shirt, all the rage there. *Les boulings*, Annie calls them, and there they hang by the dozens, authentic re-laundered used American bowling-league shirts, going for \$16.50. EPLE'S CAFE, JIM'S NORTHSIDE ESSO and WESTINGHOUSE AIR BRAKE DIVISION read the backs of three of them. "We sell a lot to people going skiing, usually two or three at once," she says. It is the chic thing to wear *un bouling* over your woolens on the slopes at Courchevel and Mégeve. "I love to wear *un bouling* with jeans," says Annie. But on this day, she is wearing striped bib coveralls (\$15) from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and a genuine dark-blue Cub Scouts of America shirt, so emblazoned. Besides this, Annie sells used



gray American prison shirts (\$6.50), worn-out U.S. flannel plaid shirts (\$13.50), U.S. Army webbed combat belts (\$4.50), a GI gas-mask pouch (\$2.25) that was featured in the fashion mag *Elle*, Oxford-cloth buttondown dress shirts for men (\$14.50) and fancy cowboy boots running up to \$110 (I've seen others there for \$200). All this stuff sells like mad in Paris.

My favorite is our old high school letter jackets with the leather sleeves. Annie calls them *blousons base-ball*, even though some have football patches stitched on one sleeve printed with things like CO-CITY CHAMPS, 1967. It is a gas to see a grown man working the fur-jacketed blondes at the Café des Deux Magots on St.-Germain-des-Prés in his blue-and-white letter jacket bearing a big O with three years' worth of football hash marks on it.

There are a lot of copies and fakes about. A common goof, which one sees around the cafés on the Rue des

Ecoles, is a sweat shirt going for \$12 emblazoned UNIVERSITY OF NEW JERSEY, which does not exist. The seal has some illegible Latin in it. They've never heard of Rutgers. Nobody in Paris cares. I explained it all to Annie, but she will still call our football letter jackets *blousons base-ball*.

The king of American goods in Paris is a nondescript short-hair (our hair styles they do not copy) named Jean-Robert Baroux, 29. In a swift BMW, he moves around town wearing cowboy boots, straight-leg Wranglers and a Wrangler jacket over an authentic Columbia University T-shirt. His Surplus Yankee boutique on the Rue la Boétie on the Right Bank has seen Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress and even the Prime Minister's wife come through the door to buy Levis. Baroux and his competitors carry the stiff, 14-ounce Original and Genuine Made in U.S.A. Levis; but the big thing in France this year is a 13-ounce tight-ass number made in Europe from denim shipped in by Levi Strauss of San Francisco.

The rage among the ladies of Paris is either to tuck the jeans into high-top boots or to roll them up to half-calf, almost a revived pedal pusher. Never known for their pulchritude, these sly *Parisiennes* will turn even an inveterate tits-and-ass man (me) into a leg lover.

"The people here are crazy about anything American," says Baroux. "It is more practical." —PETER ROSS RANGE

Live One

Attention, all *NBC Saturday Night* freaks! If you loved the show last season, you will probably go out of your gourd this fall. Producer **Lorne Michaels** has let us in on some new twists to the show's autumn format. For starters, they'll be filming three shows live from Washington before (and possibly some after) Election Day, featuring—if things work out—"political figures as hosts." Michaels also plans to "take the show to the streets"—a new hand-held RCA video camera will allow hosts to be filmed outside the studio. "I'd like to put our people more into real-life situations," says Michaels. As for sketches, the cast and writers are planning to do Shakespearean tragedies in bumper cars.



GRANT EDWARDS

The Right to Win

When **Ken Uston** walks into a Las Vegas casino, other card sharks call him Mr. Jaws, but gambling operators who've had sizable chunks of their blackjack profits bitten off by Uston call their bouncers. So now Uston—a 40-year-old ex-stockbroker who's been barred from most Strip casinos for card counting (remembering the cards already dealt in a blackjack game)—is taking the owners to court to test "whether a casino has the right to bar good blackjack players and allow bad ones to play." With his attorney "prepared to go all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court," the odds are that Uston may be about to cash in on a very sweet deal. So far, he seems to be holding all the winning cards.



