

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

A GUIDE TO
YOUR SEX
DREAMS

JIMMY CAAN:
DOWN WITH
LIBBERS!



SAPS IN CINEMA: ACTORS
IN THEIR DUMBEST ROLES

THE WORST AGENCY YET—
FEDERAL DRUG BUSTERS

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF
ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA
A PARODY OF "RAGTIME" BY
ZIGGY AND DAVID STEINBERG

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Gin?

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**ON THE 1976 SUBARU,
THE THING MOST EFFECTED
BY INFLATION IS THE TIRES.**

You can't experience today's high fidelity with yesterday's record changer.

Most high fidelity manufacturers watch each other to find out what's new. At Pioneer, we keep our eye on the audio enthusiast to find out what he wants. That's what keeps us ahead of all the others who are watching all of the others.

If you look at the sale of record playing devices — and we have — you'll see that sales of manual turntables are increasing four times faster than the sale of record changers. The reasons are clear: Record changers were designed a generation ago — for another generation. Designed for hours of uninterrupted background music at cocktail parties.

Today, your needs are probably different. When you listen to music, you listen to music. You're involved with the sound — and with your equipment. And *only* a manual turntable can offer you this level of involvement.

It's part of Pioneer's responsibility to understand and anticipate your changing needs. As a result, we now offer you the most complete line of professional manual turntables available. Each one of them delivers the highest level of performance, the most sophisticated features and the greatest value in its price category. And all of them have the precision engineering and quality that are part

of the Pioneer legend.

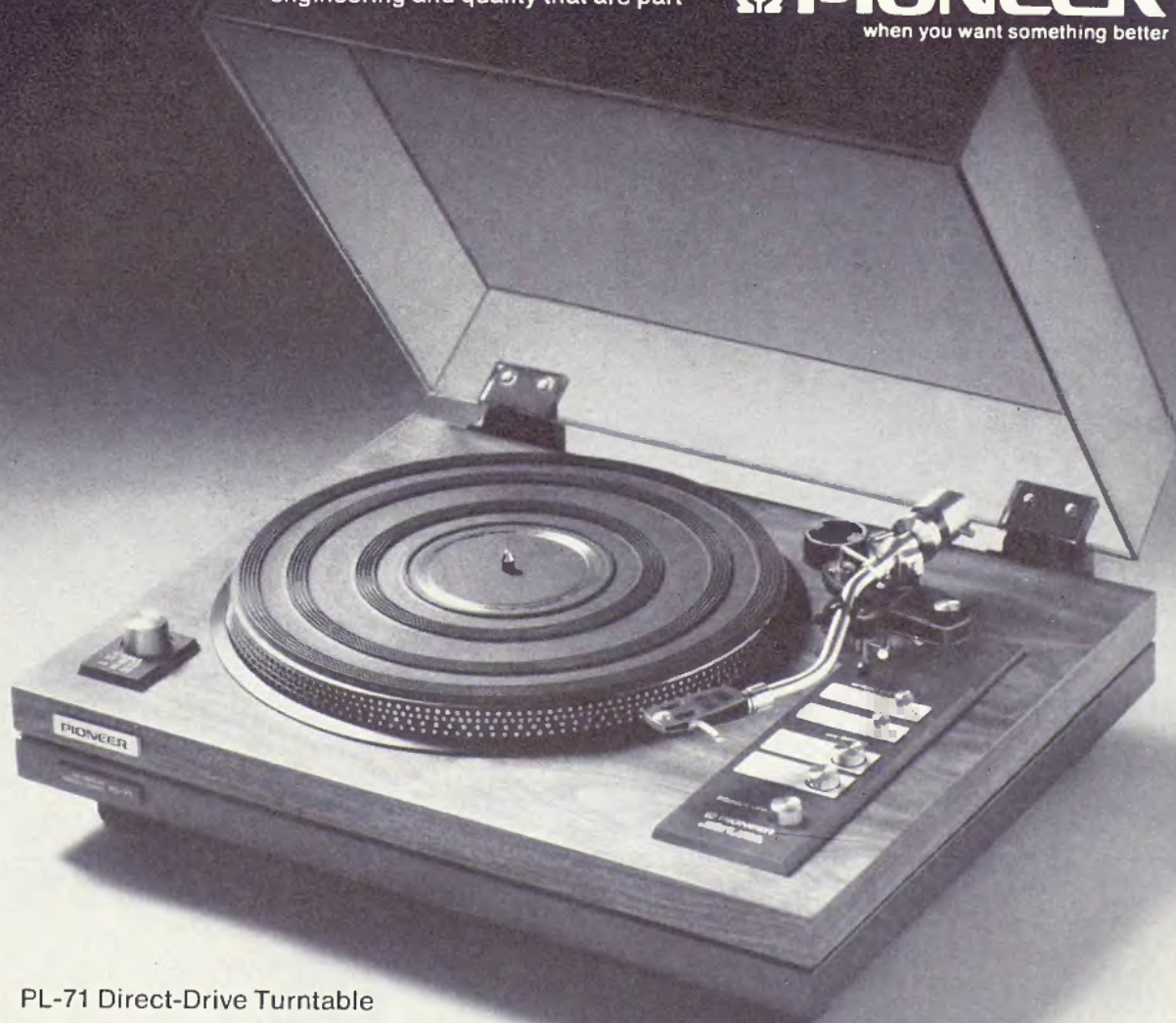
When you buy your next record player, shop smart. Consider what you want — and what you need. If you need performance, precision and quality — and want the involvement that only a professional turntable can provide — you'll get a Pioneer.

It's as simple as that.

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THE FEDERAL narcotics program has been called "the most sordid story in the annals of law enforcement," and all the information now coming out about the scandal-ridden Drug Enforcement Administration tends to support that conclusion. The whole dirty story—with accounts of torture and other excesses by the narcs, who use and abuse people at will—is chillingly detailed by **Frank Browning** in *An American Gestapo*. Browning, a former editor of *Ramparts*, plans to include his research for the article in a book for Putnam, tentatively titled *Crime in America: A Social History*.

Speaking of which, our lead fiction—*The True American*—is about a couple of dead Americans who meet in hell and decide to come back here and straighten the place out. It's from the typewriter of the multitalented **Melvin Van Peebles**, whom you may know for his outrageous record albums, his plays (*Don't Play Us Cheap*, *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death*) or his films (*Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, for one). Van Peebles is also a novelist, and the complete version of *The True American* will be released by Doubleday later this month.

Another fictional treat is *God and the Cobbler*, a philosophical fable by **R. K. Narayan**, who is generally considered India's foremost English-language novelist. A new Narayan book, *The Painter of Signs*, will be published in May by Viking. The illustration for *Cobbler*, which makes visual reference to Hindu art, is by Los Angeles artist **Ignacio Gomez**.

Gagtime, by **David Steinberg** and **Ziggy Steinberg**, is a parody—about our time—of E. L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*. David, of course, is the David Steinberg, currently the host of NBC's *Noonday* show; Ziggy—no relation—is his ace writer.

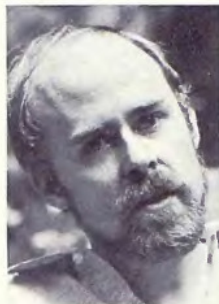
Our interview is a refreshing conversation with an avowed male chauvinist and romantic—film actor **James Caan**. It was conducted by Contributing Editor **Murray Fisher**—and there's no one who knows more about the *Playboy Interview* than Fisher, who edited it for years and turned it into a distinct art form.

People are always trying to analyze their dreams. And those who enjoy having them—especially the dirty kind—are always figuring out how to have more. Ways to orchestrate and audit them are suggested in **Graham Masterton's** *Understanding Your Erotic Dreams*. A prolific English writer whose books often deal with sexual subjects, Masterton claims he got the idea for his article from a lady he met in a dream. The three collages accompanying his piece are by **François Colos**.

Dan Greenburg has written for us more than once about sex—usually from a comic perspective. This month, he takes a straight look at a man with a gift for looking into the future. Titled "*I Don't Make Hocus-Pocus*," the article will be included in a book on the occult he's doing for Doubleday.

Credit cards are neat little things for helping a man squeeze through hard times—but there's always a reckoning, as **Craig Vetter** reports in *Why Is a Turnip Like a Free-Lance Writer?* Just after finishing the article, Vetter left his home in Colorado and headed for Northern California pursued by a horde of bill collectors.

And now, our traditional grab bag paragraph. In which we must mention that we've got *East Meets West*, a look at some hip Oriental-styled threads, with hand-tinted photos by **Peter Gert**, and *And Now . . . Funderwear!*, a photographic survey of the latest in kinky lingerie by **Ken Marcus**, with an assist from West Coast Photography Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**. Other pictorials focus on **Marisa Berenson**, star of *Barry Lyndon*, the new Stanley Kubrick film, and Bunny-Playmate **Laura Lyons**. You also get the sixth installment of **Arnold Roth's** cartoon *History of Sex* and Part II of **James McKinley's** *Playboy's History of Assassination in America*, with an airbrush illustration by **Peter Palombi**. Not to mention *Saps in Cinema*, which has many of Hollywood's top stars—**Charles Bronson**, **John Wayne**, **Tony Curtis**, et al.—in roles they wish had been left on the cutting-room floor.



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PLAYBOY, FEBRUARY, 1976, VOL. 23, NO. 2. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHGO., ILL. 60611. SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHGO., ILL., AND AT ADDL. MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P. O. BOX 2420, DOULDER, COLO. 80302.



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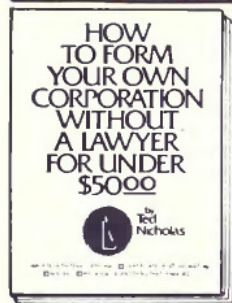
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How to form your own corporation without a lawyer for under \$50⁰⁰

By Ted Nicholas



You may have considered incorporating. I'm sure you want to accomplish this in the most economical way. You may already be in business and are looking for ways to save tax dollars or limit personal liability.

You can benefit from this report if you are planning a one man business if you are associated with a partner or are the owner of a large company.

This exciting report shows you step by step how you can accomplish this for less than \$50.00. It contains tear out forms for everything that is needed! This includes minutes, by-laws, and the actual certificate of incorporation!

It is presented in simple, clear language.

You'll learn of the many benefits of incorporating either an existing business or one that is planned.

Some of the features of the report is information on:

How you can incorporate without any capital requirement with zero capital.

The many personal tax benefits of incorporating.

How a corporation limits the personal liability for the owner(s) of a business, to the investment in the corporation. (Except for taxes)

How to actually form a corporation step by step. Included are instructions on completing the forms.

How to own and operate a corporation anonymously if desired. This assures maximum privacy.

How to form a non profit corporation. How to utilize tax "gimmicks" to personal advantage.

Find out why lawyers charge huge fees for incorporating services even when often times they prefer not to.

Learn how and why you can legally incorporate without the services of a lawyer. There is a fallacy in that most people feel it is necessary to have a lawyer to incorporate.

How to form an "open" or "close" corporation and the difference between them. Report contains tear out forms.

Sub Chapter S Corporations. What they are. How to set one up. How to operate a business as a corporation, yet be taxed on individual tax rates if more advantageous.

Learn about the many dangers and hazards of not incorporating partnerships and proprietorships.

What a Registered Agent is. How assistance is provided to individuals who incorporate. The most economical company to use. A complete section on this.

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- "Fantastic! Do you want a partner?"—Lawyer
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- "I was quoted a price of \$1,000 each for 3 corporations I want to form! This report saves me almost \$3,000!"—Business Owner
- "Excellent! Written so that anyone can understand it."—Secretary
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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CHAMP FOLLOWERS

The interview with Muhammad Ali (PLAYBOY, November), in light of his amorous escapades in Manila, was perfectly timed. Bravo, PLAYBOY!

Sam Mills
New York, New York

We have watched the progress of Muhammad Ali since his outstanding performance in the National Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions in Chicago in 1959. His ability to promote himself makes P. T. Barnum look like a piker. We do agree, however, that he is probably the best heavyweight ever.

Stan Gallup
Golden Gloves
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I think we should make Ali happy—deport him to Zaïre.

David J. Mellen
Lexington, Kentucky

Ali for President!

Herbert Lyons
New York, New York

Ali's concept of race relations is about as desirable as the Ku Klux Klan's.

John C. White III
Lawrence, Kansas

Let a white person come down on a black and he's prejudiced; let a black do the same to a white and he's justified. Who does Ali think he is?

Stella Freeman
Tallahassee, Florida

Muhammad Ali is much more than a boxing champion. He is a champion of his people. He is touching the hearts of the entire world.

Jerry C. Graves
Torrance, California

In answer to Ali's obviously bigoted statements regarding everything that is not black and/or Muslim, I would advise him to learn something about his religion and the history of the Western world before he shoots off his racist mouth again. It might interest him to know that Mohammed, the Prophet of Islam, was Caucasian.

Joseph E. Blanco, Jr.
Santa Clara, California

Muhammad Ali is a credit to all black men.

Doris Simmons
Columbus, Ohio

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

Josiah Bunting's *Can the Volunteer Army Fight?* (PLAYBOY, November) confirms many of the feelings of the majority of company-grade combat-arms officers. Only those who have been platoon leaders, company commanders or executive officers in today's Army can fully appreciate Bunting's essay. One has to experience making the drug busts, operating the ranges, sitting in the seminars, performing tasks with only 60 percent of his authorized strength, moving in 47 different directions, accomplishing very little and providing the continually demanded statistics of monthly re-enlistments and A.W.O.L.s.

A Company Executive Officer
Fort Riley, Kansas

I was really happy to finally see someone expose the "new VOLAR" for what it really is, fucked up!

(Name withheld by request)
North Mankato, Minnesota

This picture represents what a group of Fort Bragg soldiers has to say about the all-volunteer Army concept.

James L. Peters
Fayetteville, North Carolina



We hear you, loud and clear.

The VOLAR recruits are generally of a higher caliber in skills and potential than those of bygone eras. They have to be, in order to maintain the proficiency required in modern defense. They no longer need be treated as witless, subservient slob. Machiavellian abuse breeds fear (a poor substitute for discipline) but never devotion. People who are dissatisfied, unmotivated or substandard are urged to leave. Not all Army people are as

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apathetic or dull-witted as the misfits Bunting chose to support his myopic thesis. I don't wonder why he is an ex-major.

Sp/4 M. Sariotis
Fort Rucker, Alabama

Believe it or not, Bunting, there are still those who stay in the Service because they love their country.

Frank Sipes
Greeley, Colorado

RABBITS REDUX

Your Bunnies (PLAYBOY, November) just seem to get better all the time.

Michael Aitchison
Isla Vista, California

Victoria Cunningham and Barbara Sawyer are two of the most beautiful women ever to grace the pages of your magazine.

Kevin Luby
Providence, Rhode Island

NIGHT BEAT

I read with mild interest the paragraph in November's *Playboy After Hours* about UCLA's discovering a method for making bricks from cow dung. That is, until I realized the implications for the American vernacular: A well-endowed young lady must now be built like a shit-brick house!

Robert B. Platt
Albany, New York

EXPRESS LINES

Mark Vonnegut's *The Eden Express* (PLAYBOY, November) ought to be required reading for psychiatrists and psychologists everywhere. I've never read anything on the subject that had as much sincere feeling and poignancy.

Emily Scranton
Richmond, Virginia

A classic account of a diseased mind.

Bill Porter
Albany, New York

Nothing but a bunch of simpering self-pity.

Lewis Clarkson
Montgomery, Alabama

A beautiful but horrifying reading experience.

Calvin Torrence
Los Angeles, California

KUDOS FOR LUPO

Your November Playmate, Janet Lupo, is terrific!

Robert M. Carse
Chicago, Illinois

Like your November Playmate, Janet Lupo, I've got a rather large bust and, as a result, I, too, have had my share of problems with mashers. I was particularly interested in the statement

concerning how "she learned to dress and walk so that her 39-inch bust wouldn't attract attention." I'd appreciate any tips.

Lorraine Hogan
Dallas, Texas

Miss Lupo, shown below, replies:

First of all, never wear light-colored, high-necked clothes. Both tend to accentuate the bosom. V-neck wrap-arounds are the best, but anything V-necked and dark will do—the darkness sets off any shadows, making the bust appear smaller. Always



walk slowly and try not to bounce. And don't play tennis.

Janet Lupo gets my vote for Playmate of the Year.

J. Schneider
Niles, Illinois

The most gorgeous hunk of female I've ever seen.

Charles Blackburn, Jr.
Valparaiso, Indiana

RADIO RAVES

Ten-four, *Radio S-E-M-I* (PLAYBOY, November), by William Neely. I drive an 18-wheeler from East to West, North to South, and this is the most true-to-life article about truckers I've ever read. It's just like talking to another 18-wheeler, on the C.B. Keep up the good work.

The Yankee Licker
and Dumplin' Drawers
Salisbury, North Carolina

I would like to thank PLAYBOY for being one of the few national publications to finally show the American trucker as an honest, hard-working guy trying to make an honest dollar, rather than as a beer-bellied, cigar-chomping slob.

Joe Sebel
Kansas City, Kansas

I had the pleasure of taking Bill Neely on the first leg of his journey, from

Wheeling, West Virginia, to Indianapolis, Indiana. Considering the few days Neely spent with us and the fact that he knew absolutely nothing about our business and the life we live, he did an excellent job.

Bob Green
Breezewood, Pennsylvania

Congratulations on your fantastic article about the truckers and their C.B. radios. Although the booming C.B.-radio business has been covered extensively in many national publications the past few months, PLAYBOY really tells it like it is for the first time.

Richard A. Cowan
Port Washington, New York

Cowan is publisher of S9, the country's oldest and largest monthly C.B.-radio publication.

GOING DOWN IN STYLE

It was a pleasure to sink my teeth into James R. Petersen's November article on the essentials of G-string epicurism (*Been Going Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*). Petersen's prose reflects his unique blend of satirical charm and cosmic insight; e.g., his words on the dive's downfall: "Proximity, not involvement. Nothing is delivered. The return to voyeurism is sad. Crippling." Our Pepto-Byzantine society doesn't really take the best and love it to death . . . we love it just enough to cripple. As for Petersen's future: Point him in 15 directions and turn him loose. As goes the future of the fast-food nonindustry, I envision the ladies' demanding equal service: Tube-steak parlors.

Steve Wood
Hartford, Connecticut

Been Going Down So Long . . . is terrific! Petersen's really got his shit together.

Arthur Johnson
Chicago, Illinois

FLASHY IN THE PAN

Flashman in the Great Game (PLAYBOY, September, October, November), by George MacDonald Fraser, is a joy to read. That Flashy's one hell of a character.

Sam Eldridge
Louisville, Kentucky

COVER STORY

Your November cover girl is a very foxy lady. How about a layout, fellas?

Fred Storer
Port Washington, New York

We know a good thing when we see it, too, Fred. So stay tuned—we promise you'll be seeing more of Patricia Margot McClain in upcoming issues.

NAVEL MANEUVERS

I've been a big Cher fan for years and I'm proud to say I'd recognize her navel anywhere. I think her interview in

**Smells like herbs.
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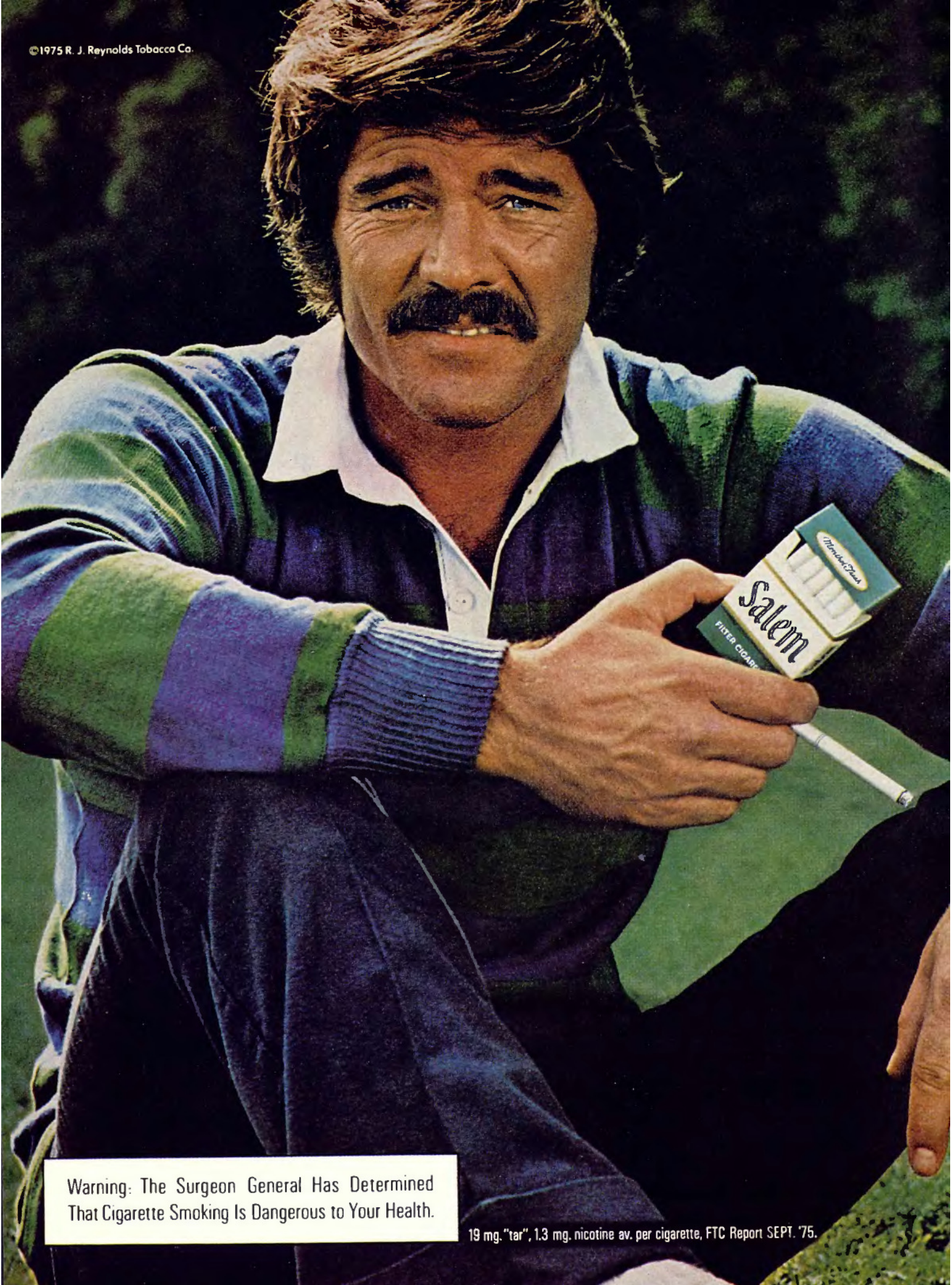
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"A dog!"

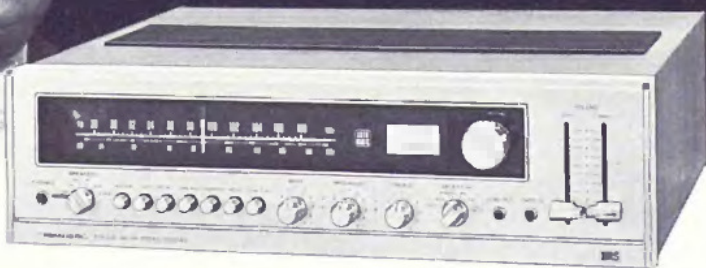


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Pioneer?
Marantz?**



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the October PLAYBOY is a delight, but I must admit I was disappointed—you didn't show her most notable feature, her navel. How about it, fellas?

Chester McKee

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Sorry about the oversight, Chester, but we didn't think it'd be too cool to show a navel with a quote under it. Since you're



such an expert, let's see whether or not you can tell which one of the navels above belongs to Cher. You'll find the answer at the end of this column.

RATING RANDY

Grover Lewis' November profile of Randy Newman (*Is Randy Newman a Redneck Cole Porter—or Just Strange?*) is pure delight. Articles on Newman are so scarce I was beginning to give up hope of ever finding out about him.

Arnold Hertz
Chicago, Illinois

Bravo on the first really revealing article on Randy Newman.

Bill Weston
New York, New York

Newman is the greatest.

Calvin Smith
Atlanta, Georgia

Answer to Cher's navel-identification sweepstakes: If you thought it was the top one, you're close but not a bona-fide Cher aficionado. If the middle one was your choice, check yourself for telltale traces of a lobotomy. And if you picked the bottom one—congratulations!—you've just won a vacation for two on the Riviera at your own expense.

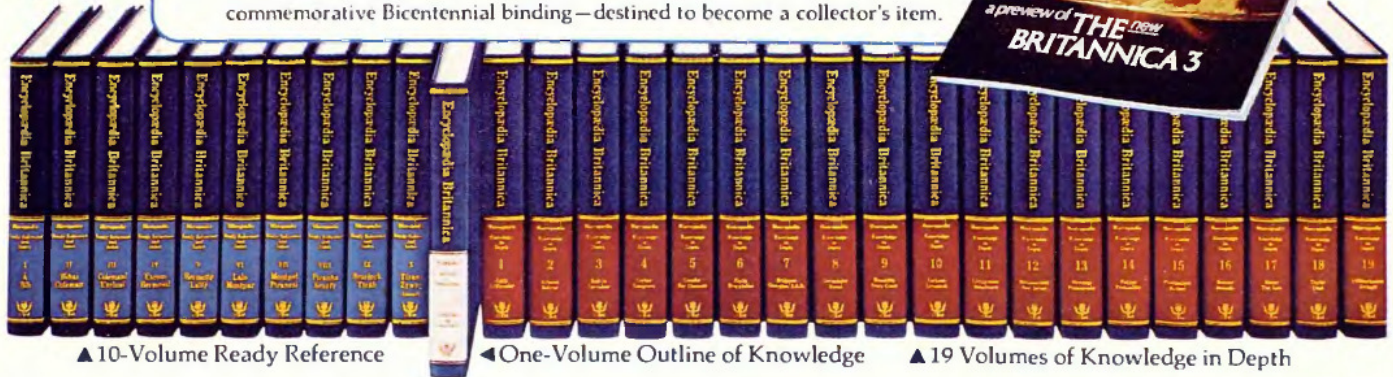


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PATRICK BEDARD, SR. EDITOR, CAR AND DRIVER, APRIL '75

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JOHN CHRISTY, EDITOR, MOTOR TREND, AUGUST '75

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**PAUL FRÈRE & RON WAKEFIELD,
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Naked came the stranger. Police at Birkerød, Denmark, are looking for a man who sneaked into a house at night and had sexual relations with a woman who thought he was her husband. The woman said she realized he was a stranger after he climbed out of her bed and she saw her husband snoring in the other bed. Punch line: Police said the man could be charged with violating an ancient Danish law that provides for four years' imprisonment for "tricking a woman into the act of love by pretending to be her wedded husband."

Loser of the Month Award goes to the unidentified armed robber who, in the process of holding up a Newport, Rhode Island, restaurant, accidentally shot himself to death. His big mistake was trying to hold his gun steady while stuffing his bounty into his pocket with the same hand. The revolver went off right under his chin, pointed straight up.

When the Reverend William Nichols of the Richardson, Texas, Unitarian Church asked the members of his congregation to display their talents, church member Diana King, a professional stripper, did just that. She took off all her clothes.

The Diners Club sent a "top-priority Executive Card" to Joe Markey, who is a janitor. "My job title is Custodial Worker One," explained Markey. "It's the One that got 'em."

Book publishers will make mistakes from time to time, but the Western Publishing Company of New York took the blue ribbon when it inadvertently bound two and a half chapters of *The Sensuous Woman*, by "J," into 100 copies of *A Short Season*, a biography of Chicago Bears football star Brian Piccolo, who died of cancer. The

error was discovered by two junior high school students in Virginia, who, after reading about Piccolo and football, turned the page and found the chapters "How to Drive a Man to Ecstasy" and "How to Tell in Advance if a Man Will Be a Good Bed Prospect."

Finding her modeling hours diminishing, a 5'10", brown-eyed, blonde Canadian model became a professional tree surgeon. When asked about her new career, she responded: "So far I've never whacked off the limb I was standing on."



The Wall Street Journal reports that seven percent of those polled for a survey by the Highway Users Federation didn't know what means of transportation they usually use to get to work.

Thanks, schmuck. An alert citizen called the Pennsylvania State Police to report that a ladder was propped against a neighboring office building. Police removed the ladder—stranding three local officers, who were on a stake-out.

Freudian slip: A Charleston, West Virginia, judge was quoted in *Mountain Ear*, a local publication, as saying that if he had his way with women's liberation leaders, he'd "put them all behind bras."

The woman with the HONK IF YOU LOVE JESUS bumper sticker waved gleefully as another driver approached her with his horn blasting. But she wasn't smiling seconds later as the two cars piled into each other. After extracting himself unhurt from the wreckage, the man explained: "I was honking to warn you my brakes had gone."

Ladies of the evening in Fallon, Nevada, have opened an emporium for customers devoted to leather, whips and chains. They've named the place the House of Ill Dispute.

Barnyard politics: The following was listed as an expenditure on Lou Hill's official spending report during his campaign to become mayor of Philadelphia: "Rental of chicken suit . . . \$125."

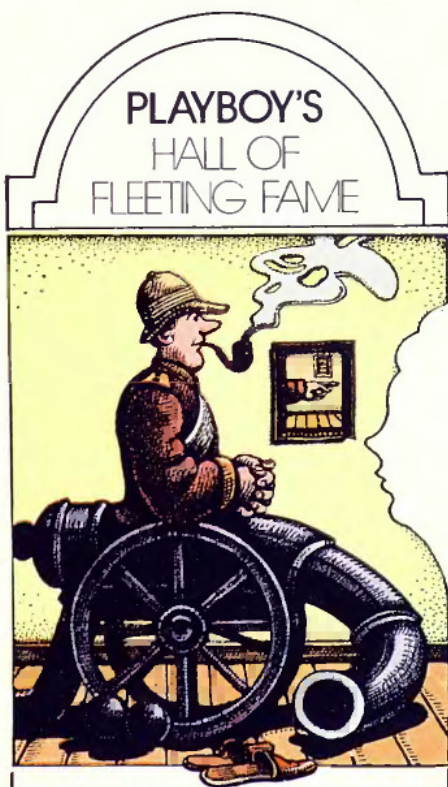
Royal flush: Over the past year scores of British male and female volunteers have been collecting fees of about five dollars to sit down on a toilet seat and have their pictures taken. It's all part of a government research project aimed

ultimately at the development of a more comfortable toilet seat, since it's been decided that for some reason the standard British seat does not fit the standard British bottom. Or, as the British prefer to put it, the purpose of the project is "to study the ergonomics and anthropometrics of posture associated with the use of the w. c."

The following sign was seen posted near the entrance of the CIA Lab Building: NO SMOKING. PLEASE TERMINATE ALL CIGARETTE BUTTS WITH EXTREME PREJUDICE BEFORE YOU ENTER.

The University of South Carolina has announced that it is dropping its course titled lovemaking due to—are you ready for this?—lack of interest.

Blah, blah, blah. . . . A 27-year-old native of Hawaii, Valentine Kekohiolanikapukanehunamokuikauialonikaouiauanikanehailu, has had his name legally changed to Valentine Likolehau Neuhaus. The new Mr. Neuhaus told the judge that his original middle name meant: "The Gates of Heaven Are Reserved for This Sacred Person Who Is Protected by the God of the Sea, Lono, to That Time of His Return to Heaven."



Voted in for abstinence above and beyond the call of sanity: a former British soldier who, having been told by doctors to keep from straining himself following a hernia operation, refrained from making love to his wife for 20 years. Honorable mention to his wife for taking that long to complain.

SALOON SURVIVAL FARE

If you're used to drinking in places with soft lights and carpets, bar snacks probably don't mean much to you. Such highfalutin establishments often put out trays of hors d'oeuvres for early-evening drinkers, but they don't count. The true bar snack is basic survival food for those nights



when you set out to have one or two with the boys and end up six hours later in a joint with a cracked tile floor, arguing with four guys in hard hats. Under these conditions, the proper bar snack can mean the difference between ending the evening more or less vertical and nodding off between the cases of Old Milwaukee stacked in the back of the saloon.

Since all bartenders are looking for ways to push more booze, salt is as ubiquitous in bar snacks as curry at an Indian dinner. Anything not highly salted will be pickled or heavily laced with pepper. Consider, for example, the Slim Jim, a slender, wrinkled sausage. Its hard, waxy exterior conceals a stuffing of coarsely ground objects, startlingly juicy and very hot. If a Slim Jim doesn't light a fire in the back of your throat, you're dead-drunk.

Slim Jims are wrapped in little cellophane tubes and displayed in printed cartons along with Beef Jerky, Beer Nuts and some of the less

savory, off-brand cigars. Another class of bar cuisine consists of objects wrapped in bags and hung from metal racks: potato chips, corn chips, pork rinds and strange, crunchy cellulose things impregnated with plastic cheese. The seasoned *snackeur* will run a finger lightly over the top of a chip bag before buying; a telltale film of dust warns one away from the damp and the uncrispy. If a bartender brings you a dusty bag, demand that he take it back. Standards are worth a beating.

The third great gastronomical province of saloon snacks is a class of goods

that comes in tiny individual packages stapled to sheets of cardboard. These goodies are up there with Hav-A-Hank and those transparent lighters with little coral reefs inside. They look as if somebody found them in his basement. Nuts stapled to cards are always stale; they are har-

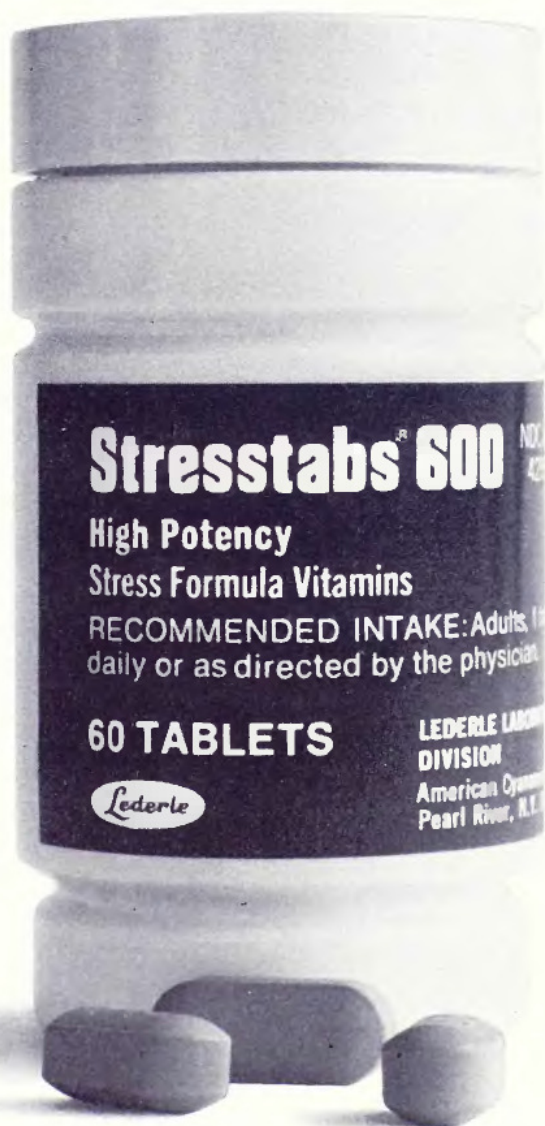
vested stale. Combination Cheese 'n Crackers ("The Old World flavor of *fromage d'Ersatz*. Imported from Taiwan") are rubbery and damp, respectively.

The apotheosis of the stapled-on snack is the Blind Robin, a relatively rare find. The Blind Robin is a small slab of fibrous fish—smoked? salted? fossilized?—perhaps all three. It's like eating the box that's been used to store salt cod. And only one Blind Robin should be eaten per evening. It takes at least three beers to obliterate the taste. The number of martinis needed to produce a similar result will force your friends to roll you home after the bar closes.

The final realm of barroom cuisine comprises the stuff displayed in jars full of vinegar, like specimens in a medical school. Some of these are still real food: pickled pigs' feet or ham hocks, for example. Once, Polish sausages were found floating silently in cloudy fluid, but no more; they, too, are now encased in plastic and stapled to cards. The plain hard-boiled egg—a.k.a. boneless chicken dinner—is a time-honored protein source for the starving drinker. Some few bartenders will pickle the hard-boiled egg; done right, it is an honest-to-God gastronomic item. The secret lies in the pickling juices, a judicious blend of spices and vinegar. Some bartenders lavish months on concocting just the right mixture, then wait weeks for the eggs to absorb the flavors. If you find such a man behind the bar of any reasonably convenient tavern, patronize him. Especially if he buys a round now and then.

"Eating the Blind Robin is like eating the box that's been used to store salt cod."

Stress can rob you of vitamins



How stress can deplete your body's stores of water-soluble B and C vitamins. Stress can upset your body's equilibrium. When it does, you may need to replace the water-soluble vitamins, B-complex and C. Unlike the fat-soluble vitamins, your body doesn't stockpile these essential nutrients. During times of continued stress—when you may be affected in many ways—your body may use up more B and C vitamins than your daily meals provide.

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BOOKS

Imagine half a life spent behind stone walls and steel bars—a life of confinement without the ameliorating rage that can carry someone like Solzhenitsyn through the ordeal of the Gulag. You've earned your time and you are left to watch the slow deterioration of your own soul. You can reach an insupportable pitch of self-loathing or you can do the very hardest thing: change. Malcolm Braly changed, after spending 18 of his 40 years in institutions. His autobiography is called *False Starts, A Memoir of San Quentin and Other Prisons* (Little, Brown). If you've read Braly's fine prison novel, *On the Yard*, and are looking for more of the same, you'll be disappointed. This is a slow, painful book. There are times when you want to reach into the pages, grab Braly, shake him and say, "Jesus Christ, man. Don't steal again. In the first place, you aren't any good at it and in the second place, you don't *have* to." But time after time he does steal again, and goes back to the slammer. Slowly, he learns, and by the end of the book, Braly is a weary man but a free one. Free in a way that Albert Camus would have understood. His wisdom came hard, but he earned it. And he was good enough to pass some of it along in this book. Now society owes Malcolm Braly a debt.

Joseph Wambaugh, the policeman-novelist who invented human cops, managed to inspire a book, television and movie formula without quite succumbing to it himself. His *New Centurions* was picaresque, anecdotal and almost documentary; his *Blue Knight* focused sharply on one good-bad Los Angeles policeman; his *The Onton Field* dramatically recreated a tragedy that killed one cop and psychologically wrecked another. In *The Choirboys* (Delacorte), Wambaugh again avoids repeating himself: This time he demonstrates a capacity for black humor that turns his tale into a police version of *Catch-22*. The boys are ten L.A.P.D. cops who work the night watch in their division and who, after particularly rough shifts, hold "choir practice"—their euphemism for a sex-and-booze orgy that constitutes a crude, *really* crude, form of group therapy. In a secluded corner of a public park, they drink, joke, fight, cry and fuck a couple of cocktail-waitress groupies until their circuit breakers finally open and they can emotionally go off duty for a few hours of recuperative sleep. What brings them to such a state are the occasional bizarre, terrifying and brutalizing incidents that Wambaugh relates with such vividness and sardonic wit that the reader will find his own anxiety level moving into the red. Sadistically, the author



False Starts—hard-earned wisdom.

"*Dead Babies* has its own, oddly compelling charm: It reads like Agatha Christie on a bad acid trip."



Choirboys—a *Catch-22* with cops.

opens his story with the efforts of L.A. police officials to cover up a bloody catastrophe that has ended choir practice once and for all, and he saves the details of this memorable session for the last.

They say that Napoleon reduced the average height of the French by about four inches (which was a good start: if he'd just kept going for about another five and a half feet, the world would be a much better place right now). He did this by using up the best and strongest young men he could find as cannon fodder in his doomed expeditions. This

century it's beginning to look as though Richard Nixon has reduced the stature of a whole age of journalism by getting himself run out of town. Everybody has lined up to take a few shots at the exile of San Clemente; so, while you can read about Watergate from infinite perspectives and until the cows come home, you can't find much political intelligence on any other subject. The latest Watergate book, and by far the most massive, is *Nightmare* (Viking), by J. Anthony Lukas, subtitled "The Underside of the Nixon Years." You can believe that it is *all* here. In numbing detail. Lukas is a gifted pro and he doesn't take short cuts, even through his own ego. You might never want to read another word about our unlamented emperor with the five-o'clock shadow, but you ought to buy this book anyway. Ten years from now, when some pest of a kid asks you what all the shouting was about, you can give him *Nightmare*. It will shut him up for about ten hours. And since *you* won't read it, we'll tip the ending. Nixon quits.

Dead Babies (Knopf) is not, as you might think, a collection of recipes from the pages of the *National Enquirer*. Close, though. For his second novel, Martin Amis has taken the stock microcosm of the English novel (a weekend house party in the country) and invited a crew of drug-crazed decadents (including, of course, one or more homicidal maniacs); and though most of the goings on—the musical beds, character assassinations and outright murders—are according to formula, the book has its own, oddly compelling charm: It reads like Agatha Christie on a bad acid trip. You know that things are liable to get ugly, but you go along for the ride, anyway. Amis has sketched a portrait of wasted souls whose only connection with life is chemical: Love, understanding and compassion are as old as yesterday's papers (the source of the title). Nights consist of visits to clubs "where vile aliens trade in old models for new and shrewd prostitutes keep a few inches between the toilet seat and their bodies. Cocaine until three. Some kind of sex until four." Amis is at his best describing the raw edges of the drug experience—"the imploded vacuums, the lagging time, false memory, street sadness, night fatigue and canceled sex." We suspect that he has been there and back, despite an author's disclaimer stating that not only all characters and scenes in the book are fictitious but most of the technical, medical and psychological data as well. ("I may not know much about science," says Amis, "but I know what I like.") Take it with a grain of Valium.

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Ken Kesey's *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, first published in 1962, has been a perennial best seller and a popular Broadway play, and will probably achieve hit status on the screen—its success more or less assured by a whole generation of Sixties flower children, aging but still agog over the heroism of a free-spirited loser battling the system. *Cuckoo's Nest* on film is corrosive and chilling but also a bit dated, even predictable—with Jack Nicholson at hand as R. P. McMurphy, the asylum inmate who may be feigning madness but brings light and laughter into a mental ward ruled by a totalitarian Big Nurse. In return for bucking her authority—either by hijacking a bus to take his brother nuts on a deep-sea-fishing trip or by smuggling booze and breads into the hospital—McMurphy is subjected to electroshock therapy and finally dragged off for a lobotomy that reduces him to vegetable status. How he becomes an underdog hero despite the worst they can do to him was the gist of Kesey's tale, told in a primitive and poetic first-person prose narrative by an Indian named Chief Bromden (played forcefully onscreen by gigantic Will Sampson, a Creek Indian jack-of-all-trades with no previous acting experience). The movie's magnetic pull can be traced to another show-stopping performance by Nicholson, whose killer grin and snake-eyed intensity are the hallmarks of his stardom, to be sure, but are also taking on a tinge of sameness—as if each new role were meticulously cut to fit the formula. Czech-born director Milos Forman is an equally cool breed of cat, whose detached comic style quick-freezes some of the book's compassion. His treatment of Nurse Ratched (Louise Fletcher) makes her a one-dimensional Fascist *Frau* who would look right at home in a Nazi death camp, ordering lamp shades fabricated of her victims' skins. While the actors are uniformly fine (up to and including Dr. Dean Brooks, real-life superintendent of Oregon State Hospital, who plays Dr. Spivey and served as technical advisor), they seldom elicit any major emotional depth charge, because the movie seems to set them apart for study not as tortured human beings but as harmless, funny freaks. Overall, *Cuckoo's Nest* has the hard edge of a tragicomedy without much heart. Hollywood took a kinder, more enlightened view of mental illness back in the sudy era of *The Snake Pit*.

•
François Truffaut's exquisite *The Story of Adèle H.* elevates its heroine to instant



Adèle H.—something to see.

“Overall, *Cuckoo's Nest* has the hard edge of a tragicomedy without much heart.”



Man Friday does *Crusoe* in.

sisterhood with such classic heartsick ladies as Elvira Madigan and Camille. Based on the diary of Adèle Hugo, the movie transforms a case history of obsessional neurosis into a pure poetic vision that would seem preposterously romantic if a writer sat down and invented it. In 1863, Adèle H. follows a young English officer, Lieutenant Pinson (Bruce Robinson), across the Atlantic to Halifax, Nova Scotia—apparently convinced by either a brief flirtation or an actual love affair that,

deep down, he wants to marry her. In fact, he has no such intention and any sensible girl would peg him at a glance as a callow, unworthy opportunist. Nothing shakes Adèle's delusions. “Love is my religion,” she declares, and for years she becomes Pinson's shadow—spying on him, spreading lies about him to drive off other women, offering him money, finally even sending him a whore as a gift to prove her selfless devotion. This bumpy road leads her at length to the island of Barbados, where she becomes a semiderelict, floating through the streets in a kind of amnesic trance. While the meat of Adèle's forlorn saga may sound dreary beyond endurance, the manner of it is disarming. Always an incurably romantic director, Truffaut lets himself go on this occasion to fashion an intense, subtle,

richly textured portrait of a woman scorned. He is helped more than a little by Maurice Jaubert's haunting music and by the glowing cinematography of Nestor Almendros, a movie magician in his own right. Isabelle Adjani, Truffaut's canny choice for the title role, somehow makes a scheming spinster assume the shape of an anguished love goddess out of romantic legend. As Adèle H., consumed and curiously ennobled by her inexplicable, thwarted passion, she is definitely something to see.

•
Peter O'Toole and Richard Roundtree are largely wasted in *Man Friday* unless a viewer derives perverse pleasure from the spectacle of two fine actors striving mightily to revive a stiff. Although *Friday* borrows its title from the text of Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, it generally deals a deathblow to the classic, which has been reworked by scenarist Adrian Mitchell and director Jack Gold into a fable full of certified contemporary cant for knee-jerk liberals and nonthinkers. O'Toole plays Crusoe as a violent, God-fearing, guilt-ridden honkie who teaches Friday the superiority of the white man's civilization—first by cold-bloodedly murdering three of his fellow tribesmen. Years later—about the time he declares a labor strike and becomes eloquent on the subject of slavery—Friday reminds Crusoe: “I taught you to dance and sing.” This simple-minded polemic is structured as a tale told by Friday in flashback—presumably following his escape, or rescue—to members of his tribe. Crusoe is ultimately found guilty of practically everything and returned to his lonely exile, lest he destroy the tribe's children

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with power, pollution, fear, greed, guilt and traffic jams. Black can be beautiful and noble savagery probably beats hell out of money in the bank. But heaven save us from *Man Friday's* brand of self-righteous historical hindsight.

Latest but by no means least in a string of overinflated disaster movies, producer-director Robert Wise's *The Hindenburg* is a fanciful pop melodrama based on rumor, research and a 1972 book by Michael M. Mooney. With George C. Scott as a reluctant Gestapo Investigator, Anne Bancroft as a refugee countess and William Atherton as a fervent anti-Nazi crewman suspected of plotting sabotage in mid-air, Wise has assembled a first-class company to flesh out this fiction about events leading up to the fiery destruction of Germany's proud passenger-carrying Zeppelin at a Lakehurst, New Jersey, airfield on May 6, 1937. There were 62 survivors of the historic crash, which virtually wrote finis to the dirigible as a means of transatlantic travel. Safe or sorry, the silvery blimps were the dowager darlings of international society long before the jet set took wings, and *The Hindenburg* re-creates the glamor of the prewar era in a taut, intelligent mystery littered with false clues, hidden motives, Gestapo menace and mishaps aloft. Gig Young, Burgess Meredith, Roy Thinnes and Charles Durning lead the second string of performers who help *The Hindenburg* sail through to a grisly-spectacular climax. Here's glittering bait to lure viewers away from their tiny home screens for an evening of whale-sized adventure.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show sprang to life a couple of years ago in a small London theater as *The Rocky Horror Show*—a madcap multimedia spoof of monster movies—and became an established international hit (except for its top-heavy Broadway production, which was a resounding flop). Now the movie version brings you all the important members of the original cast in a garish and tacky cinematic cartoon that's undoubtedly very close to what author-composer-lyricist Richard O'Brien had in mind when he described it as "something any ten-year-old can enjoy." A precocious, bisexual ten-year-old, perhaps. Director and coscenarist Jim Sharman films it in free-for-all style, seldom letting simple coherence deter him from riding the crest of the show's flash flood of low-camp comedy. Author O'Brien himself plays a character named Riff Raff, the inevitable hunchback, though the star remains Tim Curry, repeating his swishy tour de force as Dr. Frank-N-Furter—a Frankenstein in rhinestone heels. Two valuable additions to the company are Barry Bostwick (of Broadway's *Grease*) and Susan Sarandon (a saucer-eyed innocent more than ready to be corrupted) as all-American dream teens.

HOT STUFF

The man who made *Emmanuelle* must be doing something right. For an encore, director Just Jaeckin chose *Story of O*, and once again the Paris critics were tough—though not tough enough to keep hordes of curious Frenchmen (but especially French women) from queuing up to see how a modern classic of erotica might be handled on the screen. Jaeckin handles it rather gingerly, all in all, yet his cool French movie version of the ever-blue best seller by the stubbornly pseudonymous authoress known as Pauline

Réage is faithful in spirit, lusciously photographed (for a sampling, see PLAYBOY's December issue) and bound to be controversial. Adapted by Sebastien Japrisot, with minimal dialog but lots of subtitled narration to lubricate its flow of eye-filling imagery, *O* introduces movie newcomer Corinne Cléry as the titular heroine whose lover (Udo Kier, who was Andy Warhol's *Dracula*) initiates her into a society of male libertines—where she is blindfolded, trussed up, felt, flogged, sodomized and gang-raped at regular intervals. "Don't close your legs—it's forbidden," she is told. She's also ordered to wear bosomless gowns with easy front and back exposure, "so you are ready for the men, whenever and however they want you." Audiences grown accustomed to hard-core grappling may be disappointed by *O's* lack of sexual explicitness. There's virtually no male nudity in the movie, though Mlle. Réage's book makes an issue of phallus worship (onscreen, in fact, Kier and Anthony Steel—as the mysterious Sir Stephen—seem sworn to bring back the zippered fuck). A more daring *Story of O* would have been better cinema, by admitting some element of risk, but Jaeckin has brought off a fashionably elegant rendering of a bizarre tale that female readers, in particular, have understood instinctively for two decades. Although branded on the buttocks by the man who has enslaved her, Cléry's *O* retains an enigmatic air of pride, awareness and self-will—and somehow conveys the



"O is blindfolded, trussed up, felt, flogged, sodomized and gang-raped at regular intervals."

thought that earth-wise, womb-centered womankind, even while relishing a submissive role, is likely to emerge a winner in the games men play.

A medley of Gilbert & Sullivan on the sound track adds a fillip of sassy humor to the wickedness under way in *The Naughty Victorians*, a hard-core comedy over-zealously touted as "the first totally erotic major motion picture." Well, it's not that important; yet there's something to be said for a sex movie impudent enough to launch a lesbian sequence

accompanied by the perky operetta strains of *Titwillow* from *The Mikado* or to credit its music to the august Sir Arthur Sullivan. There's also a real plot, adapted from the English underground classic *A Man with a Maid* and acted with greater finesse than is usual in porno films. Two performers who call themselves Beerbohm Tree and Susan Sloane make ends meet in the principal roles—he as Jack, a rake who's well into bondage, she as Alice, a cruelly ravished virgin who gets with it rather quickly and plots a feminist's revenge. What drives her, fair Alice announces, is "a keen sense of poetic justice . . . it's not so nice to be hung from a ceiling." Jack's comeuppance is hardly surprising, but the rest of *The Naughty Victorians* maintains a frolicsome air and still manages to capture some of the furtive period decadence that kept 19th Century Englishmen so horny. Director Robert S. Kinger shows a nice sense of decorum in staging his orgies as if they were planned for a Mayfair drawing room—where every ounce of quivering flesh has to be released from lacy corselets and yards of heavily embroidered satin, and where a proper young lady, already stripped naked, insists she'll keep her feathered hat on while submitting to an ungentlemanly rape.

An Australian sex farce that made its leading man a star and set off a box-office boom down under, *Jock Petersen* sustains interest partly as a progress report on youthful rebellion in a far-flung corner of the world. The jock of

the title is a young electrician (played by 35-year-old Jack Thompson, a rough blond athletic type who looks born to play surf bums) with a wife and two kids, who leaves his job to go back to college. Once there, when he isn't reading *Crime and Punishment*, he's either balling a professor's wife or, as the main event in a campus protest against "sexist laws," screwing a militant coed in a public park. From a screenplay by David Williamson (who teamed with him on Australia's first sex-film bonanza, *Alvin Purple*), producer-director Tim Burstall infuses *Jock* with some of the crude energy that animated those Angry Young Men movies from England a decade or two ago. The sex sequences, though soft, are unabashedly nude, and the film's language is uninhibited. As Jock, with simple blue-collar logic, states: "If you try your best, and you still fail, it can only mean one thing . . . you are a dumb prick." Despite its meandering story line, *Petersen* finally earns passing grades as a potent social comedy.

•
Every Inch a Lady (nice title for a skin flick) stars Darby Lloyd Rains, Harry Reems and Andrea True in an ambitious, sophisticated comedy placed at the executive level of a sexual catering outfit known as Deviations, Inc. Amid lots of early-Hollywoodish Manhattan montage and razzmatazz music, Rains plays what amounts to a Joan Crawford role as the hustling head of the firm. *Lady* is hardly ever sexy, and funny only in spurts. The writing-producing-directing team composed of brothers John and Lem Amero can boast one hard-core coup, though, in the porno debut of a phenomenon billed as Dr. Infinity, playing a character aptly named Mr. Joe Blow—whose odd autoerotic specialty is to go down on himself while enjoying anal intercourse with a cucumber. On the limited horizon of porno, that's talent.

•
 For his first 35mm color feature, *The Pleasure Masters*, San Francisco porno pioneer Alex deRenzy rejects the newfangled notion that a fuck film has any purpose beyond getting it on—and off—as frequently, and as energetically, as possible. *Pleasure Masters* consists of two unrelated sketches subtitled "Kikko" (a wife-husband-housemaid romp) and "Lil" (an old-time frontier brothel, operated by generously proportioned Enjil von Bergdorf, comes back from the past to relive one of its legendary nights). Lots of concentrated pumping action with handsome California types, performed at rodeo tempo.



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RECORDINGS

Whether it's because Larry Graham—he of the booming bass and the voice to match—is gone or simply because we're so many boogies and so many messages farther down the road, the fact is the rock cuts on *High on You* (Epic) don't catch fire. Or sound very necessary. But Sly Stone, instead of retreating, slips to the side and counters with some nice mellow tunes—*Le Lo Li*, *My World*, *That's Lovin' You*—on which he profits from a smooth *disco* beat, positive statements and some nice instrumental touches (solo violin, Hawaiian guitar, and what not) in just the right places.

Singers' singer Tony Bennett and jazz pianists' pianist Bill Evans have met, melded and, as though they've been doing it for years, produced a magical album, titled matter-of-factly *The Tony Bennett / Bill Evans Album* (Fantasy). It's just the two of them (and the engineer) as they instinctively play off each other, turning such taken-for-granted standards as *Young and Foolish*, *The Touch of Your Lips*, *We'll Be Together Again* and *Days of Wine and Roses* into what critic Whitney Balliett has so aptly called the sounds of surprise. Evans is quite remarkable in what he does behind Bennett; it's a pianistic stage whisper that's quiet but completely intelligible. A class venture from beginning to end.

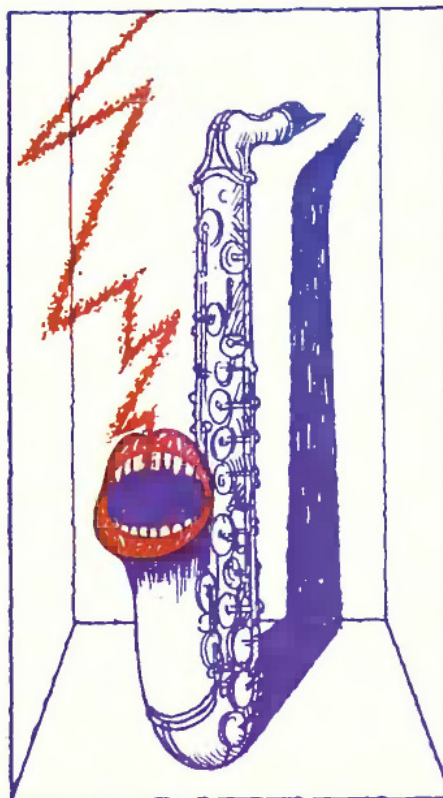
The Last Record Album (Warner Bros.), which we hope is not the last album by Little Feat, is somewhat like Chinese food. Or, rather, like Chinese food is supposed to be. We mean the music is really enjoyable. The Feat have done their homework and they combine elements of electric rock, soul, jazz and country music with ease—but they don't have a hell of a lot to say. So ten minutes after you've dug the album, you find that you can't remember any of the songs—and you're ready to give it another spin. Which, come to think of it, may have been part of the plan.

Surprised that one cut on *The Master Musicians of Jajouka* (Adelphi), recorded in a remote Moroccan village, is called *Brian Jones*? The eclecticist of The Rolling Stones visited Jajouka in 1967, searching for the African roots of rock. Pan—the awesome personification of nature, at once procreative and devouring—is still worshipped there as Bou-jeloud. Yearly, he is summoned to the Great Feast to dance the ultimate dance to the screaming reed pipes and driving drums of the hereditary Musicians (boogaloo, boogie, etc., came to America



Sly: high.

"The Last Record Album is somewhat like Chinese food. Ten minutes after you've dug it, you're ready to give it another spin."



Braxton: mysterious.

from West Africa, where the moves of Bou-jeloud are legendary). Jones recorded those gripping sounds. He used the compound syncopations to tighten up the Stones' lanky Chicago-blues line into the intensely rhythmic engine it became in the late Sixties. *Brian Jones Presents the Pipes of Pan at Jajouka* (Rolling Stones) was released posthumously on the band's label. Jones never had a chance, however, to experience the entire range of Jajouka's music, because he didn't have the stamina to handle the eight-day feast—"Such psychic weaklings has Western civilization made of so many of us," he wrote. The new album presents an exciting spectrum of the music he was too strung out to handle. One of the selections is *Brian Jones*. The words are Arabic, but they translate roughly like this: "Brian Jones, you were a psychic weakling, but we love you anyway, wherever you are." The albums are most easily available from Association Serafiya, Studio 20B, 350 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019 for \$7.95, with all proceeds going to the Musicians' school.

Back in the Sixties, there was supposed to be something controversial about Archie Shepp, perhaps because he was the first tenor player to jump into the new space created by Coltrane. His music was also supposed to be angry, perhaps because it was associated with the emerging black consciousness. If the image scared people away, they missed a lot of great music, because Shepp is a formidable tenor player. And you'll hear some formidable tenor on *There's a Trumpet in My Soul* (Arista), mostly on *Zaid Part Two*, which also features a churning, semi-electric rhythm section. Semanya McCord's title song introducing the album is a delight (we'd like to hear more of her), as is Bill Hasson's recitation of *It Is the Year of the Rabbit*. *Down in Brazil*, however, overplays the South American motif, as if Archie were trying to slide in behind Gato Barbieri.

Haitian-born pianist-composer Andrew Hill was another trail blazer of the Sixties. His delicate, complex, imagistic music sounds as great as ever on *Spiral* (Arista), as he gets assistance from two combos, with some excellent horn men—Lee Konitz, Ted Curson, Robin Kenyatta—who weren't really needed. If there were ever a pianist whose work deserved a solo album, it's Hill.

An innovator of slightly more recent vintage is Anthony Braxton, who is sort of the Paul Klee of jazz. His music is sparse and wry, with a lot of mystery and a lot of thought behind it. Braxton turned a few people upside down in 1971 with

For Alto, a four-sided Delmark album of unaccompanied sax. His new effort is *Five Pieces 1975* (Arista), on which he plays a whole bunch of instruments, from soprano saxophone to contrabass clarinet. Like Hill, Braxton is no small talent, and his music isn't for small minds.

And then you get controversial guitarist Sonny Sharrock and his wife, Linda, with their group *Paradise* (Atco). Sonny can play some pretty basic blues-rock guitar, and he does so at various times on this album. But whenever he solos, he goes into his own thing, strumming frantically as he moves note clusters up and down the frets. It sure is different. So is Linda's wordless singing. After you've heard a few cuts, strangeness turns to sameness; but it is crazy stuff. And it's well worth a listen.

There is on George Harrison's *Extra Texture* (Apple) all the good music you expect from George. But it's kind of hard to find it, since the man seems to be coming at you from an Olympian height, through veil after veil of media consciousness. The packaging—George trying as hard as he can to look goofy in the photos; printed logos in a style you'd expect to find on a neon sign plugging ranchoburgers or something like that—is totally impersonal and seemingly machine-tooled. The busy orchestrations, too, seem afflicted with an overabundance of sound, which creates not extra texture but a thick patina that, although it may



Harrison: all wrapped up.

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sell the record, prevents you from catching any glimpse whatsoever of the man behind it. Or from really hearing those nice guitar licks contributed by Jesse Ed Davis.

If you're a Gato Barbieri freak (you have lots of company, by the way), you'll want to lay your hands on *El Gato* (Flying Dutchman). The title number is a long suite composed for Barbieri by Oliver Nelson and is the only track in the album that has not been previously released. It's a killer, however, and is worth the price of the album even if the rest of the LP already resides in your collection. Nelson is one of the most exciting composer-arrangers around and *El Gato* can only add to his luster. In addition to Barbieri's tenor, there's Nelson's alto and a passel of other instruments played by an all-star cast that includes Hank Jones, Ron Carter, David Spinozza, Aírto Moreíra and Pretty Purdie. The remaining tracks are all Barbieri originals and if you're just starting to dig The Cat, we can think of no better place to begin than with this LP.

One thing jazz impresario Norman Granz has accomplished recently is to get a whole lot of guitarist Joe Pass down on vinyl. *Joe Pass at the Montreux Jazz Festival 1975* (Pablo) was recorded last July and is *Pass seulement*, weaving golden threads through an eclectic collection of classics that is interspersed with a trio of Pass originals. He starts off with Stevie Wonder's *You Are the Sunshine of My Life* and winds up with that timeless evergreen *Willow Weep for Me*. In between are the likes of Ray Noble's delicate *The Very Thought of You*, the Gershwins' beautifully structured *How Long Has This Been Going On?* and a marvelous variation on another great jazz guitarist's composition—Django Reinhardt's *Nuages*. Pass's guitar speaks softly but carries a big kick.

If there is a slicker, more choreographed and just all-round more rotten country group than the Statler Brothers, then we haven't heard it. And after their latest effort, we don't believe we ever will. Because, friends, it just isn't possible. The Statler Brothers just went out and put *The Holy Bible* (Mercury) to music on a pair of records (*Old Testament*, *New Testament*. Neat, huh?). Talk about wretched excess. So when you want to hear the *Song of Solomon* in vernacular done by a third-rate barbershop quartet, go right out and buy the records. Then pray that a wrathful God does something about these hucksters: turns them into salt, or pepper, or something.

ACTS & ENTERTAINMENTS

If you were merely lucky, you may have been one of the many who caught Bob Dylan's 1974 big-city tour with The Band, when a scruffy little speck on a far-off stage spat out his lyrics and sped away in a limousine. If you were dumbly, sublimely lucky late in 1975, you were one of the few who stumbled onto the *Rolling Thunder Revue*, a caravan of folkies and rockers and country pickers led by Dylan and Joan Baez, playing small theaters in small towns for one-night perform-

ances advertised a few days in advance by handbills. Back in 1974, we choked out, "It's him!" and listened in reverential awe. On a balmy evening this past November, in a dilapidated movie theater in downtown Waterbury, Connecticut, we whispered, "Hey, it is him—and her and all of them," then settled back with a box of popcorn, buttered, for three and a half hours of music you mostly dream about.

All of them meant the roving band of minstrels along for this extraordinary tour: Roger McGuinn, Mick Ronson, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Ronce Blakley and Bobby Neuwirth—who welcomed the audience to their "living room." It was a living-room mood; the musicians blended together too well, too tightly to be just jamming, too loosely to be a formal concert. Each took his turn in the spotlight for a couple of numbers as the theater filled with a warm cloud of marijuana smoke thick enough to bring on a mass case of the munchies. Dylan stayed offstage for about 40 minutes until, to the chords of *Masterpiece*, out he strolled, in vest and feathered sombrero and flowing scarf. The crowd of 3500 went nuts, of course, as a lithe, clean-shaven figure in the center of the stage swayed and stomped through an electric *It Ain't Me, Babe* and *A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall*, bounced up and down to a blistering *Isis*, his voice clear and young and full. It was as if an American myth had decided to hell with all the brooding—Dylan smiles! Dylan waves! Dylan boogies all over the damn place!

After intermission, the lights dimmed and, as the curtain slowly, slowly lifted,



"If you were dumbly, sublimely lucky late in 1975, you stumbled onto the Rolling Thunder Revue, led by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez."

two familiar voices from the Sixties floated out: Dylan and Baez, her arm draped around his shoulder, singing *Blowin' in the Wind* into a single microphone. With guitar and mouth organ, they did a few more and there were shouted requests from the audience: "Rolling Stone!" "Tam-bourine!" "Watchtower!" At which point a grating voice from the balcony barked "Shaddap!" Baez looked up, grinned and said, "You must have driven up from New York, right?"

In fact, there appeared to be a few New York City slickers here and there in the crowd, looking tense and wired and ready to default, but most were laid-back locals from villages and farms out of commuting distance from Manhattan. Which is what the tour was supposed to be all about. After a final duet, *I Shall Be Released*, Dylan ambled offstage with a kiss for Baez, leaving her to do a half-hour set of her own and to do a lunatic cross between the monkey and the hustle when McGuinn and the band came on with a couple of heavy rockers, including *Eight Miles High*. Yeah, it was that kind of night. There was yet more Dylan—alone, on a stool, for *Simple Twist of Fate*, then with backup for his new protest song, *Hurricane*: a plaintive ballad to his wife, Sara; the entire caravan joining in for *Just like a Woman*; the momentum building with *Knockin' on Heaven's Door* and a final, rousing sing-along, 3500 strong, for *This Land Is Your Land*, with the tour's spiritual advisor, Allen Ginsberg, spotted stage left ecstatically clicking a pair of finger cymbals and the old organ pipes on the walls of the theater fairly creaking.

Now and then, even people who aren't rabid nostalgics will get together to swap fantasies and memories, to wonder if there was ever a time and a place where all the Good Stuff out of the Sixties converged. There was a lot of mud and traffic at Woodstock, Altamont got a little rough and the Magical Mystery Tour never did come off. So for a few small-town folks, some rolling thunder on a balmy November evening may have come just about as close as it's going to get.



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TELEVISION

The two-hour premiere performance of Irwin Shaw's novel *Rich Man, Poor Man* (three excerpts of which were published in *PLAYBOY* in 1970) opens the ABC-TV series of "Novels for Television" in early February (check local program guides for precise date and time slot). After *Rich Man, Poor Man* has run its course in subsequent weekly episodes, ABC promises serializations of John Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*, James Michener's *Hawaii* and Alex Haley's *Roots*. Ambitious stuff. And the Shaw book makes an appropriate kickoff program. Directed by David Greene from Dean Reisner's carefully wrought screenplay (Reisner may be a shade too conscientious about setting forth a psychological fever chart for each character in turn, as if he had studied dramaturgy by watching *Playhouse 90* way back when), *Rich Man* begins with a display of fireworks on V-E Day in May 1945 and instantly worms its way into the bosom of a German-American family whose dreams, failures and frustrations seem destined to prove habit-forming for every big-city striver and small-town householder this side of *Peyton Place*. What's inside the expensive packaging—all meticulous period color, with *Wake Island* at the local movie palace and everyone whistling *Stardust*—is soap opera, more or less. But at least it's intelligent, blue-ribbon soap opera, performed by a kaleidoscopic celebrity cast that will include—sooner or later—Steve Allen, Bill Bixby, Gloria Grahame, Kim Darby, Lynda Day George, Talia Shire, George Maharis, Dorothy McGuire and Ray Milland. In pivotal stellar roles, Peter Strauss, who filled the title role in *Soldier Blue*, opposite Candice Bergen, and Nick Nolte, late of *Return to Macon County*, ring absolutely true as the Jordache brothers, Rudy and Tom, a pair of all-American boys whose immigrant father (Ed Asner) speaks with a heavy Teutonic accent and is dubbed "the Führer" by his sons. Susan Blakely, a former top model whose acting career (from *Lords of Flatbush* to *The Towering Inferno*) has got off to a fast start and keeps accelerating, plays Julie Prescott as if she knows that the girl next door really wants to grow up to be a vaguely disreputable lady, smothered in mink. Compared with the frigid moral climate of TV a few short years ago, there's a relatively liberated air about *Rich Man, Poor Man*. By the end of the initial episode, Rudy is headed for college (instead of staying home to help Dad run the family bakery), Tom leaves town in disgrace (rightly suspected of voyeurism and vandalism) and Julie manages to lose her virginity (passing up a black Army veteran and the Jordache boys for a fling with a wealthy factory

"*Rich Man, Poor Man* is soap opera, more or less. But it's intelligent, blue-ribbon soap opera."



Class acts: a serialized novel . . .
. . . and a superlative history lesson.



owner, nicely played by Robert Reed) before catching a bus to New York, Broadway bound with her head full of praise for a pretty fair performance in *As You Like It* at school. Together and singly, despite the script's occasional lapses into mediocrity, these three generate enough sex appeal and charisma to leave a viewer itching with curiosity about the next chapter of their lives in tumultuous postwar America.

As sheer entertainment, pioneer America cannot quite match the scathing brilliance of Tudor England—namely, Glenda Jackson's abrasive Elizabeth I or Keith Michell's bawdy, full-bodied television portrayal of Henry VIII. Nevertheless, *The Adams Chronicles 1750-1900* offers an eloquent answer to those imported historical specials from the mother

country. Produced for noncommercial public television by New York's WNET/13 and financed by foundation grants of more than \$5,000,000, the 13-week series of hourlong dramas will premiere on Public Broadcasting Service outlets Tuesday, January 20 (check local program guides for broadcast information). The series, which exceeded its budget by a staggering \$1,500,000, inadvertently caused the demise of two WNET public-affairs shows, *Behind the Lines* and *Round Table*. But if the first four episodes are a fair sampling, the *Adams* series should turn out to be one of the more rewarding, festive and informative media events of this Bicentennial year. It's a superlative history lesson, above all, with painstaking authenticity—period spectacles and corsetry, quill pens, Hepplewhite and Chippendale furniture, 3000 costumes (20 changes for John Adams in the first episode alone) and hairstyles created with nonelectrified curling irons—given priority over star power. A host of fine Broadway and television performers lend straightforward conviction to the 150-year saga of a family whose public and private deeds, said John F. Kennedy, run "like a scarlet thread of moral courage and strength of character through the whole fabric of American history." The scarlet passages are pretty bland, except for a sequence in which one of John's colleagues makes a perfunctory pass at Abigail Adams, or another scene in which Adams and Benjamin Franklin (Robert Symonds) debate the risks of sexual impotence from sleeping in a closed room. "The organ of generation cannot be expected to rise," says Ben, "while the window is lowered." George Grizzard plays John Adams in the first nine episodes, covering pre-Revolutionary America through his own Presidency and that of his son, John Quincy Adams (played at various ages by William Daniels and two younger actors). Two actresses (Kathryn Walker and Leora Dana) portray John's beloved Abigail, young and old, as one durable link in a chain of births, deaths, courtships, partings and warm reunions that works as counterpoint to a concise history of the U. S. before 1900. As the series ends, Henry Adams has become a noted historian and his brother Charles Francis II loses control of the Union Pacific Railroad to Jay Gould. Created chapter by chapter (mostly from 300,000 pages of Adams family letters and diaries) by five directors and nine writers, *Adams Chronicles* is a surprisingly consistent, engrossing tribute to America during its relatively unblemished youth: a timely antidote for today's raging cynicism about the institutions our forefathers built.



SELECTED SHORTS

OIL: THE FINAL SOLUTION

By Robert Sherrill

THE UNITED STATES Government has only two choices:

It can decide that the American people must settle for a permanent economic recession and an accelerated deterioration of lifestyle, culture and spirit.

Or it can seize Saudi Arabia, which possesses the world's richest oil reserves (165 billion barrels), and annex it as its energy colony.

Don't laugh. The Pentagon has a contingency plan for doing exactly that. And it is being discussed seriously and openly by energy, economic and Middle East experts both in and out of the Government.

And why not? It isn't just a good idea; it is an absolute necessity if the United States and the rest of the non-Arab world want to regain control of their own lives. The Middle East has only ten percent of the world's population but 57 percent of its proved oil reserves. God goofed. The mistake should be corrected.

Only force will do it (no Arab has ever been known to give up an oil well out of kindness) and only the United States has the force to get by with it. Seizing Saudi Arabia would be no

problem, but persuading Russia not to butt in would be a different matter.

Some bone would probably have to be thrown to the Russians to keep them quiet. Let the bone be Iran, the second-largest producer in the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC). Inasmuch as Iran borders Russia, we might be wise not to penetrate that deeply anyway. And besides, it would be delightful to see the Russians move in and crush Iran's dictator, Shahanshah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, a militaristic megalomaniac, whom we put in power via a CIA coup in 1953 and who has shown his gratitude by trying to ruin us; recently, he demanded that OPEC prices be raised 30 percent, which, if it had been agreed to by the other OPEC nations, would have brought

the industrial world to its knees. Let the Russian K.G.B. have him.

Restricting our coup to only one Middle East kingdom would demonstrate to the world our pre-eminent fairness, aside from the fact that Saudi Arabia is all we need. Its annexation alone would end our worries. At the present rate of Saudi production and at the present rate of U. S. consumption, we could shut down more than half our domestic wells and hold them in reserve for the next 30 years.

But the most effective immediate use of the Saudi oil would be to place a heavy percentage of it on the world market at, say, 50 cents a barrel (it's now selling for nearly \$13 a barrel) until the other OPEC nations were forced to capitulate to any and all U. S. demands. Either that or go broke from lack of customers.

They would, in effect, become marketing adjuncts of our Saudi Arabia (after the coup it would be known as the United States of Saudi Arabia, or U.S.S.A.).

more than the total U. S. investments overseas. It is also far more than the Arabs need to destroy our banking system, our stock market, our monetary system—and us.

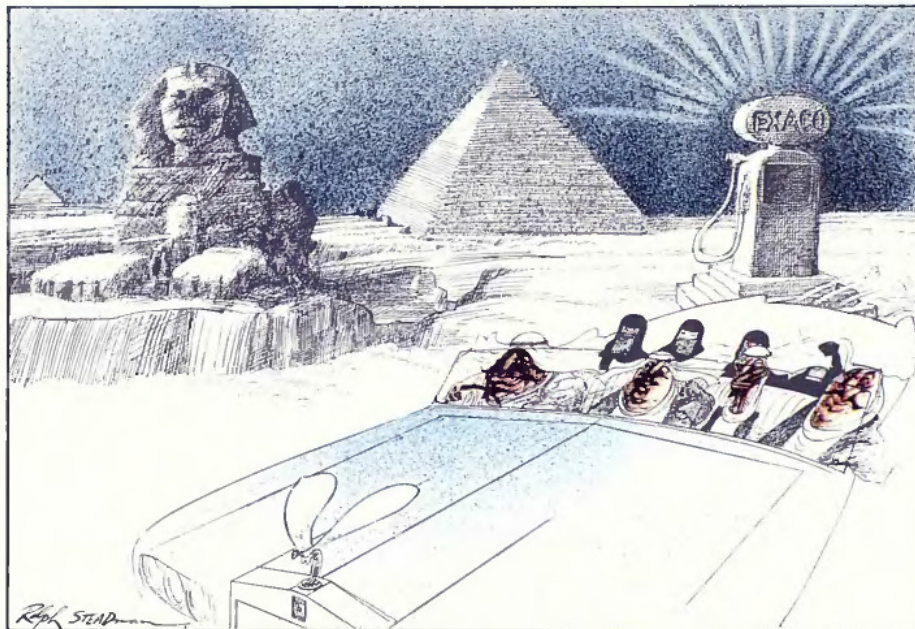
If the sheiks haven't got around to thinking about that yet, it may be because they have been having so much fun blowing some of their loot on golden toilet bowls, Cadillacs and personal jets.

