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**THE STEAMY SEQUEL
TO "EMMANUELLE"**

**A SKEPTIC'S GUIDE TO
THE 1976 ELECTIONS**

**HANGING OUT WITH
ROCK'S NEW SUPERSTAR
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN**

JOGGING CAN KILL YOU!

**BEYOND "THE BEST":
PETER PASSELL ON HOW
TO DO EVERYTHING**

**A PLAYMATE
RETURNS
TO ACT OUT
HER FAVORITE
FANTASY**

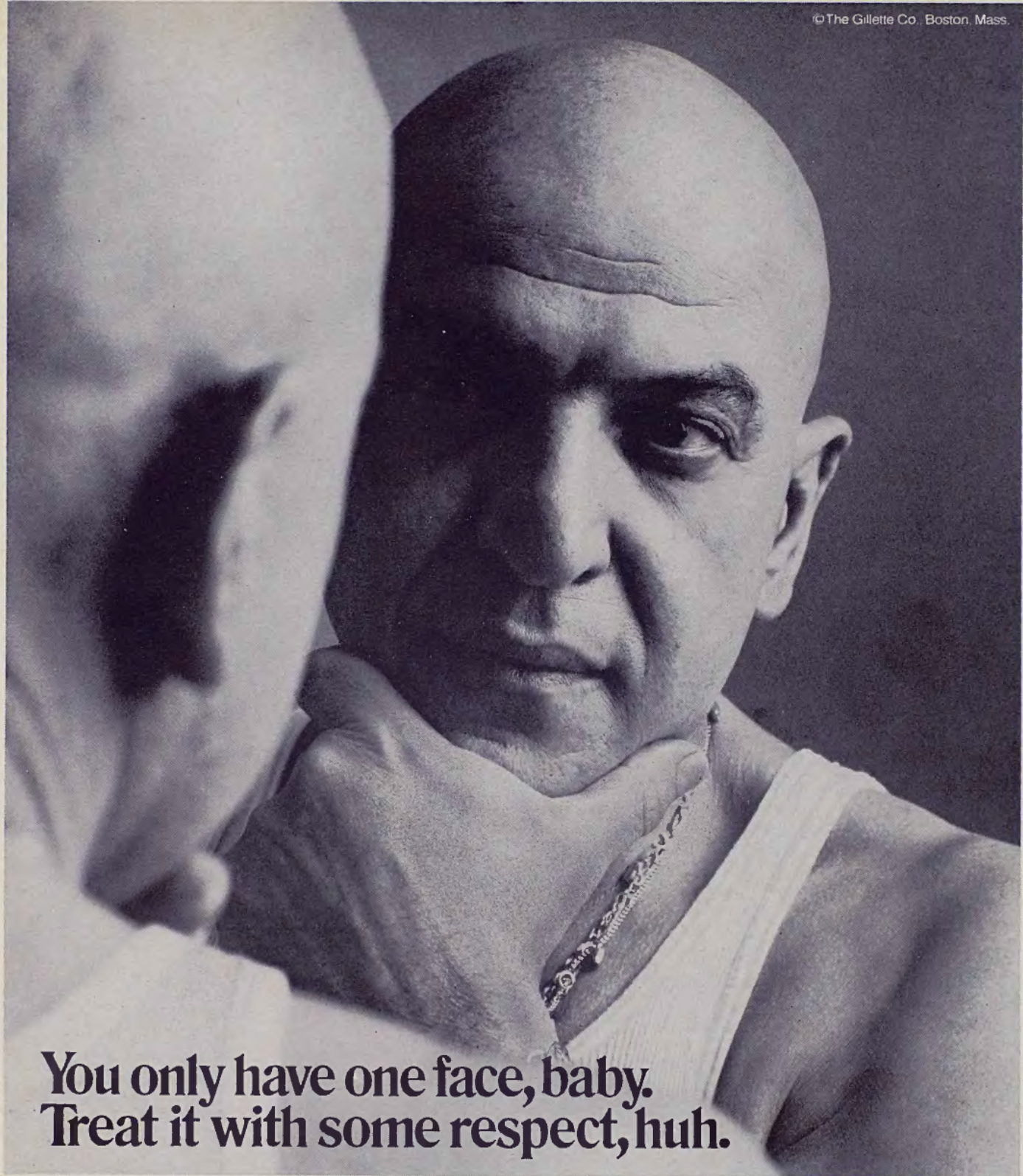
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PLAYBILL

WRITING. THE PRACTITIONERS of that art keep telling us, is difficult stuff, indeed. Research, they say, is only slightly less arduous. Well, we can't believe that **Peter Passell** has anything but a ball doing both. Following up on the 1974 best seller *The Best*, which he co-authored with his Yale graduate school roommate Leonard Ross, Passell has produced *How-To*. The book is being published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux; portions of it appear here under the title *How to Do Everything*. Passell, who teaches economics at Columbia University, attributes his having gotten into the "authority" racket to having had two martinis before lunch one day while waiting for a bad cheeseburger. "We started *The Best* as a guidebook to cheeseburgers." It ended up as a guide to the best in everything. Ross has since gone straight as a California public official, and Passell decided, he says, "to present the incredible wisdom of my garbage-can mind in another form. *How-To*, which is the very best kind of book to write, because everything fun immediately becomes tax-deductible."

Despite having made his personal papers a little too tax-deductible, our most recent ex-President is basking freely in the sun in San Clemente. (His appraiser wasn't so lucky.) Veteran prankster **Dick Tuck**, who was one of the first to predict that Richard Nixon would resign rather than face impeachment, reports that he's decided to give up participating in politics. "I'll return only if Nixon does," he promises. He hasn't quit prognosticating, though, and *The 1976 Democratic Handicap* is an eye opener—complete with a socko, bedroom-scene ending.

Staff Writer **Laurence Gonzales**, author of *Who Can Arrest You?* (damn near anybody, it turns out), claims he's planning a big, big novel in the fall. "Unfortunately, no publisher shares my plans." In contrast, **J. E. Schmidt, M.D.**, whose *Jogging Can Kill You!* will scare you right out of your track suit, is the author of 20-odd books (his two-volume *Attorneys' Dictionary of Medicine* is in its 11th edition). To relax, Dr. Schmidt fiddles with his patent-pending invention, a bra with built-in simulated nipples. Well, everyone should have a hobby.

The Autumn Dog of **Paul Theroux's** fictional story is an obscure Chinese sex position. *The Golden Whatever*, although it sounds like an obscure Chinese sex position, is a funny yarn by **Jordan Crittenden** about two violinmakers vs. a conglomerate.

If you watch any television, you're familiar with the products of **Norman Lear**, who was collared by **Barbara Cady** for this month's *Playboy Interview*; and if you listen to any rock records (or look at any good news-magazine covers), you're familiar with *The Ascension of Bruce Springsteen*. Assistant Editor **James R. Petersen**, who tells us all about this new musical phenom, is a professional fan. In fact, he appeared in the January 14, 1974, *Newsweek* as one of the more noticeable members of the crowd at the first Bob Dylan-Band concert. He thought he deserved the cover.

Acc fashion photographer **Francis Giacobetti** has stepped behind a movie camera to direct a sequel to *Emmanuelle*, again starring **Sylvia Kristel**. You saw it here first: *Encore Emmanuelle!* Meanwhile, back at the drawing board, cartoonist **Michael Folkles** peers ahead to *Sci-Fi Sex* (now it can be told why Gordon is called Flash) and artist **Vincent Topazio** looks backward to re-create the fall of Huey Long in Part III of *Playboy's History of Assassination*, by **James McKinley**.

Finally, we present *Playboy's Guide to the Rites of Spring* (illustrated by **George Hirsch** and *Fire Belle*, April Playmate-Bunny-cover girl **Victoria Cunningham's** fantasy come true with a little help from photographer **Paul Gremmler** and Associate Art Director **Tom Staebler**. And in case you haven't noticed (a pox on you if you haven't), we've made some changes. In January, *Think Tank* debuted and *Playboy After Hours* got a new look; February introduced *Selected Shorts*; and this month we unveil a new, enlarged table of contents. Hope you like them.



TUCK



PASSELL



GONZALES



THEROUX



CRITTENDEN



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CADY



PETERSEN



GIACOBETTI



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 23, no. 3—march, 1976

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This month's cover photo of April 1975 Playmate Vicki Cunningham was shot on location in a Chicago suburb's volunteer firehouse by photographer Paul Gremmler and was designed by Associate Art Director Tom Staebler. It should be noted that the volunteer firemen all volunteered their services for the occasion.



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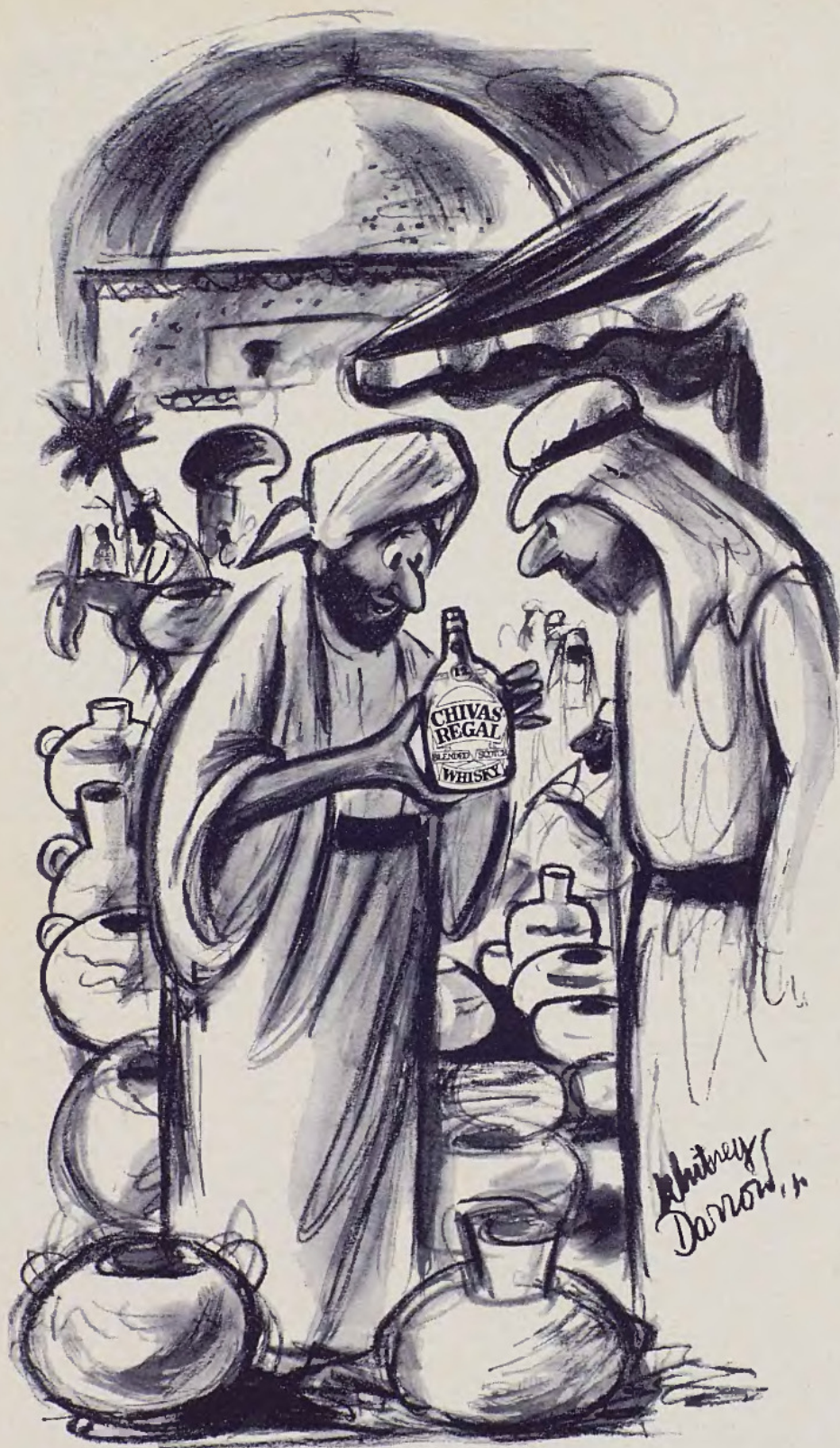


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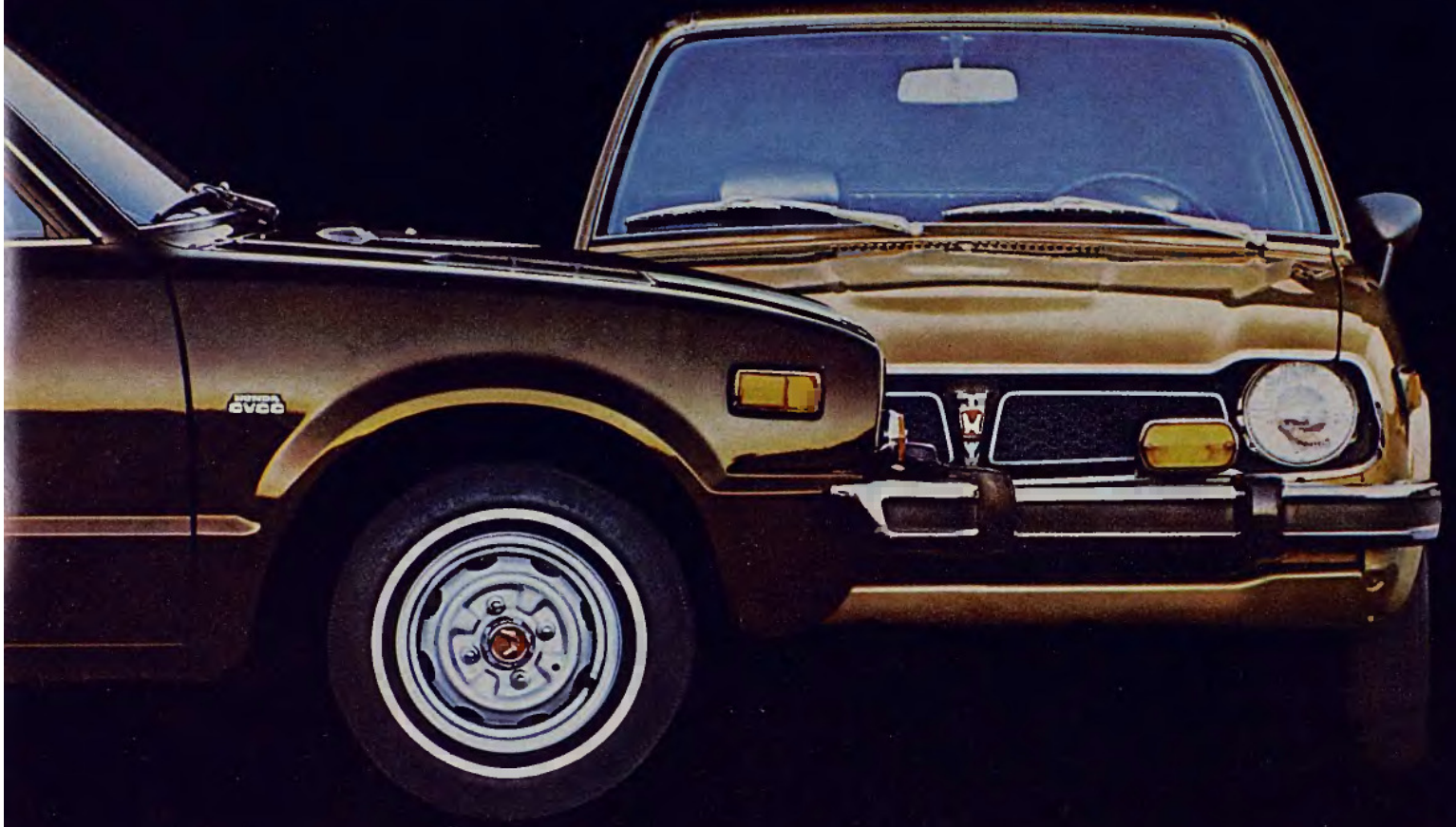
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Hatchback (4-Speed)	\$2939	41	28	32
(Hondamatic)	\$3099	30	24	27
Civic CVCC 1488cc				
Sedan (4-Speed)	\$2979	42	32	36
Hatchback (4-Speed)	\$3189	42	32	36
(Hondamatic)	\$3349	33	25	28
Wagon (4-Speed)	\$3419	37	26	30
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EULOGIES FOR HOFFA

PLAYBOY, you've done it again! Two perfect interviews in a row. First you get Ali (November) to put his foot in his mouth, then you get Hoffa (December) to say things like "What the hell's people gonna try to kill me for?" It's no wonder you're still *numero uno*.

Arthur Ackerman
New York, New York

The gutsy, freewheeling interview with Jimmy Hoffa is the kind of thing my old buddy Jerry Stanecki does best. You've got a live one, PLAYBOY! Stanecki cornered the market on balls a long time ago and it's great to see him get the recognition he deserves.

Robert J. Welch
Office of the Mayor
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I never cared much for Hoffa, but your interview was so ironic I couldn't help feeling sad for the man.

Bernard Newton
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

What a cheap shot, PLAYBOY. If Hoffa hadn't disappeared, you never would have published the interview.

Godfrey Barret
Houston, Texas

Who cares what Jimmy Hoffa has (had?) to say about anything?

Peter Rizzuto
Albany, New York

The Hoffa interview is fascinating.

Eldridge Potts
Miami, Florida

IT GETS DARK

Jerry Stanecki writes that "[Anthony 'Tony Pro'] Provenzano finally met with reporters on the front lawn of his Hallandale, Florida, home." That was *not* his first interview with a reporter concerning Hoffa's disappearance. I got to him first—on Saturday. The Florida interview was on the following Tuesday.

Frederick W. Byrd
Star-Ledger
Newark, New Jersey

RAPE RAP

Edward Abbey in *The Second Rape of the West* (PLAYBOY, December) maunders over Marlboro country, tossing off fallacies

as freely as he showers the countryside with beer cans. He boasts of sabotaging Government bulldozers and shooting insulators off a 50,000-volt power line for an electric railroad. I doubt that the poor guys who replaced those insulators will applaud PLAYBOY for sponsoring this itinerant saboteur.

Carl E. Bagge, President
National Coal Association
Washington, D.C.

As a resident of the "Shithead Capital of Northern Arizona," I can attest to the truth of Edward Abbey's article. We were saturated with propaganda as to how unobtrusive the Navaho Generating Station was supposed to be. The facts belie this. The plant itself is an eyesore. Its 770-foot smokestacks can be seen from miles around. Officials from the plant *said* they were going to install the best technology available to reduce air pollutants. Instead, we see ugly, thick smoke belching from their "beauty tubes" at recurring intervals.

Judith Landrum
Page, Arizona

Bravo, Abbey! It's about time someone exposed those greedy sons of bitches!

Slim Cranshaw
Butte, Montana

Abbey's article is full of emotional appeal only. It is loaded with untruths, half-truths and carelessness.

William G. Stockton
Peabody Coal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

A finely crafted cry for sanity in what is rapidly becoming an insane age.

Peter Lars Sandberg
Strafford, New Hampshire

Peter Lars Sandberg is the author of the novel "Wolf Mountain" (Playboy Press), an outdoor adventure story.

It's too late to do anything about the first rape, but we sure better try to do something about the second.

Ray Stivers
Annapolis, Maryland


Whatever Abbey thinks, I was not elected by mining and power companies but by citizens of Utah. As with anyone else, to make a living, we sell what we have. Part of what we have to sell is recreation; part is mineral wealth. The

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recreation dollar is important to Utah, but we know better than to put all our eggs in that basket and we seek diversification. The growing demand for energy tells us that we have a chance to preserve our heritage and improve our economic lot through mineral exploitation. That does not mean that we wish to strip-mine every hill in Utah.

Senator E. J. "Jake" Garn
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

It is unfortunate that Abbey's article incorrectly claims that the EPA "blandly ignores the law" and "refuses to perform its clearly defined duty." On December 5, 1974, the EPA issued final regulations to prevent significant deterioration of air quality in all areas of the nation. Under these regulations, states are given limited but appropriate latitude, subject to final EPA approval, to modify the EPA's nationwide nondeterioration limits for specifically justified areas. In no case would pollution be allowed that would exceed either the primary or the secondary ambient-air-quality standards.

Roger Strelow
United States Environmental
Protection Agency
Washington, D.C.

Edward Abbey's *Second Rape of the West* is of benefit to the extent that it attempts to give the views of the people of the West. However, there are some statements in the article that are incorrect. For the record, I did *not* vote against the Surface Mining bills. I twice voted for them. Contrary to the article, I voted for the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, not against it. I did *not* vote against the Clean Air Act. I did vote for the Air Quality Act of 1967, which updated the Clean Air Act. And I did *not* vote "against requiring environmental-impact statements in coal and natural-gas leasing." Furthermore, I have supported the National Environmental Policy Act, which passed on a voice vote and established the general environmental-impact-statement law.

Senator Clifford P. Hansen
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Abbey replies:

The EPA adopted regulations to implement the no-significant-deterioration language of the Clean Air Act only after a lawsuit forced the agency to act—and then adopted rules that, by the EPA's own admission, would do nothing to prevent the last remaining clean-air regions of the country from becoming just as polluted as downtown rush hour in most American cities.

Re Senator Hansen's letter: The votes cited by Senator Hansen in defense of his record were noncontroversial, reflecting agreement by the Senate to pass legislation without portraying the conflicts over how strong or weak the legislation should be. For example, the Clean Air Act of

1970 passed 73-0, but Hansen was one of only 19 Senators who voted to postpone enforcement of auto-emission standards until 1978. Hansen's environmental voting record remains one of the worst in the Senate. He voted against important environmental legislation on more than 90 percent of the key issues before the Senate.

BRANDI CONNOISSEURS

Fantastic girl, that Nancie Li Brandi (PLAYBOY, December)! She can count on my vote for Playmate of the Year.

Kurt Vymilatil
North Palm Beach, Florida

I'm crazy about Nancie Li Brandi. In my opinion, she's the most beautiful Playmate ever. I've noticed that over the past few months, *Dear Playboy* has been running outtake shots of some of the Playmates. I'd trade my wife for another glimpse of Nancie.

C. X. Johnson
New York, New York

And another glimpse you'll have, Johnson, if you go out and buy the April



issue, which will feature a whole pictorial on Nancie. But just in case you can't wait that long, here's the outtake. One favor, though: Keep your wife.

LOONY TUNES

It was my pleasure to read Grover Lewis' *Who's the Bull Goose Loony Here?* (PLAYBOY, December). I found it delightful but ironic. Even if I was there in name only, it meant something. I had wanted to make the film for many years and it is probably just as well that I didn't, because I hear it is superb. I look forward to seeing it.

Sam Peckinpah
Los Angeles, California

With a tape recorder, a notebook and an incisive wit, Lewis has managed to

give us a picture of the great American dream machine that is tragic, funny, pathetic and, most of all, true. It is too bad that he wasn't available for the crucifixion.

Kell Robertson
Bernalillo, New Mexico

Lewis had me laughing out loud but reaching for the Thorazine at the same time.

Francie Schwartz
Venice, California

Grover Lewis has captured the extraordinary interface between the antic nonsense of motion-picture manufacture and the sour, trembling terror of an asylum.

Lee Rosenberg
Los Angeles, California

Lewis is better at writing about movie shooting than anyone else I know of. For this gift alone he, too, should qualify as one of your basic national treasures.

James D. Houston
Santa Cruz, California

Grover Lewis has an amazing descriptive skill and sensitivity—also extraordinary wit and timing—but most important of all, he has character that the reader respects.

Rodger Scott
San Francisco, California

Lewis teaches us that *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* is not about the crazies but about us. It is also about Lewis, who emerges as a writer equipped with a generous vision of things.

Keith Coplin
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Ah, that Lewis—*skee-zack!* Another of your basic national treasures.

John Weisman
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FLY PAPERS

Congratulations on the publishing of Ron Kistler's *I Caught Flies for Howard Hughes* (PLAYBOY, December). The article, indeed, is of special interest to me, since Ron and I were near neighbors during the time of his "fly-catching" escapades. Those who have known Ron over the years have always been convinced of his master storytelling talents. This article bears out our convictions.

Louis C. Vaccaro, President
Colby-Sawyer College
New London, New Hampshire

It took Ron Kistler three years to tell Hughes to get fucked? It would have taken me three minutes.

Donald Davis
Crown Point, Indiana

I think I know why Hughes spends so much time watching movies. He must be looking for a Hollywood script that's as



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White rum martini

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Did we say martini? We should

also add the gimlet, the screwdriver and the bloody mary.

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completely bizarre as his own story. I imagine crazy Howard is still looking.

Michael G. Hutsko
Seal Beach, California

Kistler's piece on Howard Hughes is a delight.

Norman Becker
Los Angeles, California

FORMATION

The ubiquitous Playboy Rabbit shows up again. This time on Chuck Muncie, star running back for the University of



California at Berkeley. Chuck, whom Associated Press called "the best all-purpose back in the nation," wears this Playboy T-shirt under his uniform.

Billy Clark
Berkeley, California

JUDGING JUGS

I really enjoyed *Jugs* (PLAYBOY, December), because the continuing commercial promotion of *Jaws* is taking a bite out of my sanity. It's a pleasure to see a few things done now and then with some satiric wit and intelligence.

Constance M. Lewis
Forest Hills, New York

Well, it's about time somebody did a parody of *Jaws*. Thank Neptune for Billings!

Carl MacIntire
Los Angeles, California

Jugs will undoubtedly go down in history as one of the all-time classics of satire. Marvelous job.

Lawrence Creek
Detroit, Michigan

CODE WAR

David Kahn's article *The Code Battle* (PLAYBOY, December) is a refreshingly straightforward account of the tremendous achievements and the severe limitations of American intelligence efforts. It is welcome because there is a critical need for everyone to understand the importance of intelligence work.

Ray S. Cline
Washington, D.C.

Cline is a former deputy director for intelligence of the CIA and ex-director of

intelligence and research, U.S. Department of State.