MARK CHESTER



DAVID CHAN

Kris & Barbra & Jon & Pandemonium

Press conferences that involve big-name movie stars who are flacking for their latest film are usually loaded with marshmallow tributes to fellow actors, directors, producers, cameramen, *ad nauseam*. We said usually. When Kris Kristofferson and Barbra

Streisand (shown here in an oddly blissful moment with Barbra's main man, Jon Peters) were trotted out onto a football field to hype *A Star Is Born* to the media, some of the dialog—according to writer Robert Kerwin, who was there—went like this:



KEN REGAN / CAMERA 5

"What do you think of your co-star, Barbra?"

"He's an asshole."

Laughter and embarrassment. Kris isn't hearing it right away, it's coming to him slowly, he's still smiling at something else, some inside joke he just told himself.

A reporter asks: "Why do you call him an asshole?"

"I don't know. I forget. He's a beautiful man, let's just stay with that."

"Shit," Kristofferson mumbles loudly.

Streisand glares. "Why don't you participate in this?" she asks Kristofferson.

"Shit. Drive me crazy."

"Look, goddamn it, you're not doing what I tell you to."

Kristofferson looks out over the end zone, says nothing.

"Listen to me, I'm talking to you, goddamn it!" she shouts.

"Go fuck yourself."

Streisand exits quickly and most of the crowd follows, but Peters stays behind, and it's reported that he tells Kristofferson that he owes his old lady an apology and that Kristofferson answers that if he wants some shit out of Peters, he'll squeeze Peters' head. Peters then says that he'll beat Kristofferson up but he doesn't feel like doing it while they're in the midst of shooting a movie.

Now, you have to admit that there's a man whose eye is on the bottom line.

Peerless Publisher

Wichita, Kansas, isn't the sort of place your average smut king would choose to be tried for pornography. As we reported last month after visiting the scene of the crime, the community standards in the Sunflower State tend to be a little on the uptight side. Which is exactly why the Federal Government picked that site to prosecute **Al Goldstein**, the portly publisher of New York's celebrated sex journal, *Screw*. Naturally, he was found guilty, along with his "coconspirator" Jim Buckley. (They will appeal.) After the verdict was announced, we asked Goldstein for a comment. Although in obvious distress, he did manage to find a little humor, however black, in the situation: "They had the gallows finished before I even got to town. The closest thing I had to a peer on that jury was a woman who weighed about 280 pounds, and she wasn't Jewish."



CHARLES W. BUSH

Devil's Advocate

Kenneth (*Hollywood Babylon*) **Anger's** long-awaited film, *Lucifer Rising*, premieres in London and New York this December. The film, which Anger calls "a supernatural fantasy in which the Devil is portrayed in a sympathetic light," stars Marianne Faithfull, and an English steelworker named Leslie Huggins in the lead role, with sound track by Led Zeppelin's Jimmy Page. In the meantime, Anger is working on a film compilation based on *Hollywood Babylon* and another book called—you guessed it—*Washington Babylon*.



BENT DICKS

A queer twist has started to develop in detective fiction. In fact, experts who follow this literary genre closely say that it has been on the way for a long time. *Aficionados* of crime novels have always gone in for bizarre private eyes. Just think of some of the more famous ones: porcine Nero Wolfe, sallow Sam Spade, rumpled Philip Marlowe, frumpy Miss Marple. All straight shooters but quite inhibited compared with the heroes of writers such as Joseph Hansen, Carleton Carpenter, George Baxt, Will Perry, Elizabeth Linington and J. F. Burke. Their protagonists are gay gumshoes and their books sell big to the burgeoning market for homosexual literature.