They have rushed around buying munitions factories in Germany, hotels and office buildings in London, office buildings in Atlanta, islands off the coast of South Carolina. They have tried to buy Lockheed and IBM. With wealth accumulated by market blackmail, in five years they want to absorb industries that the Western world spent generations building up. Like the Vandals sacking Rome, the Arab new rich are on the prowl. And for a hobby, they subsidize the maraudings of Yasir Arafat, the Palestinian thug whose specialty is shooting unarmed civilians.

Little of the wealth is trickling down to the ordinary people of the Mideast. In Saudi Arabia, while a few hundred princes were pocketing 28 billion dollars last year, laborers were being paid \$15 a week—\$780 a year. If, after we take over, we give each of the 8,000,000 residents of Saudi Arabia 40 acres of sand, a camel and \$2000 a year, it will cost us only 16 billion dollars and they'll love us.

The people who live in the undeveloped countries of Africa and Asia will also love us—for driving oil prices down. Whatever good our past foreign aid has done them is now being erased by arrogant creeps like Ahmed Zaki al-Yamani, the oil minister of Saudi Arabia. OPEC's prices are literally murdering by starvation thousands of people in the undeveloped nations. They've had to pay the same prices we pay, and they simply can't. Places like Pakistan (annual per-capita income: \$100) have been priced out; instead of oil, they're back to cow dung—when they can find it.

After the coup will come the war-crimes trials, and the traditional penalties of Saudi Arabia should be preserved: beheading for murder, chopping off hands for theft. Probably no sheik will escape one



The negative effects of this move would strike only at the ruling class—at the sheiks and emirs, who are as arrogant and brutal a crowd as the world has seen since the Nuremberg trials.

Last year, the OPEC rulers had a surplus income of 50 billion dollars—accomplished by their raising oil prices from \$1.80 a barrel in 1970 to \$12.85 in 1975.

For them to have that kind of money is about like letting George Wallace have an A-bomb to play with. In an unpublished study, the World Bank has predicted that by 1985 the Arab oil-producing gang might have more than a trillion dollars—one thousand billion dollars—invested in the industrial world, which is 100 times the value of all the gold held by the U. S. Government and ten times

slice or the other. Also to be tried will be their collaborators, the executives of the Arabian-American Oil Company—Exxon, Standard of California, Texaco and Mobil. Their penalty will be lifetime servitude, cleaning up all the filthy piss-flooded restrooms in their service stations. As for the U. S. arms merchants, who have supplied the Mideast sheiks with ten billion dollars in weapons since 1973, they will be staked out naked on the Arabian sands with only aircraft fuel to drink.

One need not strain to see the sheiks as the enemy. They do not try to hide their hatred for civilized man. Recently, Yamani said that whether or not oil prices are raised again would depend on whether or not we pass his inspection: "We're waiting to see how the industrialized countries behave." He added: "To ruin the consumer countries, we only have to reduce our production."

And he's right. Our economy, our foreign policy, our future is shaped not in Washington but in Jidda.

The U. S. coup will change all that. Finally, we will be back to wars with a purpose. If we can throw away 50,000 lives trying to make the rice paddies safe for Thieu and Ky, surely we can fight a perfectly safe war to save our pocketbooks.

It costs about 16 cents to produce a barrel of oil (about one third of a penny per gallon) in the Middle East and between \$1.50 and \$2 to transport each barrel to the United States. There are 42 gallons in a barrel, so that comes to, at most, five cents a gallon delivered on these shores. Throw in seven cents for rail and truck transportation costs and three cents for refinery costs (the American Petroleum Institute's own figures) and six cents for filling-station costs, and you've got gasoline for 21 cents a gallon. Throw in 12 cents for tax, and you have gas for 33 cents.

Thirty-three-cent gas again? There's a lifetime supply of it, yours for the taking, in the good old U.S.S.A.



on their asses and drop the ball the way they do, to put the people back inside a bit, to maybe dampen the madness that has kept the word bizarre on the front pages of the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* as if the reporters around here didn't have any other adjectives.

Squeaky What's-it started it by pointing a .45 at the dim-witted old lineman from the University of Michigan who picked up Nixon's spectacular fumble and is still juking around with it, trying to find the handle. Then, two weeks later, Sara Jane What's-her-name actually squeezed one off in front of the St. Francis Hotel. Ford looked up from behind his limousine as if it were the end of the first half a little sooner than he expected. The Secret Servicemen jerked around as if California were the home of the 30-minute game.


But pretty Patty was still most of the news. They grabbed her in the Mission District, traditionally the Mexican part of town, only 15 miles or so from the rich peninsula suburb, Hillsborough, where she had grown up. Fifteen miles, if you measure by the freeway. By any other measure, the two are separated by just over one light-year. Measured by the speed of Hearst karma, it took two generations for her grandfather's power-sick and evil doings to overtake the family in ways it couldn't handle.

You *can* go home after ten years, but it'll beat you. Most of my friends around here are pushing 35 and have had their divorces by now, like me, or else they're working on them. A lot of my oldest friends went to Bay Area Jesuit schools with me, where those black priests taught us the \$3.50 words for everything. I've been trying to make change for ten years.

One of my friends teaches at the private girls' school where Patty was a student; another is a public defender in San Francisco; and another just sold his small computer business to Xerox.

Another Jesuit kid, mystical Jerry Brown, is governor now, but not like his father was and especially not like his predecessor, Ronald Reagan. He lives alone, like a priest, in a Sacramento apartment house, won't go near the gross new mansion they built for him, works long hours, won't give speeches or interviews and says that being governor is a pain in the ass. He isn't making any of the usual political friends and he doesn't seem to want them. One of the disenchanted liberals who helped elect him called him a Zen fascist the other day and the governor told him that, as usual, he was half right. The Jesuits taught us that if you're half right, you're all wrong.

And Warren Hinckle, who went to the University of San Francisco, the same Jesuit college I stumbled through, has himself another magazine. He used to edit *Ramparts*, then *Scanlan's*. His new magazine is called *City* and it's owned by another local character, Francis Ford Coppola. It's lively as hell and a couple of issues ago he published the prison love letters of Angela Davis to George Jackson. He took a lot of shit for it, because they were hot, deep, touching, secret letters: "I'm totally intoxicated, overflowing with you and wanting you more than ever before. An hour and a half since the last embrace, you're in your cell, I'm in mine and all this shit is again between us, but I feel you in me, on me, all over me. . . ." Of all the thousands of words of bullshit and murder rhetoric I have read since I've been back, hers were the only ones that cut toward the tiny center of all madness, in this place and all the places I have been while I was away.

Brodie has retired as 49er quarterback and is the sports commentator for a local TV news show. A couple of days ago, on his newscast, there were reports that a man in a *dashiki* had run berserk down Lake Street, slashing an old woman and a dog with a sword, that Patty was on the verge of suicide, that Sara Jane had been put into a cell across from her at the San Mateo County Jail—and then a political commercial came on and a man who is running for D.A. announced that San Francisco has the highest crime rate in the nation. He said the way to change it was to elect him. Somehow, it didn't make me want to vote for him, because although I know that Brodie was talking about the violence in football when he said the words at the beginning of this essay, and although I was taught by the Jesuits that analogies between life and football are simple-minded, I'm thinking they were only about half right. 

HOME AGAIN

By Craig Vetter

The game would lose a bit if we were playing two-hands-below-the-waist. —JOHN BRODIE

COMING HOME to the San Francisco Bay Area, fall of 1975, football season, after ten years away, remembering that fall weather is the best of the year in this place. The hills are still dry-tan, waiting for the rain to put some green back into things, to give the 49ers an excuse to fall

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



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Shortly, I will be leaving for a vacation in the Caribbean. I plan to visit a "suits optional" beach: I hope to repeat the nice experiences I had last summer at California's liberated shores. (I was very impressed by the friendly nature of everyone I saw. There was no pecking or gawking—just eye contact.) I do have one question, though: Are the women who utilize nude beaches enlightened enough to know that many males retract a great deal from the stimulation of cold water and air, not to mention anxiety? I wouldn't want to be judged as inadequate in the flaccid state because someone wasn't aware of a basic biological response.—W. C., Santa Ana, California.

The women who frequent nude beaches are probably more enlightened than the men who frequent the same beaches. They aren't hung up on locker-room definitions of adequacy: They know from firsthand experience that while flaccid penises vary greatly in size, there is only about a 20 percent difference in size of fully erect members (cf. the Masters and Johnson finding that the smaller they come, the larger they grow, and vice versa). So stop worrying: We heard of one fellow who was driven to absurd lengths to make certain that women knew what he had to offer: A tattoo high on the inside of his thigh proclaimed, THIS IMAGE ONE QUARTER LIFE SIZE. Beneath that, in fine print, was the statement "If you are close enough to read this, the above is no longer true."

While perusing an underground paper, I came across an ad for a massage parlor that offered the "ultimate erotic trip around the world." Unless I'm mistaken, that's a double-entendre for something very sexy. Am I right? If so, how do I perform the trick at home?—Miss C. B., Kansas City, Kansas.

Actually, it's a single-entendre in the tuck position with a half twist: Around the world is a slang term for a sexual technique that involves fellatio and anilingus (or cunnilingus and anilingus) but also includes short stops and layovers at other parts of the body. To take this trip, begin a tongue massage around your partner's eyes, ears, throat and chin, move across the collarbone to the region of his breasts (yes, they are sensitive, too). A few licks, and then on to the midriff, the sides of the body and on around to the back (neck, shoulders, sacral dimples, buttocks, etc.). Then it's time for a slight respite at the back door of the dangling diner (unlike cunnilingus, anilingus is better brief—a fleeting hit-and-run thrill, as opposed to diligent attack). Continue down the back of the legs



to the arches and toes of the feet, then slowly work up the inside of the thighs. Stay in a holding pattern over the genitals until you reach your destination. Then switch roles. One of our friends, who is particularly fond of this form of tongue-lashing, points out that it's better after a bath. (He also says that his cat is totally fascinated by his and his girlfriend's odd habit of immersing themselves in water before going to bed. The cat does not recognize that activity as a bath. What they do in bed, the cat recognizes as a bath.)

Old tapes don't die—they just fade away or become senile and slightly incoherent. All too often, when I play one of my favorites, I can hear fragments of other songs on the tape (i.e., a preview of a later passage on the same track) or a backward version of a number from the other side of the tape. Why does this happen? I've ruled out poor-quality tape—I no longer buy the cheapo *Mission: Impossible* brand of self-destructing tape. Also, I don't think a defect in my recorder is to blame, since it happens on both my cassette and my reel-to-reel machines. What can I do to preserve my tapes and my sanity?—L. R., Glastonbury, Connecticut.

The phenomenon you describe is known as tape print-through—the magnetic pattern on one part of the tape is picked up by adjacent layers. Print-through is more likely to occur on thin

tape (yet another reason to avoid skinny 3600-foot open reels and 120-minute cassettes), but it may happen with normal tape if you leave it rewound or cued in a fast-forward position. High-speed transport mechanisms tend to wind tape tighter than normal playback: The closer the layers of tape and the longer they remain in that state, the greater the chance of print-through. Rewind your tapes before, not after, playing.

I have been living with my girlfriend since we met in college—almost seven years ago. The other night, she remarked that if we didn't watch out, one of these days we'd wake up and find ourselves in a common-law marriage. Imagine my surprise. What are the requirements for a common-law marriage?—N. B., Aspen, Colorado.

The seven-year hitch has no basis in fact—perhaps it's a mix-up with the statute of limitations; i.e., cohabitation is a crime for which you cannot be brought to a trial marriage after seven years. Thirteen states (Alabama, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Texas) recognize common-law marriages. None of them sets a time limit, nor do they accept just sharing an apartment or a motel room as proof of the bond. Partners must declare their intent to live together as man and wife; that's all there is to it, but it's more than enough. If you then move to another state, your marriage will be considered valid, and if you decide to break up, you must go through an official divorce. So relax: Your girlfriend may have been dropping a hint that she wants to make better use of the rice—after seven years, we assume you know each other well enough to talk about it. For more information, pick up "Sex, Living Together and the Law," by Carmen Massey and Ralph Warner, or "The Cohabitation Handbook," by Morgan D. King—both are excellent legal guides for those living in sin and loving every year of it.

Having enjoyed extra-dry martinis for many years, I've become acquainted with a variety of gins. I particularly like London Distilled Dry Gin, even though I don't really know what the term means. The other night, I ran into something called Pot Stilled London Dry Gin. What is the difference between distilled and pot stillled? I have the impression that pot stillled is a short-cut method.—J. R., Boston, Massachusetts.

Take six of one and a half dozen of the other and you won't be able to tell

Vivitar takes the mumbo-jumbo out of electronic flash.



(mumbo-jumbo)



(flash-flash)

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the difference. (You won't be able to move, either.) A pot still is a simple apparatus that distills a fixed amount of neutral spirit (feeding the vapors through the juniper berries and other botanicals that give gin its unique flavor). Pot stilling is not a short-cut method, nor is its product that of a counterculture bootlegger who filters alcohol through marijuana leaves. Most English dry gin, cognac and many fine Scotch whiskies are pot stillled—primarily because the method offers greater control.

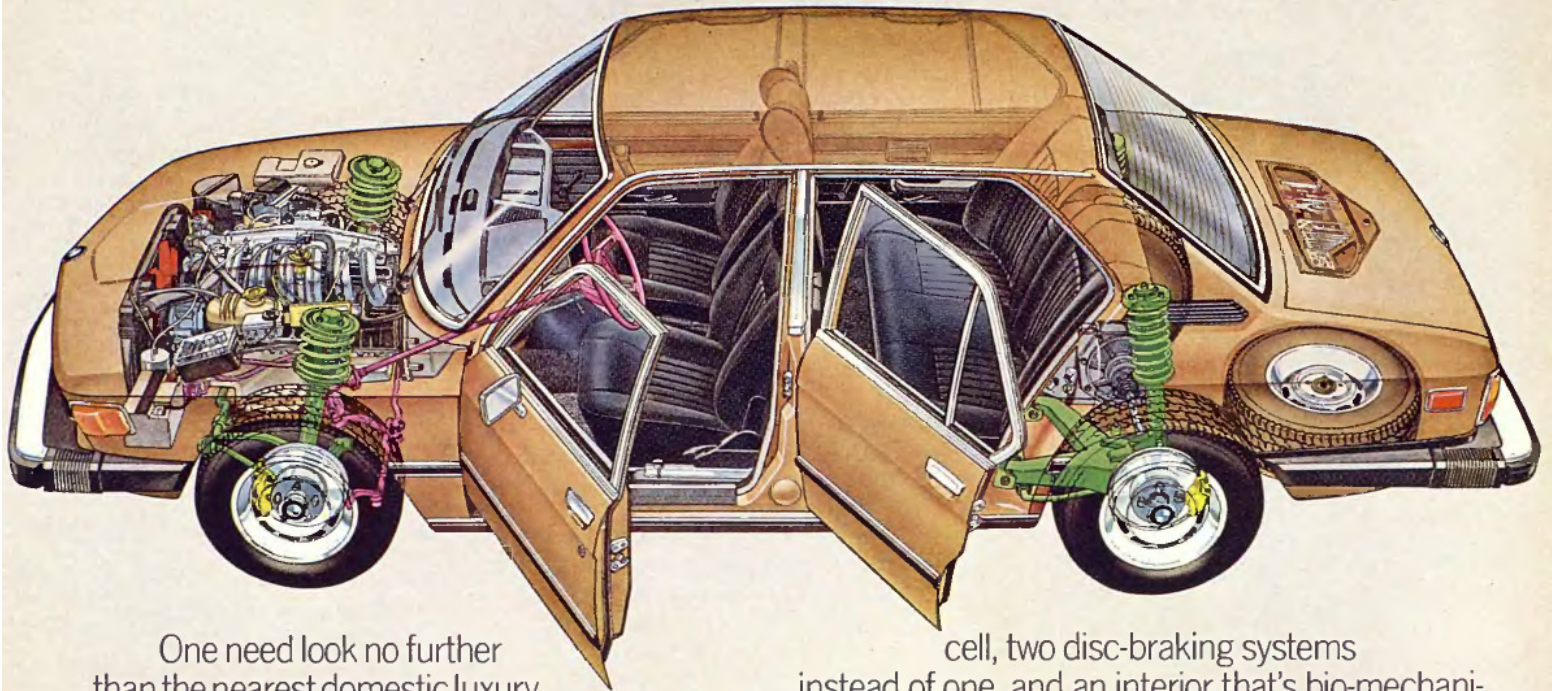
For about the third time in a month, I've fallen madly in love. But this time it's different. Usually, I can gauge my true affections by how weak my knees get when I meet a girl, but this time I got that feeling in both my knees and my elbows. So what's my problem? I'm wondering just why one gets weak in the knees. Is this normal? Am I a freak if I get the same feeling in the elbows?—T. P., Atlanta, Georgia.

Relax. Your response is normal. As for a medical explanation of the phenomenon, the American Medical Association says that there is none (i.e., this is not the kind of symptom that you'd pay a doctor to treat). Any acute emotional experience, such as surprise, anger, orgasm, etc., can result in a general loss of muscle control—weakness in the knees would be one symptom of this loss of control. Other manifestations include increased heart rate or uncontrollable trembling. Researchers are familiar with stories of young men who, about to make love for the first time, become extremely nervous, stutter and often spill things. Weak knees really aren't a problem. All that blood is just going to a joint where it'll do more good.

All right: The Playboy Advisor recently cleared up one problem—the background noises on long-distance telephone calls do not indicate that your phone is being tapped. But what does cause them? I've heard that a little old man who used to do sound effects for radio serials sits in a giant building in Reykjavik, Iceland, breaking glass, pulling the tails of cats, galloping coconut shells, humming the dial tone, reading Rod McKuen poems—all to give the impression that the system isn't perfect yet, that Ma Bell has a lot of work to do, that she doesn't just haul money to the bank. True?—W. B., Los Angeles, California.

According to the engineers at A.T.&T., there is a reason for every noise. Also, those noises are often cumulative and can be picked up anywhere between you and the caller. When telephone cables are laid, they are properly grounded and insulated. If the insulation deteriorates, the exposed wires become an antenna that can

The BMW 530i. An engineer's conception of a luxury car, not an interior decorator's.



One need look no further than the nearest domestic luxury sedan to find ample evidence of a styling department run rampant.

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pick up signals from adjacent lines or pick up extraneous noise from a high-voltage source (the result can be a droning sound). General static is heightened if the signal goes through a rainstorm. Voice amplifiers are used to transmit the signal for long distances. A rain-barrel effect—when the party you're calling sounds like he's talking in a cave—can be attributed to an amplifier that's about to fail. When it finally goes, you will hear a squeal similar to feedback. Clipped phrases may be caused by a malfunctioning echo suppressor—the device that cuts down reverberation on calls that travel over 1850 miles. The problem is most noticeable when two people talk at once (the suppressor works for only one speaker at a time). For a monopoly, the telephone company actually takes pretty good care of its equipment and its customers: If you encounter a problem during a call, hang up and have the operator refund your money.

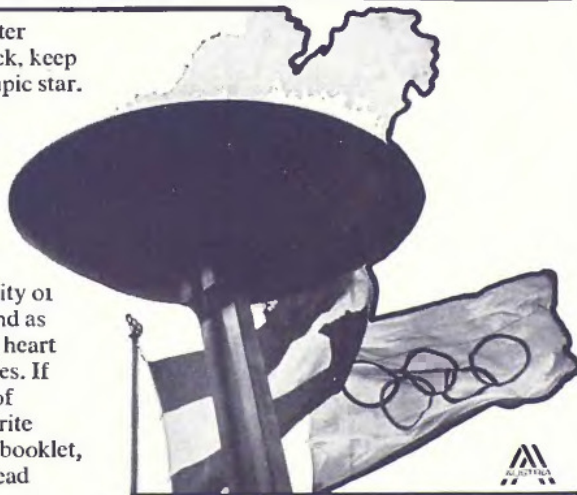
Several weeks ago, I took a charter flight from Frankfurt, Germany, to Dallas. About two hours into the flight, the captain announced that an engine had conked out and that we'd have to turn back to Frankfurt. By the time we arrived, it was one o'clock in the morning and, after spending two or three hours in the lobby of the airport hotel, we were told that the plane would not be fixed until nine A.M. Meantime, we could sack out on the lobby benches. Naturally, I was outraged, but the airline authorities told us that charter flights do not entitle us to hotel accommodations in the event of delays. Is this true?—E. H., Dallas, Texas.

According to the Civil Aeronautics Board, a ruling called the Amenities Tariff requires airlines to provide lodgings for passengers of regular flights in the circumstances you describe. It does not apply to most charter flights. (The lower fares make it economically unfeasible.) Consider your priorities before you take another trip: You can pay more for cocktails, in-flight movies and emergency-lodging insurance, but safety is the one amenity you should expect from a carrier. You made it home, and that's what counts.

What are the chances of my girlfriend's getting pregnant if she forgets to take her birth-control pill one evening?—E. T., Las Vegas, Nevada.

That's not something that Jimmy the Greek gives odds on, but here goes: The risk of pregnancy depends primarily on the type of birth-control pill being used at the time. If your girlfriend takes a combination of estrogen and progesterin, the chances of pregnancy are slight (especially if she has been taking the pill for more than three months). The progesterin creates an inhospitable

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JH

environment in the uterus, so that should ovulation occur because of a missed pill, the egg will be unable to develop. If she takes a "mini" pill (with a smaller dose of progestogen and no estrogen), the chance of ovulation and pregnancy is almost ten times as great. (If one to five pills are missed, the pregnancy rate rises to 7.2 percent.) So if she forgets the pill one evening, she should take it the next morning, and then take that day's pill that night at the regular time. Then keep your fingers crossed, if not her legs.

Can you give me your opinion on a very troubling matter? For the past three months, I have dated one man exclusively. Every time we see each other, we make love. During that time, I have not been able to attain an orgasm, in spite of the fact that he claims to have tried everything. The only solution to this problem—to his way of thinking—is to include another girl in our sessions. I find this ridiculous. I have been very orgasmic with other men. I believe that he is not being patient enough. He, in turn, charges that I am the first woman he has not been able to satisfy and that he does not see why I should be different from others. (By the way, he has not included a third party in his previous relationships.) How do we resolve this impasse?—Miss A. R., Providence, Rhode Island.

Your partner has come up with a rather novel excuse for experimenting with a third party (necessity is the pimp of invention or the mother of deviation), but we doubt that a ménage à trois would be the answer to your problem. While a triangle might show him by direct comparison that all women are different, it might also double his failure rather than his fun. Since you are more familiar with your response than he is, do what you can to increase your pleasure. Patience is not something that can be measured or corrected with a stop watch: By making orgasm the goal of your lovemaking, you may have changed the event into an endurance contest with no winners. Love for the moment, not the finish. Sex is a mystery, but when it works, it reminds us of what Raymond Chandler said: The ideal mystery is one you would read if the end was missing.

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

TEACHING WOMEN TO MASTURBATE

The letter titled "Masturbators' Manual" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) states that a clinic in Manhattan taught women how to masturbate, "prompting a cynical friend to claim that here at least was definite proof of a difference in intelligence between the sexes." May I remind whoever wrote this that female genitalia are a trifle more complex than a simple dick and balls? Without going into an elaborate exposition on the historical taboos against women's masturbating, I would like to point out that intelligence is *not* at issue—education *is*. If you have never experienced an orgasm—a condition few men can understand—you have no hard information with which to work toward your goal. I'm sure the Manhattan clinic was for women who needed to become more aware of their own bodies.

The writer attributed his quote to "a cynical friend." A cynic myself, I think anyone "intelligent" enough to list all those nifty new ways to masturbate would surely attribute his own statement to a friend in order to keep women like me from getting bent out of shape. Here's a new one for his list: Stick it in your ear!

Mrs. Linda Eastham
Charleston, West Virginia

FIRST ORGASM

In the October *Playboy Forum*, a woman states that she had been able to have her first orgasm, at the age of 46, after reading a letter titled "First Orgasm," which you published in October 1972. Could you please, please reprint this letter? If it could do that much for her, maybe it can help me, too.

(Name withheld by request)
Pueblo, Colorado

Many readers have asked us to reprint the letter. Here it is:

It is a winter morning; sunlight is streaming through the windows of our two-story bungalow. My husband is at work, my two-year-old baby is taking his morning nap and my other children are in school. No one will disturb me. I go up to the bathroom, undress and step into the tub.

My body has been in lifelong bondage to sex-phobic religious thinking imposed on me in childhood. The pious celibates who taught me in school trained me to fear my feelings, to mentally anesthetize myself. Now, following the advice of a book I've just read, I am about to rediscover my body. Taking the spray I

usually use to wash my hair, I train a stream of warm water on my clitoris.

Instantly I begin to feel a pleasurable sensation. I try to relax, but my heart is pounding wildly. Only in dreams have I ever felt so erotic. Often I have awakened from a sexual dream with this feeling, but when I became fully conscious, my moralistic intellect took over and shut off the feeling instantly. Now waves of pleasure are flooding my entire body, my breathing is deep and heavy, little beads of sweat stand out on my forehead and my heart is pounding. Then comes the ultimate explosion of sensation. I gasp as my vagina moves and pulsates. I am having my first orgasm, naked and alone in my tub.

I huddle afterward, shivering and weeping for a long time. So this is what I have been missing all these years! So this is what orgasm feels like! What tremendous pleasure! What relief of all tensions! Why, why, I ask myself, should any human being avoid this experience for a whole lifetime?

There's more to this story. What followed was a time of determined self-education. After I had discovered the mystery and understood the response, I spent the next year talking to people who were close to me and were willing to discuss the details of their private lives. I went for professional counseling to a gynecologist knowledgeable about sexual response. I continued to use the warm spray and bought a vibrator, which also helped me develop my responsiveness. Fourteen months after that first orgasm, I was able to reach climax during intercourse with my truly understanding and patient husband. It was a moment of great joy and fulfillment. I felt securely feminine, erotic and loved. Our whole life together has improved tremendously, now that our sexual experiences are pleasurable for both of us.

I had much shame, guilt, fear and negative conditioning to overcome, but it has been worth it. I hope other repressed and frigid women will be motivated by my story to achieve the same beautiful goal.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

RETURN OF THE WHAM-BAM MAN

The nice thing about sex these days is that there are no rules. Time was when a man who couldn't last at least ten minutes after he got inside a woman

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considered himself a disgrace. Men have even been known to use ointment to anesthetize their penises so they wouldn't come too quickly. Imagine that—depriving yourself of pleasure for the sake of pleasure.

What's changed? First of all, we put a higher value on spontaneity. A woman doesn't like to think her man is mentally reciting the multiplication tables while he labors at love. She likes to think he is enjoying himself. And if he goes at her like a pile driver and comes in two minutes, why, there's a good chance that a genuine display of sexual frenzy and energy will bring on her orgasm sooner. Also, we know more and have a more relaxed feeling about sex. If a guy comes quickly the first time he mounts a woman, he knows there's always a chance for a second round, during which physiology guarantees that it will take him a lot longer to get off. And meanwhile, he can pleasure his lady in many ways while building up to that second session of congress.

Another obsolescent anxiety bites the dust.

Harry Weiss
Cleveland, Ohio

HEARTBURN FOR PROSECUTOR

An antipornography drive in Camden County, New Jersey, has failed ignominiously, with the three cases brought so far by county prosecutors ending in freedom for the defendants. One jury found a night-club manager and dancers not guilty of violating New Jersey's lewdness law. Another case collapsed when a theater owner agreed to withdraw allegedly obscene films. In the latest case, a jury decided that one of several thousand films seized at an adult bookstore did not violate community standards.

The reaction of the county prosecutor's office, as reported in *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, was interesting:

"I don't know what we're doing wrong, but we're not going to give up," said John McFeeley, an assistant prosecutor, after yesterday's defeat.

McFeeley heads the prosecutor's "TUMS" squad (that's smut spelled backward) and has been in the forefront of efforts to halt the distribution and sale of allegedly pornographic material throughout the county.

"I don't know what community standard [the jury] applied to the case, but I wouldn't want to live in that community," McFeeley said after yesterday's acquittals.

Another paper quoted McFeeley as saying, "We will not stop enforcing the law because of the standards of those 12 people."

Proconsorship forces throughout the country welcomed the U. S. Supreme

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

LETTER OF THE LAW

TAMPA, FLORIDA—Police have closed a topless "wrestling club" where customers paid to watch, or even join in, as nearly nude women engaged in wrestling. After combing the state laws, the



Hillsborough County sheriff arrested two of the women and charged the club's manager with unlawfully counseling and advising participation in a wrestling exhibition and failing to have a physician present.

THE BATTLE OVER BREASTS

LOS ANGELES—Upholding the Los Angeles ban on nudity at city parks and beaches, a California appeals court declared that "nature, not the legislative body, created the distinction between that portion of a woman's body and that of a man's torso." In a case involving female toplessness, the court ruled that the law was not discriminatory, because "all persons similarly circumstanced are treated alike."

In Seattle, however, a woman judge dismissed lewd-conduct charges against two topless women sun bathers on grounds of discrimination. The court cited an earlier decision by the Washington Supreme Court that girls have a constitutional right to play high school football with boys.

And in Tulsa, Oklahoma, a municipal-court judge declared that a city ordinance banning nude breasts in public was unconstitutional for vagueness.

CONTRACEPTION IN CALIFORNIA

SACRAMENTO—Governor Edmund Brown has signed into law a bill that finally gives California women under 18 the right to purchase contraceptives without obtaining their parents' permission. Under the former law, minor females could receive medical treatment during pregnancy and obtain abortions at their own request but

could not buy birth-control pills or devices without authorization. Three times the state legislature passed a liberalized contraceptive law and each time it was vetoed by former governor Ronald Reagan, who said such a law would be "almost like the government putting a stamp on immorality" and that "there is one form of birth control that just begins by shaking your head."

MILITARY ABORTIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Department of Defense has told the military services to ignore state laws when deciding on abortions in military hospitals. The Pentagon memo formally revokes an order issued by President Nixon in 1971 directing military hospitals to comply with state restrictions, many of which have since been overturned by the courts.

POT BELLIES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A U. S. Army marijuana study, pried loose through the Freedom of Information Act, concludes that gaining weight may be the most significant effect that pot has on the occasional smoker. Both heavy and casual users were studied during a five-month period in 1971 and, the report states, "most subjects showed no impairment in motivation to work" and "no evidence was obtained that marijuana produces any significant adverse effects on cognitive or neurological function." The Army released its findings only after it was sued by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws.

BOOZE HOUND

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND—A 50-year-old man was fined \$45 after quarreling with a local bartender who had cheated his drinking companion on a shot of whisky. The companion was a six-year-old pedigree Alsatian wolf dog that, with its owner, had already consumed three pints of beer before moving on to hard liquor. The dog owner explained in court: "He takes beer and when he gets fed up with that, nudges me for a whisky. . . . I ordered two whiskies and there was more in my glass than his. When I told the bartender, this started a row." The bartender countered: "Everyone is frightened of Alsations, especially when they are drinking whisky."

EROTICA FOR THE BLIND

PHILADELPHIA—A local group has arranged to broadcast, by radio for the benefit of blind people, popular sex books that are not available in Braille or on records. The programs can be heard only by the 1300 blind persons in the

Philadelphia area who have obtained special radio receivers from the Radio Information Center for the Blind. According to the R.I.C.B., the response has been generally favorable and some listeners have asked that the readings be extended from such books as "Fear of Flying" and "The Joy of Sex" to hard-core porn.

OFFENDING THE DEAD

MONTGOMERY—The Alabama legislature has passed a bill that places further restrictions on the behavior of the state's morticians. In addition to such offenses as being drunk or under the influence of drugs, a funeral-home director can lose his license for "using profane, indecent or obscene language in the presence of a human dead body."

BRAZILIAN CENSORSHIP

RIO DE JANEIRO—After a period of relative freedom for the media and the arts, Brazil has tightened censorship again—to say the least. Editors have been advised:

- No more than one nude breast per page;
- No photos of nude couples or anything suggesting sexual intercourse;
- No photos of the delivery of babies;
- Avoid discussions of homosexuality, repression, Latin-American social problems and censorship.

The censors, who are agents of Brazil's federal police, must pass a battery of tests that includes running 1800 meters in less than 12 minutes.

TAX ON SIN

PARIS—French Finance Minister Jean-Pierre Fourcade has come up with an ingenious idea to raise the revenue needed for a new seven-billion-dollar government spending program: Tax pornography. In an interview, the minister explained: "I think that if we were to



find the means of taxing, in a simple and efficient way, the wave of pornography that we see around us, this would be a simple means of balancing our budget."

The newspaper Le Monde, while approving the basic concept, raised the question: "Which diligent civil servant will be able to point to the start of licentiousness which is to be taxed, or to the limit of the liberty of morals which is to be respected?"

WIN A FEW, LOSE A FEW

HALLANDALE, FLORIDA—Hallandale police are thoroughly annoyed that two prostitutes they were seeking as robbery suspects succeeded in robbing one of their own undercover cops. The officer allowed himself to be picked up by the



women in a local bar, but before he obtained enough evidence to arrest them for prostitution, they found the service revolver he had hidden and held him up for his badge and billfold. A police spokesman later said, "If they're still in town, we'll get them."

TEMPEST IN A COFFEEPOT

HAUPPAUGE, NEW YORK—A Suffolk County judge faces possible dismissal and a \$5,000,000 damage suit because of his reactions to a cup of coffee. The coffee was delivered from a vending truck outside the traffic court, and after tasting it, the judge ordered the vendor arrested and brought to his chambers in handcuffs for a lecture on lousy coffee. The vendor has sued because of the embarrassment he suffered, and a state judicial commission has recommended that the judge be disciplined for abusing his authority.

VEHICULAR ASSAULT

CHICAGO—A Wisconsin trucking firm has been sued for assault by a Chicago attorney who contends that one of its drivers "was waving that truck at me just like he was waving a gun." The suit follows a highway incident in which the motorist charges that the trucker refused to pass and kept pushing as close as two feet to his back bumper at speeds up to 80 miles per hour. This, the plaintiff claims, constitutes the use of a truck "as a weapon with which to assault or intentionally cause fear."

Court's decision allowing juries to use community standards in obscenity cases. Now this prosecutor refuses to accept jury decisions that go against him. If a jury decision is conclusive, where is the respect for law and order in a prosecutor who attacks the jury for its decision? The whole attitude revealed by these statements is immoral, especially since the rate of real crime went up in Camden County while police and prosecutors were out looking for nude dancers and dirty movies.

Rinehart S. Potts
Assistant Professor of
Library Education
Glassboro State College
Glassboro, New Jersey

LICENSE-PLATE OBSCENITY

A number of states, including California, offer motorists an opportunity, for a fee, to choose their own combinations of license-plate letters and numbers. "What fun," I thought, "to adorn my school's station wagon with our corporate initials."

Perhaps I should point out that I modestly named my school after myself: Tustin Institute of Technology.

My wrestling with the Environmental Protection Program of California's Department of Motor Vehicles (that's where the \$25 fee goes) began when my application was returned with a form from the Personalized License Plate Unit (wow, what a bureaucracy!) noting, "Your choice of TIT cannot be approved."

I immediately wrote back to D.M.V. requesting its guidelines. This time, I got a letter quoting the California Vehicle Code, which refuses to issue any combination of letters or numbers that "may carry connotations offensive to good taste or decency." The letter suggested that I could appeal to the manager of Technical and Interstate Services of D.M.V.'s Division of Registration. He sent me a most persuasive (albeit somewhat comical) letter, which stated in part:

I believe you will agree most readers of these three letters on a license plate would see the word tit. This word is defined in Webster's New World Dictionary as a teat, nipple; hence a breast, in this sense now vulgar, slang, a girl or woman; usually in depreciation.

Probably the best test of the word is, would you use it in a conversation with your teenage daughter?

I sulked about this for some months and eventually asked my attorney whether I could sue the state. He felt my suit would be only for publicity purposes (there's a grain of truth in that) and thus he couldn't represent me. I have mentioned my predicament to a few students and some friends. It usually draws a laugh. Have any Playboy Forum readers observed other "obscene" license plates? Precedents might be helpful. I've heard



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that another California resident was suing D.M.V. for refusing to grant EZ-LAY.

Wayne Tustin, President

Tustin Institute of Technology, Inc.

Santa Barbara, California

For more on prurient plates, see the October "Playboy After Hours."

LOVE THAT GUV

The letters about New Hampshire in the November *Playboy Forum* are amusing. A state where the motto is "Live free or die" and people are jailed for not displaying it, and where the governor wants to arm the National Guard with nukes, just has to be a barrel of laughs. Now I read in the papers that this same Governor Meldrim Thomson has done it again. In his chauffeur-driven limousine, he was doing 50 in a 55-mph zone on the passing lane of a state highway. When he crossed the border into Massachusetts, where it's legal to pass on the right, a burned-up motorist finally passed, giving the guv the finger.

After calling a hearing with the New Hampshire Division of Motor Vehicles, Thomson revoked the citizen's right to drive in New Hampshire for 60 days. Apparently, "Live free" doesn't extend to freedom of expression.

Ralph Lippert
Cincinnati, Ohio

BOOK BURNERS BEATEN

The Drake, North Dakota, book-burning case ended when a consent judgment was issued September 22, 1975, in Bismarck by a Federal judge. Under the terms of this agreement, the Drake school board will allow the use of *Slaughterhouse-Five* on the 11th-grade level and *Deliverance* on the 12th-grade level in accordance with National Education Association recommendations. In addition, the school board has given me \$5000 in damages and has promised not to bad-mouth me to anyone ever again.

It would appear that academic freedom has been restored in Drake, North Dakota, though I don't know whether the current English teacher there plans to use either *Slaughterhouse-Five* or *Deliverance* in the future or whether the school board and superintendent will continue to follow the N.E.A. recommendations.

I would like to thank Nevin Van Der Streek of the North Dakota American Civil Liberties Union and both Alan Levine and Burt Neuborne of the national A.C.L.U. Without their help, probably nothing would have been done.

Bruce Severy
Fargo, North Dakota

Severy was teaching English at Drake High School when parents objected to the "obscenity" in two of his choices of classroom reading materials: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Deliverance." The school board agreed to take action and, although none of the board members had read the books, ordered them confiscated. Copies of

"Slaughterhouse-Five" were burned. Subsequently, Severy was not rehired by the school board and suffered continuous harassment in the community. He and his family were finally forced to leave Drake. His suit against the Drake school board was aimed at preventing future arbitrary censorship.

WHERE THE FLOWERS WENT

In the late Sixties, my friends and I were freaks, long-hairs, dropouts, junkies, hippies and revolutionaries in the Georgetown section of Washington, D.C. We hung out on the streets, partied at rock festivals, panhandled, threw stones and bottles during Nixon's 1969 Inauguration, burned draft cards and American flags, made love, got busted and dealt and used grass, hash, acid, speed, downers and junk. We hated the straight middle-class world.

In 1974, as an undergraduate at Yale, I was given a grant to spend a year hitchhiking around the country to find and interview my old street friends. Eventually, I talked to 95 of them and found that 30 percent had continued to lead deviant—and interesting—lives as junkies, international narcotics dealers, prison inmates, rural-commune people, gay activists and religious proselytizers. But for the other 70 percent, jobs, not drugs or rebellion, had become the focus of life. They were teachers, truck drivers, waitresses, law students, musicians, Servicemen, Playboy Bunnies, nurses, artists, newspaper reporters, housewives, store managers, electricians, secretaries, construction workers, actresses, carpenters and parents. Out of 36 regular heroin users, 33, the majority of whom received no medical assistance, had stopped using heroin. Few people, in both lay and scientific circles, including myself, would have expected so many hard-core junkies and street people to have made a positive adjustment to the straight world. All the literature and all the experts suggest that drug use is a self-perpetuating malady to be combated at all costs; and few, if any, disagree, except the drug users themselves.

Now, after observing the social evolution of this group of street-oriented drug users, I believe a reappraisal of prevailing attitudes and policies is needed. Adolescent peer groups tend to disintegrate, and for many people the unpleasant effects of drug use come to outweigh its rewards and they drop it. These two facts have done more to rehabilitate young people on drugs than incarceration or treatment centers could ever hope to accomplish.

Manuel Ramos
Fairfax, Virginia

The National Institute on Drug Abuse has reported on new studies of over 20,000 drug users. Only one out of ten of the heroin users in this group were found

to be addicted. The results suggest that taking heroin does not automatically lead to dependence. Dr. Robert L. DuPont, director of the institute, stated, "It is no longer accurate to see drug use as an inevitable process from 'experimentation' to addiction."

MEXICO'S DRUG PRISONERS

The story told by Stephen H. Wilson in the October *Playboy Forum* about his imprisonment in Mexico on drug charges is very similar to what happened to my brother. The only difference is that my brother's case has had no happy ending. He has been held in Mexico for two years and is still awaiting sentencing. As Wilson stated, this sort of treatment of U. S. citizens by Mexico is actually encouraged by the U. S. Government in its zeal to combat drugs.

God bless Wilson for publicizing this evil. I'm glad he was able to escape and, like *PLAYBOY*, I welcome him home.

(Name and address withheld by request)

DOPE VS. SEX

I see by *The New York Times* that yet another study of marijuana's effects indicates that heavy use of dope can in time produce impotence. Dr. Robert Kolodny of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation found that production of testosterone, the male sex hormone, dropped significantly in a group of men who were given five joints a day for five weeks. By nine weeks, the hormone level in some of the men was low enough to cause impotence or infertility.

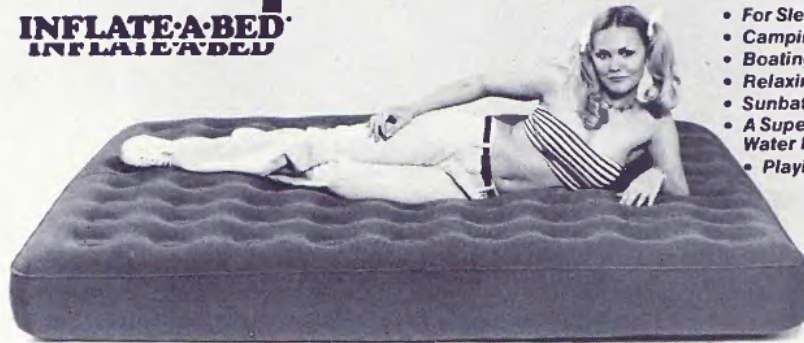
OK. That's undoubtedly important news. But so is Kolodny's careful attempt not to exaggerate the study's implications: He notes that the average loss in testosterone production still left the average level within normal range and he doubts that "casual marijuana use has much, if any, effect on a man's sexual performance, if it is normal to begin with."

I have a strong suspicion that the antimarijuana crowd will manage to ignore Kolodny's caution and focus its alarmist energies on the threat to American virility posed by the marijuana menace. Actually, this may turn out to be amusing; it will produce some hard choices for the crusaders who think pot is the Devil's tool because it produces fun for fun's sake. Many of these folks, you see, share a religious outlook that believes the only good penis is a limp penis. Now they can latch on to evidence that shows that smoking dope will render men incapable of irresponsible screwing for its own sake. (Anyone who uses pot is a frivolous, godless hedonist who wouldn't screw for any other reason.) What to do?

There's little doubt in my mind that these zealous wet blankets will come out foursquare against dope, proclaiming loudly that unless users are punished,

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mass impotence will imperil faith in God, the family and the American way of life. They'll make this choice because one of the few things that seem to horrify a Bible thumper more than hang-loose, guilt-free sex is the insidious spread in the use of the killer weed.

If only they could see that both sex and pot are part of God's creation, which He looked at and thought was pretty good, they'd save themselves, and everyone else, a lot of headaches.

Robert Knutson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

RECTIFICATION

My guy and I read with great interest the letter "The Back Road," dealing with anal sex (*The Playboy Forum*, August). The writer said his girlfriend's ex-lover had taught her how to relax her anal sphincter muscles so as to receive a penis without pain. I enjoy anal intercourse, but my man's penis is rather large. Most of the time, there is pain whenever we have intercourse. I wonder whether any other readers have had this problem and have overcome it.

(Name withheld by request)
Baltimore, Maryland

See the following letter.

I'm a woman who likes to try everything, but I was never anally penetrated until last year, when an overanxious 20-year-old provided a brief and painful first experience. I decided that some homework and practice were in order. With the help of a surgical lubricant and a phallus-shaped vibrator, I learned to relax my anal sphincter in order to take in objects. Once I'd mastered this relaxation, I found the sensation pleasurable. My next encounter was with a 24-year-old who was more experienced and he left me wanting more. I think that what I've discovered could be useful to other women who want to try anal penetration.

(Name withheld by request)
Atlanta, Georgia

THE FINAL AUTHORITY

PLAYBOY acknowledges that the fetus is *Homo sapiens*, but you maintain that the legal rights proper to a person should not extend to *all* *Homo sapiens*; you would exclude fetuses. I suggest that your position is an attempt to justify the deaths of millions of fetuses annually, and it opens the door to denial of the legal status of persons to other classes of human beings, such as racial minorities and the mentally retarded, thus raising the possibility of another holocaust.

You hold that the final authority on the morality of abortion should be the woman's own conscience. I, on the other hand, propose that we take as the final authority the doctrines of the great ethical teachers of the major religions, such as Buddhism, Hinduism, Jainism, Judaism and Christianity. Which is most

"Playboy Forum" Casebook

UPDATE: THE DR. HALES CASE

The eight-year ordeal of Dr. Robert E. Hales had ended with a judge's order that he be released from the Indiana state mental hospital to which he was committed in 1971 as a criminal sexual psychopath. He lost his medical license in 1967 for professional misconduct: engaging in sexual acts with women patients. He was criminally prosecuted because the acts included oral intercourse—a practice as common in Indiana, presumably, as in any of the other states that still make "sodomy" a crime, even between husband and wife.

In the December *Casebook*, we reported the curious chain of events that put Hales behind bars and threatened to keep him there indefinitely. It began with an unsuccessful malpractice suit that inspired a puritanical local prosecutor to try Hales for rape and sodomy. A jury found him innocent of both charges, but the trial ruined Hales professionally and financially. To avoid prosecution on the remaining counts, Hales had himself committed to a mental hospital under a law that permits certain sex offenders to submit to psychiatric treatment rather than face jail. The case raised the issue of morality laws that attempt to regulate people's private sex lives and the selective enforcement of such laws for personal or political reasons. It also pointed up the dangerous differences between the legal and medical definitions of "mental disorder." Hales was adjudged a psychopathic sex criminal solely because oral intercourse is a sex crime in Indiana. He then discovered he could not be freed as "fully recovered" because, medically, he had no mental disorder from which to recover. As the prosecutor put it at a later court hearing, "Since [Hales] was a criminal sexual psychopath at commitment by judicial determination," and since examining psychiatrists "did agree that the petitioner's condition is exactly as it was at the time of his commitment," then, "he must . . . still be a criminal sexual psychopath."

Hales was declared fit for release only after his case generated wide publicity and became a source of embarrassment to various state and local political figures. Hales had contacted the Playboy Foundation, which then joined Indiana trial attorney Tom G. Jones of Franklin in securing another court hearing. The hearing, it turned out, was little more than a formality. The Indiana medical board and the board of podiatry already had resigned in protest over the handling of the case, and the state seemed eager

to get Hales out of its insane asylum and out of the headlines.

Upon his release, Hales said he first would resume his role as father to his three children (his wife died while he was confined). Eventually, he will seek reinstatement of his license to practice medicine and otherwise try to reconstruct his personal and professional life.

A bill to repeal Indiana's law against sodomy—"the abominable and detestable crime against nature with mankind or beast"—was lost in committee in 1975. It will come up again this year as part of a proposed revision of the state criminal code. Meanwhile, any person in Indiana who engages in oral or anal sex is subject to arrest and a prison term of two to 14 years. So is anyone who "entices or allures, instigates or aids any person under 18 to commit masturbation or self-pollution." For allowing "jacks or stallions" to copulate in public view in any city, town or village, the fine is a modest three dollars per day.

Such laws provide laughs for the public and even for prosecutors and defense attorneys, who will jokingly threaten to put one another on the stand to deny under oath that they have ever committed "the abominable and detestable crime against nature." The rejoinder usually is, "You know I'll take the Fifth, you cocksucker." But in the courtroom, both sides are adversaries and all business. For the individual who finds himself, by whatever fluke, facing imprisonment and personal, professional and financial ruin, state sodomy laws are no joking matter. Nor are laws that determine sanity on legal rather than medical grounds. Following is a letter from Hales elaborating this point, along with readers' comments on the case.

First, let me tell you that freedom feels wonderful and I congratulate you on your excellent account of my case. The support of PLAYBOY and the Playboy Foundation helped save my life. After nearly a decade of either imprisonment or flight, and then finding myself locked up again, I was giving up hope.

Someday in the future, I hope to resume the practice of medicine, and I intend to use my skills ministering to the poor devils in penal and mental institutions. If Americans could see for themselves, firsthand, what we do to men and women in prisons and mental hospitals, many would be freed and conditions would be improved.

But maybe I'm being too optimistic. Indiana's revised 1971 Criminal Sexual

Deviancy Law is typical of the statutes in many states and no better than the 19th Century law under which I was committed. In some ways, it is worse: For certain offenses, a person is committed for treatment and *also* sentenced to prison. One patient I met had been convicted of kidnaping and sexual assault for what amounted to rape at knife point and received a sentence of "natural life in prison." Yet his psychiatric-observation reports found him not only treatable but likely to achieve total rehabilitation. Tax money will be spent to help this man recover so that he may live the rest of his life in a cage, also at taxpayer expense.

I encountered many similar cases that call for drastic revisions of the law and of our penal system. I hope that PLAYBOY and its Foundation will continue to promote these reforms. I also hope you will continue to help individuals, for there are many worthy people still rotting in this country's dungeons. As one individual you greatly helped, I thank you and my children thank you.

Robert E. Hales, M.D.
Cumberland, Rhode Island

Congratulations on your victory in the Hales case. As long as people and organizations like PLAYBOY are around, our mental institutions, for all their other problems, will not turn into the kind of political prisons they have become in other countries.

David L. Allison
Attorney at Law
Indianapolis, Indiana

I was appalled to learn that many states still have and still enforce 19th Century statutes that prohibit various forms of intercourse as "crimes against nature." I was 17 years old in 1971, when Dr. Hales was first locked up, and that was the year I myself began engaging in oral sex as part of my natural mating activities. Which means that, under Indiana law, I am a criminal. I don't feel like a criminal. But I do feel nauseated reading what happened to Hales. His case is a loathsome reminder that law and justice frequently are two completely separate things.

Good luck, Dr. Hales. I personally think that justice would be served and the public protected if your prosecutor were himself locked up in a mental institution.

(Name withheld)
Atlanta, Georgia

We are withholding your name because oral sex is a felony also under the Georgia penal code (section 26, title 2002) and punishable by one to 20 years in prison.

I read your *Casebook* report on Dr. Hales. I've also read your letters from readers describing their delightful experiences with nurses who, on occasion, give a male patient the kind of psychological boost he may need to recover swiftly. It's certainly proof that we have not yet achieved sexual equality in this country when Dr. Hales gets nailed for merely accommodating some of his female patients in a manner that would inspire male patients to write rave reviews to PLAYBOY about any nurse who did the same.

Albert Hansen
Denver, Colorado

I am a practicing sex criminal in the state of Massachusetts, where oral intercourse also is illegal; and if some dipshit local prosecutor comes after me for eating pussy, I just hope I elude the criminal-justice system long enough to make the Ten Most Wanted list.

(Name withheld by request)
Cambridge, Massachusetts

After reading your *Casebook* report, I'm absolutely amazed that such things still occur in this country and in these times. You would think that local prosecutors had better things to do than try to convict a man on criminal charges for performing a perfectly natural sex act. And you would think that an intelligent judge would discourage this sort of frivolous action rather than waste taxpayer money, burden the courts and ruin the career and life of a perfectly harmless individual. In this case, the disturbing thing is that a local prosecutor and judge were pleased to drag out an archaic sex law and, apparently, use it to promote their personal notions of morality.

Pete Redman
El Paso, Texas

As a physician, I can both sympathize with Dr. Hales and shake my head in wonder that he could have been so foolish as to engage in sex with any of his patients. Seductive female patients (and sometimes males, too, I'm sure) are an occupational hazard in the profession. It's my belief that most such women do not want actually to engage in sex so much as they want some signal or response that they can interpret as indicating they are still sexually desirable. Their doctor is physically intimate but personally remote, which creates a conflict situation. If the doctor either is personally attractive or has personal warmth, some women will pit their sexuality against his professionalism, and if they win, they experience a letdown: Their doctor turned out to be human, after all.

(Name withheld by request)
Kansas City, Missouri

truly representative of these great ethical systems, a bloody mass of tissue or a newly born child?

To claim that the final authority is the woman's own conscience comes dangerously close to the statement in *The Brothers Karamazov* "If God does not exist, everything is permissible."

Hugo Carl Koch
New York, New York

If abortion can "open the door" to holocaust, so can democracy; Hitler was democratically elected. Any principle or procedure can be abused or misapplied. If anything, legal abortion is antitotalitarian: It rejects the idea that the state can compel pregnant women to bear children against their wishes. As for the great ethical teachers, their doctrines are wide open to interpretation. Their teachings have, for example, been used to justify the large-scale killing of adult Homo sapiens who qualified as infidels. It's anybody's guess what Moses, Jesus or Buddha might say about the question of abortion in the light of today's biological and medical knowledge. So we're stuck with having to be the decision makers, relying on our consciences. To face the fact that nobody can make moral choices for us is hardly the same as saying, "everything is permissible." Indeed, citing higher authority is often nothing more than a way of ducking responsibility for one's decisions.

WHEELCHAIR PRISONERS

After Vietnam fell to the Communists, our Government appropriated more than \$400,000,000 to help the Vietnamese refugees and will spend more as time goes on. Meanwhile, there are thousands of American men who were paralyzed in the war our country created. They'll never again be able to walk; many can't even sit or, like myself, can sit for only short periods. Yet our Government spends nothing on spinal-cord research that might produce a means to get these men on their feet again.

We fought for our country; now we need the country's support. No research takes place without money. Surely we deserve as much from the Government as the people whose war we were sent to fight. If we can afford to spend millions on people who ran, surely we can find funds for those who can no longer walk and face imprisonment in wheelchairs for the rest of their lives.

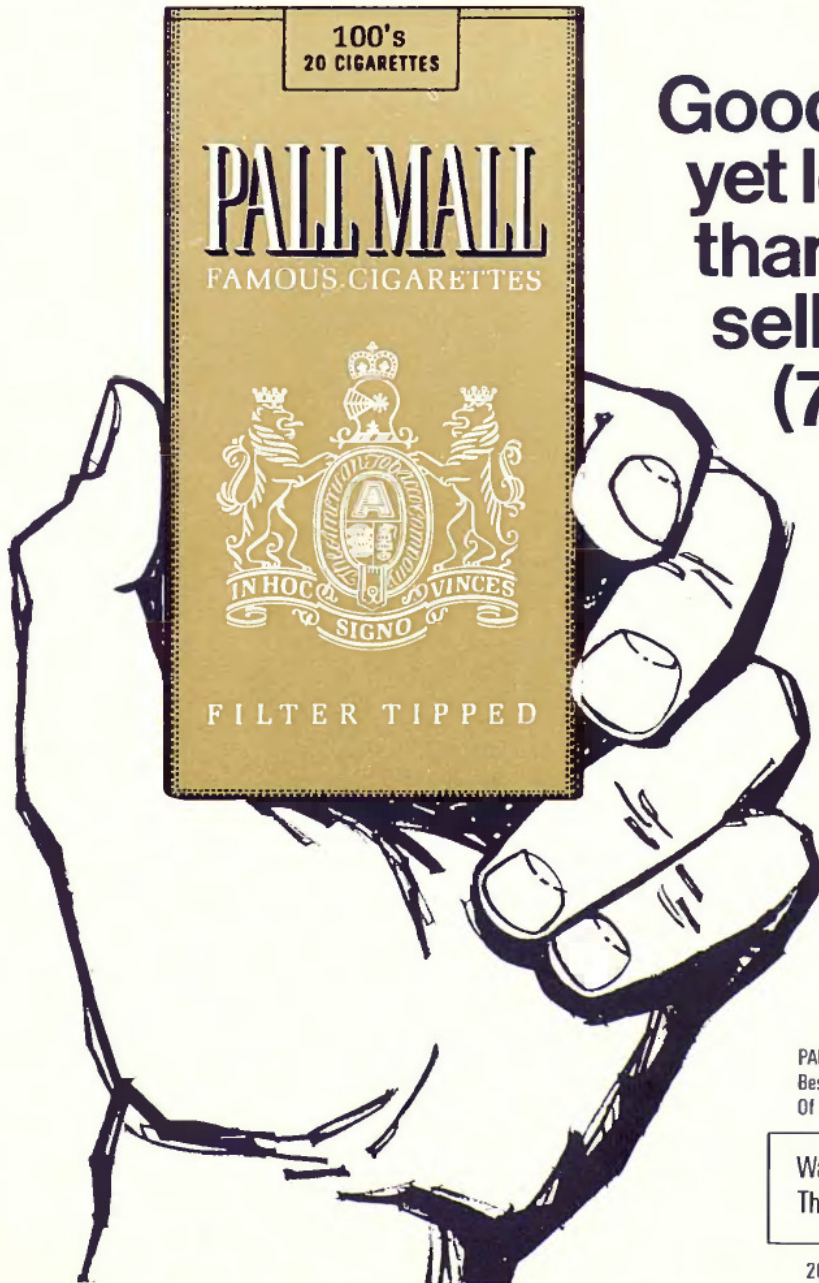
Curtis Miles
Duffield, Virginia

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAMES CAAN

a candid conversation with one of the last incurable romantics about actin', ropin' and humpin'—and about puttin' women in their place

James Caan just can't seem to get the knack of being a star. He certainly looks like one, and he's worked hard to become one ever since he dropped out of college at 18 and stayed alive by hustling pool, playing poker, bouncing drunks in a dance hall and hauling carcasses in his father's meat-packing plant in Sunnyside, Queens, before stumbling into his acting career. But now that he's finally made it—thanks to kinetic performances in two back-to-back hits, "Brian's Song" and "The Godfather," four years ago—stardom may be the only role he hasn't learned to play convincingly. He drives a truck, owns a wardrobe of blue jeans and work shirts, ropes steers in his spare time. He isn't vain or patronizing. He remembers your name. He listens when you talk. He even has a sense of humor about himself.

In fact, since we'd heard about his tendency to put on interviewers, and knowing this wasn't going to be just another showbiz chat, we asked Contributing Editor Murray Fisher to conduct this one. Fisher had edited the "Playboy Interview" for many years before moving to the West Coast, so he knew what he was getting himself into:

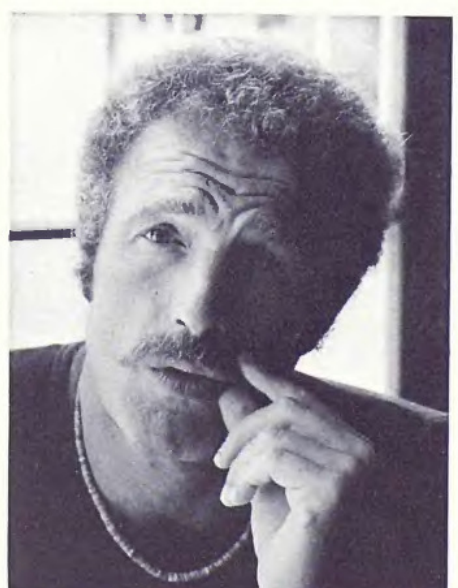
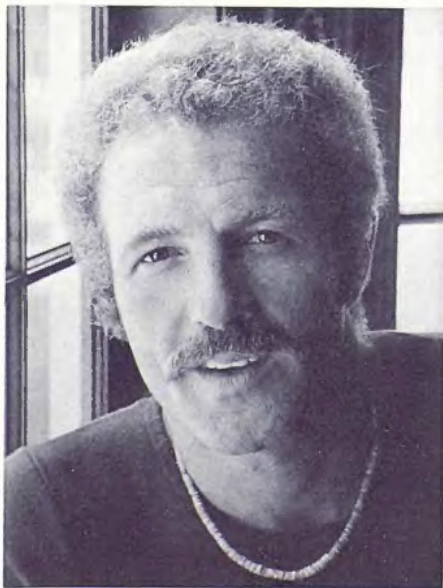
"I gotta go to the bathroom. Do I

have to raise my hand?" said Caan during one taping session by the swimming pool in the back yard of his Beverly Hills ranch home. I gave him permission to be excused, then turned off the tape machine and watched with fascination while a pet parrot reached a claw through the bars of its cage and spent the next three minutes affectionately scratching the back of one of Caan's two dogs, which stood there twitching its hind leg in ecstasy with a football in its mouth.

"On his way back, Jimmy stopped off to trade a few punches with a couple of his rodeo buddies, who were drinking Coors, chain-smoking Luckies and shooting pool very methodically in the living room. As he was leaving them, the Dutch houseboy came out to announce a phone call for him from a female friend. After greeting her warmly, Jimmy made arrangements for dinner, said goodbye, then added, 'And by the way, don't ever call here again.' Turning to me, he said, 'You gotta keep these teenage fans in their place.' As I picked up my glass of wine to take a sip before getting the interview back under way, he tapped the brim with his plastic bottle of nasal decongestant, said, 'Here's to ya,' and

sprayed both of his nostrils.

"Just then, a Beverly Hills policeman—who had become a friend after stopping Jimmy for speeding—arrived with an armload of handmade belts for sale. Jimmy didn't buy one, but he sang him a song: 'Officer Krupke, get down on your knees, 'cause no one likes a fella with a social disease.' We had finally sat down to resume taping when a middle-aged man in a well-tailored suit and tie—an extraordinary sight in Los Angeles—ambled out to join us. 'I came for my ten percent,' he said, ominously tapping a spot under his left shoulder. I reached to turn off the recorder, but Jimmy grabbed my hand. 'Leave it running. I want the world to know that this man, Stan Kamen—renowned talent agent, raconteur, man about town and putz—is responsible for puttin' me right in the toilet. And now he's come to flush it.' They talked business for a while, and when he'd left, Jimmy said, 'I want to apologize—for my agent, who should have known better than to act like an equal in front of a journalist, and I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt; for my girlfriend, who was rude to call when she knew I was home; for my friends, who have no doubt been offending your



CARL IRI

"It's the no-talent jackasses who come on like fuckin' movie stars—the kind who won't go to the shithouse unless they go in a limo, and every five years they get their face peeled or their tits pumped up."

"I read about what a macho fuckin' pig I am, humpin' women in the gutter and all that shit. I've never done that—no without puttin' a pillow under her first. Chivalry ain't completely dead, you know."

"If she's married, a woman's place is in the home—at least until the kids are grown. Gloria Steinem can lead a march to my house with torches, but 70 percent of the women I know agree with me."

ears with their fuckin' crudities; and for my face, which has been hanging out ever since you got here. You should've mentioned it. Now quit wastin' my time and let's get on with this stupid conversation.' He seized the microphone. 'At the end of our last episode,' he said in the unctuous baritone of a daytime-serial announcer, 'Ralph, who had left Ann in the car, was contemplating whether Susan, who secretly loved Mary, was indeed going to squeeze the pimple on his back. We join them now in the parlor.'

"That was the way it went for the three weeks I spent with him. The mood wasn't always so antic, but in the course of a single session, Jimmy would often flash from easygoing volubility to a kind of clenched restlessness that he seemed able to work off only by lifting bar bells, shooting baskets, wrestling with a friend or roping the horns on a sawhorse he keeps in the back yard. Pressed to talk about his broken marriage and a recently ended four-year love affair, he was alternately testy, melancholy and withdrawn. His vocabulary is colloquial and richly profane, and he'd probably punch you out if you accused him of being an intellectual; but it quickly becomes obvious that he's far deeper and more complex than the fun-loving jock or the male chauvinist pig portrayed in the popular press. He has a quality of tough honesty—about himself as well as about others—that's as rare as it is disarming. With the possible exception of his friend Mel Brooks, he's also both the funniest and the most unpretentious celebrity I've ever met. At the end of our last session, a particularly searching and serious discussion of what he wants to do with the rest of his life ('have a terrific time—and become the greatest actor in the world') and what he'd like to leave behind ('a warm glow'), he started to walk away, stopped as if a final reflection had occurred to him, turned, walked back to me and said solemnly, 'Murray, I look at it this way. . . .' And he crossed his eyes."

PLAYBOY: Would you say that—

CAAN: Yes, I definitely would. If I could. But I can't.

PLAYBOY: So you won't?

CAAN: Not on your life. Hey, this is easy. I thought these interviews were supposed to be tough. This time tell me the answer and I'll give you the question.

PLAYBOY: All right: Thursday afternoons, sometimes, when my parents weren't around.

CAAN: The question is: Did you ever leaf through *National Geographic* with your robe open? Now, get the fuck outa my house, because I won't stand for these kinda personal questions.

PLAYBOY: Give us another chance.

CAAN: Well, just one.

PLAYBOY: Thanks. We've noticed that

you leave the water running when you go to the bathroom. Why?

CAAN: Now, *that's* the kinda personal question I don't mind. The answer is that I'm filling the sink so that my Barbie doll can go skinny-dipping. Now, do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

PLAYBOY: Well, just one.

CAAN: Why are you wearing those Bunny cars?

PLAYBOY: All **PLAYBOY** interviewers wear them. They're short-wave-radio antennas over which we receive our instructions directly from Hel, who's monitoring this conversation.

CAAN: Well, I'm glad he dropped in—*Hi, Hel!*—because I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for him.

PLAYBOY: You agreed to do this interview as a personal favor?

CAAN: No, he told me if I didn't do it, I couldn't go to the Mansion anymore. I'll do *anything* to go to the Mansion.

PLAYBOY: You don't like doing interviews?

CAAN: Next to watching reruns of *The Munsters*, it's my favorite pastime. In the last couple of years, I've done maybe 500 of these fuckin' things. After the first 200 or 300, even *I* get bored listening to myself answering the same goddamn questions. The only ones I've really enjoyed are the ones where I can be half a wise-ass.

PLAYBOY: Which half?

CAAN: That's very funny. I see I've got to remind you that when this interview gets published, it's gonna say **PLAYBOY** . . . **CAAN** . . . **PLAYBOY** . . . **CAAN** before every question and answer. My name is the one that gets printed: *you're* anonymous; you've got no identity whatever. Let's keep it that way.

PLAYBOY: If you weren't a friend of Hel's, we'd make you sorry for that. But you were talking about why you don't like to do interviews.

CAAN: That shouldn't come as a surprise, with schmucks like you to work with. No offense, as my friend Mel Brooks said in his *Playboy Interview*—to another one of you assholes. Oops—there I go again. Sorry. You're really not as bad as this guy who did an awful—I mean, an unbelievably stupid—interview with me a year or so ago. At the end, trying to be cute, he said, "What's the dumbest question you've ever been asked in an interview?" I thought for a second and said: "That's it."

There was another one I'll never forget that Alan Arkin and I gave to some guy on the set of *Freebie and the Bean*. He was so fuckin' serious that we couldn't take *him* seriously, so when he asked me, "How did you prepare for this role, Mr. Caan?" I said, "It's been a challenge. And one of the most challenging scenes is comin' up now. See that fourth-story window over there? I'm gonna do a high fall outa that window right onto the concrete. And I'm not gonna use a

double or a cushion or anything. I'm gonna land right on my head." The guy's looking at me openmouthed, and he says, "But how do you prepare for that?" And I say, "Well, I eat a special fruit." "A special what?" "Fruit. It's found in the jungles of Peru, where the fibers are very hard. The technical explanation is too complicated to go into, but it toughens up your head. You never hurt yourself when you eat that special fruit."

PLAYBOY: Anyone we know?

CAAN: I wouldn't be at all surprised.

PLAYBOY: You may not like interviews, but you seem to be having a pretty good time doing this one so far.

CAAN: No thanks to you, shitface. I'm having a good time because I feel good today. But that's another trouble with interviews. I know these *Playboy Interviews* go on forever, but most of them only last for an hour or so, and that's it. Whatever mood you're in when the guy happens to be there, that's what gets depicted in the interview. If he catches you at a bad time and you're feeling down, you come off mean or sullen, angry, depressed, whatever. But by the time the next guy waltzes in, you're feeling mellow, laid back, super-philosophical, and you sound really wise and mature. And the next day you feel like clownin' around and you wind up looking like a fuckin' idiot when the story comes out.

But you can't seem to win, no matter what you say, because they take everything you've told them and turn it into whatever's gonna sell magazines. You know, they all start out asking your deepest feelings about life, actin' and all that, and they end up asking, "Who are you fuckin'?" And *that's* the part that appears in print. Or they'll just make it up outa nothin'—quotes and incidents that never happened—and print *that*. Lately, I've been reading some of these bullshit articles about me in these trash fan magazines, about what a *macho* fuckin' pig I am, about how I get loaded and go around smackin' people, humpin' women in the gutter and all that shit. I can't believe the crap they come up with.

PLAYBOY: You mean you're *not* a *macho* pig?

CAAN: Anybody says I am, I'll kick the shit out of him—or her. No, I mean, I was brought up to defend myself if I have to, but I've never started a fight in my life, and I can't remember the last time anybody started one with me. When I take a drink—which isn't often, mostly wine—I get happy and laugh a lot. And I've never fucked a woman in the gutter—not without puttin' a pillow under her first. Chivalry ain't completely dead, you know.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure you ought to be confessing that you're really a gentle soul? Don't you think this tough-guy

image of yours has something to do with your popularity?

CAAN: Can I help it if I've got this sensational body [stroking his bare chest and shoulders] and the face of a Greek god? Get your hand off my knee, fella. But there's lots of good-looking, well-built guys in this business, and most of them couldn't play a corpse on *Medical Center*. I would hope that my popularity has less to do with how I look than with the fact that I'm a good actor.

PLAYBOY: Come off it. You know perfectly well that fan magazines run all those stories about you not because their readers admire your talent but because they'd like to make it with you.

CAAN: Can you blame them? Poor, love-sick kids. But they don't run all those stories because I'm such a big fuckin' stud. And they don't do it because I'm such a terrific actor, either. They do it because I got lucky. I've been around this business a long time, but a few years ago I happened to make two pictures that turned out to be the biggest movies of that year. One of them, *Brian's Song*, was the most successful picture ever made for television, and the other was *The Godfather*. Now, I turned in good performances in both films, but I've done better work before and since; so it wasn't anything special I did. But both pictures made a shit load of money, so overnight I became box office, a hot property, a fuckin' genius. Next year I could be in the lower-left-hand corner on *Hollywood Squares*; who the hell knows? So I'm making the most of it now while I've got my turn at bat.

PLAYBOY: Lately, you seem to be going directly from one picture to another. In your haste to capitalize on having made it big and being in such demand at last, are you being as selective as you should be about parts?

CAAN: In the past year or so, to tell you the truth, I've let myself get bulldozed into a couple of pictures that I normally wouldn't have done. I'd rather not name them, but you'll see them soon enough, if you haven't already; nothin' to be ashamed of, but nothin' to be proud of, either—just the usual bullshit macho-leading-man kind of role that has me killin' 18 people and then jumpin' on a horse, clangin' my gonads together.

PLAYBOY: Sounds painful. You're big enough now to get any part you want. Why do you let yourself get bulldozed?

CAAN: That's a good question. Now shut up. Look, you always tell yourself there are good reasons for it at the time; it's not till it's too late and you can't get out that you realize what a mistake you've made. The problem is that the bigger you get, the more high-powered advice you receive from studios, agents, all the people involved in tellin' you what you ought to do. But when they tell me I've got to do this or that big commercial vehicle so that I can afford to do the

artsy-fartsy stuff I really want to do, and it turns out to be worth three dead flies financially as well as artistically, or it makes money but I don't, or I make plenty but to get it I have to work three or four miserable months cooped up with people I don't like on a project I can't stand—again, no names—then I have to ask myself who I should be listening to.

I mean, I have an agent I trust professionally more than anybody else I know, but with the best of intentions, he could put me in the shithouse just as fast as somebody who wanted to ruin me, and if that's what might happen, I want to be the one responsible for it. From now on, I'm running the show. After I hear what everybody has to say, I'm gonna do only what my own instincts tell me to do. I mean, if a part isn't right for me, or the people I'd have to work with are pricks or cunts—it ain't worth all the money in the world, even if it's another *Gone with the Wind*. If that means I have to suffer economically and they'll take that tin superstar off my dressin'-room door, that's just the way it's gonna have to be.

PLAYBOY: Are you sure you won't rationalize backing down when it comes time to make the next big decision?

CAAN: No, I'm not. But at least I'm aware of the problem. The trouble is that there are a lot of pressures and responsibilities on my back that make it tough to take any big risks with my financial security right now; I haven't got enough fuck-you money yet. I've got maybe ten or eleven people—mostly family—depending on me.

PLAYBOY: But if you were to wait longer between parts, holding out for one you loved—even if it paid you less—couldn't they live on less? Isn't your primary obligation to yourself?

CAAN: Ultimately, yes. But blood is thicker than water, and until my family and the rest of the people close to me are taken care of, I don't feel I have the right to fuck around with their future just to achieve 100 percent of my artistic integrity startin' tomorrow. But I got another problem to work on and that's my friends. It's terribly hard for me to say no to a friend. I know there's a way to do it without being nasty or rotten, but I haven't learned it yet. I just don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. And if I say no, I'm afraid they won't like me; I'm afraid they'll think I'm a bastard. I've been that way all my life; I mean, there are worse traits, but this one sure gets me into a lot of trouble. I need to be liked even by people I don't care about—by people I *hate*, for Christ's sake. I remember this girl back in high school who said somethin' mean about me, and I couldn't rest till I got her to like me; the sick part is that I didn't even *like* her. Anyway, all my life I've cared so much what people thought about me

that a lot of the time I haven't ended up doing what I really wanted to do, just so they wouldn't think I'm a bad guy.

I won't pretend that I haven't gotten even with a few people who've done me bad turns, because I have. If somebody's good to me or bad to me, I don't forget. Remember that, punk. But I don't go around nursing grudges. Now that I'm fortunate enough to be able to dictate terms, I'm not tryin' to stick it up anybody's ass. I don't want any more than my fair share. But I'm sure as hell not gonna accept less. And if I have anything to say about it—and I do—people are gonna honor their commitments if they expect me to honor mine. If that makes me a prick, I'm just gonna have to learn to live with it.

PLAYBOY: Is that the choice—between kicking ass and kissing it?

CAAN: You got a way with words, kid. Have you ever thought of becomin' a writer? But sometimes it seems like that *is* the choice. You get put in that position. And I ain't gonna kiss ass. But I don't feel like I'm kicking it, either. All I'm doing is living by the golden rule. I treat people right and I expect them to treat me right. And I always give 'em the benefit of the doubt; I assume they're being straight with me until I find out otherwise. And lately I been getting a lot of otherwise: guys I know—other actors—putting me down behind my back and then coming up to me on the street and saying, "Hey, man, how ya doin', ole buddy?" I'd like to punch 'em right in the fuckin' mouth, you know, because they're full of shit.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think they're bad-mouthing you—jealousy?