Anyone associated with the cryptanalyst's art knows that David Kahn is recognized as a foremost authority on the subject. In his fine article, he has managed to explain in simple, straightforward language the intricate business of cipher breaking. There is no doubt in my mind that the money spent in this type of intelligence has been amply justified.

Group Captain F. W. Winterbotham
London, England

Captain Winterbotham is the author of "The Ultra Secret," a best seller about code breaking.

DUELING SCARS

Superfan William Neely made two supermistakes in his otherwise fine piece, *Dueling Jocks*, (PLAYBOY, December): Keith Magnuson and Dave Schultz. He only demeans the eight others by including these muggers on skates in the same article.

Joel S. Schwartz
Montpellier, France

Dueling Jocks is one of the best sports pieces I've ever read.

Al Coltrane
Houston, Texas

NATIONAL TELEGRAPHICS

National Pornographic (PLAYBOY, December) is one of the funniest parodies I've ever read. Now, if I could just figure out what you are parodying. . . .

Larry Crow
Omaha, Nebraska

I made the mistake of reading *National Pornographic* on the john. Laughed so hard I almost fell off.

Graham Metz
Wichita, Kansas

POETIC LICENSE REVISITED

Your October feature on "Poetic License" (*Playboy After Hours*) is very amusing, but I'm afraid you missed one.



The FU series is issued in the town of Fürth, outside Nuremberg.

Harold Braun
Rüdesheim, Germany



Yamaha introduces a production motorcycle no one else is prepared to produce.

The new Yamaha RD400. Right now, there is no other motorcycle like it.

The cast aluminum wheels are an obvious innovation. They're easier to maintain than traditional spoke wheels. Certainly, they're more stylish. And on the RD400, cast aluminum wheels are standard equipment.

Another innovation is the self-cancelling turn signal. This is a Yamaha exclusive that's both a safety feature and a convenience all motorcyclists will appreciate.

Then there's the RD400's engine. A two-stroke, twin 400cc

engine that's a direct descendant of the 350 Yamaha world champion road racer. A motorcycle with legendary power.

Yet, for all that power, stopping will be quick and sure. Fade resistant disc brakes are the reason, and the RD400 has a disc brake on the rear, as well as the front. And that's another innovation.

Right now, no one else is prepared to produce a motorcycle like the RD400.

Right now, you could be on it.

**Someday,
you'll own a Yamaha.**



When you're exploring technology.... books



a fascinating new alone are not enough.

If you're like most men, deep down inside there's still a bit of the boy who loved to go exploring... and who'd love to go again. Well, now you can.

Only this time, you'll explore the world of electronics... a world more fascinating than any you ever dreamed of as a boy.

Learn by exploring... Bell & Howell Schools offers an exciting way for you to gain new occupational skills in electronics.

Everybody enjoys learning something new, but why learn it the old way? Classes to go to. Lectures to sit through. And only a bunch of books to keep you interested. Bell & Howell Schools' adventure in learning is a far cry from all that.

You can probe into electronics and learn exciting new occupational skills right in your own home, in your spare time. On whatever days and whatever hours you choose. So there's no need to give up your present job and paycheck just because you want to learn something new.

What's more, when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough. That's why throughout this program you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of today's latest electronic training tools.

You'll be stimulated for hours on end as you build, experiment and learn while using the latest ideas and techniques in this fascinating field.

As you progress through the Fundamentals, you'll actually learn to build and work with your own electronics laboratory. Using it to put many of today's most dynamic electronic discoveries to the test... including electronic miniaturization.

Among the things you'll discover is how the development of tiny integrated circuits has made possible electronic calculators small enough to fit into a shirt pocket! And wristwatches that flash the time with the push of a button.

Grasp all the Fundamentals by building and using Bell & Howell's exclusive Electro-Lab® electronics training system.

Using our successful step-by-step method, you'll build:

1. A design console, for setting up and examining circuits.
2. A digital multimeter for measuring voltage, resistance and current (it displays its findings in big, clear numbers like a digital clock).
3. A solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope—similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to monitor the "heartbeats" of tiny integrated circuits.



Now, choose your own field of specialization! And look at all the exciting choices Bell & Howell Schools offers you...

First, you might decide to specialize in Home Entertainment Electronics—and actually build the 25"-diagonal color TV that's pictured here! Imagine probing into the technology behind all-electronic tuning and into the digital circuitry of time and channel numbers that appear right on the screen.

Or your first choice in the Home Entertainment field might be Audio Electronics—where you'll actually build and experiment with Bell & Howell's high performance 4-channel audio center... including amplifier and FM, FM-stereo tuner.

On the other hand, you might want to get right into the fascinating areas of Communications or Digital/Industrial Electronics. But whatever you decide, Bell & Howell Schools can tailor an electronics program to fit your needs and interests.

While no assurance of income opportunities can be offered, you'll develop skills that could lead you in exciting new directions. Use the training from any of these programs:

1. To seek out a job in electronics.
2. To upgrade your current job.
3. As a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.

What's more—you can do it all at home—and get the benefits of going to school besides!

Now, our self-instruction programs offer the same quality and content as you'd get if you had taken them at any of our 8 resident schools.

But that's not all!

Although you may be exploring electronics at home, you get personal attention when you need it:

1. Toll-free phone-in assistance. While many schools make you mail in your questions, we offer a toll-free line for questions that can't wait.
2. In-person "help sessions." These are held in 50 major cities at various times throughout the year. You can talk shop with your instructors and fellow students.

No electronics background needed.

What you really need is the thing you've never lost. A boy's love for exploring. Now you can go again, only this time learning new occupational skills along the way!

Mail the postage-paid card today for more details!

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16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Hello, I'm a Frisbee. Dr. Stencil E. D. Johnson, a California psychiatrist who strongly believes in the therapeutic value of playing Frisbee, wrote to Forest Lawn requesting that on his death he be cremated and his ashes mixed with finest-grade raw industrial polyethylene to make 25 high-grade, number-one-mold, professional-model Frisbees. "As I think toward the future," wrote Johnson, "and envision that scene during which my remains will waft through the air between the hands of those whom I have loved so much, my heart even now rises in anticipation." Forest Lawn, not impressed by the sentiment, declined.

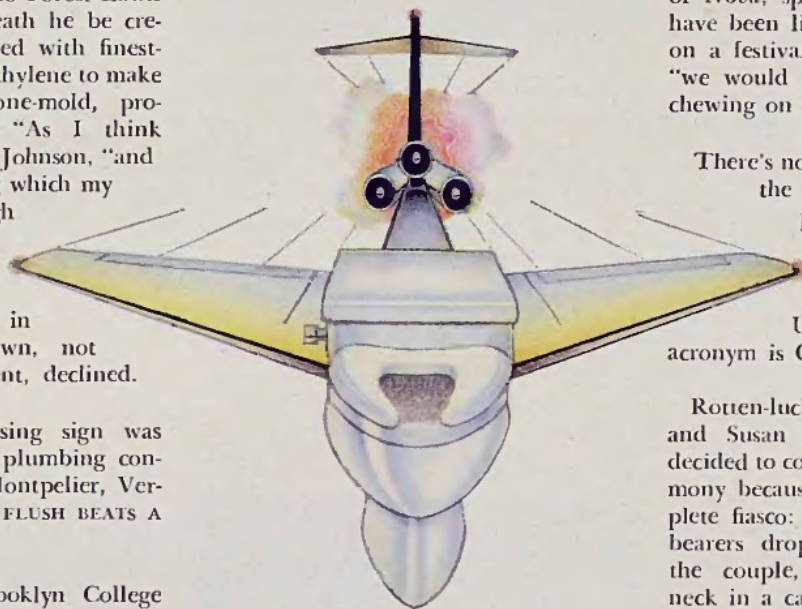
The following advertising sign was sighted on the side of a plumbing contractor's panel truck in Montpelier, Vermont: IN OUR BUSINESS A FLUSH BEATS A FULL HOUSE.

Researchers at the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy have come up with an interesting alternative to the pill: subways. After being exposed to recorded subway noises twice a day for four weeks before and three weeks after mating, only two out of 16 female laboratory animals conceived.

Yes, but it does *wonders* for your ogling: English fishermen have been complaining lately that nude women bathing in a Haverhill lake have upset the fish. Said one spokesman: "It spoils our angling."

Thirty seconds over Florida: A Fort Lauderdale resident claims that his house, located in an airport flight path, is being bombarded by airline-toilet debris. After he complained, the FAA told him to watch for planes and note the registration numbers of any

offending airliners. Retorted the man: "If they think I'm going to stand outside with my face to the sky, they're nuts."



Pass the whore d'oeuvres, please. An Italian restaurant located in the heart of San Francisco's red-light district introduced a new specialty of the house—the Pimpatroni Pizza.



Educational TV gets more educational every day: British archaeologist J. Eric S. Thompson, during a recent segment of *Nova*, speculated on what it would have been like to be an ancient Mayan on a festival day: "I suppose," he said, "we would have been standing around chewing on our nuts."

There's nothing ostensibly funny about the fact that an Oklahoma company that converts cattle manure to methane calls itself Calorific Recovery Anerobic Process. Until you discover that the acronym is CRAP.

Rotten-luck story of the month: William and Susan Backers of Elgin, Illinois, decided to conduct a second wedding ceremony because their first one was a complete fiasco: The best man and the ring bearers dropped out in disputes with the couple, the minister injured his neck in a car accident and barely made it through the ceremony, the organist went on vacation and had to be replaced at the last minute, the florist delivered the flowers to the wrong church, a bridesmaid allergic to her corsage sneezed throughout the ceremony, the wedding photographer accidentally overexposed all his film and, at the reception, the cake slid apart and fell onto the floor.

A Brentwood, California, movie theater recently offered an appropriate double feature: *Linda Lovelace for President* and *Man-Eater*.

This month's Mediocre Larceny Award goes to the unidentified British bank robber who was robbed of eight pounds (about \$16) by the bank he was attempting to loot. The thief, who was carrying

two cardboard boxes, passed a bankbook to the cashier. Inside were eight pounds and a note threatening to blow up the bank unless the cashier handed over all her money. When she refused, the robber lost his nerve and fled, leaving his money behind.

Aerial act of the month: *The Atlanta Journal* made a slight typographical error in an article about Nashville's attempt to get some grass cut near a city drainage ditch. Said the *Journal*, "A tractor, sent to cut grass . . . kicked a broad through the air, striking a Florida woman."

The Communist-dominated city council of Kemi, Finland, has identified Scrooge McDuck as an enemy of the working class and has banned the cartoon character from children's libraries. It fears his money-grabbing capitalist activities could set a bad example for socialist youth. Woody Woodpecker, however, was judged to be ideologically sound.

Yes, but does it protect him from margarine? *The Auckland Star* of New Zealand reported that during a public appearance in New Hampshire, President Ford was seen wearing a "butter-proof vest."

During a rape trial in Oroville, California, the young plaintiff was too embarrassed to answer the question "What did the defendant say to you before the alleged assault?" She volunteered to write

PLAYBOY'S
HALL OF
FLEETING FAME



Voted in for his ingenious solution to the oil crisis, a 28-year-old yoga master from Kashmir, who, as a display of his powers of self-discipline, pulled an automobile for several feet along a Bombay street with his penis.

her response on a piece of paper and the judge agreed. After reading the note, the judge instructed the jury foreman to

pass it among the rest of the jury. One juror, who had been dozing throughout the trial, was nudged awake and given the note by the lady juror beside him. It read, "I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked before." He read it slowly, smiled and slipped it into his shirt pocket. When the judge ordered him to pass the note along, he refused, saying, "It's personal, Your Honor."

A state policeman was arrested recently inside a pornographic shop in New London, Connecticut—for using slugs in the peep-show machines.

An 85-year-old, 60-foot bridge in Henderson, Kentucky, collapsed recently while four highway workmen were repairing it. The crew had a nine-ton truck, loaded with 14 tons of asphalt, and a ten-ton grader on the structure when it fell. Load limit of the bridge: three tons.

The headquarters of the Dublin women's lib movement is on—are you ready for this, men?—Stillorgan Road.

Trick or treat? Last Halloween, a Birmingham, Alabama, man answered a knock at his door and found a woman in her early 20s wearing a hooded coat. She slowly pulled the coat open, revealing that she wore nothing underneath. For lack of anything better to say, the flustered man asked: "Do you want some candy?"

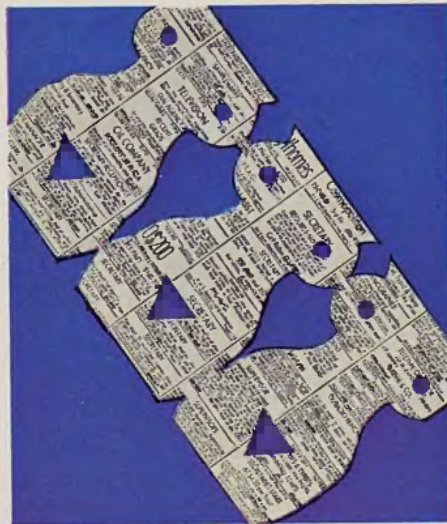
CLASSIFIED MADNESS

San Francisco's *Sunset Journal* recently ran the following classified: "Dick decoys wanted. Any species, any condition."

Listed under "Roommates Wanted" in a Minneapolis paper: "Owner of horny parrot wishes to locate young, attractive, charming and horny boy bird to share a one-room efficiency cage, for social intimacy."

The rather staid *New York Review of Books*, whose advertisers in the "Personals" column usually list themselves as "attractive, witty male" or "vibrant, enticing woman," ran the following rather modest ad: "UNATTRACTIVE BORING CHICK, with limited interests, seeks immediate marriage with perfect man."

"FERRARI 1967, 330 GTC, or 1953 girlfriend, cannot afford both. Silver with black leather, has 49,000 miles, \$9500. Girlfriend in better shape and much higher value."



From the Helena, Montana, *Yellow Pages* under the heading "Mental Health Information and Treatment Centers": "Mental Health Association of Montana, 201 S. Last Chance Gulch. . . ."

The Lawrence, Kansas, *Journal World* ran this come-on: "Hore rides 10:30 to 4 Monday at Malls Shopping Center. Mounted Girl Scout Troop."

According to *Lancaster Farming*, a Mississippi gentleman ran the following warning in the paper's classified section: "Positively no more baptizing in my pasture. Twice in the last two months my gate has been left open by Christian people. Before I chase my heifers all over the country, you sinners can go to hell."

The *Gramercy Herald*, a Manhattan weekly, carried this notice: "Girl wanted as nude model for blind sculptor. . . ."

Presumably this one got by the censors of *The Pittsburgh Press*: "OPEN HOUSE . . . OWNER MUST SELL, eight rooms, five bedrooms. Use your imagination. A bargain at \$26,900. Kiss my ass and lick my feet, it's almost time for trick or treat. Call any time."

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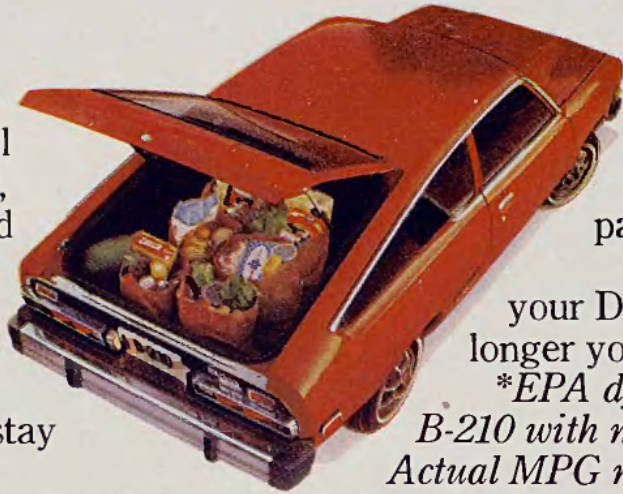
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Tough all over. All Datsuns, like our B-210, are designed to get good car mileage as well as good gas mileage. For instance, the steel body is of one-piece unibody construction. So it will stay in one piece.

Tough match. In the B-210, power is supplied by a spunky 1400cc high cam engine. Which is matched with a durable 4-speed manual transmission. (Fully automatic 3-speed is available.)

Tough Choice. Three B-210 models: Hatchback plus 2 and 4-Door Sedans. All come with such high standards as fully reclining buckets, comfortable seating for 4, and power-assist front disc brakes.

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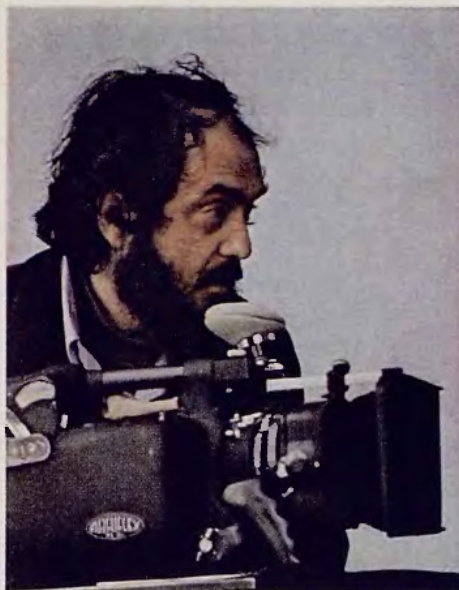
service technicians and a computerized parts network.

We figure the longer your Datsun survives the longer you'll save.

**EPA dynamometer estimate. B-210 with manual transmission. Actual MPG may be more or less, depending on the condition of your car and how you drive.*

Datsun Daves





Kubrick at work . . .



O'Neal at play.


Human frailty is certainly a solid theme for a film maker of the stature of Stanley Kubrick, who has already had his say on such volatile contemporary subjects as nuclear madness (*Dr. Strangelove*), the space time continuum (*2001, a Space Odyssey*) and violence in a sick modern society (*A Clockwork Orange*). As writer-producer-director of *Barry Lyndon*, Kubrick proves once again that he can work wonders with almost any kind of material, for this tale of an 18th Century rogue—adapted from a little-known novel by William Makepeace Thackeray, author of *Vanity Fair*—is leisurely, complex, poignant, picaresque, wildly romantic and as finely polished as any traditional “story” film ever brought from page to screen. Kubrick cultists who expect to be overwhelmed are apt to be surprised by the pastoral perfection of *Barry Lyndon*. It’s an important aspect of Kubrick’s intuitive genius—since he is invariably several seasons ahead of his peers in probing the aesthetic and social climate—that he knew, or sensed, that the time might be ripe for a moralistic old-fashioned odyssey of vice and virtue, in direct opposition to the current trend toward explicit, explosive sex and violence (a trend, by the way, in which *Clockwork Orange* was indubitably the pacesetter). What Kubrick has wrought with total assurance in *Barry Lyndon* is—no use mincing words—one of the most breath-takingly beautiful films of all time. Famous for his fastidious, if not obsessive, attention to detail, he has blended dialog, music—from Handel to a haunting Irish folk theme—costumes, settings, sumptuous photography and narration (much of it lifted whole from Thackeray and eloquently spoken by Michael Hordern) into a cinematic com-

“What Kubrick has wrought in *Barry Lyndon* is—no use mincing words—one of the most breath-takingly beautiful films of all time.”

position that commands both eye and ear and nourishes the spirit, in a kind of movie equivalent of chamber music. Another pleasant surprise is the casting of Ryan O’Neal in the title role: Those celebrated boyish charms, along with unexpected emotional depth, are perfect for this chronicle of a lusty Irish parvenu who lies, boasts, deserts the army, wenches, marries an English gentlewoman for her money, bribes the nobility in his efforts to buy himself a title and ends up a nobody—left to the obscurity and poverty he has richly earned. O’Neal projects the hero’s shallow, self-serving aspirations with exactly the right mixture of balls, blarney and overzealous ambition to lift him, easily, into the list of Oscar contenders. Hardy Kruger and Patrick Magee head the capable company of characters he meets while adventuring from Ireland to Germany to a stately home in England. Secondary acting honors are cornered by Marisa Berenson, playing Barry’s unhappy Lady Lyndon (see February’s *PLAYBOY* for a provocative preview of Marisa) in a tremulous, delicately shaded performance as the distraught noblewoman who comes to grief through loving unwisely. Murray Melvin as an epicene religious counselor named Reverend Runt, Marie Kean as Barry’s feisty mother and Leon Vitali as Lord Bulling-

don (the son of Lady Lyndon’s first marriage and archenemy of his vulgar stepfather) add significant flourishes to a lively saga that gains dramatic momentum from reel to reel. Purely in story terms, for upwards of three hours, counting an intermission, *Barry Lyndon* offers everything from exquisite erotica (a charming scene of seduction between Barry and his first love, a plucky colleen played by Gay Hamilton) and a suspenseful duel with pistols (Barry vs. his vengeful stepson) to several sequences in which Thackeray’s stately style is garnished with wry Kubrick humor (notably, when two portly British army officers, bathing naked in a stream, have a lovers’ spat while Barry pilfers their gear ashore). Kubrick ends with yet another phrase borrowed from Thackeray: “Good or bad, handsome or ugly, rich or poor, they are all equal now.” Though the words read like an epitaph, they could as well be taken as the legend over a cache of buried treasure, for *Barry Lyndon* gives new life to Thackeray by reshaping his obscure first novel into a film classic.

• The early life and hard times of singer-composer Huddie Ledbetter, a seminal force in American music, are belted out with soulful bluesy gusto in *Leadbelly*, an unashamedly sentimental biography by director Gordon Parks. While the voice of a singer named HiTide Harris handles Leadbelly’s vocals with care, bringing zest to such standards as *Midnight Special* and *Goodnight Irene*, Huddie himself is portrayed by Roger E. Mosley, a strapping new star in the larger-than-life tradition of James Earl Jones. *Leadbelly* follows Ledbetter through 40-odd years of poverty-stricken obscurity as he strummed his guitar and sang through barroom brawls,



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

The black sheep of Canadian liquors.

There's a breed of men with gypsy blood. Like these men, Yukon Jack is a black sheep, a liquor that goes its own way.

Soft-spoken and smooth, Yukon Jack is unlike any Canadian spirit you've ever tasted. Its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface.

Straight, on the rocks or mixed, Yukon Jack is a taste born of hoary nights when lonely men struggle to keep their fires lit and their cabins warm.

100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

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For a full color 30" x 40" poster of this original art, send \$2.00 to Yukon Jack, P.O. Box 11152, Newington, Conn. 06111. No cash please.
Offer good while supply lasts. Void in Kansas, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Tennessee and other states where prohibited. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Yukon Jack



Louisiana cathouses and a couple of long stretches on chain gangs before becoming a legend. This is ideal material for Parks, a great still photographer whose previous films about black America have ranged from *The Learning Tree* to *Shaft*. Working with scenarist Ernest Kinoy and cinematographer Bruce Surtees, Parks makes *Leadbelly* more a vibrant pictorial essay than a straight musical bio. In one memorable encounter between Huddie and Miss Eula, the fancy lady (played with funky flash by Madge Sinclair) who provides bed and brothel for a talented young dude, Parks even manages to look at a ghetto ghost town through rose-colored glasses. The movie skirts bathos more than once, without losing ground, and is occasionally sloppy about detail (Mosley's make-up, as he ages from country boy to convict, may remind you of the powdered-hair grandpa part in a senior-class play). Sheer compassion, however, turns Parks's weaknesses into strengths, and *Leadbelly* succeeds because it is so plainly a labor of love, eye-filling and tuneful and tender enough to disarm the most tough-minded cynic.

In his film version of Rudyard Kipling's classic story *The Man Who Would Be King*, director John Huston has wrought an adventure epic that turns out to be second-rate Kipling and no better than third-rate Huston. Christopher Plummer briefly plays Kipling himself as the author-storyteller who meets two former British army men (Sean Connery and Michael Caine) who share a mad dream of empire building. They intend to trek from India to an all but inaccessible country called Kafiristan, there to unite warring tribesmen under one king, subvert him "and loot the country four ways from Sunday." Kipling's story of vaulting ambition and greed has also been reduced, under Huston's aegis, to a kind of *macho* vaudeville act for the Connery-Caine team. Both are engaging enough—as is Saeed Jaffrey, playing a thoroughly colonized Indian who assists in their nefarious schemes—but their rollicking, buddy-buddy relationship seems completely superficial. *The Man Who Would Be King* is so featherweight and sporting at the outset that it can never get back on the track as a serious story about a scoundrel (Connery) who connives his way to a throne and begins to believe he is the omnipotent spiritual heir of Alexander the Great. There's more fun, as well as more excitement, to be had in a TV rerun of *Gunga Din*, a VSOP Kipling of '39 vintage.

Soon after *Lucky Lady* gets under way, Liza Minnelli brightens things up with a song (by John Kander and Fred Ebb, of *Cabaret*), and the movie would be appreciably improved if she kept on singing. Instead, she joins Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds to round out a trio



Sherlock: sophomoric.

"With Liza all tuned up,
Lucky Lady might have made
a dandy little madcap musical."



Lady: overboard.

of seagoing bootleggers, running booze from Tijuana to San Diego back in 1930. This threesome shares everything—yes, everything—whilst Hackman grumbles, "It's kind of unnatural, if you ask me." *Lucky Lady* is apt to prove a crowd pleaser by virtue of star power alone, though the script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz (who wrote *American Graffiti*) veers off in a new direction every ten minutes or so, never quite settling into any clearly definable groove. As the movie was originally filmed, Reynolds and Hackman died at the end; now they survive in an upbeat finish. Actually, the finale has waffled through three versions—and looks it. Reynolds is seldom at his peak when he's acting self-consciously cute, and while Hackman has his moments, the show belongs to Liza—as a wisecracking strawberry-blond broad who curses like a bosun's mate and dresses

like Sadie Thompson. "It's so quiet you could hear a fish fart," she remarks when her boyfriends move her into a mansion purchased with the wages of gin. Decidedly offbeat, she is anything but your standard-model movie star, yet her mere presence wipes everyone else off the screen. Director Stanley Donen, a film maker of unmistakable flair—he did *Singing in the Rain* and *Funny Face*, for example—missed a good bet here. Thanks to exceptionally stylish cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth, every gauzy sun-swept frame of the movie falsely hints at another song cue. With Liza all tuned up, *Lucky Lady* might have made a dandy little madcap musical instead of a comedy gone overboard.