While many authors are plowing this field today, the six above are the best known, turning on their readers with such frolics as Hansen's gay West Coast insurance investigator in *Fadeout* solving his cases in lavender bars; or Carpenter using bitchy humor to describe scenes such as whip-and-chain orgies in *Deadhead*; the seedy gay underworld of Perry's Edgar award-winning *Death of an Informer*; Linington's lethal lesbians in *Greenmask!*; Burke's male hustlers in *Death Trick*; or black homosexual detective Pharoah Love, by the end of the third book in Baxt's series, having gone through a sex change and pounding the pavement in drag.

THE GREAT BALL OF CHINA

You've heard about Chinese martial arts, Chinese philosophy and Chinese medicine, but have you heard about Chinese sexology? It's different—and just about as inscrutable as everything else that has come out of the mainland in recent years.

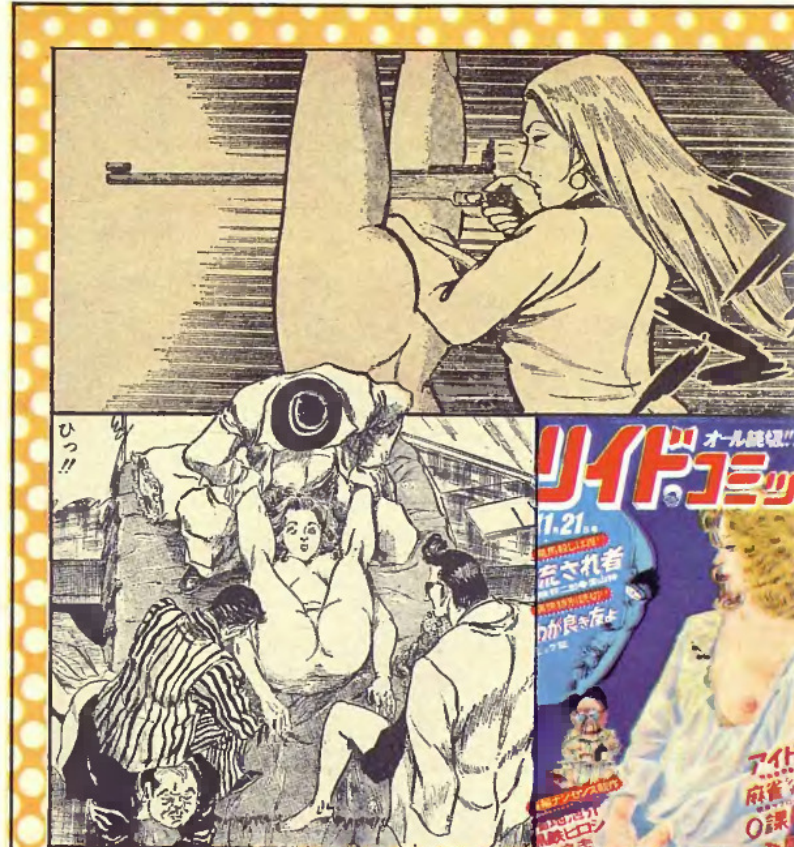
Sinologist James W. Edwards has been trying to make sense out of a raft of contradictory Chinese sex manuals that offer such curious concepts as the ancient Confucian taboos against having intercourse on your own birthday, your parents' birthday and death anniversaries; Taoist warnings about the hazards of eating cold melons and ice cream immediately after copulation (it's supposed to cause the dreaded "shrinking-penis disease"); the advocacy of the hours between 10 and 12 P.M. as optimum time for coitus coupled with the warning that over-indulgence in sex could lead to night blindness; and the admonition that daylight hours are unacceptable for lovemaking because the essence of sex is thought to be a dark, yin activity.

Most of Edwards' study concerns the clash between the still widely held beliefs of traditional manuals vs. current government health literature. Apparently, when the classic Taoist literature runs up against the "enlightened" scientific thoughts and Communist ideologies of the People's Republic of China, Confucius still comes out on top.