CAAN: I don't know what else it could be. But it seems to be the nature of this business—or *any* business, I guess—that the more successful you become, the more people there are waiting with sharpened knives to carve you up and cut you down. It's like they want to see me fall on my ass because they think that'll make 'em look better, give 'em a better shot at the roles I'm getting lately. Maybe that's human nature, but it ain't *my* nature. I'm not setting myself up as Mr. Wonderful, but I've always been a booster, not a knocker. If I'm not gonna get a role myself, I'd sure as shit like to see Paul Newman get it, or Bobby Duvall, or whoever it is.

I mean, Bobby, who's one of my best friends, enjoys my success almost as much as I do, and Newman is one of the nicest guys in the world to work with; he's always helping everybody else. It's always the most talented people who do the most for others; it's the no-talent jackasses who got there by luck or connections who feel threatened by anybody with real ability and want to push them down and come on like big fuckin' movie stars. You know, the kind who's

got to have their dressing room decorated by some Beverly Hills faggot, and they won't go to the shithouse unless you take them there in a limo, and the chauffeur's got to wipe their ass afterward with a powder puff, and every five years they get their face peeled or their tits pumped up. I mean, no wonder they're such shitty actors—and actresses—if that's what they think it's all about.

PLAYBOY: So how come you live in Beverly Hills in a \$200,000 house with a pool and a sauna?

CAAN: Sly devil. You think you've caught me, don't you? Well, it so happens that this *isn't* my house: it's my agent's house, and he lets me rent a furnished room in the basement where I can entertain guests once a month between five and six A.M. in exchange for light housework. I dust his money, shoot his cuffs and change the *Wall Street Journals* in the bottom of his cage.

PLAYBOY: Do you do floors?

CAAN: No, but I do do-do now and then. Normally, I wouldn't use language like that, but I know it's the kind of thing you like to hear. What was the question?

PLAYBOY: If you're such a modest, unassuming guy, how come you live in such a fancy house?

CAAN: Why didn't you say so in the first place? The answer to that is that I don't see any contradiction between wanting to live in a nice house and not wanting to be a show-off when I'm out of the house. You don't see any tour buses coming through here; I'm not flauntin' my lifestyle. More caviar? No? How about a Raisinet? Fuck ya, then. But this place means a lot to me, because it's the first thing I ever owned. All my life I've rented, and I was always movin' out after three months and getting sued for breaking the lease when I found another place I liked better. Christ, I was getting Blue Chips from Bekins. It got to be too much.

PLAYBOY: Did you begin to feel the need for roots?

CAAN: Do I look like a vegetarian?

PLAYBOY: Let's rephrase the question: Did you get tired of living out of a suitcase?

CAAN: I certainly did. It began to get stuffy when the lid was closed.

PLAYBOY: One last try: What was it that made you decide to buy this place?

CAAN: I fell in love with the doorknobs. And the furnace. And havin' the money to buy it; that was a big factor. Since then, I've really fixed it up—moving walls around, adding rooms, putting in brick and paneling. I don't mean I did it myself. I don't know which end of a nail to hit, but I designed it. You may not think it looks like much, but it sure beats hell out of living at the Y. The thing I like best about it, though, is that it's always full; my friends are here all the time; the door is always open. It's a meeting place, like the club you

used to go to when you were a kid.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed the crowds. Your entertainment expenses must be enormous.

CAAN: I can afford it.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you're also a notorious check grabber and you've got a reputation as a soft touch. Just recently, you even brought your parents out to California and set them up in a Beverly Hills apartment. With all those expenses, have you been able to accumulate any savings?

CAAN: No. I've never saved any money. I don't think that's what it's for. I like to live well and I like to see my family and my friends live well. That costs money. Fortunately, I make a lot of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you spend most of your social time here at the house with your family and friends?

CAAN: I like to hang out at home, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Doing what?

CAAN: I spend a lot of time locked in the bathroom reading *PLAYBOY*. And writing dirty words on the wall with a Water Pik. When I get bored with that, I come out and play with the light switches for a while. Then I spend a couple of hours standin' down on the corner, flaggin' down tourists and selling them maps to the homes of those old ladies who stand on corners selling maps to the homes of the stars. And once in a while—like every night—a bunch of the guys will drop in for a game of nine ball or a few hands of poker, or just to sit around with their dirty feet on the table, drinkin' my booze and shootin' the shit. If it's any of your business.

PLAYBOY: Do you go out often?

CAAN: Only to put out the garbage. What do you mean, do I go out often? Every day my dad'll let me borrow the car. If you mean socially, I like to go out to dinner at a restaurant or somebody's house; anyone will do. What are you having tonight at your place? Once in a while I go dancing—usually along the median strip of the Pasadena Freeway. And now and then I'll go out with the guys and get shitfaced. But I'm not a drinker; I get shitfaced on Shirley Temples.

PLAYBOY: Are there any drugs you prefer to alcohol?

CAAN: I take an aspirin now and then, when I've got somebody like you to talk to. And Midol during my period. But if you're referring to other kinds of drugs—and I can tell from the size of your pupils that you are—I'd rather get sloshed than stoned. I've done a little bit of everything, of course, in the interests of scientific research. I mean, not *everything*, nothin' heavy. If anybody's passing a joint, I'll take a toke just to be sociable. But drugs aren't part of my lifestyle. That's where the problems start. Everything in moderation is my motto. I wanna stay healthy.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you're so deeply into sports?

CAAN: I like to stay in shape and everything, but that's not why I do it. And I sure as hell don't do it to keep up my *macho* image, which is what one of those fuckin' fan magazines said about me the other day. If it's not part of my job, the only reason I do anything is 'cause I enjoy it. And I enjoy sports. I always have. I'm a very physical kind of guy. I can't spend a lot of time just sittin' around; I've gotta be doing something to let off steam, to work up a sweat. But the main thing for me is the competition. I'm really a fanatic about it. I mean, it's like a disease. I agree with Vince Lombardi: Winning ain't everything; it's the *only* thing. I've got to win; I've got to be the best. A week after I started playing tennis, I couldn't understand why I couldn't beat Pancho Gonzales; it really pissed me off. So I bore down and practiced my ass off—I'll bet you were wonderin' why I don't *have* an ass—and eventually I did beat him. Or maybe that was *Irving* Gonzales.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you play professionally?

CAAN: Too inconsistent. Some days I could lose playing against Ray Charles. But when I'm in there with really stiff competition, I tend to play a lot better. Maybe I play looser because I expect to lose, and that takes the pressure off. Another reason I do my best against champs might be that I know they're better than me, so I don't have to worry about hurting their feelings if I beat 'em. I really feel like a shuit if I beat somebody who ain't as good as me. That's why I don't like to play tennis—or any other one-on-one game—with friends.

PLAYBOY: When you do, do you go easy on them?

CAAN: Maybe I should, but I can't. If I was playin' ping-pong with a five-year-old, I'd try to blow him off the table. That's the only way I know how to do anything: all out. Four or five years ago, I was shaggin' ass in a baseball game out here and I popped a tendon in my shoulder. The biceps in my right arm dropped down around three inches; looked pretty good in a short-sleeved shirt, but the other one didn't match, so they drilled a couple of holes in my shoulder bone, fed the tendon through and tied it back down. Girls can't keep their hands off the scar.

PLAYBOY: Has the injury cramped your style?

CAAN: Only at sports. I can't play baseball or football that hard anymore. But I can still shoot your eyes out from 20 feet on a basketball court. And I can still rope pretty good.

PLAYBOY: Roping, like everything else in rodeo, is dangerous. Have you ever gotten hurt at it?

CAAN: That's like askin' a swimmer if he's ever gotten wet. I've lost count of

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the bruises and the rope burns; and not long ago, my right thumb was out of commission for seven months. I had to stir my coffee with a spoon for a change.

PLAYBOY: How do the studios feel about your taking chances like that?

CAAN: It's in my contract that I can't even *think* about rodeoing during a picture. I don't blame 'em. But when I ain't workin', they can't tell me nothin'. If I've got a broken thumb when it's time to start shooting, they'll just have to write it into the script. That would be great if I had a part as a hitchhiker, right?

PLAYBOY: Don't you worry about *losing* a thumb—or getting crippled? Many cowboys do.

CAAN: To tell you the truth, I *have* been fighting my head a little lately because of that last injury. But it ain't gonna make me stop.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CAAN: It helps me get all this Hollywood crap out of my system. I mean, I'm not knocking what I do for a livin'; despite all the bullshit, I love it. But every once in a while, you got to blow it out. Ropin' does that for me.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't an ocean cruise or a weekend in the country accomplish the same thing?

CAAN: Not like rodeo. There's something about the dirt; it's clean, you know? It makes you feel good. I don't wanna sound like John Wayne, but it's so *American* in the old-fashioned sense of the word: simple, basic, honest, wholesome, rough and tough. It gives me the chance to escape not only from L.A. but from the modern age—and from myself. It lets me act out one of my favorite dreams: being a cowboy. It's like actin', only for real. I love the drama of being alone in a ring, pitted against a powerful animal. I mean, you can't talk your way out of it; there ain't no bullshit, except for the stuff on your bootheels.

PLAYBOY: Are you any good at it?

CAAN: Not bad. But it's a good thing I don't have to do it for a living, because I couldn't win enough to feed an ant—not competing against professionals who've been ropin' 30 steers a day for ten years. But they don't make that much money from it, either. They do it because they love it. It's a clean life—no attachments, no responsibilities, no bills coming in—but it ain't an easy one: driving maybe 100,000 miles, three or four rodeos a week, 12 months a year, paying a \$50 entrance fee so they can bust their humps for a \$100 prize, and *nothin'* if they lose, plus doctor's bills if they get hurt. They say hockey players are tough; forget about it. There ain't nobody as tough as a rodeo cowboy. They get a broken leg or 25 stitches and climb right back on.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CAAN: The competition. And the camaraderie. I mean, they fight among themselves all the time—you know, drunk, fuckin' around, spoilin' for action—but it's a tight fraternity. If you're an outsider, it wouldn't be a good idea to mess with 'em.

PLAYBOY: How do they feel about having a big rich movie star mixing in?

CAAN: If I came on like a big rich movie star, they'd tell me to get fucked or just punch me out. They don't give a shit who you are. But they know I'm not slummin'. They know I'm there because I love ropin', that I go all out just like they do and I take my lumps along with the rest of 'em; and I think they respect me for that. And accept me. They're friends of mine.

PLAYBOY: Most of your friends seem to be jocks—cowboys, stunt men, sports figures—and almost all of them are men. Some people would say you're suffering from arrested development.

CAAN: They're right. So sue me. I still like to hang out with the guys—play ball, cahoots, laugh a lot, chase girls and talk about horses and football. Thurber wrote that half the adult male population of the United States put themselves to sleep dreaming that they've just struck out the Yankees. That's me, boy. It has a lot to do with the way I was brought up on the streets of New York. You know, "I'll meetcha down by the candy store at six." I've just never outgrown it. I hope I never do.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any women friends?

CAAN: Absolutely. As a matter of fact, that's the best relationship you can have with a woman. I found that out the hard way. If I had to choose, I'd much rather have a woman I could be friends with and share things with than the most incredible beauty in the world who turned me on every three seconds. It's infinitely more important to me to have someone to talk to and laugh with than someone to fuck—excuse me, make love to.

PLAYBOY: You seemed to find both in Connie Kreski, the girl you lived with for four years.

CAAN: Yeah, I did. Connie is the sweetest girl I ever met. She's sensitive and thoughtful; she loves animals and children; she hasn't got a bad word to say about anyone; she's a simple homebody; that's her whole life. And on top of everything else, she's beautiful to look at.

PLAYBOY: What did she see in a rowdy like you?

CAAN: It had to be the present I gave her soon after we met. It was the most unbelievably ugly bouquet of flowers you ever saw. I went down to the shop and picked 'em out myself—a couple of gladiolas stickin' out in different directions, some wilted roses, a few dead leaves, a little bit of everything, all in colors so loud you could almost hear 'em

clashing. It was horrible. And on the card, I wrote: "Made in Poland especially for Connie Kreski." After that, she was mine.

PLAYBOY: It was a few years before you met her that she posed for *PLAYBOY* as a Playmate of the Month. How did you feel about that?

CAAN: I don't put her down for doing it; she was raised Catholic and it was like a rebellion to her. But I didn't like it. I guess I'm old-fashioned that way. I just wouldn't want any girl I was going with doing a nude layout. And if I'd been with her before it happened, I wouldn't have permitted it.

PLAYBOY: You're going to get letters from readers for using the word permitted.

CAAN: You're right—especially now that you've thoughtfully pointed it out. So let me explain. It's not like I'd have to say, "I won't permit it." If I was that close to somebody, I would hope she'd know how I felt about somethin' like that and not want to do it. If the relationship meant anything to her, she'd have to consider my views the way I would consider hers. If it was somethin' so important to her that she had to do it anyway, then maybe we weren't meant for each other. So it's not a question of being Hitler; it's a question of respecting each other's feelings.

PLAYBOY: Even though it was after the fact, was Connie's centerfold a problem between the two of you?

CAAN: Not at all. That was part of the past, and you can't change it. What was important was what happened and how we felt about each other while we were together.

PLAYBOY: How *did* you feel about each other?

CAAN: She loved me and I loved her. In my way, I still do. But somehow that feeling it began with started to fade. For her it seemed to last. I don't know what I'd want that she hasn't got. I mean, she's an extraordinary girl. Still, there was somethin' lacking; maybe in me, I don't know. All I know is that we reached a point where I couldn't live with myself without marrying her, but I just didn't feel ready for it or right about it, so it seemed that the only fair thing to do was to take a vacation from each other. Right now, though, she's alone, and that bothers me a lot. I can't ask her to come back, but if worst comes to worst and she doesn't meet anybody she can fall in love with, I want her to know I'll always take care of her, and even if we never get together again, we'll always be close friends.

PLAYBOY: After failing at your marriage, do you think you might just be afraid to take the plunge again?

CAAN: Exactly the opposite. I hope to God I fall head over heels in love tomorrow with somebody I'd like to spend the rest

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of my life with, because there's nothing in the world I want more than to get married and settle down and have kids and live happily ever after. I'm 35 and gettin' older every day and—here comes another fuckin' *macho* statement from the male chauvinist pig—I'd like to have a little halfback to play with while I'm still young enough to throw a pass. Christ, I find myself sometimes looking so desperately for somebody to fall in love with that I'm willing to do it with almost anybody. And the moment I find someone, I start waiting for something to go wrong—and I never have long to wait. It must be a sickness of mine.

PLAYBOY: Incurable romanticism?

CAAN: Maybe that's it. Maybe I was born 200 years too fuckin' late. Or maybe I was spoiled by my parents—by what a great relationship they've got, by how happy they've always been together. After 37 years, they not only still love each other but they really *like* each other; they're best friends. They've got common beliefs and common interests; but they've got lots of independent interests, too, and that's just as important. Underneath it all, though, is respect and trust. They're really open with each other; there's nothing they wouldn't tell each other. I mean, it's not like a confessional, but there's nothing either one feels like he'd have to hide from the other.

PLAYBOY: Is fidelity important to you?

CAAN: Of course. I just couldn't be with anyone I was worried about. I'd never ask, and I'd never spy, but if I found out that a girl I was seriously interested in was fuckin' around on me, that would be it; she'd be history.

PLAYBOY: And would you expect the same treatment from her?

CAAN: I would hope she'd never ask, because if she did, and I *had* been messin' around, I'd have to tell her the truth, because I never lie.

PLAYBOY: Then you believe in open relationships—open on *your* end.

CAAN: That's right, Charley. It's the old double standard. The problem is that I know I can handle what *I* do, but I also know that I couldn't handle whatever *she* might do. That ain't fair, but that's the way I am; I can't help it. I know it's nonsense to believe that a woman doesn't have the same natural instincts and shouldn't have the same rights as a man, but that's the way I was brought up, and I can't seem to get past it. I mean, it was OK for me to go home and tell my dad I just balled three broads, and he'd say, "That's my boy!" But God forbid my *sister* would brag about makin' it with three men. Guys my age grew up wanting their sisters—and their brides—to be lily-white virgins of the Nile, yet we spent most of our time tryin' to make sure there weren't any left on earth.

Fortunately, I've advanced in my thinking since then. If I meet a girl

today who's 21 or 22 and she hasn't had an affair or two, I think there's probably something wrong with her. Whereas ten or fifteen years ago, she was considered a slut. But there's some part of me that hasn't grown up—or caught up with the times.

PLAYBOY: So if you were to get married again, you wouldn't be able to remain faithful or to grant your wife the same freedom you insist on for yourself?

CAAN: I might not fuck around if I was dead in love with somebody; I don't want a gold star for it, but I didn't fuck around for the four and a half years I was married. I don't know if it would be the same next time, though; I'm older and I've been around and we've all lived through the sexual revolution and all that, so it might be much more difficult now to stay faithful. You hear people today saying, "I'll settle down when I get all this foolin' around out of my system." But what happens if you *never* get it out of your system? Maybe I won't get it out of my system till I'm 80 and I need somebody to help me go to the bathroom: "Come on, honey, I got to go peepee."

PLAYBOY: How do you usually get it out of your system—chasing girls, one-night stands, all of that?

CAAN: I never messed around much when I was young; but when I reached 25, after my marriage broke up, it was like they opened my cage: Every night I was out with a different girl. But that really gets old fast. I'd find myself telling the same fuckin' story every night, you know? It got so I wished I had a little tape deck that I could just whack into my mouth and read a magazine or go to sleep while I was getting that part over with. It turned into a routine; you couldn't avoid the sameness. By a certain time, we got to the house, had a drink, I was playing my guitar, singing a song, saying, "Oh, wow, aren't you charmin'? Drop your pants," and goin' fuckin' bananas. I didn't like not being able to relax and be myself.

Another reason I can't be much of a pussy hound is that I want to imagine that I'm in love before I *make* love. Even if I was with a whore, I'd want to pretend it was all for real; I'd function better under those circumstances. I mean, if you can't feel a little bit romantic about it, you might as well fuck a liver. A chicken, maybe, but a liver—yucch!

PLAYBOY: Convincing yourself that you're in love sounds like the kind of thing we used to think *women* did to rationalize making love.

CAAN: If you're calling me a cunt, you're gonna get it upside the head with my purse, faggot. No offense. But sexual guilt isn't exclusive with women. It goes back again to the way men—including me—used to be brought up: believing that the moment you have sex with

a girl, you *owe* her something, because she's given away this terrific treasure. And she figures you won't respect her if she gives it away too cheap; so she pretends she's in love, and so do you. Thank God all that is changing.

PLAYBOY: Still, don't you find that most of the women you meet nowadays are more casual about sex than you are?

CAAN: A lot of 'em, yeah. And it's a turnoff. I think the sexiest part of seduction is the courting ritual that comes *before* the lovemaking: the cat-and-mouse, the kissing, the handholding, the soft lights, all that shit. These days, women seem to want to go straight for the crotch. And that's another by-product of women's lib that turns me off: aggressiveness. For the last couple of years, a lot of women have been comin' on with me, and I don't think it's just because I've become well known. I mean, sometimes I can't help wondering if they'd treat me the same if I was delivering pizzas, but I really don't think it's star fucking. Whatever it is, though, I don't like it. I don't like to be pushed. Maybe it's old-fashioned—there he goes again—but I want to take the initiative. I think it's the man's role. I also happen to believe—batten the hatches, men—in a patriarchal society. I believe that the husband should be the head of the household, that he should be the boss—when it comes to the big decisions. That's not to say marriage should be a dictatorship; there should be discussion and sharing and cooperation about everything. Compromise and consideration are part of any good relationship. And not just on the woman's side. I don't want a robot on my arm. But if there's a basic difference of opinion about something really important, somebody's got to resolve it if it's a problem that affects the welfare of the family, and I think that's got to be the husband.

PLAYBOY: Those are very Neanderthal views, don't you think?

CAAN: That's exactly what they are. Men have run the family ever since the caves, and I think that's the way it's printed in our nerve endings, or we wouldn't have been doing it that way all these generations. I think we started gettin' in big trouble when we began to lose faith in this age-old role for men. And women lost their way when they started listening to all that bullshit feminist propaganda about how they couldn't be fulfilled unless they had a career. I happen to believe that a woman isn't truly fulfilled until she has kids—and raises them full time. Shit, that's the greatest fulfillment *anyone* could have. I'm not sayin' they shouldn't have equal voting rights, equal pay for equal jobs or any of that; but in personal relationships, I think the male is meant to be the final arbiter; and I really believe that if she's married, a woman's place is in the

home—at least until the kids are grown. Gloria Steinem can lead a march to my house with torches, but 70 percent of the women I know agree with me. So maybe I'm not such a fuckin' pig after all.

PLAYBOY: Well, whatever you are, no one could accuse you of being trendy.

CAAN: Damn right. I was brought up in a very traditional home. Whenever my brother or sister or I goofed off, it was, "Wait till your father gets home!" We grew up in Sunnyside, a nice middle-class neighborhood; you know, the typical Italian-Irish-Jewish melting pot, with a lot of ball and ring-a-levio in the streets. It was a tough neighborhood, but my parents taught us to respect not only them but all the people in our community. And they gave us a good home life. We all ate together at six o'clock, we went away in the summer and we never really wanted for anything. I had good schoolin', a bicycle, a piano and a bat and a ball. No spoiling, though. My dad is a very old-fashioned European guy—almost a musical-comedy version of a father—and he's very kind, very fair, very honest, very strong and very strict.

PLAYBOY: Did you need a lot of discipline?

CAAN: Nah, I wasn't really a wild kid. But I was very competitive. Maybe I was tryin' to prove somethin' to my dad—at 215 pounds, he's a pretty tough dude—or maybe it's because I always hung around with guys three and four years older than me. It's no ego thing, but I can't think of anybody my age in my neighborhood that I didn't surpass physically. I wound up playin' ball with older guys, dating older girls and growing up that much faster. That's what I remember most about when I was a kid—lyin' about my age. That and fightin'.

PLAYBOY: We thought you said you weren't a wild kid.

CAAN: I wasn't, but in that neighborhood, fightin' was just part of being a kid—like pimples and homework. I mean, there was nothing fatal about comin' home with a black eye or a coupla bruises. I got beat up once when I was four or five and came in all bloody, and my uncle, who was visitin', pushed me out into the street again to rework the kid who did it to me. Another time I'll never forget, because I think it's why I became an actor. I was watching my brother fighting and this lady came down and just whacked him. So I whacked her. Then she dragged me inside her house and when my mother came to get me, she was terrific. "Oh, thank you very much, ma'am," and "Wait till your father comes home." Then, when we got outside, she whispered, "The next time she hits your brother, kick her."

PLAYBOY: Did you run with any gangs?

CAAN: We had a group. Stole Baby Ruths

from the candy store, broke windows, did a lot of things we weren't supposed to; I mean, nothing really big; we never robbed anybody. There was no fear of getting stuck or shot in those days. But later on, about four or five years later, like my younger brother's crowd, they started gettin' pretty heavy. There were a lot of blades and zip guns and garrison belts and cue balls in white socks; they would've used a bazooka if they'd been able to get hold of one. Only once did I get caught in somethin' like that. Eight guys jumped me at the Lowery Street station and I got cut with a razor. Found one of 'em alone about six months later and beat the shit out of him. They're always like that: real tough when they're together but little pussies when they're alone.

PLAYBOY: Do you look back on your street life with any bitterness?

CAAN: No, I don't regret any of it. There's something fair about the streets. I really feel that having to fight now and then helped me get along in life. It taught me how to win and it taught me how to lose. It taught me about competition. Of course, I was fortunate that I could handle myself when I was a kid. So I didn't get the shit kicked out of me that often. But I wasn't a bully, either.

PLAYBOY: So how come they called you Killer Caan by the time you were 11?

CAAN: I see you've been doin' your research, prick. I'll tell you how that happened. Around that age, I began to box a little bit—oranges, mostly—and one summer at camp I was matched against this guy Wasserman. He was the biggest kid in camp—outweighed me by 52 pounds—but I knocked him cold. Well, the next year, I went back to camp and Wasserman was there again; he'd taken boxin' lessons all winter long and lost about 25 pounds, and he beat the dog shit out of me.

PLAYBOY: Did you go home and take karate lessons that winter?

CAAN: Karate. That's where you take a board and break a guy's arm with it, right? I know all about that stuff. Like jujitsu. You see, I'm half a Jew, so I just needed the jitsu. I got a big start on that game.

PLAYBOY: Did it ever do you any good?

CAAN: Being Jewish?

PLAYBOY: Learning karate and jujitsu.

CAAN: Are you kidding? I never learned any of that. I learned the art of self-defense Sunnyside style. That's where if a guy throws a punch at you, you hit him with a brick. Or even better, hit him with it *first*. I wrote away to one of those courses and that's what they said to do.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever try "dynamic tension" with Charles Atlas?

CAAN: Nah, I got tense enough without him. But I did try to pull a train with my hair once. That's why I'm a little

thin up there. You pull a few trains, boy, you see how quick your hair goes.

PLAYBOY: Did you use any martial-arts methods when you threw a kid out of a second-story window in public school?

CAAN: That's an absolute lie. It was more like a story and a half. Come on upstairs and I'll show you how I did it. We had found out that the teacher was gonna spring a test on us, so we were all trying to cram in whatever we could beforehand, and this kid came in singing and everybody said shut up, but he wouldn't stop. So I said, "Hey, man, shut the fuck up or I'll throw ya out the goddamn window." When he still wouldn't stop, everybody was there watching, so I had to do it. Somebody jerked the window open and I kinda snatched him and chucked him out in one motion. But the teacher caught me. My timing was always impeccable.

PLAYBOY: Were you expelled?

CAAN: I didn't get expelled, but they didn't accept me back. It was like the end of the year. So I transferred to a school in Manhattan called Rhodes.

PLAYBOY: A reform school?

CAAN: No, but I met a lot of guys there of the same caliber. Even so, it didn't take me long to establish myself there as the class clown: The level of wit wasn't that high. I also went out for basketball and baseball and became the captain of both teams: I owned the ball. Didn't study a whole lot; used to skip study hall and go drink beer at a place called the White Rose. But I got pretty good grades anyway, 'cause I was a truly gifted con man. Established a new state-wide track-meet record in bullshit throwing. Even got elected president of my class; voted most likely to exceed. I wasn't what you'd call an introvert.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you started getting interested in girls?

CAAN: Oh, shit, man! I remember having a mad love affair at camp when I was ten. I used to sneak over to the girls' camp during rest period.

PLAYBOY: Did you make out with her?

CAAN: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: All the way?

CAAN: What kind of boy do you think I was? How dare you? I didn't do anything like that till I was 12, when I started going with this girl in my neighborhood. I just put it in that far, you know? Then I went to Miami one summer when I was 13. I always looked older than I was, and I was hangin' around with these guys who were 17 and 18, and this one guy started telling me about this whorehouse he knew. I thought it was the funniest story I'd ever heard, because, like, a guy picks you up in a motorboat and takes you out to this little island. So, naturally, I went there myself first chance I got. I was scared shitless.

PLAYBOY: That was the first time you got it all the way in?

CAAN: Yeah. Some old girl in the back of a car. She was about 40. Looked like she'd been on fire and got put out with a fork.

PLAYBOY: How was she?

CAAN: All I remember is the mosquitoes bit my ass off. It wasn't a very romantic experience. But there was something about it that I *liked*. And I went straight home and started seeing this girl there. Went with her for two years.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents know you were sleeping with her?

CAAN: I guess they suspected. If my father had known for sure, he probably would have wanted to jump on her himself. I remember one night a few years ago, my brother Ronnie and me were half bombed in Vegas, and we had a girl with us, and we were all sitting around having a good time. And Ronnie says, "Come on, let's call Dad and wake his ass up." It was five o'clock in the morning and we put this girl up to saying, "Hello, Mr. Caan? I've just been fucked by your sons, and I want to thank you, 'cause they're really great." And the old man says, "You ain't been fucked till you been fucked by the old man." When she got up off the floor, he added, "Of course, I need two guys to help me on and off."

PLAYBOY: You're obviously a chip off the old block. But let's get back to your first girlfriend. Living at home, where would you go to be alone together?

CAAN: Up on the rooftops. We'd go into those little sentry stands with the pigeons. And in the winter, we'd go down to the storage room in the basement and screw over the bicycles and the sheets.

PLAYBOY: Ever get caught?

CAAN: A few times. It was really hysterical. My mother walked in one time, yelling, "Surprise!" Great sense of humor, my mother. Another time, at my girlfriend's house, *her* folks walked in: this time, I yelled "Surprise!" Then there was a time when I wasn't caught in the act, but I might just as well have been. I was taking out this girl from Yonkers. We used to go by the cemetery and neck all the time, and one night we got kind of passionate. She had on a pair of those pedal pushers they were wearing in those days and this little blouse. And we got to fumblin' around down there and I ripped her zipper out. And she had nothing to hold her pants up with, see. So we waited extra late and got home around two-thirty, and she said, "Come on, walk me in." And I said, "Well, look, I mean. . . ." And she says, "It's OK, my parents are asleep." So we walked in—she's holding her pants up with one hand—and there in the livin' room are six people playin' pinochle. Her parents and two other couples. I



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didn't know whether to shit or go blind.

PLAYBOY: Which did you do?

CAAN: I said, "How do you do?" and ran out the door.

PLAYBOY: Did you see her again? Or Yonkers?

CAAN: Nope. It was a true act of cowardice. Oh, oh. Now that you've got me going, I remember the very first time I ever got caught. It was with the four-year-old girl from upstairs. Her mother went down to the basement with the laundry and when she came back, there I was, examining the dear little thing's peach.

PLAYBOY: How old were you?

CAAN: Five. She liked older men.

PLAYBOY: Precocious, weren't you?

CAAN: Yeah, well, I kinda liked it even then.

PLAYBOY: So by the time you—

CAAN: Got to Phoenix, I was sleepin'.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you could have used the rest. What we were going to say was that by the time you got to college, you must have been around more than most postgraduates.

CAAN: Well, I never took a poll, but at 16, which is when I started college, I was keepin' up with the guys who were 18 or 19. When I went to Michigan State, I was in love with a girl who was 18, and my biggest fear was that she was gonna find out I was two years younger than her. Then her father found out I was Jewish and it was all over anyway.

PLAYBOY: Had you run into much anti-Semitism before that?

CAAN: I was aware of it, but I never got persecuted or anything. But I didn't feel especially Jewish to begin with: I mean, my parents weren't religious. My father is an agnostic, if anything, and my mother gets holy maybe twice a year, so it was never a big thing with me or my friends. But I remember a coupla times when somebody found out I was part Jewish, they looked at me differently; so I didn't talk about it. I remember feeling—I don't know how to explain it—sort of an embarrassment about it. Maybe that had something to do with why I tried so hard to be funny, and to be tough, and to excel at sports; I wanted to be accepted. Who knows? I don't lose any sleep over it. All that's past now, of course. Now I'm proud to be Jewish. I don't think I *act* particularly Jewish. But you know something? During the Six-Day War, I got so Jewish I wanted to hijack a bomber and strafe Cairo. Not that I've got anything against them fuckin' Arab goat eaters.

PLAYBOY: Of course not. But we were talking about Michigan State. How long did you stay there after being found out?

CAAN: I quit after a year—but not because of that, for Christ's sake, and he ought to know: he was Jewish, too. I went to Michigan in the first place because I wanted to play football, and it

had one of the best teams in the country.

PLAYBOY: Did you make the team?

CAAN: I held bags for a while and they sent me home in a box. I just wasn't big enough or old enough, I guess. I got home one holiday bandaged from my neck to my ass, and my mother took one look and said, "Have you thought of tryin' out for the swimming team?" I was gonna do that, but I got homesick, and I missed this girl I'd met at home, so I transferred to Hofstra in New York.

PLAYBOY: Did you do any better there?

CAAN: I did great. Couldn't find anything that held my interest. Changed my major every two weeks. Finally sold my books halfway through the year. All the classes were reading, no *doing*—even in drama, which I tried as a last resort. It was all such a fuckin' waste of time that I quit school that summer and went to work in my dad's packing house. Even haulin' carcasses was livelier than college. But by the end of the summer, I was getting restless to *do* something with myself, so when somebody told me about an actin' school in Manhattan called the Neighborhood Playhouse, I went down there and asked if I could join up. I found out later that they had waiting lists for this place; they take only 30 guys and 30 girls a year. But I talked to the guy in charge and he must have seen something even I didn't see, because he accepted me on the spot. I started classes ten days later.

PLAYBOY: And did it hold your interest?

CAAN: Well, I'm still actin'. At least I think I am. But I had my doubts there for a while. When I signed up, they gave me a slip to go to this place on Broadway to pick up some stuff for school—I wasn't sure what—and they handed me some dance tights, a dance belt and fuckin' ballet slippers! I thought, what the hell did I get myself into now? I asked for a brown bag to carry 'em out, but they didn't have one, so I had to take 'em home that way. My dad took a look at them, rolled his eyes, whistled, patted me on the back and just shook his head. For the next two weeks. The first day of school, I showed up in the locker room and there were all these guys flittin' around, slipping into their outfits, and all I could think about was that I'd traded football pads for *this*. But finally I got 'em on and I skulked down to the exercise hall—feeling naked as a jay bird, afraid somebody I knew was gonna see me and tell the whole neighborhood—and when I got there, I found out I'd put the goddamn thing on backward. It was horrendous.

PLAYBOY: When did you start to enjoy yourself?

CAAN: When I found out there were *girls* in the class with us. I used to love to lift them up. And Martha Graham

was teaching there; she was really exciting. It was a good year and I got hooked on performing.

PLAYBOY: Had you quit your job at the packing house by that time?

CAAN: Nope. I was still unloading hind-quarters at four in the morning—that was about the only piece of ass I had time for—and I was working Friday and Saturday nights as a waiter in a place called the Tuxedo Ballroom. It was the biggest dance hall I'd ever seen. The Devlin brothers, who owned the place, thought I'd just come off the boat: I talked with a brogue, danced the fling, the whole shot. One night I was dancing with a full tray of Scotch and rye—ta-da, ta-da, ta-da—twirlin' around like a fuckin' dervish, and all the drinks come flyin' off. It was great.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a high-class joint. Did guys go there to pick up girls?

CAAN: What, are you kidding? They sure as hell didn't come in to pick up *guys*: not in that neighborhood. Sometimes, though, they got two for the price of one: They picked up not only a girl but a case of the clap. The girls would come in on Saturday night and get piss-assed, work the guys into a frenzy, stick their tongues in their ears and promise to meet them later. Then, around one or two, they'd leave and go home—alone—'cause they had to be in church by nine the next morning, in time for confession. As soon as they left—the "nice" girls, I mean—the party would begin to warm up. Chairs would start to go; it was a real Donnybrook. Somebody would say something and *wham!* "Hey, I like dem brown shoes wid dem white socks!" "Hey, ya mudda sleeps inna gahbidge can!" "Hey, getcha hand off my girl!" "Hey, getcha hand off my dick!" "Hey, getcha hand off my hand!" "Hey, getcha hand!" It didn't matter what you said: the point was to get it started. One night the 300-pound bouncer was out sick and they handed me his carnation and told me to get out there and stand in for him: I spent the night in the bathroom. Mrs. Caan didn't raise no fool for a son.

PLAYBOY: Did you get combat pay for working in that place?

CAAN: No, but I supplemented my income with tips for taking the RESERVED signs off tables for big spenders who wanted to sit down. I always managed to earn enough money to get along on, and a little bit extra. A while later, when I started getting actin' jobs off-Broadway, I was taking home a fast \$37.50 a week; but somehow I always found a way to flesh that out at the poker table or the pool hall. I'm not that great at either game, but I won consistently by practicin' the Caan system: always playing somebody worse than me. I also did a lot of betting on ball games. Didn't do quite as well at that: there wasn't anybody to con. But I found a way to win

(continued on page 150)

Small was

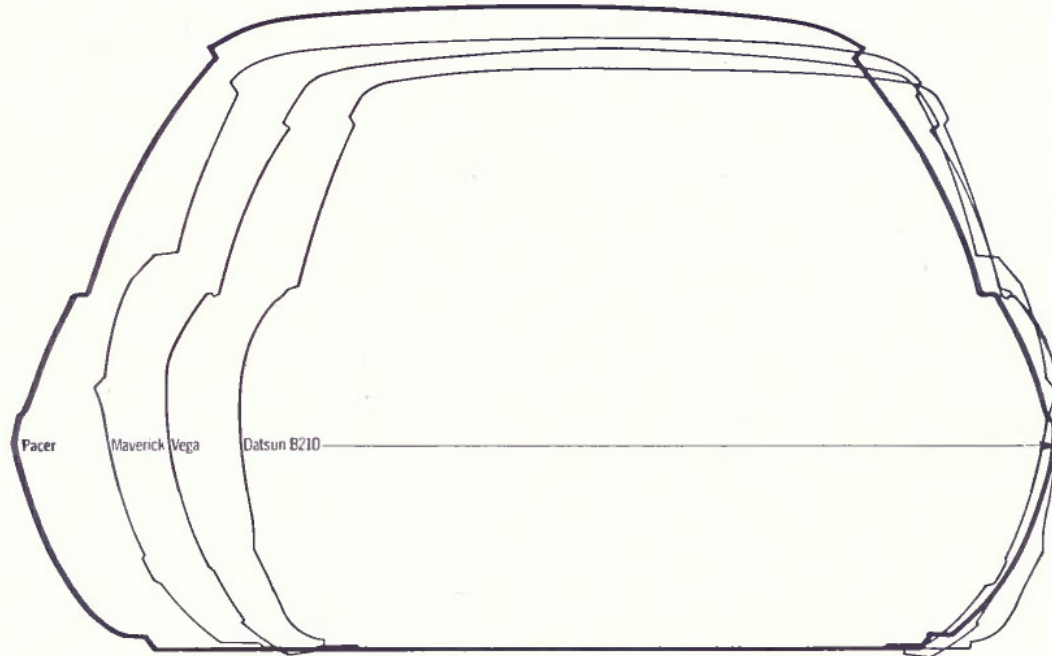


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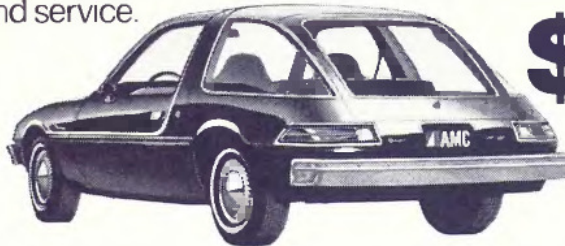
Overall width comparison: Pacer 77.0", Maverick 70.5", Vega 65.4", Datsun B210 60.8"

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Parts fixed or replaced free.

	AMC	GM	FORD	CHRYSLER
Engine/Drive train	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Spark plugs	Yes	No	No	No
Shock absorbers	Yes	No	No	Yes
Brake linings	Yes	No	No	Yes
Clutch linings	Yes	No	No	Yes
Wiper blades	Yes	No	No	No
All light bulbs	Yes	No	No	No
Hoses & Belts	Yes	Yes	No	No

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	AMC	GM	FORD	CHRYSLER
Wheel alignment	Yes	No	No	No
Wheel balancing	Yes	No	No	No
Align headlights	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust carburetor	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust distributor	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust brakes	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust clutch	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust transmission bands	Yes	No	No	No
Adjust & tighten belts	Yes	No	No	No
Tighten nuts & bolts	Yes	No	No	No
Free loaner car	Yes	No	No	Yes
Trip Interruption Protection	Yes	No	No	No

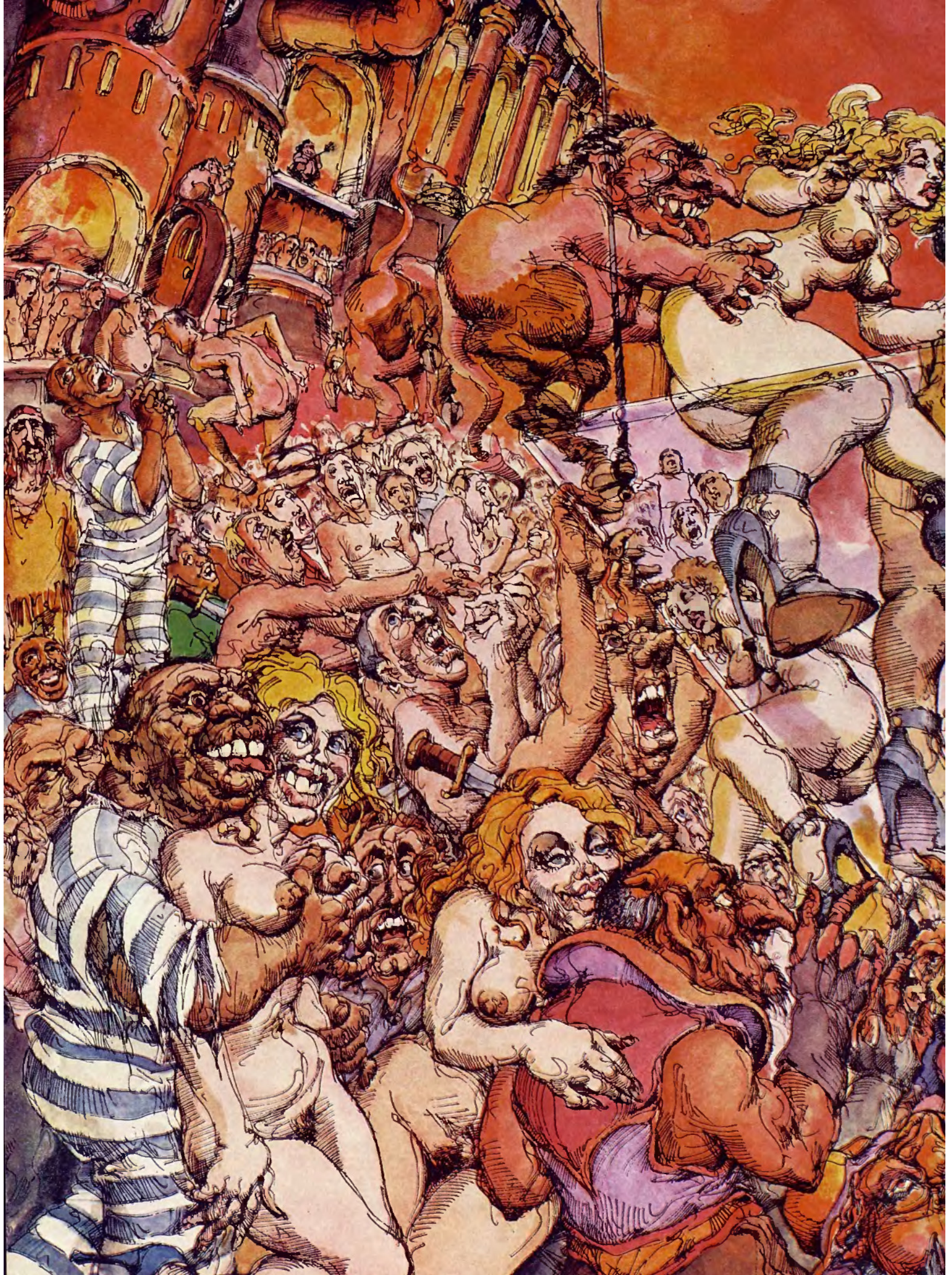
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fiction By
Melvin Van Peebles

THE TRUE AMERICAN

not only is there life after death but there is sex, music and soul food, too—a diabolically funny look at a modern inferno by the writer, director and star of “sweet sweetback’s baadasssss song”

ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, but not so far away. George Abraham Carver was born in a place called Georgia. The first time he lived, he didn’t travel more than 150 miles from the shack in which he was born. For one thing, he was a marked child. In fact, for one, two and—some militants and maybe some sociologists would say—three things, he was a marked child: He was black.

When he was 15, his parents died. A couple of years later, some bad men sold him some bad moonshine and he got into a fight with the Negro doctor’s son at the dance for colored folks.

*“Wave the ocean
Wave the sand
Wave the good times
And wave again...”*

Primitive soul music flowed from the dance. It drifted out into the middle of the dirt road and joined up with the succulent night odor of honeysuckle and floated up the hill on a breeze.

The sheriff sat in his wagon up on the ridge bobbing his head to the music and watching the lamplight gently flickering from the barn. In his mind, he was inside among the ocean of smiling black faces, watching the beads of sweat rolling down the singer’s face and feeling the shock of stomping feet. Actually, inside, the refreshment table had just been

bumped, the best cake sat on and the collard-green juice spilled into the chicken platter.

Suddenly, two silhouettes hurtled through the doorway and rolled in the dust.

"Trouble," the deputy said, and spat into the blue-black night.

"Yep," said the sheriff, "giddy-yap."

The battlers were gathered up, thrown into the wagon and dragged to jail for disturbing the peace.

"Listen, you boys," the sheriff said, giving his deputies a wink. "I don't mind you bucks fighting, but I'm responsible for keeping law and order in this town and, you know yourself, it wouldn't look right if I let you two niggers go busting up your folks' Saturday-night dance over some high-yaller hussy, now, would it?"

Abe and the doctor's son had cooled down and regained their senses in the face of the common enemy. They shook their heads and flashed their teeth stupidly, as they were supposed to do. The deputies smiled at each other and chuckled at the childish coons, but the sheriff, who was a bloodthirsty son of a bitch, wasn't satisfied.

"Look, you boys, we ain't about to spoil your fun. . . . I gotta coupla knives here we took off two prisoners we sent over to the chain gang at Eastonville and I'm gonna let you boys borrow them . . . go ahead, take them." The sheriff handed the long and ugly-looking knives through the cell bars. The boys didn't want to take them.

"Go ahead, niggers, go ahead, niggers, take them and whichever of you boys wins . . . why, he . . . he can go free and I'll forget the whole thing."

The boys gulped and shook their heads.

"Beats the chain gang at Eastonville, don't it?" the sheriff said. "Take 'em!" he ordered.

The boys took the knives. They began to circle, giving each other a wide berth.

The three officers of the law clanged their billy clubs on the bars and clamored for action: "Go to it! Go to it!"

"Sheriff Benson, sir . . ." a voice two fifths dignified and three fifths servile called.

The sheriff whirled around. A small black man wearing glasses and holding his hat in his hand was standing under the naked bulb at the other end of the cruddy hallway.

"Well, Uncle Dan!" the sheriff said, bursting into a big puppy-dog grin of recognition. "Still getting the mayor's high yallers out of trouble?"

Dr. Dan had a great deal of influence in the town, for a colored man, anyway, due to the fact that he aborted the mulatto girlfriends of the laying white citizens when the need arose.

"Sheriff, sir . . . that's my son . . . my only son, sir. . . ." Dr. Dan moved forward as he talked, nervously fingering the brim of his frayed old hat. "Sir,

please . . . I'd like to please take Ronald home?"

The grin never left the sheriff's big beefy face. He figured, what the hell, Uncle Dan was a good ole boy.

"Sho, Uncle, but you watch him, you hear?" The sheriff opened the cell and the doctor and his son disappeared down the hall. When Abe tried the same thing, the sheriff shoved him back behind bars.

"Your ass is grass, boy!" he snarled.

They kept Abe in jail for a week, then got him sentenced to five months on the chain gang at Eastonville.

Before his five months was up, there was a prison break and Abe found himself hobbling through the swamps shackled to a big bulletheaded, badly scarred-up Negro called Dogface who threatened to kill him if he didn't move faster.

It happened this way: It had been even hotter than the hinges of hell that day. The trusty, who had been at the dipper in the water bucket three times in the past hour, wanted to pee. He looked out over the cotton field, checking the white-and-black zebra-striped backs of the convicts, shackled two by two, bent over endless snowy rows. It seemed OK. He dismounted his horse with a sigh.

Abe saw the trusty answering nature's call. He decided to take the opportunity to give himself a little break. He straightened up and wiped his brow. Suddenly, he was jerked off his feet. He thumped his head in the clay and the world started spinning.

Abe came to being dragged through the weeds by the shackle on his ankle. He looked up ahead over his big toe. His huge partner was crawling along, towing him.

"Dogface . . . what you doing?"

His mate stopped and turned. His appearance was incredible. Every inch of naked skin protruding from his prison rags had a scar. Even his lips, which he had just put his finger to for silence, had been chewed in two or three places.

"Sssshh . . . I'm escaping, fool. What's it look like I'm doing?" Dogface hissed.

"But how about me?" Abe protested. "I'll be free soon."

A train whistled in the distance.

"Hear that?" Dogface whispered. "That'll be the milk train. We gonna catch it, just like I planned."

"But I only got a week to go."

Dogface grabbed Abe by the throat and began to squeeze. "Listen, young nigger, if you don't haul ass out of here with me, you ain't even got a minute to go!"

Dogface and Abe hobbled through the brush, stumbling and crashing toward the railroad tracks. The sound of the train's whistle grew louder. Unfortunately, the sound of bloodhounds on their trail grew louder, too.

They caught them at the railroad siding.

"Unchain 'em!" the overseer barked. He fixed his flinty, red-rimmed eyes on

Dogface. "You done tried your last escape," he snarled. "Get him!" The posse tightened the circle around Dogface and started to club and kick him without mercy.

Abe was carried back to jail and got five years added to his time. A flood came through in the second year of his new sentence. He was piling sandbags onto the levee when a branch rose out of the churning, foaming chocolate muck and swept him and a deputy into the raging water. The swollen river dumped Abe 15 miles downstream, half-drowned, and the deputy 30 miles downstream, dead. Abe was sentenced to life imprisonment on suspicion of murder.

Four years later, he was killed by an avalanche in a quarry, where he and some other colored prisoners had been hired out. A bad blast started the landslide. Abe heard the ominous rumble. He looked up. The mountain was crumbling . . . rocks and boulders hurtling straight toward him. He started to run. THUNK—the ball and chain slipped from his sweaty hands. WHAP, THUD, SPLAT—the rocks arrived and all went black.

As soon as Abe breathed his last breath, he was whisked before the heavenly tribunal.

Released from the pressure of all the tons of stone that a minute ago had pressed so fatally on his chest, Abe let out a sigh of profound relief.

"Whew! . . . Jesus Christ," he said.

"Yes," a voice answered.

Abe looked up. When he saw he was in the presence of white people, he snatched off the ragged secondhand cap he had been given by the boss of the quarry. He gazed around in wonderment—radiant light, clouds, angels, celestial mist and, behind him, the line of newly dead growing and growing.

He was standing before what looked like an office desk. The desk was floating serenely on a cloud and behind the desk sat a thin, liberal-looking white man dressed in a flowing white robe and sporting a brown beard that ended in two points. On each side of the desk, a door floated. One was white and one was red, and before each door a flunky hovered. The white door had a pink cherub carrying a harp, and the red door had a bright-red guy with horns and a heavy-looking tail that he held in one hand and patted in the palm of the other, sort of like a cop with a night stick. Abe began to guess what all this meant.

The thin man behind the desk finished with the soul in front of Abe and beckoned. Abe shuffled forward. "Mr. Christ, sir?"

"Obviously, you've had religious training, since you seem to know my name," the Son of God said coldly.

At the sound of the chill in Jesus' voice, the imp by the door to hell smiled, revealing his pointed teeth, and the

(continued on page 78)

THE SENSUOUS GIFT

by which the gifter may ultimately derive more pleasure than the giftee

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a small, round, reddish-brown cosmetic container. Another hand is shown touching a person's skin, likely applying the product. The background is a soft, light blue gradient.

Akkar nipple blush—
for the skin you love
to touch—is available
in three colors, red,
cinnamon and soft
pink; 100 percent
natural minerals
makes it lickable,
of course. By True
Earth Cosmetics,
\$5 per color.



Prelude 2 vibrator—
if you'll excuse the expres-
sion—comes with five massage
attachments: facial, body,
scalp, all-purpose and a
very special stimulator
whose purpose is strictly
business, by Sensory
Research Corporation, \$24.95.

Here's the latest
in radical cheek—Rudi
Gernreich's celebrated
Thong of nylon and spandex,
from Lily of France, \$5
for the Thong and \$5.50
for the top.



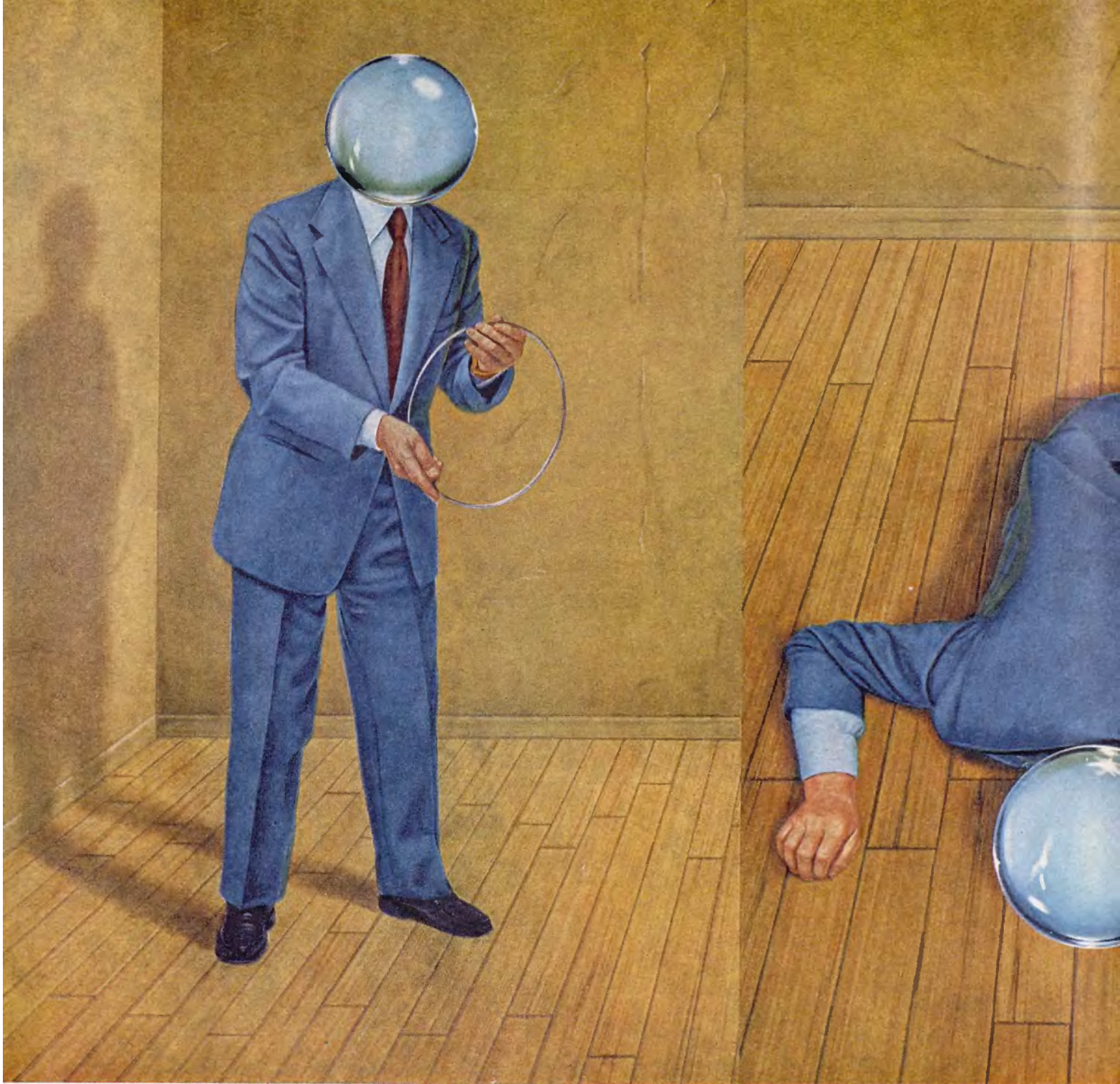


If the lady likes to curl up with a good book—among other things—there's always *Erotic Art of the Masters*, a gallery of the most important erotic paintings of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries, published by Lyle Stuart, \$35. Below: She's just a prisoner of love—you devil, you—wearing nought but stainless-steel handcuffs, by Hamburger Woolen, \$12.95.



For water sports, there's the 722 Therapeutic Showering Head, by Logan Manufacturing, \$29.50, that delivers 20 different water patterns, from a soft spray mist to a fire-hose-nozzle stream. Whoosh!





article **By DAN GREENBURG** *an eerie visit with a man whose passport is stamped "clairvoyant"*

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, I've been doing research on black magic and related weirdness, and since I started nosing around the subject, everybody I've talked to who hasn't giggled has darkly warned me to stay away from it.

As a matter of fact, many of the people

who warned me had once been into black magic themselves, and they seemed so frightened they could scarcely talk about it. Warnings tend to make things that much more intriguing to me, but I can't say I wasn't starting to get a trifle worried. Then a friend told me she knew this

clairvoyant who was very trustworthy and something of an expert on the occult.

I figured if anybody could tell me whether I was in any danger from black-magical investigations, it would be he. The clairvoyant was a 55-year-old Dutchman by the name of Marinus Dykshoorn,

"I DON'T MAKE



and he was to give a lecture at a Unitarian church on Central Park West. I went to hear him.

The lecture is being held in a large room with bleacher seats filled with people of all ages and lifestyles. A member of the church welcomes us and introduces Dykshoorn with a series of

self-conscious jokes about clairvoyance. Dykshoorn stands up and begins a very energetic, perky and only partially intelligible explanation of what he does and how he does it. "I don't know what I do," he says in a heavily accented voice, "and I don't know how I do it." He is a stocky 5'6", has electric-blue eyes overshadowed by bushy eyebrows and, as he talks, he

strides briskly about and toys with a loop of wire.

He explains that he is not precisely a clairvoyant, but there is no word in the English language for what he is, which is a person with ESP in all five senses. The loop of wire he is toying with is a length of ordinary 15-cent piano wire and it acts as a sort of dowsing rod for him: He

HOCUS-POCUS"

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

uses it to receive vibrations of electrical energy. It also seems to be a kind of lightning rod, as he describes it, because he says that he gets tingly sensations from the wire loop in his hands that would otherwise be received as moderately painful shocks at the base of his skull.

He says that in addition to lectures and private consultations, he helps police departments all over the world solve murder cases. The way he does that is to go to the scene of a crime with his wire loop, tune into the vibrations there and then re-create with all five senses the last five minutes of the victim's life. He hears, sees, feels, tastes and smells everything the victim did at the end. If the death was by strangulation, Dykshoorn usually gets red marks on his neck; if the death was by shooting, he often gets red marks where the bullets struck. He has notarized affidavits from everyone involved in every one of the cases he has helped solve that attest to these feats.

Following a description of what he does and a brief history of how he first realized as a child that he had these powers—until he was an adult, they were much more of a curse to him than a blessing—he says there will be a short question-and-answer period and then a demonstration. Several questions are asked and over many of his replies I hear somebody behind me muttering frequent factual corrections. I turn around and see that the mutterer is an attractive middle-aged blonde woman who turns out to be his wife. As the question-and-answer period continues, she begins muttering, "Demonstration, demonstration. . ."

Dykshoorn decides his wife is correct and the demonstration begins. He tells us to ask him questions about our lives and he will tune into our vibrations and give us some extrasensory perceptions. A woman in the audience says she is unsure about whether or not she should remain in her present job. What is Dykshoorn's advice?

"OK," says Dykshoorn, mentally rolling up his sleeves. "I work it out." He takes the wire loop between his hands and paces briskly back and forth for a few moments. He stops and closes his eyes. "Your body comes into me now," he says. "I become you now. I am female." He frowns. "You have trouble in the back, is it, madam?" he says.

"No," says the woman.

"You have trouble in the right knee, madam?" he says.

"No," says the woman.

Dykshoorn seems not at all dismayed. "You have an irritation in the thyroid?" he says.

"No," says the woman, by now clearly embarrassed by her apparent robust health; but still Dykshoorn is not upset.

"You have had trouble down here, is it?" he says, indicating his lower belly.

"No," says the woman once more.

People in the audience are beginning to shift restlessly in their seats. "You have never had a Caesarean, madam?" says Dykshoorn.

"No," says the woman, "I'm sorry."

"I don't care," says Dykshoorn doggedly, "I see it, madam, what can I do?"

Suddenly, the lady next to her shouts. "Wait a minute, what you've been saying is true of me—I've had a Caesarean and trouble in my thyroid and my back and my right knee—you've been reading me!" Everybody is immensely relieved.

Dykshoorn returns to the healthy woman and tries to tune in on her office situation. He says she works in a large office. She agrees. He says she works in the third row of desks on the right as you enter. She says the fourth. He says she works in a surveying office. She says yes and is impressed for the first time. He says her immediate supervisor is a very difficult woman and that is why she is thinking of leaving her job. The lady agrees, now beginning to get excited. Dykshoorn says her supervisor may be a difficult woman but that she is a good person, and he says to stay in the job because he sees a promotion and a raise in salary coming soon.

Another woman in the audience, whom he correctly diagnoses as having a low blood count and a history of rheumatic heart disease, is told that she is depressed and should try to get a more positive outlook on life. "Happiness is a state of mind," says Dykshoorn. "When a person says in the morning, 'It stinks,' so is the whole day rotten." He closes his eyes. "Your father," he says, "is this the way he stands?" Dykshoorn adopts an exaggerated stance.

"Yes," says the woman.

"Is this the way he walks?" says Dykshoorn, striding jauntily across the stage.

"Yes," says the woman.

"He is taller than myself?"

"Yes," says the woman.

Dykshoorn coughs. "This is his cough?"

"Yes," says the woman.

"He spends much time in the toilet, reading magazines?"

"Yes," says the woman.

"He has hemorrhoids."

"Yes," says the woman.

"Do you now write something?" says Dykshoorn.

"Well, sort of," says the woman.

"Do you make a thesis for a master's degree?" says Dykshoorn.

"No," says the woman.

"Oh, come off it," says Dykshoorn. "I see it, madam—why do you deny it?"

He tells another woman in the audience that she has a very tall husband. She agrees. "He is five foot, eleven inches," says Dykshoorn.

"No," says the woman, "he's six foot, four."

"Sometimes," says Dykshoorn, "you have to give me a few inches, madam."

He twirls the loop in her direction. "You have no children," he says.

"Yes, I have," says the woman.

"How many?" says Dykshoorn suspiciously.

"One," says the woman, "a boy."

"But," says Dykshoorn, "he is not yours. He did not come out of your uterus."

"No," says the woman, "he's adopted."

Dykshoorn appears satisfied.

On the basis of the reactions he gets from the people he talks to, I judge he is hitting with about 80 percent accuracy. Whenever he is describing anything that could be even remotely embarrassing, he says, "I'm sorry, I have to do this." Whenever he is asked anything about any occult area not directly related to clairvoyance, he says, "I'm sorry, this is not mine field." A couple of times he starts to reply and then says, "I'm sorry, I forget the question." He seems to be getting tired as the demonstration goes on but says that this is no deterrent. "I work best when I am either tired or drunk," he says.

I decide that before he gets either tired or drunk, and regardless of the fact that it may not be his field, I have to ask him what I came for.

"I am researching a piece of writing on black magic," I say. "On the basis of what you know or what you sense, do you think I'm in any danger?"

"No," says Dykshoorn decisively, "you are in no danger. Black magic is phony-baloney."

"Really?" I say, vastly relieved. "You don't believe in it at all, then?"

"No," he says. "You stick a needle into a doll of a man, of course he feels it—you don't need phony-baloney dancing around and mumbo jumbo. *Anybody* can do it—you don't need black magic."

It is not exactly the sort of answer I know what to do with, but the lecture-demonstration is now over. I drift over to the knot of people surrounding Dykshoorn, having decided I must speak with this man at greater length, about black magic and other things as well. At the fringe of people pressing forward for instant free solutions to their life problems is Mrs. Dykshoorn. She holds a number of her husband's business cards and press kits with reprints of newspaper articles from various parts of the country where he has given demonstrations and helped solve murders. I take a business card and a press kit and make an appointment with his wife to see him.

"After you talk to him," says Mrs. Dykshoorn reassuringly, "you will know *everything*."

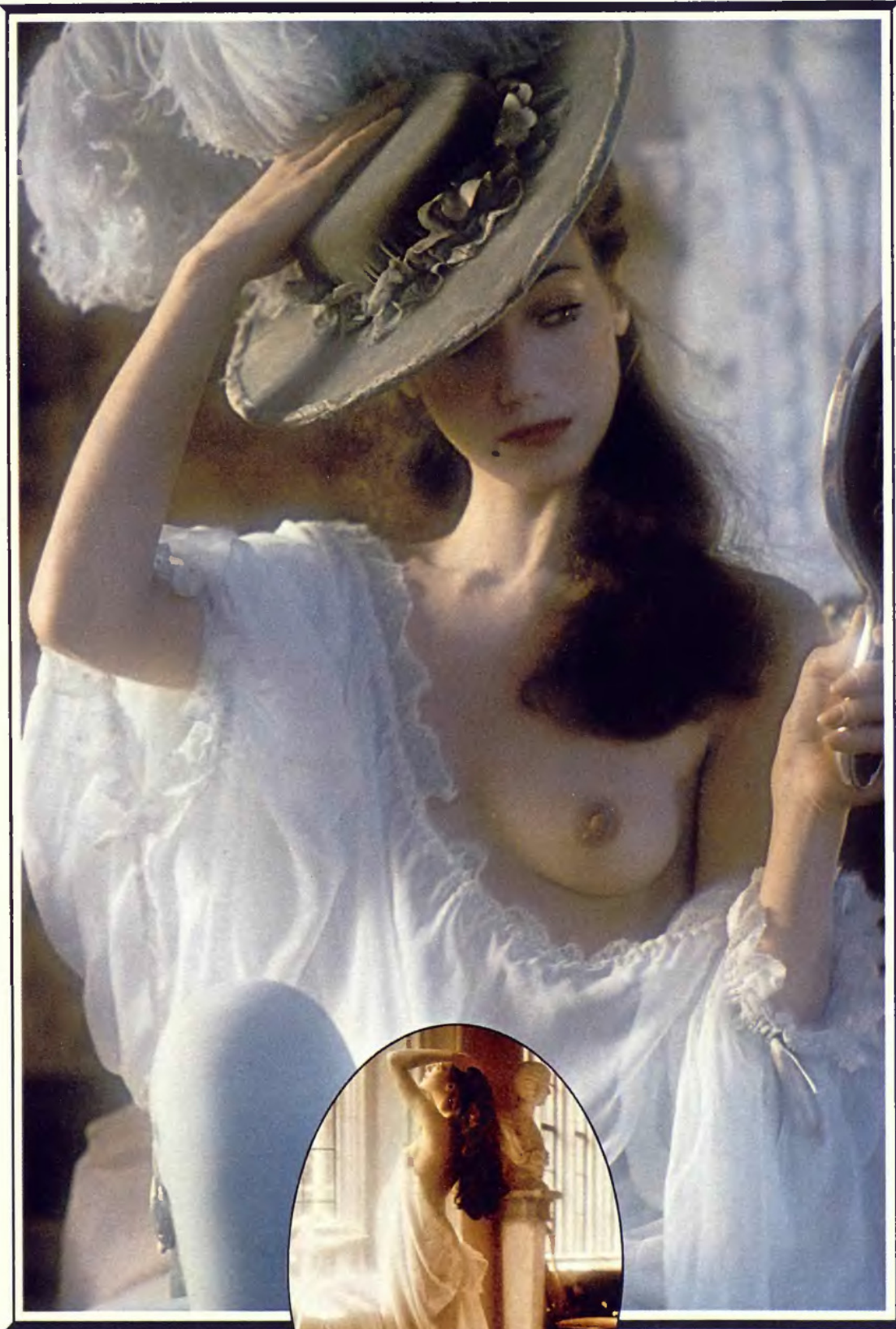
Dykshoorn receives me in his modern high-rise apartment in Riverdale and immediately ushers me into his study and closes the door. We sit down, exchange a few pleasantries, and then he stands up, takes a wire loop out of his suit-jacket pocket and begins to twirl it in my direction. "OK," he says, "now I work you out."

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"No, this isn't the moment of truth. You missed it by five minutes."

Kubrick's Countess



*first visconti, then fosse, now
kubrick. obviously, marisa
berenson is something special*

Starring opposite Ryan O'Neal—who is title-roled in the latest Stanley Kubrick opus, *Barry Lyndon*—Marisa Berenson plays the Countess of Lyndon, who provides the ambitious Barry with the steppingstone he needs to achieve wealth and power.



MARISA BERENSON had made three films when Stanley Kubrick telephoned her out of the blue and asked her if she'd like to be in his next project. "I couldn't believe it was he. He said, 'I can't tell you anything about it—I can't tell you its name or even what it's about, but it's a period piece, you'd play an English countess and the lead will be Ryan



"I'm just now beginning to feel fulfilled—I think that happens when you mature and calm down from the rat-race you live when you're younger. Now I'm starting to live a different sort of life and I'm much happier."



O'Neal. I'll send you a copy of the book eventually.' And eventually he did."

The book was *Barry Lyndon*, Thackeray's story of an Irish blackguard who pushes his way to the top of society in 18th Century Europe, marries the richest woman in England, then loses the lot. Kubrick sent Marisa the book in 1973. Now, two and a half years later, the movie was (concluded on page 166)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

THE TRUE AMERICAN

(continued from page 66)

cherub at the door to heaven smirked in spite of himself and had to struggle to get a compassionate expression back on his face.

"Hunh?" Abe was stupefied. "Hunh? Me, suh?"

"George Abraham Carver, how do you plead—guilty or not guilty? And remember, lying won't help you."

At the familiar words, Abe snapped to his senses.

"I ain't guilty of nothing, sir. Nothing, that is, except being colored."

"George Abraham Carver, you are a habitual criminal," Jesus intoned in his heavenly voice, barely waiting for Abe to finish. "Do not waste the time of this court, this heavenly tribunal, with excuses. I am not current with the laws of your country, but I know a ball and chain when I see one. . . . If any man spends almost half his life behind bars, something must be radically wrong!"

"Yassuh, something sure is wrong, sir: I was just danc—"

"Silence!" the Son of God commanded, raising a majestic hand.

Immediately, Abe, who knew that tone all too well, dropped his head submissively and began to shuffle his feet. Jesus, who was not used to the sly defense mechanisms of oppressed people of color, was genuinely touched to the bottom of his charitable heart. Maybe I have made a mistake, he thought to himself. Maybe he is not a bad sort. "To err is human, to forgive, divine." I could give him executive clemency. Jesus hesitated. First I must be sure.

Just then, as God would have it, a white lady angel from Mississippi went gliding by.

"Sister lady angel, come here, if you would be so kind. I would like to question you," Jesus called sweetly.

"Yes, Jesus Christ, Son of Gawd," the lady angel drawled just as sweetly. "I suppose I was a little off limits, but I was just trying out my wings and—"

"No, no, that's not what I wish to speak to you about," Jesus gently assured her. "I just want you to answer some questions about this man . . . his people. . . ." Jesus gestured toward Abe standing before the desk.

The lady angel raised her eyes and looked in the direction Jesus indicated, and she noticed Abe for the first time.

The lady angel stood next to Jesus behind the desk, about ten feet from Abe. She had passed into the great beyond on her 73rd birthday, when a coughing fit, brought on by choking on a piece of eggshell accidentally embedded in her birthday cake, strangled her to death. The lady was very ugly at the time of her death and still a virgin. In fact, she had always been so ugly that she'd never once been called on to defend that maiden-

head that, it is said, God loves so dearly. Anyway, a virgin is a virgin, and in heaven, as most places, results and not the why and wherefore are the scales by which judgment is made.

Abe, on the other hand, was called to his Maker in the prime of life. The years of hard labor had not yet taken a heavy toll, and there he stood, raggedly, tall, broad-shouldered, muscular and black. Of course, the results of the lady angel from Mississippi's seeing Abe would be perfectly predictable to anyone knowing anything about the reaction of white American women to black men, at least when white men are in the neighborhood. However, Jesus, as he himself admitted, was not up on his colored current events; and, to make the matter worse, angel costumes are made of thin, pure, heavenly cloth. In fact, they are so sheer that some of the more modest lady angels blush for centuries whenever someone looks at them.

"Help, Jesus Christ!" the lady angel screamed, jumping back another five feet from Abe. Her eyes rolled back into her head, her mouth went slack and slobbery. Before she swooned, she covered her breast with one hand and her holy crescent with the other. The guide to hell dropped his tail and sprang at Abe, grabbing his arm. When the smoke cleared, the lady angel had done the whole number and fainted. Jesus Christ rose from his seat, red in the face and bloated with fury. He pronounced sentence with Biblical wrath.

"Take him!" he ordered.

Abe was shoved through the red door. He marched down the corridor, head bent and shoulders hunched. Up ahead, a reddish glow danced. The guide gave him that inevitable whack across the head with his night-stick tail and the tunnel ended abruptly at the edge of a huge pit. Far below, a fire of brimstone raged and people scurried around, stoking thousands of red-hot blast furnaces.

"Get a closer look," the guide said, and booted Abe in the behind and sent him jetting over the edge. Abe fell and fell and landed with a thud in the main area—a mammoth granite pit. A fiendish dancing glow came from an endless circle of raging furnaces. Before each furnace, the condemned sweated, throwing endless shovels of fuel from eternal mounds of coal into the searing flames.

"Well, if it ain't the slowest boy on the Georgia chain gang!"

Abe whirled around. There was Dogface, stripped to the waist and dripping with sweat, shoveling coal into a furnace.

Abe remembered the curses Dogface had laid on him when the hounds had cornered them at the railroad siding. "I'm sorry, I hope you ain't still mad. I sho wasn't used to running with no ball and chain."

"Man, man! That was the greatest thing that ever happened to me." Dogface leaned on his shovel and grinned. "Course I ain't mad."

"I never heard no mo' about you after they unchained us and closed in on you. They sho was kicking you something awful."

"They sho did kick. It was the third time I tried to escape." Dogface chuckled. "I been here ever since."

Abe was getting confused. "Ain't this here hell?"

"It is. And it ain't. It's what they call relative." He pointed to another furnace. "Now, you go over and work with that fellow. Don't take no stuff, 'cause remember, you're boss. At break time I'll explain everything to you."

"Break time?" Abe said in astonishment. "Nigger, is you crazy—"

"We don't use that word down here." Dogface cut in. "It ain't allowed. Now, get your ass over there. I'm boss of this section."

The man Abe was to work with was dressed in a deep-sea-diving outfit, but Abe could see his face through the plate-glass window. He was white. Abe snatched off his hat, bent his head and started the shuffling routine. To his astonishment, the white man took off his helmet, started to shuffle and called Abe sir. Abe had hardly ever had a white man call him by his right name, let alone sir.

When the whistle blew for the break, Dogface walked up and said, "Come on, let's get something to eat."

"I'm sho for that." Abe said as he followed through an arch in the rock into an enormous dining area. "Where is the colored section?" He looked around at a typical prison mess hall with rows of long wooden tables and benches. The difference was that, instead of sadistic guards in blue, there were sadistic imps in red, twirling their tails or brandishing pitchforks.

"We sit anywhere we please. There ain't no discrimination in hell." Dogface squeezed between two white men, who scowled at him. Abe was ready to leave. Dogface grabbed him by the belt and pulled him down to the bench. "Where you going?"

"I knew we gonna get in trouble. Can't you see them white men glaring?"

"I ain't blind. Of course these crackers don't like it. That's why it's hell for them, ha-ha-ha!"

"I is all confused. I'm just a poor, uneducated country nig—"

"Don't use that word!" Dogface interrupted.

Dinner was set before them in wooden bowls and Abe screamed with joy. "Chitterlin's! Lord, Lord, happy day! I ain't had no chitterlin's since I was a little boy."

Abe and Dogface dug into their bowls.
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"I'm going across the island. Would you like a sandwich? Coffee? Gum? A little music?"



article

By **FRANK BROWNING**

the story of the drug enforcement administration—perhaps the most ruthless and corrupt government agency ever

AN AMERICAN GESTAPO

There are a great number of people who regard narcotics agents as corrupt Nazis who don't know how to open the door except with the heel of their right foot.