For his debut as writer-director, funnyman Gene Wilder concocted *The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother*, a happy-go-lucky but misguided spoof that proves there's no reason to believe a first-rate performer can simply switch hats and emerge a first-rate film maker. A comedy co-starring Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise ought to be hilarious at least half the time, but Wilder fumbles directorially from start to finish in his effort to bring off some broad japes in a film that might better have been titled *Blazing Saddles Goes to Baker Street*. Though Wilder himself was one of the chief assets of Mel Brooks's *Saddles*, as well as star and co-author of *Young Frankenstein*, this should be a lesson to him: It's not easy to duplicate the rollicking wit and rhythm that keep a Mel Brooks comedy on target. There's more to a pratfall, in other words, than falling on your ass. Wilder leans toward the sophomoric humor of grabbed groins, opened flies, mooning and nose picking, maybe because he hasn't got much of a story to tell and cannot get comfortable with the Holmesian style he sets out to parody (only cinematographer Gerry Fisher has a handle on *that*, though his sly, shadowy compositions are lost amid a slew of slow-motion sight gags). Individually, Wilder included, the performers are reduced to clowning with insufficient support from their material, though Kahn almost manages to save the occasion here and there as a damsel in distress who will believe anything when she's sexually aroused. DeLuise, as an Italian opera singer, does what he can (not much) in another Brooksian spoof of an operatic troupe destroying a performance of Verdi's *Masked Ball*. Give or take a giggle or two, there's just barely enough jollity produced to carry the first half of a TV variety show.

An English screenwriter whose discontented wife goes off on a European holiday—to find herself in Baden-Baden—just happens to be penning a scenario, "a psychological story about the new woman." As the writer says, "I think



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it's very boring . . . also pretentious and derivative." And that says quite a lot about *The Romantic Englishwoman*, a highly literate and slightly arch comedy about a scenarist who engineers his real wife's infidelity with a dope-peddling gigolo she has encountered in an elevator at a sumptuous European resort. Director Joseph (The Go-Between) Losey, a film-cult favorite who will seldom shoot a scene straight if he can shoot it through an expensive oval mirror, collaborates with London's hottest young playwright, Tom (Travesties) Stoppard, and coscenarist Thomas Wiseman to produce some rather cerebral fun about the difference between marital infidelity as practiced on the silver screen and as practiced, in fact, by England's privileged upper-middle class. With Michael Caine, Glenda Jackson and Helmut Berger playing, respectively, the husband, wife and ne'er-do-well lover, *The Romantic Englishwoman* would be wholly winning, in an offbeat way, except that Losey appears to take seriously, about halfway through, what he has started in a spirit of fun.

Sex comedy has come a long way, baby, since those cautiously naughty Doris Day-Rock Hudson romps of a decade or so ago. *I Will, I Will . . . for Now* teams Diane Keaton and Elliott Gould as an on-again, off-again divorced couple who agree, by contract, to try to revive their relationship at a Masters and Johnson-style sex clinic. "Playing doctor" is an important part of the therapy suggested (by Robert Alda and Madge Sinclair, as the resident sexperts) to correct his premature ejaculation, her frigidity and various other malfunctions. Paul Sorvino, as the family lawyer who's been furtively balling Diane on the rebound, lends sturdy comic support. So do Victoria Principal and Warren Berlinger, playing another mismatched couple who show up at the clinic for a round of musical beds (with Victoria introducing herself as a former "PLAYBOY centerfold girl," though she was actually featured not as a Playmate but as a most-promising actress in our September 1973 issue). Directed by Norman Panama, co-authored by Panama and Albert E. Lewin, *I Will, I Will* is loosely structured and likable, and of no particular importance except as a series of slick sight gags and one-liners about the kind of people who read *The Joy of Sex*. "Shall we start on page one and screw our way through to the index?" asks Gould in his brightest, most relaxed comic performance since *M*A*S*H*. Diane is at least a match for him as a girl who's trying to get comfortable about using four-letter words ("All right . . . fuck . . . I'm sorry," she blurts in a tidy turmoil of moral confusion). In fact, if Keaton continues at her present pace as a flip, latter-day Carole Lombard, she's likely to become the Seventies' queen of sophisticated screen comedy.

The stylish new look in French porno is generously displayed in *Pussy Talk* (which may be advertised as plain *Talk* in newspapers that judge p-u-s-s-y unfit to print). Picking up on some of the anatomical impudence that contributed to *Deep Throat's* success, producer Francis Leroi and director Frederic Lansac afflict their heroine with a kind of vaginal verbosity. An actress named Penelope Lamour (a nom de film if ever we heard one), who is both beautiful and adept, initially expresses convincing dismay as a bored young housewife who discovers a new dimension in oral-genital feats. Her primary sex organ begins to speak, and speaks bluntly, too, demanding frequent satisfaction and issuing orders to its mistress—in dubbed English—to launch "operation hard-on." *Pussy Talk's* strident vocal cords sound fiendish enough to require an exorcist, and pieces of the film are shot from within, as if those labial lips had found not only a voice but a graphically pubic point of view. It's a bizarre idea that caroms uncertainly from outrageous comedy to serious melodrama about a woman possessed by her . . . well, chatterbox. Several genuinely erotic scenes include a sex fantasy in a parked car surrounded by male masturbators, a quick double pickup of two strange studs in a porno theater, plus a confessional bit with a well-endowed priest. Otherwise, the movie is marred by frequent, irrelevant flashbacks (with actress Beatrice Harnois subbing for Mlle. Lamour as "Young Joan") that try to explain the heroine's problem in terms of early psychosexual trauma. Such overstatement often reduces *Pussy Talk* to blather, but, wordy or not, as *La Sexe Qui Parle*, this rambling entry won Grand Prize over 40 others in competition last summer at the First International Erotic Film Festival in Paris.

The title *Inserts* means precisely what you think it means—in the jargon of pornography, a term for phallic penetration. A movie about porno rather

Inserts: intense.



"*Pussy Talk* caroms from outrageous comedy to serious melodrama about a woman possessed by her . . . well, chatterbox."

than a porno movie, *Inserts* is also about success and failure and self-destruction and lovelessness on the sleazy side of Hollywood back in the Thirties, with Richard Dreyfuss (fresh from *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and *Jaws*) starred as a lapsed, drunken

Wunderkind who stays at home in his dressing gown, grinding out dirty movies. Though Dreyfuss tends to become a shrill and hypertense actor under stress, his abrasive performance overall amounts to a pretty remarkable

study of self-abasement. Equally impressive are Bob Hoskins, as a porno entrepreneur named Big Mac; Jessica Harper, as an ambitious little bitch whose inhibitions disappear like *that*; Stephen Davies, as a dimwitted stud who aspires to higher things; and England's Veronica Cartwright, absolutely terrific as a porno queen and casual junkie named Harlene, whose sad, flapperish cheapness would have been worth a fortune to *The Day of the Locust* on film. Verbally explicit and visually as tacky as it should be, *Inserts* is overwritten, overlong, overplayed—a movie that flaunts imperfection but registers, nonetheless, as a fascinating, serious attempt to say something about the headlong collision of sex and cinema. Advocates of porno permissiveness will interpret it as a downer, and they'll be right. "It's magic . . . it's meat!" shrieks Dreyfuss, who has one sex performer drop dead on him and spends half the film psyching up a substitute only because his leading man seems reluctant to ball a corpse. Meanwhile, he manages to avoid a summons back to legitimacy from "that new kid over at Pathé . . . Clark Gable" (an unconvincing character, played by an offstage voice). One of the year's weirdest movies by any standard, *Inserts* is peculiarly erotic and intense. Flaws and all, there's some splashy talent showcased here by 28-year-old writer-director John Byrum, debuting as a director with his own screenplay, filmed in England on a quickie budget in three weeks. (Byrum, obviously moving up, also wrote *Mahogany*.)

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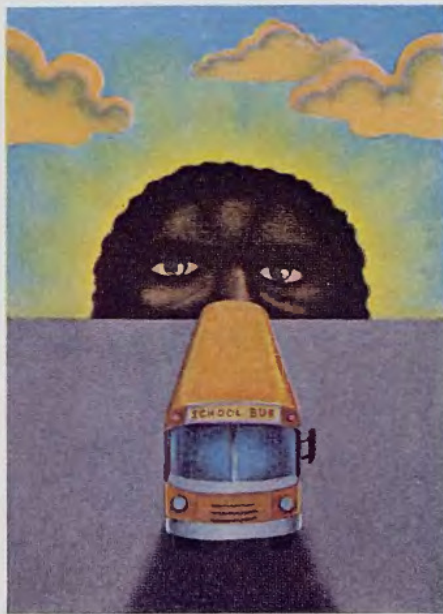
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BOOKS

Richard Kluger's *Simple Justice* (Knopf) is a landmark book about a landmark event: the 1954 Supreme Court decision in *Brown vs. The Board of Education*, which overthrew a century of malign neglect by ordering the desegregation of American schools on the ground that separate is inherently unequal. Kluger might have been content to describe the events surrounding *Brown* and its four related Supreme Court cases themselves; but to his great credit, he opted for more: a study of the entire history of race relations in the United States since the day the first black man came ashore in chains. Kluger spent seven years on his homework; the result is superb history and compelling reading. He supplies every historical figure, from famous participants like Thurgood Marshall and William O. Douglas to obscure black farmers and white school superintendents, with lively biographies. He traces the activities of the Court itself with brilliance, resurrecting memos, notes and conversations to reveal for the first time the complicated process of decision making that goes on behind the curtains of the nation's most secretive branch of Government; in *Simple Justice*, we discover how the Court really works and learn how a former Republican governor of California, Earl Warren, managed to forge a unanimous decision out of an otherwise fragmented and contrary bench of eight individual men. And although he has little patience for Southern racism—or Northern, for that matter—Kluger still manages to give the South its fair day in court. *Simple Justice* untangles the often obscure and complicated record of the progress of civil rights in America in the 20th Century; it should serve, as the massive briefs of the NAACP served for the Warren Court, to prove the rightness of the cause and to draw a line of fact beyond which no one can justify retreat. It is one of those rarest of works, a book that is a one-volume education.

Minor publishing curiosity of the season: John V. Lindsay and William F. Buckley, Jr., are both coming out with first novels. Ten years ago, they were both running for mayor of New York. Lindsay won that election, though Buckley made it unpleasant for him—which was probably a good part of his purpose in running, since he certainly didn't expect to win. But if Buckley wasn't a serious candidate, he certainly outclassed Lindsay, which just goes to show you that the more things change, the more they stay the same. Because, friends, neighbors, voters and lovers of the printed word, Lindsay's book, *The Edge* (Norton), a political potboiler, is just plain awful. It is full



Simple Justice: a landmark book.

“Buckley writes about sex better than Lindsay, though it is hard to say what lesson there is in that.”

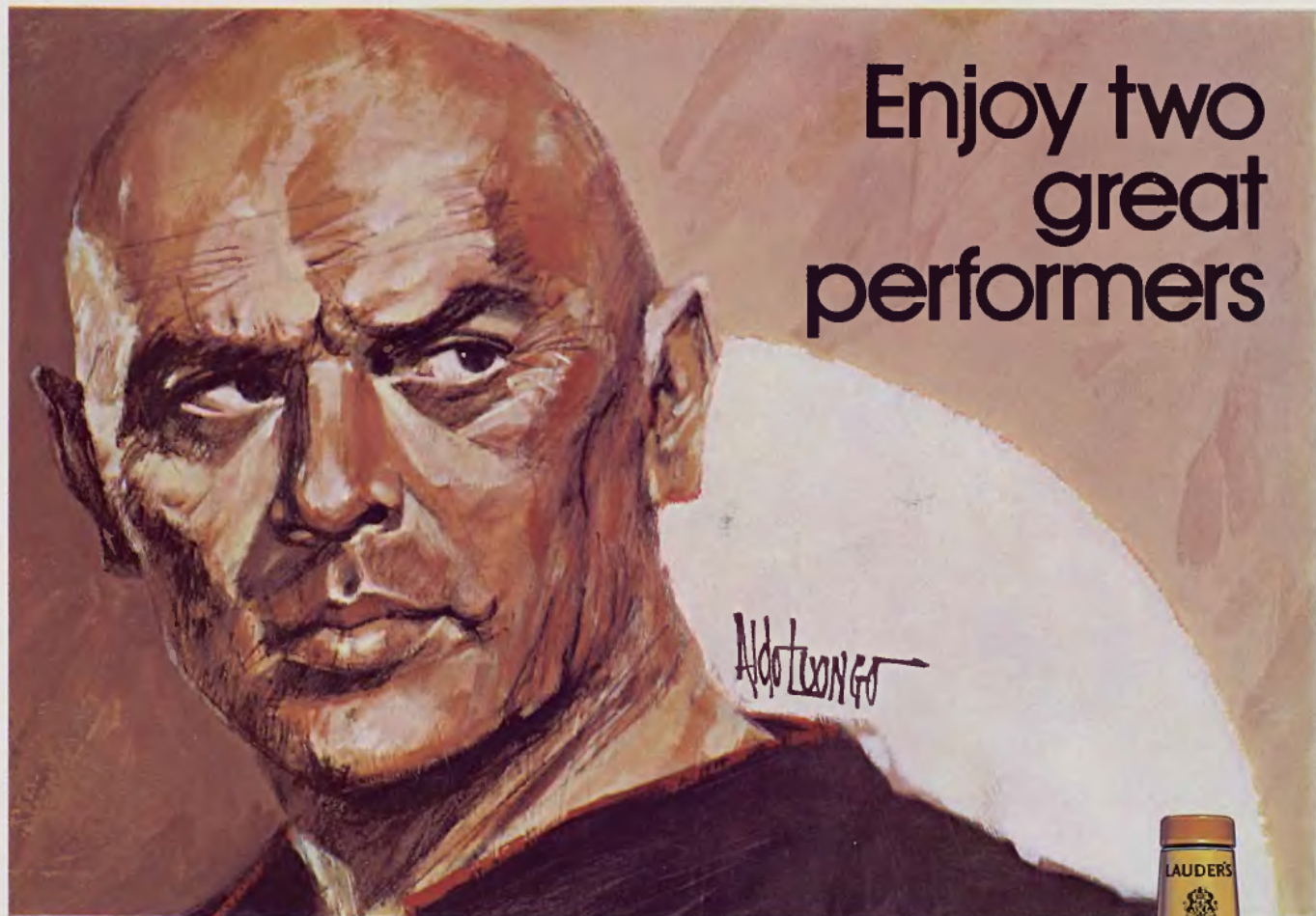


Lindsay, Buckley: dual debut.

of platitudes that wouldn't even make it into a speech by—well, John Lindsay. Try this one for size: “When the armed might of the nation becomes political, you have on your hands the potential destruction of the republic. There are signs that you may have the beginnings of that now. And Mr. President, you cannot permit this under your administration.” Bad Allen Drury. Lindsay should stick to politics. Or television. Buckley's effort, *Saving the Queen* (Doubleday), is better—it couldn't be much worse—but it won't cost Bellow or Styron any sleep. It is a thriller, early CIA vintage, and Buckley obviously knows he cannot match Le Carré for complexity of plot or intricacy of detail. So he settles for being playful. And he enjoys himself enormously. The biggest weakness in the book is that all the characters speak as though they have just watched ten hours of *Fiving Line* reruns. Two incidental notes: Buckley writes about sex better than Lindsay, though it is hard to say what lesson there is in that. Also, there was a third candidate in that celebrated election. His name was Abe Beame and in 1973 he finally got to be mayor. He was last seen pauhhandling and signing I.O.U.s. Surely, there is a lesson in that.

For 30 years, the Soviet Union has loomed as a constant presence in our national life, helping us determine whom we elect, how we spend our tax dollars and what we should go to war over. But what's curious, considering that Americans are *supposed* to be curious, is how little most of us know about Russians. In fact, one surprising impression that emerges from Hedrick Smith's *The Russians* (Quadrangle) is that even after years of Soviet censorship and radio jamming, folks over there seem to know considerably more about us than we know about them. Smith's memoir of his tour of duty as the *New York Times* bureau chief in Moscow, emphasizing his personal encounters—brief and otherwise—is a terrific crash course. The title is telling: Smith calls the people Russians, not Soviets, because he feels that nearly 60 years of communism haven't altered their basic outlook. If they're more volatile, more sentimental, more *human* than we'd expect, it's because they're the same people Dostoevsky and Tolstoy wrote about; if they're longer suffering and more quiescent under a police state than we'd suspect, it's because they're the same people the czars pushed around. So much for the theorizing. What makes this book come alive, despite the dry stretches of dispatch prose, is the character sketches of Russians high and low—and Smith's refusal

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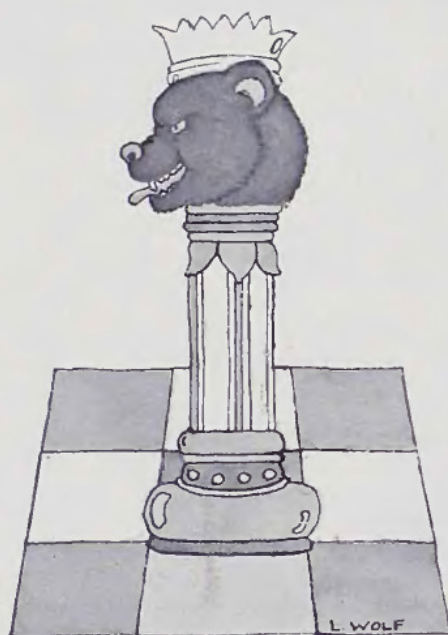
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to settle for the cliché. When he leads you to places you wouldn't see as a tourist—for instance, to a party of young sons and daughters of the elite, blue-jeaned and long-haired, where Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's kid plays lead guitar and sings Beatles and Rolling Stones songs—you expect to be told that young Russians are rebellious. Not at all. Probing, Smith finds that jeans, which may be a proletarian gesture to affluent young Americans, are status symbols to a generation of Russians who still respect their elders. Similarly, in a country where hand-holding is discouraged and copies of *PLAYBOY* are valuable contraband, we find that the people are freer of sexual hang-ups and get it on earlier than we do. Although there *are* problems: lack of privacy, for one thing, and "thick and clumsy" condoms for another. There's much more, of course: farmers who don't give a damn about any Plan, laborers relaxing in bathhouses, *apparatchiki* pouring out their troubles. There are visits



The Russians: Mr. Smith goes to Moscow.

with Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, the Pasternak family. And there's that fantastic system of entrenched party privileges ranging from villas and limousines to special shops crammed with Western goodies. You start out wondering how the average Russian tolerates it—a few pissed-off New York cabbies would have overthrown such a system years ago, right?—but the way Smith tells it, you wind up understanding that and much more about a complex people living in a complex system that is at once familiar and very alien.

F. Scott Fitzgerald once said of Sam Goldwyn, "You always knew where you stood with him: nowhere." Others were less kind. The one thing on which both

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his admirers and his detractors seem to agree is that Goldwyn was absolutely incomprehensible, a strange mixture of venom and gentility, brilliance and ignorance, compassion and indifference. Any sane biographer would most likely have given up the chase, especially since his family and close friends refuse to talk about him. Why Carol Easton persisted, to write *The Search for Sam Goldwyn* (Morrow), is an even bigger enigma than that posed by her subject himself. This so-called biography is, indeed, a search, albeit a fruitless one. Easton goes into useless detail about how she managed not to learn anything of any particular significance about Goldwyn but decided to go ahead with the project anyhow. Her idea of a breakthrough in her research was coming to the conclusion—which she repeats, ad infinitum—that Sam Goldwyn was so ashamed of his past as Sam Goldfish, immigrant glove salesman, that he endeavored to cover it up as Sam Goldwyn, master producer. This book does provide capsule biographies of some of the people with whom Goldwyn worked—so if you're a William Wyler buff or a Farley Granger fan, by all means read it. But if you want to know the real Sam Goldwyn, you'll just have to wait until someone finds him.

As Melvin Van Peebles describes it in *The True American* (Doubleday)—a portion of which appeared in last month's PLAYBOY—hell can be a helluva place if you happen to be black. Abe and his buddy, Dogface, learn just that when, after being killed on a Georgia chain gang, they arrive in the fiery pit and discover that the Devil has concluded that the best way to make the greatest number of people miserable in hell, where whites outnumber blacks, is to put the colored folks in charge. Just to make Whitey more miserable, Ole Debbil occasionally supplies the black pit bosses with Caucasian cuties, insists that blacks get educated and forces Abe to lead everyone in singing real down-home Gospel hymns. All of this white unhappiness is, of course, recorded on Misery Meters in the Devil's office. When Abe's singing results in an all-time misery level, the Devil is so ecstatic he allows Abe to return to earth, where the latter hopes to lead his people to see The Light. Abe learned his economics and history well enough at Hell U, but he failed to learn not to turn his back on a jealous boyfriend and is killed again, this time for messing with the wrong girl at a Chicago rent party. He insults Jesus Christ at the Last Judgment and winds up back in hell. If all this sounds very complicated, it is, but don't let that put you off. The book is great entertainment and has every prospect of becoming Van Peebles' next film. It should make one hell of a movie.

TELEVISION

Singer Edith Piaf, who died in 1963 at the age of 47—looking at least 60 after a life crowded with men, ill health, accidents and drug addiction, to list just a few of the indulgences that took their toll—was the Gallic Judy Garland, a veritable goddess in her native land. The Piaf legend is explored with extraordinary candor and sensitivity in *I Regret Nothing* (the title borrowed from one of Piaf's durable hits, *Je Ne Regrette Rien*), a BBC documentary that will be tele-



Piaf: no regrets.

“Fame and fortune made Piaf more discriminating: ‘Her treasure was to have as lovers very famous people.’”

vised on Public Broadcasting Service outlets sometime between March 7 and 21 as part of its *Festival '76*.

The life story of Piaf—known affectionately as The Sparrow—is nothing if not legendary. Raised in a brothel, she went blind in early childhood, regained her sight and was singing in the streets at 15. Piaf remained a street person at heart for the rest of her life. “Her lovers were . . . anybody,” testifies an old friend, who adds that fame and fortune made her more discriminating: “Her treasure was to have as lovers very famous people.” Numbered among the *compagnons*, husbands or virile protégés who prospered under The Sparrow's fragile wings were Yves Montand, middleweight champion Marcel Cerdan, singing idol-composer Charles Aznavour, actor Eddie Constantine and Théo Sarapo—the last a Greek hairdresser who married Piaf when he was 26 and she 46.

Tragedy seemed to hover over Piaf's playmates, several of whom died like the heroes of the sadly haunting songs she preferred to sing. “She had a complex . . . to find songs with a new way of dying . . . automobile accidents, gas, fire,” says Aznavour in an utterly frank interview about his tenure as “the slave of Piaf.” He summarizes: “She was a monster . . . singing, living, eating, drinking, loving like a monster. I was in love with her for eight days.”

All the choicest gossip and fondest tributes are touched upon by director Michael Houldey, who deserves to be forgiven for illustrating several Piaf standards with doggedly lyrical touches of art photography, most of it irrelevant. His colorful

collage of memorabilia also includes some fantastic film footage—notably, a collector's-item snippet of Piaf, as a scruffy, relatively unknown 20-year-old *chanteuse*, being interrogated about the murder of the café entrepreneur who discovered her (“Now I have nobody . . . leave me alone,” she sobs).

As *I Regret* illustrates, Piaf's life and her music were one. If it was not always an exemplary life, it was certainly an incredible rags-to-riches fable—and this eloquent TV trib-

ute may prove a tough act to follow for a dramatized feature film titled *La Môme Piaf*, made in France two years ago (with newcomer Brigitte Ariel starred as Piaf) but still unreleased in the U. S. Here is Piaf as Piaf, penny plain, a boon to her fans and an unexpected pleasure for those among us who never really knew the phenomenon who was as indigenous to Paris as the Tour Eiffel.

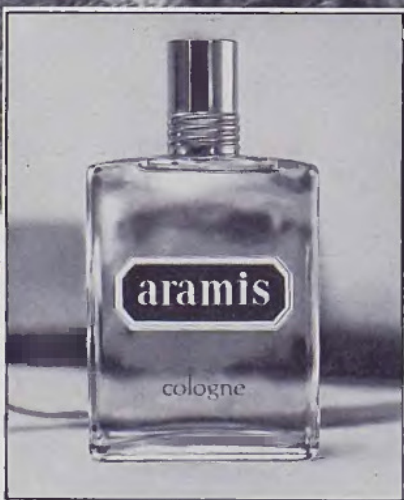
Also scheduled for airing during *Festival '76*, the Public Broadcasting Service's second annual fund-raising campaign, are a number of specials designed to appeal to varied audiences, from classical-music lovers to comedy-film *aficionados*. Penciled in, as PLAYBOY went to press, were *The Boston Pops in Hollywood*, with Arthur Fiedler conducting a concert at the Century Plaza in Los Angeles to narration by Charlton Heston; the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra's New Year's Eve concert; the award-winning production of Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, starring Jason Robards, Jr., and Colleen Dewhurst; a salute to broadcasting, with Steve Allen hosting a potpourri of old TV clips and radio transcriptions; several British imports; and a tribute to Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.

Greatest coup, if sufficient funding materializes, will be the first live telecast from the Met: Leontyne Price in *Aida*, March 7.

PBS staffers are hoping the two-week extravaganza will help member stations raise \$7,500,000 in subscriptions. The first such festival, held last year, raised \$5,000,000 with such features as Henry Fonda's Clarence Darrow and a British biography of Salvador Dali.



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RECORDINGS

When it comes to singing (pop variety), the ladies—bless 'em—seem to have it all over the men in both quantity and quality. Not a month goes by without a couple of first-rate LPs featuring women vocalists landing on our turntable. This go-round, there happened to be more than ever. Barbra Streisand's *Lazy Afternoon* (Columbia) is, in terms of the material, the best thing she's done in a long while. Except for *Shake Me, Wake Me*, which perhaps was put in for comic relief, the songs are uniformly attractive—the title tune is an old favorite of ours, as is *Moanin' Low*, and there are several songs by the coproducer-arranger-conductor of the session, Rupert Holmes, that hold up quite well. Meanwhile, Streisand goes a long way toward proving what we've contended all along—that she can get along quite well, thank you, without giving most of the tunes that standardized top-of-the-lungs treatment. Quietly quintessential.