KID STUFF

Wow! The times we've missed! Who has not looked back on those amorous adolescent years and said, "Oh! If I had only known then what I know now: What a sex life I could

have had as a teenager"? One of the things you should have known is that you could even have started ten years earlier than high school. Dr. Floyd M. Martinson, of the International Peace Research Institute in Oslo, is an expert on sex before puberty and the big news is that there is a lot more direct eroticism flowing through a small child's body than most adults are willing to acknowledge. According to Dr. Martinson, girl babies can achieve vaginal lubrication and boy babies can have erections virtually from birth. Furthermore, he points out that the potential for erotic sensuality is present when the child is in the womb. And here's a real startler to make you have second



PORNO! PORNO! PORNO!

The Japanese, an enterprising people who are lightning fast in picking up on what's happening in the Western world (small cars, cameras, recorders), have done it again. Witness the porno comic book. More than a dozen titles on the Japanese newsstands offer a full range of erotica—hetero, lesbian, group, S/M, you name it. However, the publishers oper-

thoughts about your wasted youth: Some boys have been observed enjoying the indescribable pleasure of orgasm as early as their first birthday.

BLUE MUD?

Tired of the same old obscenities? Have your curses lost the ability to curl your enemies' ears? Maybe you need the kind of sophistication that a short course in foreign profanity can bring. It turns out that all the legwork has already been done for you.

Charles P. Flynn, Ph.D., has scoured the world's tongues for such refreshing gems as the jibe of the Hottentot, "You

son of a cunt! As horrible as the dirty milk scum!"; the Hungarian razz, "A horse's cock into your asshole"; the Malaysian approbation, "Large is Rugod's clitoris, which a demon gave her"; the Marquesan Islander's dig, "Your stinking foreskin filth!"; and the droll Salish Indian rejoinder: "Your asshole is filled with blue mud!"

Sociologist Flynn, however, was not collecting these scatological tidbits merely to enrich his vocabulary. He is a scientist. He has published a paper called "Sexuality and Insult Behavior" in *The Journal of Sex Research* using many similar examples to support his thesis, which basically suggests that while differences may exist among countries as to

pregnancy earlier and more simply than any other known method. In fact, with this remarkable new system, if she suspects that proper precautions have not been taken on some wonderfully romantic night she doesn't even have to wait until she has missed her period.

The Biocept-G method can determine pregnancy within nine to ten days of conception, depending on the woman's hormonal secretion level, by employing the use of a radioisotope tracer on a blood specimen taken from the patient. All the scientists and marketing men who worked on this product originally thought that its main use would be in fertility clinics where couples are desperately trying to encourage pregnancy. What they did not realize was that there were untold millions more who were equally desperate to avoid the blessed event, who had a more urgent need to know.

THROWING YOURSELF INTO YOUR WORK

An ambivalent thrill for men is lurking among all those dry statistics about women in the executive suite. It's obvious that not only is the woman as boss on the increase but she's here to stay. Now, fellas, as everyone knows, bosses are not always fair. And just as male titans of industry often bestow favors, raises or promotions on female employees in proportion to their sexual accessibility, it would be unwise to assume that it's going to be any different now that the roles are so often reversed.

You say so what? Sounds good? You're ready? Well, picture this: Your female employer is not too suave. She doesn't turn you on. She's got bad breath. As a matter of fact, she's not very good-looking—but she's made it very clear that she's got you by the pay check. So you give in.

She makes sure your career advances by leaps and bounds. But so do her demands. She's insatiable, constantly upping the sexual ante for the rewards she offers.

How will *that* kind of selling out make you feel? How will it affect the rest of your sex life? How will other men in the office treat you, if they know what's going on? Do you tell your wife? Do you tell your girlfriend? What do you tell yourself? On the other hand, what if your boss is a real dish?