—JOHN R. BARTELS, JR.,
FORMER ADMINISTRATOR,
DRUG ENFORCEMENT
ADMINISTRATION

JOHN BARTELS used to be one of the most important cops in America. A trim man with thick black hair, he had set out on a career that could have surpassed that of the legendary J. Edgar Hoover. Bartels was Mr. Narc, head of the largest, best-equipped and theoretically the most professional anti-narcotics force in the world: the U. S. Drug Enforcement Administration.

Today the Drug Enforcement Administration is the subject of a major and still secret criminal investigation by the Attorney General. John Bartels is a private citizen. Many of his former lieutenants spent last summer squirming under the hot lights of a Senate investigation and soon after asked for early retirements or educational furloughs. How Bartels and his associates brought down this 46-year-old institution is one more of the elaborate intrigues of Watergate, a story of secret police, foreign adventure, zealous warlords and high-rolling corruption.

Bartels never liked the fact that many Americans regarded his

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT



agents as Nazis; most Americans, he used to say, don't really know who the Federal narcotics agent is, what he does or how he works. But those citizens who do know, who have seen the \$10,000,000 "buy" budget in action, who have been forced to swallow their own excrement in sleek torture chambers of South America, who have had high-voltage electrodes clamped to their genitals, and those honest agents whose hands have been tied by their DEA superiors do understand all too well the cruel irony in Bartels' rhetoric.

The combination of writhing junkies and billionaire heroin dealers—as in *The French Connection*—has turned the hardfisted narc into a national folk hero. But the story was, in reality, a corruption conviction against the real-life hero of the actual French-connection case and the mysterious disappearance of much of the confiscated heroin. Evaluations of the Federal narcotics program by the Customs Bureau, by the State Department and, most recently, by the U. S. Senate all corroborate the conclusions of a critical, inside report solicited for the White House in 1974: Federal narcotics investigation "is the most sordid story in the annals of law enforcement." It began formally in 1930, when the Treasury Department founded its Bureau of Narcotics in the wake of a narcotics scandal. It reached its climax in 1973, when President Richard Nixon gave the bureau a massive injection of secrecy and money and changed its name to DEA. And it came to an apparent conclusion last year, when the "sordid story" could no longer be kept from the Attorney General or Congress.

The real character of the DEA was best expressed to a doctor who had dared criticize Nixon's scheme for creating a superagency called DEA by White House aide Egil Krogh: "Anyone who opposes us we'll destroy. As a matter of fact, anyone who doesn't support us we'll destroy."

Forty-six years after the bureau's birth, the job of the narc is again up for examination. Senate investigations have revealed incompetence and probable corruption at the highest levels of DEA, and a Federal grand jury may be empaneled to bring indictments against the agency's officers. Despite the investigations, no one has asked what kind of narcotics-enforcement policy is best, and there is no reason to suppose that past DEA atrocities will not be re-enacted again and again. The Donald Askew family of Collinsville, Illinois, knows about DEA brutality. The family made headlines in 1973 when the door to their house was broken down by Federal narcotics agents who had the wrong address. Emotionally upset after the terrorizing raid, Askew had to quit work for several months and was briefly threatened with a \$5,950,000 libel and slander suit from the very agents who illegally broke into his home.

John Conforti nearly had his house torn down by Federal narcotics agents. It was June 9, 1972—a muggy evening in an upper-middle-class Long Island village. John and his wife, Adele, were puttering around the kitchen when a literal phalanx of Federal narcotics agents surrounded their house: 30 agents altogether, armed not only with guns but also with hammers, crowbars and trench-digging equipment. Threatened by an agent who held a raised crowbar in his hand, Conforti was ordered to turn over \$4,000,000 the bureau had decided he was hiding for an in-law recently convicted on narcotics charges. If Conforti didn't turn over the money, one agent told him, "We'll knock down the house."

To this day, no money has been found. And the agents did wreck his house, stripping it of aluminum siding, digging deep trenches in the lawn, ripping insulation out of the walls and ransacking the furnishings. By the time they were finished, the agents had spent an entire day destroying the Conforti home. Conforti sued the Government (including associate regional narcotics director Jerry Jenson, later a high official in DEA's headquarters) and won a \$160,000 settlement.

Are these ill-directed attacks against citizens exceptional, as the drug-enforcement people maintain? Or are they typical of an attitude and a system of law enforcement based on comic-book bravado? The abolition of DEA and the sacking of its top officers will not provide an easy answer. A simple lateral transfer of the DEA men to the FBI—at a time when the FBI itself is under intense investigation for door smashing and dirty tricks—can hardly ensure the safety of American citizens from killer crooks or killer cops.

Defenders of the Federal narcotics program take the line advanced so graphically in *French Connection II*: that drug dealers are so vile and vicious that any means at all are permissible in fighting them and, in fact, only the most brutal police tactics are effective. Just such justification gave birth to the following cases:

Carlos Choy Zeballos, a Chilean clothing merchant, was forcibly abducted and held in isolation for five months by DEA agents in a case of mistaken identity. A Federal judge ordered Zeballos released in September 1974, and then told prosecutors he was "completely outraged" to find that DEA was still holding him several days later.

Julio Juventino Lujan, an Argentine citizen and suspected narcotics dealer, was tricked into going to Bolivia, then was abducted by American-sponsored agents in Bolivia and delivered onto an American airplane bound for the U. S., where he could be arrested. Although the judge ruled irrelevant Lujan's charges of illegal American conduct, he conceded that it involved "American agents kidnaping the

leading perpetrators from South America to bring them to trial."

Carlos Baeza, a Chilean citizen, was arrested two months after the CIA-directed coup of September 1973 at the specific direction of DEA agents. Baeza, who had no criminal record in Chile and who was never tried for any crime there, was beaten, subjected to electric shock on his head, legs and genitals, kept unaware of any charges against him, released temporarily only through a bribe, then re-arrested and held under a false name, tortured again and made to swallow feces until he vomited; finally, he was abducted from Chile with the direct cooperation of American agents and Chilean police in explicit violation of Chile's own laws of extradition.

Or take the case of Francisco Toscanino, an Italian citizen. Brought before a Federal court in New York for conspiring to import narcotics into the United States, Toscanino claimed he had been first kidnaped and then tortured by paid employees of the American embassy. Lured from his home in Montevideo, Uruguay, by a phone call on January 6, 1973, he agreed to meet a U. S.-paid Uruguayan officer at a nearby deserted bowling alley. There he was jumped by seven men, knocked unconscious, bound, blindfolded and thrown into the rear seat of the police officer's car—all in plain sight of his terrified, seven-month-pregnant wife.

What followed for Toscanino—at that time a presumably innocent defendant under American law—rivals Soviet police tactics. Dragged by his abductors across the Brazilian border, where deportations to America are easier to arrange, he was first taken to Pôrto Alegre and held incommunicado for 11 hours, then sent on to Brasilia. At no time was he allowed to consult a lawyer or to contact his family or the Italian consulate, nor was there at any time an agreement of extradition for Toscanino between the United States and Uruguay. For 17 days, he was tortured and interrogated, and reports of the interrogation were regularly dispatched to the U. S. Government. He was denied sleep, food or water for days at a time and, instead, was fed intravenously in amounts just large enough to keep him alive.

"When he could no longer stand," his lawyer, Ivan Fisher, told the court, "he was kicked and beaten but all in a manner contrived to punish without scarring. When he would not answer, his fingers were pinched with metal pliers. Alcohol was flushed into his eyes and nose and other fluids . . . were forced up his anal passage. Incredibly, these agents of the United States Government attached electrodes to Toscanino's ear lobes, toes and genitals. Jarring jolts of electricity were shot throughout his body, rendering him unconscious for indeterminate periods of

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OF THE KING
HILL

GEAR TO HELP YOU FEEL GREAT
AT THE TOP OF THAT RUN.
THE REST IS UP TO YOU

Half the fun of skiing old man winter's white open spaces is flaunting each season's selection of new garb and gear. Case in point is this Schussmeister who's about to make tracks in a pair of Banshee ski boots that feature a lining that automatically shapes to your feet, by Lange, \$195; a pair of mogul-loving Mark IV skis with softer flex in the tips, by Olin, \$188; plus Can-Am Lemons ski poles, by Scott, \$25. He's keeping warm in a two-piece down-filled ski suit, by Head, \$195; wool ski hat, from Winsum, \$7.50; fiber-lined mittens, by ProMark, \$19.95; and waterproof ski goggles featuring a wide headband and foam-rubber padding, by Bausch & Lomb, \$20.



The downhill racer, at left, makes his move in a pair of Meteor ski boots, by Nordika, \$195, with spring-loaded retractable bindings, by Burt, \$115; Super Sapporo skis, by Volkl, \$200; and Millico aluminum poles, from Winsum, \$7. He's wearing an Italian-made two-piece padded Nycra stretch ski suit, by Miller Ski, \$375; fiber-lined mittens, by ProMark, \$19.95; and mirror-lensed Sugar Loaf Skiglasses, by I Ski, \$12. The guy at speed, below, prefers leather-lined Avanti boots, by Hansen, \$190; a pair of 190 FS skis, by Lange, \$180; a pair of The Ski Pole poles, by Scott, \$30; polyester-insulated Rudi jacket, \$65; stretch ski pants, \$59, both by Roffe; fiber-filled ski gloves, by ProMark, \$23.95; and a pair of ultrahard Wipe Out Skiglasses, by I Ski, \$10.





Above: Hot-dogging in style, featuring Super Hot competitive boots, by Scott, \$215; retractable bindings, by Burt, \$115; ST Competition skis that hold like crazy on ice, by Rossignol, \$200; Millco poles, from Winsum, \$7; plus an Erie two-piece padded nylon ski suit, by Mossant, \$250; wool watch cap, by Head, \$8; and Wipe Out Skiglasses, by I Ski, \$10. Right: Three-piece polyurethane Grinto boots, by Spalding, \$195; and nylon stretch ski pants, by Head, \$52. Far right: Three skis for the free-styler—The Ski, by The Ski Company, \$235; Model 244 ski, by K2 Ski Company, \$185; and Freestyle ski, by Hart, \$180. The T/I boot is a three-piece shell made of durable polyurethane, by Olin, \$155; plus Comp Racer stretch pants, from Winsum, \$65.



AMERICAN GESTAPO

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time but, again, leaving no physical scars."

Taken to Rio de Janeiro on January 25, he was drugged and placed on a plane to New York, where, upon awakening, he was arrested by U.S. agents and later placed on trial.

During Toscanino's trial, evidence of his torture was not admitted as testimony. He was convicted and only on appeal did he win the right to a hearing on the charges of torture. Further, the court quoted Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, who had reversed conviction in a similar case: "Applying these general considerations to the circumstances of the present case, we are compelled to conclude that the proceedings by which this conviction was obtained do more than offend some fastidious squeamishness or private sentimentalism about combating crime too energetically. This is conduct that shocks the conscience. . . ."

Narcotics enforcement in America began in earnest with the 1914 Harrison Act, written in response to a set of international agreements aimed at curbing the illegal *international* traffic in drugs. The act specifically stated that it was not intended to limit doctors in issuing regular narcotics prescriptions; in fact, enforcement of the act was assigned to the Treasury Department only because it levied taxes on narcotics sales. But the fanaticism engendered by Prohibition and World War One, including appointment of a gentleman named Colonel L. G. Nutt (later driven from office on a drug corruption charge) to the Narcotics Division of the Prohibition Commission, gave the T-men all they needed. The few doctors willing to forget their fees and set up low-cost treatment clinics for addicts came under fire—and frequently indictment—as profiteering, if not subversive, peddlers. The American Medical Association joined the T-men in a new campaign to turn addicts into criminals.

The A.M.A.'s Committee on Narcotic Drugs proclaimed: "The shallow pretense that drug addiction is a disease which the specialist must be allowed to treat . . . has been asserted and urged in volumes of literature by the self-styled specialists. The vice that causes degeneration of the moral sense, and spreads through social contacts, readily infects the entire community, saps its moral fiber and contaminates the individual members, one after another, like the rotten apples in a barrel of sound ones."

The dissenting doctors began to go to jail. Almost overnight, the black market in narcotics, like the black market in Prohibition liquor, became a billion-dollar business. T-men extracted court decisions that prohibited medicinal narcotic prescriptions for addicts. Not until 1937, however, did they find the case they most

needed, in the person of a crippled young Seattle physician, Dr. Thomas P. Ratigan, Jr., who had twice before been acquitted of Federal narcotics charges brought against him for operating a low-cost-to-free addiction clinic for the city's massive skid-row population. The bureau's previous failures in their campaign to get Dr. Ratigan were not without value. Instead of simply seizing his records, as they had before, they began to accost his patients, threatening them with prison sentences if they entered his clinic.

After threats and intimidation, the agents decided to move. One October day in 1935, they burst into Ratigan's office and arrested him, three patients who were with him and 12 patients who arrived later. Establishing a method of operation that was to be a Federal narcotics hallmark ever since, the T-men had planted an addict "Government informant" who had gone regularly to the clinic for treatment and so testified, adding that he had once "bought" a three-dollar narcotics vial from the doctor. Government testimony also came from another addict informant and her three-time-loser burglar husband.

Though Ratigan was convicted and later failed to secure Supreme Court review, his trial testimony as recorded by historian Rufus King has proved among the most apt characterizations of bureau policy ever made; its predictive value could not have been more accurate:

"The only logical way of preventing more persons from becoming addicts," Ratigan told the court, "is for physicians to administer to the addicts and not permit the patients to receive any morphine for self-administration. The addicts who have morphine in their possession are the ones who create more addicts. The number of addicts will increase greatly year after year until some definite system of treating them is adopted by the entire medical profession."

To the eternal and public glee of Narcotics Bureau commissioner Harry Anslinger, Ratigan never again won the right to practice. Tragically and posthumously, his position has finally won vindication. A damning 1963 statement from the New York Academy of Medicine declared:

From the year of the Harrison Act to 1938 it is estimated that 25,000 physicians were arraigned and 3000 served penitentiary sentences on narcotics charges. About 20,000 were said to have made a financial settlement. . . . It is evident that the Supreme Court opinion in the *Lindner* case, removing restrictions on treatment of addicts, had no noticeable restraining effect on the Treasury Department in its war on physicians. . . . The abandoned addicts, in

order to satisfy their compulsive needs, were driven to the illicit traffic. . . . Dictation, threats, hounding and oppression from the narcotics force over the years, and still continuing, were so indelibly fixed in physicians' minds as not to be easily forgotten or readily braved. . . . So thoroughly has the smear job on addicts been done, so outrageously but erroneously have they been depicted that the mere mention of their name has conjured up an image of dangerous criminals or fiends.

Almost 40 years ago, Congressman John Coffee from the state of Washington attacked the Harrison Act and its prosecution as a major stimulus to organized crime, pointing out that the law enormously reduced the legitimate importation of drugs "while developing a smuggling industry not before in existence."

"That, however, is only the beginning," Coffee said. "Through operation of the law, as interpreted, there was developed also, as counterpart to the smuggling racket, the racket of dope peddling; in a word, the whole gigantic structure of the illicit-drug racket, with direct annual turnover of upwards of a billion dollars.

"Morphine," he argued to the deaf ears of Congress, "which the peddler sells for a dollar a grain would be supplied, of pure quality, for two or three cents a grain [1938 prices]. The peddler, unable to meet such a price, would go out of business—the illicit-narcotic-drug industry, the billion-dollar racket, would automatically cease to exist."

Then a moment or so later in his speech, Congressman Coffee asked a question few politicians in America have dared ask, a question that demands to be asked still today: "Why should persons in authority wish to keep the dope peddler in business and the illicit-drug racket in possession of its billion-dollar income? It will be obvious, I think, that this is the significant question at issue. . . . If we, the representatives of the people, are to continue to let our narcotics authorities conduct themselves in a manner tantamount to upholding and in effect supporting the billion-dollar drug racket, we should at least be able to explain to our constituents why we do so."

October 20, 1969, early evening. The door banged behind him as Robert Clemmons headed toward the car outside his Quincy Street home in Brooklyn. Clemmons was a 34-year-old black who was beginning to learn what life was like as a snitch, a man who has turned informer.

This day, he told his wife before leaving, was going to make it all different. This day, he said as he pulled out a large wad of cash, he was going "to work the biggest deal" of his life. This day was

(continued on page 156)

GAGTIME

PARODY BY DAVID STEINBERG

AND ZIGGY STEINBERG

*You should never do a gag slow.
You should do a gag quick.
You know what I mean?*

—HENNY YOUNGMAN

THERE WAS A CERTAIN SMELL off the Eastern Seaboard. The artist Andy Warhol was popular then. He was shot by a lesbian and dined at Elaine's that evening. Afterward, the world was culturally wide open.

Just as John Payne and William Lundigan had etched their immortal rungs on the stairway to stardom a few decades previously, so, too, Tony Orlando and William Shatner were etching theirs.

America was young then, still sucking on western Europe's nipple. Marijuana was smoked in high places, yet through it all there was hope.

A new middle class was forming across the country of all the people who weren't Rockefeller. The Vice-President exhibited an uncanny comprehension of power by omitting from his commission report that the CIA had taught Gerald Ford to read without moving his lips. A grateful President would nominate him at the Republican Convention, much to the chagrin of Reagan and the right wing

of the party, who had been led to believe that Rocky had been dumped. The announcement served its purpose. Reagan's bid for the Presidential nomination had fizzled. Once assured of his own nomination, Ford reversed himself with an eloquent plea for a Ford-Rockefeller ticket for '76. In my judgment, Ford told the Kansas City convention in his highly stylized rhetoric, Rockefeller is smart and dresses good.

The ex-governor of California changed his mind about a third-party candidacy when the Reverend Ike refused to take a second spot on the ticket. It was a futile attempt by Reagan to broaden his constituency and his would-be running mate saw right through it. Beat it, turkey, the straightforward Ike told him, I have bigger fish to fry than to balance your act.

Although he was bankrupt and emotionally drained, Reagan was still a brunet. He returned to Hollywood and co-starred with Tina Turner in a remake of *Kitten with a Whip*. Only John Simon liked it. Pauline Kael insisted that it

paled by comparison with the original version starring John Forsythe and Ann-Margret.

Apparently, Kael had her finger on the pulse of the nation. Not only did the film ruin Reagan's theatrical comeback but people were actually beginning to think of Forsythe as a potential successor to Ford. Forsythe would lose in the New Hampshire primaries four years later, blaming his bitter defeat on Ann-Margret's reluctance to publicly endorse him.

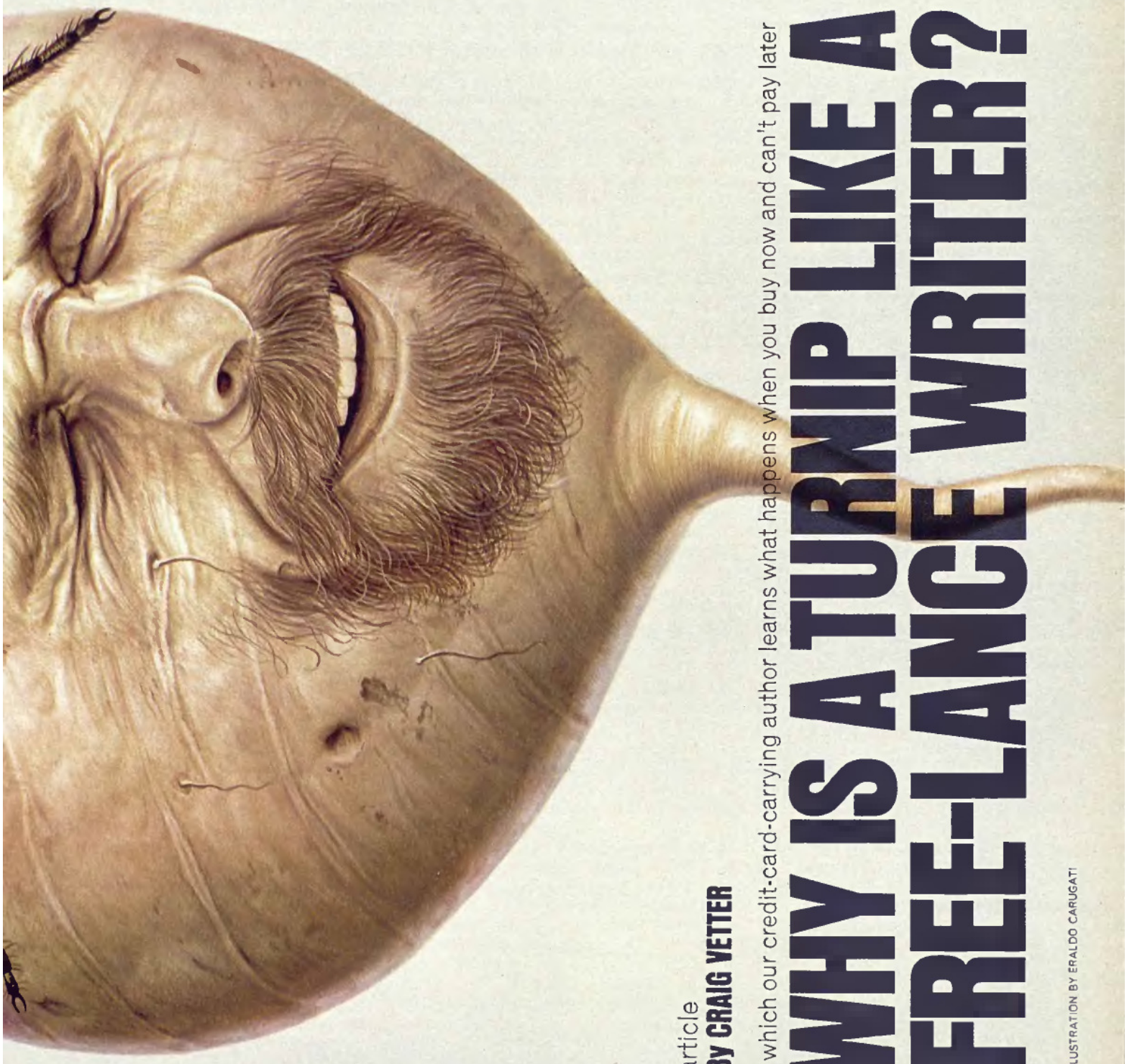
Floral toilet paper was popular then and vernacular such as uptight, out-sight, far out and dynamite was commonly used. Boychick, the head of the family, was 50 years old and far out. John Denver was far out, too. But Sammy Jr. was farther out than anyone.

Rod McKuen would enjoy one final flicker of popularity with his highly commercial—though some said plagiarized—autobiography, *Fear of Writing*. Korean War Two was only a glint in Henry Kissinger's eye in (continued on page 110)

WENT BROKE in the traditional way: I spent all my money. It's an old story and it would have been all right except that before the smell of death reached the credit-card people, I spent a bagful of their money, too—a handful here, a fistful there—and by the time their computers sensed what was going on, we were all in over our heads.

For a long time, I didn't even know how much trouble I was in, because I don't pay attention to my accounts the way I should. I never have, and that's what gets you in trouble with the card companies. Every man needs an accounting system, if only for self-defense, the way a man who lives at the beach needs a tide table. He needs to know when it's coming in and when it's going out. Simple. But there's a rip current in my life that sucks the money out to sea sometimes before it reaches shore. So the usual double-entry system once a month leaves me feeling like I've been





article
BY CRAIG VETTER

in which our credit-card-carrying author learns what happens when you buy now and can't pay later

WHY IS A TURNIP LIKE A FREE-LANCE WRITER?

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

hand-sorting wolverines and I avoid it.

Part of the problem is that I was raised to fear money, too much of it or too little. I was taught that running out of money was like running out of air, that there was no such thing as free money and that too much money made your karma sick and ugly. I even had to memorize a poem about that last one: Richard Cory, fattest cat in town, went home and without explanation ate a bullet in couplets. And, as usual in my childhood, the greatest encouragement to stay a little behind and be happy with it came from Jesus of Nazareth. He said it was harder for a rich man to get to heaven than it was for a camel to get through the eye of a needle. Of course, I know now that Jesus had never been to Vegas. Anybody can get anything he wants there if he has the money. A camel could get a ringside table in Vegas to see Elvis if it had the cash or the right cards. But even Jesus couldn't have foreseen American Express. And if he could have, he wouldn't have had the math to keep up with the billing.

For a while, I had a system of my own to help me juggle what money and credit I had left. My books had three columns: At the top of one it said Peter and at the top of the third it said Paul. The middle column didn't have a name and was really just a place to launder the money back and forth. Fiscally the whole thing was pretty sound, but I let it get away from me. Empires are built every day on my system by men who have the nerves for the work.

It's OK to rob Peter to pay Paul as long as Peter is drunk and doesn't sober up before you get the money back. Unfortunately, I drink a little myself.

About two months after I ran out of money, my mailbox started to get heavy with window envelopes from the people who give you the white card, the ones who give you the gold card and the ones who give you the red-white-and-blue card. About a month later, "Forgive us if your check is in the mail . . ." turned into "Past Due. Pay Immediately" for the white and the gold cards. The color portion of the computer bills ran a rainbow from polite pastels to an orange copped off railroad tool shacks. Then the mail started asking me if I'd moved or if my cards had been lost or stolen; and after about six weeks of that without an answer, they turned me over to the computer that writes business-looking letters: short declarative sentences, perfect spelling and margins and, at the bottom, scratchy machine signatures over titles like Director of Collections.

In the first four months, I got no fewer than 35 pieces of mail from these guys; but even at that, it was hard to take their dunning seriously. I knew they wanted their money, but the envelopes they were enclosing seemed to hold out a strong hope that they were going to get it and more besides. In one

week alone, the envelopes that were supposed to go back with my payment came printed with offers for a Norwegian blue-fox cape, eight days, seven nights in Waikiki and a pocket calculator. They didn't want any money for these things. All I had to do was check the deferred-payment box and lick the envelope. Two weeks later, I could have had copper cookware, a golf bag or a pair of binoculars like Curt Gowdy uses to make everything 15 times bigger than the Lord intended.

The last of my offer envelopes was the best: a four-gun collection of classic pistols, each in a frame and each \$60. Send no money now. Depending on which box I marked, the mailman was going to bring me a U. S. Government .45-caliber automatic, a Civil War Navy Colt model 1851, a German P-08 Parabellum designed by George Luger or a Western .44-40 six-shot Peacemaker. The print at the bottom guaranteed my satisfaction and also that none of the guns would ever fire a shot. I didn't send any of the money I owed, but I checked the box next to the Luger and sent the envelope with a little note saying that the liquor-store owners around Colorado would never know that the barrel was permanently stopped and that I'd send them what I owed when I got the pistol.

The next thing I heard from all three was that my credit privileges had been revoked and that they wanted their cards back in two pieces by return mail. When they didn't get them, they sent affidavits for me to sign swearing that the cards had been destroyed. For a while, I was going to write to all three and tell them that anything you pay 18 percent a year for is a service, not a privilege, but it seemed a little like preaching to penguins, so I signed the affidavits, cut the cards in half and mailed them off.

By then I was almost six months past due and the machines were sending me letters disguised as telegrams. They gave me 48 hours to pay up. They didn't say what was going to happen after the two days went by, and I didn't want to know. Before I went broke, I'd always paid my bills by the railroad-orange notice. Six months seemed over the line and I pretty much expected that the next thing would be gorillalike guys with ugly little belly guns at my door. It was making me pretty nervous. The signatures on the letters were coming out of departments called prelegal and there was usually a phone number they asked me to call collect. Forty-eight hours turned into a month and I heard nothing. I was sure it was the sound of subpoenas being prepared.

But it wasn't. In fact, something weird and wonderful was happening. America the automatic was giving up on me. All my accounts were being turned over to flesh-and-blood collection agents within

the card companies: people, manila folders with coffee on them, pencils with erasers, ballpoint pens that don't work half the time, telephones.

I got my first call at eight o'clock on a Monday morning. The man on the other end asked me if I was Mr. Vetter. I told him to check back about Tuesday noon, that I'd know by then. He said he was with the white card, then told me how much I owed and asked me when he could expect the money. I told him I had it all tied up in hog futures and he told me they were going to sue my ass if I didn't pay very soon. I admitted I was broke and said something about the depression.

"It's a recession," he said, and with an opening like that, I was forced to give him a piece of wisdom that had come down to me from the hills of West Virginia through a friend who grew up there and had a very wise daddy.

"A recession is when the guy across the street is out of work," I told him. "A depression is when *you're* out of work."

"Are you out of work, Mr. Vetter?" he asked me.

"I'm a free-lance writer," I said.

"Oh . . ." he said, and then it was quiet while he wrote something. Then he asked me when he could expect his money. I told him I was working on a story that was still developing and that I wasn't sure when it would be finished or if it would be bought when it was. I said any date I gave would be imaginary. He told me to make one up and I did. Then he said thanks and hung up.

The next day, as if he'd been waiting in line, the man from the gold card called, at two minutes to five. This was a nasty voice that said it was calling from the prelegal department and that if I didn't put \$400 in the mail that night, it was going to turn me over to the company lawyers.

"I don't have any money," I told him.

"Fine, Mr. Vetter, fine," he said, "but you owe us four hundred dollars and we aren't going to wait anymore."

"I'm broke," I said. "Broke as a stone."

"I'm tired of this," he said. "All day I get this kind of stuff . . . you people use our money and then expect us to take excuses for payment. Does that seem right to you? Can you justify that, Mr. . . . uh . . . Vetter?"

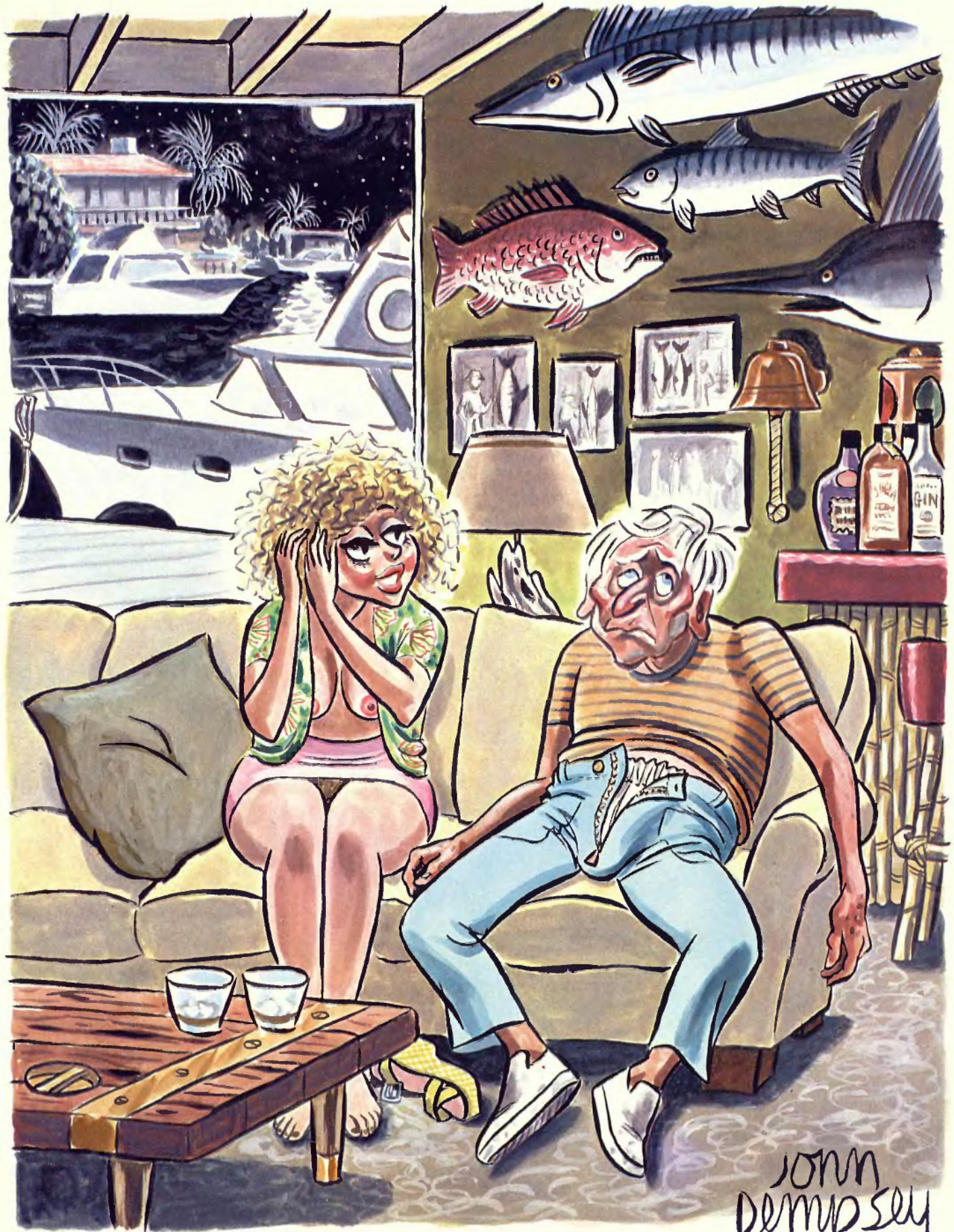
"Being broke changes your moral outlook," I said.

"I'm turning you over to the lawyers," he said.

"Where's my Luger?" I asked him, but he hung up.

That one spooked me and I ducked all my telephone calls for the next few days. Then I decided that was a mistake. I don't think you're supposed to show these people any fear. Being broke, living like a rat, is a vocation like any other. There isn't much power to it, and you'd have to

(continued on page 176)



"Perhaps I just wasn't the right bait."

bunny-playmate laura lyons has no intention of letting the world pass her by—so brace yourself, world!

LYONS' SHARE



LAURA LYONS is not your run-of-the-lunch Bunny. Nor is she, as of this month, your average tripartite Playmate. Miss February simply refuses to be folded into neat categories. The last time she accepted the official version of "that's the way it's supposed to be" was in high school. She was home-coming queen and her boyfriend was the captain of the football team. On graduation night, she split. Things haven't been the same since. "I live out of a suitcase. If something interesting comes along, I pick up and run. As a result, my life is a collection of mad, magic moments. I danced at Anthony Corleone's Communion party on the set of *Godfather II*. For two weeks, I hung out with the world's greatest rock-'n'-roll band, sliding in and out of limousines,

"I guess being chosen as a Playmate always comes as a shock. The first centerfold I ever saw showed a girl lying in a field of grass. I recall thinking that someone had taken the picture without her knowing and just sent it in. It doesn't happen that way, but it's still a surprise."





COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER



When she moved to Chicago, Laura bought a gold charm with three words on it: LIVE. LOVE.

LAUGH. "To a certain extent, they describe the way I approach the world. I try to keep myself open to the out-of-the-ordinary, the spontaneous adventure."

following police escorts to the airport. It never stops." Laura's talent for getting into interesting, if not absurd, situations cropped up when we sent her to Puerto Vallarta with Staff Photographer Dwight Hooker to complete the shooting for the Playmate pictorial. "We ran into a juggler at a *discothèque* one night and we invited him to the next day's session. Dwight thought I would be more relaxed if I had something to distract me. So, while he took pictures, this guy just stood there juggling five oranges. He had amazing powers of concentration." That, quite frankly, is a bit of an understatement. Somewhere along the line, Laura qualified to become a Jet Bunny (the travel schedule coincided with



After being named top cotton-tail at the Chicago Club, Laura won more honors from Hef at the Bunny of the Year Pageant.

The rest of the nation was clued into Laura when she and her comrades marched shoulder to shoulder in a one-day strike to publicize Bunny Lib.



"Don't confuse Bunny Lib with the goals of the feminist movement. For one thing, our view of sexual equality is somewhat old-fashioned. We went on strike to win the right to be women, to be approached as women and to respond freely as women to men we find attractive." Right on.

her gypsy instincts) and started working full time for Playboy. We should have known better. Between flights on the Big Bunny (including a charter by the Elvis Presley tour), Laura helped organize the girls who worked at her home base in Chicago. One morning, we found ourselves staring at a picket line outside the Playboy Building—Laura and the cofounders of Bunny Lib felt that archaic Club rules had created a class of untouchables—they were petitioning for the right to date keyholders, to give members their last names and to socialize at the Club in their off-duty hours. Hef handled the negotiations personally and with great flair: He granted their requests immediately. It's not that Laura has come a long way; she was there to begin with and it took us time to catch up.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Laura Lyons



"Being free, tan and 21 is almost a passport to adventure. I try to take life slowly, to the hilt. Each moment should be savored.

I know it sounds like I'm talking about making love, but that's all right. Anything you can say about life goes double for sex."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The attractive but militant feminist had, in effect, been propositioned by a male stranger at a cocktail party. "I think you should know," she replied icily, deliberately raising her voice for put-down purposes, "that I've developed an immunity to being used by men as a casual sex object."

"That's not surprising," answered the man equally loudly, "considering the number of times you've been inoculated."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *labia majora* as the curly gates.



When the new tenant felt himself bumped just as he mastered the unfamiliar lock and opened his apartment door, he turned around to be eyeballed by a luscious blonde with her arms full of packages. "Hi, there!" she greeted him. "I'm the Welcome Lady with a few settling-in presents for you and your wife."

"Thanks," said the man, "but I'm not married."

"In that case," said the girl, as the packages slipped from her grasp to the carpet, "we won't need this junk, will we?"

*There's a starlet who's still in her teens
Who's adept at removing her jeans.
And in X-rated flicks
So accomplished with pricks
That she steals all the pictures' obscenes.*

A group of male students was tanking up at the pay-when-served campus hangout. When the no-nonsense waitress had delivered more beers, the buyer for the round paid and then ceremoniously put down a dime on the serving tray. "Ten cents?" the woman asked incredulously.

"Yeah," answered the big tipper. "It's a sort of symbolic thing with me—a penny for each one of my masculine inches."

"But what," countered the waitress evenly, "is the extra five cents for?"

We've been told that the French art of self-defense is called *Tongue Fu*.

And then there was the novice callgirl who accepted a check from a client, only to find out after she deposited it that payment had been stopped due to insufficient fun.

"My husband and I had a terrific fight last night," confided the girl to her office colleague.

"Over what?" the colleague asked.

"He was rummaging around, looking for something, and happened to find my birth-control pills," sighed the girl.

"So?"

"He had a vasectomy two years ago."

*A myopic tree surgeon named Lee
Trapped an agile young wench in a tree.
Jeered she, "Shift your whopper,
You careless limb lopper!
That's a moss-covered knothole—not me!"*

The newlyweds' patience was sorely tried by the ribbing of ribald serenaders beneath their window. When the bridegroom got up and made an angry appeal from the room's balcony, he was answered with hoots and obscene comments from the street below. "Why don't you try pissing on them, honey?" called out his bride from the bed.

"I damn well would," he yelled back, "if the stupid bastards were on the roof across the way!"

Marilyn Chambers' picture is no longer on boxes—runs one explanation—because her box is now in pictures.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *jockstrap* as a ball-bearing device.

While they were parked in lovers' lane one dark night, the young thing suddenly exclaimed, "Oh . . . oh, please don't do that, or I'll go all to pieces!"

"Go right ahead," panted her date. "I've got hold of the part I want."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *psychiatrist* as a trauma critic.

At lunch, two business girls were discussing somewhat obliquely the intimacies of sex. "Tell me," asked one, "have you ever eaten anything you shouldn't have?"

"No," replied her friend, "but once I woke up being fed something I hadn't ordered."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, 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.



*"Well, I feel so much better since I got a
German shepherd for protection."*

UNDERSTANDING YOUR EROTIC

D R E A M S



how to have them and what to do with them after you've had them

article

By GRAHAM MASTERTON

DREAM OF A 27-year-old man: "I've never flown an airplane in my whole life, but in this dream I have to deputize for Charles Lindbergh and fly this old Thirties twin-engined plane across Iowa. The day's pretty hot and there are all kinds of electric storms around, but I manage to pull the plane over the clouds and put it on automatic pilot. This consists of a motorized pulley arrangement that I have to attach to the joy stick with a row of metal hooks and springs—very complicated, but I'm sure in this dream that this is the way they did it in 1934.

"The plane flies on by itself, wavering around in the air, and I go into the cabin. There are only two passengers, identical twin sisters. They're real people and I

know them. They worked for a bookstore I used to visit. They weren't particularly attractive, but in this dream they're dressed very sexy. They have little white blouses on, with tiny print flowers all over, and their breasts are bare underneath the blouses. I can see their pink nipples pressing through the cotton. They cuddle up to me and press their big breasts against me, and all of a sudden I'm really switched on to the idea of making love to twin sisters in an airplane.

"Actually, the airplane disappears sometime during this sequence, but the girls don't. They're wearing red polka-dot panties and red high-heeled shoes now, but otherwise they're naked. They try to cover their breasts with their hands, but not very effectively. I think we're in the bedroom of my grandfather's house in St. Paul, but I can't be sure about that. Anyway, we're on a big bouncy bed, and the sun is coming through the window, and the girls are giggling more than ever and are hot to ball.

"Now they're nude, and they're cooing

over me and running their hands down my body. One of them whispers, all hot in my ear: 'I want you to fuck me with all your might'; and the other one whispers more or less the same message in the other ear. I lie on my back on the bed, and one of the sisters climbs on top of me, and the other one climbs on top of her. Then, in some magical way, I find that I can make love to both of them at once. I enter one, and then the other, alternately, very fast, so both of them are being screwed at once.

"Soon I'm pounding away and the twins are writhing on top of me, their breasts squashed against me and their hips pushing as hard as they can toward me. Then, with a real shock, I realize that Richard Nixon is standing by the bed, watching us. I stare at him, not knowing what the hell to think. I know he's the President, but all the same I resent the intrusion. But he says: 'Carry on, I'm only watching,' and that seems to make it OK.

"It isn't long before the twins and I



are just about over the edge: Our bodies are shaking. Nixon is yelling 'Go! Go! Go!' and we're really pounding away in a sweaty heap.

"But somehow we don't come. Instead, there's a kind of Hollywood ending. The sky is yellow and purple and red and gold and the two girls go sauntering off into the heavens, nude and smiling, and all I get is an exquisite feeling of pleasure. I think the dream went on, but I don't remember any more."

Interpreting dreams has been a major intellectual pursuit for centuries. There is an Egyptian papyrus in the British Museum, nearly 4000 years old, that was used by ancient Egyptians to read their dreams. A dream of distant crowds signified impending death. A dream of a moving moon meant that the gods were pleased with the dreamer. In the Cairo Museum, there is another ancient Egyptian papyrus of women's sexual dreams. "If a woman kisses her husband, she will have trouble; if a horse couples with her, she will be violent with her husband; if an ass couples with her, she will be punished for great fault; if a goat couples with her, she will die promptly; if a ram couples with her, Pharaoh will be full of kindness to her; if a Syrian couples with her, she will weep, for she will let a slave couple with her; if she gives birth to a cat, she will have many children; if she gives birth to a dog, she will have a boy; if she gives birth to an ass, she will have an idiot child; if she gives birth to a crocodile, she will have many children." And you thought your dreams were weird?

An early Talmudic saying suggests that "a dream that is not understood is like a letter that is not opened." Today's society seems to be in accord: Understand the dream and when you open the letter, you will find a bill from your shrink.

We are living in a sexually reticent society; the erotic dream is one of the most underestimated forms of human sexual expression. The sad aspect of this is that it may also be one of the most important forms of sexual expression—at least in a society as restricted and inhibited as ours. When we have erotic dreams, we are thinking about sex with hardly any inhibitions at all—something that rarely happens in our waking life. The sleeping mind knows how to have fun, how to satisfy its curiosity and sexual whims, even when the body doesn't. It's time you invited yourself to the party.

Understanding your erotic dreams can be the means to broadening and enriching your sex life. You can discover desires that your waking brain prefers not to think about and you can seek ways to satisfy them. You can find out just what kind of person you are sexually, fulfill that erotic personality's neglected needs and gain insight into its problems. The first step is to treat your erotic dreams with respect, as the product of important functions of the

brain, instead of dismissing them as smutty fantasies from a cobwebby corner.

A dream is a work of art. The brain, as it spins out erotic fantasies, has an immense wealth of brilliant material from which to draw. Stored in it is a hoard of remembered information, impressions and details that during your waking hours you usually can't call to mind. Just one indication of how much is filed away in the brain comes from researcher Warren McCulloch. He was able to make several master bricklayers remember under hypnosis particular bricks they had laid in walls *ten years before*. They could recall 30 or 40 details of each brick—whether it had a blemish or colored mark on it or a chip on one side. If bricklayers can remember that much about bricks they have laid, just think of what you may learn about your past loves.

Gather your sex dreams in a diary before attempting to make any interpretations. You may want to prime your unconscious before retiring for the night by looking at erotic photographs, reading past entries in your dream journal or just engaging in a bit of sexual fantasy. There are some people who actually program their dreams. Perhaps they are curious about a certain symbol (just what does a recurring image of veal *cordon bleu* mean?) or maybe they want to take up a previous evening's narrative at the good part (what happened after Brigitte Bardot asked "Where do you keep the toys?"). Take one from column A and one from column B and see what happens. The more material you have at your disposal to work on, the more accurate your readings are likely to be. You are trying to get to *know* someone—your nocturnal personality—and the more information you have about this someone, the easier it will be to form an opinion. After all, you wouldn't normally vouch for anyone's character on the basis of only one brief meeting.

For example, many people's dreams take place in familiar surroundings with friends and workmates around them. Yet these can't always be taken at face value: They might just be convenient images brought in, like hired props and actors, for the sole purpose of peopling the dream. Their real meaning and behavior may be quite different from that which you would normally expect of them in waking life. The man who dreamed that he was making love to twins while Nixon watched was bothered because he recognized the girls as the two sisters who worked in a local bookstore. He had never thought of them as attractive—did his dream indicate a secret lust? Probably not. Nocturnal Central Casting can be capricious: It will bestow favor on friends, relatives, celebrities and complete strangers, for no reason other than variety. Then again, maybe those sisters deserve a second glance, or a second dream.

A Japanese proverb says, "Dreams and

falcons are what you make of them." Erotic dreams are so personal and intimate that they cannot be understood without the analysis of the dreamer himself. No matter what some dream diviners claim, you can't write down a dream, send it to an expert and expect to receive an interpretation that means anything. Interpreting your own dreams is one of the great secrets of success in this art. Nobody can recall the events of your dreams as vividly as you can; nobody can tell what emotions they tug, what responses they conjure up. Try to get at the meaning of the key images. Then go over the nuts and bolts of the dream, each of the images out of which it is formed. Cast through your mind to see if any of the images evoke memories or thoughts with which you're familiar.

There is no such thing as a definitive lexicon in which you can quickly look up what it means if, say, you dream about being sexually assaulted by carrots. What you can do, however, is figure out what various symbols and situations mean to you, then you can compile your own personal dictionary of erotic images. Once you have done this, you will have a key to your nighttime desires and erotic passions that will be uniquely relevant to your own sex life.

To give you an idea of what you can expect to produce when you begin to record your erotic dreams, I've selected themes from real dream diaries collected in my researches. For some of them, with the help of the dreamers themselves, I've offered broad interpretations and suggestions about how they might apply to waking life.

AIRPLANE: On the surface, an airplane seems like nothing more than a flying penis. A stewardess told me she constantly dreamed of airplanes actually flying into her vagina. (Perhaps her dream was an accurate comment on the flying ability of certain pilots.) "I was always lying with my legs apart and the nose of the plane forced its way into me. It was all grease and shiny metal, and somehow the whole nose of the plane achieved penetration. I can remember seeing myself stretched wide apart and the cold metal sliding into me. They were frightening, these dreams, but they always turned me on." But there is more to the airplane than phallic symbolism. Airplanes *contain* people, in a female, womblike way. The ancient Arabs saw the boat as a symbol of sexual adventures with women—that is, as a symbol of the male sexual organ—but they also recognized that the idea of people sitting *within* the boat gave the female aspect as well. In other words, vessels like airplanes and boats can be seen as images of bisexuality, depending on how they appear in the dream. The stewardess, for example, dreamed of the *outside* of the plane. She saw it only as a male object. But if you dream about both the outside

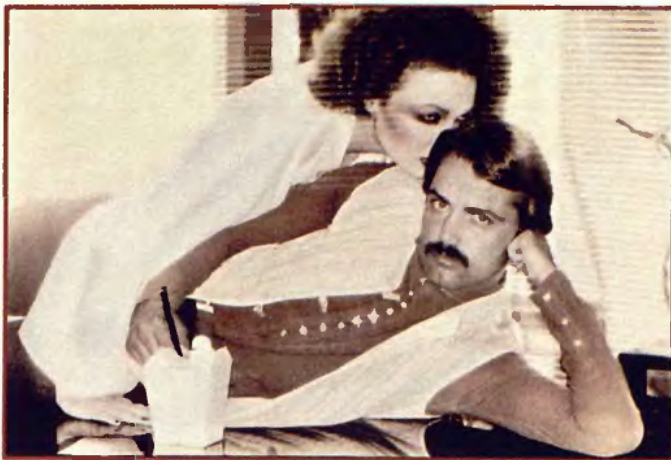
(continued on page 116)

EAST MEETS WEST

THERE'S SOMETHING HAPPENING WITH MEN'S FASHIONS, AND IT'S NOT OCCIDENTAL

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

Ah, the Orient—or, rather, the Orient that was—pipe dreams of opulence and languor, yin and yang twining together in discreet but limitless ecstasy. Alas, those intoxicating images are now gone—replaced by Mao-think or Western-culture worship. But you can still savor the sensations of old Cathay. The gentleman at right is busy flexing his senses, and sensation



number one is the feel of his gauze pullover, by Gentleman John, \$15; he's combined it with a quilted Chinese vest, by Maharajah Sir, \$21, and polished cotton trousers, by Horace for Barney Sampson, about \$35. Our back-scratcher below finds a lot of sense in a denim wrap kimono, about \$45, jeans, about \$30, both by Oggi for Jaquardi, and a silk shirt, by Roland, \$75.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER GERT

Ever since Marco Polo, people have been heading eastward in search of treasure, intrigue, adventure and, of course, hip fashion such as this cotton denim mandarin jacket (right) with stand-up collar and frog closures, by On Time, \$26, worn here with a cotton madras shirt with side vents and two-button mandarin collar, by Maharajah Sir, \$17, and denim jeans, by On Time, about \$22. Also in the Chinese style is the big shirt worn by the guy below, with pleated back yoke, half sleeves, slash pockets and frog closures, by Pierre Cardin, \$25, plus rayon gabardine slacks with stitch trim, by Jaymar-Ruby, \$22.50.



Our apparent believer in the fine art of double-dealing, at top right, sports a belted Cassack shirt with ring neck, gathered back and four-button placket closure, by Maharajah Sir, \$17, and a pair of natural-cotton gauze jeans, by Horace for Barney Sampsan, about \$40. The mystery man, bottom right, coolly faces a chopsticky wicket in a silk full-bodied shirt with mandarin collar, four-button closure and barrel cuffs, \$35, and drawstring velveteen slacks, \$30, both by David Stevens; they're enhanced by a sterling-and-gold bamboo-motif pendant, \$150, and matching bracelet, \$185, both by M.&J. Savitt.





(continued from page 87)

1975 and television reverberated with Slavic overcompensation from Starsky to Kojak to Holvak to Kolchak. The network executives knew a good thing. If it sounded Slavic, it was working. As was generally the case with television, too much of a good thing ruined it for everyone. The final straw was *Kotax*, a series about a detective who solved a mystery once a month, no matter how cranky he got. It failed miserably, sinking not only the Slavic trend but the detective trend as well.

Patty Hearst began losing faith in her legal representation when F. Lee Bailey preceded the Muppets on the Howard Cosell show. Her confidence in Bailey was restored when he called a surprise witness out of obscurity to testify on her behalf. Yeah, I know a little something about brainwashing, George Romney told the teary-eyed jury. Patty was sentenced to write a personal letter of apology to the Hibernia Bank and all charges were dropped. The Harrises did not get off so easily. Nor did Patty's parents, who filed for bankruptcy soon after paying Bailey's legal fees. Randolph and Catherine subsequently became known as The Hearst Two. Patty revised her political philosophy and denounced everyone to the left of Earl Butz. Months later, she debuted her first fall line of Patty Hearstwear, advertising heavily in a new San Francisco newspaper, *The F. Lee Daily*.

Boychick was separated from his third non-Jewish wife and was living in Brentwood that fateful evening when the shiny pink Cadillac blew a steel-belted radial in front of his home. He noticed first the laughing face behind the wheel, then the stomping feet, but above all he noticed the wild eye of the far-out black man.

The great ballet dancer Rudolf Nureyev turned down dates with countless counts and countesses to devote himself to the first all-male *Romeo and Juliet*. He was to shock a dinner table of New York's elite at Peter Duchin's with his pronouncement that not Dame Margot Fonteyn but Nureyev himself would be remembered as the finest Juliet of all time.

Only Sally Quinn realized the importance of that evening. Betty Ford arrived with Woody Allen, making their relationship public for the first time. The dashing satirist wore a tuxedo and sneakers to divert attention. He succeeded. Not until the First Lady poured her heart out to Morley Safer months later did the public begin to see beyond the transparent tuxedo and sneakers.

Most of the people in the largely gay audience had come to see not Nureyev, not Woody Allen, not Betty Ford but Roman Gabriel, who was playing Romeo. It was his first and only male part in

what was to become a tragic career that would later take its toll in Philadelphia.

The mysterious disappearance of Edy Williams bothered no one.

Boychick could not believe his eyes and his ears as the greatest entertainer since Holson emerged from his Cadillac. He ventured cautiously forward. Are you whom I think you are? Boychick asked. Yes, I can, said Sammy Jr. as he half-eyed him over. Then, as if receiving a message from God that instant, the entertainer broke himself up, clapping his hands, stomping his feet and laughing harder than the situation warranted. It was then that Boychick knew.

Sheeeeeeit, Sammy Jr. said, thrilling Boychick with the cadence and the rhythm of his voice. Sheeeeeeit! The word formed like a bubble on his lips and floated down the street past Lucie Arnaz' house toward the home of Sue Mengers, the agent-turned-producer and close personal friend of The Amazing Kreskin. Ironically, The Amazing Kreskin had predicted that such a thing might happen. The bubble turned left on Doheny and got lost, as so many people had, on that strange diagonal street, San Vicente.

It did not become visible again until 15 years later, when it turned off San Vicente and followed a beautiful girl of about 19 as she aimlessly strolled toward a coincidental meeting with an aged ex-rock star. It was a meeting that would forever change her life.

The ex-rock star had made millions in his day and had gone broke after a crippling alimony settlement that left him with only two of his five Grammy awards. He was lost in a reverie of earlier days when he and his brothers used to own their own motorcycles and cruise this same street.

He did not notice the 19-year-old blonde until she helped him to his feet after he had nodded out on the curb.

Who are you, he asked, an angel from heaven or something?

No, the skinny thing replied, my name is Chastity. What's yours?

Gregg, he answered.

George Maharis and William Buckley were political opposites, yet something—perhaps one of those strange coincidences that occurred at the time, like adjoining cubbyholes on *The Hollywood Squares*—had brought them together. They decided to share a ride to the World Food Emergency Conference at Disneyland. Buckley was going to hear Julia Child advance the argument on behalf of the underfed nations that there were millions for defense but not one farthing for garnish. Maharis was headed toward Disneyland for reasons he never disclosed.

Their Chevy Vega seemed to slow by itself as it passed the desperate couple

on San Vicente. You see that couple over there, Mr. Maharis, Buckley said as he leaned back with his eyes bulging and his tongue pointing toward Chastity and Gregg. Well, that's what I think of your Keynesian theories.

The ex-rock star inhaled the smoke of their Vega as they drove off toward their rightful places in history. Where are you going, man? Gregg asked the winsome 19-year-old.

Well, she replied, if nothin' else is happenin', I guess I'll just boogie on down to see my boyfriend Cugie.

Three years and five months later, almost to the day, that malevolent meeting between David Hartman and Slappy White would take place.

Sammy Jr. was older, wiser and more politically sophisticated. He hadn't hugged a politician in 15 years. The entertainer was in Southern California giving a benefit for the Sons and Daughters of Bel Air Parents. They were raising money for a youth center, long overdue as far as he was concerned, because even rich kids had long, hot summers. The ZPG power structure of that community was adamantly against the youngsters' using the fire hydrants as sprinklers, since Sparkletts water was so expensive.

Sammy Jr. made a point of calling the news services to make sure they weren't going to be there to cover the event. He didn't want any credit for donating his valuable time. Such self-sacrifice inspired a clever telegram from Bob Hope.

It was not the first benefit of this sort for Sammy Jr. Back in 1974, he had been doing just such a gig when he received word that a bunch of radicals had barricaded themselves in an Inglewood home. He was apparently deeply affected by this when he addressed his audience from the stage. I'm going to Inglewood to do my bit, he declared. Won't you please help me gather the strength by allowing me to sing *I've Gotta Be Me*? The tumultuous response of the crowd genuinely humbled him, or so it seemed.

Moments after the show, Sammy Jr. arrived in Inglewood with his conductor. A police lieutenant in a Dirty Raincoat half-eyed him from his battered car. When he knew for sure it was Sammy Jr., he removed a cigar stub from his mouth and slapped his forehead. My wife, she loves all your movies, he said, even the stinkers.

Sammy Jr. told him about Frank, stressing what a truly—and he meant it sincerely—gassy cat he was. They talked about how incredible it was that Minnie Riperton could get her voice so high and how the gang members in the Inglewood home had automatic weapons. Would you be so good as to talk to them? the Italian cop asked. I'd do it myself but, as you can see, I'm white. Sammy Jr. understood the special problems of

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GOD AND THE COBBLER

fiction

By R. K. NARAYAN

*in previous incarnations,
they had both committed
unspeakable sins*

NOTHING SEEMED to belong to him. He sat on a strip of no man's land between the outer wall of the temple and the street. The branch of a margosa tree peeping over the wall provided the shade and shook down on his head tiny whitish-yellow flowers all day. "Only the gods in heaven can enjoy the good fortune of a rain of flowers," thought the hippie observing him from the temple steps, where he had stationed himself since the previous evening. No need to explain who the hippie was, the whole basis of hippieness being the shedding of identity

and all geographical associations. He might be from Berkeley or Outer Mongolia or anywhere. If you developed an intractable hirsuteness, you acquired a successful mask; if you lived in the open, roasted by the sun all day, you attained a universal shade transcending classification or racial stamps and affording you unquestioned movement across all frontiers. In addition, if you draped yourself in a knee-length cotton dhoti and vest, and sat down with ease in the dust anywhere, your clothes acquired a spontaneous ochre tint worthy of a *sanyasi*. When you have acquired this degree of universality, it is not relevant to question who or what you are. You have to be taken as you are—a breathing entity, that's all. That was how the wayside cobbler viewed the hippie when he stepped up before him to get the straps of his sandals fixed.

He glanced up and reflected, "With those matted locks falling on his nape, looks like god Shiva, only the cobra coiling around his neck missing." In order to be on the safe side of one who looked so holy, he made a deep obeisance. He thought, "This man is tramping down from the Himalayas, the abode of Shiva, as his tough leather sandals, thick with patches, indicate." The cobbler pulled them off the other's feet and scrutinized them. He spread out a sheet of paper, a portion of a poster torn off the wall behind him, and said, "Please step on this, the ground is rather muddy." He had a plentiful supply of posters. The wall behind him was a prominent one, being at a crossing of Ramnagar and Kalidoss leading off to the highway on the east. Continuous traffic passed this corner and poster stickers raced to cover this space with their notices. They came at night, applied thick glue to a portion of the wall and stuck on posters, announcing a new movie, a lecture at the park or a candidate for an election, with his portrait included. Rival claimants to the space on the wall pasted their messages over the earlier ones, arriving late at night. Whatever the message, it was impartially disposed of by a donkey that stood by and from time to time went over, peeled off the notice with its teeth and chewed it, possibly relishing the tang of glue. The cobbler, arriving for work in the morning, tore off a couple of posters before settling down for the day, finding various uses for them. He used the paper for wrapping food when he got something from the corner food shop under the thatched roof; he spread it like a red carpet for his patrons while they waited to get a shoe repaired and he also slept on it when he felt the sun too hot. The hippie, having watched him, felt an admiration. "He asks for nothing, but everything is available to him." The hippie wished he could be composed and self-contained like the cobbler. The previous day, he had sat with the mendicants holding out their hands for alms on the temple steps. Some

of them able-bodied, like himself, some maimed, blind or half-witted, but all of them, though looking hungry, had a nonchalant air, which he envied. At the eveningtime, worshipers passing the portals of the temple flung coins into the alms bowls, and it was a matter of luck in whose bowl a particular coin fell. There was a general understanding among the mendicants to leave one another alone to face their respective luck but to pick a coin up for the blind man if it fell off his bowl. The hippie, having perfected the art of merging with his surroundings, was unnoticed among them. The priest, being in a good mood on this particular evening, had distributed to the mendicants rice sweetened with jaggery, remnants of offerings to the god. It was quite filling and after a drink of water from the street tap, the hippie had slept at the portal of the temple.

At dawn, he saw the cobbler arrive with a gunny sack over his shoulder and settle down under the branch of the margosa; he was struck by the composition of the green margosa bathed in sunlight looming over the gray temple wall. The hippie enjoyed the sense of peace pervading this spot. No one seemed to mind anything. The dust, the noise and the perils of chaotic traffic, as cycles and pedestrians bumped and weaved their way through Moroccans, lorries and scooters, which madly careered along, churning up dust, wheels crunching and horns honking and screaming as if antediluvian monsters were in pursuit of one another. Occasionally, a passer-by gurgled and spat out into the air or urinated onto a wall without anyone's noticing or protesting. The hippie was struck by the total acceptance here of life as it came.

With his head bowed, the cobbler went on slicing off leather with an awl or stabbed his bodkin through and drew up a waxed thread while stitches appeared at the joints as if by a miracle, pale strands flashing into view like miniature lightning. The cobbler had a tiny tin bowl of water in which he soaked any unruly piece of leather to soften it, and then hit it savagely with a cast-iron pestle to make it limp. When at rest, he sat back, watching the passing feet in the street, taking in at a glance the condition of every strap, thong and buckle on the footwear parading before his eyes. His fingers seemed to itch when they did not ply his tools, which he constantly honed on the curbstone. Observing his self-absorption while his hands were busy, the hippie concluded that, apart from the income, the man derived a mystic joy in the very process of handling leather and attacking it with sharpened end. For him, even food seemed to be a secondary business. Beyond beckoning a young urchin at the corner food shop to fetch him a cup of tea or a bun, he never bothered about food. Sometimes when he had no business for a long stretch, he sat

back, looking at the treetop ahead, his mind and attention switched off. He was quite content to accept that situation, too—there was neither longing nor regret in that face. He seldom solicited work vociferously nor rejected it when it came. He never haggled when footwear was thrust up to him, but examined it, spread out the poster under the man's feet, attended to the loose strap or the worn-out heel and waited for his wages. He had to be patient; they always took time to open the purse and search for a coin. If the customer were too niggardly, the cobbler just looked up without closing his fingers on the coin, which sometimes induced the other to add a minute tip or made him just turn and walk off without a word.

While the cobbler was stitching his sandals, the hippie sat down on the sheet of paper provided for him. He was amused to notice that he had lowered himself onto the head of a colorful film star. Not that he needed a paper to sit upon, but that seemed to be the proper thing to do here; otherwise, the cobbler was likely to feel hurt. The hippie was quite used to the bare ground; perhaps, in due course, might qualify himself to sit even on a plank of nails with beatitude in his face. It was quite possible that his search for a guru might culminate in that and nothing more. In his wanderings he had seen in Benares yogis sitting on nails in deep meditation. He had seen at Gaya a penitent who had a long needle thrust through his cheeks—only it interfered with his tongue, which he didn't mind, since he was under a vow of silence. The hippie had watched at Allahabad during Kumbha Melā millions praying and dipping at the confluence of the rivers Jumna and Ganges. In their midst was a sadhu who had a full-grown tiger for company, claiming it to be his long-lost brother in a previous birth; men handled deadly cobras as if they were ropes. There were fire-eaters, swallows of swords and chewers of glass and cactus. Or the yogis who sat in cremation grounds in a cataleptic state, night and day, without food or movement, unmindful of the corpses burning on the pyres around them. In Nepal, a person produced a silver figure out of thin air with a flourish of his hand and gave it to the hippie; he treasured it in his bag—a little image of a four-armed goddess. In every case, at first he was filled with wonder and he wanted to learn their secret, found the wonder-workers willing to impart their knowledge to him for no higher exchange than a pellet of opium; but eventually, he began to ask himself, "What am I to gain by this achievement? It seems to me no more than a moon walk. Only less expensive." He found no answer that satisfied his inquiry. He noticed on the highway, in villages and rice fields, men and women

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YOU MEAN YOU DON'T REMEMBER JAMES ARNESS AS A GIANT CARROT?
 WELL, HERE HE IS, ALONG WITH A BATCH OF OTHER STARS
 IN THEIR MOST FORGETTABLE ROLES

SAPS IN CINEMA



James Arness paid his dues in *The Thing*, a 1951 release. In his demanding role as a highly unpleasant vegetable in human form, Arness is described by a reporter in the film as "a carrot with brains." So, as dusk fell in Dodge City, and Matt was down at the Long Branch Saloon with *something* on his mind, you can purty much figger the dark secret in his past he was thinkin' back on.



Here, demonstrating the misuse of Grecian Formula Five, is — sorry, Sydney, Ingrid, Peter, Lauren, Kate — Humphrey Bogart, playing a vampire in the 1939 release *The Return of Dr. X*. It was in this film, many critics agree, that Bogey first developed his famous lip twitch, since the role called for him to bare his long, sharp bicuspid teeth frequently. He didn't know how to pucker up and whistle yet — he just bit.



Squinting into the Olde English sun, pondering the trials and tribulations of knighthood, is a greenhorn named Tony Curtis in Universal International's *The Black Shield of Falworth*. As Ivanhoe flicks go, this wasn't too bad for 1954, but after Curtis made a stir with that memorable line, "Yondah lies da castle of my faddah," fans looked forward to his next costume drama. They weren't disappointed.

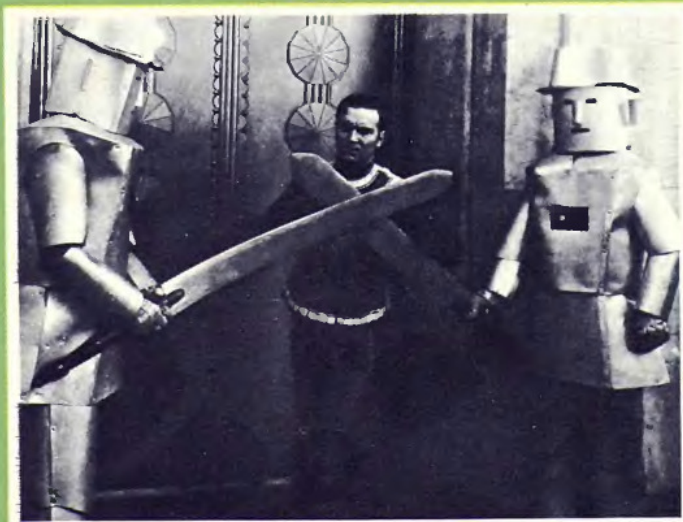
Some years later, he'd be sitting on the throne of Siam, singing Rodgers and Hammerstein songs. But as a racketeer in *Port of New York*, 1949, Yul Brynner was still very heavily into the wet look.



Easy Rider wasn't the first time Peter Fonda wheeled around, scoring dope, doing acid—no, wait, it was a little different. When *The Young Lovers* was released in 1964, it was billed as a "story of love before marriage." Well, close.



Keep your eyes on that sinister, ugly wax dummy's head, second from the right. Yow! It blinked! Yes, waiting in ambush is one Charles Buchinsky, billed ninth in the credits as Vincent Price's evil assistant in *House of Wax*, a 1953 3-D flick. If the name Buchinsky doesn't do it for you, bear in mind that he changed it to Bronson not long after committing unspeakable acts of horror, including trying to apply a generous portion of hot-wax build-up to this lovely, innocent creature.



A pair of sophisticated robots, products of an advanced civilization, stop our Buck Rogers-type hero in this 1935 serial, *Phantom Empire*. Stymied by the aliens—or stunned by the movie's special effects—is the leading man, a few years before he swapped his nifty space suit for boots and spurs in his role as The Singing Cowboy. Yep, it's Gene Autry.



Smiling at left, on the marble floor of some nasty, decadent Roman palace, is a "talented young sculptor" named Basil. It's Paul Newman in his 1954 role in *The Silver Chalice*, a memory that so horrifies him that he once took out an ad in *Variety* begging friends *not* to watch the movie on late-night TV. The chalice, by the way, was full of Coors.



If you look closely, you'll see the intelligent eyes of a certain classically trained British actor under all that putty make-up. Indeed, 'tis the villain of a 1961 release, *The Curse of the Werewolf*—Oliver Reed. Zounds!



Today, armed with a Ph.D. and some rather outspoken political ideas, Robert Vaughn is considered one of the most educated men in Hollywood; but in the title role of this 1958 release, *Teenage Caveman*, he obviously shows a clear ambivalence about joining the intelligentsia. Notice, if you will, Vaughn's prehistoric Hush Puppies.

Who loves ya, baby? The Nielsen ratings, obviously, because, as recently as 1973, Telly Savalas of *Kojak* fame was playing this weird role in *Horror Express*. The special bloody effects were probably created by cramming Telly's lollipop into his mouth, nose and ears. As for his eyes, they're just glazed over at the indescribable idiocy of it all.



A 1931 epic about a tiff among college guys and gals was titled *Girls Demand Excitement*. Ringleader in this pressing controversy—and looking very stern, indeed—is a young John Wayne, who may or may not have met the girls' demand.



We're cheating a bit here, because it's not the actors but the director of *Tonight for Sure* who became famous. This early color nudie, raunchy by 1962 standards, was Francis Ford Coppola's work. And who knows where a guy gets his ideas? Let's see, Coppola may have thought, the guy certainly looks like an Italian gangster.... I could see the restaurant scene in some future movie.... Who knows? Might be some big bucks in a flick about sleazy Italian hoodlums....

YOUR EROTIC DREAMS *(continued from page 106)*

and the inside, it's possible that you are dreaming of sexual activity with *both* sexes. An airplane that makes a background appearance in an erotic dream, flying past in the distance, can represent impatience with your current sex life and a restless need to rush on and seek other experiences in new places. If you dream about having sex *inside* an airplane, it's possible that you are aware of the precariousness and the short duration of a current relationship. Airplanes can fall from the sky and flights always end in landings.

ADULTERY: Dreaming of adultery need not mean that you have any real urge to commit it. But if you find the adultery attractive and exciting in your dream and you wake up feeling aroused by it, then you should consider the possibility that you are not getting enough variety in your married sex life to satisfy your tastes. Did you do anything in the dream that you normally don't do with your marriage partner? Or was it simply the idea of a fresh penis or a different vagina that you found arousing? It's easy to laugh off dreams of adultery, especially the ones in which you are having sex with people who seem to be preposterous partners. But your mind is trying to tell you something and it ought to be heeded. Pay particular regard to the surroundings and environment of your adulterous dream, because they may contain clues to the seriousness of your desires and to what form they might be taking. One woman said: "I had dream after dream in which I was having sex with all kinds of ridiculous people—the TV repairman, the little Jewish man from the corner store. But even though the people were ridiculous, the dreams were incredibly sexy—I used to wake up with come running down my thighs. And they were also sinister. There was a lot of darkness in them. They seemed important and forbidding, if you know what I mean. One weekend, Frank went away to see his mother in Tampa and I held a party for some people in the neighborhood. We all got high and I ended up in the bedroom with one of the guys. Before I knew what was going on, I was sucking him off and begging him to fuck me. In the middle of our lovemaking, I suddenly thought: 'This is the dream coming true.'"

CARS: Cars appear in erotic dreams with great frequency—and since they are marketed as objects of personal achievement and sexual aggression, this is hardly surprising. In Freudian terms, they are externally phallic but internally womblike. Inside a car, the driver feels safe and warm and protected from the buffets of the external environment. From that position of security, he can push his long metal hood aggressively forward down the highway, challenging and vanquishing other cars by overtaking them. But erotic

dreams that involve cars can have many different meanings. Sex in the back seat, for instance, can indicate that the dreamer is reliving both the teenage thrill and the insecurity that he felt when he was first dating. To dream of back-seat sex could indicate a lack of self-confidence about your sexual technique and a fear of having your shortcomings discovered. If you suffer at all from premature ejaculation, this dream is highlighting your anxiety about it. Erotic dreams about picking up sexy hitchhikers, male or female, could show that you are looking for a new erotic experience—but only if someone else is prepared to take the initiative. With the hitchhiker, there are no strings attached. No names need be asked for or given. It is the same sexual situation as in *Last Tango in Paris*, with the car as the catalyst instead of the apartment. If you dream about running girls over, you are possibly dreaming about violent sexual conquests. But don't feel too proud of them, because you don't seem to have the confidence to make these conquests naked and alone, unaided by the potent image that your car lends you. If you dream about driving at high speed along an endless highway, you could be having a dream of frustrated sexual energy. Sexual satisfaction or accomplishment is only indicated by *arrival*, by the insertion of the penis/car into a vagina/town. A collision may indicate an orgasm, but it depends on how you feel about it. If there are fear and pain, the crash is likely to be indicative of sexual failure or a violent end to a relationship. It would be a sensible idea, if you have persistent car-sex dreams, to try to analyze what you get out of driving your car and whether or not you're using it to mask a lack of self-confidence and assertiveness. Then buy a motorcycle.

HOUSE: As far as Freud was concerned, the house is a female symbol. The front door is distinctly vaginal, the interior womblike, and to be chased in your dreams from room to room is supposed to be a dream of brothels. The facades of houses, though, are something else. They are men with erect penises. Or, according to another theory, they symbolize man's social exterior, his persona, the face he presents to the outside world. When a house appears in an erotic dream, however, it may be a serious mistake to assume that it simply represents a woman or that its facade, with its windows for eyes and door for a mouth, is a symbol of somebody's persona. First of all, is it a house that you know? If it is, and if it plays a neutral part in your dream, then your dreaming mind is probably using it as nothing more than a backdrop for the sexual events that you are going through. Even in dreams, everything has to take place *somewhere*. But if the house

is strange, or if it has a potent atmosphere of its own, then it is possible that your subconscious mind is using it to convey some meaning to you. Look around and take note of the furniture and the decorations. Try to re-create in your mind the ambience that you felt when you entered the house in your dream. Do you feel comfortable or uncomfortable? Is it open and airy or claustrophobic? Usually, houses seem to represent the structure of your sexual relationship as a whole, and you can learn some interesting things about your attitude toward the people you're loving from the appearance of your dream domain.

Here's one fascinating example from a 27-year-old horseback-riding instructor. There was a powerful physical attraction in her relationship with her boyfriend, but mentally they had very little in common: "I walked into the house. It was quiet. I remember that—quiet in a very warm and soothing way. There was a thick fur carpet on the floor of the living room and the place seemed to be electric with sexy feelings. There were color photographs or portraits of Dennis on the walls. In most of them, he was naked. Some of the pictures showed nothing but his penis, in various states of erection—you know, some hanging down and some sticking up. The room turned me on and I took off my clothes and rolled naked on the fur carpet. But then I found myself in the kitchen. There was a meal laid out—just the kind of things that Dennis likes; you know, junk food like hot dogs and stuff like that. There was a nasty smell of onions. I found myself upstairs. I was still naked, but it seemed to be colder up there. I saw a frowzy unmade bed and a shelf with some tatty paperbacks on it, Mickey Spillane and some others. There was an attic and that was freezing and uncomfortable. I felt completely out of place up there. I just wanted to go back to the sexy warm room with the fur carpet and I was back there just as soon as I wanted to be. But I couldn't forget the rest of the house, and somehow the warm room didn't seem as sexy anymore." After reflection, this girl realized that in her dream, she had actually entered the character of her boyfriend and her relationship with him. It was a classic dream in which various parts of the house correspond with various parts of the body and mind. The house is a social object, and therefore it usually represents social emotions. "After that dream," she said, "I was clearer in my own mind about what I felt about Dennis than I ever had been before." She was mature enough to continue the relationship and try to take his less sophisticated intellectual tastes into account.