We've felt much the same way about Shirley Bassey—that she was always singing for the back row. That's OK if you're Ethel Merman in a Broadway musical but hardly necessary when it's all going to wind up on vinyl. So it pleases us to report that Bassey ain't very brassy on *Good, Bad but Beautiful* (United Artists). Sure, she still punches out a lyric when the occasion warrants, but modulation and moderation appear to have entered her repertoire and we can only say that her handling of Stephen Sondheim's *Send in the Clowns* and Marilyn and Alan Bergman's *The Way We Were* (she's just liable to make you forget the Streisand sound track) are absolutely out of sight.

Cleo Laine, whose voice is a rich, dusky instrument that is capable of quite incredible vocal gymnastics, has finally gotten the recognition in the States that fell to her early on in her career in Europe. Well, better late, etc. Cleo's *Easy Livin'* (Stanyan), with ever-present husband John Dankworth conducting, has her moving effortlessly through mostly classics (*Who Walks In When I Walk Out* and *Sure As You're Born* are the exceptions; newcomers *On a Clear Day* and *The Look of Love* have earned the right to be called standards). Coincidentally, the four best tracks on the LP are a pair of "I Gots" (*I Got Rhythm* and *I Got It Bad*) and a pair of "Easys" (*Easy Livin'* and *Easy Street*).

Peggy Lee never shouts and she never does things by half measures. *Mirrors* (A&M), as nearly as we can ascertain by toting up the line-up on the back of the album jacket, involves nearly 90 musicians (for which their unions should give much thanks) and has four great things going for it—the Lee vocal cords, of course, words by Jerry Leiber, music by Mike



Five ladies: five winners.

"We guarantee that before *Libertango* is over, she'll be flat on her back, kicking a hole in the ceiling."



Shaved Fish: a twist of Lennon.

Stoller and arrangements by conductor Johnny Mandel. The Leiber-Stoller songs are not, by any stretch of the imagination, conventional. From the jubilant Professor Hauptmann's *Performing Dogs* to the geriatric *Ready to Begin Again* to the world-weary *Say It* to the Brechtian *Tango*, Lee and company have lots of fascinating things to say. Listen closely—they've done it all with *Mirrors*.

If Peggy Lee is an institution, what would you call Lena Horne—a national treasure? *Stormy Weather / Lena's Greatest Hits* (Stanyan) is solid gold. To begin with,

there are five songs composed by one of our favorite noteworthies, Harold Arlen (four with Johnny Mercer, one with Ted Koehler), along with others by such luminaries as Duke Ellington, Noel Coward, Cole Porter, George Gershwin and Alec Wilder. The songs were arranged and conducted by Lena's late husband, Lennie Hayton, and the Horne of plenty overflows with a vibrant sensuousness that, for more years than it seems possible, has made Lena the *sine qua non* of torch singers.

• *Shaved Fish* (Apple). Hmm. Someone must have dropped John Lennon on his head again. This is a collection of old Lennon-Yoko songs—*Imagine*, *Happy Xmas*, *Power to the People* and others that should give you an instant case of *déjà vu* or at least make you ask the musical question: What price do you have to pay to get out of going through all these things twice?—as Dylan said back when. Listening to these songs again you get the impression that Lennon has become permanently stuck in the Sixties, doomed to think that wearing a Kotex on your head in public is amusing and to implore all of us to "imagine all the people sharing all the world." The fact that he's reissuing a song that demands "power to the people" when Congressional investigations are telling us that the CIA goes out and dusts off anybody it pleases of a Saturday night makes you wonder if old John maybe wasn't asleep last year.

• Would-be abductors of society girls should note that an album of the dirtiest tango music has just been released. It's called *Libertango* (Chrysalis); and it may come in handy while you're waiting for that big telephone call from her parents. Astor Piazzolla, a bandonion (it's like an accordion) player from South America, has composed and/or arranged eight magnificent tangos that tell a girl what's on your mind: seductive French and Italian songs lying athwart bristling German harmonies, all brought to consummation via the insinuating rhythms of the tango. The girl's parents may not come through with the ransom, but we guarantee that before side two of the record is over, she'll be flat on her back, kicking a hole in the ceiling.

• There have been no Band albums for three years, at least not studio albums of new material. Consequently, *Northern Lights—Southern Cross* (Capitol) is quite an event. So we gave it to the best reviewer we could find. He said he'd have it done in two days and then disappeared for a month. Finally, he called about four one morning. What are you doing? we wanted to know "Just cuttin' up lines and waitin'

for dawn," he said. Where are you? "Kotzebue, Alaska," was the reply. What he didn't know was that the nights there are six months long. He thought he still had a whole day left and had bought a couple of extra copies of the album to see him through till morning.

We can't guarantee that the new Band record will send you in search of the northern lights, but it might make you see them right there in your living room. *Acadian Driftwood*, one of the most interesting songs, is kind of a Canadian version of *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down*, dealing with the French colonists who settled in eastern Canada in the early 1600s. The song is actually a take-off on Longfellow's *Evangeline*.

It Makes No Difference is a love song reminiscent of one on *The Band* called *Whispering Pines*. And *Rags & Bones* is one of several rocking tunes that sound like a cross between rhythm-and-blues and circus music, partly because of Garth Hudson's accordion, synthesizer, organ and woodwind playing—and, on one number, because of the addition of a sixth musician playing violin. In short, it's only one of the five or six best records to come out in the past three years and it should get you through some bad nights—even those that are six months long.

We have a hard time explaining the proliferation of genuine songwriters in Austin, Texas. Perhaps it has something to do with the water supply, what with nightly raids by cosmic cowboys dumping near lethal doses of Lone Star beer into the city reservoir. Whatever it is, if it's responsible for Guy Clark's *Old No. 1* (RCA), we want some distributed to every music center of America, immediately. Clark is wry, caring, literate, addictive. The ten songs on this album are a catalog of everything worth keeping out of life in the Southwest. *Texas—1947* tells of 50 or 60 townfolk gathered at the station to watch the passing of the first diesel train. While they wonder what it's coming to and how it got so far, the six-year-old narrator just grins. "But me I got a nickel smashed flatter than a dime / By a mad dog runaway red silver streamline train." Larry McMurry, set to music. *Instant Coffee Blues* chronicles the morning after a one-night stand, when the guilty parties—one in the shower, one smoking in bed—feel the familiar emptiness. "Time was of the essence so they both did their best / To meet up in the kitchen feelin' fully dressed." The backup has that dry sensibility of an acoustic-guitar picker leaning back on a front porch, chewing tobacco, sipping whiskey, swallowing and getting on with the story. It's a treasure.



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THE MIDDLE-CLASS SQUEEZE

By Craig Karpel

ONE AFTERNOON, Dinah Shore was inside my television set interviewing Harry Browne, the guy who has profited in the monetary crisis by writing *You Can Profit from a Monetary Crisis*. Dinah was being real polite to Harry, as if he were secretly the ambassador from Mars and if she said a naughty he might fly into a suit and turn men's minds to custard. Arte Johnson of *Laugh-In* fame was sitting next to Browne and finally couldn't contain himself any longer. "Excuse me, Harry," he said, "but I've got one question. What can the *average* person do in the face of the deteriorating economic situation?" Browne started in with his folderol about how people should quit their jobs, identify some skill they have and set about marketing it to their neighbors. Johnson broke in and repeated that he wanted to know what the *average* person could do. Browne started in again with his whacked-out fantasy of a nation of popular mechanics earning big money at home sharpening saws in their spare time and I started yelling at the screen, "What the *average* person can do is cop to the fact that he's up shit creek in a leaky kayak! What the *average* person can do is come to grips with the fact that the purpose of the recession/depression is to soak the *average* person!"

My wife poked her head into my lair. "Will you please keep it down?" she said. "You're disturbing the men who are repossessing the pool."

But seriously, folks, somebody's got to pick up the tab when an economy as big as ours falls out of bed, and I'll give you a clue—it's not the Pygmies of the Ituri Forest.

Give up? OK, the loser is—the American middle class! Otherwise known as us. And it's no accident, either. It is

possible, in fact, to see the current economic collapse as an enormous conspiracy against the American middle class. The high financiers of the American economy have no great love for the members of the American middle class. They would not, for instance, let their daughters marry one. They would not live next door to one. They resent the fact that the American middle class refuses to assemble electronic components for wages as low as the more dexterous Taiwanese. They take umbrage at the fact that the American middle class refuses to design cameras for salaries as low as the more meticulous Japanese. That complex network of relationships between focuses of personal and institutional wealth the Russkis and the Chicoms know as Wall Street has been gearing up for years to turn the American middle class upside down and shake it till the nickels stop dropping. We get a lot of propaganda about how Wall Street is bullish on America. This is



a lot of bullish shit. Everybody is pissing and moaning about how much he lost in the market and, indeed, the recent slide was by far the most prolonged and most devastating in history, making 1929 look like a slight technical correction. But every drop in stock quotations means somebody has bought a given piece of American industry at an even more advantageous price. And vast fortunes were made by bears who had the means to take the unlimited risks involved in going short. During the "panics" of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, it was taken for granted that the market was manipulated by insiders for their own benefit. Today, we've been hoodwinked into thinking that

the SEC's corps of wheyfaced paper shufflers has got the heaviest flimflam artists in the world thoroughly figured out, when the fact is, it mainly goes after the Cornfelds and the Vescos; i.e., Jews, Italians and other ethnics. But the market of yesteryear was a horse race for the rich—not the repository of the savings of the American middle class that it became during the postwar boom. The current panic has looted the mutual funds, pension funds and monthly investment plans that were supposed to keep the American middle class in blue rinse and Geritol during its golden years.

The idea was to soften up the proles so that they'd back off on the science-fictionoid wage demands their unions had been making in the past few years. So something had to be done about the money they had socked away outside the stock market, in banks and life insurance. It would have been unseemly for the partners of the House of Morgan (if you don't

believe there still is a House of Morgan, call its New York number and say, "But where are the customers' yachts?") to have started going around to branch banks wearing ski masks, but luckily the American middle class made that unnecessary by being too stingy to pay as it went for the Vietnam war, forcing the best and the brightest to finance it with inflation. This was fine with the banks, because money is their most important product. If the

American middle class insisted that they manufacture more of it, how could the bankers refuse? They knew that by the time the middle class figured out that if you let the Federal Reserve authorize your bank to create more cash by writing larger loans with smaller reserves, the real purchasing power of your bank account and insurance policy, not to mention your income, has to go down. Sara Lee brownies would cost \$1.19 a tin and if the American middle class didn't like it, it could write to its Congressmen, using stamps that cost a dime (and they may be 13 cents by April) instead of a nickel.

Meanwhile, back at the palace, the Arabs got the idea that, with the American

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somewhere, in the constellations, *completely* evil, just as evil as a star can be, and there are no rats on it, right? So what? It doesn't even say NO RATS LIVE ON EVIL STAR, because backward that would just be RATS LIVE NO EVIL STAR ON, which *doesn't* sound great and isn't a palindrome, anyway. You have to imagine that there are *all* these evil stars out there, a whole *lot* of them—and on *none* of them are there any rats.

Your hard-core palindromist divides words differently when he runs them backward. You understand what I mean? For instance, the old classic ABLE WAS I ERE I SAW ELBA keeps the integrity of the words, but another old classic, A MAN, A PLAN, A CANAL—PANAMA, doesn't. When you start violating the integrity of words *as well as* beginning to see them backward, you can get into a peck of trouble, constructing crazy, meaningless palindromes hundreds of words long. And thank God I never got into that.

However, one morning when I was in residence at the Macdowell Colony, a sylvan and silent retreat for writers and painters in New Hampshire, where they provide lovely studios and box lunches so you can really concentrate and create, I was struck by the fact that TRAP was PART backward. This led to the realization that STRAP was PARTS backward. And this led to the big breakthrough realization that STRAP PARTS was a minipalindrome in and of itself and might lead to something larger.

At noon I pushed all other work off the big desk, ate the box lunch and really concentrated and created for the next five hours. I imagined a Chinaman. (You know how Chinamen are always getting things backward, because they live on the wrong side of the world and all.) And I imagined that this Chinaman had a horse that he had named after his favorite soup—not egg drop, for heaven's sake, but won ton. EGG DROP backward would just be PORD GGE, and if you tried to use PORD GGE in a palindrome, you wouldn't get anywhere, no matter how sylvan and silent the surroundings.

Anyhow, this Chinaman was having trouble with one of the leather things that hold the saddle on the horse, the thong things—you know, the *straps*. They were always breaking—you know, *parting*. And he kept having to get down from the horse and mend them. Finally, he took the saddle right off the horse, *really* mended the thong thing *once and for all*, so it simply could not possibly ever break again, put the saddle *back* on the horse and said (with crazy Chinese self-satisfaction): NOT NOW NO STRAP PARTS ON WON TON.

Now, *that's* the *closest* I ever came to making *any* sense out of a palindromel One whole long secluded afternoon's work, and that was *it!* So don't get into this. Promise me you won't even *think* about it.



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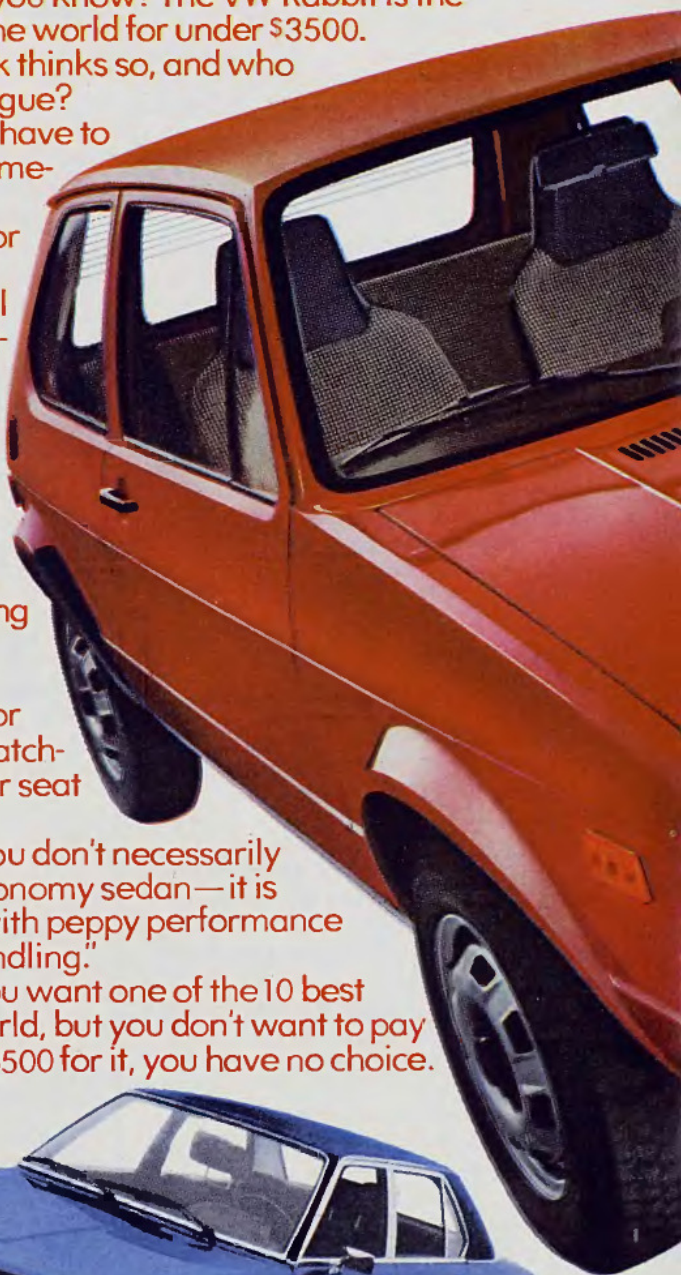
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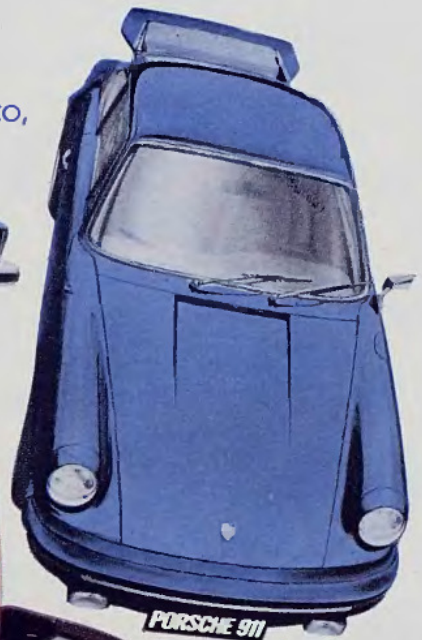
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have become quite close to a girl who works at my office. We do everything together except sex. I don't really know what she wants. The people at the office think we are going steady, although it's common knowledge that she has someone who could be considered a fiancé in another city. We've talked and I've discovered that she will not go to bed with anyone but her fiancé (not that she comes right out and says that, mind you. One can deduce it from what she says in conversation). Her actions hint that she has a great need for male contact—she holds herself so close to me that 90 percent of the time our bodies touch. Would you say that she is dropping hints in hopes that I make advances or that she is merely being a tease? Or could it be that my mind, clouded with feelings of lust and love, sees her actions as an invitation? The gentleman in me says that I should respect her relationship with her fiancé. What should I do? I don't want to make any mistakes; even if love is out of the question, I couldn't bear to lose her friendship.—W. W., Richmond, Virginia.

Your situation reminds us of a classic called "A Tail of Two Cities"; a young man bent on self-sacrifice plans to relinquish his interest in a damsel out of respect for the prior claim of someone who "could be considered a fiancé." At the last moment, he realizes that his idea of a gentleman is based on the "After you, Alphonse; no, after you, Gaston" routine. He decides to give her a try. The fiancé turns out to be a polite fiction; and as he mounts the damsel for the first time, the hero is heard to say: "It is a far, far better thing I do now than I have ever done before, and a hell of a lot less frustrating."

Some of my friends and I have been discussing human sexual response. One of them suggested that, contrary to women's lib, there was no reason to expect a lady to have an orgasm, since, as a rule, the females of other species don't. Can this be true? Do female animals have orgasms?—O. R., Los Angeles, California.

We never asked. Actually, Dr. David A. Goldfoot brought up this topic in a recent issue of Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality. If you define orgasm in physiological terms—i.e., the body changes that Masters and Johnson divided into four phases: excitement, plateau, orgasmic and resolution—the answer is probably no. A female rhesus monkey that was mechanically stimulated went through three of the phases but did not actually experience the orgasmic phase. (Nevertheless, her social calendar is filled for the year.) According to Dr. Goldfoot, "Certain



behaviors of females . . . occasionally look like orgasmic responses to observers, but obviously this is hardly acceptable evidence for orgasm. For example, the rhesus female sometimes repeatedly clutches her leg, the leg of her partner or even his scrotum . . . in a vigorous manner during copulation. . . . The female stump-tailed macaque occasionally displays muscular body spasms, rhythmic expiration vocalizations and an openmouthed expression during coitus which resembles facial expressions described for humans during orgasm. These behaviors, including the characteristic facial expression, are very similar to the responses shown by male stump-tailed monkeys during ejaculations." (They probably knew they were being filmed.) Most other species don't even come close. Also, several studies have shown that rodents will behave the same way during intercourse even when their genitals are anesthetized. So, although it appears that females of other species do not have orgasms, this in no way suggests that the same applies to human females. In fact, one of the things that differentiate man from other animals is his ability to use a tool, and woman, her ability to appreciate it when he does.

The clothing stores in my neighborhood are stocking up on suspenders. The patterns (stars and stripes, rainbows, etc.) caught my eye and I purchased several

pairs, but now I'm at a loss. Is it all right to wear them on pants that have belt loops and, if so, do I wear a belt at the same time?—J. P., Chicago, Illinois.

The Clarence Darrow look (if you can imagine Clarence Darrow in decorator colors) is definitely in style this year. The vertical bands of varied hue provide the same comic relief once supplied by ties. Also, what with pockets disappearing from the front of high-fashion pants, you have to put your hands somewhere, and what better place than hooked into a set of Day-Glo galluses? Ideally, suspenders should be worn on loopless pants that are tight enough to provide their own support. You can wear them with pants that have loops as long as you leave the belt behind. It's a snap.

Have you come across the Binaca Blast? It's something that every sex enthusiast should know about: Each partner places six to ten drops of concentrated Binaca Breath Freshener on the tongue before performing oral sex on his or her mate. The sensation is fantastic: What's more, you never have to worry about bad breath.—S. O., Copenhagen, Denmark.

There are some things even your best friends won't tell you. Obviously, this isn't one of them. Thanks for the tip. To borrow a line from another campaign—it's one way to improve the taste you hate to use twice a day. With moderation, there should be no harmful side effects.

I have heard that Montrachet is one of the best white wines that money can buy, if for no reason other than that it comes from a single very small vineyard. However, when I go to my local wine store, I see more varieties of Montrachet than one would think possible. For example, there is Le Montrachet, Bienvenue-Bâtard-Montrachet, Chevalier-Montrachet and Chassagne-Montrachet Ruchottes. What do these other words mean?—B. J., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Rabelais called Montrachet Burgundy divine. Dumas said that one should drink the wine only while kneeling. Montrachet (or Le Montrachet) is produced by a single 18½-acre vineyard, owned by several distinguished vintners (Marquis de Laguiche, Baron Thénard, Bouchard Père et Fils, Comtesse Lafone and Julien Monnot, Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, M. Duvergey, Fleurot-Larose, M. Roizot and Thevenin, and Dr. Blanchet and P. Mathey). If you want to authenticate a bottle or a brand, write to one of them. However, adjoining vineyards that produce extremely fine grands crus have been

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allowed to use the word *Montrachet* on their labels. (In which case, *Montrachet* will be preceded by a word such as *Chassagne* or *Bienvenue-Bâtard*). They are great rival wines, but they do not command the price of the simple *Montrachet*. A *vôtre santé*.

I have undertaken an independent, in-depth survey to determine the origin and accuracy of the term *blow job*. Most of my subjects report that the actual act of blowing—i.e., puckering the lips to direct a stream of air at the object in question—does not do too much for them. However, reversing the direction of the air flow does wonders, as you can imagine. My question is this: Why, if men like it so much, did they choose such a misleading adjective?—Miss E. A. E., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Current definitions of the word *blow* offer seeds for some intriguing speculation. For example: *Blow* can mean to put out of breath with exertion or to melt when overloaded. Hear, hear! *Blowing* in means to arrive unexpectedly. ("But you promised. . . ." "I couldn't help myself.") Slang dictionaries reveal that the word had sexual connotations in the 17th Century, but none relating to oral sex *per se*. The old sailor's hornpipe "*Blow the Man Down*" indicates the end but not the means. *Blowing* off the loose corns was akin to getting your rocks off; but again, the method is missing. To *blow* the ground sells meant to lie with a woman on the floor or the stairs. *Blow* referred to an act of copulation from the man's standpoint, which, given the 17th Century, was either on the top or from the rear. To hit the blow was to steal the goods. ("Where did it go?") And, finally, a *blower* was a harlot or the mistress of a highwayman. Our guess is that, since most men do not visit prostitutes for regular sex, the term came to mean an act of fellatio. But that's just word of mouth, so feel free to continue your research.

My old tennis racket has seen better days. The pro at the indoor club where I play during the winter has been trying to sell me a metal frame. Is metal better than wood?—P. Q., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Metal frames vary in performance according to the material from which they're made and how they're designed. The tubular-stainless-steel rackets tend to be more flexible than wooden ones, which means a whippy swing but less control. The aluminum frames are stiffer than wood. What both metals lack is the feel of wood. Most pros use metal frames because they are paid lots of money to do so. Give a pro enough money and he can play well with a butterfly net strung with cyclone fence. When pros get off their game, one of their first moves is back to the old wooden frame. Our advice:

Play with a racket before you buy it. Most pro shops have demonstration models for that purpose.

The other night, in my favorite bar, I met a slim, sultry brunette, who is one of the greatest people I've ever talked with. We had an instant rapport. After talking and drinking until four in the morning, we went to her place and made love ecstatically. I fell asleep, only to wake up two hours later itching like crazy. I went to the bathroom, turned on the light and found that I had broken out in hives. I went to the doctor the next day and he said it was an allergic reaction. Since I ate nothing extraordinary that night (well, you know what I mean) and have never before shown an allergic reaction to anything, could I be allergic to my new friend?—K. K., New York, New York.

Probably not. A Chicago specialist in allergies estimates that pollens, molds and dust account for 80 percent of allergic reactions. Since your new friend wasn't expecting you, there could have been a healthy amount of dust in her room (or was it a crypt?) kicked up by your athletic lovemaking. Also, he suspects that feather pillows, a wool blanket or a down comforter might have been the culprit. It's possible that you are allergic to something she was wearing, but the doctor says it isn't likely. Now, about that 14-foot potted ragweed in the middle of her bedroom. . . .

I've given up all hope of winning a state lottery or making a killing in the stock market and have decided to become a part-time treasure hunter. My question is this: Is it against the law to look for treasure sites on Federal land?—D. C., Schenectady, New York.

You might have better luck with the lottery. At least if you win, you get to keep part of the loot. The Federal Antiquities Act has taken the profit out of amateur productions of "*Treasure Island*." The Government claims all historical artifacts (articles made by man such as gold coins, boxes, chests, jewelry, arms) discovered on Federal land or the continental shelf. (You might be allowed to keep about half of the unstamped gold, gold dust or unmounted jewels you find, but after taxes, there wouldn't be much left.) In order to ensure that all explorations of their back yard are done in a scientific manner, the Feds usually require that a treasure hunter be affiliated with an educational institution or archaeological foundation. If you're still interested in undertaking the venture and have connections with a recognized group, you must first apply for a Federal Antiquities Act Permit and then negotiate a contract with the General Services Administration, the agency responsible for the disposal of all Government property. You

must specify exactly where you will be conducting the search (i.e., you won't be allowed to explore the entire Gulf coast line or the inside of Fort Knox). If the treasure isn't where you think it is, you have to go through the entire procedure again. If, for some strange reason, you're still interested, you can get details from the Office of Personal Property Disposal—FWS, Federal Supply Service, GSA, Washington, D.C. 20406.