FINNY YOU SHOULD ASK

Very few people know that the perpetration of bawdy puns is a regrettable occupational hazard of scientific minds everywhere—even if their research is dull enough to qualify for publication in a respectable journal like *Chemical & Engineering News*, which is where the following story appeared:

A marine biologist develops a diet which keeps porpoises alive almost indefinitely. The vital ingredient is seagulls. Returning to his lab with a bag of them, he finds a lion asleep on the doorstep. He steps over the beast only to be arrested and charged with transporting gulls across a staid lion for immortal porpoises.

—HOWARD SMITH AND BRIAN VAN DER HORST



ate under somewhat of a handicap. The Japanese police censors deem the depiction of pubic hair and/or genitalia a no-no. So the reader is treated(?) to a variety of physiological phenomena along with such graphic euphemisms as dripping oysters in a climactic panel. Not as explicit as what you might find in a 17th Century Japanese woodcut, voyeur-san; but then, as you can see in the sampling above, it at least leaves something to the imagination. —NORMAN SKLAREWITZ

whether such diversions as adultery, incest and modesty are offensive or not, insults related to the genitals are part of the language of virtually every culture he studied.

THE PANIC PINCHER

Not realizing that it had the answer to the most agonizing fear that could strike two liberated lovers, Princeton Laboratories has vastly underestimated the demand for its brand-new Biocept-G test. The fear—that phone call when she says, "I hate to tell you this, but I think I'm pregnant." The invention—a radioreceptor assay kit (just now available to local labs across the country) that will determine

**GEORGE PLIMPTON TRIED IT.*
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.**



*FROM PLAYBOY JANUARY 1975 ISSUE.

Focus your photographic talent on your favorite playmate, and you both can be winners.

GRAND PRIZE: \$5000 in cash, to be shared equally by you and your model. Plus \$1500 worth of **Minolta** camera equipment and a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to use it—right in PLAYBOY's studios.

10 RUNNER-UP PRIZES: \$500 worth of **Minolta** equipment.

Here's a contest that's as much fun to enter as it is to win. All you need is a camera, a reasonably steady hand and the playmate of your choice.

Any setting will do as long as it turns on both you and your subject. Your own back issues of PLAYBOY should provide ample suggestions for posing, accessories, lighting, etc. But don't neglect your own playmate in looking for inspiration. If she caught your eye, she'll probably catch ours, too.

Then, once the juices are flowing (creative, that is), just shoot away! But don't rush it. As PLAYBOY's pros will tell you, getting there is half the fun.

All entries will be received and screened by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent contest organization. Finalists will be evaluated and judged by PLAYBOY Photo Editor Gary Cole,



Prize winners can choose from the full range of equipment in the official Minolta Product Catalog in effect Jan. 1, 1977. Select from hundreds of items, from sophisticated electronic 35mm SLRs and interchangeable lenses to remarkable wireless sound movie systems and the world's first zoom SLR for 110 cartridge film. All embody the precision quality that has made Minolta America's best-selling imported camera.

Art Director Art Paul and Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.

If your playmate shooting is selected as the most inspired entry, you and your model will share equally in the \$5000 cash prize, and you will win \$1500 worth of Minolta camera gear plus a super chance to use it: an unforgettable all-expense-paid week working (if you can call it that) in the Chicago photo studios of PLAYBOY magazine, where you'll consult and share trade secrets with PLAYBOY's photographers and photo technicians. You'll enjoy VIP guest status at the Playboy Towers Hotel, with VIP keyholder privileges at the Chicago Playboy Club.

Entries may be in color or black and white, prints or transparencies. For complete rules, see below. Additional forms are available at your Minolta dealer.

But hurry: Entries *must* be received no later than December 31, 1976.