INCEST: Julius Caesar, before he crossed the Rubicon and invaded Rome, dreamed that he was sleeping with his mother. His advisors considered that the dream was a good omen. His mother symbolized Rome,



Burk Brown

*"I appreciate your wanting to help, Mr. Walters, but
I can clear the table myself, thank you."*

his mother city, and the dream meant that he would penetrate its defenses. Perhaps life is more complex for most of us these days, but we would rarely accept the fact that an incestuous dream signified anything as straightforward as this. There are quite respectable theories that to dream of sex with your father or mother, brother or sister may reveal how you feel about your position in the family—whether you feel threatened by your father's maleness, suffocated by your mother's maternity or rivaled by your sibling's competitiveness. It is important to consider this when you are trying to interpret erotic dreams about incestuous sex. But more often, it appears that dreams of incest are simply what they appear to be and little more. It is not unusual to be aware of the sexuality of other members of your family, and all your dream is doing is spinning sex fantasies about them—hypothesizing on what it would be like if you actually did have sex with them.

HOMOSEXUALITY: It is not at all unusual for heterosexual people to dream of homosexuality, from a brief kiss to full anal lovemaking. It need not indicate anything more than the presence of quite normal responsiveness to your own sex. But if the dreams are persistent and you seem to be constantly seeking erotic pleasure from the company of homosexuals, then you might need to consider your sexual attitudes and orientation more deeply. This is particularly urgent if your dreams are full of stress and conflict—a sure indication that your subconscious is struggling to make its homosexual emotions felt. Remember that some dreams that appear on the surface to be homosexual are really dreams of self-love. Look carefully at the face of your dream lover, because he may be you in disguise.

JOURNEY: Erotic dreams that involve traveling (by car, bus, ship or plane) do not often seem to signify that you are bitten by wanderlust. Mostly, they appear to be associated with the progression of the act of intercourse itself. Some dream diviners suggest that journeys mean you want to escape, and in medieval times, this may have been so. But these days, journeys are so organized and routed that, even though there may be temporary escape while you are actually traveling, there is always a sense that you have to arrive. Our perception of the sexual act is almost always linear—that is, we see it as a journey with a beginning, a middle and an end—and often, when it's over, we have a sense of surprise that we are still exactly where we were when we started. For a man to dream of going on a journey with a girl he knows and feels affection for is usually a subtle dream of sexual desire. It depends on where they're going and on how the journey itself progresses. They need not have sex during the journey: In fact, in a dream in which the attraction is deeply repressed,

they may not even kiss or openly show any feelings. The clue is only in the feelings of sexual pleasure or satisfaction that the journey gives to the dreamer. If the journey goes well and the ship or bus or car arrives safely, then that is a clear indication of a settled and satisfying sex life. But if the journey does not seem to end or the vehicle cannot land, or dock, or stop, then there is hidden conflict and frustration. If you dream that you are riding a vehicle and you have no money to pay your fare, it is possible that you are dreaming that you cannot cope with the demands that your sex life is making on you. You're afraid that you will be thrown off the bus and the relationship will end because of your inadequacies. If you dream that you are on a journey and you lose your traveling companion, then you are anxious that your sexual relationship will go out of your control and will finish against your will. Many dream journeys are romantic and take place in periods of history that appeal to the dreamer because of their glamor—on the Cunards of the Thirties, or white-painted trains or Zeppelins or quinquereemes or horse-drawn carriages. This is because an erotic dream of travel is frequently a wish to have sexual intercourse with someone you're not already intimate with. You regard him in a glamorous light because you have never had to get down to the nuts and bolts of actually forming a sex relationship with him.

LABIA: In civilized Western society, the female labia have long since ceased to become objects of primary sexual display—unlike the Hottentots of South Africa, for example, whose womenfolk hang weights on their vaginal lips until they form the famous Hottentot apron, which can dangle as low as five inches from the vulva. Our girls hide their labia in jeans and underwear, and also by making love in positions that do little to show off their sexual organs. We have become so discreet about the female vulva, in fact, that even girls themselves are frequently confused about the exact geography of their private parts. (Did they leave them in Des Moines?) Detailed apparitions of the vaginal lips often appear in erotic dreams. I was told by one girl that she had a dream in which she was the object of a long lecture, sitting back with her legs apart while a college professor showed her sexual organs to a classroom full of male students. Sexual dreams about female labia are not particularly significant unless the labia are unusual or are doing something unusual. One man dreamed that he was having a conversation with his girlfriend's vagina and that it kept licking its lips with a tongue-like clitoris as it spoke. Another man dreamed that his wife's labia opened up like a huge flower and that there were bees inside, clustering around her sexual juices. Dreams like these may indicate that a man feels marginally afraid of his part-

ner's vagina (many men subconsciously are) or that he is fantasizing about his *attitude* toward her sexual organs and intercourse with her. The flower dream, for instance, turned out to have associations with the man's childhood. His father had grown prize chrysanthemums, which were very beautiful and colorful but which he had been forbidden to touch. He was overly awed by his wife's vulva and saw it, in his dream, in the same terms as one of his father's flowers. It is interesting, by the way, how often the female labia are likened to a flower, or symbolized by flowers, and dreams of petals and roses may well have a vaginal significance. Sheilah Graham once wrote: "I have never met a truthful woman who admitted to liking sex in the morning, although men do. After a long sleep, men are ready and raring to go. But a woman is cold in the morning, the vagina tight like a sleeping flower."

NUDITY: Nudity is a staple ingredient in most erotic dreams and it can symbolize many things, according to the attitudes of the dreamer and the context of the dream. Public nudity is almost always the most interesting of nude manifestations in dreams. It can show that you have a hidden streak of carefree exhibitionism or (more usually) that you feel exposed and embarrassed about your sexual conduct. In some dreams, to be nude can represent innocence and guilelessness, but these dreams tend to be Elysian and sexless. A 12-year-old girl told me she often dreamed about a beautiful garden, where she picked flowers and talked to animals and trees. When I asked her to draw it, she drew herself standing in the grass with no clothes on. She seemed quite surprised that anybody should think she *ought* to be wearing clothes in a dream like that. Sometimes our dreaming minds cannot seriously imagine what a friend of ours looks like in the nude and plays the old nursery game of "heads, bodies and legs," substituting a standard dream-issue naked body for the naked body we have never seen and do not know. If you persistently dream that you are naked and ashamed in front of other people, then you probably have a guilt complex about something that you are doing sexually. Try to examine what it is that you are feeling guilty about and see it for what it really is. If you have constant exhibitionist dreams, then you may be sexually frustrated or you may have a simple desire to show more of yourself to more people.

PENIS: Dream diviners spend a great deal of time trying to see penises in every pointed or protruding object, but it is often even more fruitful to try to see what the penis itself represents. Both men and women can learn a great deal about their sexual personality from studying the appearance of the penis in their sex dreams. Is it exceptionally long and hard (in a man's dream, erotic self-confidence

(continued on page 146)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

AND NOW... FUNDER- WEAR!

*clearly, one doesn't have
to resort to long johns
to warm things up*

THE IDEA for this feature, says photographer Ken Marcus, came a couple of years ago, when a model showed up ready for *any* type of shooting: Under her jeans and T-shirt, she was wearing a garter belt and stockings. "I got the idea something was going on," says Marcus, who immediately began checking to see if underwear—always a good pictorial subject—were "in" again. He found that not only garters but also perforated bras and all those other kinky things—which were big in the early Sixties but had since disappeared—were back on the scene, with Hollywood mail-order outfits shipping peekaboo panties all over the country. The ladies were not buying the stuff because their masters so desired but because they dug it. And that these skimpy little bits of cloth are big mojo can now—after some hectic shootings—be confirmed by Marcus: "There's no question but that they change people's personalities. Even models I know well seem transformed into totally sexual creatures when they put them on." Which, of course, is the whole idea.

There's nothing gimmicky about this see-through, seamless-front, snap-at-the-crotch body stocking—from Frederick's of Hollywood—that stretches to fit whatever body it's carrying.

Here's how to dress up in a way that, by emphasizing what's necessary, makes one feel more naked than naked—a cutaway bra and panties, from the boutique of one who knows her stuff: famed stripper Lili St. Cyr.







It's not hard to imagine what she's imagining as she toys with the satin ribbon of her "baby doll" crotchless panties—part of a set—from Frederick's.



Sheer and slinky is this one-piece "romper," also from Frederick's, that slips over the head and under the crotch (a move that always works).





From Frederick's, again, comes this little Victorian set—in satin and black lace, it's called the "body bawdy set"—that'll take you back to the pubs of 19th Century London, if you want to play Hyde-and-seeK.

THE VARGAS GIRL



Vargas

"Well, you didn't pin me, but you certainly piled up a lot of riding time."

IN A CERTAIN CITY in Persia, there once lived a young goldsmith who shunned all women. This was not from any defect of mind or body, but it arose from a visit he made to the house of a friend. There, upon a wall, he saw a picture of a beautiful damsel playing the lute. Never had he seen a woman so perfect in every feature. He went back again and again to gaze, at last beginning to sicken from longing.

Whereupon his friend, wishing to dispel this morbid state, said, "Hast thou so little wit that thou must fall in love with a few lines and a bit of color on a wall?"

"He who painted it could never have imagined her! I know that it was taken from a living original, surely Allah's most delicate creation among womankind."

The friend shook his head doubtfully but, nevertheless, began to make inquiry about the painter and found him at last. The artist said, "Ah, yes, it is the likeness of a certain singing girl who belongs to a vizier in the city of Cashmere in the land of Hind."

That very day, the goldsmith set out with two horses. When he finally arrived, he looked about for lodgings and fell in with a druggist, a crafty fellow with a vast fund of gossip. The goldsmith asked to know something of the king of Cashmere.

"He is fair in governance, righteous," replied the druggist, "and he has but one angry passion—he abhors sorcerers, witches and warlocks so much that, when one falls into his hands, he has it thrown into a deep pit outside the city walls. And there it remains until it dies of hunger." Then the goldsmith turned to questions about the king's viziers, learning all sorts of commonplace lore, until at last the druggist mentioned one of these ministers who owned a girl believed to be the most beautiful and accomplished singer and lute player in the vale. The goldsmith showed no special interest, but before the evening was over, he had learned where this vizier lived.

The next day, he procured a set of thieves' tackle and secretly surveyed the house. He waited for a rainy, thunderful night. When it came, he slung his grappling hook to the terrace roof of the vizier's palace, climbed up, descended into the central court and made his way finally through the door of the harem.

The lute player was not hard to find. She lay—even more lovely and sensuous than the picture had expressed—on a couch of alabaster, under a coverlet of golden cloth. At the head of her couch burned dimly a candle made of ambergris and beside the pillow lay a silver jewel casket. She sighed in her sleep and turned to lie face down. With shaking fingers, the goldsmith raised the cloth and dis-



covered the damsel naked, more voluptuous than a lake-borne lotus garden, lovelier than the moon rising on the 14th night.

He took out his knife and wounded her in the right buttock. It was a slight and shallow wound, but the girl awoke in terror. She whispered, "Take the jewel box, but slay me not, for I am at thy mercy and my death will profit thee nothing." Therefore, the goldsmith took the box and departed.

The next morning, he donned dignified clothes such as are worn by doctors of the law and went to the king's palace to pay his respects. After he had kissed the ground before the king, he explained that he was a pilgrim from the land of Khurasan attracted hither by reports of the king's wise government and peaceful realm. He had arrived late yesterday evening, after the gates were locked, and he had slept outside the walls. "I suddenly awoke to a frightful scene!" he said. "Three wild women creatures were riding through the air toward your city—one on a broomstick, one on a wine jar and one on a black bitch. This last, passing by me, beat me with a foxtail and hurt me sorely. I was so angered that I stabbed her in the rump with my knife, whereat she dropped this little casket of jewels. I offer it now to you as a token of my good will."

Sharply nettled at this news, the king

examined the trinkets and drew forth a necklace he recognized. Turning toward a certain of his viziers, he said, "Is this not one of the presents I have given thee?"

The minister examined the string of jewels. "Truly, it is. But I in turn gave it to my favorite singing girl."

"Fetch her to me," said the king. And when she had been brought, he ordered, "Uncover her backside."

There arose a general gasp of astonishment, captivation, wonder and delight. Never before had the courtiers seen such callipygian perfection; never had they beheld such a radiant bum.

It was left to the king to notice the flesh wound. "This is the witch! Take her forth and cast her into the witches' well!"

The courtiers, to a man, heaved a great sigh of sorrow at these words. But, being courtiers, they discovered a justification for the king's edict, saying that it was clear only a necromancer could have outdone nature with such noble nates.

The goldsmith showed no sign of interest in the girl's fate. He went to the house of the druggist, packed his few belongings and waited until near nightfall. Then, with his two horses, he departed from the city. When he came to the pit where the witches were put, he approached the warder on guard and said, "Salaam, brother. I am he who denounced this witch; do you recognize me?"

Then he sat talking until he had won the man's confidence. At last, the goldsmith said, "Oh, my brother, know now that I hold in my right hand a bag containing a thousand dinars and on my tongue I have a strange story. They are both thine if thou wilt accept them." When the warder had agreed to hear him out, the goldsmith went on to relate the whole of his story truthfully, finishing with the words, "And thus this girl is innocent and I am to blame for the calamity that has fallen on her. Wilt thou now let her go with me?"

"How shall I explain her escape to the captain of the king's guard?"

"That is simple. Thou sawest her rise out of the pit mounted on a black bitch and fly through the air." At that, the warder assented.

"Bismillah!" said the goldsmith, uncoiling a long rope from his saddle. He threw one end of it down into the pit and called to the singing girl in a gentle voice, "Take hold, I have come to free thee."

After the bewildered girl had been drawn up from the pit, the goldsmith knelt and begged her forgiveness so eloquently that she wept. To the guard he said, "When we have come to Persia, we shall offer prayers to Allah for thy prosperity." —Retold by Jonah Craig

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA

PART II

AFTER LINCOLN, THE DELUGE

article **By JAMES MCKINLEY** *john wilkes booth showed the way and assorted other misfits picked up the gun. garfield and mckinley died; two roosevelts survived*

Assassination has never changed the history of the world. —DISRAELI, ON LINCOLN'S DEATH

THE DEMONS of assassination politics scourged America and the world following 1865. Booth's death kiss proved

aphrodisiacal. In the 49 years from Lincoln's death until the murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo in 1914

unleashed the hounds of World War One, one head of state or major minister fell nearly every 18 months.

Lincoln's funeral cortege itself, wailing at each whistle stop, crossroad and town, proved the efficacy of assassination. The cars snaked through the North and around the South's hopes for a merciful reconciliation. Crowds cried vengeance on the rebels. The dead President's lenient attitude toward the defeated states perished under the hooves of carpetbaggers and their enemies, the Klansmen. The world saw that assassination worked, even if Disraeli did not, and even if the effects were ultimately incalculable. Assassination was affirmed an instrument of change, not a casual killing. Lincoln's death, together with an emergent Continental anarchism, seemed to open a golden age of assassination. Certainly, this was so in America.

Andrew Johnson watched, quaking in Lincoln's boots, as 13 officeholders were shot at during his inherited term. Twelve were killed, most of them Republicans changing things down South. Compared



President James Garfield



Charles Guiteau

GARFIELD ASSASSINATED IN A TRAIN STATION



Charles Guiteau (left), denied a post in France by President Garfield, found revenge as the President approached a train. The act was exploited in this circus poster (above).

with that, Johnson's impeachment proceedings were safe, however much people whispered he'd benefited from just such a murder.

During Ulysses S. Grant's tenure, from 1869 to 1877, there were 20 attacks on public servants. Everything from sheriffs to collectors to governors was in season. Eleven were slain.

Assassins were busy elsewhere, too. The world's stage resembled *Hamlet's* body-strewn last scene: in 1870, a prime minister of Spain; and through the years, the president of Ecuador and dozens of lesser functionaries of Latin America, the Balkans and Europe shot, stabbed and bombed, until, in 1877, the killers seemed to pause for breath.

In America, this hiatus was the term of Rutherford B. Hayes, a span as uneventful as its President is unremembered. If, as is thought, assassinations protest ineffective government, then Hayes's Administration was the best of the 19th Century. But then came 1881.

The czar of all the Russias received the first message that assassins were alive again. On March 13, 1881—nine days after James Garfield was inaugurated as our 20th President—Alexander II was shattered by a bomb lobbed his way by radicals. American newspapers reacted with outrage (Lincoln was still on their minds) and blasted the totalitarian rule that could cause such crimes, such nihilists. For his part, Alexander II cried, "To the palace to die," and he did.

The next pertinent comment on assassination came four months later, on July 2, 1881, from James Garfield. Shot twice from behind with a .44 British bulldog revolver, the new Chief Executive cried, "My God, what is this?"

It was, of course, assassination again come to an American President. It proved that Lincoln's murder was not an aberration but a persistent illness roaming the body politic—and that its causes and effects were as varied as its executors. Charles Guiteau, the addled man collared immediately for shooting Garfield, seemed to be many things, though they were summed up in the phrase that won the immortality Guiteau did not. He was ordained our

archetypal "disappointed office seeker."

Garfield was a winner. Guiteau was a loser. The score was

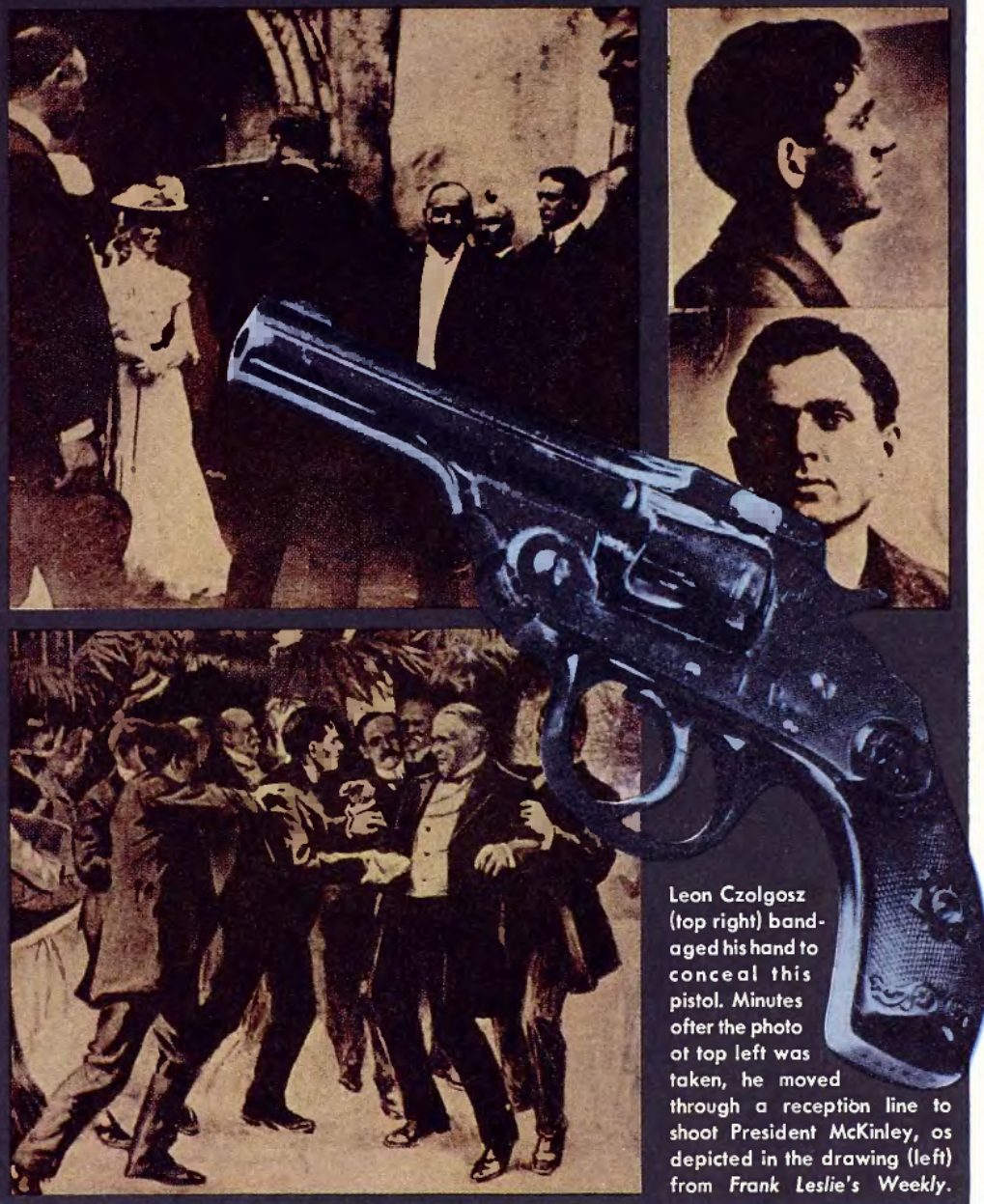
kept by each against what the land of opportunity had promised and what to each had been delivered. For both men there was the incongruity of their

reward with what might have been expected. For the victim, America had fulfilled his dream. For his killer, the dream left an ashy morning mouth, a hangover that has sickened American assassins down to the present.

James Abram Garfield was a Republican, like his predecessors Grant and Hayes. Like them, he was a Civil War veteran (what *man* wasn't, after all?). He was self-made, working his way up from canal laborer to college president, to general, to Congressman—and finally to President. Not without a struggle, to be sure. The meaning of the dream, of the bootstrap ethic, was struggle.

With Chester A. Arthur as the Vice-Presidential nominee,

THE ASSASSIN WHO WAITED IN LINE



Leon Czolgosz (top right) bandaged his hand to conceal this pistol. Minutes after the photo of top left was taken, he moved through a reception line to shoot President McKinley, as depicted in the drawing (left) from Frank Leslie's Weekly.



President Theodore Roosevelt was the target of a 1912 attempt by John Schrank (right) outside the Hotel Gilpatrick in Milwaukee.

DID HE GET HIS MAN?



Giuseppe Zangara reads headlines in jail after killing Mayor Cermak.



F.D.R. is thought to have been Zangara's intended victim.



Some maintained that mobster Al Capone was behind the shooting.

Garfield was elected in November 1880 over the Democratic war hero Winfield S. Hancock, who was forgotten before the campaign banners were down. His plurality was fewer than 10,000 votes. Still, the nation embraced this new leader. He seemed thoughtful and certainly struck a fine figure with his imposing beard, his vigorous youth (he was only 48) and his workingman's physique. Boys were told that someday they, too, might rise so far, so fast.

Charles Julius Guiteau had, unfortunately, always believed that. He was 39 when he shot Garfield, a 5'5", 120-pound man who had started along almost every route America's success map offered—and never arrived. Business, religion, politics—he tried them all, and in the end they brought him that July to the Baltimore and Potomac railway depot with his eight-dollar revolver.

Guiteau had been a sickly, nervous child, who became the youngest when the next two



Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago fell victim to the barrage of shots.

children died in infancy. His mother suffered *post-partum* psychosis with Guiteau's birth. She died when he was seven, dealing the boy an emotional blow hard to endure. For Guiteau, however, a domineering patriarch was real and near. His father was a zealous Huguenot-descended tyrant who beat his family religiously while alternately preaching the virtues of the Oneida Community's "Bible communism" (free love, fear of God, hard work) and Reformation Protestantism (just fear of God and hard work). The elder Guiteau saw the world as a struggle between good and evil. Charles would be good, or else.

Not surprisingly, Guiteau grew up with a mania for self-improvement. Such activities could dampen the evil lurking



Cermak being led away after the shooting. He died three weeks later.





ILLUSTRATION BY PETER PALOMBI

in him and simultaneously lead him to the success America expected (other assassins—notably James Earl Ray—tried wholeheartedly before their killings to be “better” or “somebody”). Thus, Guiteau’s several careers all aimed at making it, as Garfield had.

By 1860, he was at the Oneida Community in New York State, a convert to founder John Humphrey Noyes’s beliefs. This delighted his father, with whom Guiteau had quarreled over Noyes’s doctrines (Charles was then into body building). But Guiteau found the community’s criticism sessions embarrassing and, even in a place where puritan sexual morality was anathema, he did not do well with women. His work in the animal-trap factory bored him, accented his own trapped feeling. Finally, he retrieved the balance of a bequest of his grandfather’s from the communal purse and went to New York with an ambition to form a theocratic daily newspaper. He said he was “in the employ of Jesus Christ and Company, the very ablest and strongest firm in the universe.” Probably the notion of the Savior as the chairman of the board had never been better expressed, but the paper didn’t get started. It seemed no one wanted to invest in Jesus’ medium. So it was back to Oneida for a while, full of humility, and then back out again, full of anger.

Guiteau went to Chicago, found work as a law clerk and, with the ease customary then, was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1868. In 1869, he married a Y.M.C.A. librarian named Annie Bunn. It was not a happy union. When he was not practicing his speeches and assaying his schemes for success with Annie, he was beating her. “I am your master,” he’d holler. His law practice consisted of bill collecting, for which he was marvelously endowed with glibness, persistence, callousness and his own nature as a dead beat. He and Annie lived by moving into apartments and boarding-houses, then leaving before the bill was presented.

Yet a leonine ambition somehow survived in this ferrety existence. Guiteau sought its accomplishment in 1872 during Horace Greeley’s Presidential campaign. He became a familiar figure at Democratic headquarters in New York. Although people avoided this nervous, volatile man who was constantly composing campaign speeches no one would deliver, Guiteau became convinced that if Greeley were elected, he would be made minister to Chile. His wife later recalled that was all he talked about. He made diplomatic addresses to her, or to a mirror, and bought, on credit, appropriate clothes. When Greeley lost, Guiteau was morose for months. He did manage in 1874 to sleep with a prostitute, who testified to the fact so as to facilitate his divorce on the grounds of adultery. He continued to collect bills,

most often keeping the whole amount repossessed as his “commission.” When he was exposed as the most notorious shyster in town by James Gordon Bennett’s *Herald*, he initiated a suit against the New York publisher for \$100,000 in libel damages. But he decamped for Chicago when another man brought charges against him.

In 1880, Guiteau became a politician—a Republican, obviously (Greeley, the Democrat, had failed him). In Boston, he composed a campaign speech for Grant, the Stalwart Republicans’ choice. (The party of Lincoln was divided between the Stalwart, or conservative, wing and the Half-Breed, or liberal, faction.) What better aid could a formidable orator offer? But when Garfield, the compromise candidate, won the nomination, Guiteau switched both location and loyalty. He went to New York, there to shuffle about in shabby dress among the ward heelers at the Republican headquarters. He beseeched known and unknown politicians to let him take the stump. He had a new speech, appropriately strident and anti-South, called “Garfield vs. Hancock,” which, if delivered, would assure the Democrats’ defeat. Their proposals to give Treasury money to the South for rebuilding, to forgive war debts, would be annihilated. Guiteau could guarantee Garfield’s election.

He had the speech printed. In New York, he passed out copies to prominent Republicans. Some offhandedly said they thought it interesting. Guiteau was elated. Once, he tried to speak his piece at a Negro rally on 25th Street, but the half dozen who listened tired of his manic disjointedness about the same time he became too rattled to continue.

Nevertheless, when Garfield won, Guiteau was sure “Garfield vs. Hancock” had tipped the election. Now he would go to Washington and collect his reward, preferably an ambassadorship, preferably to Vienna. “We have cleaned them out,” he wrote to Garfield, whom he’d never met.

With ten dollars—an insurance commission—in hand, Guiteau went to Washington on March 5, 1881, to press his application in person. He had badgered Garfield by mail since October, telling him, among other lies, that he’d soon marry a wealthy woman (he’d seen her at church in New York) who would perfectly adorn the Ambassador’s residence in Vienna. He had also trapped General Grant at the G.O.P. office in New York, asking that the former President sign a letter recommending him for the envoy’s post. When all failed, Guiteau went to Washington. His days there count down from a *Death of a Salesman* to the death of a President.

March 10: In Garfield’s office, Guiteau presses a copy of his speech on the President inscribed “Charles Julius Guiteau” and “Paris consulship.” Guiteau later

said, “That is the only interview I ever had with General Garfield on the subject.”

March 11: He sends Secretary of State James Blaine the speech, with a note saying, “It was *this* idea that elected General Garfield”—in the name of his Christianity and gentlemanly mien, Guiteau asks for the consulship.

March 25: He writes to Blaine again, asking for the consulship as “a personal tribute” and complimenting Garfield’s choice of Blaine “for his premier.”

March 26: He writes to Garfield, saying Blaine approves of him for the Paris job, and reminds the President of the favor due him.

April 2-4: Playing what he thinks is politics (“You tickle me and I tickle you,” he later said), he first offers to help make Blaine President in 1884, then writes to Garfield that he’ll help the incumbent defeat Blaine.

And so it went. Guiteau’s already shabby wardrobe deteriorated with his spirits, as his dream, *the dream*, receded in the succession of snubs. His mind, never stable, sought refuge in invention. To salvage what he could of respectability, Guiteau used the President and Blaine as references and stayed in fashionable boardinghouses. Each day, until irate secretaries banished him, he’d appear at the White House, purloin stationery and send a note to the President, asking once more for the consulship. Then it was off to the State Department, or Congress, to importune whomever he’d encounter. A contemporary observer said “his own egotism” sustained him. In mid-May, the inevitable occurred: Guiteau’s frustration, his ambition, his mental instability coalesced with a political crisis that provided him with both his scapegoat-target and the motivation for murder. Two New York Senators, both Stalwarts, resigned to protest Garfield’s appointment of a Half-Breed as Customs collector in New York. Guiteau’s sense of patronage was outraged. He clipped a *Brooklyn Eagle* editorial deploring Garfield’s act as one sure to destroy the Republican Party.

On May 18, he was later to testify, he went to his rooming house “greatly depressed in mind and spirit from the political situation, and I should say it was about half past eight, before I had gone to sleep, when an impression came over my mind like a flash that if the President was out of the way, this whole thing would be solved and everything would go well. That is the first impression I had with reference to removing the President.”

Thus, in trance—as with Theodore Roosevelt’s attacker 30 years later—was born the idea of killing a President. Of course, for Guiteau, it was to be a “removal,” a gesture to save the Republicans, hence the republic. He would be

(continued on page 180)

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

*delicious
cockle-warmers
to get you
through those
long cold nights*

FOR EVERY WINE there is a season. When it's springtime in Vienna, everyone gulps *heurige*—the lively young light wine—from glass mugs. Even devout wine snobs sip chilled rosé, contentedly, at a summer picnic in the country. Parisians tie into *le beaujolais nouveau* in the fall, almost before it has finished fermenting. But when arctic winds numb your toes and your soul, nothing does better than the sun-drenched, sonorous, penetrating wines of winter—malmsey, madeira, the big, aged ports and oloroso sherries—wines that warm the cockles and take the chill from the marrow, even when the mercury drops from sight.

On their native turf, these winter wines are known as *generosos*, and they have much in common. Each one is

W·I·N·T·E·R W·I·N·E·S

much in common. Each one is uncompromisingly robust, with a rich, unmistakable flavor and aroma. Each is relatively high in alcohol for wine, about 20 percent, being braced with brandy. Fortification with brandy developed from the need to stabilize the wines so they would hold up during long voyages and adverse conditions. All are invested by *aficionados* with tonic or restorative properties and, with one exception noted farther on, they're unabashedly sweet. However, the sweetness is balanced by nuance and depth of flavor, which keeps the wines from becoming dull. And although they're prized all over the world, all are, to a greater or lesser degree, British contrivances.

The most totally John Bullish—associated with the lavishness and indulgence of the Edwardian era and the dismal English climate—is port. Porto, as its sponsors would have us call it, is a fortified, blended wine made from grapes grown in a part of the valley of the River Douro in northern Portugal.

Most porto is aged in the wood. As the years pass, the wine becomes progressively lighter, drier, smoother and more subtle. The youngest, full or red port, is purplish, sweet, rough, with a noticeable alcoholic bite. In English working-class pubs, it is mixed with lemon soda to make a long port and lemon. With time, a wooded port becomes ruby, light ruby and eventually tawny. Porto from the wood is considered ready to drink when bottled. It should not have a sediment.

The other method of aging porto is in glass, which means, almost inevitably, vintage port. These are the top pressings of a superlative year, blended for style and balance. Wines from only the one year are permitted in a vintage bottling. When the fermented wine "falls bright," it is separated from its sediment and barreled for about two years, then it's bottled and left to mature. Since porto develops twice as fast in wood as in glass, this mysterious process may span decades. Time required will vary with the particular year, the brand—each shipper declares a vintage independently—and personal taste.

Vintage porto, obviously, is not something one swigs on the spur of the moment. Top vintages are the '48s, '50s, '55s, '58s and '60s. The '45s are prime and holding. The highly rated '63s aren't quite ready; if you buy them, be sure they've had tender, loving care on the way to you. The '66s are on the light side and will be drinkable before the '63 vintage. 'Sixty-seven was declared by only a few shippers; '70 was considered promising and can be laid down now for consumption in seven to ten years.

Not all bottle-aged porto is vintage port. Crusted porto is usually a blend of several years, although some shippers use

off vintages. Crusted mature earlier but don't have the depth or complexity of the bona-fide article.

LB, or late-bottled vintage, gets from four to seven years in the cask before bottling. Both harvest and bottling dates should be shown on the label, as with true vintage porto. A late bottling is usually lighter in body and color than a true vintage and is ready to drink sooner. Since it throws a crust, it requires the same careful handling as vintage porto. A porto of the vintage, occasionally called port of the year, or dated port, is something else again. It is a wooded porto, usually an old tawny, with a minimum of seven years—often considerably more—in the cask. The wine is presumably all of a single growing year. Pragmatically, all you expect, or hope for, is that it's all old wine. A porto of the vintage should show harvest and bottling dates. It should not throw any sediment, having been racked repeatedly during its long life and probably filtered before bottling. These wines are quite unlike vintage portos, but they can be exquisite.

Wine lovers are indebted to Portugal for another big boomer, madeira, which comes from the semitropical island of that name. The four major types—sercial, verdelho, bual and malmsey—are supposedly named for the grape varieties from which they're made. And at one time they were. Today, they represent the relative levels of sugar and body, progressing from sercial, the driest, to malmsey, a luscious, richly endowed, occasionally overwhelming winter wine.

Malmsey—pungent, raisiny, delightfully warming—was the favorite wine of Colonial America. Most of the founding fathers were confirmed malmsey hands. Big George himself was reputed to be a two-bottle man and John Adams drank madeira "at a great rate."

What happened to early America's romance with madeira? A succession of vineyard catastrophes, wars and the blight of Prohibition dried up the supply. In recent years, the resourceful people at Sherry-Lehmann Wines and Spirits uncovered a cache of old madeiras and brought it into the country; but even that source is now down to random bottlings. There are said to be aged stocks resting in caves and cellars on Madeira, but a procedural conflict concerning dating is holding up export. Until the impasse between the government of Portugal and U.S. Customs is resolved, we won't be seeing any more of the rare, dated bottles on these shores. However, there's no dearth of good malmsey coming in from reliable houses—Sandeman, Justino, Barbeito, Funchal, Blandy, Shortridge, Leacock and Cossart ship all madeira except malmsey at this time.

A vintage date is one thing you *don't*

want on an oloroso-sherry label or, for that matter, any sherry. If you happen onto a dated sherry, pass it by. It will undoubtedly be a hype. The heart of the sherry process is the Solera, an intricate system of continuous blending and aging that imparts depth and subtlety and makes for an identical product—not just from year to year but for generations.

Despite its deep-amber-to-brown hue, oloroso sherry is made from a white grape, the palomino. The dark color is due partly to oxidation, undesirable in almost all other wines. Unlike portos and the sweeter madeiras, sherry is fermented out. That is, all the sugar in the *mosto* is converted to alcohol and the wine is completely dry. The casks of new wine are watched anxiously to see which way they go.

Nobody knows why or how it happens, but a lacy veil of yeast, known as the *flor del vino*, appears on the surface of some wines and not others. A lush growth of *flor* means that the wine will develop into a light, delicate, tangy *fino*. Casks with little or no *flor* will mature as *olorosos*, Spanish for "the fragrant ones." These rich, nutty wines of great roundness are the basis for the full-bodied dessert sherries—the creams, milks, the *amorosos* and East India browns.

Sweetness and color come from the addition of an inky, treacy wine called PX, after the Pedro Ximénez grape, from which it is made. This is more a liqueur than a wine, and in Spain it is treated as such. If you're curious, you can buy a bottle of PX, under the Viña No. 25 label. It's brought in by Pedro Domecq, which markets a line of sherries, including Celebration Cream. Other fine full-bodied sherries available in the United States are Canasta Cream, Santa Maria Cream, Nectar Cream, Armada Cream, Delicate Cream and Golden Cream. But the big gun, despite its hefty price and potent sweetness, is Harvey's Bristol Cream. It's an overwhelming favorite, accounting for better than half of all imported sherry consumed in the U.S., and some devotees don't even know it as a sherry.

Scandinavians go for lusty, sweet sherries—a welcome warmer-upper after a trek on snowshoes. They've also been known to take sweet sherries as an aperitif, with herring. That viking heritage may breed heroes, but not epicures.

In Spain, olorosos are generally dry. The nose is enormous and the wines long on the palate. A splash of an aged dry oloroso in a snifter will give you some inkling of the grandeur that Spanish sherry can attain. It's a shame the type isn't better known here, and the shippers themselves are, to an extent, responsible. They prefer to exploit the evident appeal of the cream sherries, defaulting on drier bottlings. Several dry olorosos do come

into the country; notably, Rivero's CZ, Gonzalez Byass' Alfonso and Dos Cortados from Williams & Humbert. Distribution is extremely spotty. Your best bet may be a special order placed with a good liquor shop.

Ports and sherries produced in the U.S. must so indicate on the label. They are often good as wines but do not mirror the distinctive traits of their prototypes, the finesse of fine aged porto, the depth and nuttiness of sherries from Spain. American ports are generally in the ruby style, the cream sherries often closer to madeira than the Spanish product. Most would benefit from more aging—and some are beginning to get it. The Christian Brothers and Paul Masson do a creditable job in both categories. Sebastiani, Llords & Elwood, Cresta Blanca and Widmer put out good cream sherries. Ficklin's tinta port is conceded to be the class of the ports, justifiably. David Ficklin has long used a large percentage of Portuguese grape varieties in his crush; now he's been joined by others. American ports and sherries are particularly appropriate for making cheering winter hot drinks.

Château d'Yquem and the legendary tokaji essencia are just too elegant to be classified as winter wines. But tokaji, or tokay, aszu, essencia's cousin, definitely belongs. It's a lovely, luscious, honeyed

wine—completely unrelated to the undistinguished tokay wines of California. Overripe furmint grapes, gathered as late as December in a good year, are deposited in wooden tubs called *puttonyos*. The nectar squeezed out by the pressure of the grapes on one another is taken off for *essencia*. The grapes are then trodden into a pulp. This mush is added to juice pressed from normally ripe grapes and fermented. Quality and price are determined by the number of *puttonyos* of grape pulp that have been added. The label on a bottle of tokaji aszu will always show the number of *puttonyos*. Four or five *putts* is a high proportion. Six *putts* seem to be the ceiling, though none is available right now. Tokaji aszu is one of the few winter wines that are not fortified. Because of its high sugar content, however, it is 14 to 15 percent alcohol.

Southern Italy and Sicily are prime sources of robust winter wines. Among them are the muscat-scented malvasia di lipari, passito—reminiscent of Spain's PX and marsala—sometimes *all' uovo*, "with egg," or flavored with almond, strawberry, banana, even chocolate. Marsala vergine, one of the finest, is made by the Solera method. Spain sends strong, grapy, dark malaga. Greece is represented by sweet, red mavrodaphne, which is sometimes called Hellenic port. Muscats

come from almost every vineyard area. One of the more memorable is the intensely aromatic, golden-brown muscatel of Setúbal, from a vineyard area 20 miles southeast of Lisbon.

Winter wines may be, and often are, served with or after the dessert at formal dinners. They're complementary to many cheeses, fresh fruits, berries, nuts, cookies and sweet crackers, fruit tarts, fruitcake, poundcake, poached fruit, *crèmes* and custards. But unlike most other wines, they are superb taken alone—without any outside sensory distractions. Winter wines are wonderfully comforting any time dank, dreary, bone-chilling weather gets you down. (More reliable than a trip to the West Indies: Who knows? It might rain.) They're delightful wines for sipping before a snapping fire, after a shoot or a day zipping down a ski run. Not bad for kindling a budding relationship, either. To present them in meager, thimble-size glasses, as some do, is almost a barbarity. They're beautifully fragrant, lavishly endowed wines. To get the most of what they have to offer, pour them into clear, generous-sized wineglasses. Admire the color, breathe deeply of the seductive incense, sip the glorious nectar . . . and you'll be hoping that winter hangs on forever.



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THE TRUE AMERICAN

(continued from page 78)

elbows flying in a blur, but the enthusiasm was not unanimous. Some of the white men stared at the pig guts in disgust; some pecked bravely at them; a few managed to swallow a couple of bites. One man exploded and he stood up, screaming. *Zip!*—an imp speared him neatly and carried him out of the room, wriggling on a pitchfork.

When the two had finished, Dogface led the way toward a secluded spot behind a furnace. "Come on, I'll explain it all to you," he said.

They passed a torture nook full of hideous instruments and resounding with screams for mercy. One of the malcontents from the mess hall was being stretched on the rack and he was beginning to come apart from the seams. Abe averted his eyes from the nook, but he almost fainted at the next sight.

An almost endless file of naked women, most of them white, was passing in front of them. They were of every shape and size—and shovels were laid down at all the furnaces while men gave tantalized stares.

"I don't want to get in no trouble looking at white women," Abe mumbled, covering his eyes and turning his back.

"Man, turn around and stare for all you is worth, or you *will* get us in trouble," said Dogface. "You is supposed to be tempted!"

Abe gazed on the delicious sight. "Lordy, Lordy!"

Just then, a white man couldn't take the idea of black men's eyes staring at white women any longer and he started swinging at the first colored guy within reach. The imps shrieked with joy, pulled them apart and began to beat the white man with their tails and to poke him with their forks.

When the file of women had finally passed, Abe and Dogface sat down. Tiny geysers of steam hissed from the cracks in the rocks around them.

"For one thing, everything is relative," Dogface pronounced. Abe's expression showed that he sure didn't understand. "What that means is that everything depends on something else. Now, listen, the Devil ain't nobody's fool. He knows well enough that there are a lot more white folks down here than colored—'cause, after all, hell is a part of the white folks' religion. We was just sort of adopted by it absent-mindedly. You get it now? Naw, naw, I see you don't."

"Well, I thought hell was a place where folks was unhappy. But I ain't never had it so good."

Dogface laughed. "Ain't you ever heard one man's meat is another man's poison? Since there's more white than colored here, the Devil decided to make the most amount of people miserable by the least amount of work. On earth, up North, I

hear they got a thing for colored folks called psychological torture. Well, the Devil does it just opposite. A white man has to be ten times better than a colored man to get a good job or a promotion."

"I want to know how come we get rest periods," Abe said. "I always figured we was supposed to work without stopping. Explain me that one."

"Optimism," Dogface said.

"Opti . . . opti . . . ? Man, you sure don't talk like you used to. I can't understand half them big words."

"I been going to school and getting educated," Dogface said proudly.

School? Abe's mouth flew open just as the whistle blew and the break was over.

Abe was shoveling coal in long, graceful arcs. All up and down the line of furnaces, the coal swooshed, *sszzh-thum, sszzh-thum*. A shovelful of coal was lighter than the sledge hammer Abe had used in the rock quarry. Everything was fine and Abe was enjoying his work. From a far corner of the pit came the screams of a few malcontents under torture.

Abe felt so good he began to sing *When the Saints Go Marching In*. His strong voice carried into every nook and cranny. It was the first time in the long history of hell that music had ever been heard. Then Abe began to get the feel of the song and his voice rose in volume as he swung into the next verse. Other black folks began to take up the song; their faces beamed and tears began to stream at the joy of the music.

The white people began to cry, too; but theirs were tears of sorrow, regret and despair. An inspector imp happened to be passing by and he looked at the misery meter. The despair needle had gone extraordinarily high. He made a note to bring this up at the next staff meeting and to suggest that spirituals be sung regularly.

The place was jumping. It wasn't the college-band-derby-hat version nor the society-matron-trying-to-imitate-her-maid version. It was the real thing, pure and basic, with voices rising and falling together in great gushes of melody and rhythm. The furnaces began to pulse and glow as a million shovelfuls of coal struck the fires simultaneously. The light in the pit rose and fell as if manipulated by some giant rheostat.

So much heat was generated that far off in the world, a mortal man discovered the key to atomic energy. He sat bolt upright in bed and grabbed for the pad on his night table.

The music rose to an unbelievable pitch, the pit was in a frenzy. A white guy who had belonged to a penitential sect grabbed a blowtorch away from an imp and tried to roast himself into heaven. Another imp grabbed some white

girls from the kitchen and ordered them to make love with the Negroes. The morale of the white folks plunged to the lowest depths in the history of hell and 17 race riots broke out. The fuckers and the fuckees were enjoying themselves so much that the authorities finally had to blow the whistle to stop the screwing—it blew five times before anyone heard it.

Dinner was pigtails, and two whites and a Negro who had passed for white in the other world complained about the menu and were hauled off to the torture chamber to have their complainers cut out.

Afterward, Dogface and Abe sat behind a furnace and talked. "You say you been getting eddicated?" asked Abe.

"Yeah, I been studying ever since I been here. When I came, I could just hardly sign my name—just enough to sign them I.O.U.s at the company store."

"How come they let you go to school, anyway? . . . I'm so dumb."

"Don't worry, you gonna understand it all right. I ain't as dumb as I thought and you ain't, either. In fact, you know most of the important answers already; you just don't know you know 'em."

"Lordy, Dogface, it sure does my heart good to hear a colored man talk like that. Could I go to school if I really begged?"

"They'll beg *you*, Abe. The Devil believes that the more a man knows about the way the world is, the more he can suffer."

Abe chuckled. "Dogface, you sure is an old rascal." He slapped Dogface on the knee. "I get it—you been getting eddicated and fooling the Devil!"

"I ain't been fooling him." Dogface hung his head dejectedly. "He is right."

"Tell me," said Abe, "is us colored folks really dumber than white folks?"

"Naw, they aren't no smarter. They just got what's called psychological warfare. But, Abe, take my advice. When they ask you to go to school, say no."

In the middle of the shift, an imp came by with some application forms and asked Abe if he'd like to sign up for school.

"Yessir, I sure do," he said, throwing caution to the wind.

The imp asked what course he'd like to take, but Abe said, seeing that he could barely write his name, he didn't know. The imp was overjoyed at that and he thought of hell's marvelous college curriculum—all the courses that laid out man's inhumanity to man, the centuries of Homo sapiens' lying, cheating, greed, perversion and cruelty. Hell studies specialized in the undiluted truth—and here was a virgin mind ready for it all!

"Me, too, sir. I'd like to go to school."

The imp whirled around. The voice belonged to a white guy in a buckskin suit. He was about 24 or so, Abe's age, but he looked older because he hadn't any hair, only a bloody expanse of skull where he'd been scalped.

The smile vanished from the imp's



"Remember, Walter—haggle!"

face. "You got a quota slip?" he snarled. "Yes, sir." The imp grabbed the slip and, when he saw that it was in order, he nodded grudgingly.

At the next break, when Abe told Dogface that he'd enrolled, Dogface only shrugged. "You're an optimist, Abe. That's somebody who thinks things are going to turn out all right. The Boss Man—God, that is—is an optimist, too. He thought people was going to get better and better as time went along, and so He built heaven real big and He made hell a lot smaller. He sure was wrong when He thought badness in folks would wither away, wasn't He?" Dogface was tickled and he laughed so that the tears ran down his cheeks. "Hell used to be really hell, but now, because of the over-crowding, it ain't so bad anymore."

"How do you know? Maybe it was always this way," said Abe.

"Well, you're learning," said Dogface. "You're beginning to question things—but, no, it used to be a lot worse. I read about it in a book by some Italian fella who got permission to take a trip down here. He said hell was laid out in circles, like an upside-down layer cake. In those days, the imps had time to get around to everybody—burning and pulling, tantalizing and freezing. It made folks mighty unhappy."

"Was they unhappier than they was when the imp passed the white girls out to the colored men just a couple of shifts ago?"

"There's a difference," Dogface said. "Burning and beating is what they call physical torture. Giving us equal rights and integrating is what they call psychological torture. You can psychologically torture a peckerwood by telling him about Negroes going to school. Or about a white woman carrying a tan baby around in her stomach."

"Many a black woman has carried a tan baby around in her stomach," Abe said.

"Amen. Don't I know. How many coal-black people you know? And how many in different shades of brown? The white man thinks it's his right to put his foot on a colored man's head and his thing in a colored woman. Just getting down to real-life cases for a minute—I told the boss's son I didn't think he should always be coming down to my cabin and bothering my wife while I was working in the sawmill from sunup to sundown. Next thing I knew, I was put on the chain gang for stealing. I ain't stolen anything in my life." Dogface began to cry softly, overcome by his own story.

"Man, I didn't always look this way. I weren't never anything special to look at, but I could walk down the street without being stared at. My name was Booker and they called me Bookie.

"Anyway, I'd been on the gang for almost a year when one day my wife came

to visit me—for the first time. She had our three children with her and a new baby. It was hers, but it wasn't mine—hers and a white man's. I kissed all the children, starting with Samuel, the oldest. He was a sweet, strong little fellow who always helped his mommy, just like a man. Then there were the two girls. Finally, I looked at the new baby. He was a pretty little fellow and he looked like my wife, only lighter. She held the little thing up to me, but I wasn't going to kiss it.

"Then I thought about my wife and I knew she wasn't a bad woman. She was just trying to protect our children and keep food in their mouths the best way she could. And that baby was a human being, just a tiny thing needing love. Well, I kissed it and it seemed to smile. I know it was too young to smile, but it seemed to, anyhow. If I ever get to see an angel smile, Abe, I think it will look like that baby."

The whistle blew then and the break was over. A couple of imps with glowing torches came and formed up a group, including Abe and Dogface, and marched them off. "We're going to school now," Dogface explained.

After a little while, the trail widened and they went through an entrance into a huge room where their footsteps echoed on a marble floor. All at once, there was the shattering blast of a horn. It blew three times and its mighty notes carried throughout the underworld.

"That's the disaster horn," Dogface said. "But all the time I been here, I only heard it give a few squeaks, never a full fart. Something mighty big must be up."

Suddenly, a gargantuan Roman candle went up, chasing the shadows and illuminating the room even up to the distant ceiling arches. Abe got his first good look at his comrades.

Everyone still wore what he had had on at the moment of death. There was the scalped man in the buckskin suit who had signed up for school when Abe had. There were soldiers in every kind of military uniform. One man had a noose around his neck. There were people in night-gowns and pajamas. A man dressed in a polo outfit must have died in the saddle. Other men, wearing nothing but undershirts and socks, must have died in the saddle, too—they had gaping wounds in their backs and one still had a huge butcher knife wedged between his shoulder blades.

The Devil, alone in his oak-paneled conference room, was dancing a jig, chanting, "War, war, war!" His secretary was phoning all members of the general staff and asking them to attend a meeting.

When they were all assembled around the table, one executive ventured to say, "But it's only an Austrian archduke who's been assassinated. We can't—"

"Rest assured, gentlemen, the curtain

has risen on World War One!" said the Devil in his evil voice, banging his fist on the table. It did not sound like an ordinary blow: It had the sound of a wounded soldier's cry as he lay in no man's land, the sound of a young girl's sob as she was captured, or an animal as it was blown half apart, or a baby skewered on a bayonet. The Devil leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and imagined the lovely carnage.

Before long, so many new men began to pour into hell to stoke the furnaces that students were given extra time for their studies. Abe and the scalpsless man were the only two in their group who couldn't read, and so they were given a tutor. One day, after the professor had gone, the other man asked Abe, "How come a slave like you wants to learn to read?"

"I never was nobody's slave," Abe said indignantly. "Even if some of you folks tried to treat me like one."

"How come you speak American, then?"

"I am an American," Abe said.

"How come you're black and American and not a slave? Did your master free you?" the man asked.

"I never had a master," Abe said proudly. "Colored people ain't slaves no more, at least legalwise."

"I been down here a long time," the man said half to Abe and half to himself. "A long time, I reckon." Then he fell silent, sitting with his chin cupped in his hands. He was a long, lean fellow with a grave face.

He held out his hand. At first, Abe was confused, because he'd never shaken hands with a white man before; then, gingerly, he took the hand. The man smiled and Abe found himself smiling, too. Their grip tightened in friendship.

"My name is Dave Stock. I used to be a scout for settlers heading west to Illinois."

"I'm George Abraham Carver," Abe said. He couldn't think of any nice way to describe his life, so he added simply, "I lived in the South."

They were silent for a moment, and then Dave said, "I'm glad they freed the slaves. I never liked the idea of slavery in a democracy. A black man is as good as a white man; isn't that right, George?"

Abe wondered if the man were trying to trap him somehow. Finally, he said, "Yes, Mr. Stock, a black man is just as good as a white man." The phrases felt so good in Abe's mouth that he repeated them.

"All men are created equal and endowed by the Creator with certain rights—that's in the Declaration," Dave said.

After a short while, Abe and Dave became good friends and, toward the end of the reading-and-writing class, Dave suggested that they sign up for a course in



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American history. "I've got a lot of catching up to do," he said.

"I think I'll study that, too," Abe said.

One day, Abe went in search of Dogface and found him reading a thick treatise on economics. Dogface was sitting in an alcove and he pretended not to see Abe at first.

"Booker, man, you sure are studying."

"My name is Dogface. How come you aren't with your white friend? I thought you were getting to be a real white man's nigger."

"Dogface, that word—" An imp had appeared and was eying them suspiciously. "I just wanted to talk with you a little the way we used to. But you've got it all wrong about Dave—he was born just about when the country was started and he was killed before they began to call colored people stupid apes. He's a real American in the true sense of the word."

"I haven't met a good white person in the true sense of the word *yet*." Dogface's anger started melting away. "Well, anyway, I can see you've been making progress with your vocabulary."

"I can read and write now and when we've finished this course, Dave and I are going to study all about America. Listen, you've got him all wrong. He's got a good heart, I'm sure of it. He was born before all this prejudice got started."

"Man, you sure talk stupid," said Dogface. "Don't go losing your common sense. Let me tell you, it wasn't that cracker deputy sheriff who kicked me to death: it was his great-great-grandpappy, that's who—one of them founding fathers. Did George Washington and Thomas Jefferson have slaves or not?"

"I don't know. I haven't had a chance to study that yet."

"Well, you better get to reading." The bond between them seemed to have been broken and Abe walked off.

The war was going even worse than the Devil had dared hope. Each nation, planning a quick, glorious triumph, jumped into the fray. The Germans' right wing attacked through Belgium; the French counterattacked; the Russians invaded East Prussia. The English charged machine guns with cavalry and things got bloodier. The Devil sent a courier to God the Father to ask for more space.

"Man will learn his lesson. This will be a war to end all wars," said God the Father in His heavenly voice. He spread His hands benignly before Him in the position that He had made famous. "I can see the future before Me. Man will come to his true state of goodness. Tell your master, Lucifer, that I would give him the space were it not unfair to the thousands of souls who will come to My gates in the future."

"You could create a new universe," suggested the courier.

"What for?" asked God the Father, getting a bit red in the face. "This one is perfectly all right!"

"Daddy, I've been looking all over for You. It's time for Your nap," said Jesus Christ, floating up on a cloud car.

"Did you hear what he said?" God the Father, who is easily excitable, was shaking with wrath. "New universe, indeed. Why, I made this one Myself."

"There, there; don't get upset. It's just one of Satan's stupid tricks," Jesus soothed.

He turned to the courier. "You can tell your master that we need all the space we have for the glorious era of love and understanding to come. Why, didn't I myself go down and die on the cross to save mankind's collective soul?" As he spoke, he extended his arms and displayed his feet to show off the nail marks. "Wasn't I crucified on Calvary for—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the courier, who had heard the story many times before. "but we *are* terribly overcrowded and understaffed."

"On the third day, I arose . . ." Jesus went on, not to be interrupted.

"New universe, indeed!" God the Father mumbled to Himself as He and Jesus floated off.

When the courier reported the results, the Devil said, "Well, I figured as much, but it never hurts to try. Let's call another meeting of the general staff."

Trench warfare had developed into a science; planes now fought each other in the air or dropped bombs; poison gas was in vogue; reinforcements poured into a hundred battle fronts.

"Gentlemen, our request for more space has been denied," said the Devil. "Therefore, if we can't expand outwardly, we must expand inwardly." He paused for effect and looked around the table. "We shall modernize."

There was a babble of voices and the Devil had to hold up his hand for silence. "Do you realize that half our space is taken up by torture equipment? For instance, a rack to stretch a man is as big as a boxcar. We have been specialists, fitting the torture to the individual case—blinding painters, starving gluttons, making lovers impotent. Very effective. But this is no longer the age of specialization; it is the age of mass production. We must mass-produce misery!"

The Devil warmed to his subject. "I foresaw this crisis long ago and, for over two hundred years, I've been experimenting with a new system. And it works, gentlemen; it is an outstanding success. I call it the American system, because the subjects all come from that nation. I ordered pit thirty exclusively devoted to Americans.

"With them, we didn't go in for individual torture. We wanted to find the common denominators of fear and horror in the whole society—and, with these

tools, we could torture a very large number at one time. We learned that Americans, as a society, love money. They hate laziness. They are ashamed of sex. But their weakest point by far is their attitude toward the blacks in their midst. In 'the land of equality,' those blacks are second-class citizens. By reversing this 'equality' in favor of the blacks, we caused all the white Americans torture beyond imagination!"

The Devil, very pleased with himself, pulled a memo pad from his pocket and glanced at it. "Facts and figures, gentlemen. The misery graphs from the different pits show similar patterns, *but*"—he allowed himself a small smile—"the American pit is run with *one fifth* the number ofimps, and *one eighth* the amount of space. An efficiency breakthrough, gentlemen."

After the thunderous round of applause, the director of protocol, a gadfly and a quibbler, had a question. "A small point, sir, but if the purpose of hell is to punish *all* sinners, doesn't the granting of equality to black sinners in fact give them a certain measure of—and I hesitate to use the word—contentment?"

"That's a purist point of view. My answer is that any little contentment they may have is offset by the vast unhappiness of their countrymen. In fact, any small comfort the blacks have directly adds to the misery of the others. Nothing, of course, is perfect."

Then the Devil turned slightly in his chair and pointed to a large graph on the wall behind him. His voice grew hearty as he said, "You all know that this shows the highest recording of the misery meter in history, 90.05. But wait, gentlemen; look at this." He drew another graph from his portfolio and passed it down the table. "A Negro sang in pit thirty. Look at that—a new record in misery: 90.09!" They all beamed. "Gentlemen, I'll show you how to modernize hell!"

Oblivious to the passage of time or to almost anything else, Dogface, Abe and Dave toiled away at their studies. Dogface was close to getting his Ph.D. in economics and the two others were doing college-level work in American history.

Abe often had reason to remember Dogface's words, "The more you know, the more you suffer." Abe was suffering. Precisely, Abe was in love. He was in love with the ideals always preached as the fundamental structure of America. Naturally, when he began going a little deeper into matters and learning how those ideals had been abused, he suffered. As he studied the history of the U.S.A., Abe experienced the misery of a young man who begins to suspect that the girl of his dreams is a hooker. Abe had ups and downs: John Paul Jones, the westward movement, the Alamo, discovery of gold in California, carpetbaggers, the K.K.K., capitalism, "Remember the Maine," *Over*



"We had a marvelous evening, Gerald. Please spoil it."

There—and his heart ran a gamut of emotions as he read of the disasters, the triumphs and the promise. Always there, the promise. Perhaps she isn't a whore, after all. Or, if she is, perhaps she can change.

Dave loved America and he was proud of her, too: the first colonists, the advancing frontier, the growth of business, the discovery of oil, the spanking of naughty nations. Dave always rose from his studies with a glow of pride. America was always up and doing, all right.

"Do you know what I'd like to do more than anything? I'd like to go back to the world." Abe confessed one day. "I've learned so much; I've got so much to say."

"I know what you mean," Dave said. "America's success—Abe, I want to be part of it! The sweep, the power!"

They became so obsessed with the idea that they talked of nothing else. They were like two small boys on a summer afternoon, trying to soar on the wings of fantasy. They *had* to escape.

After enormous difficulties, heartbreak, tangles of red tape and many mistakes, the modernization of hell was almost complete. Once, for instance, because of a clerical error, everyone in the French pit had been issued two liters of wine per shift. By the time the mistake had been discovered, the misery meter had registered absolute contentment 68 times.

The Devil added other last-minute touches of diabolic genius. In the Italian pit, henceforth, no one would be allowed to gesture or to speak above a whisper. Everyone in the English pit would have to have sexual intercourse at least five times on each shift. Every Frenchman would be forced to hold the same opinion on every subject. Each person in the Dutch pit would be forced to have a different opinion on every subject.

The Devil decided that it was appropriate to have an inauguration ceremony in his conference room and his adjoining private quarters. "I'll have an extension wire run from the misery meter in each pit right into the conference room," he thought. "When I cut the tape and press the button, we can sit back, watch the dials and enjoy the results. But first we'll have a little bacchanal." He called for his secretary.

"Plenty of food and drink—and you might check to see if anyone has come up with something new in narcotics. Be sure to see that there are plenty of girls invited from the offices and see that they act right this time, understand?"

"I don't quite, sir," said the secretary, lowering her head.

"Just as I thought," said the Devil. "Well, I don't want the girls coming in buck naked at the beginning. Let the imagination secrete a bit first. Remember Salome's seven veils? Let's have about four on each girl. No perfume—and have

them work up a good sweat before they come in. Nothing sexier than that. And don't forget a virgin for the head of the Ways and Means Committee."

"We don't have any more," said the secretary. "The only one left in the filing room got deflowered last orgy."

"What the heaven!" stormed the Devil. "Must I think of everything? Just get some girl he hasn't seen before, make a maidenhead for her and tell her not to act too eager. He'll never know the difference. And don't forget an office boy for the director of protocol."

The secretary had squirmed around in her chair until she had managed to work her skirt halfway up her thighs and she kept crossing and uncrossing her legs.

"Put yourself down on the list, too," the Devil said, taking a good peep.

"Thank you, sir," she said softly.

"Hey"—pop, pop, pop, he snapped his fingers—"find the man who sang that song in pit thirty and send him up here."

"Yes, sir." The secretary searched the files. "His name is George Abraham Carver."

Down in pit 30, it was break time and Dogface was needling Abe and Dave and telling them they'd better hurry up because time was running out and it wouldn't be long now.

"What won't be long?" Abe asked.

"Capitalism. Ever since the war started, it's been sliding toward its doom. The proletariat has risen in Russia and soon communism will spread all over the world. History is on our side—"

"I know one thing," Dave broke in. "Democracy isn't doomed so long as mankind is free."

"Free!" said Dogface. "Free for the poor to get booted in the ass by the rich!"

They were still going at it hot and heavy when an imp appeared alongside their furnace. "George Abraham Carver, follow me," he said politely. Abe was so surprised that he could only nod yes.

He was shown into the Devil's office, where the Devil himself sat behind a huge desk in a wing chair with the back turned toward Abe. "Lord, Lord," Abe thought, "this is the finest room I ever have seen." The Devil turned his chair around. Everything was either jet-black or garish red. The desk, the door-knob and the Devil's double-breasted suit were black. The rug, the walls, the ceiling, the telephone and the Devil's tie, handkerchief and buttons were red.

Outside of the fact that his skin was red and he had two knobs on his head, the Devil looked pretty human. He watched Abe through narrowed eyes. "So you're a singer?" he asked cordially.

Abe stood before the desk, his clothing faded beyond recognition, his head bowed, the old secondhand cap clutched in one hand and the ball and chain dangling from the other. "No, sir, Mr. Devil.

I shovel coal four shifts and I go to school the fifth."

"But you *are* the George Abraham Carver who started the singing, caused the riot and set a record on the misery meter, aren't you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," Abe apologized. "I just started and all the other colored folks joined in. The riot wasn't my fault—that happened because one of the imps brought out the white girls. I hope it doesn't hurt my chances any."

"Your chances for what?" the Devil asked.

"Well, what I've been asking to see you about. It's a kind of long story, Mr. Devil—"

"I didn't know you were asking to see me, but if it's a long story, we'll come back to it later," he said, cutting Abe off. "But now, Abe, I've got good news for you. I'm going to let you sing again. I guess that makes you pretty happy, doesn't it?"

"No, sir, I don't feel like singing anymore. You see, what I wanted to ask you about is this—"

"Not now, Abe. Suppose I told you that if you sang a nice, touching song, it would make me very, very happy? And suppose I told you if you didn't sing, you would be tortured horribly?"

"I'd sure try to sing," said Abe, "even if I was so scared my throat was all dried up."

"What would you say if I told you I'd give you a wonderful reward, something you've always wanted to try—a white girl to have intercourse with?"

"I already done that twice, Mr. Devil," said Abe. "Once with one of the girls who used to wait behind the bushes at the colored dance and once down here."

"Well, what do you want?" the Devil asked in desperation.

"Well, sir, it's that long story I wanted to see you about—"

"Make it a short story," said the Devil impatiently.

"I want to go back to earth, Mr. Devil."

"OK," the Devil agreed immediately.

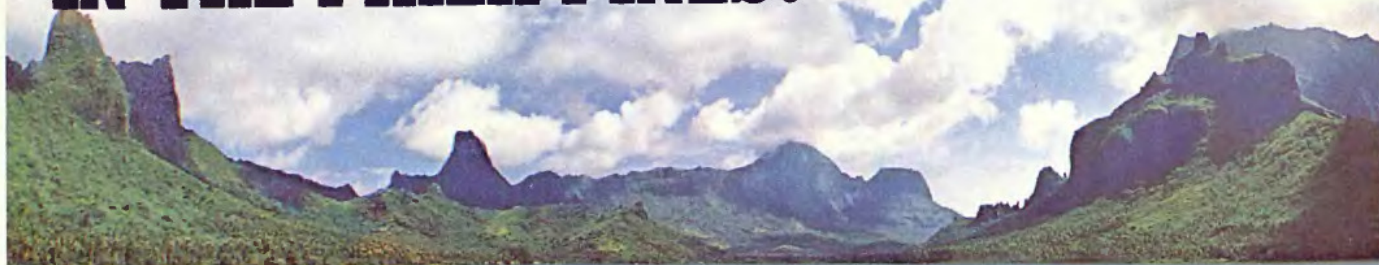
"My friend Dave wants to go back, too, sir." The Devil agreed. "Thank you very much. You know how I feel now, Mr. Devil, sir? I feel like singing!"

Everything was ready in all the pits and an imp with a walkie-talkie as big as a telephone pole stood by Abe and Dave for the countdown. "I'll get the go-ahead and you'll start at my signal," he said. "What are you going to sing?"

"*This Little Light of Mine*," said Abe.

In the Devil's private quarters, dinner had just been finished and the staff lay on chaise longues, too bloated to move. "Kindly look toward the ceiling, gentlemen," the Devil said, pressing a button that caused a glass platform to descend until it almost touched their noses. A musky odor permeated the air as 22 women, a synthetic virgin and a young

IS THE BRASS MONKEY HOLDING OUT IN THE PHILIPPINES?



Do two men stalk each other tonight under a tropic moon — an implacable Japanese intelligence officer and the man who invented the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W.W. II?



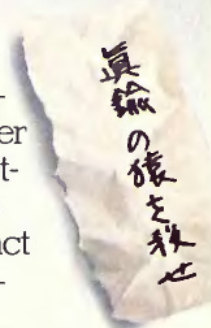
This much is on record: that a year before the war's end, the Brass Monkey Club, named after a small brass figurine in a niche by the door, was raided and closed. And that H. E. Rasske, code name Brass Monkey, his mission in Macao accomplished, took off alone in his import-export company's battered seaplane. His flight plan called for a rendezvous with a U.S. Navy submarine in the Luzon Strait where he was to receive new orders. He never arrived.

Three decades have not silenced the legend — that collection of truths, half-truths and untruths — that then spread thick as jungle briar over the 7,000 partly-submerged mountain peaks that make up the Philippine Islands. It tells of a World War II that never ended, and it links Rasske to the strange case of Captain Mori, Special

Intelligence Squadron, Japanese Army. Mori's mission was spelled out in this brief directive: "Kill Brass Monkey."

The reported discovery of the same message, scratched into the trunk of a banana tree on an uninhabited island 40 miles north of Luzon, gave credence to earlier stories of a Japanese officer still fighting on, unaware that the war had ended. Leaflets were dropped, search parties organized, with no result. Two rather blurred photographs, purporting to show Mori in the jungle and published in a now-defunct scandal and adventure magazine, were officially dismissed as representing two different people.

We wonder. Perhaps there are two different survivors on that "uninhabited" island: Mori and Rasske. Perhaps...



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man danced into the room, each wearing four veils.

The dancing on the glass platform grew wilder and wilder. The legs leaped, sprawled, spraddled, split, spun. Occasionally, an executive would lose his sense and bump his nose hard against the glass. Finally, when the dancing had reached fever pitch, the Devil gave a signal and the dancers sprang from the platform into the arms of the waiting executives. A shout went up, pants dropped, veils were ripped off. The Devil, reclining majestically on his chaise longue with his nude secretary crouched down next to his private parts, surveyed the scene.

"Swear to me you're both a virgin and a whore," the head of the Ways and Means Committee said to his date.

"My, but you've got smooth skin," the director of protocol said to the office boy.

At last, the Devil pulled his private parts out of the secretary's grasp and stood up, announcing, "Gentlemen, it is time for the ceremony in the conference room." A reluctant groan arose from the orgygoers. "But bring your dates with you." A cheer of approval went up from the staff.

Once there, the Devil picked up a huge pair of shears and cut the ceremonial sash that had been draped across the row of misery meters. There was a burst of applause. He pressed a button and announced, "Gentlemen, the modern era of hell has begun!"

Down in the pit, the imp got the words on his walkie-talkie and signaled to Abe. Abe took a deep breath and, keeping time as he scooped the coal, began to sing:

*"This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine—hump.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine—humph."*

Abe's voice seemed to fill the place. As he started in on the verse again, black voices from all parts of pit 30 sang in harmony with him.

"'This little light of mine—'
'Sing it, Brother Abe!' Dogface shouted.
'I'm gonna let it shine—humph.'"

Every Negro in the pit was singing, keeping time to the music by beating shovels or banging pans or stomping feet or just by clapping their hands. The white people began to moan in despair.

The hand on pit 30's misery meter began to climb.

"Shall I hide it under a bushel?" Abe sang.

"No!" the Negroes shouted.

"I'm gonna let it shine. This little light of mine..."

The music flowed through the pit as if it came from the river of heaven itself and the sinners cried in longing for the ever-loving waters of paradise—a sip lost forever, a thirst never to be gratified. The



"But Dr. Dolittle, I thought you only talked to the animals."

despair kept climbing. Hardened whores thought of their first loves. Gamblers remembered their mothers—or that first lucky game. Winos remembered their last drink.

In the conference room, everyone stared in fascination as the misery meter rose toward the old record.

Back in pit 30, the manager ordered his foreman, "Now, have the night squad pass the white women out to the black men." Pandemonium broke loose in the pit.

The misery meter jumped to a new record. The Devil graciously acknowledged the wave of applause and cheers. "And now let us adjourn to my private quarters to continue the celebration," he said.

Abe shook hands with Dogface and said goodbye. Then he and Dave set off to see the Devil. When Abe opened the door, the room was so full of oparjuana smoke—the Devil's private blend of opium and marijuana—that he was almost blinded. He gently shook one arm and a secretary giggled. He tried another and the office boy giggled.

At last he found the Devil, who, with some difficulty, was assisted into his office by one of the servants.

"I hope you liked my singing, sir," said Abe. The Devil was nude except for one red garter. "We are all ready, sir, Mr. Devil."

"Ready for what?"

"To go back to earth, sir," Abe said.

"Yes, I almost forgot." Actually, the Devil had never intended to keep his promise, but the oparjuana had wiped out his memory of that. "It's now 1938," he said. "At the stroke of midnight, Eastern standard time, you will each return to the spot where you died. But first, just for the files, I must know why you want to go back."

"I want to be a part of America, a part of progress," Dave said.

"I've learned so much," Abe said. "If I could only have the chance to make it clear to them that there is so much promise, so much possibility in our country."

"I must be getting intoxicated from the oparjuana," thought the Devil.

"Anyway," he said, "come and stand on this magic spot in front of my desk. Oh, I almost forgot—you each get a going-away present. Well, what would you like?"

"My scalp," said Dave.

"A file," said Abe, holding up his ball and chain.

"Done!" said the Devil, and he clapped his hands and Abe and Dave disappeared.

"Bon voyage!" the Devil shouted to the empty room. Then, for some reason, the whole thing struck him as very funny and he laughed his cruel, diabolic laugh and went back to the orgy.



ON THE SCENE



NORMAN SEEFF

EMMYLOU HARRIS *the oriole leaves baltimore*

FOUR YEARS AGO, singer Emmylou Harris was doing three to five sets a night at a music club in Baltimore. A refugee from the New York music scene (she had been a regular opening act at Gerde's), she was content to play in the back rooms of bars, where "people are just interested in the music, not the personality. In the major music centers—L.A., New York, Nashville—playing takes second place to the scene. People make names, not music." A couple of members of the Flying Burrito Brothers caught her act one night and asked her to join the group. Her first big break was just that: A week later, the band bit the dust, but not before Emmylou had been introduced to Gram Parsons. Parsons saw (and heard) in Harris something that he had been looking for since his *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* album with the Byrds—a pure voice to add clarity to the rough edge of country rock, a voice that could do for lyrics what a pedal steel does for instrumentals. "Gram introduced me to a vein of music I call the High Lonesome—the beautiful heartbreak harmony duets you hear in songs by the young Everly Brothers, Charley and Ira Louvin, Felice and Boudleaux Bryant." Their collaboration produced two critically acclaimed but commercially unsuccessful albums—*GP* and *Grievous Angel*. Following Parsons' tragic death in 1974, Harris returned to Baltimore "to just play music and put myself together." The result was *Pieces of the Sky*—a fragile, elegant, moving album that was one of the finest solo efforts of the year. Aided by veteran pickers J. B. Burton and Glen Hardin and some of the studio musicians who had worked on the Parsons albums, Emmylou hit the road to win over audiences across the country. A hit single, *If I Could Only Win Your Love*, established her on the country charts, session work with Linda Ronstadt and Bob Dylan brought more praise and a tour with James Taylor introduced her to the popular market. If Emmylou doesn't watch out, she's going to become a name.