My sexual experiences to date have been of the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am variety. In short, not very satisfying for myself or my partner. I believe that my problem of premature ejaculation stems from my younger years, when I was prone to excessively quick masturbation. I've read various theories that claim my problem is the result of an unconscious sadistic impulse toward women or that it's the result of an especially sensitive penis. Needless to say, I'm confused. Recently, I've noticed ads for desensitizing creams that promise to increase endurance. Do they work?—R. E., Seattle, Washington.

Not really. For one thing, the snake oil also desensitizes your partner. According to Masters and Johnson, the creams may actually increase the problem. Premature ejaculation is nature's way of telling you to slow down: Most doctors feel that it is the result of anxiety and that it reflects a lack of voluntary control of the ejaculatory response. The prevailing forms of therapy try to decrease anxiety (learn to love the one you're with) and increase the man's perception of the internal sensations that signal the approach of orgasm. Master those signals and eventually you will learn voluntary control. (The procedure has been described as erotic toilet training, but don't let that throw you. It's part of growing up.) Find a cooperative partner and try either the tease method (letting yourself almost reach the point of no return and then doing absolutely nothing) or the squeeze method (reaching the point of no return and having an arm-wrestling match with your girlfriend). The two simple mechanical cures have about a 95 percent effectiveness rating—so hold off on a session with a shrink until you've given these methods a fair shake. Practice, and next time your ladyfriends ask you to make love, your response won't be "No sooner said than done."

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"

RUBBING OUT MASSAGE PARLORS

Judging from an article in *The Wall Street Journal*, the war against sexual services in massage parlors has been stepped up in a number of cities across the country. New requirements, ranging from a boost in the training hours for masseuses and masseurs in California to a whole year's training period in Schenectady, New York, have been adopted to combat illicit use of hands.

Already, many of the new laws—like the 1000-hour training rule in Falls Church, Virginia—are being challenged in the courts. The *Journal* states with a straight face that "an oral test" is necessary in Detroit. The crowning irony, as a California masseuse puts it, is that her state's required training could cost \$1000 and "the prostitutes are the only ones able to afford that."

J. B. Jamar
Houston, Texas

SINKING NEW YORK

I read with surprise of Mayor Abraham Beame's latest plan for New York—not to save the city from bankruptcy but to clean up Times Square. The mayor promises to use all "available resources" to rid that tawdry area of its ubiquitous hookers and massage parlors. At a time when New York's available resources seem to be less than zero, the mayor surely must have better things to spend our tax dollars on. Not only have such campaigns gone on fruitlessly since the time of the Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam but this is also a perfect example of the modern-day waste and foolishness that have led to the financial plank the city is walking. What makes the mayor think he'll succeed in anything other than pouring more money down the drain? As *The New York Times* points out, even the police give pretty low priority to this latest effort to clean up Times Square.

What is just as ludicrous as the enormous waste of money, though, is the idea of a cleanup of the area. What the cleaner-ups really want to do, of course, is to eliminate all those supposedly immoral attractions. What we must do to bring new life and vitality into Times Square is not eliminate anything but make what is there more attractive. As it is, people who call the area sleazy only ensure that it will remain that way. By accepting its existence and *really* helping to spruce it up, they would quickly turn the problem into an asset. A good analogy can be made with gambling, which can be

sleazy when done in some back alley but certainly isn't sleazy in the casino at Monte Carlo. The name of the game is the same, but the surroundings and the attitude of the authorities make all the difference. If we took the same attitude toward the attractions in Times Square, we would all be free to enjoy its pleasures, rather than suffer while politicians deplore its faults.

Louis Solomon
New York, New York

If New York were really on the beam, it would capitalize on a natural resource—clean up the area, replace parking meters with peter meters and levy a head tax.

"The Wall Street Journal" states with a straight face that 'an oral test' is necessary in Detroit."

SWINGING BOSTON

I've just returned from a business trip to Boston, where, much to my surprise, I found that a two-square-block area in the heart of the city has been set aside for X-rated entertainment. This so-called combat zone boasts nude dancers and

massage parlors galore. From what I could gather, the city fathers hope that by designating this a sort of sexual free-fire zone, they can keep this type of business from randomly spreading all over Boston. Two of the many advantages of this approach are that it makes it easier for authorities to keep minors out of such places and it helps them keep an eye on what goes on inside. As a traveler, I felt completely secure in this brightly lighted, well-patrolled area. The reason that I was surprised is that it seems like such an intelligent, reasonable way to accept the facts of modern urban life that I couldn't believe it had actually happened. Could this sudden attack of good judgment have struck only in Boston or will other cities follow suit? In any case, it shows what just a little common sense can bring about and how far most places have to go.

Daniel Leahy
Chicago, Illinois

CURE FOR THE BLUES

Add this to your anthology of exceptional sexual experiences: One morning in San Francisco, I was walking lonely and depressed and I wandered into a porno theater featuring *Behind the Green Door*. After my eyes had adjusted to the darkness, I realized that the theater was virtually empty. I became interested in the film and was enjoying the first major sexual routine, in which Marilyn Chambers is forced to submit to the intimate caresses of a group of women and then is gloriously fucked by Johnnie Keyes. Then I noticed that two women had entered the theater and were scrutinizing the two or three customers. One went to sit beside another male up front and the other slid into the seat adjoining mine. "Wanna blow job?" she said without any prolog. I was delighted and we quickly agreed on the price.

Onscreen, Chambers was now engaged in her second major opus, fellingating one well-endowed male while manually stroking two other guys and riding up and down on still a fourth lucky fellow, who was lying beneath her. It is certainly one of the most memorable scenes ever photographed and Marilyn's obvious enjoyment made it that much more exciting. The woman with me, meanwhile, had gone to work on me with a warm and professional tongue. Never before had I enjoyed fantasy sex and real sex simultaneously. My companion, who was quite pretty, increased her tempo slowly, just as Marilyn did on the screen, and I started



pretending (miracle!) that she was Marilyn, pleasuring me in real life while she was pleasuring those four guys on the screen. When the movie launched into those fantastic psychedelic come shots in slow motion, I came also, more ecstatically than ever before in my life. I will be forever grateful to that young San Francisco prostitute (and to Marilyn Chambers, too).

My depression was cured and for the rest of the day, I was walking on air.

(Name withheld by request)
El Cerrito, California

BOLD LETTERS

It's amazing that men and women write such bold letters about sex to *The Playboy Forum* and *The Playboy Advisor*, knowing that millions of people will be reading them. I find it very hard to believe that people have so little respect for their bodies and their very personal experiences.

I am a 26-year-old woman and I will tell you this much: To me, sex is exactly what God meant it to be—a language, a sort of communication, an expression of love, between a man and a woman who truly love each other. Yes, that means pleasure. But sex should not be just passed around to anyone and everyone: then it loses its meaning. It's a shame, it really is, when people give it away so casually. I feel great pity for them. They will never know how really to love.

(Name withheld by request)
Concord, Massachusetts

MISGUIDED NOTION

For two years, I have subscribed to PLAYBOY. I now see that it was the Devil, Satan, who deceived me into thinking that your magazine might have some answers to the world's problems. Instead, your philosophy and the letters and articles it generates only serve to further the misguided notion that man can solve the world's problems.

Only through faith in God and in His son, Jesus Christ, can the answers to the world's problems be found. I will no longer be subscribing to PLAYBOY.

Craig C. Smith
Elmore, Ohio

Win a few, lose a few.

FUN FOR SNUFF BUFFS

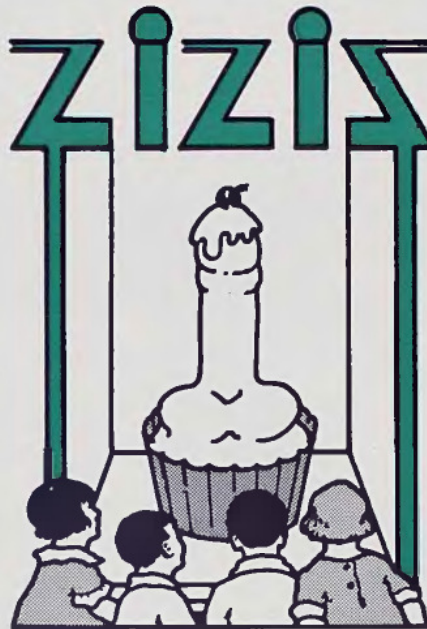
It is a great comfort to have the clergy with us in these desperate times, because we need all the laughs we can get. I've been particularly amused by the Reverend Paul B. Tinlin of Illinois, who solemnly proposes that we execute convicted murderers on prime-time TV. While some might think prime time is quite gory already, Tinlin evidently thinks simulated murder isn't funky enough and we need to get into the raw meat, as it were, and watch real executions over our TV dinners. "I'm no religious quack," he says with a straight face (showing that

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

PHALLIC FACSIMILE

BOURGES, FRANCE—A French court has ruled that two pastry cooks did not offend public morals by displaying and selling an almond-paste zizi—French slang for penis, which the confection resembled. Although it was a popular item and was inspired by a popular



French song titled "Le Zizi," a window-shopper disapproved of the novelty and called police. The local prosecutor asked for a nominal punishment, because pastry shops are "privileged places for children." Defense lawyers argued that the case amounted to a lot of fuss over "a little zizi" and the judge, noting the prevalence of hard-core pornography, agreed.

CONTAGIOUS SEX

BOSTON—Researchers at the Boston University School of Medicine have found evidence that Type B (serum) hepatitis may be transmitted during sexual relations. This form of the disease was thought to be transmitted only through blood transfusions and injections with contaminated needles, while Type A (infectious) hepatitis is contracted from other persons and from food or water containing that virus. The Boston study discovered that the Type B virus was contracted by three of 13 wives who had intercourse with husbands carrying the disease but not by other family members.

BRIDE PRICES UP

TRIPOLI—Libya's oil boom is being blamed for running up the price of brides and sending eligible bachelors shopping for spouses in neighboring countries. According to the Associated Press, Libyan fathers have bumped the asking price from about \$3500 per daughter to as high as \$35,000, plus the traditional camel, some sheep and a few gold coins. Consequently, more and more young men are looking for brides in Tunisia and Egypt, where the average cost is still about \$200.

MARINE CORPS MORALITY

YUMA, ARIZONA—A woman Marine Corps officer has accepted a general discharge under honorable conditions instead of facing a court-martial on charges of sodomy, fraternization and "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentlewoman." The 23-year-old second lieutenant was accused of having sexual relations with several enlisted men at the air base where she was stationed. Her civilian attorney, noting that the men were not charged, called the case a "classic example of a denial of equal justice."

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

Marijuana appears to be far more effective than any existing drugs in relieving the vomiting and nausea suffered by most cancer patients undergoing chemical therapy. Harvard Medical School researchers report that THC in pill form reduced nausea by at least 50 percent in 12 out of 15 cases and in five cases eliminated it altogether. By contrast, present anti-nausea drugs are not effective for 90 percent of such patients. The researchers, reporting their findings in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, have not yet determined how the marijuana extract works but assume that it somehow acts on the central nervous system to block the brain's vomiting response that is triggered by the anticancer drugs. In their report, they recommend that marijuana be studied further as a treatment for such side effects.

A paper published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reports that pot smoking, in conjunction with ordinary anticonvulsants, effectively controlled epileptic seizures in one 24-year-old patient who was not responding to anticonvulsant drugs alone.

NASHVILLE NARCS

NASHVILLE—The Doobie Brothers, a popular rock group, was detained several hours while local police searched the plane that had brought them to Nashville for a concert. It seems that the limousine driver sent to meet the



musicians was a police agent who boarded the aircraft and spotted a box of suspicious-looking pills. It took the police until three A.M. to obtain the necessary warrant, search the plane and discover that the suspected drugs were organic vitamins.

LESS OFTEN ON SUNDAY

CHICAGO—A one third drop in Mass attendance by American Catholics from 1963 to 1974 has been attributed to the Church's restrictions on birth control and divorce and its position on the authority of the Pope. A survey conducted by the National Catholic Opinion Research Center found that almost half the decline was due to opposition to the Church's official stand against contraception and that Church divorce policies and the doctrine of papal infallibility accounted about equally for the other half. The report said that "preliminary indications are that people are not less concerned with their religious lives but are concerned and expressing reservations about their religious institutions." The sharpest declines were reported in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Texas, where Mass attendance was down by more than half.

REVERSING VASECTOMY

SAN FRANCISCO—A microsurgical technique for reversing vasectomies has been reported by a University of California urologist. The new method, developed by Dr. Sherman J. Silber, utilizes a 40-power microscope and special surgical instruments to rejoin the severed sperm ducts. According to Silber, the initial success of this type of microsurgery promises to make vasectomy a more viable and acceptable means of birth

control for males. At present, the average success rate for vasectomy reversals is only about 30 percent.

THE GLASS CURTAIN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Several religious and population-control organizations have joined in asking the National Association of Broadcasters to lift its ban on the advertising of contraceptives on television. In calling on the Television Code Review Board to revise its policies, the Reverend David Poindexter, an official of the Population Institute in New York and a spokesman for the coalition, cited the 1,400,000 accidental pregnancies and the thousands of cases of V. D. that occur annually. He said that such commercials would help dispel widespread public ignorance, especially among young people, about sex and contraception. The issue of contraceptive advertising has become known as "the Trojan war" in broadcasting circles because a commercial for condoms that appeared on a California station was removed due to protests and then reinstated after a wave of publicity.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—Denouncing rock music for its "appeal to the flesh," the Lakewood Baptist Church in Tallahassee has already burned some \$2200 worth of records by Elton John, The Rolling Stones and other rock groups and reportedly plans to have more such bonfires to protect local youths from



the music's immoral influence. The Reverend Charles Boykin, the church's associate pastor and youth director, said he had seen statistics that showed that "of 1000 girls who became pregnant out of wedlock, 984 committed fornication while rock music was being played."

he does have some idea what normal folks might think of his tastes), "but people need to be shocked and sobered like they were by the assassinations of the Kennedys, which were shown and reshowed on television." Yeah, sure, Rev. We all know how much those malign fiestas helped discourage imitators.

The fact is that violence always stirs up powerful emotional energies and is more contagious than a virus. Indeed, I've read that the FBI and the New York City police are investigating reports of so-called snuff films, pornographic movies in which a participant is murdered. I wonder how Tinlin would feel if he realized how his proposal would delight the ghouls who reportedly pay incredible prices to see people killed.

It fascinates me the way impassioned readers of that blood-soaked epic, the Bible—such as the Crusaders, the Inquisitors, Charlie Manson and Tinlin himself—are always eager to start some new violence. For the most pious motives, of course.

William Peck
Denver, Colorado

KILLING THE KILLER

Samuel Newman's objection to capital punishment as stated in the December *Playboy Forum* seems to make sense at first glance but is really illogical. Newman writes: "In my desire to snuff out two mindless thugs, I am descending to their level by indulging my own passion for violence." Now, the two mindless thugs in question allegedly bludgeoned to death a college student who was trying to protect a woman they were beating. Does Newman really think the act of executing such wanton killers would be on a moral level with the act they committed? To me this is self-evidently ridiculous. It's like saying that destroying a man-eating shark is cruelty to animals.

Albert Hansen
Denver, Colorado

DEATH-ROW HUNGER STRIKE

I'm an inmate of death row in Florida State Prison. Last October, the condemned prisoners went on a hunger strike, believing that even though we've been sentenced to death, we have a right to be treated like other inmates. At present, we're not allowed to go to the gym, church, library or theater. We have very limited canteen access. The permits we need to receive a package once a month are often misplaced. Our food is always cold and is less than the general population of inmates receives. We are kept in one-man cells and emerge only once every two weeks to shower and to exercise for two hours in the yard. Our petitions and letters about these matters had been completely ignored by prison officials.

Finally, we decided to go on a hunger strike. Our demands were simple: (1) more access to the prison canteen, (2)

more and better food, (3) more exercise time in the yard, (4) more reliable processing of package permits. The strike lasted seven days, until a group of officials, including the prison superintendent, came to us and heard our complaints. The superintendent told us he'd see what he could do. He refused to let any journalists talk with us, however. We've called off the strike and will wait a reasonable length of time to see if the prison officials meet any of our demands. If nothing happens, we'll go back on the hunger strike. All we're asking is to be treated like human beings.

Michael E. Provence
Starke, Florida

THE FISH-HEAD STATEMENT

In every period of history, there is someone willing to make a dumb remark that sums up the attitude of the privileged toward the oppressed. Just before the French Revolution, Queen Marie Antoinette, informed that the people had no bread, said, "Let them eat cake." In 1968, during the student protests, a dean at Columbia University uttered the famed Strawberry Statement: "Whether the students vote yes or no on an issue is like telling me they like strawberries." Now, at a time when most intelligent people are searching for a way to reform or abolish prisons, comes Mike Terry to express his compassion for the imprisoned with the immortal words, "Feed 'em fish heads!" (*The Playboy Forum*, December). Congratulations, Mike. You've joined the select circle of history's great numskulls.

Arthur Poole
Cleveland, Ohio

I can think of few things more upsetting about paying taxes than the realization that we who are struggling to make ends meet are providing food and shelter for those enjoying the country-club atmosphere of our modern prisons. Terry suggests, "Feed 'em fish heads!" No. That's too good for them; why provide anything? Let them starve.

Don Jacques
Escondido, California

Terry says we are here by our own choice; he's right. I wouldn't trade a minute of my life for every dime he has. I have more fun committing crimes than he has fantasizing about them. I'm here for ten years by my own choice and after I get out, I may be back. I'm like Donald Duck: I don't give a fuck; if it don't rain, I'll walk.

Dennis R. Carson
Eddyville, Kentucky

"Hey! They're where they are by their own actions," writes Mike Terry. Hey! The majority of prison inmates are poor and most of us are young. Hey! There are a whole lot of people doing long, hard time for petty drug beefs. Hey! There

aren't any deposed governmental rip-off artists eating fish heads, no corporate polluters, no big-time organized crimers, no international CIA mercenaries going to prison "by their own actions." Hey! You can't incorporate all of human weakness and social inequity into one pat sentence.

Jonathan Plenn
Soledad, California

Feed us fish heads? The administration at this prison is so bent on saving money that we eat almost that badly as it is.

D. R. Hulings
Capron, Virginia

OVER THE COUNTER

The letter in the November *Playboy Forum* decrying the inadequacies of surgically constructed vaginas reminds me of the story of Ole Sarge, who returned from the big war to find that all the women had left his home town. Asking why, he was told that they'd been rendered obsolete. A local druggist had invented a gizmo

*"Letters to the Forum give
the impression that 90
percent of humanity
engages in oral sex."*

that looked like a pussy, felt like a pussy and sold for only \$3.98. Ole Sarge immediately went to the drugstore and ordered three. "Shall I wrap them?" asked the druggist, to which Ole Sarge answered, "No, thanks. I'll eat them here."

Bill Van Oss
Millbrae, California

CONTRA CUNNILINGUS

The muff divers who write to *The Playboy Forum* describing their experiences must be a pack of sickies. This can't be a universal practice for the bulk of mankind. First of all, there is that god-awful smell that most of the girls have sometimes. Secondly, there is the repellent appearance of flaps, lips, bumps and what all. This is something to put your mouth on? Lastly, I suspect that this area is superpopulated with bacteria. Letters to the *Forum* give the impression that 90 percent of humanity engages in oral sex, but my own private poll indicates otherwise.

Mike Bruggeman
Hermosa Beach, California

It's not really nice to bad-mouth diverse tastes. Bite your tongue.

HEAD DOWN

A nosy neighbor gave me new insight into oral eroticism. Normally, my girlfriend is a pushover for cunnilingus; a little bit after intercourse sends her into

volleys of orgasms. Recently, she seemed less able to loosen up, and she explained that she had received a telephone call from a man leaving little doubt that he had been watching us, probably through a telescope, through a big, uncovered bedroom window. The lack of privacy was inhibiting her. I could have pulled the shade or quit what I was doing, I suppose, but I decided I didn't want a Peeping Tom ruining our sex life. So I just resumed my efforts to arouse my girl. To make my point clear to her and to the neighbor, I lifted her and stood next to the bed, my upside-down lover's thighs pressing the sides of my head as I gently licked away. Not only did the old machine-gun orgasms begin but the rush of blood to her head made the event a sexual knockout; she passed out and awoke in a minute with stars in her eyes. Now I realize that advocates of yoga know exactly what they're talking about when they say head-down postures are good for you.

(Name withheld by request)
Decatur, Illinois

WHO'S SICK?

I read with disgust the letter in the December *Playboy Forum* from the Richmond, Virginia, male who is outraged at PLAYBOY's "attempting to have homosexual perversions legalized." I, undoubtedly along with countless other homosexuals, regret this man's having been homosexually raped as a child. But I think I read more between the lines of his letter than he intends to reveal. He is obviously making excuses to justify his two broken marriages.

Being gay and knowing hundreds of gay men and women, I have yet to find any of them a "sexually retarded degenerate," as the man from Richmond puts it. Where does Mr. Two-Broken-Marriages-and-Several-Thousand-Dollars-in-Psychotherapy-and-Psychiatry get off labeling us as sick? And he thinks he's finally got his head screwed on straight? I think not.

Moreover, how many times do people like this bigot have to be told that the number of heterosexual child molestations far exceeds that of homosexual crimes? Thanks to you, PLAYBOY, for once again telling them.

(Name withheld by request)
Miami, Florida

PURITANISM IN POLITICS

There is nothing particularly new about political candor's turning into political suicide. We saw Muskie cry himself out of Presidential contention and Romney brainwashed out of it. Now, in a sadly reminiscent way, we can witness Betty Ford being used as an instrument of her husband's political demise.

Mrs. Ford's detractors point to her frank remarks on premarital sex and abortion as proof that the Ford Administration is unworthy of conservative support. It

Is there an answer to the smoking question?

Should people smoke? They've been battling that one since the smoking controversy started. Smokers have an answer. Non-smokers have another answer. And the critics of smoking think they have all the answers.

But arguing whether people should or shouldn't smoke isn't going to change anything. The reality is that people do smoke. And they will continue to smoke. No matter what anyone says.

So perhaps a more realistic question would be: what should a smoker smoke?

If some smokers don't want to give up smoking yet find themselves concerned about 'tar' and nicotine, then the critics could well recommend that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette. Like Vantage.

And if some of these smokers prefer a menthol cigarette, then the critics could suggest that they switch to a low 'tar' and nicotine menthol. Like Vantage Menthol.

Vantage Menthol offers smokers all the cool, refreshing flavor they could ever ask for. And at the same time gives them the substantial cut in 'tar' and nicotine they may be looking for.

Now Vantage Menthol isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol around. But anything lower probably compromises the flavor.

So if you smoke a menthol cigarette, we're not going to argue whether you should or you shouldn't. The fact is you do.

And if you want to do something about 'tar' and nicotine, Vantage Menthol could be one answer for you to consider.



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

FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

The active ingredient in Mon Triomphe is you.

There is no one quite like you. You've got your own personality. Your own chemistry.

And that's the active ingredient in Mon Triomphe cologne.

Mon Triomphe has imported essences and oils that are designed to mix with your body chemistry to give you your own individual scent.

A scent that only you can wear.

Get the cologne that's as distinctive as you are. Mon Triomphe.

Mon Triomphe Cologne, After Shave, Musk Plus Cologne and other fine grooming aids.



is clear that her comments are being exploited by those who are dedicated to a Ronald Reagan candidacy. Their tactics are solidly entrenched in the traditions of McCarthyism and Watergate: guilt by association, innuendo and implication. It is a testimony to their success that although months have passed since Mrs. Ford's infamous interview, the issue remains very much alive and is still the subject of columns, polls and cocktail-party small talk.

Yet it is difficult to feel sorry for Gerald Ford, who will suffer most from this smear campaign. It was Congressman Ford who, in 1970 with encouragement from the Nixon Administration, instituted impeachment proceedings against Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. The motives were purely punitive and vengeful politics. But, rather than make a direct attack on Douglas' legal competency, Ford affected to be shocked by the Justice's writing for publications that displayed bare breasts. This, he claimed, proved Douglas' unsuitability to remain on the bench. The similarity between the Douglas case and Ford's own predicament is a political irony that the President can't help but ponder as he considers his chances for 1976.

Carl Peterson
Cleveland, Ohio

DICTATING TO WASHINGTON

Sad to say, the District of Columbia was about to join Oregon, Alaska, Maine, Colorado, California and Ohio in decriminalizing marijuana but was stopped by a man from Detroit. The D.C. city council was well on its way to adopting member David Clarke's proposed citation system for minor marijuana offenses. Then Representative Charles Diggs of Michigan, chairman of the House District Committee, declared that the nation's capital would not decriminalize pot during the Bicentennial year if he could help it. Diggs's committee must approve local laws governing Washington, which enjoys only limited home rule. The city-council chairman backed down under Diggs's threat and arranged a parliamentary move that tabled the bill indefinitely. So, during the Bicentennial year, another 2600 citizens of this country's capital, mostly young, black males, will be needlessly and tragically arrested on marijuana charges. Happy birthday, America!

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

THE CLEMENCY SHUFFLE

The August 1975 *Playboy Forum* published my letter describing my unhappy experience with the President's demerency program. On returning to the U. S. after six years of self-imposed exile in Canada as a draft resister, I was not able to find a suitable alternative-service job. So I

remained unemployed and, with a wife and a daughter to support, sank into debt. I hadn't even begun my six months' alternative-service obligation. Meanwhile, the U. S. Immigration Service was threatening to deport my Canadian wife.

Someone at the White House saw my letter in *PLAYBOY*. A White House aide telephoned and told me that I could receive credit toward my six months' alternative service after the first 30 days that I was enrolled in the plan whether or not I had a job. I had never been told about this clause in the law.

But when I asked the local authorities about it, they told me there had been adverse publicity regarding my case and refused to say whether or not I could use the clause. They also denied that my published critical letter was the adverse publicity referred to, but I don't know of anything else it could be. Subsequently, they claimed I had rejected two definite job offers. I disputed the facts in each case.