**ENTER
PLAYBOY'S
PLAYMATE**



PHOTO CONTEST

**PLAYBOY PLAYMATE PHOTO CONTEST
OFFICIAL RULES
NO PURCHASE REQUIRED**

1. Entries submitted may be taken with any camera or film in color or in black and white. Color transparencies must be mounted in cardboard mounts. Prints must be mounted on cardboard no larger than 8 1/2" x 11". Do not submit contact sheets or negatives.
2. Each picture must be accompanied by a completed official entry form or facsimile thereof. Only one picture per form, but enter as many times as you wish. For additional entry forms, see your participating Minolta dealer.
3. Entries will be preliminarily judged under the supervision of the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Final winner determination will be made by the Editors of PLAYBOY magazine, including Hugh M. Hefner. The decisions of the judges are final in all matters relating to this offer.
4. The judging criteria are as follows:
 1. Appropriateness of photo for use as a Playboy centerfold (60%).
 2. Visual effectiveness (composition, creativity, originality—20%).
 3. Technical ability (20%).
5. All prize-winning entries become the exclusive property of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., and none can be returned.
6. Except for winning entries, pictures will be returned if each

is accompanied by a separate, stamped, self-addressed envelope of suitable size with appropriate packing material and postage. Playboy cannot guarantee the return or condition of picture.

7. Each winner will be required to sign an affidavit certifying that he/she is the photographer and sole owner of the winning entry and that it is original and has never been previously published in any form, nor has it won any other prize or award.

8. All entries must be received by December 31, 1976.

9. This contest is open to all entrants (photographer and model) residing in the United States and Canada, of legal age in the state or province in which they reside as of September 1, 1976. Employees of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Minolta Corporation, and the D. L. Blair Corporation, their respective advertising and public relations agencies, the families of each and photographers whose work has appeared in PLAYBOY within the past five (5) years are not eligible. All Federal, state and local laws and regulations apply in the United States. All Federal, Provincial and Municipal laws and regulations apply in Canada. All prizes will be awarded. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties. This offer is void wherever prohibited by law. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Prize award is contingent on the availability at no additional cost to PLAYBOY of the original negative or transparency and standard model release of subject. No substitutions for prizes permitted.

10. To receive a list of prize winners, send a separate, self-addressed, stamped envelope to Playboy Playmate Photo Contest Winner List, P.O. Box 7060, Blair, Nebraska 68009.

**OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM
PLAYBOY PLAYMATE PHOTO CONTEST**

D. L. Blair Corporation
Executive Plaza
185 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11021

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is our entry in the Playboy Playmate Photo Contest. We certify that we have complied with all the rules of this contest and that both of us were adult citizens of the State or Province in which each of us resides, as of September 1, 1976.

MODEL:

Signature _____

Name _____

PHOTOGRAPHER

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below. Please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

Aerne Boots 8-0	Memorex Recording Tape 81
American Tourister	Minolta SLR Cameras . . . 6
Luggage 40	Nikkomat Cameras . . . 201H
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Wallabee Shoes 37B	Card Between 32-33
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Use these lines for information about the above and other featured merchandise.

10-76

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

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P.O. Box 2420
Boulder, Colorado 80302
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In Missouri, call 800-342-6600.

7K04

NEXT MONTH:



MEET MISTY



CINEMA SEX



BRIC-A-BRAC MAN



BRAIN FRY

JIMMY CARTER, ON THE ROAD FROM THE PEANUT FARM TO THE PRESIDENCY, MAY NOT SEEM SO "FUZZY" AFTER TALKING ABOUT FOREIGN POLICY, CIVIL RIGHTS, HIS RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND THE NIGHT BOB DYLAN CAME TO VISIT, IN AN ELECTION-EVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

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Rare taste. Ask for it by name.

Ask for J&B. And no matter where you may be, you identify yourself as a person of rare taste. Of course, you'll also be served the Scotch that has made these letters famous for nearly 100 years. You just can't get Rare Scotch by any other name.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH

Of all menthols:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg / cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*1	*0.1
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)

*Av per cigarette by FTC method

**Carlton
Menthol
1 mg. tar**



**Carlton
Filter
2 mg. tar**

No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

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

Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine; Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.