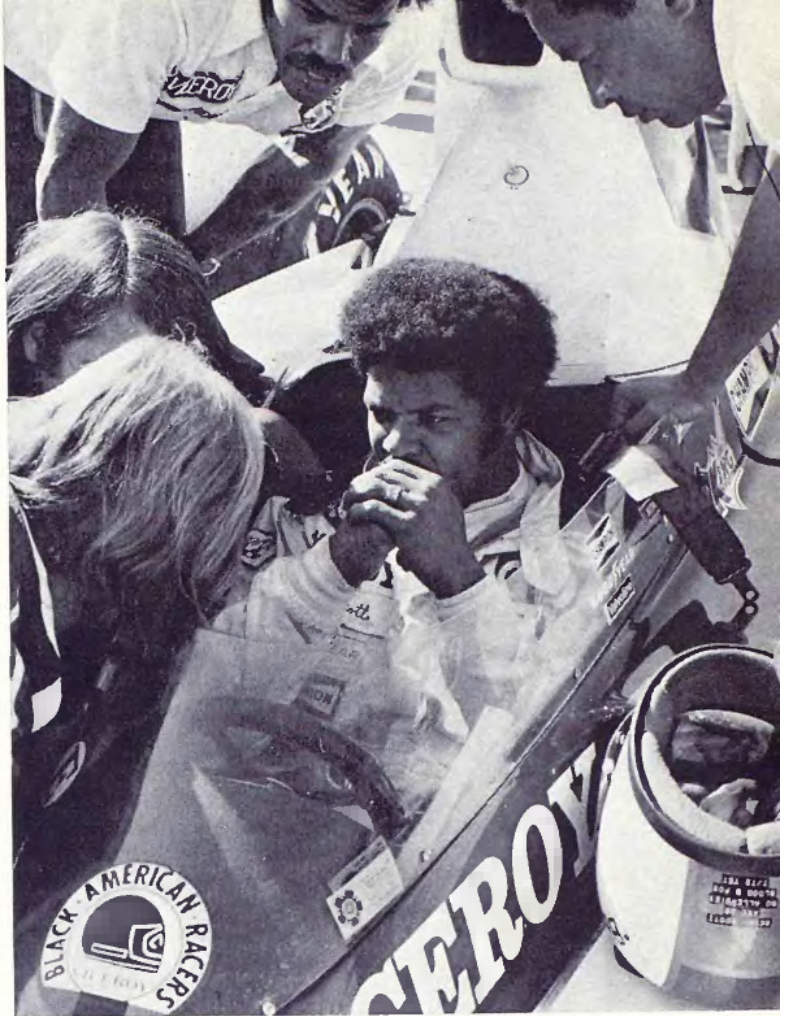
HENRY WINKLER *dropout cum laude*

"I STARTED MY CAREER in kindergarten playing a tube of tooth paste in a hygiene play," says Henry Winkler (shown holding the phone), star of ABC's hit comedy series *Happy Days* and the actor most responsible for that show's dramatic rise up the Nielsen totem pole. Winkler, a graduate of Emerson College and the Yale School of Drama, plays the character known as The Fonz, a.k.a. Fonzie, a.k.a. Arthur Fonzarelli, a supercool but humorous reincarnation of Marlon Brando in *The Wild One*—a dropout—equipped with leather jacket, motorcycle, flawless ducktail pompadour and the ability to pick up girls by merely snapping his fingers. As it happens, however, Winkler and Fonzie couldn't be less alike. Born and raised on New York's West Side, Winkler attended an exclusive private school for boys, where, as he says, "I wore a blue blazer and nice neat slacks." After doing mostly musicals at Emerson, Winkler, who has wanted to be an actor all his life, went on to Yale, where he performed such unlikely roles as "Einstein" in Dürrenmatt's *The Physicists* and a dancing rabbi in *Gimpel the Fool*. Like most actors, he went to New York, where he did 50 or so commercials, worked off-off-Broadway for nothing and finally landed a role in Columbia's *The Lords of Flatbush*, in which he played Butchey Weinstein, a member of a Brooklyn street gang. But the movie came out after he'd already been cast as Fonzie. The show became an instant success and, due to the huge inflow of fan mail (85 percent of which is for Winkler), ABC decided to change the format of the show, giving Fonzie star status. "People like him because he's his own man," says Winkler, who maintains objectivity about the character he's created. "Women respond to the fact that beneath his coat of leather lurks a warm heart." Reacting to the ratings, ABC recently offered Winkler a spin-off series based entirely on Fonzie, but Winkler turned it down. "Fonzie was born on *Happy Days*," he says, "and that's where he'll die." Now, *that's* will power.

BENNY SCOTT *off to the races*

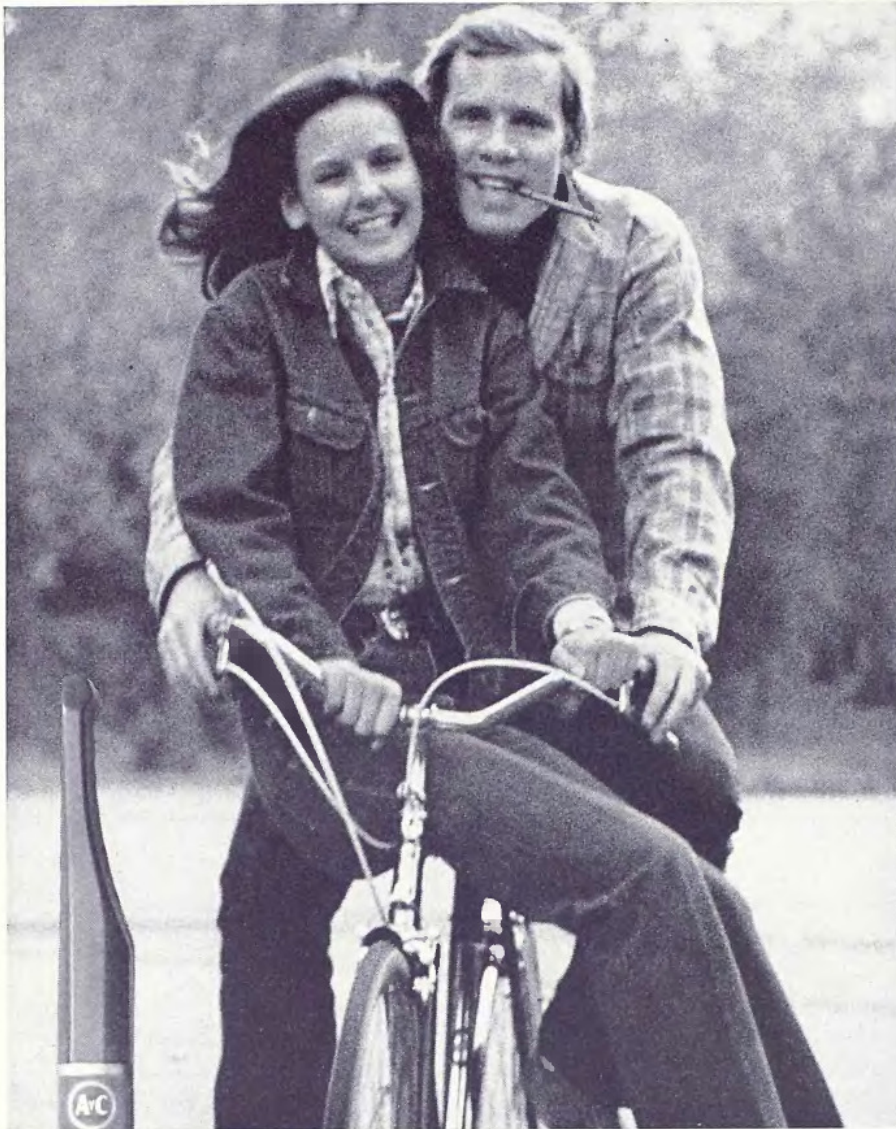
IT'S NOT that blacks can't drive fast. It just costs so much to buy and maintain a competitive machine that nobody gets ahead in racing minus big-time sponsorship—which wasn't happening for any black driver until 1974, when L.A.'s Benny Scott signed on with the Black American Racers team. The 28-year-old Scott, who hopes to reach Indy by 1977, was to the manner born; his dad, Bill "Bullet" Scott, raced sprint cars and midgets on the Southern California dirt tracks in the Thirties. And when the elder Scott died, he left his 12-year-old son with a dream of making it in racing. The dream stayed intact, through some hard years, until 1963, when Benny bought his first car, a 1931 Chevy with bad brakes. In 1968, by which time he'd learned just about everything there was to learn about cars, he turned pro—in the foreign-stock-car field—and he's been competing on ever-tougher circuits since then. Last fall, under the aegis of Black American Racers—an organization founded in 1969 with the avowed goal of getting a black driver into Indy—he made an auspicious debut in Formula 5000 racing, one notch below Indy competition. Then a key sponsor dropped out and Scott went back to teaching psychology at L.A. Mission College. That's right—Benny is a college professor (his master's was in the electrical activity of muscles) and a Ph.D. candidate (he's researching the facilitation of learning by inner-city kids). Of course, the same old dream was behind his academic career: "I felt that college would allow me to have an income conducive to racing." So it's likely to be an impatient winter for Scott. But by the time the next Formula 5000 season opens in May, Black American Racers should have some new investors. In any case, they know they've got a quality driver in Scott, whose moves on the track impress everybody. And no longer does he have to service and transport his own car. That's what he used to do, with help from his wife, who also teaches on the college level. Of course, they'll get back in the pits if they *have* to.

RICK STRAUSS



JOHN ZIMMERMAN





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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

YOUR EROTIC DREAMS

(continued from page 118)

and vanity; in a woman's, a desire for obvious and assertive sexual treatment from men)? Is it so thick that insertion is difficult (in a man's dream, some degree of sadism and chauvinism; in a woman's, fear of being hurt, physically and emotionally, by aggressive male sexuality)? Is it too short (for a man, a dream of sexual inadequacy; for a woman, anxiety about not being satisfied)? Is it a strong or strange color (for a man, exhibitionism and display; for a woman, fear of unusual sex technique or strange erotic behavior)? The penis often appears in erotic dreams to have a mind of its own—as, to a certain extent, it seems to have in real life. Men who dream that their penis is operating independently of their wishes are dreaming that they are losing control of their sexual technique and possibly of their sexual situation. Women who dream that the penis has a life of its own (its own eye, perhaps, or its own mouth) are usually anxious about their sex relationships and may be feeling an irrational guilt that, while their lover may understand their sexual shortcomings, his penis is an independent being who needs to be satisfied and will not forgive her if she doesn't manage to do so. It is not surprising that the penis was made a god by early civilizations. To both men and women, it often appears in sexual dreams as willful and uncontrollable.

One woman of 28 told me: "I dreamed I was making love to my boyfriend, Mike, and I was sitting on top of him. But I knew something was going to go wrong. His penis started to grow. It grew so thick and tight that it was wedged in me and was swelling me up. Then it grew longer as well and lifted me clear off the bed into the air. The feeling was extremely erotic, having this giant penis stuck up in me, but I was also panicky as well. I didn't know what was going to happen next. I was lifted clear up to the ceiling and I shouted down to Mike, 'Come! Come! If you come, it'll go soft and let me down!' But I never did find out what happened, because I woke up." The penis is often out of true proportion in sex dreams, and one analyst suggested that a good way to measure the libido of female patients was to ask them to measure the male organs they dreamed about. The longer the penis, the greater the woman's sexuality.

An erotic dream is so full of surrealistic visions and extraordinary insights that it can take a long time for the dreamer to analyze. But, applying our general classifications, it is possible to discover the underlying themes that run through it. Consider the following:

Dream of a 32-year-old woman: "I know, without having any reason to doubt it, that I am Wilma Deering from *Buck Rogers*. I have blonde curly hair, even

though my real hair is dark and straight, and I am wearing a kind of gnome's hat made of felt. I am flying through the upper atmosphere of a strange planet in a small womblike spacecraft. I have no clothes on, except for some thin nylon wire that crisscrosses my entire skin surface.

"The controls of the spacecraft are two big handles, which feel like hard cocks to the touch, even though they're a kind of metallic-gray color. The sky is a wonderful pink and I have a feeling of immense pleasure that I am alive to see such strange sights, even though in the back of my mind I'm frightened that I'm so far away from earth.

"Then somehow I go downstairs in my spacecraft and I'm on board a liner that's just about to dock in New York Harbor. It's a beautiful sunny day and the sea is pale blue. All the buildings of Manhattan look white and glittering and fantastic. I have to find Jimmy—my boyfriend—to warn him about the sea dragons.

"He is standing outside the ship's dining room. I take him onto the deck and we start kissing and caressing each other. I am so aroused that I forget to tell him about the sea dragons. He lifts me onto the ship's rails and twists my legs around him so I am doing a split, unable to close my thighs. He takes out his cock, and there are a lot of people standing around clapping and saying, 'He's the greatest fuck in the world.'

"He stands there with one hand on his ass and the other holding his cock and rubs his cock's head against my clitoris, and it makes a sawing, violinlike sound, incredibly erotic, that vibrates right through me. I can hardly bear it and I'm shrieking with pleasure. The whole crowd standing around have taken out their cocks and they're beating away with big smiles, and the ship's whistle blows, because we're coming into New York, and it's only 1934, which means we haven't been at war yet.

"Manhattan is sliding past. 'But,' I say, 'this is cardboard Manhattan.' It's like a bad set for *West Side Story*. Passengers are downstairs arguing with the purser because they bought tickets for the real New York City, not this cardboard imitation. Now they don't know where they are or what's happening. But a voice says: 'It's all right, you're in Chicago.'"

There's no rape in this dream. All the sex, though occasionally violent, is done with the dreamer's participation and approval. There is a touch of masochism but nothing serious. There's no sadism. There are no celebrities or figures of authority in the dream. No incest. No homosexuality.

There is public nudity, although not of a potent and embarrassing kind. In fact, this girl's nudity and public sex seem to win nothing but applause. There is some evidence of sexual prowess, although, again, this is not a prime theme. There is some strange technique (the ship's rails).

No, the major atmosphere of the dream is romantic sexual fantasy. The mood is set right from the beginning (or what the girl remembers as the beginning). She is Wilma Deering, romantic heroine of the spaceways, a figure whose idealistic WASP-ness is, today, almost a joke. Throughout the dream, everything that takes place works out as it should. There are almost no snags. The war hasn't started. The day is sunny and bright. It might be scary on Planet X, but you can always go downstairs and find yourself docking in New York. There is plenty of arousing, fucking, with no strings attached.

Having generally classified the dream, let's see how the individual images slot into that theme. Ideally, each dreamer should record such images in a diary or a dream dictionary, so that any future appearances can be checked. No image will have the same meaning in every dream, but usually, if it appears several times, there will be some common denominator.

As nearly as our subject could tell, Wilma Deering was a character who just happened to suit the purposes of the dream. The heroine could as easily have been Lana Lang or Lois Lane or Wonder Woman. Her spacecraft is interesting. She describes it as "womblike." Did she feel that in the dream itself or was it a description she added after she had waken up? All she could say was that, in the dream, the craft seemed "small and cozy."

And what about the nylon wire? Was it painfully tight or simply decorative? She thinks decorative. She could feel it,

but it did not seem to have any masochistic undertones. The cocklike controls are Freud's old friend, the phallic symbol. But what about the pink sky? Was it flesh pink? Possibly. And the "feeling of immense pleasure that I am alive to see such strange sights"—what about that?

Could the whole opening space sequence be symbolic of birth?

Well, it could be. There might certainly be a desire to return to the idealized comforts of early infancy. But as far as regarding the dream as part of her present sexual personality is concerned, there is really no immediate need to press the interpretation any further. It is enough for the moment to see the opening sequence simply as a dreamlike space odyssey.

She could remember clearly where the sea dragons came from. They were Chinese dragons on the paper napkins of a Chinese restaurant where she had eaten the same evening. Out of the same thought the ship's dining room probably materialized.

Next comes the dream's first bout of intercourse, with her boyfriend publicly twisting her on the ship's rails and having her off. There is nothing sinister about any of this. It is all good clean exhibitionistic fun. But is there a hint, in the rails technique, that she feels sexually trapped with Jimmy? "I don't think so. I enjoy sex more if I feel I'm being dominated."

The actual sex act, with its odd violinlike motion, has all kinds of interesting ramifications. She admitted that the



"How would you like to be multiorgasmic?"

sensation was like having sex with a vibrator, which in some ways she enjoyed more than intercourse, although ultimately she did not find it as satisfying. So what she seems to have been dreaming about is the perfect male sex organ—attached to a man, and therefore satisfying, but with a built-in electric buzz.

The ship's whistle could have been police whistles in the street below her apartment. (It was midmorning when she had this dream.)

The concept of "cardboard Manhattan" is worth further exploration. Does she feel that city life is all hollow and sham? Or, particularly since Chicago is mentioned, could she somewhere have heard the story of how unscrupulous British shipowners took would-be emigrants from London to Wales (for the full fare, of course) instead of to Chicago? When the emigrants remarked on the shortness of the "Atlantic crossing," the shipowners proudly patted their steamers and said, "Fast ship, y' know."

What practical knowledge can this girl gain from her erotic dream? Well, although she isn't openly frustrated, it could be that she is seeking something more out of her sex life than she is getting. She is a romantic (as her other dreams show, as well) and she will never achieve a sex relationship as perfect as

the one she seeks. It would probably do her good to reconcile herself to working harder at the relationship she has, rather than continue to fantasize about what might be. After all, Chicago is not *that* bad.

We all have a stake in knowing more about erotic dreams. G. Bachelard, in his book *La Terre et les Rêveries de la Volonté*, writes, "The most productive decisions are associated with nocturnal dreams. The man who sleeps badly cannot have confidence in himself. In fact, sleep, which is held to be an interruption of the consciousness, links us to ourselves. The normal dream, the true dream, is thus often the prelude and by no means the sequel to our active life." Many people suppress their real desires and continue with highly conformist, unadventurous sex relationships, just because they are afraid to broach their true feelings to their lovers. They are afraid that their husband or wife will find their lusts disgusting and that, consequently, they will be humiliated. In many cases, these fears may be justified, but it is only by experiment and risk that any sexual relationship can progress and flourish. Sex was never meant to be safe and cozy.



GOD AND THE COBBLER

(continued from page 112)

going about their business with complete absorption—faces drawn and serious but never agitated. He felt that they might have a philosophy worth investigating. He traveled by train, trekked on foot, hitchhiked in lorries and bullock carts. Why? He himself could not be very clear about it.

He wished to talk to the cobbler. He took out a *beedi*, the leaf-wrapped tobacco favored by the masses. (The cigarette was a sophistication and created a distance, while a *beedi*, four for a paisa, established rapport with the masses.) The cobbler hesitated to accept it, but the hippie said, "Go on, you will like it, it's good, the Parrot brand. . . ." The hippie fished matches from his bag. Now they smoked for a while in silence, the leafy-smelling smoke curling up in the air. Auto rickshas and cycles swerved around the corner. An ice-cream seller had pushed his barrow along and was squeaking his little rubber horn to attract customers, the children who would burst out of the school gate presently. By way of opening a conversation, the hippie said, "Flowers rain on you," pointing to the little whitish-yellow flowers whirling down from the tree above. The cobbler looked and flicked them off his coat and then patted them off his turban, which, though faded, protected him from the sun and rain and added a majesty to his person. The hippie repeated, "You must be blessed to have a rain of flowers all day."

The other looked up and retorted, "Can I eat that flower? Can I take it home and give it to the woman to be put into the cooking pot? If the flowers fall on a well-fed stomach, it's different—gods in heaven can afford to have flowers on them, not one like me."

"Do you believe in God?" asked the hippie, a question that surprised the cobbler. How could a question of that nature ever arise? Probably he was being tested by this mysterious customer. Better be careful in answering him. The cobbler gestured toward the temple in front and threw up his arm in puzzlement. "He just does not notice us sometimes. How could *He*? Must have so much to look after." He brooded for a few minutes at a picture of God, whose attention was distracted hither and thither by a thousand clamoring petitioners praying in all directions. He added, "Take the case of our big officer, our collector—can he be seen by everyone or will he be able to listen to everyone and answer their prayers? When a human officer is so difficult to reach, how much more a god? *He* has so much to think of. . . ." He lifted his arms and swept them across the dome of heaven from horizon to horizon. It filled the hippie with a sense of the immensity of God's program and purpose



"Here are the latest requests for access to the files. Find out whether we have dossiers on these people and, if we don't, start them."

and the man added, "And He can't sleep, either. Our pundit in this temple said in his lecture that gods do not wink their eyelids nor sleep. How can they? In the winking of an eyelid, so many bad things might happen. The planets might leave their courses and bump into one another, the sky might pour down fire and brimstone or all the demons might be let loose and devour humanity. Oh, the cataclysm!" The hippie shuddered at the vision of disaster that'd overtake us within one eyewinking of God. The cobbler added, "I ask God every day and keep asking every hour. But when He is a little free, He will hear me; till then, I have to bear it."

"What, bear what?" asked the hippie, unable to contain his curiosity.

"This existence. I beg Him to take me away. But the time must come. It'll come."

"Why, aren't you happy to be alive?" asked the hippie.

"I don't understand you," the cobbler said, and at that moment, noticing a passing foot, he cried, "Hi! That buckle is off. Come, come, stop," to a young student. The feet halted for a second, paused but passed on. The cobbler made a gesture of contempt. "See what is coming over these young fellows! They don't care. Wasteful habits, I tell you. That buckle will come off before he reaches his door; he will just kick the sandal off and buy a new one." He added with a sigh, "Strange are their ways nowadays. For five paisa he could have worn it another year." He pointed to a few pairs of sandals, some of them old pairs, arrayed on his gunny sack, and said, "All these I picked up here and there, thrown away by youngsters like him. Some days the roadside is full of them near that school; the children have no patience to carry them home or some of them feel it is a shame to be seen carrying a sandal in hand! Not all these here are of a pair or of the same color, but I cut them and shape them and color them into pairs." He seemed very proud of his ability to match odd pairs. "If I keep them long enough, God always sends me a customer, someone who will appreciate a bargain. Whatever price I can get is good enough." "Who buys them?"

"Oh, anybody, mostly if a building is going up, those who have to stand on cement and work prefer protection for their feet. Somehow I have to earn at least five rupees every day, enough to buy some corn or rice before going home. Two mouths waiting to be fed at home. What the days are coming to! Not enough for two meals. Even betel leaves are two for a paisa; they used to be twenty and my wife must chew even if she has no food to eat. God punishes us in this life. In my last birth I must have been a moneylender squeezing the life out of the poor, or a shopkeeper cornering all the rice for profits—till I render all these ac-



"Occupation?" "Housewife."

counts. God'll keep me here. I have only to be patient."

"What do you want to be in your next birth?"

The cobbler got a sudden feeling again that he might be talking to a god or his agent. He brooded over the question for some time. "I don't want birth in this world. Who knows, they may decide to send me to hell, but I don't want to go to hell." He explained his vision of another world where a mighty accountant sat studying the debits and credits and drawing up a monumental balance sheet appropriate for each individual.

"What have you done?" asked the hippie.

A suspicion again in the cobbler's mind that he might be talking to a god. "When you drink, you may not remember all that you do," he said. "Now my limbs are weak, but in one's younger years, one might even set fire to an enemy's hut at night while his children are asleep. A quarrel could lead to such things. That man took away my money, threatened to molest my wife, and she lost an eye in the scuffle when I beat her up on suspicion. We had more money and a rupee could buy three bottles of toddy in those days. I had a son, but after his death, I am changed. It's his child that we have at home now."

"I don't want to ask questions," said the hippie, "but I, too, set fire to villages and blasted, flying over them, people whom I didn't know or see."

The cobbler looked up in surprise: "When, where, where?"

The hippie said, "In another incarnation; in another birth. Can you guess what may be in store for me next?"

The cobbler said, "If you can wait till the priest of the temple comes. A wise man, he'll tell us."

The hippie said, "You were at least angry with the man whose hut you burned. I didn't even know whose huts I was destroying. I didn't even see them."

"Why, why, then?" Seeing that the other was unwilling to speak, the cobbler said, "If it had been those days, we could have drunk and eaten together."

"Next time," said the hippie and rose to go. He slipped his feet into the sandals. "I'll come again," he said, though he was not certain where he was going or stopping next. He gave the cobbler 25 paisa, as agreed. He then took the silver figure from his bag and held it out to the cobbler. "Here is something for you. . ."

The cobbler examined it and cried, "Oh, this is Durga the goddess; she will protect you. Did you steal it?"

The hippie appreciated the question as indicating perfectly how he had ceased to look respectable. He replied, "Perhaps the man who gave it to me stole it."

"Keep it, it'll protect you," said the cobbler, returning the silver figure. He reflected, after the hippie was gone, "Even a god steals when he has a chance."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 61)

even when I lost. I wouldn't know how I was gonna pay the bookmaker, but every Monday after an unlucky weekend, I'd go out—don't ask me why—and buy myself a suit. I guess I wanted to look good when they came to get me. My wife wondered how I managed to afford such a nice wardrobe on such a small salary, and I wondered myself. But I'd say, "What are they gonna do to me, make me a leper?" And somehow I always came up with the money before I found out the answer to that question.

PLAYBOY: Where did you meet your wife?

CAAN: That's a great story: I was doin' *La Ronde* off-Broadway, and 20th Century-Fox asked me to do a screen test. I was like 19 or something. So I went down to Fox and they were testing five girls and me.

PLAYBOY: You were that pretty?

CAAN: You should see me in a swimsuit. But I arrived and put on my make-up, and when I came out, there was this girl sitting in a room all by herself. They say it doesn't happen, but I just looked at her and *wang!* Bells rang. And—I'll show you what a smoothy I was—the first thing I said to her was, "I'm gonna marry you." Isn't that terrible?

PLAYBOY: Yes. Was she that great to look at?

CAAN: Gorgeous. Blonde. Pretty little nose. Pretty big eyes. Beautiful body. Solid. Nice tits. Nice ass. And legs! And legs. And legs. She was a dancer. After we finished our auditions, I walked her to the bus depot, and on the way, I charmed her with my mumblin' and stut-terin', and finally I managed to spit out an invitation to come to my show the following Friday. She said yes. Oh, golly, gee.

PLAYBOY: Did she tell you anything about herself on the way to the bus?

CAAN: Her name: DeeJay Mattis. I don't remember the rest, because I went deaf. But not blind. All I could do was look at her—and lick the saliva off my chin. I wanted desperately to hold her hand, but I was paralyzed, too. Then she got on a bus and went away.

PLAYBOY: Did she go to the show on Friday?

CAAN: Yes! I pushed extra hard that night onstage, and she said I was very good. Then we went out to—are you ready?—the Tavern-on-the-Green. Ball-room dancing. Soft lights. Sweet music. Did a lot of dippin'. A dip here, a dip there. And we'd sit out them fast numbers, because I didn't want my sweat to come out through my armpits. And I was very careful about breathin' in her ear. You don't want to breathe too hard, so she gets the wrong idea—or the right idea. It was so terrific. I was in a day-dream for weeks. Pretty soon I started borrowing my father's station wagon and taking her to drive-ins.

PLAYBOY: And making out?

CAAN: Is that all you ever think about? It's all I ever think about. But she was above all that, so we watched the movie and discussed *auteur* cinema during the intermission.

PLAYBOY: In the front seat or the back seat?

CAAN: It had to be the front seat, 'cause my father carried meat in the back, and the fat would always be in the creases, and it would smell like a shithouse back there. So I used to hang one of those pine-scented room deodorants in the back—God, it was fuckin' awful. Why weren't we rich, Dad? Anyway, I'd go home in the mornin' and he'd be waitin' for the car to go to work.

PLAYBOY: You got home that late?

CAAN: Once in a while. Like, one time I remember, after we'd been goin' out for a while, we were invited to a Halloween party. A costume thing. Only it was held the weekend before Halloween, at a dance hall in Manhattan. I decided to go as Nero, and the lady across the street made me a sheet with a hole in the middle, and I had gold chains across my thing, with a laurel wreath, and those gold laced-up sandals, and iron clasps for my biceps. I looked great. No fiddle, though. She was in a toga, too. With those legs, and those legs, and those legs. So I pick her up in Jersey and we're driving down highway 21 back toward Manhattan. It's raining hard, so I go under this underpass and stop to wait for it to lighten up and *whack!* A truck hits me right in the ass. Now I get crazy, because this is, like, holy shit, my father's car! I get out of the goddamn station wagon—on the freeway, right? and the traffic is backin' up—and there's this burly truck driver waiting for me. So I go back to this guy and I say, "You stupid. . . ." And I notice that he's staring at me, and so is everybody else on both sides of the highway; everything's at a standstill. They're lookin' at this maniac standing there in a toga in the middle of the highway with a wreath on his head, and it's raining. I didn't say another word. I jumped back into the car and took off. Never even got the guy's license; had to tell my father somebody must've hit me when we were parked.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a fun courtship. How long did it last?

CAAN: Eight or nine months. Then the baby came. No, we just decided to run away. We eloped to North Carolina. I borrowed five bucks from my mother and we drove down in a friend of mine's 1940 LaSalle—with him and his pregnant wife. It sounds like a bad B movie, but it was really romantic. God, I wish I could do it again. The highlight of the trip back was when we stopped in Virginia for some watermelon. Boy, you

talk about exciting honeymoons! I drove her straight home to her folks' house in Jersey and kissed her goodbye and told her not to worry, we'd straighten out everything with her parents.

PLAYBOY: Did they disapprove of you?

CAAN: You might say that. She was like the starlet of Union, New Jersey—lead dancer on the Mitch Miller show—and I wasn't good enough for her. So I told her not to tell her folks till I took care of things at my house. So I drive home and walk in and my father is in his usual position—layin' on the couch in his undershirt, watchin' TV—and I say, "Dad, listen, I got somethin' to tell ya." And he says, "You got married, right?" Just like that! I have no idea how he knew. And with that, my mother gets hysterical with laughter—she's doubled over because I had to borrow five bucks from her to get married. My father was a little hurt, because we were very close, and I hadn't spoken to him first. But they were both happy for me.

That's when the phone rang. It was her folks: "How could you do this to us? What'll our friends say?" I said, "Forget about your friends. What about your daughter? That's the important issue." I was very mature even when I was 21. But that conversation got nowhere, so her father tried to call North Carolina and have them rip up the records. When that didn't work, either, they tried to get me to turn Catholic or sign a paper agreeing to bring up the kids as Catholics, and when I refused, they started in on her. Called her a slut and everything else they could think of. She called me up in tears and told me and I said, "OK, I'm gonna come and get ya." It was great. I felt like Clark Gable. And I went and got her. And they didn't say a word. She just walked out. I took her home to my house and she started cryin' even harder, 'cause my parents were so good to her. My father even went apartment huntin' with her.

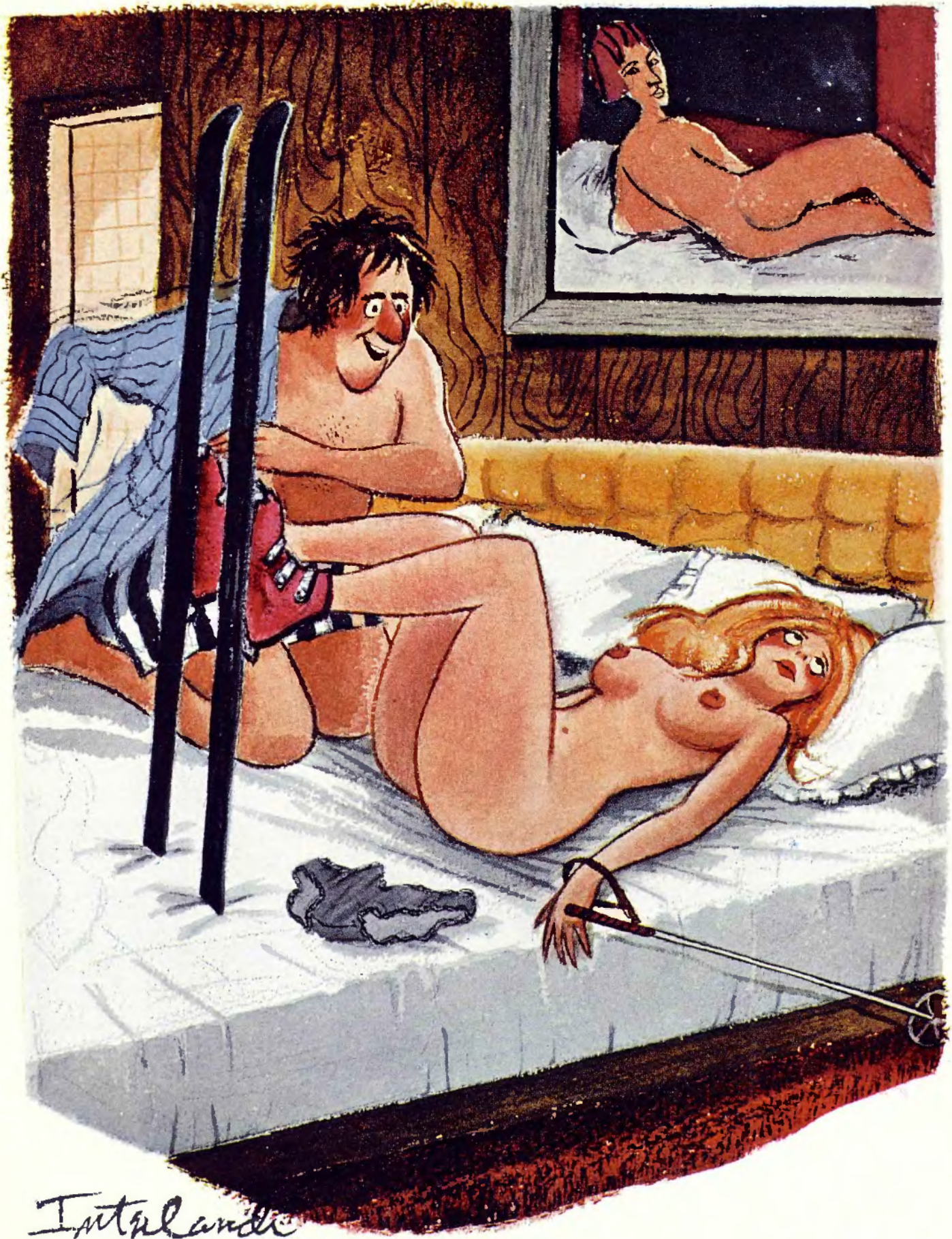
Finally, we found a place on 67th Street. It was in a nice building, but it was small. I kept wondering why these guys would always let themselves in with a passkey and store buckets and mops there. We'd fool people when they came over. "Oh, this is a lovely living room," they'd say. "The bedroom must be nice, too." Only we'd never invite them into the bedroom, because there wasn't any. Anyway, we'd sit up and eat in bed, which was also the couch.

PLAYBOY: Were her parents mollified by the lavish lifestyle you were providing for their daughter?

CAAN: Even after a year, her mother would call up once a month and say, "Are you happy?" But finally they came around. 'Cause she obviously *was* happy. And so was I.

PLAYBOY: How long did it stay that way?

CAAN: I guess till I began to get work in television and we moved out here to



Ingrid Lande

"Now, here's the idea. You're a lost, exhausted skier who's abandoned all hope of rescue—when, out of nowhere, appears a horny Saint Bernard. . . ."

L.A. I mean, we had a baby and everything, and we were together four and a half years, but it just didn't go, man. It wasn't just me and it wasn't just her. Like I said before, I never fooled around on her. I don't know about her, and I don't want to know. Maybe she ran into somebody else. Maybe not. There's nobody to blame in a situation like that. But whatever the reasons were, it ended.

PLAYBOY: Were you shaken by it?

CAAN: Yeah. For a long time. But I got over it, and I still like her very much. She's a terrific mother; she's been remarried for seven years now; lives in Tarzana.

PLAYBOY: Do you see your daughter often?

CAAN: Not as much as I'd like to.

PLAYBOY: Does that bother you?

CAAN: Yes. It's like I only get to see her for three hours at a time once in a long while, and that makes me crazy. I get a terrible headache and I can't get over it for days. You're giving me one now, as a matter of fact, so do you mind if we change the subject?

PLAYBOY: Sorry. In times of stress such as you've been describing, many people look for help from a psychiatrist. Did you?

CAAN: Not then. A few years later I did, but I stopped when I caught him going to a fortuneteller.

PLAYBOY: Right. Did you really go to a psychiatrist?

CAAN: No, I was just kidding. He was only a psychologist. It was after I finished a movie called *The Rain People*. I played a mentally retarded character, a guy completely devoid of ego, and that's not an easy or pleasant or even healthy thing to do. It was probably the best performance I ever gave—Francis Coppola directed it—but I got so deeply into that role that I couldn't get out of it. For the four or five months we were makin' *Rain People*, I was so depressed I just sat in my room at night and cried.

PLAYBOY: Was it just because of the part?

CAAN: Most of it, yeah. But it didn't help that I was away from home for so long, without my friends, not able to blow off a day's work at night. We went from one little town to another all over the country, and I had nothing to do after shooting was over every day but sit in the Holiday Inn and watch the wallpaper peel. I was really crazy by the time it was over. Took me a couple of months—and a few visits to the shrink—to come out of it. That experience frightened me so much that I try to lean away from those kinds of characters.

PLAYBOY: That was seven years ago. Do you think it might happen again?

CAAN: I hope it doesn't. But I know I might give a better performance if it did. So I might have to play that kind of part again—who knows?

PLAYBOY: Do you have a tendency to lose yourself in the characters you play?

CAAN: Not like that; but if you're right for a role, and you're any good at what

you do, it's got to become part of you for as long as it lasts. Like the whole time I was playing Sonny Corleone in *The Godfather*, I just busted everybody's stones morning, noon and night. It kept the energy level going all the time, even when I wasn't on camera. It wasn't anything I thought about or planned; it just happened. I'm not a very cerebral kind of actor.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that you not only don't try to psych out the motivations of a character but that you don't even like to study your lines.

CAAN: That's true. I don't know if it's laziness or what, but I just try to get the behavior of a character down—the way he talks, the way he walks—and then let osmosis take over. If I like a script after I've read it the first time, I say yes right away—and I never look at it again. Then, before I go into a scene, I'll sort of go over it with the script girl a couple of times, so I kinda know the thing, and if it's written well, I don't really have to *think* about remembering my lines, and that makes me available to whatever's gonna happen in the scene. I have no preconceived notions of where the director may put me in a room, or of what the actor or actress I'm working with is gonna do. If the wind starts blowing or a chair falls over, I can just go with it. I mean, if a train came through the room unexpectedly, I don't think it would throw me off; I'd just react to it as the character would—instinctively. That makes it real.

PLAYBOY: Have you met many directors who don't like to give you that kind of freedom?

CAAN: I've found recently that those who hire me know what to expect and feel the same way I do about it. Otherwise, I don't think they'd mess with me.

PLAYBOY: You're also known as a notorious cutup on the set. Do some directors find that difficult to deal with?

CAAN: Most of them know pretty much what to expect of me *between* takes, too. I clown around a lot not only because it's fun but because it relaxes me and takes my mind off of what I'm doing. I don't want to *think* about it too much, or I'll lose the spontaneity. I don't know if Duvall and Brando mess around for the same reasons I do, but we were all sure as hell doin' a lot of it while we were makin' *The Godfather*; but Francis seemed to take it all in stride.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about all the mooning that Coppola mentioned in his *Playboy Interview* last year?

CAAN: Some people just can't keep a secret. He's probably jealous because I've got a better-looking ass than he does.

PLAYBOY: He said that Brando dropped his pants, but he didn't mention you.

CAAN: Brando probably pressured him to hush it up. The truth is that I got off a moon so spectacular that it went straight into the Guinness book.

PLAYBOY: Care to tell us about it?

CAAN: Are we alone?

PLAYBOY: Absolutely.

CAAN: OK. Car to car, on Second Avenue in New York, in broad daylight, I mooned Brando. I was riding along with Bobby and a friend of mine, with his kids in the back, and we saw Brando ahead of us. We made the kids turn away, pulled up alongside him, I hung it out the window and we honked. Man, he died! He just fuckin' disappeared! Almost drove up onto the curb. That won me the belt. But then he and Bobby won it back by moonin' 500 extras on the set. Five *hundred*. That record's gonna last a while.

PLAYBOY: You could moon *millions*, if you did it in a movie.

CAAN: I wouldn't want it commercialized. That would cheapen it.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that Sam Peckinpah, who directed your latest film, *The Killer Elite*, is something of a practical joker himself. How did you get along?

CAAN: Sam is a great character. He didn't joke around too much on this last picture, but I had a little fun with *him*. We were on location down at the waterfront in San Francisco, and I was out on a boat near the shore with a friend of mine, and we had dressed up this life-size dummy to look just like Sam, and we waited till the whole press was there, and then we started beatin' the shit out of it. It was so realistic even *Sam* thought it was him.

PLAYBOY: Was the action that lively when the cameras were rolling?

CAAN: The blood bags were bursting all over the place. It's a half-assed CIA type of story about a political figure who's ousted from power somewhere in the Far East and I'm one of the guns hired to help put him back in, and everybody's betraying everybody else. I won't spoil it for you by tippin' off the climax, because I know you'll be running out to see it after this exciting description I just gave you. Let's just say that Peckinpah fans won't be disappointed.

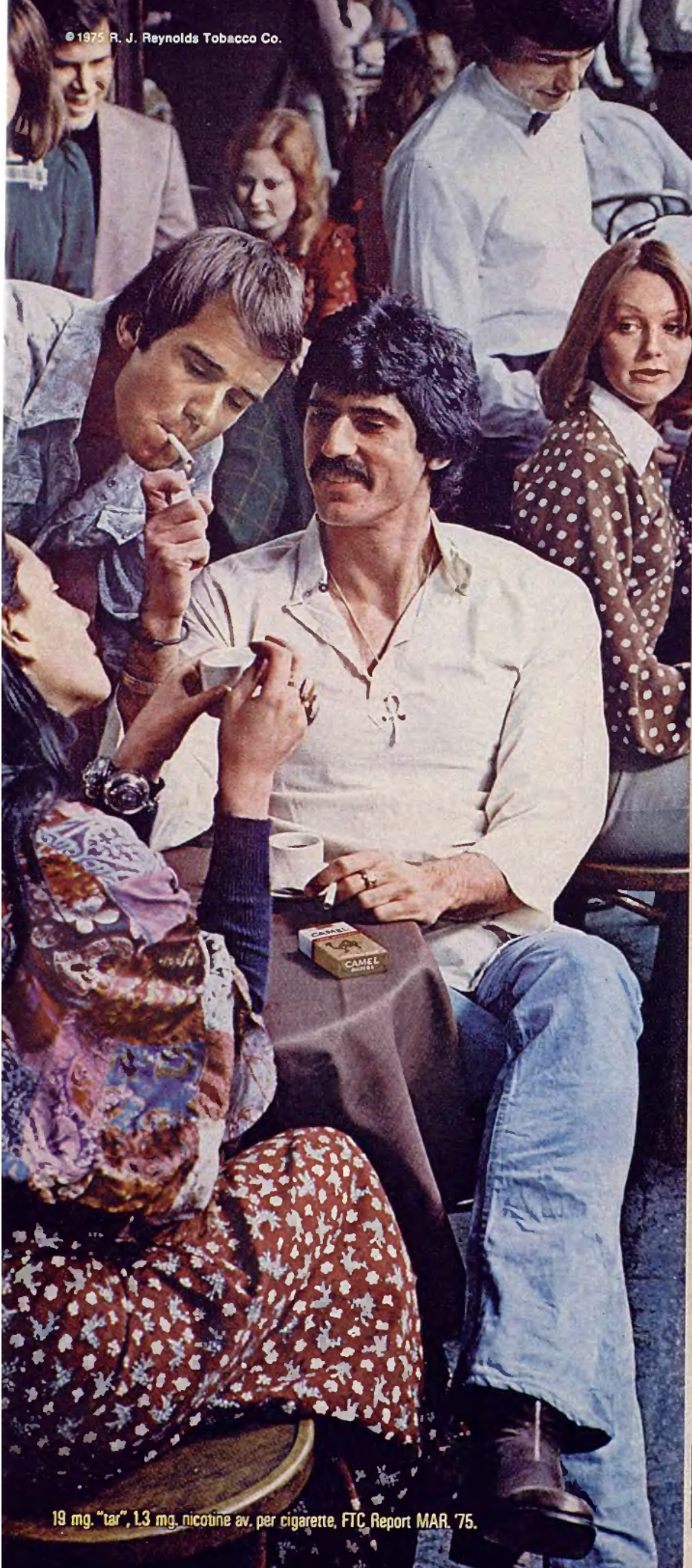
PLAYBOY: It doesn't sound like one of your deeper roles.

CAAN: What makes you say that? I get to register a lot of pain. I get to bleed and crawl around the floor after I'm shot in the leg; I get to maim and kill a few people myself. What more could an actor ask for?

PLAYBOY: Maybe a chance to *act*?

CAAN: What do you want from me? It isn't what you'd call a big message movie and my part has all the subtlety of a dum-dum bullet. You want me to admit that it's not likely to earn me another Academy Award nomination? OK, I admit it. Live and learn. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same way about the part you played in *Rollerball*? One reviewer wrote: "Caan the athlete is here, but where is Caan the actor?"



One of a Kind.

He does more
than survive. He lives.
Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.
He gets it from the blend
of Turkish and Domestic
tobaccos in Camel Filters.
Do you?



Turkish and
Domestic Blend

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

CAAN: You're really rubbin' it in, aren't you, buddy? I think I did pretty good with the part I had to work with. Some of the critics said I walked through it—or skated through it—but for Christ's sake, I wasn't playing a flashy character. He may be kind of a rebel, but he's still monofaceted, the product of a very controlled society. The people are sort of mechanical; they aren't allowed to think or feel. Their only emotional outlet is Rollerball.

PLAYBOY: Is the game as dangerous as it looks in the movie?

CAAN: Games don't come much rougher. With all the precautions we took, with all the paddin' we wore, even the professional roller skaters and motorcyclists got banged up. Me, too. Got an injection in the shoulder, another under the ribs. But it was *fun*, man! I hadn't skated since I was a kid, and the first day on the track, they had to have two guys hold me up. But after that, we really started haulin' ass; I mean, we were *movin'*! It's a wild sport; it really gets to you. Toward the end of the picture, we got so into it that we started playin' for real; there were terrible fights. It was great.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a barrel of laughs. The picture you're shooting now, *Harry and Walter Go to New York*, doesn't sound quite as exhilarating. Are you enjoying yourself anyway?

CAAN: You mean even though I don't have anybody around to kick the shit out of? I know this will come as a surprise, but there *are* things I enjoy now and then besides wearing a jockstrap. When I read the script for *Harry and Walter*, it sounded like good clean fun—singin', dancin', fartin' around—with my friend Elliott Gould, who I always have a good time with. We play a couple of schmucks in 1892 who want to rob a bank; they're complete fuck-ups, but somehow they manage to bring it off anyway. You want to hear one of the numbers we sing?

PLAYBOY: Do we have a choice?

CAAN: Not if you want to continue this interview. It goes like this: I'll sing both parts: "I'm Harry, I'm Walter. It's wonderful to be here. We guarantee to put a smile on every face we see here. I'm Walter, I'm Harry. The billing doesn't matter. A team, a set, a pair. If I'm the former, I'm the latter! We sing, we dance, wear baggy pants and a million disguises. Light of foot, sleight of hand, full of surprises! I'm Harry, you're Walter! And now it's time to say: 'Maestro, take it away!'"*

PLAYBOY: That's incredible.

CAAN: Wait'll you see the dance routine that goes with it. Show-business dynamite. Elliott and I will be headed straight

for the big time when this picture comes out. I'm not supposed to tell you this, but another reason it's gonna be a smash is that Mark Rydell, the director, has bagged a superstar for a fantastic cameo. He's persuaded the late Gary Cooper to come out of retirement to play the part of a guy sleeping. He was gonna get a speaking part, but he couldn't remember his lines.

PLAYBOY: If Cooper does well in the role, it could start a new trend in comebacks.

CAAN: Right. You see why I love actin'? Not only do I get to live out all my fantasies and get paid for it but when I get too old to play leading men anymore, I can still do character parts, even after I'm dead. That's what I call job security.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that you'd like to live to be 9,000,000 years old. Is that accurate?

CAAN: No, it's an outrageous misquotation, typical of the yellow press. What I said was that I'd like to live to be 900,000,000 years old.

PLAYBOY: That leads us to conclude that it bothers you to be growing older.

CAAN: Very perceptive. Do you know anybody it *doesn't* bother to be growing older? Anybody over 30, I mean? I remember trying to race ahead when I was young; I wanted to catch up with all the older guys who were havin' all the fun. I feel like running *backward* from now on, or at least staying where I am for a while. I'm not looking forward to the time when I can't do all the things I like anymore. I haven't gotten there yet. I can still play ball pretty good. But I'm getting banged up more. And all them old injuries I used to get when I was 17 or 18 playing football that never bothered me then, they're bothering me now—my shoulder, my ankle. And I worry about my legs going. Look at 'em. The last time you saw legs that skinny, they had a message tied around 'em.

PLAYBOY: Maybe they'd be in better shape if you spent more time humping girls against doors, like Sonny Corleone in *The Godfather*.

CAAN: I've tried it, but I can only do it if the door is layin' down.

PLAYBOY: Sooner or later, of course, even sex is going to go. How do you think you'll handle it when the time comes?

CAAN: Once that goes, it won't *help* to handle it. Right? You know, this may come as a surprise to you, but gettin' old and dying ain't one of my favorite subjects. As a matter of fact, the thought of dying scares me to death. So if it's all the same to you—and maybe even if it's not—what do you say we talk about something else? Like your leaving.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think it's better to deal with your fears?

CAAN: I'll pay your fee now, doctor, if you let me off the couch.

PLAYBOY: That's a deal.

CAAN: Here.

PLAYBOY: Thanks. See you next week at the same time?

CAAN: Not if I see you first.

PLAYBOY: We won't have to come back if you'll answer these last few questions.

CAAN: Fair enough. The answer to the first one is yes. No to the next one. Yes to the following three. Maybe to the one after that. And "Mind your own fuckin' business" to the last one. I think we saved ourselves an hour.

PLAYBOY: You just went two questions beyond the end of the interview.

CAAN: In that case, don't let me keep you. If I don't see you again, swell. Just kidding. Actually, I want you to know that I don't blame Hefner for boring me shitless with this *fercockteh* interview. I blame *you*. Now, goodbye and good luck.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think the readers will be hoping for something a little snappier in the way of an ending?

CAAN: You want snappy? I'll give you snappy. Guy goes to see a doctor who invented this machine that can change your I.Q. Says, "Listen, doc, ya gotta help me. I want my I.Q. lowered." Doctor says, "Lowered? I've never had a request like that before. What *is* your I.Q.?" Guy says 180. Doctor says, "You're a genius, for Christ's sake." Guy says, "That's the problem. I live in the Polish neighborhood I grew up in, and I love it very much, and I love my people. But I make them uncomfortable, and vice versa. I don't want to leave home; I just want to get down to their level. So I'd like you to lower my I.Q." Doctor says, "To what?" Guy says, "About 40." Doctor says, "Well, it's *your* head. Put this helmet on and I'll be back to turn off the machine in 20 minutes." Well, the doctor goes about his business and an hour and a half later, he remembers that he still has this guy strapped to the machine. So he runs in and pulls the helmet off, slaps the guy on the face and says, "Are you all right?" And the guy comes to, opens his eyes and sings: "When Irish eyes are smilin' . . ." There, how's that for a finish?

PLAYBOY: You want an honest opinion?

CAAN: Well, then, how about a magic act? It's my last bit, but it never fails.

PLAYBOY: Anything to salvage this fiasco.

CAAN: OK, you see that dog? Watch this. Out, damned Spot!

PLAYBOY: Where'd he go? Hey, you're a man of many talents.

CAAN: Thanks very much. Now that old clock on the wall tells us that it's gettin' late and they'll be waitin' up for you at the home.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. We can still hear the dog barking over there behind that drape.

CAAN: Wrong. I'm also a ventriloquist.



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"Hello—another of those nights with nothing of interest on any channel?"

AMERICAN GESTAPO (continued from page 86)

his last; the next morning, his bullet-riddled corpse lay crumpled inside a car beneath the Verrazano-Narrows bridge connecting Brooklyn and Staten Island.

Robert Clemons "flipped," or became an informer, after Federal narcotics agent Dennis Hart made a dope-peddling case on him. Offered the choice of informing or "going up," Clemons had apparently agreed to cooperate with Hart and began to infiltrate an organization run by two ex-Servicemen who were importing narcotics from Thailand, carrying phony military documents, travel orders, old uniforms and standard GI gear, including duffel bags packed with heroin.

Clemons' infiltration paid off. Early in February 1969, he was able to lead agent Hart to a house in the South Jamaica section of Queens where the smugglers had just landed a new shipment. Hart made his arrests, and although there has been persistent doubt whether all the drugs seized ever made it to the Federal evidence locker, the case appeared to be a credit to agent and snitch alike.

A few months later, however, the picture began to change. According to subsequent court records, Hart began to confer with one of the defendants, visiting with him in August and again early in October. By late October, the Government was ready to begin its case. But then Clemons, the star witness, was murdered. His testimony as an informer was crucial; without it, there could have been no justification for issuing search warrants against the alleged smugglers. Still, pretrial hearings went ahead. Then, on the third day of hearings, November sixth, after he had offered his own testimony, Hart was seen conferring with one of the defendants in a corridor of the Brooklyn Federal courthouse and, according to court documents, arranged a later meeting for the same day on a West Side Manhattan pier. On November eighth, the heroin-smuggling charges were dropped and replaced by a charge of failing to pay an import tax on narcotics. It is still not known if November sixth was the first date Hart met with the defendant or if he did, in fact, meet with him before Clemons' death. Police sources, however, find it hard to believe a deal could have been initiated between the agent and the defendant in the morning and a large payment made the same afternoon.

New York City police had begun a routine investigation of Clemons' murder. Initially, nothing seemed unusual about it. Clemons appeared to them to be one more of the several hundred murders that go unsolved each year. Only when they received a fingerprint report did they learn Clemons had been a Federal narcotics informant. Immediately, they contacted BNDD, and Hart, as Clemons' former controller, was assigned to assist the homicide investigation.

The police, of course, were unaware of any meetings between Hart and one of the original defendants. Initially, the possibility of any illegal activity by Hart did not occur to them. But as the investigation proceeded, they began to develop their suspicions. "[The city police and Hart] worked together for several weeks," one former New York officer has said. "And the more they got into it, the more the finger pointed to Hart as their prime suspect. Hart lived on Staten Island and there was a quantity of drugs missing from the original [Hart's] seizure. So the inference is that Hart may have been going to meet Clemons and then sell him the junk—of course, that's just a police theory of the case; maybe they were wrong. Anyway, then the cops found out Hart had a couple of extra guns and they asked [Narcotics Bureau regional director William Durkin's] office to produce the guns for ballistics tests—specifically because the gun that killed Clemons was supposed to be the same type that Hart had. The cops made the request a couple of times and to no avail. By now it was November. A month later and homicide was breathing down Hart's neck. The bureau never produced the guns. Next thing the cops knew, Hart had been transferred out of the New York bureau to another Government agency."

Robert Clemons' murder was never solved. However, several months later, Hart and his former partner, Richard Patch, were indicted for extortion. Much of the evidence for the charge grew out of the investigations made by the city homicide squad. The extortion indictment charged that Hart's November sixth rendezvous with the original drug defendants was to arrange the first third of a \$60,000 payoff that resulted in a reduced drug charge. Investigators on the case point out that the key to the reduced charge was the death of Clemons, and that the defendants had no motive to murder him, since they were unaware of his role in their indictment.

The ultimate arrest of Hart and Patch was made on December 26, 1969, by BNDD agents at Goldsboro, North Carolina. The two former narcotics agents were alleged to be picking up a final \$40,000 from the smugglers. The BNDD agents seized the money as evidence, but the extortion case against them was later dismissed because of a technical flaw in the prosecution.

Any agent who transfers from one Federal agency to another must be cleared by his original boss, and any pending investigations against the agent must be reported. No such reports were made on Hart when he suddenly transferred out of the narcotics bureau after the New York police asked to check his guns. An investigator in the case declared, "Everybody in that god-damned office knew Hart was under investigation. When Durkin releases Hart,

giving him a clean bill, he's removing a potential problem and giving him to another Government agency." When Durkin approved the transfer, he effectively shielded Hart from any internal investigation. And he blocked the New York City police from going any further in their investigation.

The end results:

- Hart and his buddy Patch went free when a mistrial was declared.
- The smugglers took an easy rap on violation of import duties.
- Informer Robert Clemons lay dead.
- And regional bureau director William Durkin, who oversaw the whole case? He was promoted to Washington, where he eventually became assistant administrator of DEA enforcement.

In Washington, another DEA officer then tried to reopen the investigation into Clemons' death. But he received many threatening phone calls, the last advising him to prepare himself for his wife's funeral, and he stopped.

The strange, unresolved deaths of informants have become almost common in the narcotics bureau. When corruption scandals wrenched the New York office in 1968 and 1969, over 30 agents were forced to leave; only a few were indicted, but had the prosecutors checked office records, they would have found that the "disgraced officers" also maintained disgracefully high death rates for the informers they controlled.

Narcotics agents have long held a universally vicious reputation. Many modern police critics believe the narc is a special breed of cop, that narcotics squads attract men who are possessed of cold streaks of sadism. Emotionally frustrated, perhaps even sexually repressed, the argument suggests they are in search of the dirtiest game in town. Or, as in the case of a well-publicized Vermont narc, they are police failures who find prestige and gratification in the narc role. Several current and former agents, including one who held a senior position in DEA, subscribe to that theory. Asked what kind of men he looked for, former New York director Daniel P. Casey once responded: "Alley cats."

Such simple psychological explanations, however, seem inadequate. Instead of asking, "What motivates a narcotics agent to become a corrupt torturer?" it may be better to ask what alternative the narcotics agent has. As Congressman Coffee said in 1938, the entire cops-and-robbers premise underlying America's narcotics-control effort ensures that we have an underworld of organized crime. In the underworld, power and survival go to the toughest, the meanest and the most devious of men. Any cop excited by the adventure and the glamor of fighting mobsters, of infiltrating the Mob to destroy it, has got to be ready in his own mind to

outshoot the fastest gun he meets. "You gotta understand, the best narcs are a lotta times the really crooked ones." one ex-agent in New York insisted. "They're the ones who know how it's done." One agent who spent only a year under cover said he had put so much energy into creating a gangster cover that at the end he no longer knew who he was when he faced the mirror each morning. Most narcs do not quit after a year but move on in search of more adventure and power—power that exists nowhere else in American law enforcement. Directing a small squad of junkies, the agent becomes his own minor godfather, given fearful respect by sick junkies and a shooting license by the Government.

Casey's alley cats make their reputations most often by scoring a narcotics buy. Usually, the buy starts from a very low dealer, maybe one step beyond the nodded-out corner junkie. From the first buy he makes a second and a third, trying to increase the amount in each case until he can either arrange a deal with some mythical Mr. Big or until he pulls his badge on the junkie and forces him to become an informant. Competition for good informants is intense and frequently deadly. Agents maintain success profiles by accumulating large numbers of cases, and, in a system based on buys, the informer is the indispensable human commodity. "We've developed in this country," one aging veteran of the streets said, "a special legal doctrine to be used in victimless crime. We've derived a way to manufacture a victim. It goes back to the speak-easies of the Twenties. There for the first time you find the buy. There for the first time you find law officers themselves empowered to be the complainant."

To attack the buy system in Federal narcodom is kind of like stealing the robes from the Virgin Mary. So fundamental is it to narcotics-enforcement mentality that for the fiscal year 1976, DEA has budgeted over \$9,900,000, a figure that would give each of 2300 DEA agents a working capital of more than \$4300. "These investigative tools," DEA said of the money, "are the cornerstone of our enforcement effort." But in the special economics of narcotics enforcement, a starting figure of \$10,000,000 is eventually worth far, far more, since the flash money offered for large buys where an arrest is made is usually reclaimed. For example, when secret agent Kojak starts out on a new case, he might buy one gram of heroin for around \$150 wholesale; he might stay at that quantity in the two next buys to build up confidence with his supplier, having then spent a total of \$450. Then, for his fourth and fifth buys, he could escalate to two and four grams, pushing his contact to introduce him to a bigger dealer who would sell him an ounce at \$4000. Until

he made his final big purchase, he would have spent about \$1300, none of it recoverable. But if he succeeds on his ounce purchase for \$4000, he can, in most cases, instantly reclaim the money and use it again for new buys on new cases. The net result if he succeeds is that he has bought \$5300 worth of heroin using only his original \$1300. Or, in terms of simple high school economics, the multiplier effect of his buy money has quadrupled the demand for heroin. The bigger the quantities he tries to make and, hence, the more money he threatens to spend, the greater is the multiplication effect. According to one narcotics expert, the appropriate multiplier for the Federal buy budget is between four and five times, providing the Government with an effective buy budget of between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000.

"Buying creates a market and stimulates production," wrote one expert in the special White House report. "[It] is an input of money into the system and it generates a profit at all points beyond the

point where enforcement action was taken." (It must be heartening to persons throughout the upper echelons and on back to the source that in 1976 DEA will stimulate the economy of narcotics with a subsidy of \$10,000,000. DEA is not only their largest customer but often pays premium prices.)

The two big arguments DEA advances in favor of the buy system are that it removes narcotics from traffic and it offers the opportunity to arrest the seller. Yet the nature of the system inherently precludes arrest in all but the final transactions. As for the narcotics removed from illegal traffic, DEA claimed a whopping 286 pounds of heroin removed from the market in fiscal 1974, the latest year for which complete figures are available. But what about these figures? The same White House report states: "Their figures on 'Federal Drug Removals from the Domestic Market' are not that at all. They are simply the gross weight of substances seized. There is no mention that 90 or 95 percent of the substance is



"My nurse has come up with a rather interesting theory about your behavior, Mr. Fenwick . . . she thinks you're just an asshole."



"We take our tutus seriously around here, stranger!"

innocuous material"—in short, the milk sugar with which the drug has been diluted. In its own statistical summaries, DEA concedes that street heroin never reached ten percent purity, nor did wholesale heroin hit 33 percent purity. However, even increasing the purity to 60 percent (the quality usually found at the border), the total narcotic content of heroin seizures would come to less than 175 pounds—a rather poor showing for an accumulated buy budget of \$50,000,000. The regular 1974 wholesale price of those same 175 pounds of heroin, based on DEA data, should have totaled less than \$22,000,000. What did DEA agents do with the rest of their buy money? It would seem to have been spent on the still fanatical pursuit of marijuana and cocaine.

One such adventure was reported in *The New York Times* in February 1973 with full cooperation of the bureau's New York office. The writer in that report, Fred C. Shapiro, was invited along on the final bust of a case that had included several previous buys. The writer, calling the cocaine dealers Tom, Dick and Harry, described how the agents first picked up Tom, whose homosexual lover, Dick, sold cocaine. The narcs "persuaded" Tom to help them make a case against his lover by arranging several buys, all in the hope of getting to the wholesaler—Harry. At last the big day arrived and there were stake-outs all over, on both Tom and Dick and on the pizza parlor where they had arranged to meet a new "customer." "This is nothing," one agent told the writer. "Try spending 20 hours on the street with us some night. The houses jump up and down and the trees do a jig."

"He's hooked on something more than narcotics," one agent said of Tom. "He's on a cops-and-robbers trip. I think he's role playing."

"Well, if playing robber is his bag, we'll see how well he performs tonight when we start playing cops," another agent answered.

As soon as the buy was completed, Tom and Dick were pulled from the car, shoved against it and searched. "When it came to role playing," explained Shapiro, "Tom and Dick were relative amateurs; narcs, on the other hand, are professionals. Without an overt threat or even a brandished fist, they impressed a palpable menace upon their audience of two. Even the required recitation of the *Miranda* warnings—"You have the right not to answer questions"—became by the implication of its emphasis a direction to answer questions." And so the homosexual couple cooperated, leading the narcs to Harry's doorstep, where, when the door was opened slightly, they burst through, slamming the person at the door against the wall. "Harry was the source, all right," the writer said, adding a few lines later that only scales, a white powder that could have been used for diluting cocaine and some marijuana were found. "With his cocaine profits, he was throwing a pot party," the writer concluded.

In fact, Harry had apparently planned a party that evening and, as is probably true for half the parties in New York City, some people who came did bring some pot along. One, a New York City schoolteacher, had a half-smoked joint in his pocket. An agent said to him: "You stupid jerk. You're being busted

and you'll probably lose your job and there isn't enough marijuana in this to buzz your ears."

Henry Caudill is not the real name of a dry, quick-witted Southerner who works for DEA. He and other agents are sensitive about their identities, among other reasons, because of what happened the last time a major investigative article was published about DEA, in *Rolling Stone* in December 1974. DEA's officers bought a dozen and a half copies, spread them out in the upstairs conference room at Washington headquarters and set about a painstaking, if crude, linguistic analysis to discover the writer's unnamed sources. By the time the bosses were finished, the article had more blue and red marks, complete with critical marginalia, than *Rolling Stone's* editors could have produced. If their exercise in sleuthing was designed to intimidate other agents from talking, it seems to have failed, for by the time word trickled all the way out to Caudill, he seemed more determined than ever to describe the techniques of DEA enforcement. The buy and informer systems are just part of what bothers him about the agency today.

"Sure, you've got to have a budget to buy evidence and pay informers. What you had [in the Fifties and early Sixties] is no money to pay informants. What they did, don't you see, is *trade* in law enforcement for information and *trade off* prosecution for information. But you get a point of diminishing returns with that. They put such pressure on the informant that, in effect, you've got him by the nuts. That's even what they call it, 'the nut,' working off the nut, or the violation. The pressure [on the informant] is so great he'll manufacture information, make up some to get off the hook. It's just a perfect example of how law enforcement is maintaining the problem."

Another thing about DEA enforcement techniques that bothers Caudill is what he might have called their itchy trigger fingers: "We have at least two shoot-outs every week, or at least it seemed that way last summer from reading the daily reports." The shoot-outs, he says, have picked up since the old Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs became DEA on July 1, 1973. "There were shoot-outs in BNDD, but not to this extent," he said.

But when agents are dealing with big dope dealers, isn't it likely that they'll run into some heavy gunplay?

"Look," he explained. "It's the way they create situations. There's no way to avoid it. They terrify [the guy they're after] into doing the only thing left to do. It's like with a cornered rat. What do you think's going to happen?"

"When you have evidence of a violation, is it necessary to participate in a confrontation? Why not set up a situation you can control? If you can't work

without setting up raids to get evidence, maybe you need to rethink how you're doing drug investigation."

Agents and dealers, unfortunately, are not the only people who get shot or have their lives disrupted.

- Consider the case of a U.S. Army MP killed last March at Walldorf, West Germany, by a DEA agent; an ambush-anxious agent fired away as the soldier moved out of the shadows.

- Or the case of an Edwardsville, Illinois, man, John Meiners, whose house was ransacked in the spring of 1973 by narcotics agents who drank 11 cans of his beer, stole golf clubs, a shotgun and a camera and then jailed him for three days without charges.

- Or the case of Dirk Dickenson, a 24-year-old Eureka, California, resident who was shot in the back fleeing from his house when an Army helicopter full of armed, nonuniformed men swooped down on him—along with at least five carloads of additional men. Dickenson died and the Government stood by the narcotics agent who shot him.

- Or the case of New Jersey school-teacher Carmine Ricca, Jr.:

Shuffling down the front steps to his apartment house, Ricca was headed for his car. He was going to his mother's house to do the laundry, a Thursday-night routine. Overall, Carmine's daily routines were not unbearable. He was, he reminded himself, safely ahead of most of his New Jersey neighbors; he had a secure job and, in a deepening recession, no fear of being laid off. Schools—least of all public vocational schools—seldom cut back on teachers. Driving away, he bounced through the potholes in the street, easing up to a stop sign.

From nowhere two plain, unmarked cars abruptly cut him off. Ricca's head nearly hit the visor as his foot instantly jammed on the brake pedal. Before he could pull his head back to the side window, all but one of five drably dressed men had jumped from the two cars and were headed toward him with what seemed like an arsenal drawn. "Chump," he said, gritting his teeth silently. "The one time I have cash on me."

The street lamps shining in his eyes, Ricca could see hardly anything of the men who surrounded his car. He could tell they were yelling and banging on the car roof. Then a fleck of cold blue light caught the corner of his left eye and drew his focus up the shiny barrel of a .380 Walther PPK. Dead above the hammer hung a face whose skin seemed like a hard mold of Styrofoam. The sight on the pistol dug into the window.

Automatically, his left shoulder flinched. He jerked his body to the right. His left foot slipped from the clutch, his ears exploded and his cheek became a blood-filled light bulb. They dragged him out the door and threw him against

the hood. His blood flowed down the fender crease, dripping onto the bumper.

Carmine Ricca, Jr., was not dead. He lay in the hospital for weeks. Four months passed before doctors could remove the slug from its resting spot close to the brain. Federal Drug Enforcement Administration officers admitted shortly after they shot him that they had confused him with a man 11 years older whom they had observed entering the apartment building where Ricca lived. Local Kearny, New Jersey, police officers were sickened. Had DEA bothered to consult them, the captain said, he could have prevented the shooting; he had known Ricca since he was a high school athlete ten years earlier.

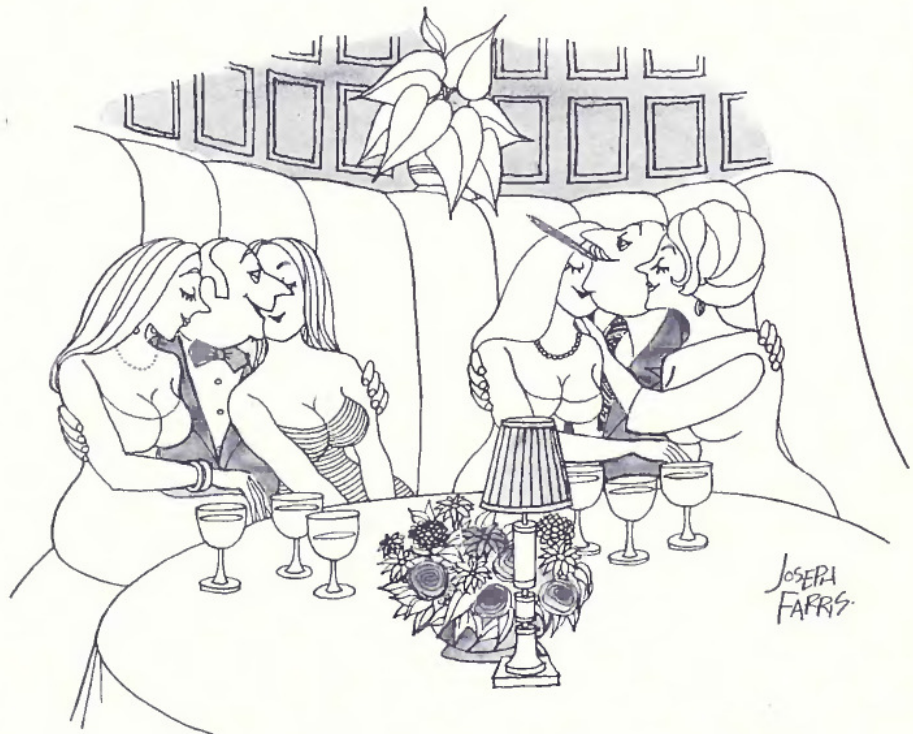
At first, DEA accused Ricca of assaulting a Federal officer with "a dangerous instrumentality"—his car, which had lurched forward when his foot slipped off the clutch. Nearly two years later, no grand jury has seen fit to take action on that charge. DEA says agent James Bradley and supervisor Carlo Boccia got out of the Federal car and showed their badges. Witnesses say they saw no such display.

Ricca has never returned to Middlesex Vocational High School. Lacking tenure there, he did not win a new appointment. What parent wants a teacher around who's been "mixed up with the law"?

- Or consider the case of Scott Camil, Marine veteran of Vietnam whose po-

litical activity on behalf of Vietnam Veterans Against the War made him a defendant in the 1973 Gainesville Eight conspiracy trial. He won acquittal then as more and more of the prosecution's evidence turned out to stem from the Watergate dirty-tricks squad at the Miami convention. To make matters worse, during all this, Florida and Federal officials stuck him with eight other raps, two for kidnaping and six for various drug charges. The kidnaping charges never made it to court, four of the drug charges were declared unconstitutional and Camil was acquitted of the last two.

On Friday, January 31, Scott answered his front door to find a buxom lady named Barbara in search of a former house resident named Randy. Scott tried to phone Randy for her, but he got no answer. Soon Barbara forgot about Randy and became much more interested in Scott. She became a regular girlfriend and began introducing him to her friends, two guys in particular, who said they were about to start a first-aid-supply shop. Scott met her friends a few more times, the last time on March 31, when he hopped into the front seat of their car to drive into downtown Gainesville on business for their new shop. The car had gone less than a dozen blocks when the friend in the back seat slung his left arm around Scott's neck and jammed a gun behind his right ear. "Move and I'll blow your head off," the man told him. Baffled, Scott tried to turn to see what



"I don't think the times are bad. Do you think the times are bad, Charles?"

was happening, found the gun jammed harder into his head. He decided to escape. As he tried to open the car door, both he and corroborative witnesses say, the man fired. The bullet hit Scott in the back, passed just under his heart, pierced his left lung and touched his kidney before it stopped just beneath the skin in his abdomen.

Scott's new friends were DEA agents, as was Barbara. DEA maintains that Scott fought the two agents after they had identified themselves, but two eyewitnesses say he was only trying to escape. When one of the witnesses, Danny Joiner, came forward at the scene to talk to Gainesville police, he says a Federal agent told him to leave. "We don't need any witnesses; we have all the witnesses we need," Joiner quoted the agent as having said. "You can come up here with as many horseshit witnesses as you want, but don't bother me with them," another DEA agent offered later. Only after he was shot and lying in the street, Scott says, did the agents show any badges. Witnesses also say they pulled out their badges once they were out of the car, an unlikely procedure if they had, in fact, displayed them while still inside.

At the time of the shooting, there was no arrest warrant out on Camil, nor had a search warrant been issued for his house. On May first, he still had not been arrested, although an indictment was issued April second charging him with two counts of "possession with intent to distribute" cocaine and two similar counts on marijuana. Since the dates on which two drug violations were alleged to have occurred were over three weeks before the shooting, both Scott and his attorney wonder why DEA had not already secured arrest warrants on him. An even stranger question for Scott is why narcotics agents in searching his house seized boxes of notes and manuscripts he had been using to write a book about his political work in Florida. And finally, Scott wonders why, as of May first, a month after the shooting, Gainesville police had been unable to find a legal registration for the weapon used by the DEA agent.

Barbara finds those questions boring. "Yeah, we set him up to bust him," she admitted before the trial. "That's our job!"

In October, DEA lost its case; Scott Camil was acquitted of the charges at his third trial in three years.

The 1974 report on DEA solicited by the White House speaks of civil rights problems, specifying the "My Lai syndrome." "Internal narcotics enforcement must work in the Bill of Rights area," the report reads. "Perforce it must proceed on the basis of warrants and the technique of raids. It appears that in

the stress, strain and pressures of working with the dregs of society in the lower levels of the traffic, a number of agents develop a Calleylike attitude—the whole town is wrong and should be wiped out—à la Collinville. The Federal Government must ask itself why the Federal narcotics effort consists so much of kicking doors down, attacking the protected threshold and failing to defend to its utmost the sovereign threshold which only it can protect." About the time that report was made—14 months ago—DEA was making headlines, demonstrating just such a My Lai syndrome in Aspen, Colorado.

Aspen people are notorious for wanting to go their own way and be left alone, even if some are a little pretentious in viewing themselves as guarding a Tibetan retreat. The mellowed-out pleasure seekers of Aspen seemed to gnaw at the side of DEA planners, especially in the not very busy world of the Denver DEA substation, and Operation Snowflake was born.

As Dr. Peter Bourne sees it, Snowflake was the natural culmination of a historically irrational drug policy combined with a band of overfinanced police fanatics. Dr. Bourne, an anthropologist and a psychiatrist, was until 1974 assistant director of the White House Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Protection. He believes Snowflake is an important focal point for examining DEA policy, because it was an all-out assault on an entire community undertaken without the consent of the community's authorities. And it was a drive directed at a drug that he says is not dangerous—cocaine.

DEA described Snowflake as an attack on "one of the largest cocaine distribution rings in the United States." Twenty-seven people were arrested and many of the cases are still in litigation. The arrests came after several months of undercover work by DEA agents, work so undercover that Aspen police were not advised of the program until after it was well under way. James Moore, a deputy district attorney for Aspen, is especially upset about DEA's behavior there:

"I think they have had no beneficial impact on this community in terms of controlling drug abuse or the sale and distribution of illegal drugs of whatever kind. I think it's made a lot of people paranoid who are not criminal types and who are not actually involved in any sort of illegal drug deal."