At any rate, I finally got a job with the San Diego Jewish Community Center. Selective Service ruled that my six months began when I started work. So for about three months longer than I would have if the clause mentioned by the White House aide had been followed, I earned a \$400-a-month salary set by the program. It has been very difficult for me to support my family; the debts I incurred while trying to find a job have wiped out most of my check every payday. We've survived and my wife has been allowed to remain in the country, but I'm more cynical than ever about U. S. officialdom. When I fled to Canada, it was a moral decision, and I don't feel I deserved to be punished for it. I came back to the U. S. because I thought the purpose of the President's program was reconciliation. I found, instead, that Selective Service officials used the program to retaliate against me. If I'd known what to expect, I would have stayed in Canada and come back only if offered unconditional amnesty. Or perhaps never.

Hugh Peebles
La Mesa, California

CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER

Here is a tale all who have read *Alice in Wonderland* will appreciate. Once upon a time, years ago, many students took part in demonstrations to try to end a war in which their country was engaged. One day, the Government sent troops to a college called Kent State. The troops decided to shoot at the students and ended up killing four of them, paralyzing another for life and wounding eight more.

There were some who mourned the dead and cried out for justice, but they were not heard for a long, long time. Finally, some of the soldiers who had shot the students came to trial, but the judge released them all and sent them on their

way. A year later, there was another trial, this time with the bereaved parents and wounded students asking damages from the governor, the generals and some of the soldiers. After it was all over, the jury voted nine to three that the officials and soldiers had done nothing wrong.

Now comes the really fantastic part. At the end of this second trial, the judge told the defendants' lawyers they could seek reimbursement of their expenses from the families of the dead and wounded. Since these attorneys had been engaged by the state government, the fees and costs exceeded \$1,000,000. Sure enough, last October the first bill, for \$72,000, was presented to the parents to pay. So you see, children, not only did the parents lose their sons and daughters but they must now pay the attorneys of their killers.

Peter Davies

Staten Island, New York

The American Civil Liberties Union has announced that it will represent the plaintiffs in an appeal of the decision acquitting Governor James A. Rhodes and the Ohio National Guardsmen in the Kent State shootings.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL ASSASSINS

According to *The Wall Street Journal*, Japan in recent years has had about as many assassination attempts on political leaders as the U.S., but Japanese assassins almost never succeed. The reason: They never use guns. The Law Controlling Possession of Firearms and Swords forbids private ownership of guns or any dangerous weapons. It is virtually impossible for a Japanese civilian to obtain a firearm, and it is just not as easy to kill a person with a knife or a club as it is with a handgun or a rifle.

The Japanese, of course, are not temperamentally like us Americans. They have a long tradition of civilians' going unarmed (in the old days, only the samurai warriors carried swords). The *Journal* quotes a Japanese criminologist: "From the beginning, Americans felt a need to protect themselves and demanded the right to bear arms. But the Japanese don't feel such a desperate need for self-protection." Ironic, isn't it, that our very desire to protect ourselves makes our society less safe?

David Ross

St. Louis, Missouri

THE GUN PROBLEM

I write this letter in response to the news, based on the annual FBI statistical report, that crime was up 18 percent in 1974 and up about the same for each of the two or three years before that. At the same time, the Government and the reformers are trying to crack down on private gun ownership. I'm willing to concede that guns are a part of the crime-and-violence problem. But I am not a part of the
(concluded on page 200)

Before.



California Brandy and water.

Before dinner, the light clean taste makes a refreshing change of pace. Serve it over ice or with your favorite mixer. At cocktail time or any time.

After



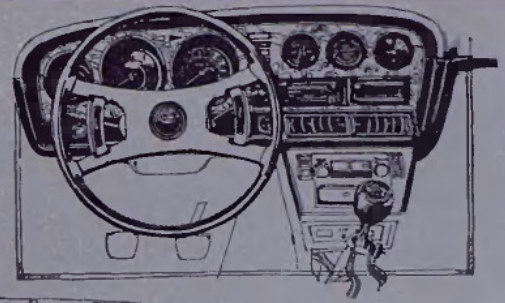
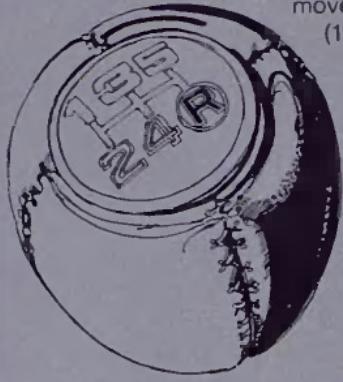
California Brandy and coffee ...

What a nice way to end the evening. Just add a jigger of California Brandy to coffee (along with sugar to taste) and top with whipped cream. Ahhh.

California Brandy

There are more than 150 brands of brandy grown in California. California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco, CA 94104

You asked for a quality sporty car that you can afford to run. You got it. An interior which surrounds you with gauges. A 2.2 liter hemi-head coupled to a 4-speed plus overdrive fifth gear to move you on the highway at 36 miles per gallon. (1976 EPA 36 mpg on highway, 20 city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary, depending on your driving habits, your car's condition and equipment.) MacPherson Strut front suspension, wide steel-belted radials on styled steel wheels, and power front disc brakes all at no extra cost.



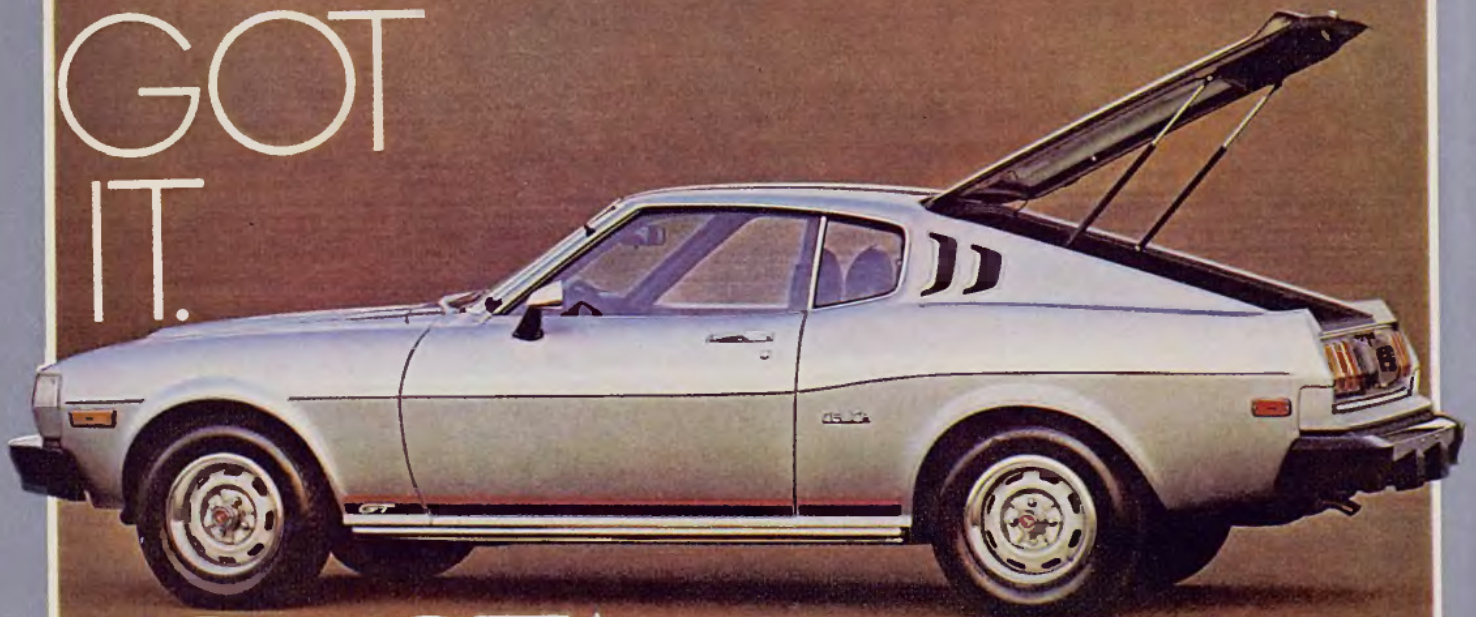
You asked for GT styling with room. You got it. The Celica GT Liftback™. Room for four people plus nine bags of groceries, or flip down the rear-seat and two of you can haul the groceries plus a side of beef.



You asked for comfort. You got it. Glove-soft bucket seats with 120 different positions, tinted glass and AM/FM Stereo so you can boogie as you buggy.

YOU
ASKED
FOR IT.

YOU
GOT
IT.



TOYOTA THE NEW CELICA GT LIFTBACK

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NORMAN LEAR

a candid conversation about television (not intended for the "family hour") with the creator of archie bunker, maude findlay, fred sanford and the rest

It has been estimated that about 120,000,000 Americans—more than half the nation's population—watch the television shows of Norman Lear. His established series—"All in the Family," "Maude," "Good Times," "The Jeffersons" and "Sanford and Son"—have enjoyed a collective rating unprecedented in the medium and, because of their potent mixture of humor and social comment, have earned for their creator a power and influence perhaps never attained by anyone in the history of entertainment.

His new series—"The Dumplings," "One Day at a Time" and "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman"—promise to be just as popular and precedent-shattering as his earlier efforts. Certainly, they can only enhance Lear's reputation as TV's most prolific talent, an accomplishment of which Johnny Carson took notice after watching Lear accept one of seven Emmys awarded to "All in the Family" in 1972: "I understand Norman has just sold his acceptance speech as a new series."

Lear's prodigious output—which would be remarkable even if most of his shows weren't always in the top 10 or 20—has been eclipsed only by his controversial image. Depending on one's perspective, the 53-year-old writer-producer is a corrupter of society's moral standards or a

courageous trail blazer who, in turning such video taboos as infidelity, homosexuality, abortion and impotence into mass entertainment, has helped decontaminate them as public issues. Lear's battle with the censors to get such subjects on the air has recently been diverted to the "family hour," a new programming concept designed by the FCC and the networks to keep part of the prime-time evening period free from "excessive sex and violence." Though it has been challenged from all sides, including the U. S. Catholic Conference, for everything from its vagueness to its abridgment of parental rights, proponents continue to defend and enforce it.

Since it appears that the family hour will be with us for some months to come—and perhaps much longer—it seemed a propitious time to speak with the man standing in the eye of the storm. PLAYBOY asked Los Angeles journalist and broadcaster Barbara Cady, whose last assignment for us was the January 1975 "Playboy Interview" with John Dean, to see what makes Lear tick. She reports:

"On my first visit to Norman Lear's office, I thought I'd gone to the wrong address. Instead of the phone-clanging, door-slaming atmosphere of the typical Hollywood production headquarters, it was subdued and civilized. Instead of the

usual harried and often rude staff, I found a group of friendly people seemingly intent on making one another's day—and mine—not only productive but pleasant. At first I thought they must be on their good behavior for my benefit, but after my fourth or fifth visit, I realized that all this relentless—and infectious—good cheer was emanating from the boss's office.

"Though he's saddled with a daily schedule of phone calls, business meetings, story conferences, rewrite sessions, rehearsals and tapings that has made monsters or basket cases of men half as old and successful as he is, Norman—as everyone calls him—never seems to be in a hurry and seldom forgets to take time for some kind of warm personal contact with the people who work for him. It's the sort of treatment that inspires affection as well as loyalty. 'If one of us comes in to work feeling low,' he told me, 'by 11 o'clock that morning, everyone else's positive attitude—and genuine concern—has cajoled that person into cheering up.'

"Over and over, in his conversations with me, he refused to take credit for his achievements, stressing that the success of his shows was due to 'the hundreds of talented people, the best in the business,' who work with him. He even had a few kind words for some of the network executives who've tried to pasteurize his



CARL IRI

"The networks handle minority protest by caving in, copping out. Family hour is their kind of solution: It's a gutless give-in that overreacts to a situation they helped create—then blamed on us."

"I just don't see any evidence that I influence people's opinions that much. If anybody thought he was going to erase prejudice with a situation comedy, he'd have to be an asshole."

"This country is far more hip and sophisticated than the networks think, but TV has psyched out such large segments of our society that many people have come to believe they are witless, corn-fed rubes."

shows. Could this pussycat, I wondered, be the pioneering creator of the most daring and controversial shows on television? The dread adversary of censors everywhere? A litigant in a lawsuit claiming that the family hour is a violation of the First Amendment right to freedom of speech? The cochairman of a militant caucus of writers, producers and directors dedicated to wresting creative control of the television industry away from the networks? Yes.

"In the course of our many taping sessions, it became clear to me that Norman is a laboratory specimen of that all-but-vanished species, the bleeding-heart liberal. He really believes in the basic goodness of man, in human brotherhood, in love as the universal balm. And personally and professionally, he lives by those beliefs. His wife is a feminist. His staff is a model of racial and sexual integration, his shows are miniature morality plays for the social causes to which he devotes himself offscreen as well as on and he champions the right of his writers to speak their minds with an intransigent high-mindedness that has become legendary.

"But, like the rest of us, he falls short of his own ideals. A self-proclaimed humanist and pacifist, he admits that he isn't sure that he could sit and quietly converse with a genuine archconservative and that he still feels guilty about his blood lust to kill Germans in World War Two. He also tells very funny toilet jokes, and though he complains about the tyranny of ratings, he loves to see his shows get high ones. He has, in short, an assortment of failings at least as human—and therefore as forgivable—as his ideological nemesis and least lovable character, Archie Bunker. I think they'd like each other."

PLAYBOY: Millions of television viewers have been turning off their sets this season. Do you agree with the popular belief that family hour may be the cause?

LEAR: It's certainly one of the causes—perhaps even the major one. Of course, the networks are busy trying to attribute the decline in ratings to some vague and mysterious phenomenon abroad in the land, rather than searching out the real cause. I would suspect that the first place to look would be in the area of content. Since the inauguration of family hour, the prime-time period between seven and nine P.M. has become a repository for a lot of the oatmeal on the medium.

The networks and the FCC have handed down to writers and producers an 11th commandment: Thou shalt not offend. When one of the top network executives was asked to define family hour, he said, "We want the American family to be able to watch television shows in that time period without ever being embarrassed." I'd like to ask him a few

questions myself. First of all, *what* American family? It should be fairly obvious that all American families aren't embarrassed by the same things. Second, how many American families watch television together, anyway? And third, how are children being protected from sex and violence by postponing it until after nine o'clock, since millions of kids stay up long after that? So who is being spared from what? It's utterly ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Do any guidelines exist?

LEAR: No, it's all unspecified and unarticulated; it's never been spelled out, never even written down. *Nobody* knows what the hell it is—except for what filters down to people like me from some 31-year-old blue-pencil kid out here on the West Coast, who is interpreting the thoughts of a 46-year-old executive behind a huge polished desk in some New York office building, who in turn is concerned about his 51-year-old superior two floors above him, who can't make a decision himself because the whole thing is just impossible. You can't inflict this amorphous concept on a creative community and expect it to continue functioning at its artistic best; it's hard to talk through a muzzle.

But there are ominous aspects of this new edict that disturb me even more than the professional considerations. Violation of our—and the public's—constitutional right to freedom of speech is high on my list of family hour's destructive effects. As I interpret it, the FCC has absolutely no business influencing the content of television programing. Federal law and the First Amendment, purely and simply, forbid it. But FCC chairman Richard E. Wiley, whose February 1975 report to a House Appropriations subcommittee very clearly outlines how family hour evolved, indicates in that same report that he exceeded his powers.

PLAYBOY: How did he exceed his powers?

LEAR: In a nutshell, the House Appropriations Committee, which funds the FCC, was pressured by certain Congressmen to do something about excesses in sex and violence on television. The committee, in turn, leaned on the FCC, and Wiley found out that the networks were afraid enough to be toyed with. So he called the top dogs of the three networks to meet with him in Washington. The resulting report stated—and I don't intend to put words in the chairman's mouth, where his foot is—that the FCC had discussed some kind of arrangement whereby the early hours of the evening would be whitewashed.

Now the Writers Guild of America, the Screen Directors Guild, the Producers Guild, the Screen Actors Guild and numerous other organizations have filed a suit against the FCC based on that re-

port, which pretty well documents that it intruded where the law says it shouldn't. The lawsuit also suggests that there may have been an implied or overt threat behind family hour: If you guys don't do it our way, your stations may start losing their licenses.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what might have prompted those Congressmen to pressure the FCC to "do something" about sex and violence?

LEAR: If you were to ask the members of Senator John Pastore's Subcommittee on Communications, or the FCC, or the networks, they'd tell you that the pressure came from the public and that it was enormous. I was curious about this vast outcry when I heard about it, so I checked with the FCC myself on the amount of complaint mail it had received for the previous year—1974. The figure was so infinitesimally small when compared with the billions of person-hours of viewing that I found it startling. And the FCC hadn't bothered to tabulate the quantity of mail it had received *praising* television.

PLAYBOY: If the amount of criticism is unrepresentative, why does it have so much impact?

LEAR: Because it's persistent, vocal and often organized. Localized pockets of extremist minorities with vested interests, like the Stop Immorality on TV people who awarded me their Shield of Shame, are inveterate phone callers and letter writers. And no matter how small the organization, if it's galvanized into action, it can fan an ember into a 400-letter conflagration. At least that's what Congress and the networks would consider that minuscule number of complaints.

PLAYBOY: But there have always been complaints about sex and violence on television. What was it that precipitated family hour just at this time?

LEAR: It had to have been *Born Innocent*, a movie of the week that was telecast in 1974, in which Linda Blair—the girl who masturbated with a crucifix in *The Exorcist*—was raped with a broom handle in a girls' detention home. There was quite a flap about it, not only because of that but also because the network scheduled it at the height of prime time, eight o'clock, and advertised it very heavily in advance because it knew Blair's appearance would attract a lot of young viewers. So, in that sense, the network was waving a red flag at Congressmen who stood to gain a lot of publicity by crying out against that kind of thing. Television has always been a convenient whipping boy for the ills that afflict society.

PLAYBOY: Does it deserve to be whipped?

LEAR: Emphatically no. It does seem to me, though, that there would have to be *some* excesses in almost every area of television—including the news—simply because so much material has to be

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"Jet Skiing past Toronto's CN Tower, I found I was on a collision course with a speedboat!"

"A Jet Ski can streak over the water as smooth as silk. But if the waves get wild, it's like a bucking bronco with a burr under the saddle."



"Diane saw the speedboat bearing down on us first. 'Look out!' she shouted. I swerved and narrowly avoided a bone-crunching crash. But now I was trapped in the boat's choppy wake."



"No cork in a storm-tossed ocean was ever more jolted, jarred and jangled. Next time, I thought, I'll pick a sleepy tropical lagoon to Jet Ski on."



"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Sailor's Pub, Ontario Place." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka... it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

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every bottle.)

It is very, very good.

written and produced so fast in order to feed that hungry mouth. But what constitutes an excess? Are we talking about the gratuitous and leering big-boob joke on some late-night talk show, which I would consider excessive; or are we talking about frank discussions of human behavior that happen to relate to sex? On one *All in the Family* episode, for example, Gloria talked about her menstrual cycle and what a difficult day she was having. Archie winced at the language and they got into an argument about whether it's right to talk about things like that even within the confines of one's own family. The Shield of Shame people consider that offensive and excessive. I don't. And neither do most of the millions of people who watch the show.

PLAYBOY: How much attention do you pay to that kind of criticism from fringe groups?

LEAR: None. But we pay a lot of attention to legitimate protests, to thoughtful, dispassionate—and sometimes passionate—criticism. And we change our own attitudes when people show us a better point of view. The biggest job we have is to make sure we *do* respond to fresh viewpoints. The networks handle minority protest in another way—by caving in and copping out. Family hour is their kind of solution: It's a gutless give-in that overreacts to a situation they helped create—and then tried to blame on us.

PLAYBOY: How did they blame you?

LEAR: Let me give you an example: A writer submits a script to the network. Program practices, a marvelous euphemism for the censorship department, holds one hand up in the stop position and tells him to watch it on sex and violence. The program department, meanwhile, which is responsible for ratings, is giving him the come-on signal under the table. "This seven-page scene here between the two leads is the guts of the show," says the program guy. "They're talking about the show's central issue. It's got to be strong—but all they're doing is talk, talk, talk. Where's the *action*?" The writer argues for a while, but when the guy keeps up the pressure, he finally throws in the sponge and gives him what he wants, since he has to support his family. So he takes the scene out of the living room and puts it in a car; then he has another car collide with it and the scene ends with two bodies in flames. This two-handed approach just drove writers nuts. And while they were going nuts, the networks were telling their affiliates, the Congress and the complaining public, "We don't know what to do with those guys in Hollywood. They insist on hyping up their shows and they just won't listen to reason." That hypocritical ambivalence was one of the primary causes of family hour.

PLAYBOY: In response to family hour, have

writers and producers been toning down their shows?

LEAR: Of course—but not just during family hour. There's been a chilling effect on the entire creative community. The average writer or producer working on a pilot for next September is having to write very carefully in order to keep family hour—representing one third of prime time—part of his show's potential market. It makes sense for any writer conceiving a series to come up with a show that could be a hit at *any* hour. Why would he or she deliver a show that—because of its strong content—immediately forfeits one third of its opportunity to get on the air? Because they like to eat, people all over this town are sitting at their desks censoring *themselves*.

This compromising of artistic integrity has ramifications far beyond the personal dilemmas of writers and producers. The viewing public is also going to suffer—from boredom—perhaps for years to come, even if family hour is abolished, because of the necessity of writing and selling shows far in advance of scheduling. Let's say that NBC, CBS and ABC schedule three new shows—all of them designed, as most of them are these days, not to offend anyone—opposite one another at some given hour. They'll be bland versus bland versus bland. Now, unless the public turns off its TV sets during that hour, one of these nothing shows will be watched by a majority of viewers and become a success; another, the one that comes in second for the time slot, will probably become a modest success; and the third will be canceled. If this process takes place in enough time periods, and if the top two out of every three shows run between five and seven years—as many do—that means we could be looking at bland opposite bland opposite bland from seven to 11 p.m. for the next seven years.

The only alternative the public will have to this diet of drivel will be local, independent or educational programming on other channels; but even *they* will be infected by family hour. There are people who've been making popular action-adventure series for years—many of them in deficit—for the opportunity of making a good deal of income in succeeding years when those shows go into syndication. Without family hour, they would be scheduled probably between seven and eight p.m. on channels five, nine and 13 in various cities across the country. But if they can't be merchandised at seven or eight because they're considered too offensive or "embarrassing," they're obviously not going to be worth as much money.

So the residual value of many producers' products in syndication will be cut considerably, and to the extent that they're damaged, so is television. Because if a man can't make money from what he's done over the past, say, seven years,

he may have to go out of business. And the more producers who go out of business, the less competition there is and the fewer shows there'll be for the networks to choose from when they're planning their program schedules. And they won't have to be as good to get sold.

PLAYBOY: So the public can't win, no matter where it turns?

LEAR: That's right—unlike the networks, which stand to *gain* from the arrangement. Those successful action-adventure shows that can't be scheduled during family hour and are therefore less valuable in syndication can now be purchased by the networks' owned-and-operated stations at a lower price than independents would have to pay. But another even more intriguing benefit accrues to the networks. The top-rated cop show that ran at eight o'clock in first run would ordinarily be in competition with the networks' new series at the same hour when it went into syndication locally. With family hour in effect, it won't. Isn't that nice? If you're NBC or CBS or ABC, and *Hawaii Five-O* or *Kojak* were destined to be a sensation in syndication, wouldn't it be convenient not to have it running against you on local channels at eight o'clock? Wouldn't it be great to have it on at other times, when sponsors were paying less for a program?

PLAYBOY: If that's what's going to happen, why haven't the producers held a press conference and made the facts public?

LEAR: There's a reluctance in the creative community to talk too much publicly about the financial repercussions of family hour on its own business, because it makes us look like we're more interested in dollars than in the high-flown issue of the First Amendment. Well, I care very deeply about freedom of speech, but I'm not ashamed to admit that I also care very deeply about the free-enterprise system. I like the idea that a person can go as far as his or her talents and abilities and energies will allow. So I'm angry that *All in the Family* has been moved from Saturday night at eight to nine on Monday! I'm furious about having worked five and a half long years to achieve the kind of success that *All in the Family* has enjoyed, only to have its dollar value diminished—to me and to my family and to my employees and to my favorite causes—because a handful of men have decided in their finite wisdom that this family show shall now be termed a nonfamily show! So the company that owns *All in the Family*—Tandem Productions—is suing the networks, the FCC and the National Association of Broadcasters for more than \$10,000,000.

PLAYBOY: Though *All in the Family* has been moved to nine P.M., your other shows—with the exception of *Maude*, which has always been scheduled after nine—have remained in family hour. When are your new shows being slotted?

LEAR: I couldn't sell my new serial, *Mary*

The next time you light up a joint, let your Senator know how you feel.

Get off your butt and do something about getting the use of marijuana decriminalized. Let someone know how you feel about the issue. Write your Senator or Congressman now!




Oregon, Alaska, Maine, Colorado, California and Ohio have stopped arresting people for marijuana possession. Now it can be done at the national level.

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Hartman, *Mary Hartman*, to the networks, so its time slot will vary according to where each independent station puts it; but it obviously won't be on during family hour. My two other new series, *The Dumplings* and *One Day at a Time*, were picked up by NBC and CBS, respectively, and both have been scheduled at nine-thirty P.M. on a weekday. After what happened to *All in the Family*, I can't say I'm surprised. But no matter how many times you've been kicked in the shins, it still smarts.

Things have reached a point where I have no alternative but to go to a network with an idea for a show *before* I spend months preparing it, because I can't be sure anymore what the hell they're going to consider too offensive to put on the air. For the first time in my career, I'm going to ask for advance approval of a concept. The one I'm thinking of now is a very sensitive—but funny—story about a teenager who contracts V.D., and though it's a touching drama about real life—the kind of thing millions of people have to deal with every year—I think they just may turn me down.

PLAYBOY: If they should, is it likely they'd be candid about the reason?

LEAR: No, they'd give me generalities and double talk: "I'm afraid we'd be against the code." "What do you mean?" I'd ask. "Well," they'd answer, "you'll just have to check the code." Or they'd read it over without comment and finally I'd ask, "What do you think?" and they'd say, "We'll get back to you," and then sit on it. Nobody would say straight out, "We don't want that subject on our network at any time, least of all between seven and nine."

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with that kind of response?

LEAR: I can do several things. I can abandon the idea. I can take it to somebody else, as I did with *Mary Hartman*. Or I can fight. I'll sit there and talk all day and all night, if necessary, because my sole object is to get my show on the air the way we wrote it. But if they push me to the wall, I'll finally have to say, "Call me if you change your mind, but don't look for me in the morning." Then they say, "You can't walk out! We've got contracts!" And I walk out. Then my attorneys call me at home and say, "Norman, you're finished if you go through with this." And my answer has always been, "Let them back the fucking truck up my driveway and take away my house. They can't take my family, and I can always sit down at another typewriter and write something else. The show's going on the way it is!" So far, it's worked every time. Well, almost every time. I once made a show they hated, and they were right, and it didn't go on.

PLAYBOY: What if they don't back down?

LEAR: That could happen. They could

say, "OK, smartass, you've pushed us too fucking far. You're in for the lawsuit of your life." Well, if that ever happens, so are they. But even if that day never comes, it's always a painful experience dealing with the censors. I taped an *All in the Family* segment a few months ago in which Archie and Mike are arguing about God. Mike, who's an atheist, says to Archie: "Look, the God I would believe in, if I believed in Him, would take anything. He could take"—and Mike lets go with a raspberry. Archie, who's in a state of shock, says: "You'd give the raspberry to Him?" And he puts his hand over his forefinger, which is pointed toward the ceiling. Well, the Thursday afternoon before I'm to tape the show, I get a note from the program-practices department that says: "Make it without the deletions we suggest and we won't air it or pay for it."

Now, this is a very serious matter, but there has been no real discussion about it. All I heard 20 minutes before I got the note was, "We don't think you should do it" and "If we let you do it, we'll get a tremendous knee-jerk reaction to it." That's a favorite expression of theirs. So I call this guy up and say, "Let's ask half a dozen or so clergymen in to look at the show. You can even pick them. I'm satisfied that any group of theologians would have to understand that America is not going to fall apart over this." His answer to me is sensational. "The clergy does not program for CBS." But my answer is nice, too. "Who *does* program? The knee-jerkers?" The conversation gets nowhere, so I decide to take my chances and go ahead anyway and after the taping, he takes me aside and says—and this again is typical—"I think the show's fine, but now we'll have to see what happens in New York." So after all that *macho* bullshit, we find out that if the show's going to be aced, it'll be aced by somebody else, not him.

PLAYBOY: Are all network censors that absurd?

LEAR: No, some of them are very nice guys, though you don't make out any better with them than with the hard-asses. The vice-president in charge of program practices at CBS, Tom Swoffard, is a very educated, sensitive gentleman in a most complicated job. I know he fights me tooth and nail sometimes even when he agrees with me. With his whole heart he agrees with me, but his position requires him to disagree. And, you know, I can't find anything to dislike about that. But it would distress me terribly if my feeling this way about him cost him points with the network; I'm not *supposed* to like him.

I really don't get to know the junior executives too well, because they spend only a season or so with a show. The network moves them around so that they don't fraternize with the enemy. The head of program practices here on the

West Coast—where the action is—has been changed two or three times in the past few years, each time with a view toward getting someone tougher. I sometimes think that there's a camp somewhere where they whip censors into shape for shipment to the California firing line. But some of them, especially the younger executives, are very unlikely censors. They know that censorship is anathema to the American viewpoint and are really embarrassed by their job. They try in every way not to appear to be doing what they were hired to do.

Those who are uneasy about it come on humble: "I'm here to be helpful. I know how the network feels and I don't want to fight with you." Others are just kidding themselves: "Look, Normie," they say, "I don't mind the word damn personally. Hell, it's a part of the language. I mean, I understand, fella. All of us in program practices, we all understand. But it's the times we're living in. The word damn offends a lot of people—even if it doesn't offend *me!*"

PLAYBOY: How about their bosses? What kind of men are they?

LEAR: I don't really know. About four or five times a year, when I deal with network executives directly, I find them bright, engaging men and understand exactly why they operate so successfully in their own spheres. But when they retreat into that monolithic conglomerate and become units of "the corporation," suddenly they become vague and faceless. You don't know them anymore and they don't seem to know you. And they start treating the people who create their shows the same way they treat the viewing public: as "they." It's the we-versus-they syndrome that afflicts the entire culture. *We* understand and *they* don't. *We* liberals understand and *they* don't. Or *we* conservatives or blue-collar workers or Catholics understand and *they* don't. *We*, the network executives, moral guardians of the nation—a handful of people sitting around on the 34th floor of some black building in Manhattan—know what's in the hearts and minds of Americans everywhere. And *we* know what's best for *them*.

By Americans, of course, they mean the people of Des Moines, a city they *love* to use as the bellwether of a nation they view as inhabited almost entirely by hicks. This country is far more hip and sophisticated than the networks give it credit for, but television has psyched out such large segments of our society that many people have come to believe that they really *are* witless, corn-fed rubes. Think about all the small-town jokes you've heard just on *The Tonight Show*.

PLAYBOY: Don't TV executives justify themselves by saying they're only giving the public—whether from Des Moines or not—what it wants?

LEAR: Of course—but they offer the public only what they think it'll *buy*. The

networks give people cop shows because last year they bought cop shows. They give them cookies from my cookie cutter because last year they bought my cookies. How do they know there wouldn't be as large an audience for a John Cheever or a Ray Bradbury drama as there currently is for a Norman Lear or a Mary Tyler Moore show? There are a great many writing styles that could provide new and exciting kinds of theater for American audiences. Unfortunately, whenever a really fine drama does get scheduled on one network, the program inevitably has to compete with shows on the others with which the public is already familiar and will therefore usually choose to watch. In 1973, for example, CBS put on Joseph Papp's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. It was a superb show, in my opinion, but it was put on opposite two very popular programs. When it didn't succeed in the ratings, the feeling among my liberal peers was: "Fuck 'em. The great unwashed get what they deserve." What they don't seem to understand is that the public goes with what is most familiar to it, and it is ever thus. The average person has enough difficulty getting from Monday to Friday, paying that life-insurance premium or dealing with that problem child without having to watch something strange or different when he sits down to watch TV. Because he hasn't grown up with Chekhov, he'll go to *Celebrity Sweepstakes* almost every time.

PLAYBOY: That sounds a bit patronizing.

LEAR: I certainly don't mean it to be—or feel that way. I've never seen anything I thought was too good for the American people or so far above them that they'd never reach for it if they had the chance. If the industry were to assume some of its responsibility for leadership, it could give the viewing public the opportunity to get acquainted with Chekhov. In the interests of their viewers, the three networks could get together, choose a time slot and decide, "Hey, at nine o'clock you do Chekhov, you do Shaw and I'll do Ibsen. Then next week I'll go to Molière, you go to Racine and you go to Miller." If they tried this experiment for three years, say for two hours once or twice a week, I maintain that the American public would gravitate to the best of the three dramas rather than turn to reruns of *I Love Lucy* or switch off their sets during that time period. And after a while, I think the ratings would rise to the same level as the sitcoms or cop shows previously scheduled at the same hour.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't it be argued that people have the right to watch something escapist, if that's what they happen to be in the mood for?

LEAR: Sure, and it could be argued that they should have the right to watch something more trenchant and memorable, if *that's* what they happen to be in the



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mood for. But the way the economics of the medium are set up—as competition for ratings—good drama is almost always going to lose out because it's not as popular as *Kojak* or *Maude*. For Christ's sake, we're talking about only a couple of hours a week; those who like my shows or game shows or mysteries have the rest of the evening and the rest of the week to indulge their appetite for light entertainment.

PLAYBOY: But by block-programing culture, wouldn't you be shoving it down their throats, removing their freedom of choice?

LEAR: I'd rather shove culture down their throats once in a while than a steady diet of shit, present company excepted. Maybe they wouldn't have the chance to watch shit during that two-hour period, but is that such a terrible thing? The way things are now, they seldom have the chance to watch anything *else*.

PLAYBOY: What else would you like to see changed?

LEAR: Well, for some time now, it's seemed to me that you could get better and more varied programing by limiting the run of a show. I would be happy, for example, to agree to take any show of mine off the air after five or six years to make room for another one—either mine or somebody else's. The inevitable result, it seems to me, would be much more competition among producers to come up with new and better shows, if they wanted to stay in business. Nobody could afford to rest on his or her laurels—or residuals.

PLAYBOY: Considering all the trouble the networks have in coming up with a hit—and all the money they make from one when they do—is it realistic to hope that they would allow a show to leave the air while it was still successful?

LEAR: Probably not—even though they'd be improving the level of programing, and therefore increasing their revenue, if they did agree to it. But that doesn't mean it isn't a good idea.

PLAYBOY: Are the people who run the networks too dense to recognize a good idea when they see one?

LEAR: Not too dense, just too afraid. They're frightened to try anything really daring—block-programing good drama, cutting down on commercials, limiting the run of a TV series, whatever it might be—because it would involve taking chances. Even if a new idea promises to make them millions—and serve the public interest well enough to propitiate even the FCC—they don't want to take the risk, however small. Nobody wants to be the first to try something new.

PLAYBOY: So you're going to force the issue.

LEAR: Yes, that's why I'm cochairman of an organization called The Caucus for Producers, Writers and Directors. Those of us who create the shows you see on television feel that the public interest

will not be served so long as the decisions about everything on television continue to be made monopolistically by a handful of dollar-oriented network executives. So we intend to go to the public with our case and try to persuade it that television programing would undergo a dramatic improvement in quality and variety if the authority and responsibility to make those decisions were given to the creative community.

We think that what goes on the air should be determined by the personal judgment, good taste and creative imagination of professional showmen, rather than by the charts, graphs, ratings and research data employed by network programers. If we're boring or offensive, the public will know exactly whom to blame and the guilty parties will be held accountable in the market place. With the networks no longer responsible for program content, it would be possible to try out the kind of fresh approaches to programing and advertising practices that I've described, and it would open the door to really exciting innovation and experimentation in themes and formats for new shows; it could even replace imitation with originality as the formula for success.

PLAYBOY: You certainly paint a rosy picture.

LEAR: Maybe so, but we'd sure like the chance to prove we can do it. What have we—and the public—got to lose by trying? A lot less than we—or they—stand to lose by letting the general level of television entertainment remain as low as it's always been.

PLAYBOY: Surely you don't expect the networks to let you wrest creative control from them without a struggle.

LEAR: Of course not. We expect it to be a very hard-fought battle, and it's one we can't expect to win by persuading the networks to relinquish their power. That's why we plan to take our cause directly to the public. If we can convince the people that we're sincere—and that what we want to do will be good for *them* as well as for *us*—then the kind of pressure they could bring to bear on Congress could eventually force the networks to give us the chance we're asking for. But we also want the networks to understand that we aren't staging a coup to take over the television industry. We simply believe that transferring creative control to its rightful hands—the creators—can only improve television programing.

PLAYBOY: If you were the final arbiter of program content for your own shows—which are among the most outspoken and controversial on television—do you think you might be tempted to become more circumspect about themes and language, since you, rather than the network, would be responsible for the consequences of offending viewers?

LEAR: Not at all. I've won almost all of my battles with the censors over the

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years. So what you see is pretty much what you'd get from me. I'm sure I'll be tackling themes that are at least as challenging as some of those we've dealt with, but I'm equally sure that those who anticipate a storm of protest will be just as wrong as they've always been, because the public is a lot more grown-up than most of us have ever given it credit for. If I do overstep my bounds, all the viewers have to do is reach out and turn to another channel; I'll get the message. But I think our ratings show that we have a fairly good idea of what it takes to keep them from doing that. It's called *entertainment*—entertainment with something to say.

PLAYBOY: Your shows seem to have something to say about almost everything—from bigotry and atheism to impotence, abortion and homosexuality. In relying so heavily on controversy, you've been accused of being both trendy and exploitative.

LEAR: Is it trendy or exploitative to deal with issues that concern people in the real world rather than with the kind of mindless drivel that used to preoccupy the families in situation comedies? The biggest problem they used to face was when the boss was coming to dinner and the roast was ruined. Where is it written that entertainment shouldn't make you *think* while it's making you laugh?

PLAYBOY: But some critics have complained about what they feel you're encouraging people to think. In making Archie Bunker a harmless, likable blowhard, for example, they're convinced that you're not only lampooning bigotry but trivializing it and making it socially acceptable.

LEAR: In my experience, bigotry is most insidious—and common—when it occurs in otherwise lovable people. I abhor bigotry, but I think it's important to understand where it comes from, to realize that there are more areas of agreement between people like Archie and people like me than there are areas of disagreement. We all share a common humanity that the other man can't perceive as long as we continue to treat one another like cardboard cutouts labeled "bigot" and "liberal," or "we" and "they," for that matter. I think we all have what the Jews call *tam*, the quality of being embraceable and human even at our worst.

That's something I learned growing up. When I read an item in *TV Guide* about a hit series in England called *Till Death Us Do Part* about a father and a son-in-law who fought about every social and political issue, I was transported immediately to the relationship I enjoyed with my own father. We never agreed about anything; we fought about everything. I'd tell him he was a bigot, he'd call me a goddamn bleedin'-heart liberal, and we were both right—but also wrong.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a promising theme for an *American* television show.

LEAR: That's what I thought, too. That's what made me want to try it out over here and feel that I could make it work. The whole show came to me full-blown. My father even used to tell my mother to "stifle" herself.

PLAYBOY: How did you ever persuade CBS to schedule a show laced with insults like that, not to mention anti-Semitic remarks and such epithets as spick and spade?

LEAR: It didn't happen without a struggle. They liked the concept of the show, but when they read the first script, they started getting cold feet and demanding all kinds of cuts. I just told them, "It's gonna go the way it is or it's not gonna go." And eventually—to my amazement, really—they ran it just that way. Kind of sneaked it on one night with no advance advertising or anything. They had extra phone operators on every major switchboard in the country waiting for the calls. But no states seceded. There was a big reaction, but more than half the calls were absolute raves. My faith in the wisdom and maturity of the American people was borne out. It proved that they were ready—and had probably always been ready—for so-called adult entertainment. It proved that the time had come to stop running scared and listening to the think tanks that told us the Bible belt wouldn't accept this and the South wouldn't accept that. It proved that people could be trusted to decide for *themselves* what they found acceptable. And they didn't just find us acceptable; they *loved* us. That fall, *All in the Family* was the number-one show on television.

PLAYBOY: Then came *Sanford and Son*—another spin-off from a British series.

LEAR: Thanks for not calling it a rip-off.

PLAYBOY: Well, it *was* derivative. And in this case, surely, you couldn't draw on your own life for inspiration, as you had with *All in the Family*.

LEAR: As a matter of fact, I *did*. You may well ask what makes me think I can produce a true-to-life show about blacks—actually, three shows now, counting *Good Times* and *The Jeffersons*. Well, first of all, none of the white men and women who work on our black shows do so without the help of black writers and the enormous contributions of our almost-all-black casts. The actors infuse the scripts with the nuances of black culture; they help in honing attitudes for black sensibilities; they aid in tooling dialog to the black idiom. But that's only part of the answer. I feel I'm qualified to work on black shows because, in a sense, I feel I'm black myself. I haven't lived in a black skin or suffered the indignities that a black man my age would have suffered in this society, but I know what it's like to be treated as an inferior, because I'm Jewish. I know what it's like not to have a pay check. I know what it's like not to have enough food in the house. I know something about love

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and conflict between a man and a woman, about the anxieties of growing old, about the fierce pride that a parent can have for a child, about the fear and the love that a child can feel for a parent. So in the deepest sense, I have drawn on my own experience—on everyone's experience—in producing all these shows.

PLAYBOY: Did you draw on your own experience—or someone else's—in creating *Maude*?

LEAR: Oddly enough, it was network pressure that gave birth to *Maude*. In the first year of *All in the Family*, Mike was constantly arguing with Archie, and I wanted to bring in somebody from Archie's past who could belt him with 30 years of experience and bad blood. I immediately thought of Bea Arthur, an incredibly talented actress I had worked with on *The George Gobel Show*—and decided to make her Edith's cousin. Her name would be Maude, and since Edith was ill and Gloria was working, she'd come to take care of the house so that Edith didn't have to be running up and down the stairs. I also made her responsible for having introduced Archie and Edith.

PLAYBOY: That's quite a responsibility.

LEAR: Archie thought so, too. But from the beginning, I was more than confident—and so was the character I dreamed up—that Maude could handle it. And as an actress, Bea had the power and the authority to really let Archie have it between the eyes. You know, with the kinds of grievances that hang over family relationships for generations like giant clubs. Well, Maude really let Archie have it with all those clubs. She slugged him good. And five days after that show aired, the network started calling me every other day to ask me about doing a show with Bea Arthur.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you interested?

LEAR: Sure—especially since there wasn't really any very strong female personality on television. But I didn't have a fully developed idea of how it would work as a series until it occurred to me that we could have as much fun with the bullshit aspects of knee-jerk liberalism as we were having with Archie and his knee-jerk bigotry. From that point on, my wife, Frances, was enormously instrumental in Maude's development as a strong female image—just as she was in my own development as a feminist. During the early years of our married life, I watched her trapped in the same situation that most women were trapped in. But as she became aware of her condition, I watched the seeds of her consciousness begin to flower. And as Frances became more aware of feminist issues, she began to make me more aware. So as she and I grew stronger—separately and together—Maude probably grew more venturesome, too.

Recently, I did an episode of *Maude* in which she visited a psychiatrist and

gained some startling insights into her relationship with her father. The show—a one-character tour de force featuring only Maude and the back of her doctor's head—was based on some of my own experiences with therapy. I find that when I can work something from my own life into my shows, I get a kind of immediate feedback that constantly enriches me—and my work.

PLAYBOY: Some of your detractors charge that one of your failings is that you put too much feeling into your work—that you're almost shamelessly emotional.

LEAR: The last part of that is absolutely right; I am shameless about my feelings. But how can you put too much heart into your work? I know I wear my emotions on my sleeve—sometimes I think I must sound like a walking soap opera—but, frankly, I can't find anything wrong with that, personally or professionally. I think many of my critics may have an emotional problem themselves. Like so many people, they can't seem to handle sentiment. They don't like to admit that once in a while it's really kind of nice to let one's emotions override one's intellect. I like wet people. As far back as I can remember, I've always divided people into wets and dries. If you're wet, you're warm, tender, passionate, Mediterranean. You can cry. If you're dry, you're brittle, flaky, tight-assed and who needs you?

PLAYBOY: Critics have also complained about the high-decibel level of hostility and conflict on your shows; they feel it's not believable—and not funny.

LEAR: The anger on my shows is a celebration of love and life. For all the noise and conflict, Maude and Walter are very much in love. And so are Edith and Archie, and James and Florida, and Mike and Gloria. I grew up in a family very much like those of my characters, a family that—to quote my friend Herb Gardner—lived at the top of its lungs and the ends of its nerves. But I find warmth in that, and so do my characters. You don't get warmth without friction, so I rub my characters together hard and I get the theatrical friction I need. And the laughter. My critics don't seem to understand that great humor always comes out of great pain. The shows I produce—like life itself—are tragicomedy.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about another of the common criticisms of your shows—that the issues they raise are never explored with any real depth or bite?

LEAR: Most of those accusations about superficiality and softness seem to come from the same critics who used to condemn the medium because there weren't any shows like ours. I guess there's just no satisfying some people. Even I'm not fully satisfied with every show; but considering the restrictions imposed on us by the half-hour format and the program-practices department, I think we do a pretty damn good job of providing entertainment with

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something worth while to say to a great many millions of people. If I sound passionate about it, that's because I care very much about what I do and I've worked very hard to make these shows not only the most popular on television but also the *best*. I've always made it a matter of pride to deliver real lollipops.

PLAYBOY: Real lollipops?

LEAR: My father was a salesman. He sold garages, playrooms, small appliances, anything and everything. He used to boast that he could put shit on a stick and sell it for lollipops. And sometimes he was almost as good as his word. That's what convinced me to spend my life giving people *real* lollipops.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other ways in which you've tried to emulate him?

LEAR: I loved him, but I'm afraid that his life was an object lesson in how not to deal with people. He was extremely outgoing and affectionate but enormously insensitive. He was one of those people who treat absolutely everybody the same way, never taking into consideration that the person they're talking to might be just a little different from the person they were talking to ten minutes before. And, consequently, he would bully people much weaker than he and he wouldn't recognize the strength of people much stronger than he. And so his life was a series of near successes. He was a man who always thought he was going to make his fortune in ten days to two weeks. And every month the ten days and the two weeks would pass and he was ready with another ten days to two weeks. Even when I was still a boy, I knew I didn't want to be like him or live a life like his. I wanted to be like my Uncle Jack.

PLAYBOY: Why?

LEAR: I thought you'd never ask. Uncle Jack was a theatrical press agent and he was a legendary success in the family because he was reputed to earn more than \$100 a week. Every time he saw me, which was three times a year, on holidays, he'd flip me a quarter. That was six bits every year, rain or shine, and I decided I wanted to be that kind of uncle someday myself—the kind who could afford to flip a quarter to his nephew. So I resolved to become a press agent. I sent off a letter to 25 companies all over the country. I got two replies—one from a Broadway press agent who offered me \$40 a week to write two-line quips for gossip columnists. Eventually, I graduated to ghosting full columns for people like Dorothy Kilgallen and Walter Winchell in exchange for mentioning our clients.

PLAYBOY: How long did that go on?

LEAR: Two years. Then I took a detour back home to go into business with my father, who was sure he was going to make a killing—within ten days to two weeks—by manufacturing aluminum hot

plates. The whole thing went up in smoke one day when he bought a freight-car load of aluminum that shattered when it was pressed into hot plates. There was no reason for me to stay home any longer—in fact, I couldn't afford to—so I decided to resume my soaring career as a press agent, in California. And even though I got a job my first night in L.A.—as press agent for a little-theater group—I wasn't getting any salary. So I supplemented my nonincome by selling baby pictures for a while. And in my spare time, I hung around with my cousin Elaine's husband, Ed Simmons, who had come out to California to become a comedy writer. One night we were sitting around, not doing anything, and we decided to write a parody. I don't remember what it was about, but we finished it that same night and then jumped into the car and rode all over town, making the rounds of night spots, and finally sold it to a comedienne for \$25. That was twice what I'd made selling baby pictures that day, so we started writing together every night—one-liners, comedy routines, musical parodies.

PLAYBOY: Did they sell, too?

LEAR: Usually the night we wrote them. We might have gone on like that for years—there were a lot of entertainers in a lot of little clubs around town in those days—if I hadn't thought of a routine for Danny Thomas one evening. I called his agency, because I didn't have his phone number, and in a very out-of-breath voice announced that I was Merle Robinson of *The New York Times*; I always used the name Merle Robinson, which happened to belong to a friend of mine, whenever I thought I was likely to get in trouble. Anyway, I told them I needed Danny's number to ask him a question or two to finish up an interview I'd just done with him. They gave it to me and I called. He answered the phone himself and, immediately, I explained how I had gotten his number, and he enjoyed the story. Then I told him my partner and I had a routine for him and he said, "How long is it?" "How long do you *want* it to be?" I asked. "About seven minutes." And I said, "That's how long it is." He wanted me to go right over and show it to him, but I told him we couldn't make it for a few hours; I didn't tell him it was because we hadn't written it yet.

The upshot was that he did the routine at Ciro's and David Susskind—who was then an agent—called us up the next morning. "Do you guys write television?" "Sure we write television." "Can you be in New York to do *The Ford Star Review*?" "Sure we can." So we borrowed money and went to New York. They picked us up at the airport, drove us directly to an apartment and locked us in. We had to come up with two

sketches for a show that was going into production in two days. Within a week, Eddie and I were each making \$350 a week.

PLAYBOY: That made you an even bigger success than Uncle Jack.

LEAR: Yeah, but my father kept me from getting a swelled head. He knew what a struggle I'd been having in California, so I called him from New York to tell him—with every bit of excitement I was feeling—"Dad, I'm writing for *The Ford Star Review* and I'm making \$350 a week." He paused for a moment, and then he said, "Well, when you make \$1000 a week, *that's* a lot of money."

PLAYBOY: What happened after *The Ford Star Review*?

LEAR: Jerry Lewis, who was making an early TV appearance with Dean Martin on *The Colgate Comedy Hour*, saw our first *Ford Star Review*, and on the strength of one of our two sketches, said he had to have us. We didn't play hard to get. When Martin and Lewis became a smash, we became a smash.

PLAYBOY: Was your father finally impressed?

LEAR: He didn't say, but every one of my parents' friends and neighbors seemed to be. After the first show, I spent that weekend at my folks' home in Hartford, Connecticut, and *everyone* dropped by on Friday evening to see the prodigal son. After the chitchat was out of the way, there was a long, long pause, during which all eyes in the room fastened on me—the visitor from Hollywood. After what seemed an eternity, my mother's best friend spoke out for everybody, loud and clear: "So what's new with Jeff Chandler and Gloria DeHaven?" As it happened, I didn't know either of them and I said so. My mother's friend scoffed. "Come on, we're family. You could tell us." "But really," I said, "I've only been in Hollywood for two weeks. I don't know those people." "Big shot," she muttered, scowling. And from the other side of the room, I heard my mother, in utter agony: "Norman, for God's sake, tell her what's with Jeff Chandler and Gloria DeHaven!" To this day, I can't tell you how much I regret that I didn't just make something up for them.

PLAYBOY: Did you stick with Martin and Lewis till they broke up?

LEAR: No. When the friction between them began, the fun was gone and Eddie and I left. For a while, he and I wrote—and I directed—*The Martha Raye Show*.

PLAYBOY: How did you pick up directing?