Police detective David Garms, who went to the Aspen Police Department four years ago to work under cover on narcotics, is even more upset about what DEA did to his town:

"The primary impression I get from almost every BNDD, and subsequently DEA, agent is that they have far more materials, far more money and far more manpower than their expertise dictates.

"Their investigations seem to be based

on the premise that you can buy anybody, and if you offer an informer enough money and give him an easy way out, he'll do what you want him to do and he'll introduce you to somebody, anybody. Say if I walk in here and I say, 'I want to buy a pound of coke from you.' You say, 'Gosh, Dave, you know, I don't even know anybody who deals in coke.' Well, I hit you up two or three times and I walk in and open this briefcase and it's filled with \$100 bills and I say, 'See if you can turn me on to a pound of coke.' You're gonna get out and hustle around, you're gonna look and see just what the possibilities are of coming up with a portion of that money. They use money for everything."

Garms was asked if DEA had made his job any easier.

"Tougher," he answered, explaining how all his contacts freeze up when the DEA men ride into town. Sometimes it has taken him months to rebuild confidence destroyed by DEA operations. "I'm not speaking just about narcotics intelligence. I'm speaking about burglary intelligence, auto-theft intelligence, ski-theft intelligence. I'm talking about every kind of undercover intelligence that comes from people who are on the street."

He was asked if any fast-spending DEA agents had been involved in entrapment cases.

"You could find yourself an atomic bomb and sell it to me if you had the time and resources," he said simply.

Aspen mayor Stacy Standley—a ski-mountain planner who believes there are "so many kicks in Aspen you don't need chemical kicks"—turns practically livid when he talks about DEA's forays into his town:

"I didn't even know the goddamned thing [Operation Snowflake] took place till I heard it on the news. I get goddamned uptight when people come in here and think they know what our problems are. . . . I'm not in favor of using drugs, but I don't feel we ought to run a vendetta against them. Snowflake destroyed a lot of credibility of the people in the police department who had developed street contacts. Our department had to start all over again rebuilding contacts, convincing them they didn't have anything to do with Snowflake."

Aspen police chief Martin Hershey will not discuss DEA tactics publicly, but it is widely known and reported—even by Mayor Standley—that he has told the Federal narcs not to come back until they are invited. Detective Garms has an even more vivid memory of two DEA inspectors who appeared to interview him after he complained that a DEA agent had stolen a gun during a drug bust. The inspectors left no doubt that they considered Garms a troublemaker and then issued a thinly veiled threat if their questions weren't answered in an acceptable



"I'm not one of the girls . . . I'm one of the customers."

manner. "The impression I got was that they had the means, the facilities and the people to follow me from now on—the rest of my life," Garms says of the interview.

"By all appearances, it seems that over a six-month period, using many thousands of taxpayers' dollars, DEA may have magnified cocaine traffic in Aspen, inducing some trusting and gullible individuals who had not previously been involved in anything but the private use of cocaine to participate in the sale of the drug," wrote Peter Bourne of the ordeal. Bourne also discovered that DEA had spent some \$80,000 in buy money alone in Aspen, paying as much as \$300 or \$400 over the regular per-ounce price of cocaine. Moreover, as Bourne and numerous other doctors have pointed out, cocaine is not physically addicting; it is, he wrote, "probably the most benign of illicit drugs currently in widespread use."

Such subtleties are, of course, irrelevant to DEA. Even marijuana, whose use in many states draws only a citation, can whip these Federal gunmen into a rage. DEA agents operating out of San Diego last April swooped down in a helicopter and opened fire on a cabin cruiser off the Mexican coast, killing one of the passengers. U. S. Customs officials had been following the craft; later, a large quantity of marijuana was discovered on board. But at the time of the shooting, Customs had not requested DEA fire, there was no warrant for anyone aboard the boat, since their identities were unknown, and there was no fire coming from the boat.

California Congressman Fortney "Pete" Stark has held hearings to demand U. S. State Department investigations of complaints from more than 300 Americans held in Mexico, many of whom claim they were interrogated and beaten in the presence of American agents. No one else's story has equaled Mark Sorelli's, however.

To protect his life and many other people still in Mexico, Mark would not allow his real name to be used in this article. Whether he is guilty or innocent of selling marijuana is not the point of his story. He swears he has never dealt in drugs and that, in fact, American and Mexican agents tortured him only to extract statements about his friends in the Mexican mountains, where both marijuana and opium poppies are grown. Even locating the town where he was held could imperil some of those friends, he says. If he can clear his name, he expects to return to Mexico.

Mark's story begins in a pale-colored Winnebago camper about dusk one day in the summer of 1974. He and several others had been arrested by Mexican police in a mountain village and were being driven over back-country roads to a larger town, where they would be interrogated. As the camper pulled in past the elegant

wrought-iron gates of a large, comfortable suburban house, Mark spotted a handful of U. S. agents waiting there. The house included quarters for several servants and the bedrooms had been transformed into offices for the Mexican soldiers who would stand guard over him and his friends. Both the U. S. and the Mexican secret police stayed in a deluxe hotel not far away, returning each morning to begin their work. The first evening, as Mark and his friends were pulled from the camper, they were marched over to a large pile of marijuana and photographed. Then Mark was separated from the others and taken into a private room.

"They had me lying on the floor at this time," he says, and the American agents were in full command, taking names, identification, wallets, everything. It was just getting dark and the Americans made a point of saying they were going "out to lunch." They returned about 11 p.m.

"I had to lay flat on my back and I couldn't talk or raise my legs," Mark says. He is a big man, tough, well into his 30s. More than once as he spoke, he paused, to stop from breaking down as he recreated the tiny details of his ordeal. "Then they proceeded with the torture.

"About six were American and then four Mexicans came in. They asked me to undress and they took all my clothes away. They put a plastic poncho liner underneath me. I had to stand on top of it.

"Two of them held me and they started out simply by slapping and intimidating me. They asked me a lot of questions I had no answer for, and I told them so. Then they proceeded to get rougher.

"They made me stand on tiptoes, bent at the knees, leaning way back. One little Mexican guy started working on my solar plexus while a guy in back, every time I would bend down, would ram a rifle butt in my back.

"The Americans were simply asking the questions at this time. They thought I was some kind of a kingpin and they wanted answers to all sorts of absurd questions. So after they got enough sweat on the plastic liner on the floor, they laid me down on it. Sweat—literally a gallon of it. This is a two-hour duration and it gets pretty painful after a while. The Americans joined in.

"I can remember a specific American agent kicking me in the balls. *Very* specifically. When I told him that what he was doing was crazy, he walked straight up while I was in this weird position with the two guys holding my arms and kicked me right in the balls, straight on. By this time, I could hear the guy in the other room screaming bloody murder. I mean, he was just screaming at the top of his lungs. And they said that this is what's going to happen to me. They said they wanted me to give a full confession and they told me all the things they knew I'd done, which was preposterous. I told

them they were mistaken and that I was not signing anything.

"They laid me down on the sweaty plastic and plugged this thing into the wall and stood on my hair—I had long hair.

"Ten of them held me by my legs, arms and both sides of my hair and held a rag over my mouth. Then they took the wires. . . .

"The Americans were the honchos that were given some strange reverence. The Mexicans were nothing but nitpick thieves. They asked me if I knew what it was and they made it spark. I could see [the wires] between my legs. The wire went right straight down the middle of my legs and was plugged into the wall. It was far enough to reach probably my belly button but no farther.

"See the thing spark,' they said. 'You're lying in water and you know what happens.' They touched me with it on my leg and it shocked—right above my knee, just to show me that it was alive and well. It wasn't enough to knock me out, but it was enough to put your body in rigors. Then they started asking me questions like, 'Are you going to talk?'

"Well, they kept that up until I wasn't even there anymore—I mean, you can only go so long. You can't take it; it gets you sick. That whole period there lasted about three hours with all the beating involved.

"The worst was yet to come. I mean, the electricity you can live through. You don't think you can live through it, but when they take it away, your body is just so pleased that you can live through it and are willing to tell them anything. They put the shock to my balls and held it there until I convulsed and just couldn't do anything anymore. You get to the point where you can hardly even talk.

"Then they said I'd better think about it for a while. They walked off and left me there and I couldn't even move. I was just lying there on the floor. I didn't need a guard, I couldn't have gotten up if I had to."

The American agents had left him while his friend in the next room still screamed. By then, it was three a.m.

"Then they came in with a real wing-ding. They said the other guy had confessed. I told them I didn't know what he could have confessed—he can confess about himself, but he can't confess about me, because I haven't done a goddamned thing. So then they said, 'OK, partner, you asked for it.'

"They got this duct tape. Then they held my head and taped my mouth shut. I saw what they were going to do and it was something I'd always been afraid of—drowning. They held my head back. One guy had my hair and another guy forced my head back and kept his hand over the tape so I couldn't breathe and they poured water and soda pop down

my nose. They were all trying to hold me, because I was fighting like hell. They poured that down my nose and I'll tell you, that is the one that got me. They do that until you can't struggle anymore. You're dying. You're drowning. You're trying to cough and you can't.

"They poured that down my nose and they fucked with me for about three bottles' worth but only got about one bottle's worth down. I was struggling and then I was unconscious."

Mark was held nine more days. As the days bore on, the Americans took a greater hand in his torture, shucking their interrogator roles to physically take control of the electrodes and the cattle prods themselves.

DEA administrators deny that their agents have ever used torture or any other illegal tactics in their raids. Yet a four-month series of diplomatic cables—some of them signed by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger—leaves no doubts about DEA's behavior abroad. At a meeting of DEA regional directors in Mexico City in the fall of 1974, agents were specifically directed not to mention tortures and interrogations in their teletype messages, because cable security could not be guaranteed. By early January 1975, a handful of American Ambassadors were complaining directly to Washington about DEA's Gestapo operations. And by January 21, Henry Kissinger had sent a long cable to 80 foreign missions declaring in the firmest diplomatic language that DEA agents were not to participate in any further narcotics raids and interrogations without specific ambassadorial approval. Like the CIA, DEA agents were a virtual free force abroad, attaching themselves to foreign police units as clandestine squads of sharpshooters and advisors who would disappear instantly and anonymously as soon as an operation was complete.

A DEA-directed operation in Colombia took that country's customs officials against their own military orders up into the mountains aboard an airplane that was later caught in an hourlong cross fire from Colombian secret police. The American Ambassador to Colombia reported in a cable addressed to Kissinger and to DEA that the incident had raised Colombian "hackles up to the presidential level." He added that "to operate in the same manner as before . . . would place in jeopardy" the entire DEA program in Colombia. So extreme had the situation become in Mexico that the American Ambassador there had to issue a "guidelines" cable in April 1975 ordering DEA agents not to become any further involved in kidnaping "violators" to the United States. Earlier, in February, the American Ambassador met Mexico's attorney general for breakfast to discuss a DEA request for 31 more agents in Mexico. After brief chitchat in which the attorney general said CIA operations seemed

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to be his biggest preoccupation, he told the U. S. diplomat he "was not at ease with what he interpreted as a 'watchdog' role for DEA agents," according to a cable report of the meeting. Confirming what DEA denies, the Mexican attorney general "brought up the matter of DEA agents operating in high mountains and at forward bases," complaining to the Ambassador that this was a "misallocation of U. S. resources." "He said their presence was too obvious in the mountains and could cause political trouble."

"This is dirty, scummy work," declared Myles J. Ambrose, the man first designated to head DEA in 1973. "You see these vermin selling drugs and what they do to people and our cities and you get sickened and angry and perhaps you take your hostilities and frustration out on some guy's bookcase. It's not right. But how are you going to prevent it?" Shortly after his statement, Ambrose left the Government, knocked from power by the revelation of his pleasure trip to the spread of a Texas rancher under indictment for narcotics and gun smuggling.

"You've got to remember what kind of people these are," New York attorney Ivan Fisher insisted. "You're looking for corruption; sure, you can find it. They had to clean out a third of the office between 1966 and 1968. I represent a lot of people who know everything there is to know about narcotics; they'll tell you how narcotics agents were bought. But that's not the real corruption, at least here inside the United States. The really important corruption—the corruption that profoundly threatens our society—is an almost classically profascist corruption. It's a corruption of the law and of the very idea of justice, the perversion of ends and means. I've seen a lot of these agents in action, and let me tell you, the only difference between them and the crooks they chase is, in many instances, who wears the badge."

There is evidence that DEA's executives prefer not to pursue Mafia drug traffickers. It comes from a DEA agent whose name cannot be used: A team of intelligence specialists working at DEA headquarters in the winter of 1974 discovered a surprising report that showed Chicago-office telephone toll calls from a small Chicago grocer and convicted heroin dealer to a San Diego warehouse operator who has been known for many years as a fence. The San Diego operator had appeared on the periphery of several organized-crime investigations, but he had so far escaped indictment. He had even told one undercover agent that the warehouse business was a scam for his real business as a fence for stolen goods going south—cars, jewelry, TVs, liquor—and his drug business going north. After months of carefully compiling old and new police reports from a half-dozen cities, the intelligence agents were

nearly ready to go to a grand jury asking indictments on "a major narcotics operation between New York, Chicago, Las Vegas, San Diego and Tijuana involving some very prominent criminals." Included was a Las Vegas associate of Joseph Colombo.

By April 1974, the intelligence team had prepared elaborate flip charts describing the narcotics operation and its principals. The charts were to be used as a presentation for the regular monthly meeting of top DEA management. The intelligence team was "up," confident over the work already done and eager to proceed with the last remaining bits of the investigation. They completed their presentation in DEA's conference room and sat down, anxious for what they were sure would be supportive suggestions from the brass—and maybe even a commendation.

Instead, before he had completely gotten to his feet, the agent in charge barked out a sharp dozen words or so and ordered the project dropped. "He informed us that he didn't want us wasting our time on organized-crime probes, that the real problem was the Mexicans and we were to drop this. We were to work with Mexican violators and their extensions abroad. Can you believe it? Fucking wetbacks!" one agent who received a report of the meeting said.

Certain that the agent in charge had misunderstood their presentation and its importance, one of the intelligence specialists started to explain the charts anew.

"Drop it!" the senior agent yelled at him. "Forget it! I don't want any more time spent on this. Work the Mexicans!"

So ended the second major DEA investigation in 18 months on interstate Mafia narcotics traffic. The members of the intelligence team retreated to their offices and prepared a final written report to the intelligence chief. As one agent said, "It never left intelligence. It was just buried."

An organization with such a proven record of disrespect for human rights at least ought to produce results. With the guns, extra CIA specialists assigned to it in 1973-1974 and a \$10,000,000 buy budget, DEA could fairly be expected to haul in tons and tons of mind-corroding heroin. Ironically, the opposite has been true. To understand what has happened requires a brief look at DEA's ancestors:

Originally, the old Federal Bureau of Narcotics worked under the Secretary of the Treasury. Then, in the aftermath of the 1968 New York scandals, Attorney General Ramsey Clark helped transfer the bureau to Justice, where it became the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, encompassing responsibility for nonnarcotic pharmaceuticals previously handled by HEW. A new man, John Ingersoll, was hired to run BNDD, but the

real power remained with the bureau's old-timers. Nonetheless, Ingersoll's operation, joined in highly competitive cooperation with the U. S. Customs Service, deserved real credit for moving boldly against the major international traffickers in heroin. Whether the primary responsibility belonged to Customs or to Ingersoll's men was a point of hot contention. Probably the fairest division of credit would show Customs developing most of the intelligence for individual cases along with some foreign governments and BNDD picking up the final, critical stages, including arrest. In any case, the results of both agencies' work were extraordinary, described by every knowledgeable specialist as the most effective years in the nation's half century of narcotics enforcement. Seizures of heroin and other so-called hard drugs skyrocketed, as did apprehension by BNDD of major traffickers.

Total seizures at the end of 1968 and 1969 were under 200 pounds. By December 31, 1970, the figure had jumped, with foreign cooperation, to nearly 600 pounds. But 1971 brought the dramatic leap, when total drug seizures hit the unprecedented total of 1600 pounds. And in 1972, the peak ran even higher, topping out at 2700 pounds seized. But in 1973, the Federal seizure record plummeted even more dramatically than it had risen in the three years before. Seizures in 1973 dropped by *two thirds* from 1972, down to some 900 pounds, and in the following year they fell even further, below 600 pounds.

What happened between December 31, 1972, and December 31, 1973? DEA was formed. Right at the peak of the most effective era ever in narcotics-law enforcement, the Nixon Administration ordered a thorough reorganization. BNDD director Ingersoll finally resigned on June 29, 1973, changing the White House with intervention in his agency.

The reorganization did two things. It first merged the Office of Drug Abuse Law Enforcement (ODALE)—created in early 1972 officially as part of Nixon's war on junkies but more likely as an intermediate organization from which the final consolidation could be effected—with BNDD. Second, it stripped Customs of all of its intelligence and investigative officers and transferred them to DEA. Not only did that latter move emasculate Customs of any drug-enforcement capability but it also gave the White House its own carefully groomed outfit within the rapidly mushrooming police superstructure at the Justice Department. And it did so at a time when the other domestic police force, the FBI, was considered unreliable if not hostile to the White House. Yet more important than anything else, the White House nearly got rights to an absolute secret police; for in the transfer from Customs, it asked that all DEA agents be given

Customs' sole right of warrantless search and seizure. The Customs Service is the single police authority authorized by the Constitution to undertake search-and-seizure operations without prior court approval: it was given that authority by virtue of its job as protector of the border. What Nixon wanted was to give all 2300 DEA agents, operating anywhere in America, that unconstitutional authority—the right to smash through doors and confiscate private property. Nixon and DEA did not succeed in their total request, due to Congressional opposition and resistance from the Customs Service; yet they did win such "cross designation" authorization for more than 300 DEA agents stationed along the border.

(A little-noted footnote to the whole fight over DEA formation is the embarrassing likelihood that the whole shop is illegal, formed in blatant disregard of Federal statutes governing executive reorganization, opening the so-far-untested legal possibility that narcotics violators could win acquittal on the grounds that they were arrested by illegally chartered police.)

Few of DEA's sharpest critics want to consider the implications of why the Federal narcotics reorganization came at a time that (1) undermined a record of unparalleled success and (2) coincided with a massive underworld scheme to reorganize domestic heroin traffic. Some agents within DEA advise that the chances for health and a long life are better if you don't ask those questions. But nearly all the honest men and women who work for DEA do so under the growing weight of cynicism. Last winter, an anonymous Xerographer slipped up to an unwatched machine and produced a couple of score of the following quotation. Within hours, all the copies were taken, tacked up on personal bulletin boards:

We trained hard . . . but it seemed that every time we were beginning to form up into teams we would be reorganized. . . . I was to learn in life that we tend to meet any new situation by reorganizing; and a wonderful method it can be for creating the illusion of progress while producing confusion, inefficiency and demoralization.

—PETRONIUS ARBITER

Why is it always this way? Why is any effective system always the victim of what can only be described as high-level bureaucratic sabotage? A few weeks later, another Xeroxed message was left on the machine, a single pencil mark drawn on it highlighting a statement by former Chief Justice Earl Warren. It read:

The narcotics traffic of today, which is destroying the equilibrium of our society, could never be as pervasive and open as it is unless there was connivance between authorities and criminals.



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Kubrick's Countess (continued from page 76)

finished and Marisa was back in her chic Paris apartment near the Champs Elysées, waiting for it to be released. "Stanley always takes a long time filming, but a lot of the best directors do. It's two years of my life, but it's not every day you get the chance to work with Stanley Kubrick and when you do, you make the most of it. The book surprised me when I read it—it's so different from what he's done previously. I didn't actually meet Stanley until months later, when I went to London for the fittings. But I'm very shy and he's a very private person, so it wasn't an epic meeting. He doesn't like to talk about his films. He doesn't want me to talk about *Barry Lyndon* until people have seen it. And he's right. People always deform things."

Before Kubrick, Marisa had worked for Luchino Visconti (*Death in Venice*) and Bob Fosse (*Cabaret*). In her new movie, she plays Lady Lyndon, the woman Barry marries. He is "full of charm, a gambler," who treats her abominably. "He may have charm, but he's not a very profound or nice person.

"The countess is very intellectual, very religious, cold, unfulfilled, but she loses her head over this rogue. In the book, everything is seen through Barry Lyndon's eyes, so everything about her is described in a rather nasty way. It isn't quite like that in the film. I hope. I haven't seen the film yet, only rushes."

Can she identify with a woman who falls for a man who treats her roughly? She narrows her eyes—gossip columnists have taught her to be wary of loaded questions. "I don't like to be treated roughly. But I've noticed in men and women—I'm not talking about myself here, I'm talking about people in general—that they've got to be kept on their toes. Men and women both have a tendency to take each other for granted. It's an art to keep someone loving you for years—it's a constant effort to stay with someone, especially nowadays. All my friends are like that—much better off for being kept on their toes. But being kept on your toes is not the same thing as being mistreated—oh, no, beaten up is out of the question." She shakes her head vigorously.

Barry Lyndon draws a cruel picture of the jockeying for money and power in 18th Century high society. Having lived at least a part of her life among the wealthy and fashionable of two continents, Marisa is in a better position than most actresses to judge whether the portrait is still true today. "Of course, it's not exactly the same, but the Barry Lyndon type still exists. It always has and it always will. There're always—how do you say?—people trying to get there and people who are already there without trying. That's one of the things I like most about America—whatever, whoever you are, you're given a chance. What you do means more than

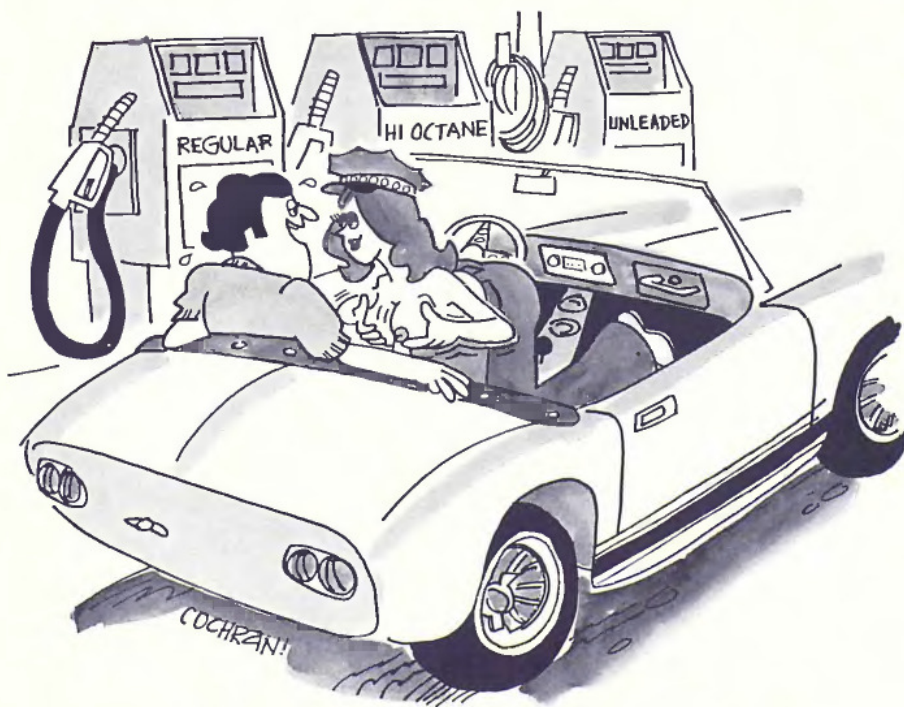
being well bred or having a title. I really admire self-made men, and in America there are many. In Europe, you hardly find that. People are so snobbish, so narrow-minded, especially in France. They are petty about things that don't mean anything anymore. In America, everyone mixes easily and you meet people who are much more interesting.

"Paris is still the most glamorous city; people get dressed up to go out and it's very beautiful, but there's this mentality I don't understand. More and more, I live in America—that's where it's happening. I'd like to live in California, quiet, in private, out of doors in the sun. When I was very young, I was caught up in a whirl that now I find a bit empty—spending one's life in night clubs—I don't like that anymore. I haven't done it for ages. I'm much calmer now than I used to be, I don't go out as much, I only see the people I want to see. I'm just now beginning to feel fulfilled—I think that happens when you mature and calm down from the rat-race you live when you're younger. Now I'm starting to live a different sort of life and I'm much happier."

In her modeling and early acting days, Marisa was a favorite subject for the columnists who detail the daily lives and loves of the well-heeled Beautiful People in Paris, New York and London. "I often heard the most extraordinary things about myself and it upset me terribly. These people create an image of you—my image is a lot of things that I'm not. People read these things and believe them. They say, 'I hear you're so cold and distant and a snob'—all kinds of things that aren't me at all. But if you're shy or put up certain barriers, then the press just makes up stories and what can you do about it?"

It seems odd that someone who says she's shy should have made a career of modeling and acting. "I was panicked when I first started modeling. It's terrifying when you're 17 and you're faced with lights and cameras. But my father had died and I thought, Now I must be independent. I must stay in New York and work. And I really enjoyed it for a few years and I think it helped me in acting. It does help to learn how to behave in front of cameras, how to move, how to be professional—getting up at five o'clock for work—but I never thought I'd make an actress. But then, when I was modeling in New York, I started going to acting school, where you have to do your scene in front of everyone, even if you're shaking like a leaf. After that, things began to happen; I don't know how, but they did. I've been extraordinarily lucky."

Luck has nothing to do with it, Marisa.



"Actually, what I said was, 'How about a lube job...?'"



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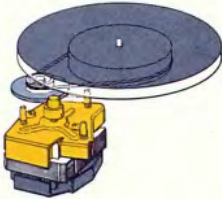
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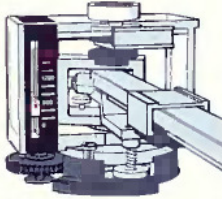
2. Does it have belt-drive and variable speed?



Garrard engineers have attained remarkable results by combining the world famous Synchro-Lab motor and an inventive belt/idler drive combination. A 5 lb., die-cast, dynamically balanced platter is rotated via a flexible belt. Not only are the tiniest fluctuations of speed smoothed out, but an extraordinary -64dB rumble is only one example of the im-

pressive specifications achieved. A variable speed control corrects out-of-pitch recordings and an illuminated stroboscope provides optical confirmation. The Z2000B combines all of these elements to achieve the main goal of Garrard engineering: superior performance at reasonable cost.

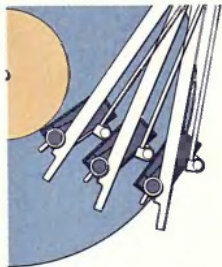
3. Does it handle records gently?



All responsible turntable manufacturers are concerned with protecting your records. With Garrard, it's an obsession. The Z2000B boasts an array of features designed solely to prolong the life of your records. In addition to the exclusive, articulated tonearm, it incorporates an exceptionally accurate magnetic anti-skating device. Cueing is viscous damped in

both directions. The ingenious built-in automatic record counter keeps track of how many LP sides the stylus has played. And unlike some of the highest priced changers that support records only at the center hole, the Z2000B supports them at the hole *and* edge, and the release mechanism operates at *both* points. Protection for your records indeed!

4. Does it eliminate tracking error?



The grooves of a record are cut by a stylus that travels in a straight line. Conventional playback tonearms move in an arc. The difference between these two paths is called "tracking error." Simply stated, tracking error launches a cycle of distortion and record wear. In good design, the error is averaged over the record so that distortion is minimal. But such

compromise was unacceptable in the Z2000B. What Garrard engineers did about it was summed up by High Fidelity Magazine which described the Zero Tracking Error Tonearm as "...the best arm yet offered as an integral part of an automatic player." The Z2000B is the *only* automatic turntable in the world without tracking error.

The Garrard Z2000B. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.



\$229.95

Garrard

The Automatic Choice

HOCUS-POCUS (continued from page 72)

He stops twirling the loop. "You have had trouble with the left foot, is it?" he says.

"No," I say. "I'm afraid I haven't." And then, almost instantaneously, I remember: When I was 14 years old, I spent the summer at a ranch camp in Colorado and I had excruciating pain of unknown origin all summer in my left ankle. "You're right," I say.

"All right," he says and begins to spin the loop again. "You have had an irregular heartbeat in the past, is it?" he says.

"Yes," I say. "When I first came to New York, eleven years ago, my electrocardiogram showed an irregular heartbeat, but nothing like that either before or since."

"All right," he says. "You are twenty-eight, is it?"

"No," I say. "I'm not."

"Thirty-two?" he says.

"No," I say. "I'm thirty-eight."

He looks slightly piqued.

"I'm sorry," he says, "but I don't give you thirty-eight."

"OK," I say, still fairly certain of my age.

He twirls the loop some more.

"You are not a sexpot," he says.

"A what?"

"A pervert. I am sorry. You are normal in the sex area. You have been married, but not now, is it?"

I say that's right, I was married for seven years and am now divorced.

"You will marry again," he says, "in three to five years." He then proceeds to give me an exceedingly detailed description of my next wife, of her background and family and the circumstances of our meeting. He says my second marriage will be a very good one and will last for 30 years.

"And all this will happen in three to five years?" I say.

"One to two," says Dykshoorn.

"I thought you said three to five."

"The distance is for me difficult," he says apologetically. "Once I says to a lady, 'You will be married in a year's time,' and she was married in half a year's time, and she was happy. But if I say to her it will be half a year and it turns out to be eight months, so she is two months cranky."

"You see," he says, "when I get somebody in here, like you, I work them out. And when I can't see a future for them, it means there is no future. This happened to me already in the United States three times—a man and two women. I have to send them away. I says, 'Would you come back, please, in two months' time?' and one was killed in an accident and the other two drowned. I never lie, but when it is bad, I don't say it. That is why I don't work if I drink. You have been drunk in your life?"

"Yes—"

"I, many times. Once I am in a bar and I have been drinking. A man says to me, 'I hate you, Dykshoorn.' I says to him, 'What do I care—fourteen days.' Then I come back two weeks later and the man is being buried. So I never work if I have anything to drink, and I never drank anything again after 1954."

"When you said, 'What do I care—fourteen days,' did you know it meant he'd be dead two weeks later?" I say.

"No," says Dykshoorn. "This is why I never drank again after 1954. But I never lie. You see, you are a writer. You like to write plays for the stage, is it?"

"Yes—"

"But you will never succeed in it. I am sorry, I have to say this. I cannot say to you you will have a success if I don't see it, I don't do that. I says to you, you are an excellent writer for feature films, you are an excellent *scriptwriter*—*excellent*. But you can't bring that to the plays. For radio you must be very bad, too. I think. But you get next year a prize for writing something. I don't know what it is for, but you have something in your hand and it is tall, like a statue."

"Like an Academy Award?" I say.

"I don't know," he says. "I don't think so. But I think you will never work for Paramount. I am sorry, maybe Warner Bros."

He twirls his loop some more.

"Now, I don't see you as a painter, either," he says. "You paint, is it?"

"Sometimes," I say.

"But I don't see it," he says. "I see you as a writer. You are an excellent writer, a genius. I see that. You will be very successful in books, in feature films, in television, but you will get sick of it, and you are lousy in plays."

"OK," I say.

"You are not very good at poesy, either, is it?"

"Poetry? No, I don't guess so."

"I see that. But you have the remarkable ability, the ability to make them cry and to make them loff—now, isn't that fontosteeek?"

"Yeah," I say. I am not at all sure how to react to this detailed critique of the totality of my creative output by a man who has never read a word I have written, and yet it all seems somehow to make sense.

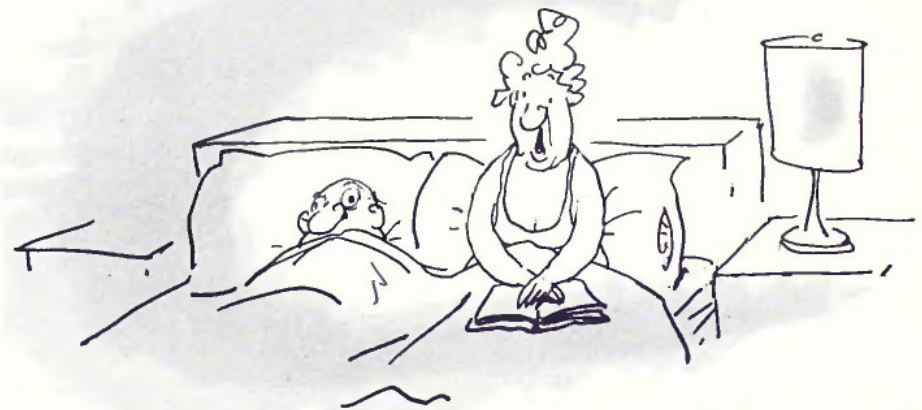
"How do you like the newspaper stories about me which I give you to read?" he says.

I say I found them fascinating.

"All very realistic, isn't it?" he says. "I don't like hocus-pocus. I don't make hocus-pocus."

Several of the stories in the press kit stressed that Dykshoorn, whether onstage or in private reading, uses no darkened room or meditation techniques or special clothing, only the loop of piano wire that takes over the sensations that come through his central nervous system and allow the pictures to appear. When he is on the right track, the wire loop starts to twirl, and if the track goes cold, the loop stops twirling, according to the stories. "I don't know how I do it and I don't care—why should I?" Dykshoorn is repeatedly quoted as saying.

According to Russell Felton, Dykshoorn's personable young Australian biographer, the truth about the wire loop and how Dykshoorn uses it is slightly stranger than the newspaper stories suggest. Dykshoorn's early years, Felton tells me, were very traumatic, because he was continuously bombarded by clairvoyant impressions and had no idea of what was happening to him. It was only in later years, when he'd taught himself to focus his extrasensory perceptions on the wire loop, that he was able to turn off the



Booth

"I'm so bored I might even be interested in sex."

barrage of ESP the rest of the time and lead a less bizarre life.

"You read the story about the woman who was told she couldn't have children?" says Dykshoorn.

I remember the item from the clippings. "She comes down to me and I work her out. I find that she has so many chromosomes and I says to her, 'Four o'clock on such and such a day, go home and make whoopee, make hanky-panky with your husband.' And she does and she gets pregnant and has a baby. Before she gets pregnant, her doctor hears what I says to her and he tells me, 'Dykshoorn, you are crooked and a phony,' and after she gets pregnant and has the baby, he says to me, 'Dykshoorn, you did a jolly good job.'

"They gave me a woman once and she had terrible headaches. I says to her, 'Madam, your left ovary is upset.' And she says to me, 'I don't get it,' but she goes anyway to her doctor, and her doctor have a look in it and he says to her, 'You don't mind to come tomorrow morning early? I like to take it out.' And he took the ovary out and the headache was gone. Now, that is scientifically impossible, but what is scientific? They don't know, either."

Dykshoorn first sensed his clairvoyant abilities at the age of five, when he saw a man pass by the window with a noose around his neck. Two weeks later, the man committed suicide by hanging.

When Dykshoorn was seven, he went into the kitchen where his mother was talking with a friend. Little Dykshoorn said he saw a baby in his mom's friend's tummy. The lady was embarrassed and Dykshoorn's mom was furious with him, but a few days later, the lady's doctor told her for a fee what the tot had given her for nothing. Dykshoorn was an embarrassment to his parents—"They still think I'm cuckoo," he says—and to psychiatrists, who now sheepishly consult him about their patients' problems, and to the police, who call him in anonymously to help crack their toughest cases.

Before being endorsed by the Dutch government as a legitimate psychic, Dykshoorn had to pass a series of examinations. He was shown blood samples on four slides and asked to identify the sex of each donor. He felt that the first sample came from a man and the second from a woman; the third gave him no impression at all and the fourth made him angry, because he knew he had been tricked—the blood, he said, wasn't human at all but came from an animal with a long snout and a bushy tail. He was right on all four counts. The third slide, from which he'd received no impression, was merely *painted* to look like a blood smear; and the fourth slide was fox blood.

Dykshoorn got his endorsement. Since then, he's been tested all over the world—in Holland, Australia and in this country

by Dr. J. B. Rhine, formerly of Duke University. His passport has CLAIRVOYANT stamped across it.

There are nine heavy scrapbooks in Dykshoorn's Riverdale apartment filled with thousands of articles about him from newspapers in Europe, Australia and the United States, along with thank-you notes from heads of state and Congressmen and notarized affidavits attesting to his accomplishments. He has been named an honorary sheriff in two counties in North Carolina and has been appointed a Kentucky colonel for his crime-solving assistance. Among the framed photographs on his walls is one inscribed to him by Richard Nixon. I have, in fact, heard rumors that he was consulted by the former President and I ask him about this.

"When you are from Europe," says Dykshoorn carefully, "then you respect the President from the United States more than when you are *from* the United States."

"And did you give Nixon a consultation?" I say.

"No, no. I can't say that," he replies. "I never tell who I do work for—why should I?"

I ask him what he feels is in store for the U. S. He replies that he never gets into political predictions, they are not his field. "Anyway," he says, "it is more difficult to give the future for one person than for the entire country."

Dykshoorn's policework is done anonymously and without fee. He refuses to become involved with cases involving organized crime, to protect his family from vengeful repercussions. He prefers to be called in on a case when the police have no clues at all. "When I go to the scene of a crime," he says, "it is like I am replaying in my mind the last five minutes of what has happened. I see the person being strangled. I feel the hands around mine own throat. If he has been poisoned, I can smell or taste the poison. I hear what is said, also, but sometimes is more clear than others. Is particularly clear if the murderer has a mental disorder."

Dykshoorn tells me he prefers to work on murders committed by psychologically disturbed persons. "They are happy when they are caught," he says. "I do them a favor. I had a murderer tell me one time, 'I am happy that they catch me.' He would have an urge to kill someone and then he must do it within the hour. Afterward, he would feel guilty and worried."

Dykshoorn's most famous European case involved not murder but theft. He got a call in Holland from the captain of a boat in Germany. The boat had been stolen and the skipper begged Dykshoorn to trot on over to Germany to find it. Dykshoorn was too busy to *schlep* to Germany but said he might be able to do the work in Holland and phone it in.

He put the receiver on his shoulder and worked the wire loop over a map of Germany, then advised the man that his boat could be found two and a half kilometers downstream, under a bridge. Two days later, the skipper called to say he'd found his yacht exactly where Dykshoorn had said it would be, but a large sum of money that had been on board was no longer there.

Patient Dykshoorn again went to work with his wire loop and described another boat not far from the one in question. "I tell him there is a seventeen-year-old boy on board the other boat and he has taken the money and hidden it inside a cupboard in a brown-leather traveling bag. I tell him go to the police immediately, because the boy is leaving the country the following day. They found the boy and the money, just like I say."

"Sometimes I make mistakes," says Dykshoorn, "but when I do, it is never mine ability, it is myself. I never blame mine ability. The perception is always right, only the interpretation can be mistaken. I have made a lot of friends that they walk out of mine life and later I was right and they come back.

"People say I have a sixth sense," he says. "I don't believe that. It is that mine senses are more highly developed than other people's. I'm a phenomenon. It's up to the scientists and the psychologists to explain me. Me, I don't know and I don't care—why *should* I?"

When you think about it, perhaps it's not really so strange that people like Dykshoorn have such highly developed senses. Anybody who has ever owned a dog or a cat knows that these animals respond to sounds that we can't hear, have much keener night vision than we do and possess a far superior sense of smell. We say that 20-20 vision is perfect, but all we mean by that is *average* human sight. Social scientists tell us that we humans utilize 15 percent of our brain's potential at best. Isn't it possible that certain people like Dykshoorn have the capability of far greater sense perception than the norm and that this heightened perception could express itself in ways that seem somewhat bizarre?

There is just one thing that bothers me. If the future really *is* predictable, doesn't that suggest that everything in life is predetermined? And if that's the case, what am I knocking myself out for? I mean, why shouldn't I just stay in bed and wait for my predetermined life to seek me out and happen to me?

"I think all of the major decisions and movements in a person's life are determined before he is born," says Dykshoorn. "Everything I see comes true—only the *time* is sometimes off." What would happen if he warned somebody of an impending tragedy—could the tragedy be avoided. "I'm sorry," he says, "but the answer is no." Our lives, he says, are



"That's the last time I ask her to bring a friend to make up a foursome!"

controlled by our inborn urges, and even if we've been warned not to do a certain thing, our inborn urges force us to do it—if we manage to avoid it one time, we won't some other time, and then whatever our destiny is will eventually be fulfilled. I still can't accept this and opt for free will, but go argue with an oracle.

I ask Dykshoorn if he can see his own future. He says he usually can't see anything either for himself or for his family, and he is equally blank when trying to predict anything for personal gain, such as the outcomes of soccer games or pony races. Still, he does have some sense of his own future well-being. "I have no worries there," he says. "I'll be all right. I have always known that, since the days when my mother used to tell me as a little boy, 'Be careful when crossing the road.' I couldn't understand why I had to be careful—I *knew* I wasn't going to be run over."

In the press clippings I've read on Dykshoorn, there's an odd story about him at a lodge picnic. He sees a little girl hurt her hand in a swing and start to scream with great gusto. Dykshoorn hurries over, claps his hand over hers and says, "There, now, the pain's all gone—I've got it." So saying, he winces briefly, as if in pain, and the little girl stops crying.

I ask Dykshoorn if he has the power to heal. "Yes," he says, "but I don't like to do it. It is not my field. When I was living in Staten Island, I was standing one day on a ladder and I dropped a tool kit and I hurt myself very well. I was all bruises. Then I do like this," he says, wiping his thigh, "and it is all gone." He giggles. "But you see, that is not my field."

It is getting on toward dinnertime. Dykshoorn's wife is out of town and he asks me if I'd like to go to a neighborhood restaurant with him. I say sure. We drive there and he has trouble finding a parking space. I kid him about it and ask why he can't locate one by psychic means. He says very seriously that he doesn't like to use his gifts for such purposes. What if it were a life-and-death situation—at a hospital, say, with a sick person in the car—would he locate a parking space psychically then? Oh, sure, he says.

We go into the restaurant, sit down in a booth and order. The waiter brings us salads with huge dollops of mayonnaise. "This gentleman doesn't want mayonnaise," says Dykshoorn to the waiter.

"How did you know that?" I say.

"Don't worry," he says mysteriously, "I know."

I bring the conversation back to psychic healing. I ask whether he is able to heal all of his own physical afflictions. He says he is—there are no ailments he cannot cure, except for sinus trouble.

Happily, he's found a remedy for that as well, however.

"And what's your trick for sinus trouble?" I say.

"Dristan," he says.

I ask if he has ever healed anybody but himself, and between disclaimers of how he doesn't like to do it and how it's not his field, he does admit to a couple of shots at healing.

"I was living in an apartment building and everybody knew I could do this," he says. "A young man came to me with a slipped disk. He couldn't walk. He says to me, 'Please, you can help me, sir.' I says to him, 'I don't do that, sir.' He says, 'Please, you did it for others, I know.' I says to him, 'I don't do it, I hate it,' but I helped him. I took away the pain and he walked, and I got it."

"You got his pain? For how long?"

"Oh, five seconds. He says, 'I will pay you later, sir.' Always it is 'I will pay you later, sir,' with this man. Finally, I saw him and I says, 'You have to pay me.' He says, 'Listen, you earned it so easy—why should I pay you?' I says, 'All right,' I give him my hand, you see, and—"

"And you gave him the pain *back* again?" I say.

Dykshoorn nods. "He got it back and he was in the hospital for three weeks and I never took it away again. And that's not rude. That's fair. But I don't do it anymore, I hate it. I hate pain business."

Speaking of pain business, I recall my original motive in looking him up—the notion that folks in black magic might have a side line in the pain business in some fashion.

"They *call* it black magic," says Dykshoorn, "but the real black magic is psychokinesis."

"You mean making things move by the power of thought?"

"Yes. And making somebody sick. I don't say that *I* can do it, but it exists and I don't like it. Has nothing to do with salt and pepper and phony-baloney dancing around and mumbo-jumbo stuff, though. Has to do only with if somebody has powers of psychokinesis. If he does, and if he says he makes black magic, then he can do whatever he says he can."

"Like what?" I say.

"Like stop a clock. Then you can also stop somebody's heart, you know."

"You really believe it's possible to do such a thing?" I say.

"It's possible. I've done it many times myself."

"You've stopped people's *hearts*?"

"No, no, the clock. I do it hundreds of times in laboratories and I don't like to do it. You see, when you have this power, so positive that you destroy it, you destroy the clock. I think an electric clock is impossible more than a clock that is on a—how do you call—a spring. I've never done it with an electric clock. When I get very cranky, then I destroy tapes and

I upset computers. I try to be never upset, because when I'm upset, everybody around me gets sick, really.

"I got in a quarrel in Australia with a fellow, he was six foot, six, and he was teasing me—I'm not worried about *you*, little fellow," he says. "I give you one good lick and you on the ground." I became so cranky I was really upset, and then I get through with him and he is on the ground and he can't move." Dykshoorn giggles.

"What did you do to him?" I say.

"I don't know," says Dykshoorn.

"Did you touch him at all?" I say.

"No," he says.

"You didn't even touch him and he was on the ground?" I say.

"I have abilities that I don't understand myself," he says.

"Like what?" I say.

"I don't know," he says. "I don't know what I have."

I've now been with Dykshoorn for well over four hours and I sense that it's time to wrap up the interview. There is really only one thing more I want to ask him about. The night before going to see him, I watched in fascination as a friend and her daughter put a Ouija board through its paces. Knowing Dykshoorn is an authority on the occult, I ask him about it.

"Do ghosts exist?" I say.

"No," he says. "I don't see it as a ghost."

"As a spirit, then? Do spirits exist?"

"Yeah, that's for sure," says Dykshoorn.

"Really? And can they communicate through Ouija boards?"

"No," he says scornfully. "Ouija boards, this is rubbish."

"I see," I say. "Have you been to any séances?"

"Of *course*," he says. "Why not? That's my *business*. I have investigated with fathers and doctors and mediums—I myself am an excellent medium, but I don't talk about it and I haven't done it for twenty-five years."

"Why not?"

"Why should I? I like to do what I do, and I know what I'm doing. Also, there are some real stinkers on the other side."

"Stinkers in the spirit world, you mean?"

"Yeah, Cranky spirits. Poltergeists. But I don't believe in possessing and that an exorcist can come down and exorcise somebody. I don't believe in the Devil, anyhow. Our Lord is the boss, and when you are the boss, you don't want another competition—why *should* He?"

"That's an interesting point," I say.

"So then you'd go for a psychological explanation of people who claim to be possessed, is that right?"

"Yeah, that's right," says Dykshoorn.

"I see it very realistic."

We get up to leave.

"When you write about this," he says, "don't make too much of a story out of

this part. Just see me as a very realistic man. I don't make hocus-pocus."

"Don't worry," I say.

Dykshoorn had asked me several times over the course of our conversations where I intended to sell the piece I was writing about him. My first choice happened to be *PLAYBOY*, but, knowing that Dykshoorn is a devout Catholic and a man who refers to sex as "making whoopee" and "hanky-panky," I thought it best to tell him I wasn't making decisions about where to publish until the article was finished.

Although I'd been suitably impressed with Dykshoorn's psychic abilities at this point, the journalist in me decided it would be good to check out some of the people he'd done clairvoyant work for. Unfortunately, the majority of these people live in Europe and Australia, where he spent the greatest part of his career. But by this time Felton was able to give me an advance copy of his well-documented book (*My Passport Says Clairvoyant*, by M. B. Dykshoorn as told to Russell H. Felton) and I started out by contacting some of the people mentioned in the book who live in the U. S.

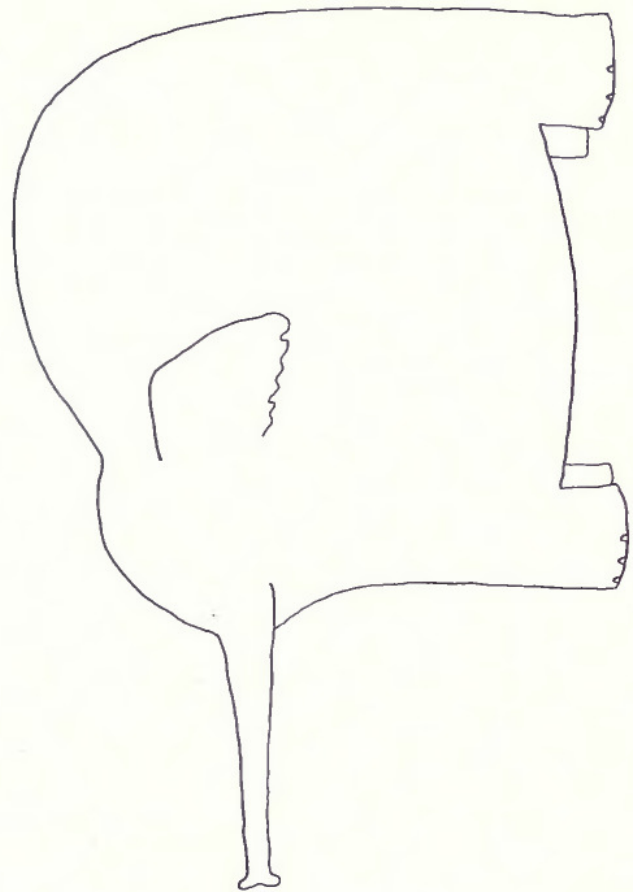
The first person I contact is a man named James G. Bolton of Charlotte, North Carolina. Bolton is happy to talk with me and has lots to tell.

"Mr. Greenburg," says Bolton in his soft but rather formal Southern drawl, "I would be very pleased to corroborate many of the phenomenal things clairvoyant M. B. Dykshoorn has been able to do, as it has been my privilege to accompany Mr. Dykshoorn on cases involving thirty-one murders.

"One particularly interesting case I am able to relate to you occurred in eastern North Carolina. Well, sir, we had gone to this small town at the invitation of the sheriff to investigate parapsychologically a murder that had occurred two years previously. When we arrived at the sheriff's office, the sheriff opened his files and began to take pictures out. Mr. Dykshoorn said, 'No, I don't want to know anything about the case. Just take me to the location of the murder.'

"We proceeded to a home in a rural area and found the house totally empty and devoid of furniture. Mr. Dykshoorn went into the house, using his divining rod, which he spins continuously, and lay down on the floor. I thought this very peculiar. But Mr. Dykshoorn immediately arose and said, 'This is the position in which you found one of the victims—the husband.'

"The sheriff registered amazement at this remark and replied, 'Yes, that is exactly right.' Mr. Dykshoorn then described exactly how the events of this crime took place: A man came to the door who was known to the victims and was welcomed into the house. The man, said Mr. Dykshoorn, had a crowbar



"To tell you the truth . . . it's the only trick he knows."

concealed in his trouser leg. Then Mr. Dykshoorn said to us, 'I will now follow the criminal like a bird dog,' and out the back door he went. Mr. Dykshoorn is a very short man, about five foot, six, and I am past six feet, and it was all I could do to keep up with him. I followed behind him and, with his divining rod twirling, he led the sheriff and his deputy and myself through a swamp to a highway, and then down along the highway till we came to a general store. 'This is where the killer lived,' said Mr. Dykshoorn.

"We went inside the store and, upon meeting the owner, Mr. Dykshoorn assumed a posture that looked like his leg was deformed. He asked the owner if he knew anybody who stood like that. The owner looked at Mr. Dykshoorn, who was standing in a very peculiar crouch, and he said, 'If you were black, you would be so-and-so, who used to work for me.'

"Mr. Dykshoorn said, 'But this man lived here, too.' The gentleman said, 'Yes, as a matter of fact, he had a little place back in the warehouse where he slept.'

"Then Mr. Dykshoorn again led us with his divining rod into this huge warehouse, which was empty at the time. We noticed that he was walking very close to the walls. We asked him, 'Why are you walking so close to the walls, with your shoulders bumping up against them?' And he said, 'At the time I'm following

the criminal on the night of the murder, this warehouse was filled with potatoes, clear to the ceiling.' The owner corroborated that this was true.

"Next, Mr. Dykshoorn led us into a small room adjoining the larger one and there he found a crowbar, which he said was the murder weapon. Mr. Dykshoorn said, 'Now you can ask me anything you wish.'

"Mr. Dykshoorn was asked numerous questions in a rapid cross fire, as though he had been an eyewitness to the murder. He was able to furnish the police with heights, weights, times, events and other facts relative to the case that he could not have known about, never having been in that part of the country before.

"After the sheriff's questioning, Mr. Dykshoorn was asked to identify pictures of suspects. He said, 'I do not work with pictures, but if you wish to turn them face down, I will point the man out without looking at the pictures.' Taking his divining rod out, he placed it on one of the pictures. The sheriff turned over the picture and found that it was of a suspect who had a deformed foot and the same strange crouch Mr. Dykshoorn had showed us in the general store.

"The police asked where the suspect was. Mr. Dykshoorn took a map of the area, twirled his divining rod over it and pointed out the street where the man

lived. The police corroborated this fact and the man is now, to my knowledge, in prison."

Bolton next tells me about a woman he knows who went to Dykshoorn for a consultation and was told, "Please, do not let your son enter the airplane race he wishes to enter." The woman asked why and Dykshoorn just said, "Please do not let your son enter this race." Her son did enter the race, his plane crashed and he was killed.

"Another interesting case I have personal knowledge of," says Bolton, "involves a gentleman I know to whom Mr. Dykshoorn said, 'You are going to break a leg, sir, but don't worry about it, because it will be all right and there is nothing you can do to prevent it.' The man said, 'When is this going to take place?' 'I see it as next Wednesday or Thursday,' said Mr. Dykshoorn. So the gentleman said, 'Well, I'll just stay home from work on those two days.'

"So he stayed home from work, and when he went out for the morning paper—I believe it was a Thursday morning—he fell down his own flight of stairs and broke his leg."

Bolton tells me about one last case. He had introduced Dykshoorn to a wealthy socialite named Anne Parrish Corley, who had a painting by a supposed Dutch master out on approval and was thinking of buying it.

"I suggested to Anne that maybe she should ask Mr. Dykshoorn whether the painting was genuine and whether it was as old as it was claimed to be. So Mr. Dykshoorn got out his divining rod and started checking the painting and told Anne that it was a fake. The canvas, he said, was not woven by hand as it would have been if the painting was as old as it was supposed to be—it was machine-woven canvas. So Anne returned the painting and didn't buy it and saved herself thousands of dollars. You can call Anne and ask her about this, and I think she'd be very willing to talk to you about it."

Anne Parrish Corley is, indeed, very willing to talk to me about Dykshoorn. But her version of the story is somewhat different from Jim Bolton's. She said Dykshoorn had paid her a visit and had, indeed, pronounced the painting a fake.

"But he didn't use any ESP or clairvoyance in arriving at that conclusion, as far as I could see," she says.

"And *did* the painting prove to be a fake?" I say.

"Frankly, I don't know," says Mrs. Corley. "I was so upset by what he'd said that I just returned it to the gallery."

Troy Anne Ross runs a modeling agency in Charlotte. She met Dykshoorn the way I did—at a church demonstration.

"We were sending a bunch of our models up to a beauty contest in New York," she says. "It was the Modeling

Association of America convention, at the Waldorf hotel in Manhattan. This was in 1971. I asked Mr. Dykshoorn whether any of our girls would be among the winners. He said yes, we'd have three winners and that one of them would be a short little one.

"Well, he was dead right about the outcome of the beauty contest. We did have three winners and one of them was a twelve-year-old girl."

My last contact is a man named Charles Nickens, who lives in Hollywood, Florida. I ask him how he happened to meet Dykshoorn.

"Well," says Nickens, "my wife, Irma, and I ran the Travelodge Motel in Hallandale, which is right north of Miami Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Dykshoorn checked into our motel for a few days, probably because Mr. Dykshoorn had done quite a lot of work for Travelodge when he was in Australia."

"What kind of work?" I say.

"Clairvoyance. Anyway, my wife and I took to Mr. and Mrs. Dykshoorn right off. One day, Mr. Dykshoorn says he wants to use his divining rod and tell us some things about us. By the way, if he ever says that to you, do it. Because it will *work*—believe me, it will *work*."

"Mr. Dykshoorn has already made a number of predictions for me," I say.

"Well, you just see if they don't come true," says Nickens. "Anyway, he starts working us out, as he calls it, and, lo and behold, he says, 'You are going to sell this motel.' Well, at this point we had no earthly reason why we would want to sell the motel, but he says, 'No, you are going to sell it. A man is going to walk in here one day at eleven A.M. and within the hour he is going to buy it, and he's going to buy it at your price, without any bargaining.'"

"And that came true?" I say.

"Sure did. Mr. Dykshoorn said eleven, and the man came in shortly before noon. He said he wanted to buy my motel, and the price I named he never, *never* questioned, never even made me a counter-offer. He took it at my price, just like Mr. Dykshoorn said he would."

"How long did it take Dykshoorn's prophecy to come true?" I say.

"How long did it take, Mother?" Nickens says to his wife.

"Four years," says Mrs. Nickens.

"Three to four years," says Mr. Nickens.

"And did any other things Mr. Dykshoorn predicted come true?" I say.

"There's so darn many of them. I don't even know where to begin," says Nickens. "Well, let's see here. Mr. Dykshoorn told us that my daughter and her husband would move to Tampa and buy a motel in an L shape with three floors to it. Well, sir, it did take two to three years, but my daughter and her husband finally did do just that. And I'll guarantee you,

if you look up the Travelodge in West Tampa, you'll find it's an L-shaped building with three floors."

"That's pretty good," I say.

"He's just a phenomenal man," says Nickens. "We just believe in him one-hundred percent."

I ask Nickens if Dykshoorn ever predicted anything of a grim nature that came true.

"When Mr. Dykshoorn was staying with us at the motel," says Nickens, "I got him to speak to our Rotarian group. Well, sir, everybody wanted to ask him questions, of course, but I noticed that there was one particular man that he simply refused to talk to. He just sort of pushed him aside. That didn't seem like the way he usually acted, so after the meeting, I said to Mr. Dykshoorn, 'Why did you push this man aside?'

"Mr. Dykshoorn said, 'This man has cancer and he's going to be dead within a very short time. I didn't want to tell him that, so that is why I shoved him aside.' You see, Mr. Dykshoorn is a very gentle man and he doesn't like to tell anybody bad news."

"And what about the man—did he die of cancer?" I say.

"He did," says Nickens. "Within sixty to ninety days."

Nickens asks me if I've talked with others Dykshoorn has worked for and I tell him I have. He asks if they've all been impressed with his predictions. I say pretty much, with the exception of Mrs. Corley.

"Well," says Nickens, "of course, the man isn't infallible, but to Irma and I, he is a very great man. Like I say, his sense of time isn't always exact—he can't tell you this will happen to you in the month of June or in the year 1976 but just that it's in front of you and it's going to happen at some point. You can't get impatient waiting for the things he sees to come true. Sometimes you look like you can go around eighty blocks out of the way, but then you wind up just about where he said you were going to be in the first place. You think to yourself, 'There's just no conceivable way that this thing is going to happen,' and then it just somehow does."

A short time after my editor at PLAYBOY said he wanted this article for the magazine, Dykshoorn telephoned me. He asked how I liked *My Passport Says Clairvoyant* and I said that I liked it fine. I was still nervous about what a devout Catholic who called sex making whoopee and hanky-panky might feel about appearing in PLAYBOY, so I avoided telling him the good news. Instead, I merely said that the piece was just about done and that I would soon try to sell it.

"I think PLAYBOY is an excellent place for it to appear," he said. "I just wanted you to know that."



GAGTIME

(continued from page 110)

blacks firsthand. He was married to a black.

Sure I'll go. Sammy Jr. told him. If we could all do a little shtick for humanity, it would be a groove.

The lieutenant in the Dirty Raincoat looked bewildered as he left the room. It was his habit to return to a room soon after leaving. Sammy Jr. knew this. He waited. Sure enough, the lieutenant in the Dirty Raincoat returned.

I almost forgot to tell you the name of the leader of the gang, he said. Cinque.

Yer welcome, Momma, Sammy Jr. said with an accompanying wink.

The lieutenant in the Dirty Raincoat burst into laughter and shook his head as if to say Holy Moses. Sammy Jr. didn't know why he did this, but not to be outdone, he laughed harder and shook his head as if to say Holier Moses.

The humanitarian effort never materialized. Police Chief Ed Davis' S.W.A.T. team burned down the house before Sammy Jr. had a chance to charm the culprits out. Chief Davis was criticized for overreacting, but he defended his actions with the conviction of a man who had something big up his sleeve. The following season, S.W.A.T. had its own television series.

The Amazing Kreskin was gaining respect by the day, yet he was less than

satisfied with his powers. Uri Geller, the imaginative psychic, spoon bender and watch fixer, was getting more play in *Time* and *Newsweek*. Television was The Amazing Kreskin's oyster, but it was sucking up his entire repertoire. Sure, he could place Mike Douglas' head and feet on two chairs and have a celebrity and a jockey stand on the m.c.'s stomach, but what could he do on Merv?

The Amazing Kreskin began specializing in reading people's minds. He was accurate about many of his long-shot forecasts, but he seemed to run into difficulty with some of his more logical calculations. He correctly foresaw that David Eisenhower would enjoy renewed popularity by agreeing to host *Beat the Clock*, but he was wrong in predicting that Jews would eventually be made to feel welcome at the New York Athletic Club.

The public loved him. The most popular sandwich in delis around the country was not the passé Tom Snyder, not yet the soon-to-be-rediscovered Jackie Gayle but the The Amazing Kreskin sandwich. Cabdrivers waved to him. Elton John bought eyeglasses like his. American International bought the rights to his life story.

Still, The Amazing Kreskin did not

feel that he was living up to his first and middle names. He needed the big prediction and he thought long and hard to come up with it. Finally, it came. He made the announcement on *Kup's Show*.

I may be wrong, he told Kup and literally hundreds of people who were tuned in, but I see the Reverend Charles "Chuck" Colson abandoning his parish and running off to Tahiti with Sister Madalyn Murray O'Hare.

Anyone could predict that, the skeptical Kupciner badgered, but if you're really Amazing, you'll tell us when.

The Amazing Kreskin concentrated. He closed his eyes for a long time. Then he opened them. Thursday.

The people waited. O'Hare and Colson waited. Amazingly, it happened. It was just as he had said it would be. Now The Amazing Kreskin was satisfied with himself at last and ready for the big time. Now he was ready for Las Vegas.

As fate would have it, Boychick happened to be watching that night. He had just turned off Lawrence Spivak, who was getting nowhere with his guest, the ancient Israeli ambassador to the Court of Saint James's. Golda Meir kept repeating the same answer to every question raised, from what to do about her soldiers in the Golan Heights to how her health was holding up. Let 'em eat lathes, she kept saying. It was dull television.

Boychick loved The Amazing Kreskin's

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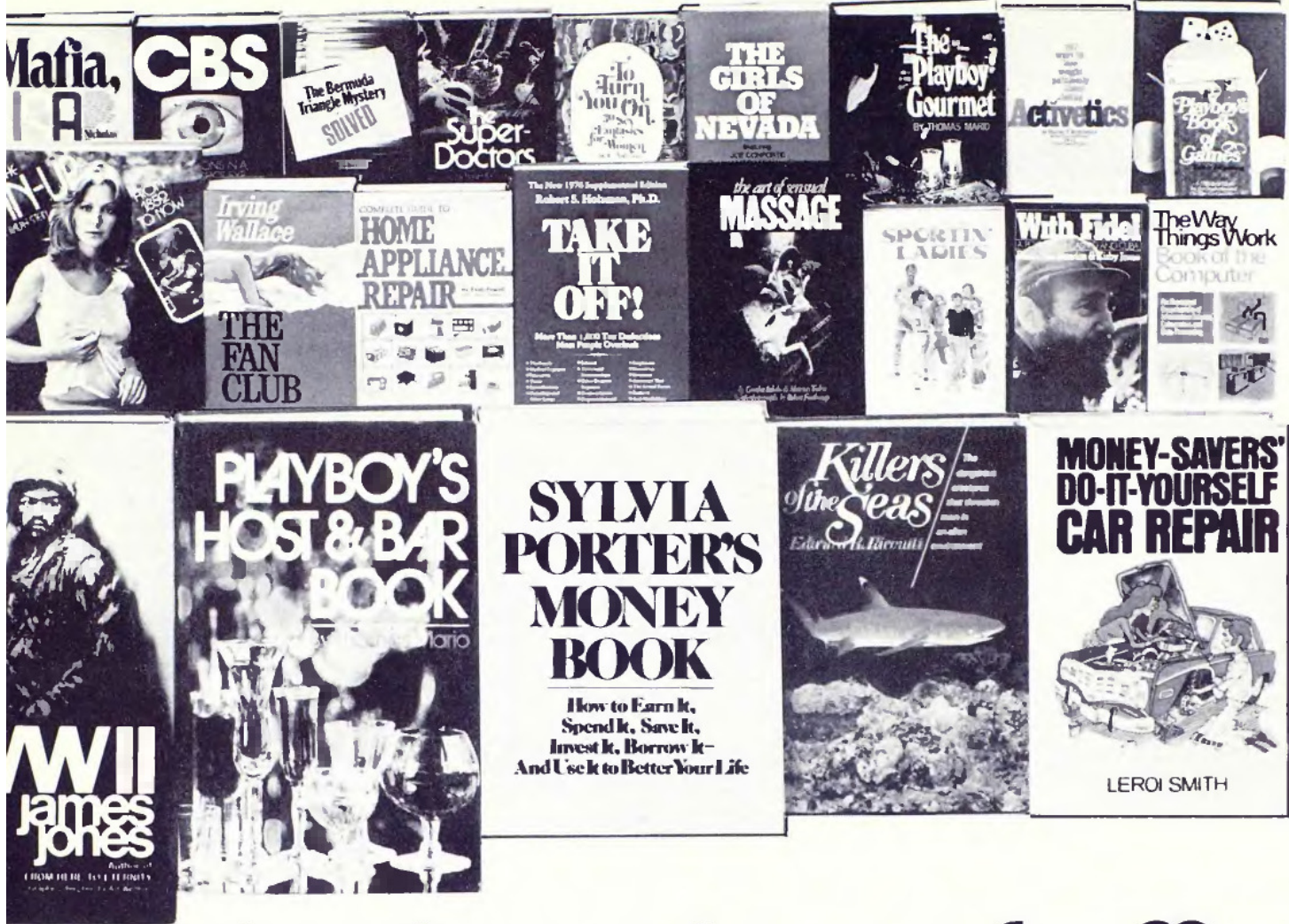
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act and promptly booked him into his hotel. In spite of the fact that the hotel owner personally requested The Amazing Kreskin, the best the William Morris Agency could do for the psychic was second on the bill with a group called Tatum and Dad.

Hey, Kreskin, eat shit! shouted a heckler from a ringside table. It was a sophisticated remark coming from a member of a Las Vegas audience, but Kreskin did not lose his cool. He needed a response that was not only sophisticated but in keeping with his image.

I knew you'd say that, he told the heckler. The audience cheered. The Amazing Kreskin was satisfied with himself at last. He was truly Vegas timber.

Boychick could not have been more pleased. When America could no longer afford the luxury of what came to be called conventional eating meat, Boychick made a killing in beef by-products. When they became too costly for the American budget, Boychick developed Beef By-Products Helper. He had become a millionaire within weeks after winning an enormous contract with the military. But it wasn't until he came up with yet another culinary innovation. Filet Mignon-Aroni, that he was out of debt and firmly entrenched in his pet project, The Beef By-Products Plaza Hotel. Connoisseurs from around the world came to his lavish retreat and ordered room service by the pound.

Boychick and The Amazing Kreskin became fast friends. The following year, The Amazing Kreskin was given not only top billing on the marquee but also the single-name treatment. There was Elvis and there was Sammy Jr. and there was Shecky and there was Johnny and there was Buddy and now there was The. THE IS BACK AND THE BEEF BY-PRODUCTS PLAZA HAS HIM, the billboards boasted.

Sammy Jr. was onstage when he heard the news. Boychick had choked to death while testing his own synthetic beef jerky. The Amazing Kreskin had warned him weeks earlier that just such a thing might happen. Sammy Jr. couldn't bring himself to continue his act. He apologized to his audience and returned to the solitude of his dressing room to try to recall who Boychick was.

Boychick's body lay in state behind door number two on Monty Hall's stage, per his request. It was a sad day. Sammy Jr. was sadder than even the immediate family, in spite of the fact that he never did recall who Boychick was. John Forsythe showed up thinking he might be able to make some political hay out of the occasion. He departed early, as did Cugie and Chastity, because they thought the funeral was in bad taste. Gregg stayed on to sniff the peach incense.

It was a strange time, yet stranger times were soon to come.



"Quick, grab the doughnuts!"

WHY IS A TURNIP...?

(continued from page 90)

have smack for brains to really like it, but I've been out of things a lot worse than money.

The red-white-and-blue company called me about a week later. It was early in the morning again and this time there was a woman on the line. She asked me how I was, how the weather was, and then, almost as an afterthought, she told me I was more than 90 days past due in my payments. When I told her I was out of money, she sympathized. She said times were hard and her company understood. She said all she wanted from me was 90 bucks and if that was too much, she'd cut it to 45. The 90 was only one tenth of what I owed red-white-and-blue. They held my biggest I.O.U. and for a moment, I couldn't figure out why they were being so understanding. Then I got it: This was the card with the revolving credit plan. The Eternal Credit people.

After the lady hung up with a promise to call back in two weeks, I dug out one of the statements they'd sent me. I can't read those things most of the time, even with the new laws that make them spell out interest rates so a baboon could understand them. But there was a bottom line on this one that frightened even me. It said I was paying 18 percent a year on what I owed them. They called it a nominal annual percentage rate, and though I'm not sure where they got that term, I know that on the streets of Chicago and Seattle and New York, they call it juice and you get your statement orally once a week from a guy with no neck. Bankers used to call it usury before they found a way around it and it occurred to me as I sat over the numbers that if I paid it off at the rate they were asking, I'd be sending them \$600 a year, of which \$200 would be walking-around money and wouldn't reduce my principal a whit. At that point, their patience made a lot of sense. In fact, it seemed like the least they could do. They could have taken me to lunch once a week and bought Lone Ranger masks for everybody in the office and still been ahead at 18 percent. I also had a horrible flash that my desire to be buried in a pine box was out of the question and that I'd probably be buried in a simple but elegant window envelope.

White card and gold card kept calling me about every two weeks. Most of the time they called on the same day, and most of the time the caller was someone new. I'd finished the story I had been working on. It took five months and it was rejected and when I told them about it, they were unhappy but nice. A man from white card told me in December that he did a little writing himself and that he knew it was rough but that America needed writers. I told him America

needed bill collectors, too, and we hung up friends.

The winter and spring passed and made all my bills a year overdue. White card and gold card called me on schedule no fewer than a dozen times each. Finally, they told me they were going to sell me off to big Chicago-style collection agencies if I didn't pay soon and I knew what that meant. Experts. Belly guns, maybe. But I was still broke and I told them I understood that they had to do what they had to do. I was reading Dashiell Hammett at the time and had decided to act like a cake of ice.

The people from Eternal Credit hardly ever called and when they did, it was to ask if I wanted the payments reduced. I told them no, it didn't matter how long the race was if you didn't have either legs or wheels, and I told them I'd rather they reduced the interest rate. They said no.

By summer, both white card and gold card had sold me off to the garbage men for such cases and I got my first call from the Midwest early one July morning. After the guy on the other end introduced himself, he told me in a cop voice that if I didn't pay the whole thing in a week, he was going to feed me to a judge. He said he didn't like to sue people and that he was sure I didn't want to go through that humiliation and I told him he was right.

"Well . . . ?" he said.

"You are the blood bank calling a turnip, do you know that?" I said.

Then he did something no computer has ever done. He laughed.

I laughed, too, and then asked him if there were a lot of people past due all of a sudden. He said yes, that their service was reflecting the shit state of the economy and that they were going a little softer and were less likely to sue than a year before. But then he said, "Oh, but we wouldn't hesitate to sue you for four hundred dollars. That's too much to carry any longer."

"I'm working on a story right now," I told him.

"About what?" he said.

"Going broke."

"What?"

"It's important to write about things you know," I said. "Sort of a literary declaration of bankruptcy." I laughed again, but I knew as soon as I said the word bankruptcy that I'd blown it. There was a bad silence on the other end. These men fear bankruptcy the way pit bosses fear crap-table suicides.

Just two weeks before, I'd been in a money conversation with a Richard Cory type, a man of millions, who had told me that bankruptcy was completely painless. He was the kind who would have shown me a scar if he'd had one, but he told me not to worry, that he actually enjoyed the ride once it got going and that the



"I married Momma because her towels were soft and fluffy and her dishes were bright and clean."

whole experience had given him a shot at the fortune with which he was buying our drinks. I told him it seemed pretty shaky to me and that my greatest ambition in this life was to have as little to do with lawyers, judges, lizards and snakes as I could.

I said the same thing over the phone to the man from the collection agency and he started talking again, though we never got back to the laughs. He asked me when I'd be finished with the story and when I'd get paid. I told him two weeks and he said he'd call then.

The next day, the lady from Eternal Credit called to say that if I didn't send them 50 bucks, they were going to sell me off to gunsels somewhere. I told her my story, told her I was working, told her I intended to pay what I owed. She said that my attitude was good and that my creditors could hear that over the phone. Then she asked if I'd ever considered going to a debt counselor, someone who could help me get things under control. I told her there was nothing wrong with my financial situation that \$50,000 wouldn't cure. Then I said I'd send the 50 bucks she wanted, and the next day I did. It was the first money on several thousand that I'd owed for more than a year. That was two months ago and all I've heard from Eternal Credit is that my next two \$50 payments are overdue. Now they seem greedy.

And just last week, I got a call from a lawyer who had sent me four letters I hadn't opened. He asked me if I was Mr. Vetter and then told me he needed a street address (all he had was a P. O. box) so the sheriff could come on Wednesday and serve me with a subpoena. It was the first real talk of law officers and legal summons and it would have scared me worse than it did if I had ever heard of anyone's making an appointment to deliver ugly papers like that. He said I had to be served because more than a year had gone by and I had never offered to pay even a dime of what I owed.

"They never told me I could pay part," I said. "They always demanded all of it."

"They'll take part," he said.

"I don't have part," I told him.

"Will you have it in a month?"

"Maybe, probably," I said.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "You send me a postdated check for one hundred dollars and I'll cash it in a month. I need something I can hold in my hand."

I told him I'd send the check and I did, and probably these last few words should be for him.

Dear Bernard: I'm sorry your check bounced. Tell the sheriff I've moved and that I'll probably be on the road for a while. And do you remember that story we talked about? I finished it.

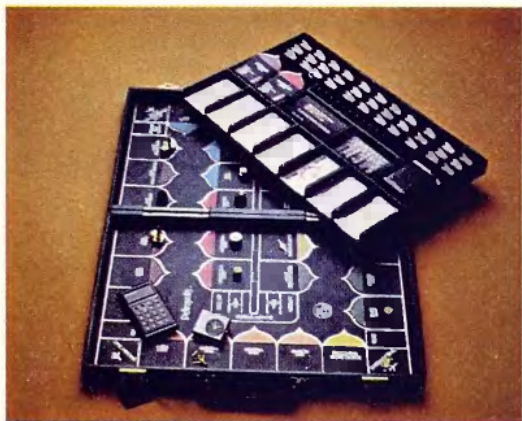


PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

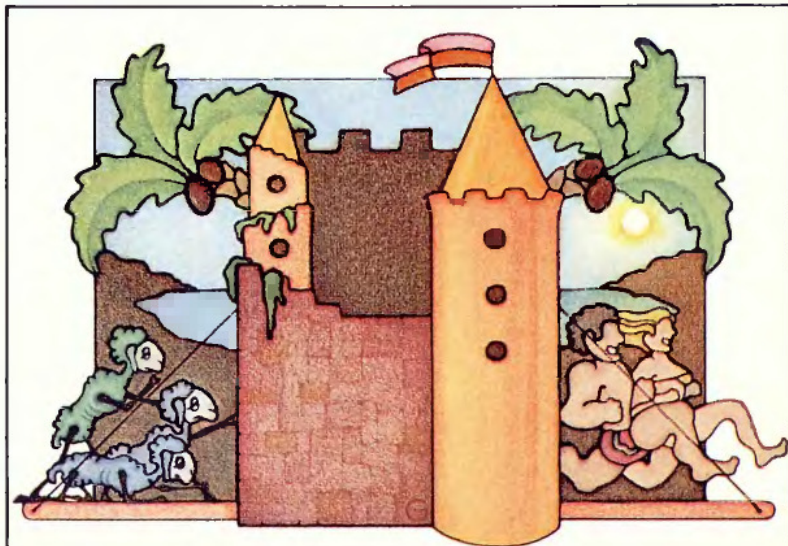
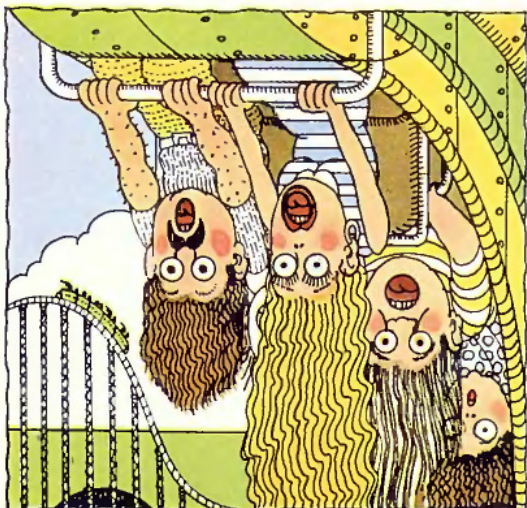
HOW SHEIK!

Unfortunately, about the only people who can afford Petropolis, a chic new board game styled after Monopoly in which players wheel and deal in petrodollars, are the oil barons responsible for everyone's going broke. The game—available at The Petropolis Headquarters, 613 Madison Avenue, New York City—will set you back 790 big ones. For that, you get a leather case, gold-plated pieces and a Hermès calculator to aid you in your lust for power. If you want to play but can't pay, there'll be a \$14 cardboard version available later this year.



LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Imagine yourself in a speeding vehicle that suddenly goes around a 360-degree loop 70 feet high, dashes over a waterfall and into a 230-foot tunnel before coming back through the center of the loop again. Where are you? Dante's Inferno? Nope, just riding The Great American Revolution, a \$3,000,000 roller coaster opening in April at the Magic Mountain amusement park in Valencia, California. If you come back alive, maybe we'll try it.



SECOND TIME AROUND

What do Stan Getz, Kaye Stevens, Ed McMahon and Bob Cummings have in common? They've all been revitalized at the Renaissance Revitalization Center in Cable Beach (P. O. Box 4854), Nassau, Bahamas, a health superspa where, for about \$1500 (not including air fare, hotel or food), you can treat your tired bod to a ten-day multitherapeutic revitalization program that includes sessions of aromatherapy (the use of oils through application and inhalation to give tranquilizing effects), the downing of biostimulated incubated eggs, mud and seaweed packs, plus—get this—having lamb fetal cells injected into your buttocks. Baaaaaaaa.



UNWEDDED BLISS

Let's say you're an unmarried couple and you want to buy a stuffed gazelle for your shared apartment. No problem, right? But what do you do with it if, God forbid, you should decide to split up? The answers to that and many other questions appear in the *Practical Guide for the Unmarried Couple*, by William L. Blaine and John Bishop (Two Continents Publishing Group, 30 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.), a book dealing exclusively with the nuances of rational coexistence. One problem, though: *Practical Guide* doesn't go into exactly how you should share the cost of the book, which is \$7.95.



LORD OF THE FLIES

Here's something to separate the men from the boys: boxer shorts the fly of which has been adorned with two cartoon hags armed with ruler and butterfly net, obviously taking an indecent interest in whatever's about to appear. Order a pair—if you've got the balls—for \$4 from Uproarious Underwear, 312 N. Maple Street, Falls Church, Virginia. They'll love 'em at the next Shriners convention.

COCK-AND-BULL STORY

We don't know what really happened to John Dillinger's after he kicked, but thanks to two enterprising companies, you can now buy bull and walrus whangs. Stretched and varnished bulls' pizzles make terrific canes and H. E. Toles (71 Travis Road, Tulia, Texas) sells them for \$23 apiece. If you're interested in a 22-inch walrus *oosik*, contact the Arctic Circle (414 E. Hyman Avenue, Aspen, Colorado) and you can get one for \$50-\$150. Of course, if you're a wee bit insecure about your own little feller, forget you ever read this.



LIGHTING YOUR FIRE

If you accept Kipling's dictum that there's a hell of a distinction between a woman and a good cigar, then you undoubtedly will want to light up your coronas with something more refined than a book of paper matches that says **DRAW ME** on the cover. Here's the answer to a puffer's prayers: a solid-pine reproduction of a billiard-hall cigar lighter, available from Sparks, Inc., P. O. Box 11397, Chicago, Illinois 60611, for \$140. (Add \$20 if you want it in solid oak.) The lighter works off a six-volt battery connected to an automobile coil; when you press the lighter's lever—snap, crackle, pop—there's fire. No, it won't fit in your pocket.



RULE OF THUMB

A hitchhiker we know claims he always accepts a ride based on whether or not he likes the radio station the driver's tuned to. As a rule of thumb, that's not bad, but you'd do better by joining People's Transit (P.O. Box 8393, Portland, Oregon 97207), an organization that specializes in teaming up riders and drivers (private pilots, too) nationwide. Here's how it works: You apply to P.T. for a yearly membership and, after they've checked you out, pony up \$10 for a year's use of their 24-hour toll-free hotline (800-547-0933). If you're going somewhere and want a rider or need a ride, you give them a call. It beats flagging diesels on a rainy night.



CHAIN AND BALL?

When Winifred Schroeder came up with the idea of The Velvet Chain, her intent was to foil thieves. Say you're going to hang up your vicuña topcoat in a restaurant: You pass one end of the slinky chain, covered in black or gold velvet, through a sleeve and padlock the garment to the cloakrack. (You can do the same thing with a briefcase and a table leg or a camera and a chair.) The gadget comes with gold (\$10.50) or shiny steel (\$6) lock, postpaid, from The Velvet Chain, 5780 Miami Road, Cincinnati, Ohio. We've got news for Winnie: Bet most of her stock ends up in bonds.



AFTER LINCOLN, THE DELUGE

(continued from page 132)

rewarded, he thought. The more he thought about it, in fact, the more he was convinced he had been inspired to this removal, that it was a "divine pressure" commanded by God and certainly not the Devil's work. Riding this conviction, he slid down the days until July second.

May 23: Guiteau wrote to Garfield that "Mr. Blaine is a wicked man, and you ought to demand his *immediate* resignation; otherwise, you and the Republican Party will come to grief."

June 6: He entered John O'Meara's gunshop to examine the largest pistol on display, the five-shot, .44-caliber British bulldog with a white-bone handle. "That will kill a horse," the amiable shopkeeper told Guiteau, who knew nothing of guns.

June 8: Borrowing \$15 from a cousin, Guiteau bought the bulldog, a box of cartridges and, oddly, a woman's pen-knife—all for ten dollars. He took the fancy-handled gun because, he said later, it would look better in a museum. O'Meara showed him how to load and pointed out a good place to learn marksmanship, in a wood by the Potomac, not far from the White House. Guiteau would practice nearly every day, then repair to Lafayette Square, across from the Executive Mansion, where he relaxed.

June 12: Guiteau—like other American assassins—stalked his victim. He thought of shooting the President that Sunday in church but feared he might hit someone else. The temptation was strong, though, to kill in a sacred place.

June 16: With the compulsion to explain that has marked several of our assassins—clearest in the diaries of Booth and Sirhan—Guiteau composed an "Address to the American People," saying Garfield had wrecked the Republican Party "and for this he dies." There emerged from the cocoon of his obsession the usual justification for political murder: "This is not murder. It is a political necessity . . . [it will] save the republic."

June 18: Guiteau had read that Garfield would go to Long Branch, New Jersey, with his sick wife. He resolved to shoot the President at the depot then but softened when he saw the frail Mrs. Garfield on her husband's arm and, besides, it was a "hot, sultry day." This peculiar susceptibility to emotional and climatic changes has marked other assassins, as we'll see in the cases of John Schrank, who attacked Theodore Roosevelt, and Giuseppe Zangara, who fired his pistol in the direction of Franklin Roosevelt. Such deflections, unhappily, are only temporary for the dedicated assassin.

June 25: Fixed in his goal, Guiteau visited the District of Columbia Jail to see for himself his future accommodations. He concluded that it was "a very excellent jail."

July 1: Evening in Lafayette Square. Guiteau watched Garfield leave the White House, cross Pennsylvania Avenue and stroll to Blaine's house nearby. Following, Guiteau stopped in an alley. Soon the Secretary of State and the President appeared, on their way back to the White House. Their amiability proved that the Half-Breeds were winning, just as Guiteau had said. Guiteau trailed Garfield and Blaine to the White House, watched their backs but did not attack. Again, he said it was too hot and sultry.

But the morning of July second was just right.

Guiteau left the fashionable Riggs House at five A.M., ambled to Lafayette Square, where he read a newspaper. At seven, he returned to the hotel for a good breakfast. In his room, he wrote a few letters, wrapped a package containing his autobiographical writings and put his revolver in his right hip pocket. He wore a clean white shirt, a black vest, a coat, trousers and a hat. A bit before nine, he left the Riggs House, ducking a bill for the last time. A horse-car took him to the depot. There he arranged for a taxi to whisk him away from any lynch mob that might form after the shooting. It would take him to the Congressional Cemetery, an appropriate place close to the jail, whence he would run to turn himself in. Then he had his shoes shined. He had 20 cents left, not enough to pay the taxi driver two dollars for his escape, but for Guiteau that was a small matter. He left his package with a newsstand vendor, went to the rest room to verify that the revolver was in working order and waited for Garfield.

The President arrived about 9:20. Unguarded, he and Blaine strode through the ladies' waiting room. Guiteau stood behind a bench. When the two were almost across the room, Guiteau drew the bulldog, walked up behind the men and shot Garfield in the back, low and on the right. He fired again and the bullet grazed the collapsing President's arm. Guiteau ran for his taxi, but a policeman stopped him near the exit. "I wish to go to jail," he told the officer. "Arthur is President and I am a Stalwart." In his left hand, he held a note for General William Sherman. It explained how he had shot the President several times to make his death as easy as possible and asked for troops to protect the jail from violence.

On the depot floor, Dr. Smith Townsend, the District of Columbia health officer, examined Garfield's wound. He told the President it wasn't serious. Garfield replied, "I thank you, doctor, but I am a dead man." The blood spread over the gray traveling suit as the President was put onto a mattress, carried to a police ambulance and taken to a

second-floor bedroom in the White House. The Cabinet rallied to his bedside. Lincoln's son, Robert Todd Lincoln, was Secretary of War. It had been 16 years since four conspirators had been hanged for the murder of his father, the first American President assassinated. At the White House, Lincoln said, "How many hours of sorrow I have passed in this town."

Immediately after the shooting, while the nation waited to learn whether or not Garfield would recover and so whether or not Guiteau would hang, the rumors of conspiracy spread. People remembered the Lincoln affair and shuddered. James Brooks, chief of the Secret Service, vowed to run down every lead. Word came in that behind the shooting were socialists, or still-smoldering Southerners, or disgruntled business leaders, or Continental nihilists. Henry Ward Beecher, like the Warren commissioners of our time, called it the "act of an isolated lunatic." And Brooks could find no evidence of a conspiracy. He had only Guiteau, safe in the District of Columbia Jail (though, as with Booth's conspirators, rumor had him in irons on a monitor in the Potomac—an ironic myth nourished by Garfield's being attended by Joseph K. Barnes, Army Surgeon General, who'd treated Lincoln after Booth's shot).

Guiteau relished his notoriety. He prepared statements for newsmen; thus, he helped create our first media assassination. He was quoted widely, most often saying that he had acted to save us all, at the behest of the Deity. Unmoved, the press vilified him while building Garfield to heights of human perfection unscaled even by the martyred Lincoln. The President's long illness gave writers ample time to canonize the stricken general.

In early September, the President, weak and in great pain, was conveyed in an excruciating rail journey to the New Jersey seashore, where he hoped he would feel better. Nothing helped. Though he rallied periodically, Garfield was doomed by the bulldog's bullet, which had smashed ribs and vertebrae before nicking a large artery and stopping behind the pancreas. An aneurysm formed on the artery, halting the bleeding. It kept him alive until it burst on September 19, when he died after an 11-week struggle against chills, fever, vomiting, increasing weakness and his own mystification. "He must have been crazy," Garfield had said of Guiteau.

With Garfield's death, the nation went mad with mourning and with anger. It now seems familiar to us—the princely funeral, the family grief, the national keening, the eulogies, the selling of a martyred President. There were also the cheap rumors, the denigrating folk songs, the phrenology pamphlets showing Guiteau's criminal, un-American mind.

He was brought to trial two months

later, in November 1881. The issue was simple: Was he sane and so culpable? The decision was to mark our treatment of assassins for generations, but it and the effects of our second Presidential killing are quickly told.

Guiteau's behavior was manic. In the courtroom, he cavorted like the Chicago Seven. He mocked his well-meaning lawyers (including his brother-in-law) and heaped abuse ("old hog . . . fraud") on the prosecution. He told Judge Walter Cox he stood in court as "an agent of the Deity." Judge Cox was lenient, perhaps because, in another irony, he had in 1865 defended Michael O'Laughlin and Samuel Arnold on charges in the Lincoln assassination, had then seen authorities ride roughshod over the rights of the accused. This consideration was lost on Guiteau, who claimed not only divine justification—"the actual interjection of some foreign substance into my brain"—but also secular approval. He displayed letters from admirers (James Earl Ray would get hundreds after Martin Luther King, Jr.'s death) and announced that the Stalwarts would spring him so that he might stand for President when he was acquitted. His defense sought, naturally, to show him mad (just as Richard Lawrence, who attacked Andrew Johnson in 1835, had been declared insane and so was spared death). But the prosecution stood by England's common law, the M'Naghten rule, which stated that a person who knew the nature and consequences of his act, and knew it was forbidden by law, was sane and subject to trial. An alienist affirmed that Guiteau did know these things. Guiteau's former wife said he was sane, although how she arrived at that opinion is unknown.

The defense labored to show that Guiteau was chronically aberrant. His sister recounted how he had threatened her with an ax. A letter from his late father was introduced, which opined that Charles was "a fit subject for a lunatic asylum." Witnesses told of his odd behavior at Oneida and elsewhere. But it was useless. The nation was aroused. Two attempts were made on Guiteau's life after he was imprisoned (one by a disgusted guard) as the rage reflex of Booth's alleged slayer Boston Corbett and much later Jack Ruby took effect (it didn't help Guiteau when a New York landlord swore the bill collector once vowed he'd have fame, if need be, the way John Wilkes Booth had won it).

The prosecution told the jury Guiteau was feigning madness just as he did in business—that he was an "artful simulator." As with Lincoln, the Government seemed to need someone guilty and executed. As with Lincoln, it worked to assure that verdict. Despite having the acknowledged killer in jail, the state's lawyers coached witnesses on their testimony and bribed some experts to testify

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that Guiteau was, within the M'Naghten rule, sane. They suppressed or destroyed letters and documents that might show that he was crazy.

On January 21, 1882, the jury heard the last plea for Guiteau. He made it himself: "To hang a man in my mental condition on July second, when I fired on the President, would be a lasting disgrace to the American people." He wept and postured. Four days later, after the prosecution's summation, the jury retired for one hour and five minutes before coming in with the guilty verdict. All appeals were denied. Guiteau was sane and must pay with his life. The new President, Chester Arthur, refused clemency. Guiteau was hanged at 12:40 p.m. on June 30, 1882, before a crowd of 250, some of whom had paid \$300 for the privilege. When the trap dropped, he was singing a childish poem he'd composed that morning, which ended, "Glory Hallelujah, I am going to the Lordy!" At the autopsy, the physicians were especially interested in his brain. Close examination revealed abnormalities indicative of syphilis or malaria.

Today, few know the name Charles Julius Guiteau, which would probably have surprised him. No more, however, than the establishment in 1883 of the Civil Service Commission and the merit system, which eliminated the craven office seeking that apparently at last had unhinged him. After Garfield, too, some citizens agitated for stricter control of guns, although Guiteau was hardly a gun nut and had bought his revolver legally. The legal profession awakened to the possibilities of "moral insanity" (i.e., severe antisocial or regicidal tendencies without overt delusions or extreme aberrant behavior) and so moved toward new defenses for assassins. Doctors called as expert witnesses paid closer attention to hereditary madness, recalling that Guiteau had had one uncle, two aunts and two first cousins who were certified crazy. And there were the usual calls for more protection for our Presidents. As events proved, it was needed.

In the 20 years, two months and four days between Garfield's last walk and William McKinley's reception at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York, the Western world changed rapidly. A middle class burgeoned, while a working class demanded its fair share. Industry ruled, but Marx was in reaction.

The changing economic and psychological and political realities loosed strikes, riots and assassinations. A chief cause was economic unrest and its concomitant, the nihilistic notion that if industry's captains and Government's ministers could not assist the mass of men to better lives, then we'd be better off without them. As early as Garfield's assassination, Ulysses Grant proposed a remedy for the fear that stalked America

and the world between 1881 and 1901: "If this is the outgrowth of nihilism, I am in favor of crushing it out immediately by the prompt execution of the would-be assassins and their followers."

Leon Czolgosz, the self-styled anarchist who killed McKinley, would suffer just that. But the act of this stooped factory worker was a natural outgrowth of his times.

Like John Wilkes Booth and Charles Julius Guiteau, the men who attacked McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt thought they were saving the republic's best traditions. For Czolgosz in 1901, the popular McKinley symbolized "prosperity when there was no prosperity for the poor man." For John Schrank, the attempt in 1912 to kill Roosevelt—he failed but wounded him—was a fulfillment of a prophetic dream in which the dead McKinley had ordered him to kill Roosevelt.

Czolgosz' melancholy adventure began in Detroit in 1873. A fourth child, he had been conceived in Poland by parents emigrating in search of prosperity. Arriving in Detroit, Czolgosz' father worked for the city sewer system while his mother did laundry. She died shortly after the birth of her eighth child, when Leon was 12. The family then was in northern Michigan, in a Polish settlement, where Leon learned to speak Polish and finished five and a half years of schooling. He was the studious one of the family. He read and grew up shy, quiet and solitary. Occasional displays of anger broke his calm. When he was 16, the family moved to Natrona, a Polish town close to Pittsburgh. Leon went to work in a bottle factory for 75 cents a day. The next stop was Cleveland, where he found a job in a wire mill for ten dollars a week. He worked there until he was 25, the dreary tenor of his existence leavened mightily by a strike in 1893, which set him thinking and reading about capitalism, anarchism and the validity of the Roman Catholic faith in which he'd been raised. After the strike was settled, he returned to work as Fred C. Nieman, ostensibly using an alias because he feared official retaliation for his participation in the strike. He continued reading and joined a socialist discussion group.

The discussions, his taste for sociological and utopian writing and his later flirtation with real anarchists were all the intellectual life Czolgosz ever had. His work was menial. He and his family, although industrious and ambitious, hadn't yet made it as the dream had forecast. Not that they were without everything. They'd all chipped in to buy 55 acres 12 miles from Cleveland, and Leon liked it on the farm, walking in the woods, doing chores. But he still worked in the mill and in Cleveland, his life was as straight, hard and uniform

as the wire he made. He hung around saloons, drank an occasional whiskey, smoked, played a desultory hand of cards. In 1895, when he was 22, his father facilitated these activities by buying a saloon. The socialists arranged to meet upstairs and Leon often sat in with them. But still, life just went on.

Then, in 1898, he had a nervous breakdown. A healthy, normal factory worker vanished and in his place stood a pale, agitated potential killer. He quit his job in August 1898 and took to spending days at the farm, reading an anarchist newspaper published in Chicago. He went in to Cleveland occasionally to see a doctor and he took medicine, but it didn't help. The assassination of King Humbert I of Italy in July 1900 raised his interest, and he clipped a newspaper account of the act. Media contagion seemed to set in—a phenomenon more marked in our time—and he took the clipping to bed with him for weeks.

The summer of 1900 was far more active for McKinley. He'd been renominated in June, the sign that his Administration had done well by the Republican Party and America. With Roosevelt as his Vice-President, he could well expect to defeat, as he had in 1896, William Jennings Bryan (and his free-silver, anti-imperialist running mate, Adlai E. Stevenson). President McKinley looked back with pleasure on his life. He was descended from Scotch-Irish and English who'd come to America in the early 18th Century (no recent immigrant, he). His grandfather James was a manager of a charcoal furnace in Ohio and William had reaped the benefits, the dream's rewards. They were so like Garfield's. A term of college, then heroism for the Union in the Civil War, then a law practice, election to Congress and a long, powerful career there helping the policies of his friends Grant, Hayes and Garfield.

McKinley annexed the Hawaiian Islands in 1898 and, with the sinking of the Maine in the Havana harbor as a motive, whipped Spain the same year, thereby winning the Philippine Islands. Trade interests also demanded a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and that was high on the President's roster of priorities. While Czolgosz was musing over King Humbert, McKinley was putting down the stubborn Philippine insurrection, not to mention dispatching American warships to China to protect our interests during the Boxer rebellion. His heroic Vice-President mightily approved of these expansionist policies and was even more eager than he to lower tariffs a bit and move into the world's markets. Together, they were a formidable team. They marched to victory in November 1900 and on to a gala Inauguration on March 4, 1901. McKinley was at his peak, bluff and hearty, immensely

Playboy Club News

HEF JOINS KEYHOLDERS TO CELEBRATE REOPENING OF CINCINNATI PLAYBOY CLUB



Hef takes time out from the celebration to chat about the new Club with Maxine Watkins, Cincinnati's Eyewitness News anchorperson.

PLAYBOY CLUB NOW HONORS MAJOR CREDIT CARDS

For your convenience, you may charge your good times at the Club to any of the major credit cards we now accept. Playboy Club credit keyholders may, of course, charge to their Keys. Or you may choose to pay in cash.

NEW YORK PLAYBOY CLUB REOPENS IN MARCH

NEW YORK (Special) — March marks the long-awaited reopening of the Playboy Club at 5 East 59th Street in Manhattan. Keyholders will have five floors of rooms for dining, drinking and entertainment.

On the first level, the Playmate Bar will be the meeting place for keyholders and their guests. A few steps up takes you to the action in the Disco. On the mezzanine level, the Club's renowned buffet is featured in the Living Room. The VIP Room on the second floor is the place for

gourmet dining. And great entertainment takes to the stage in the third-floor Playroom. On the fourth floor is another complete showroom with a full stage and plenty of comfortable seating. And the fifth floor of the new Club is designed to give you the ideal setting for private parties or business meetings.

With a Key, the New York Playboy Club can be your Manhattan headquarters!

CINCINNATI (Special) — It was one of Cincinnati's best parties. Hugh M. Hefner and Johnny Bench were there. Cincinnati Playboy Club General Manager Don Schneider was on hand to welcome old and new keyholders and friends. And the evening's proceeds were donated to the American Cancer Society.

The event was a gala pre-opening benefit in honor of the exciting new Cincinnati Playboy Club at 35 East Seventh Street. Everyone agreed the Club was well worth waiting for!

The emphasis in the new Club is on space and style. Natural colors — rich browns, vibrant green, warm rust—are accented by lush, live foliage. The atmosphere is relaxed, open yet intimate. And the Club

is designed for comfort.

Keyholders and their guests enjoy lunch and dinner in the Living Room, with its massive fireplace. Sip cocktails in the Snug, a cozy lounge area. Challenge the latest electronic diversions in the Game Room. Or catch the bright entertainment in the spacious Playroom.

The next time you're in Cincinnati, take your Key and join the fun at the Club.

NEW KEYHOLDER BENEFITS

CHICAGO (Special) — Now a Playboy Club Key is an even greater value.

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And, of course, your Key is an invitation to Playboy Clubs across the U.S., in Canada and Great Britain.

You'll also have an opportunity to renew your Key for a second year by paying an Annual Key Fee.

A Playboy Club Key can be your ticket to an ever-expanding world of excitement. Share it with us! To apply for your Key, complete and mail the coupon on this page or the order card today.



Cincinnati's Bunny of the Year, Debbie Whitaker (right), welcomes guests to the reopening party.

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P.O. Box 2704, Blair, Nebraska 68009

Please send me an application for a Playboy Club International Key.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S. initial Key fee is \$25. Canadian initial Key fee is \$25 Canadian. You will be billed for your \$10 Annual Key Fee at the close of your first year as a keyholder.

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$25 payable to Playboy Clubs International, Inc.

I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

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*Temporarily closed.

popular and assured of bill-passing influence in Congress through his friendship with Mark Hanna and assorted "fixers." The nation appeared tranquil, almost freed of the acrimonious sectionalism that was the residue of the Civil War. His party was unified, unlike Garfield's. His only sorrow was his invalid and dotty wife, Ida. A pity, since he was only 58.

Czolgosz was 28. He carried 140 pounds on a 5'7" frame and now bore a placid, nearly bovine expression on his round face. After a long period of listlessness during the election furor, he went to the family farm and asked for the money he'd put in it (rather like Guiteau at Oneida). The family promised it, perhaps partly because Leon hinted that he might soon be dead. On May 5, 1901, he attended a lecture in Cleveland by "Red Emma" Goldman, the 31-year-old Russian anarchist who then went about preaching the virtues of no government. Soon afterward, Czolgosz contacted an anarchist club in Cleveland, introduced himself as Fred Nieman and inquired whether its members might be "plotting something like Bresci [King Humbert's assassin]." The implied terrorism seems to have put them off (five days before Czolgosz shot McKinley, an anarchist paper ran a warning that a spy, noticed in Chicago and Cleveland, might be trying to infiltrate them—the description matched that of Czolgosz).

Leon did go to Chicago, early in July, traveling on his farm money. He called on Goldman, who hurried away to catch a train for her home in Rochester, New York. Not many days later, Leon turned up in West Seneca, a town near Buffalo (and not far from Rochester). Why he went there, no one knows. He later told police it was to find work, which was both uncharacteristic of his recent behavior and puzzling. Was there more work near Buffalo than in Chicago or Cleveland? Perhaps he was fascinated by the aura of the Pan-American Exposition, a show of dazzling technological progress (including the X ray) that had opened May first. Whatever, he stayed in West Seneca, passing time, until August 29, when he left, exchanging a broken revolver for part of his bill, and took a boat from Buffalo across Lake Erie to Cleveland. He stayed only a day, then returned to Buffalo. On August 31, he rented a room above a saloon, registering as John Doe. By then he knew what was to come.

September 5: McKinley spoke before 50,000 persons, telling them he now favored reciprocal trade and lower tariffs. Everyone cheered. Czolgosz watched and was disgusted with the panoply, the honors accorded the President. "It wasn't right," he later said. But that didn't confirm him in murder. He had decided some time before, and he'd bought, on

the second, for \$4.50, a .32-caliber Iver Johnson revolver, decorated with an owl's head on the grip and in good condition. Hardly a devastating weapon, but then, Leon was new to this.

September 6: The public reception opened at four P.M. McKinley had returned from a visit to Niagara Falls, as had Czolgosz. After a tour of the fairgrounds, the President would shake hands for ten minutes, an obligatory gesture for the leader of a democracy much like the behavior of Gerald Ford, which has twice endangered him. McKinley was guarded by soldiers, police detectives and the Secret Service—about 50 in all—as the line advanced. It was a hot day and no one paid attention to the small man, neat in his gray suit—a workingman come to see his President—who shuffled in line, his right hand swathed in a handkerchief. After all, many were mopping their brows. When he reached the President, a Secret Service man shoved him gently ahead. He extended his left hand, the President his right. Czolgosz slapped McKinley's hand aside and fired the Iver Johnson twice through the handkerchief, setting it afire. The first slug ricocheted off the President's breastbone (later, like the "magic bullet" of the J.F.K. murder, it fell out of McKinley's clothes). The second burrowed through his walruslike girth, traversed the stomach, the pancreas and a kidney and came to rest near McKinley's back muscle wall.

So it was done. Vengeful guards jumped Czolgosz and nearly killed him there. "Don't let them hurt him," McKinley called.

"I did my duty," Leon muttered.

McKinley was taken to the home of John Milburn—president of the exposition—after emergency surgery in the fair's hospital. Doctors were hopeful, so much so that they refused the aid of the newfangled X ray Thomas Edison sent them. But John Hay—who had been Lincoln's secretary, a friend of Garfield and now McKinley's Secretary of State—shook his head and said the President would die. McKinley agreed. Though he rallied at first like Garfield, gangrenous blood poisoning consumed him bit by bit. He told his doctors, "It is useless, gentlemen. I think we ought to have prayer." He sighed, "His will, not ours, be done," mumbled the last verse of *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, and died about 2:15 A.M. on September 14.

His funeral, like those of our other slain Presidents, was grand. *Nearer, My God, to Thee* became more popular. The national mourning was loud and prolonged. Mrs. McKinley understood "her dearest's" death but not much else, and she retired to their home at Canton, Ohio, uncertain of what had happened.

The most immediate effects were the

swearing in of Roosevelt as President and the trial of Czolgosz. There wasn't much to the latter. For one thing, Leon kept uttering outrageous anarchist things: "I don't believe one man should have so much service. . . . I thought it would be a good thing for the country to kill the President," and so on. For another, he refused the aid of his lawyers, who weren't anxious to assist him, anyway. The trial lasted eight hours and 26 minutes. The jury was out 34 minutes before it declared Czolgosz guilty. He had been, the jury thought, just as a panel of five experts had said, "the product of anarchy, sane and responsible." Czolgosz was electrocuted at 7:12 A.M. on October 29, 1901—53 days after shooting McKinley. As they strapped him into the chair, he said, "I killed the President because he was the enemy of the good people—the good working people. I am not sorry for my crime." The autopsy revealed no cerebral abnormalities. In a remarkable display of haste and hatred, sulphuric acid was poured into the coffin.

Acid could not eradicate certain effects and questions, however.

First, as we might expect, the good working people weren't helped by Leon's act. If anything, some were put out of work. There was a minor Wall Street panic and an immense antianarchist wave. Employers fired and mobs attacked known anarchists. Goldman and others were arrested, abused and threatened before proving they were innocent of McKinley's death. Paterson, New Jersey, where Giuseppe Zangara was to live, was targeted for sacking, since it was a notorious anarchist stronghold, full of working stiff's and other low types—but authorities intervened.

Second, the familiar conspiracy talk began. Why had Leon gone to West Seneca? What was he doing there with the broken revolver he'd given the hotel-keeper? Was he an agent of some splinter group of nihilists? But no proof ever rose that he had acted in concert with others.

Third, questions again arose about what constituted sanity in a murderer. After Czolgosz' execution, several psychiatrists considered his case. They concluded that he had become schizophrenic during his breakdown and gradually built delusions—chiefly, that he was an anarchist and that it was his *duty* (as he'd said) to kill the President. Why else all the senselessly brave talk from a man who knew he was doomed? As with Guiteau, some jurists wanted thenceforth to be more careful in defining madness in the accused.

Fourth, laws were enacted to the detriment of Czolgosz' kind. New statutes banned the immigration of known anarchists and nihilists. They were called human sewage. More to the point, the



"How about showing me your recreational equipment?"

Secretary of the Treasury directed the Secret Service to provide full-time and complete protection for the President. It had taken Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, but now professional security men would guard the Chief Executive.

Lastly, the policies of McKinley were not changed. Roosevelt made that clear, saying, "It shall be my aim to continue, absolutely unbroken, the policy of President McKinley for the peace, the prosperity and the honor of our beloved country." Unlike McKinley, Teddy did avoid serious assassination attempts during his tenure from 1901 to 1909, no doubt due largely to Secret Service protection. John Schrank waited until 1912 to take a shot at him, when he ran as the third-party, third-term Bull Moose incarnate. He was unguarded then.

Schrank fit the mold of our previous assassins. He was smallish (5'4", 145 pounds), young (36), neat, male, opinionated, missing parents (father dead, mother remarried), a loner and possessed

of self-esteem just this side of megalomania. Further, like Booth, Guiteau and Czolgosz, he was no more than two generations from Europe (Schrank was born in Bavaria, in fact) and was correspondingly devoted to the principles he felt were embodied in the Constitution of his adopted land. Assuredly, they did not include a third-term "king" (from 1865, we hear Booth's fears of "Emperor Abe"). Yes, Schrank was typical.

Except that he'd had those two visions. The first, he later reported, was the day after McKinley died. There he was, John Nepomuk Schrank, in a room gazing at a coffin surrounded by flowers (so far, the same dream Lincoln had had), when a figure reared from the casket and pointed toward a man in a monk's habit. The pointer was McKinley, Schrank saw, and the monk, unlikely as it seems, was Roosevelt. The dead McKinley then intoned, "This is my murderer. Avenge my death."

The second came 11 years later, on September 14, 1912. Schrank never explained the interval, any more than he

did his lapse in heeding McKinley's command. Anyway, this time Schrank was in a room on Canal Street in New York (the hotel was called the White House). He was writing a lugubrious, self-admonishing poem called *Be a Man* (it was the time of Kipling), when a voice said, "Let not a murderer take the Presidential chair. Avenge my death." A tap on the shoulder and Schrank turned to look into the pale face of McKinley. Understandably, he left a week later to obey the dead President.

Between visions, unlike Guiteau and Czolgosz, Schrank seemed to glimpse, nearly to grasp, America's possibilities. He was the immigrant (arriving in America in 1889) who had it made. True, he was parentless. But he was raised and cared for by his aunt and uncle. His uncle opened a Bavarian saloon in New York, paid Tammany to keep it open and, in time—maybe seeing that his dreamy nephew needed a patron—signed it over to John. Schrank thus was made an entrepreneur. He had a wedge into American success, yet he never drove it home. Instead, he drank beer, talked, lamented his one love affair (in 1904, his girlfriend died when the General Slocum burned in the East River). He read widely, too, especially the writings of political terrorists and patriots. He didn't care for Marx's socialism, but George Washington, Lajos Kossuth, Thaddeus Kosciusko, Jean Jacques Rousseau were favorites. He also wrote poetry and kept a journal full of the great thoughts that came to him.

Two years after taking over the saloon, John sold it and moved into a tenement his uncle had purchased. Commerce was too stifling for him, he felt. Now he could take long walks, read more, write—occasionally tend bar to make a bit of money. He never argued politics. His uncle had taught him that that was death for saloonkeepers.

In 1912, Schrank was living in New York's White House Hotel on the \$800 per year generated by what was then his tenement building. His aunt and uncle had left it to him and it was valued at \$25,000. Along with his bartending, the bequest meant he could muse for the rest of his life, since he was very thrifty. It seems never to have occurred to him—as it had to Guiteau—that he could make more money, could take advantage of the markets, the free-enterprise prosperity that McKinley, Roosevelt and William Taft had sparked. He would rather compose his essay, "The Four Pillars of the Republic." He specified them as (1) a two-term limit for Presidents, (2) enforcing the Monroe Doctrine, (3) eschewing wars of conquest and (4) ensuring that only Protestants could be President (he feared Roman domination). He placed the greatest weight on the first pillar, saying that foreign-born citizens like himself could scarcely "respect our institutions" when somebody like Roosevelt wanted a third term.



"I enjoyed it. You preach like a man."

After the second vision—in September 1912—Schrank decided he would kill Roosevelt. He would do it while Teddy campaigned. He borrowed \$350 and bought a steamship ticket that would take him south along the Atlantic Coast, probably to New Orleans. For no good reason, that seemed a good place to shoot a Bull Moose. Before leaving, Schrank wrote on the back of a water-and-light bill, "Down with Theodore Roosevelt. We want no king. . . . We will not yield to Rome." Then he bought a .38-caliber Colt and a box of cartridges. Total cost: \$14.55. The gunshop owner told him that unless he had a permit, pursuant to the Sullivan Law, the revolver would have to be made inoperative. Schrank pleaded that he was leaving New York, showing his steamship ticket. The owner yielded (which raises a question about the effectiveness of gun-control legislation) and Schrank, whose total firearm experience consisted of once having fired a pistol on the Fourth of July, walked away armed.

Then, like many assassins, Schrank stalked his man. Debarking at Charleston, he trailed the whistle-stopping Teddy to Birmingham, through Georgia, to Chattanooga, where he saw Roosevelt for the first time (and, presumably, connected his abstract idea with a personal animus). But there were no good opportunities to shoot. Then Roosevelt went home for a rest, leaving Schrank to swelter in the Midwest's Indian summer and await the candidate's next swing through the Republican heartland. Schrank moved slowly from Nashville to Evansville, on to Louisville and Indianapolis, until he read that Roosevelt would leave Oyster Bay, New York, on October seventh for another Midwestern tour. Schrank and Roosevelt arrived in Chicago the same day, October 12.

Again, the Bavarian saw his target but did not shoot; he later said it was because he didn't want to dirty the "decent, respectable reputation" of Chicago (a nicety lost on its citizens, who even then lived between machine politics and organized crime). It seems that Schrank had no such friendly feeling for Milwaukee. He went there on Sunday, October 13, and awaited Roosevelt, whose itinerary called for a speech there the next day. Appropriately enough, Schrank spent Sunday in Milwaukee, drinking beer near the Hotel Gilpatrick, whose Progressive owner had inveigled Roosevelt into attending a small supper there the next evening before the speech. Schrank seems to have learned that, drunk on and, quite uncharacteristically, tipped the musicians for playing *The Stars and Stripes Forever*.

The next evening, Schrank stood in front of the Gilpatrick, immaculate in suit, batwing collar and fedora. He waited, standing about six feet from the open car parked in front. At eight o'clock, Roosevelt came out, entered the car, stood and waved to the cheering crowd (greeting them as Franklin Roosevelt was to do

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in Miami, 21 years thence, just before the shooting started). Schrank's right hand thrust forward between two onlookers, the Colt went off and Teddy staggered backward against the seat. The bullet tore into his right chest, below and to the right of the nipple, then angled upward for about four inches, fracturing a rib. No doubt it would have gone through the lung, perhaps out his back or deflected into some other organ. But Roosevelt had folded his 50-page speech in half and put it in his breast pocket, along with his metal spectacle case. The bullet lost much force penetrating the 100 pages and the case. Otherwise, he later said, he would have been killed.

After the one shot, Schrank was tackled by Roosevelt's stenographer. Police dragged him away as Teddy ordered his driver on to the auditorium. He was satisfied that he wasn't seriously hurt. As he shouted to the audience of 9000 hysterical followers, "It takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose!" He spoke for 50 minutes before seeking treatment for shock and loss of blood. He recovered quickly at Mercy Hospital in Chicago and went home on October 21. Although he was, again, a national hero, he lost the election to Woodrow Wilson. Schrank's bullet remained inside him the rest of his life.

Schrank outlived Roosevelt by 24 years (and said he was "sorry to learn" of Teddy's death). His act was not subject to the rumors and speculations usually surrounding assassinations and their attempts. The dreams had done it, that was all, the dreams and a pistol. Schrank was never tried on the charge of armed assault with intent to kill. A sanity commission of five alienists examined him. It concluded he was "suffering from insane delusions, grandiose in character . . . he is insane at the present time." One alienist went on to say, "I think his disease is original paranoia, that it is chronic and in my opinion is incurable."

At the court's order, Schrank—called Uncle John by his fellow patients—spent the rest of his life comfortable enough in mental hospitals. Perhaps directly due to them, he was luckier than Guiteau and Czolgosz.

Schrank lived to see an assassination—that of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo in 1914—trigger World War One. He lived to see the war threaten the end of Western civilization as it had been known. He heard the sounds of the jazz age through the radio and the machine-gun rattle of Prohibition violence. He read—for he still kept up—about the Syndicate and Al Capone, and about the troubles in Chicago, that nice town, and about the killing of Chicago's Mayor Anton Cermak during an assassination attempt on F.D.R. He heard about Huey Long's great fall down in the bayous. He even saw the beginning of World War Two, that final assault on the traditions

of the West. He protested none of it, until 1940, when he announced that Franklin Delano Roosevelt should not seek a third term and that if Uncle John could, he'd save the nation again from a Roosevelt dictatorship. He didn't add that he wished Giuseppe Zangara had been a better shot.

Actually, Zangara did pretty well—and there is considerable speculation that he accomplished just what he, or someone, wanted: to kill Cermak and not Roosevelt. It was February 15, 1933. In two weeks, the United States, to which Zangara had immigrated ten years before, would inaugurate Roosevelt as its 32nd President. Most hoped this polio-lamed aristocrat would somehow bring the country out of the Depression, bring back the joys and jobs of the jazz age. Zangara really didn't care. He was glad he had no work. He'd worked too long. Now he was in Miami's Bayfront Park with an eight-dollar, .32-caliber revolver in his pocket, a five-foot, 105-pound man dwarfed in the crowd waiting for Roosevelt.

The President-elect was coming ashore that evening from Vincent Astor's yacht. He'd been fishing for 12 days. Despite routine warnings about possible danger, Roosevelt had decided to say a few words in Miami. He loved the American people, he said, and he needed all the support he could muster. So an informal speech was announced and the people gathered in the park, near a bandstand built to resemble a Shriner's vision of Oriental splendor (it had, in fact, been constructed for their convention). Roosevelt would speak from his car, which could be parked on the curved driveway fronting the be-domed pavilion. Behind him, on the stage, would be the dignitaries—Miami officials, F.D.R.'s advisors and Cermak, who had come to Miami to plead for Federal patronage and funds from the new Administration and to repair the political damage Cermak had suffered by his tardy endorsement of F.D.R. (though, to be sure, when the crunch had come, Tony got out the Chicago Democrats in gratifying numbers. Now there was the matter of judgeships and the like.).

It was nearly 9:30 when Roosevelt's light-blue Buick touring car curled around the driveway and past Zangara, whose size prevented him from getting up front. These big Americans pressed forward and Zangara couldn't see over them or get up near the driveway. He shoved against them. One Iowan told him, "It isn't proper for you to go and stand out and push yourself in front of someone else." Propriety was far from Zangara's mind. The whole situation reminded him of 1923, when he'd had a vague notion of killing King Victor Emmanuel III in his native Italy but was prevented from doing so by the crush of a crowd. He

scuttled forward as best he could.

Roosevelt spoke briefly, delivering 132 words calculated to show that he was a regular guy, a sportsman who could put in a day's work or go fishing as well as the next, even if he *was* handicapped. He sat on the top of the rear seat in bright light, waving, chatting, smiling for the newsreel cameras. A perfect target, if anybody wanted a shot at him. In a minute or so, he was finished. He slid into the rear seat and waved Cermak down from the bandstand for a greeting. Miami officials started forward with a fake telegram of welcome, suitably large. The crowd moiled, the human walls split.

Then there was little Zangara, up on a chair about 25 feet from Roosevelt's car, teetering as he pulled the stiff trigger of his revolver as fast as he could. Five shots (like firecrackers, F.D.R. later said) and five people went down. Three bystanders collapsed with head wounds, a woman twisted, shot in the belly, and Cermak folded over, a bullet smashing under his right armpit and into his lung. He fell back off the running board to Roosevelt's left.

Immediately, confusion and jerky movement. Zangara was overwhelmed by police and bystanders, his clothes were torn from him, his defiant shouts in broken English lost as he was thrown onto the rack of a limousine, sat upon by three cops and carried off to the lockup. Cermak called, "The President, get him away!" Roosevelt ordered his car to stop—his driver had started to move away from the danger—and that Cermak be put in with him. The President-elect cradled the wounded mayor. As he later said, "I held him all the way to the hospital and his pulse constantly improved. . . . I remember I said, 'Tony, keep quiet—don't move—it won't hurt you if you keep quiet and remain perfectly still.'"

It was good advice but bootless. Cermak, like Garfield and McKinley, seemed to get better at first, but in three weeks he was dead from "complications" caused by the bullet, his doctors said, though the official cause of death was ulcerative colitis. The other shooting victims pulled through. Amid hosannas for his salvation, Roosevelt went on to his Inauguration, to the New Deal, to World War Two and election to four terms. Zangara—first given 80 years for the assaults before the mayor died—was electrocuted for the murder of Cermak. He welcomed death, since it ended the stomach-ache he said over and over made all rulers unbearable to him. Zangara's death did not, however, end two things: the irony that he had killed the successful immigrant personified and the rumor that he had been after Cermak all the time, that the mayor had not accidentally perished in a fusillade of gunfire aimed at Roosevelt.

This rumor is so persistent, as so many

alternate theories of our assassinations, that we must scan the lives of Zangara and Cermak, the loser and the winner immigrants, if we are to fathom why anybody would contend, despite Zangara's vehement denials, that little Giuseppe was after big Tony. Start with the killer. What sort of man was Zangara?

Overall, he was poor, sick and angry. Born in September 1900 in Ferruzzano, Calabria, a harsh part of Italy's boot toe, Giuseppe's mother died when he was two. His father, as gruff and dictatorial as Guiteau's, took him out of school and put him to work at the age of eight. Zangara said he was sure this hard early work had given him the terrible pains he suffered all his life and that the rulers were at fault for making people labor so hard. He knew, too, that he hated the rich, because their children passed him on their way to school while he had to work on the streets.

There's no doubt that Zangara was a sickly child (though his autopsy showed no stomach disorders, he did have a damaged gall bladder that could have pained him) and he grew to be only a short, lightweight man, with black, bushy hair above a lupine face marked by sad brown eyes. Perhaps to escape from home, Zangara joined the Italian army as a teenager and served five years. After his arrest, he said it was when he was a soldier in 1923 that he'd felt like killing King Victor Emmanuel III. (No proof exists of this—it might have been a fantasy, but if he had succeeded, Zangara's stomach troubles would have been cured a decade sooner.)

As it was, he immigrated to the United States, arriving on September 2, 1923. He found his way to Paterson, New Jersey—still an anarchist center—where his uncle lived. He found work as a bricklayer, his uncle's trade, and he joined the A.F.L.'s Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers Union. He made good money, about \$12 a day, and saved most of it. People remembered him as quiet, a loner, equally inept with women and the English language, in every way unremarkable except for his continual bellyaching (which an appendectomy didn't help) and his occasional outbursts against kings, Presidents and all authorities. He even slandered Calvin Coolidge, who certainly never tried to attract such attention. His uncle said all he did was eat (soft food) and sleep (he once rented two rooms, one to keep space between him and his neighbors). Zangara didn't drink much, because it hurt his stomach.

Giuseppe lived that way until 1929. That year, he became both a naturalized and a foot-loose citizen, as though inspired to explore this country before everyone went broke. He visited Miami, because he thought the sun would help his stomach. He returned to odd jobs in New Jersey, but he wasn't the same. In 1931, he left Hackensack to spend time in Los

Angeles, bounced back to New Jersey, then in 1932 moved to Miami permanently. (These peregrinations remind one of another convicted assassin, James Earl Ray, as a malaise seems to fix on a man.) In a time when jobs were hard to keep, Zangara had willfully become an idler after laboring all those years. While the Presidential campaign, the Depression debates roared about him, he fished, bet the dogs, made trips to Palm Beach, Key West and Panama. He paid close attention to Roosevelt's victory over Hoover, not that he cared. He hated, he swore, all Presidents equally. He said he would have killed President Hoover if he hadn't read that February about Roosevelt's coming to Miami. He reasoned that Hoover was way up in Washington, where it was cold, bad for his belly, whereas Roosevelt would be right at hand, where it was warm. "I see Mr. Hoover first I kill him first," he stated at his trial. "Make no difference. Presidents just the same bunch—all same." Presumably, with that in mind, Zangara went to the Davis Pawnshop in downtown Miami and bought his pistol, a nickel-plated United States Revolver Company product. It looked like Czolgosz' weapon. When questioned later, the pawnbroker said it wasn't against the law to sell the gun, and it wasn't. "He got the money," Zangara reflected. Anyway, revolver in pocket, Zangara headed for Bayfront Park and his encounter with his opposite, Tony Cermak.

"Ten Percent" Tony, his enemies called him. They said he skimmed that much in kickbacks and assorted favors during his years of power. That sort of stuff, power plays, got him killed, they said. Amateur crooks don't push the Mob around and get away with it, they said, not in Chicago. Zangara did the job on the great reformer, that was all.

Not so, Cermak's friends said. The mayor had been the best thing that ever happened to Chicago. If only he'd lived to finish cleaning up the town; if only that demented man hadn't shot at Roosevelt. . . . Tony was almost saintly, the epitome of the good, self-made man, his admirers said.

Both sides could make a case.

Like Zangara, Cermak was foreign-born. He was born near Prague of Bohemian parents, and during his long ascent, he was known as a bohunk whose power base lay in Chicago's West Side Slavic neighborhoods (he was later interred in the Bohemian National Cemetery in a mausoleum that would not have been out of place at Forest Lawn). Cermak's father, a coal miner, brought the family to America, to Braidwood, Illinois, in 1874, the year after Anton's birth. Braidwood then was a mining town and, like Zangara, Cermak grew up knowing only work. He had perhaps three years of elementary school. After that, it was the

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mines and long hours of filthy, dangerous, dark work. Once he drove mules for about \$1.50 a day, a better job than working in the mines. Cermak learned to distrust his big-business employers and to drink a lot. He was often jailed for fighting. He also became a "labor agitator," helping organized workers in the steel mills of Gary and in the mines around Braidwood. Periodically, he moved with his family to Chicago as the Cermaks tried to break out of their working-class world. They failed until Tony gave up proletarian ways and became a capitalist ("Capitalism kill me!" Zangara cried before he sat in the electric chair).

When he was 19—in 1892—Cermak started his own hauling business in Chicago's Bohemian sections. He carted wood, coal, whatever, and he prospered with hard work, unflinching geniality and loads of political hackwork in the wards from which the Carter H. Harrison faction drew its strength (though Harrison was assassinated in 1893, his followers retained power for another 25 years). By 1902, Cermak was an Illinois state representative and by 1907 secretary of the United Societies for Local Self-Government, a saloon lobby organized by ethnics to combat the growing sentiment for Prohibition. By 1909, he represented Lawndale, as Democratic leader in the house. Tony was known as a man who took care of his family and his friends. They took care to ensure that he was always his ward's committeeman, an irreducible position of clout in machine politics.

In 1912, Cermak was elected bailiff of the Municipal Court of Chicago and from that incontestably powerful post, he attacked the first "big fix" administration of the notorious Republican mayor William Hale "Big Bill" Thompson. Big Bill, whose two terms established the mayor's office as the primal source of corruption in Chicago, didn't take this bohunk's criticism kindly. When Cermak ran for sheriff in 1918, he lost, despite riding popular sentiment in attacking Prohibition and the hated Germans, our blood enemies of the war. It was back to the city council to take over the seat of his friend Otto Kerner, whose son's criminal behavior in the Sixties as governor of Illinois would put him in jail.

After that, it was upward for Cermak. In 1922, he was elected president of the Cook County Board of Commissioners—a position that gave him both considerable patronage power and influence with candidates for city, county, state and Congressional elections. In 1928, Cermak was boomed for governor, but he was outmaneuvered for the nomination by Irish politician George Brennan. That same year, he ran for the U. S. Senate and was defeated. Stung, he turned on rivals among fellow Democrats and ethnics, the Irish, and wrung the party leadership

from them. With help, he intended reforming the Democratic Party and winning the city from Big Bill, who was by then serving his second term. To do that, Cermak needed political support, police support and the tacit approval of organized crime's shadow government. (Everyone knew that the police and the gangs were linked other than as cops and robbers. For example, Johnny Torrio—before Al ousted him—and Capone each pocketed about \$100,000 a week during the Twenties, an operation impossible without police connivance. You couldn't otherwise miss all the thousands of immigrant families cooking alcohol, the whores and the numbers, any more than the 600 plus unsolved murders.)

In short, to run—or to reform—Chicago, Cermak had to have the mayor's patronage power. The mayor could dictate who became policemen, commissioners, judges, and so control the various factions. Cermak turned to an old friend, Moe Rosenberg, for help in remolding the Democratic Party to a machine tough enough to defeat Thompson. Moe and his protégé Jake Arvey (once a power in Richard Daley's Chicago) had benefited from Cermak's influence. Moe and Jake (then an alderman) and Tony worked to reforge a puissant party so that all the spoils would be theirs. Once Cermak had that, he could turn it whatever way he willed.

In 1931, Cermak was elected mayor over Big Bill and across the nation the press rejoiced at the defeat of Thompsonism. Cermak's chief backers, public and private, were Rosenberg, Arvey, Patrick Nash and Melvin A. Traylor, president of the First National Bank of Chicago. The group represented business, government and respectable society. Rosenberg later testified that they'd wanted "to put Cermak in the mayor's chair, which we did." Thompson's charges that Moe and Tony were in collusion in a gigantic receivership business garnering huge fees for foreclosures didn't sway Chicago voters nearly as much as did the Democratic precinct captains. Registering every body in a graveyard and every wino didn't hurt, either. Cermak had made it. With his reorganized party behind him, he possessed the greatest power ever held by a Chicago mayor. Using it, he laid what some think were the foundations for his murder by Zangara, who, the speculation goes, was a dupe and a hit man for organized crime (similar logic is now applied to James Earl Ray by the conspiracy-minded).

The theory goes that because of the alliance needed to put him in the mayor's office, Cermak had close connections—closer even than Big Bill's—with the rackets. When Capone was sentenced to 11 years for income-tax evasion in 1931, Cermak saw his opportunity to bring organized crime under the mayor's control—whether for good or for ill depends on how one views Cermak's character. Either

way, Capone's incarceration left a vacuum that could be filled by the mayor.

Coincidentally came the 1932 national elections. During the Democratic Convention, Cermak held out for the renomination of Alfred E. Smith. Opposing F.D.R., he kept the bulk of Illinois' votes committed to Traylor, his banker friend. When Roosevelt won the nomination, Cermak relented and delivered Chicago's votes. But he still felt uneasy about the vital Federal patronage. He needed sympathetic judges, for instance, to put away unfriendly crooks. Moreover, there was the Chicago World's Fair coming up. For that, the city's image, his image, should be burnished as bright as a clean cop's badge.

Out of these needs—to direct the Mob and to clean up the city—came the events that fed the legend of tiny Giuseppe Zangara as a contract killer.

First, organized criminals became uneasy about Cermak now that he was mayor. They'd seen that he was tough with political opponents. Like Huey Long, and our own Richard Nixon, Cermak in office was suspected, in a contemporary writer's words, of using "surreptitious means such as wire taps, mail drops, surveillance and stool pigeons to ferret out information concerning the weaknesses and foibles of administrative and political friends, taking great pains to learn the identities of his enemies." If Tony would do that, wouldn't he move on some mobsters? He was, the talk went, acting as his own police commissioner, dealing closer with the underworld than any mayor ever had.

December 19, 1932—six weeks after the elections—brought the catalyst, so the story goes.

That day, members of Cermak's special police unit raided the Capone headquarters at 221 North LaSalle Street, hard by city hall. With Detective Sergeants Harry Lang and Harry Miller in the van, the cops charged in to find several men, among them Frank Nitti, who said he was there to put a bet on a horse. Nitti, the renowned "enforcer," was fresh from Leavenworth on a tax rap, returned to operate as Capone's regent while Al was away. After all, they were kinsmen.

What happened next wasn't altogether clear until the trial of Sergeant Lang, which came after Cermak was dead, and even then the images wavered darkly in the mirrored accounts.

A detective named Chris Callahan swore he searched Nitti, found him unarmed and was holding his wrists for the cuffs when Frank the enforcer asked, "What's this about?" Then, Callahan said, Sergeant Lang leveled his gun—Callahan jumped aside—and shot Nitti three times in the neck and back. He next shot himself in the finger. Nitti was sent to the hospital to die and the police announced

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that he'd been shot resisting arrest, as Lang's wound proved.

Unfortunately for that story, the durable Nitti recovered, to be tried for shooting Lang (but really as much as anything for importing a gunman—Louis "Little New York" Campagna—to kill Cermak). That was the reason for the raid, Lang testified, to arrest Campagna. Lang's story didn't wash. Nitti was acquitted, largely because Lang's self-inflicted wound suggested perjury. Next, the sergeant himself was arrested and indicted for perjury and shooting the gangster.

But well before Lang's arraignment and Cermak's death, rumors and events wriggled in the strange illumination of the underworld. A story mushroomed that Cermak's favorite gangster leader, Ted Newberry, had offered Lang \$15,000 to kill Nitti and run the "greaseballs," as Newberry reportedly called the *mafiosi*, out of town. Whether that was true or not, the January 7, 1933, issue of the *Chicago American* reported:

Ted Newberry, gentleman turned gangster, died like a gangster today. His body was found early today, shot through the head and one hand almost severed by shotgun slugs, in a ditch alongside a gravel road near Bailey Town, Porter County, Indiana.

Newberry's body was identified by a diamond-set buckle given to him by Capone.

After the shooting of Nitti and Newberry's last ride, Mayor Cermak, a widower since 1928, moved from his suite at the Congress Hotel to a bungalow at the top of the Morrison Hotel. Access was only by private elevator. A Hearst newspaperman named John Dienhart, cloying in his admiration of Cermak, reported after the mayor's death that he'd visited the mayor and been told Cermak moved after he saw greaseballs hanging around the hotel. The story is questionable, but it is certain the mayor ordered a bulletproof vest early in 1933 and that after the shooting of Nitti, his force of bodyguards was increased from three to five.

More evidence that Cermak thought he was endangered came out at Lang's trial. His partner, Miller, amplified the Campagna tale. The mayor had ordered the raid, Miller said, telling the police they'd find Nitti and Campagna at the headquarters, that Cermak thought Campagna was in town to kill him because he planned to shut down gangsterism for the duration of the world's fair. The gossip mills ground on, though no one would print much about the affair, not with Cermak a national martyr and all. Rumors agitated the city. Had Miller confirmed Nitti's belief that Newberry had paid Lang, one of the mayor's own bodyguards, to kill their mutual enemy? Had Tony set up Nitti? Had the Mob decided it had been betrayed by Cermak, who seemed

now to want to take over its affairs, and so had wasted Newberry? Was that, too, the reason for Cermak's death, not the gnomish Italian's stomach-ache?

The jury convicted Sergeant Lang, who said he'd "blow the lid off" Chicago politics and "wreck the Democratic Party" if he went to jail. Almost immediately, the judge granted him a new trial. He never was retried, but the police force dismissed him as "unfit." All very interesting.

But what part, we ask, in this *Untouchables* script could Zangara play? Is it possible that irritated *mafiosi* had assigned him to kill Cermak? If so, why?

The only credible motives for the Capone men's hiring Zangara would appear to be: Cermak was crowding them or Cermak was a genuine reformer. A police captain's recollection could apply to either. Cermak had told him, the officer said, "I need your help in shoving them out of town before the fair begins." Would that set off the Mob? If it did, is there any evidence that it would use Zangara and a .32 revolver from 25 feet amid a crowd and atop a chair?

Not likely. Indeed, almost nothing substantial supports the theory that Zangara killed Cermak at organized crime's behest. It is equally true that legitimate if peripheral questions fueled the suspicions and that America's propensity for sentimentalism perhaps forever confounded the case of Anton Cermak, Franklin Roosevelt and Giuseppe Zangara.

The assassin himself repeatedly said Roosevelt was his target, not the immigrant success Tony Cermak. The day he was executed, when he had nothing to lose, no retribution from alleged employers to fear, Zangara said of Cermak: "I wasn't shooting at him, but I'm not sorry I hit him."

Again and again, Zangara declared his intentions. The day he was brought to face his new sentence on the charge of murder, the defiant Zangara shouted to the court, "I'd kill any king or President," and that he didn't know of Cermak until after he was arrested. "But I want to kill Roosevelt!" he shouted. "I'm not scared about anything, because I'm sure I'm right!" he screamed at the judge on hearing sentence pronounced. "You crook man, too." On this occasion, as from the beginning, the judge and lawyers and newsmen were astonished by Zangara's courage, his obstinate insistence that capitalism and his stomach, those alone, had brought on his attack. It seemed unbelievable (though understandable—more recent assassinations evoke even higher-voltage skepticism).

Quite properly, Zangara had the last word on his beliefs. When he came to be executed, Giuseppe stated his expectations. Some were in his autobiography, which he handed to a death-room official. "There is no God," he said. "It's all

below... See, I no scared of electric chair." And Giuseppe marched over and sat in it. He glared around, the brown eyes full of contempt and behind them, the welcome for his release from pain. "Lousy capitalists," he cried again. "No pictures." That, at least, he had enjoyed. The notoriety, like Guiteau, Zangara had read all the newspaper stories, all the rumors and conjectures. Perhaps that made up for the long life of labor, of inferiority, of baffled dreams. "Goodbye. Adios to all the world," he said. Czolgosz would have cheered. "Go ahead. Push the button."

They did, in the execution cell of the Florida state prison at Raiford on March 20, 1933, at 9:15 A.M.—33 days after the attack in Bayfront Park. Again, physicians examined the assassin's brain. They found Zangara's normal, if small. The fact may have comforted the sanity commission whose report to Zangara's judges stated that while he had a "psychopathic personality," the verdict on his sanity rested with the court.

Zangara's body was unclaimed. He was buried in an unmarked grave in the prison graveyard. Presumably, he lies there still, along with the rumors that he was a hit man, or a terrorist, or anything except a maddened little man striking absurdly and at random against a world he could not abide. An assassin's death, of course, most often ends nothing. In Zangara's case, the effects—small and large—linger to this day. In the small category, a Mrs. Lillian Cross believed she had saved F.D.R.'s life by deflecting Giuseppe's arm, although the police said no one grabbed him until all five shots had been fired (to newsmen, Zangara said Mrs. Cross was right, but in private, he said no, the police were). A minor point, as well, is that although all accounts report five shots, if you count the bullet wounds in the five people, there are six—a fact first reported here with the hope that no "second gun" theorists, so hard to suppress in the case of Robert Kennedy, will emerge with a grand conspiracy theory designed rather than accept the physical fact that bullets ricochet off things like cars, concrete and bones with a capriciousness matched only by eyewitness accounts.

In larger realms, it was revealed after the funeral hysterics and the first 100 days of the New Deal that along with patronage, Cermak discussed with Democratic National Chairman Jim Farley the income-tax-evasion charges the mayor heard he might face. Predictably, the largest legacies were political. Some Democratic politicians, for example, wondered at the rightness of the 20th Amendment, ratified shortly before Zangara's attack, since it specified that if the President-elect died, the Presidency fell to the Vice-President-elect (Roosevelt's Vice-President was the undistinguished John Nance Garner from Texas, which may have been why the judge, in sentencing Zangara to death, said he did so because Roosevelt's death



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would have precipitated a catastrophe similar to that spawned by Sarajevo). There were, as usual, political murmurings about the Secret Service's thoroughness, since, as usual, the Secret Service announced two days after the incident that one "demented" man was responsible for it. Yet these political consequences were small compared with others.

In Congress, two laws were proposed. One would have authorized "investigation" of all those suspected of advocating the assassination of public officials (certainly, the Paterson-style anarchists, but also everybody else). The second—the Dies Law—would deport aliens or anyone who advocated overthrowing the Government. Though not passed as formulated, these proposals, born of Zangara, forecast the House Un-American Activities Committee and eventually the Red scare and McCarthyism.

Fittingly, perhaps, the grandest effect descended on the city of Chicago. With the death of Cermak, West Side bohunk power was broken. The pieces fell to Nash, Democratic county chairman and one of Cermak's faithful mayoral backers. Under Nash's prodding, the Democratic-controlled Illinois legislature passed an

extraordinary bill authorizing the Chicago City Council, dominated by Nash-Cermak aldermen, to choose the new mayor (previously, a special election would have provided Cermak's successor). Nash selected an Irishman, Edward Kelly, for mayor. Thus was created the Kelly-Nash machine. It still reigns in Chicago. Almost Biblically, after Kelly came Martin Kennelly, and Kennelly begat Hizzoner himself, Richard Daley, and Daley begat Kennedy, and... so the Irish won, after all, partly through the chance convergence of a Bohemian and an Italian immigrant. Perhaps that is a lesson of democracy. That and perhaps, too, the demonstration, beginning with Guiteau and ending with Zangara, that Civil Service Commissions do not stop the business of patronage, any more than does punishment deter the murderous bent of those citizens, twisted or straight, who would protest, seek fame or allay their discomforts through assassination. Down in Louisiana was a mighty Senator who'd learn that next.

This is the second in a series of articles on political assassination in America.



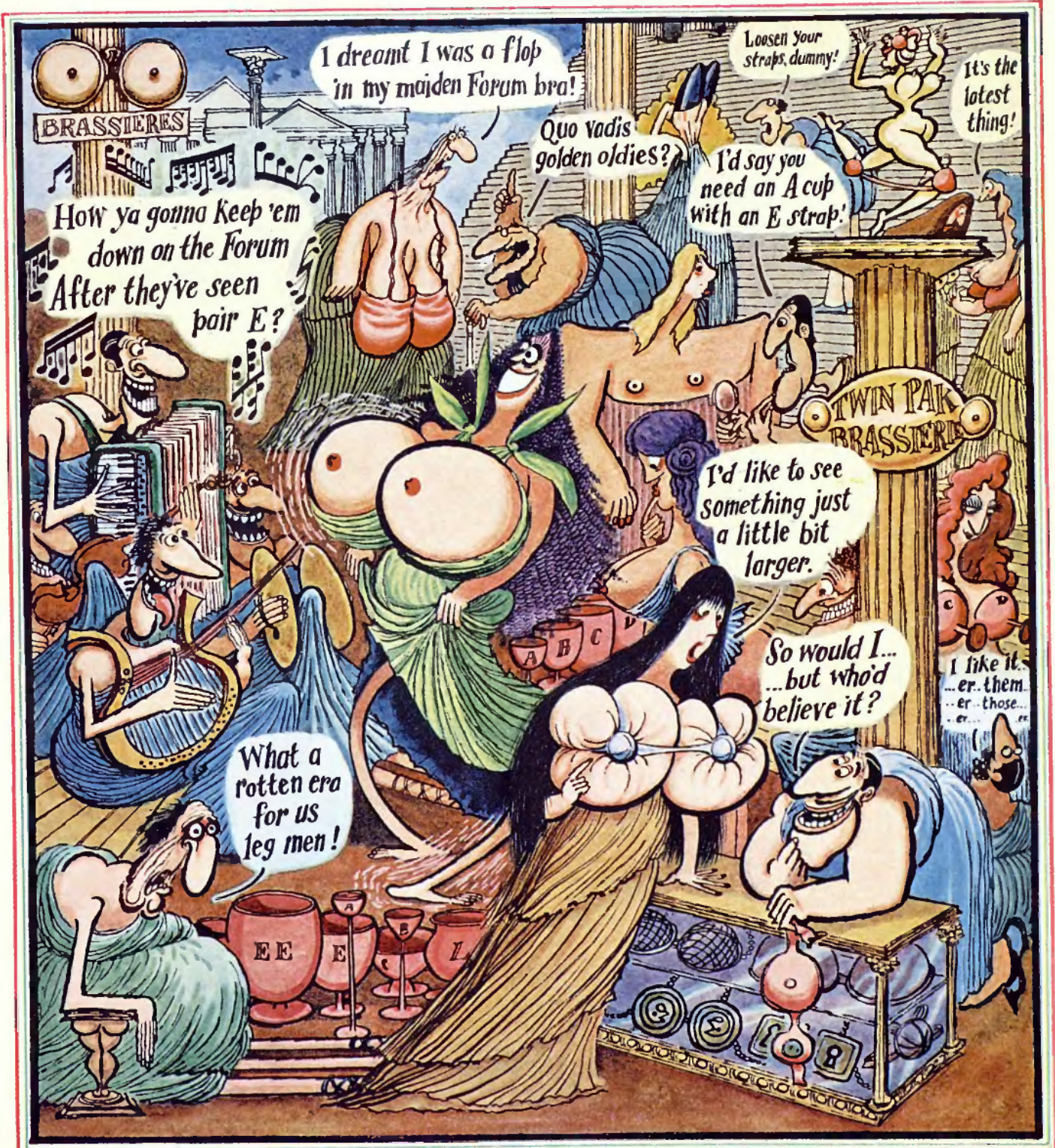
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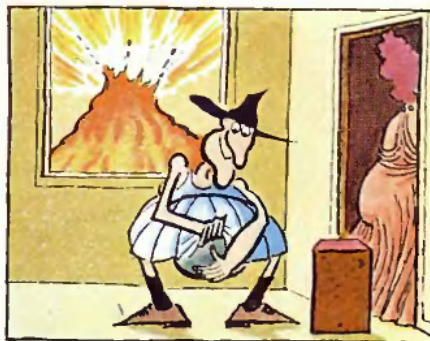
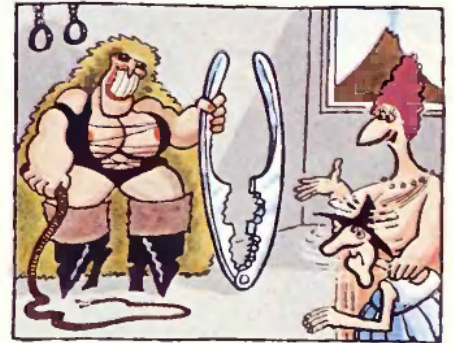
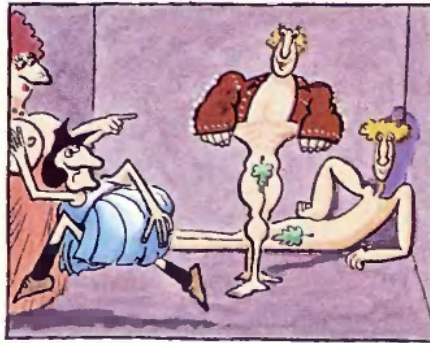
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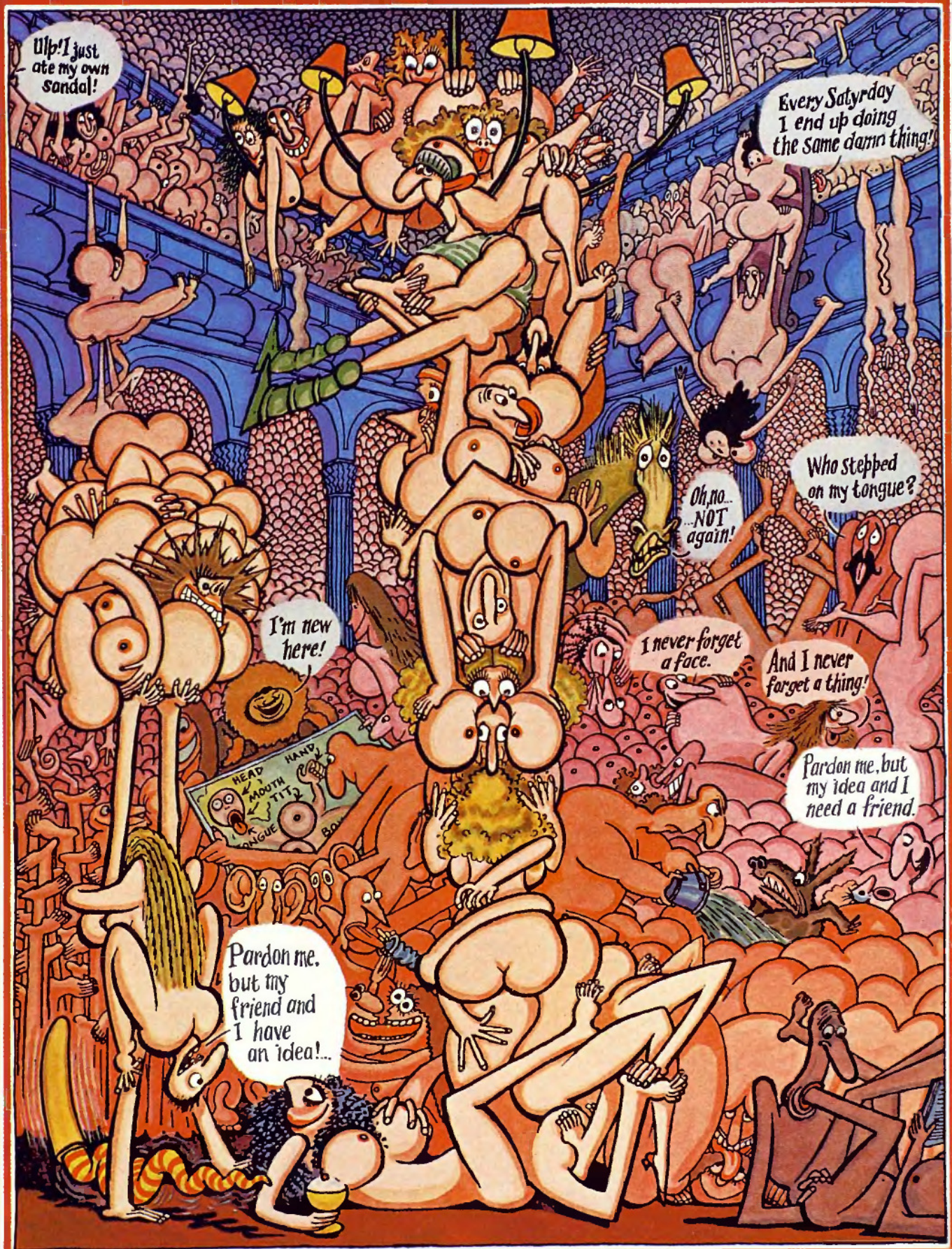
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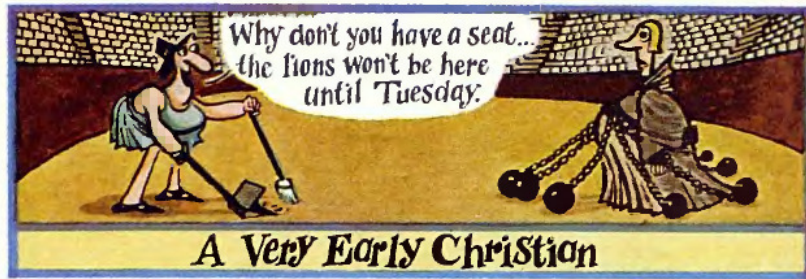


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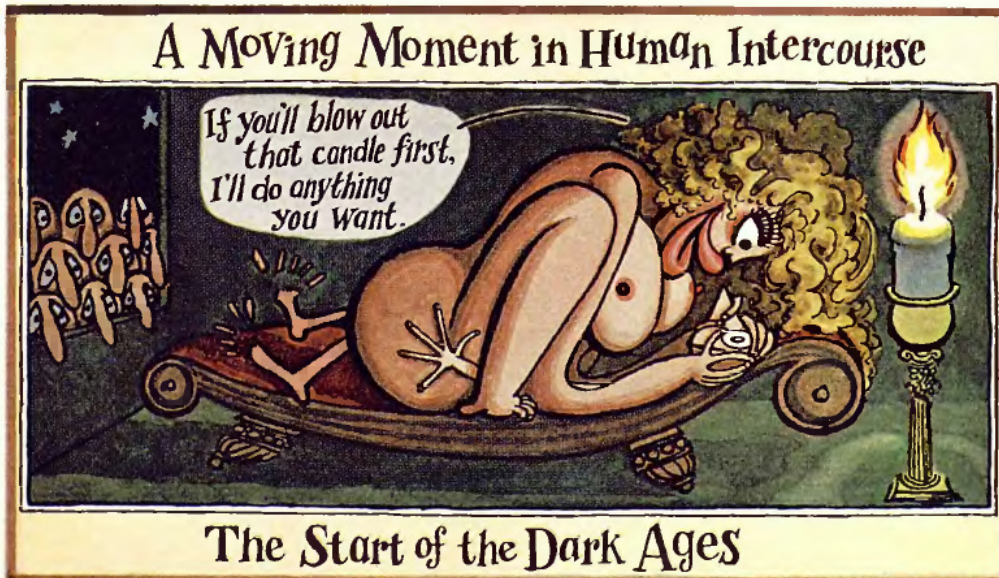


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