LEAR: I really don't know. In those early days, they simply pointed cameras at the performers. Martha herself asked me to direct the show—I guess because I'd sat through the staging each week and had come up with a few useful suggestions and instant rewrites. After two years of that, I came west again. Eddie and I

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had an offer through our mutual friend Bud Yorkin to write for Tennessee Ernie Ford's nighttime show. But we weren't going to be head writers and the salary was much lower than we'd become accustomed to, so Eddie didn't take the job.

PLAYBOY: But you did?

LEAR: Of course. I've always felt it was better to work for less money than not to work at all. It's a bit of wisdom I pass along to anyone who'll listen. Anyway, next came two years of writing and directing for *The George Gobel Show*. When Gobel went off the air, I was lucky enough to cross paths again with my friend Yorkin. Bud was extremely hot—having just done the first *Evening with Fred Astaire*, which really set television on fire—and he asked me to form a company with him. We called it Tandem Productions, because we thought of ourselves as two guys on a bike pedaling uphill.

PLAYBOY: Was it uphill from the start?

LEAR: Not really. Bud, as I said, was hot. Our first deal was with Paramount to do six pilots for television. The first one we did was *Band of Gold*, a two-person repertory company with James Franciscus and Suzanne Pleshette. They played a different married or unmarried couple in a romantic story every week. The show was scheduled on a Friday night and went off the schedule on Monday—but I still think it's a great idea.

PLAYBOY: But not a very auspicious start for a new company.

LEAR: You might say that. But almost immediately, Neil Simon, who was a friend of mine, sent me a hilarious play he'd just completed called *One Shoe Off*. Paramount, which had asked us if there was a theatrical film we'd like to make, loved it and bought it. Bud was going to direct and I was going to produce and write the screenplay. And Frank Sinatra, if I was going to have my way, was going to star in it. It had then, by the way, acquired the title *Come Blow Your Horn*. The only problem was getting Sinatra to read the script. Once, when I hadn't heard from him for weeks, I had a corner of a room—what I called a reading kit—set up on his front lawn: rug, reading chair, footstool, lamp, pipe, slippers, robe, an album called *Music to Read By* and a copy of the script. It turned the trick.

PLAYBOY: What followed *Come Blow Your Horn*?

LEAR: A movie called *Divorce American Style*, a very trenchant comment on marriage and divorce in this country. After that, Bud and I went our separate ways—but within the company. He did a picture called *Inspector Clouseau* and I did *The Night They Raided Minsky's*. After *Minsky's*, I did a film with Dick Van Dyke called *Cold Turkey*. It was the first theatrical film I'd directed, and the whole experience—falling in love with Iowa,

where it was shot, and with Iowans—was a four-month orgasm. As a result of that success, I found myself with a very promising future in films. But then I spoiled everything by selling a TV pilot, an American adaptation of a British TV series, to CBS. It was all about a bigot and his son-in-law who fight all the time. **PLAYBOY:** And the rest, as they say, is television history.

LEAR: But not the end of it, I hope. By the time this interview comes out, I'll have three new series on the air—*Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, The Dumplings* and *One Day at a Time*.

PLAYBOY: Are they more cookies from your cookie cutter?

LEAR: Well, I think they definitely have the Lear stamp, but I do believe that none of the series would fall into the "safe" category, by any means—and there is more experimentation in the areas of form and style. For years I've wanted to do something with soap operas, something completely different from their mercifully slow pace and plot development. So I asked some writers, who thought I was kidding at first, to come up with some story treatments on exhibitionism, impotence, mass murder—homey topics like that—and to treat them humorously. I had no intention of trying to make the actual topics humorous, just the characters' reaction to them. In one of the episodes, for instance, our heroine, Mary Hartman, finds out from a visiting neighbor that a mass murder has just taken place down the block. "The Lombardis, their three kids, two goats and eight chickens," gasps the neighbor. "What kind of a madman would kill two goats and eight chickens?" Mary responds in deadpan astonishment. CBS fronted \$100,000 for the first few episodes, but when they saw what direction I was going in, they decided that what they really wanted was another of my cookies. I ended up, as I said, selling the show to independents.

We're in production with *One Day at a Time*, which is a series about three women in Indianapolis: a newly separated 34-year-old mother and her two teenage daughters. All three know where they've been, but they're still looking for where they are. I wanted to explore the real relationships that exist between adolescents and their parents, and also, of course, what it's like for a single mother—in this case, a very independent one—to fend for herself and her family in a society full of sexism and agism. So while she's fighting for economic self-sufficiency and the right to bring up her children as she sees fit, she's also very up-front about her sex appeal. She deals with agism—her own, actually—in her relationship with a man of 27 who is very much in love with her and bent on marriage. The seven-year

age difference doesn't bother him at all, but she thinks a lot about it. We're not running up the feminist flag in this series, but the possibilities for exploration of morals and attitudes within these basic concepts are really exciting.

We're also doing a little something different with *The Dumplings*, a series drawn from a Canadian comic strip that's recently been released in the U.S. James Coco and Geraldine Brooks play two people who are dumplings in both their nature and their chubby physique. What's strange about them is that they're so uncomplicated and so very much in love. They operate a lunch counter in an office building and because they work only between ten A.M. and three P.M., they devote the rest of their time to simply being together.

PLAYBOY: The premise doesn't sound very compelling.

LEAR: But it is. The Dumplings don't have any problems. I'd call that pretty unusual for openers. All of the humor—and the warmth—comes out of the idea that because two people let their love shine all around them, the world can't deal with them; they're too pure. In the face of all odds, they've managed somehow to keep their innocence and their optimism. The outside world impinges on all our private lives to such a great degree that it's almost impossible for us to maintain our values and keep dreaming our dreams. But the Dumplings do it. In their first episode, they have a chance to move up in the world. But it interferes with a moment together that's important to them and they won't give up the moment for the opportunity. It's rare to manage that in our culture.

PLAYBOY: With the three new shows, you have a total of eight on the air, five of them—and possibly more, by the time this is published—in the top 20. That makes you the biggest and most successful producer in the most influential medium in the world. How do you like the power trip?

LEAR: I suppose I have a certain amount of power, in a limited sort of way, but it isn't anything I can viscerally connect to. I'm much too involved in whether or not the next show is going to be good and what we can do to make it that way. I can't think of my batting average as much as, Jesus, I've got to get up to bat again on Tuesday and again on Thursday and again on Friday, and then again next week. As long as you're constantly playing the game, I don't know where you find the time to dwell on what it all means. Anyway, I just don't see any evidence that I influence peoples' opinions all that much. If anybody thought he was going to erase prejudice with a situation comedy, he'd have to be an asshole. Are people less bigoted than they were

before *All in the Family* or *Sanford and Son*? Are they thinking any differently about social issues since *Maude*? And even if they are, am I responsible for it? Bullshit.

Sure, there are some very specific effects that are tangible. When we did a show on breast cancer, we knew in a matter of weeks that any number of women had been helped by it because they were in touch with their local societies, who, in turn, informed us by asking for the tape. But I've done four or five shows about handguns and none of them—or the five or six assassinations we've lived through in our lifetime—has changed attitudes on that issue to any marked degree that I can see. When it comes to social change, we're just throwing pebbles into the water. Whether the ripples eventually make any waves, I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: Is making ripples worth throwing the pebbles?

LEAR: Of course. I make shows about people in conflict; but they're bound together in love—and laughter. I think it's never been more important than it is today to emphasize the things that connect us with one another. Sometimes I stand in the back of the theater where my shows are taped, and I love to watch as those 300 heads rock back with laughter. The warmth of sharing that moment with them—and watching them share it with one another—makes me want to take them all home with me. And whenever anybody tells me anything nice about what I'm doing, it's like my first compliment. You'd think I'd be jaded by now, but I can't get enough of it.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you keep on producing?

LEAR: I do what I do not because I want people to think I'm terrific, though of course I hope they will, and not because I expect to change the world, though of course I'd like nothing better, but because I love it. This is a tough business and it can be incredibly frustrating, but there's nothing in the world I'd rather be doing. If there's anybody anywhere having a better time, you'll have to point him out to me. I'm like the twin in shit.

PLAYBOY: The twin in shit?

LEAR: Don't you remember that old story about the twins, one a pessimist and one an optimist? A psychologist takes them and puts each one in a room full of shit. And the pessimist stands in the corner holding his nose. That's not me. I'm the kid in the other room—rolling around in the shit, throwing it up in the air, having a fantastic time. The psychologist asks him why in the world he's behaving that way and the kid says, "If I'm in a room full of shit, there's got to be a pony in here someplace."

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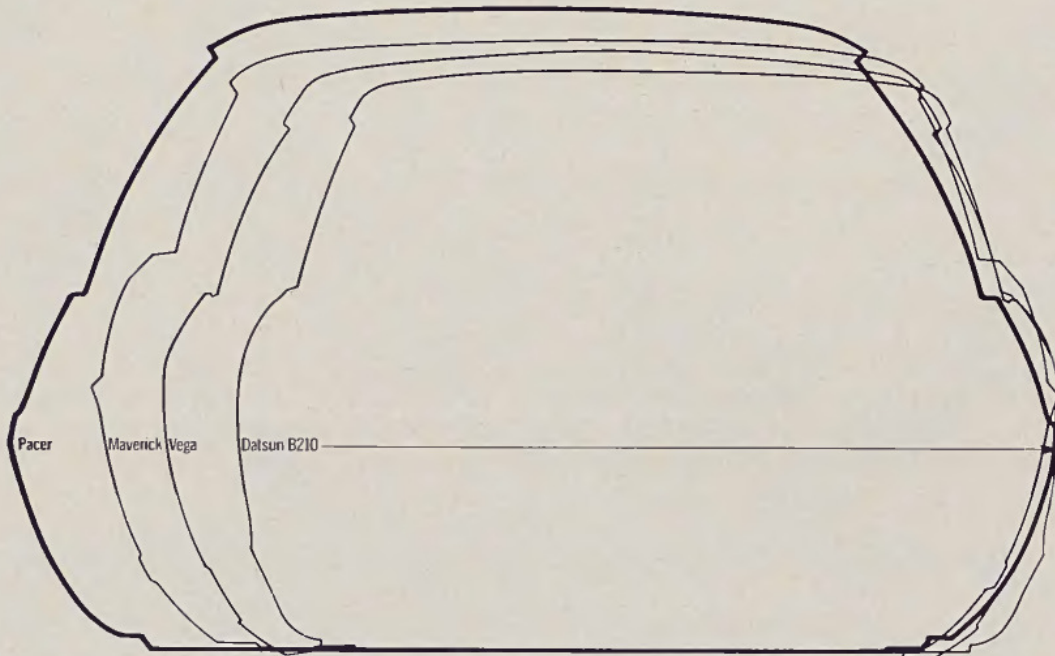


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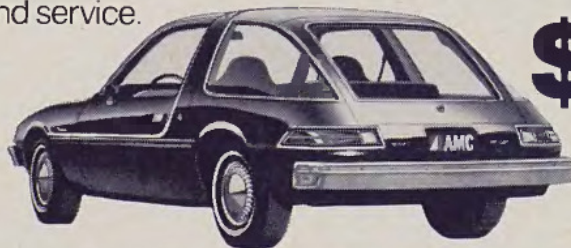
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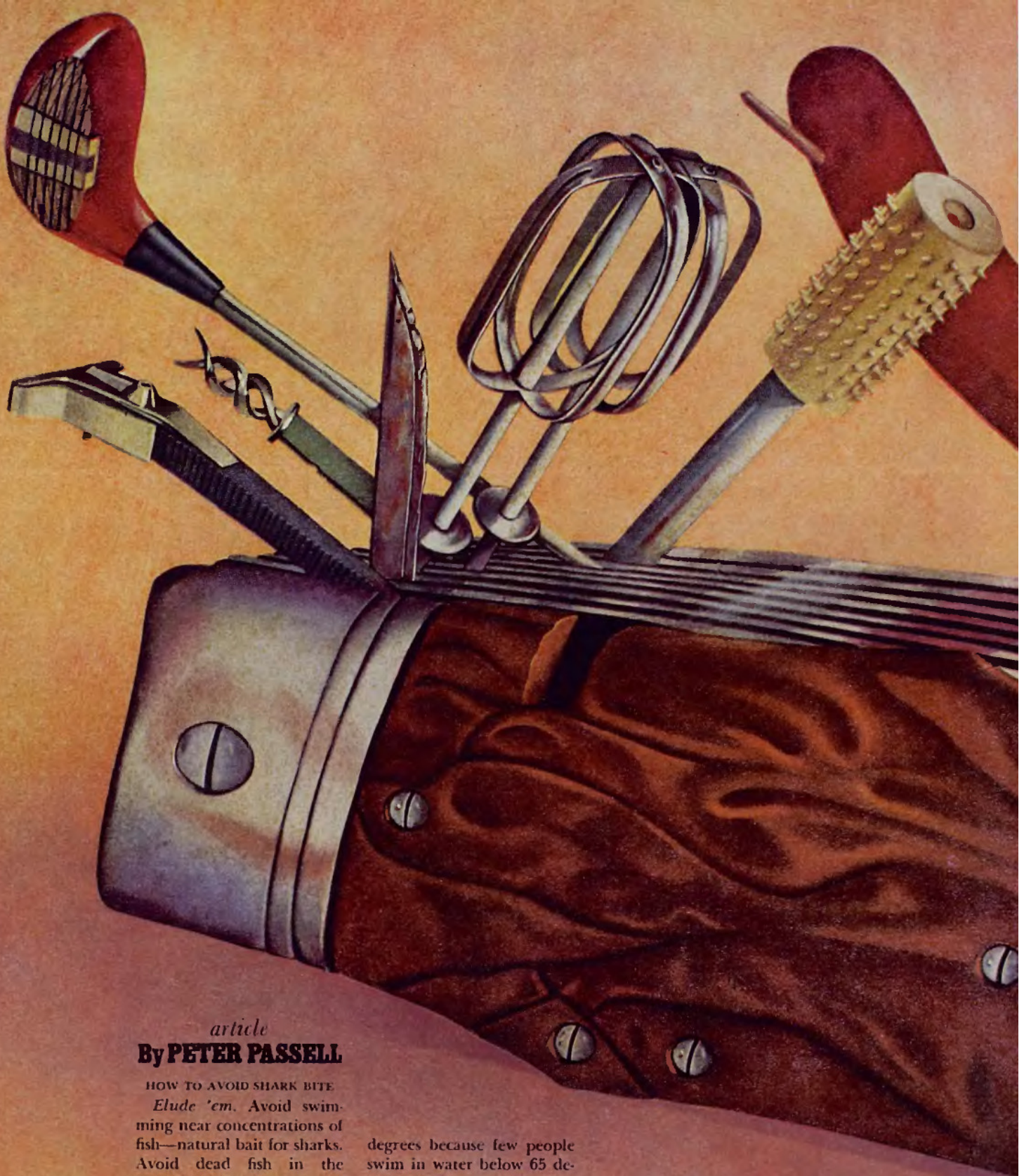
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article

By PETER PASSELL

HOW TO AVOID SHARK BITE

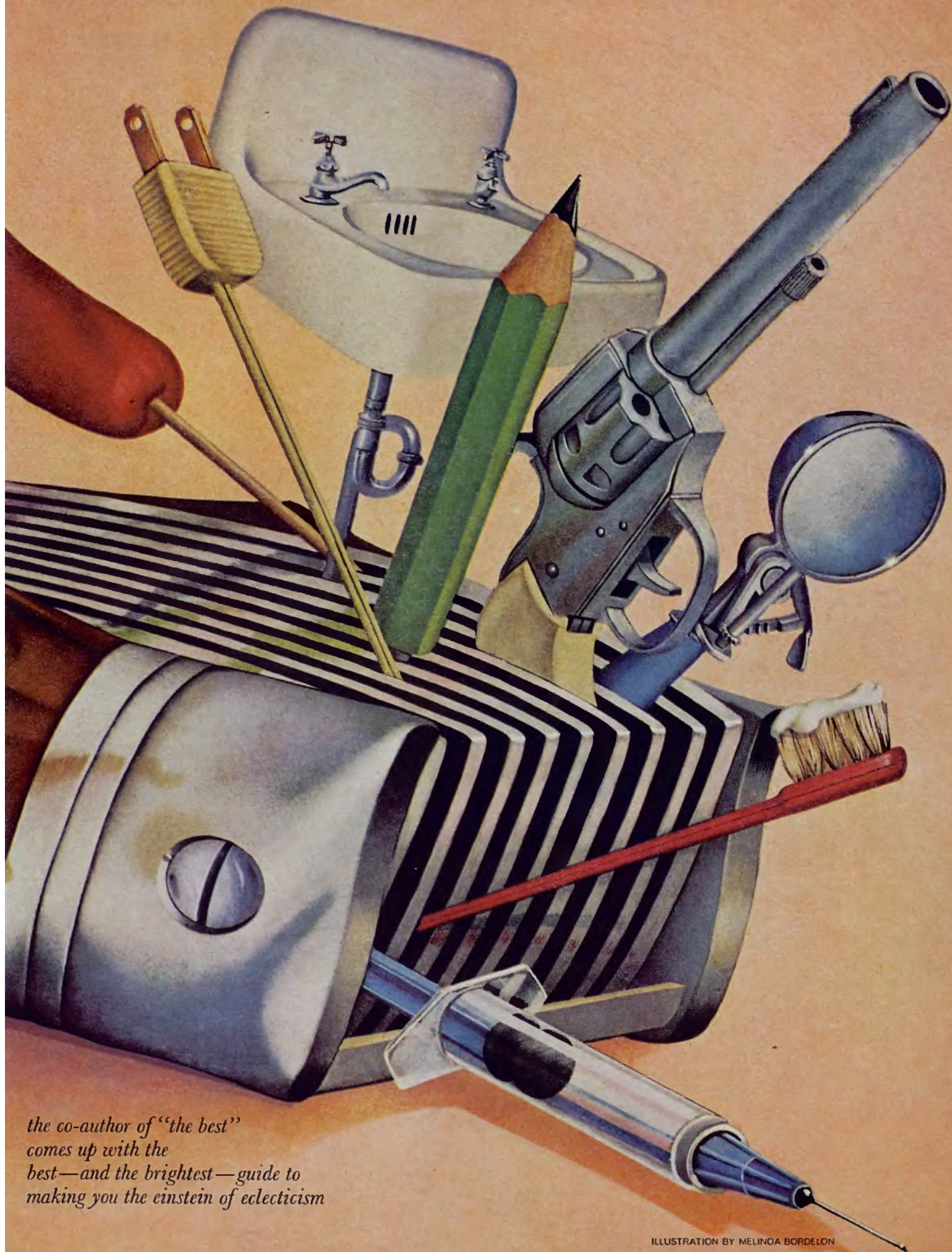
Elude 'em. Avoid swimming near concentrations of fish—natural bait for sharks. Avoid dead fish in the water—sharks have good noses. Avoid high-contrast clothing—sharks perceive contrast better than color. Don't splash about near sharks—it reminds them of wounded fish.

On the other hand, don't believe the myth that you're safe swimming in cold water. Few shark attacks have been recorded in water below 65

degrees because few people swim in water below 65 degrees. Shallow water offers little protection if it is close to a deep channel.

Repel 'em. Chemical shark repellents don't work very well. The U. S. Navy uses something called Shark Chaser, a mixture of copper acetate and black dye, developed during World War Two. The copper acetate supposedly reduces shark

HOW TO DO EVERYTHING



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appetite, while the dye hides the potential victim. Unfortunately, the combination hasn't been effective outside the laboratory.

What does work is a simple camouflage device called Shark Screen. This is nothing more than a dull-colored plastic sack with a flotation collar, big enough for a person to fit inside. Sharks ignore it because it doesn't resemble an ordinary meal. And unlike Shark Chaser, the protection lasts indefinitely.

Scientists at Hebrew University in Israel have another approach in mind. One variety of salt-water fish, the Moses sole, defends against shark attack by emitting a milky liquid toxin. The researchers hope to isolate the active ingredient and adapt it for humans.

Kill 'em. The standard antishark weapon for divers is the bang stick. It's just a long pole with a shotgun shell and trigger device on the business end. Unfortunately (as everybody who saw *Jaws* knows), the bang stick will stop a big shark only if you nail the beast directly in the brain. Sharks have very small brains.

Other weapons may revolutionize the art. The Shark Dart, carried by Navy divers at Apollo splashdowns, punctures the skin with a hollow steel needle, then fills the shark's gut with compressed gas. Very deadly. An electric dart, also being tested by the Navy, paralyzes the beast with a 30-volt shock. Disadvantage: When the battery wears out, so does the paralysis.

Probably the most appealing antishark weapon yet studied, though, is the porpoise. Porpoises defend their young by ramming predators at high velocity with their thick skulls. The Navy has tried to train them to do the same on behalf of divers. A big problem is getting them angry enough to risk their own hides.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT

This is no joke. A study of University of Pittsburgh graduates in 1967 revealed that men over 6'2" had starting salaries 12 percent greater than men under six feet. Even if you subtract the professional athletes from the sample, tall men did better than short men.

Should you need to be a little taller for just a few hours—say, to squeeze past a Civil Service physical—the solution is simple. An average adult is one half to one inch taller at the beginning of the day than at the end. During the day, the spongy disks that separate the vertebrae slowly contract under pressure. Each night, they regain their shape. If you can't schedule the examination for the morning, the next-best thing is to stay flat on your back until the moment of truth. A more radical approach is to stretch your spine by placing your body in traction. Stretching works (for a few hours), but it is a mite dangerous to try on your own.

An alternative offering permanence is

to change your posture. The spine is curved into an S shape. If you were to straighten it out, you would end up four inches taller. Now, a perfectly straight back would not be practical—were you to manage such a miracle, there would be no way to stand up. But reducing an unnecessarily exaggerated spinal curvature through exercise may add a full inch to your height.

We won't include the details here—a self-help book on back problems tells what to do—but the idea is simple enough. Exercise can teach you to tuck in your pelvis and flatten the cervical, lumbar and dorsal regions of the spine. The catch, of course, is that the boring exercises must be done faithfully and won't work if you already have a good posture. Better, perhaps, to stick with the guaranteed success of platform shoes.

HOW TO OBTAIN A DIVORCE FOR UNDER \$100

Do-it-yourself divorce kits can be very cheap. A privately marketed "self-divorce" kit sells in Oregon—complete with forms and advice—for \$25. (Filing fees are extra.) Similar kits have surfaced in Florida and Michigan.

A divorce kit advertised in New York State sells for \$98, including forms and instructions, but tops the limit with court costs of about another \$100. New Yorkers seeking cheap divorces might consult *How to Get a New York Divorce for Under \$100*, by C. M. Allen, privately printed but widely available. Allen, who shows how to do it for \$97.11, including sales tax, gives specific advice—names and addresses—and establishes beyond doubt that a nonlawyer who wants to can generate all the paper shuffling required for his or her own divorce.

HOW TO CALCULATE YOUR LIFE EXPECTANCY

No, we can't top Jeane Dixon. But if you are between 20 and 65 and are reasonably healthy, this test provides a life-insurance-company's-eye view of the future.

1. Start with 72.

2. *Gender.* If you are male, subtract 3. If you are female, add 4. (That's right, there's a seven-year spread between the sexes.)

3. *Lifestyle.* A. If you live in an urban area with a population of more than 2,000,000, subtract 2. If you live in a town of fewer than 10,000 or on a farm, add 2. (City life means pollution, tension.)

B. If you work behind a desk, subtract 3. If your work requires regular, heavy physical labor, add 3.

C. If you exercise strenuously (tennis, running, swimming, etc.) five times a week for at least a half hour, add 4. Two or three times a week, add 2.

D. If you live with a spouse or a friend, add 5. If not, subtract 1 for every ten years alone since the age of 25. (People together eat better, take care of each other, become less depressed.)

4. *Psyche.* A. Sleep more than ten hours a night? Subtract 4. (Excessive sleep is a sign of depression, circulatory diseases.)

B. Are you intense, aggressive, easily angered? Subtract 3. Are you easygoing, relaxed, a follower? Add 3.

C. Are you happy? Add 1. Unhappy? Subtract 2.

D. Have you had a speeding ticket in the past year? Subtract 1. (Accidents are the fourth-largest cause of death, first in young adults.)

5. *Success.* A. Earn over \$50,000 a year? Subtract 2. (Wealth breeds high living, tension.)

B. If you finished college, add 1. If you have a graduate or a professional degree, add 2 more. (Education seems to lead to moderation; at least that's the theory.)

C. If you are 65 or over and still working, add 3. (Retirement kills.)

6. *Heredity.* A. If any grandparent lived to 85, add 2. If all four grandparents lived to 80, add 6.

B. If either parent died of a stroke or a heart attack before the age of 50, subtract 4.

C. If any parent, brother or sister under 50 has (or had) cancer or a heart condition, or has had diabetes since childhood, subtract 3.

7. *Health.* A. Smoke more than two packs a day? Subtract 8. One to two packs? Subtract 6. One half to one? Subtract 3.

B. Drink the equivalent of a quarter bottle of liquor a day? Subtract 1.

C. Overweight by 50 pounds or more? Subtract 8. Thirty to 50 pounds? Subtract 4. Ten to 30 pounds? Subtract 2.

D. Men over 40, if you have annual checkups, add 2. Women, if you see a gynecologist once a year, add 2.

8. *Age adjustment.* Between 30 and 40? Add 2. Between 40 and 50? Add 3. Between 50 and 70? Add 4. Over 70? Add 5.

It's no fun playing the game unless you know how well you've done. The table below—according to the Bureau of the Census—tells what percentage of the population you will outlive, provided you make it to the specified age.

Age	Women	Men
60	15%	26%
65	20%	36%
70	30%	48%
75	39%	61%
80	53%	75%
85	70%	87%
90	88%	96%
95	97%	99%
100	99.6%	99.9%

(continued on page 82)



"What are you doing after the Revolution?"



It is said that when God created woman, a French movie director was on the scene to offer her an exclusive contract. Let's face it—if it had not been for our Continental kissing cousins, PLAYBOY's yearly *Sex in Cinema* feature might have been showing pictures of John Wayne's horse. The string of provocative superstars is impressive—Brigitte Bardot, Catherine Deneuve, Maria Schneider. Of course, a few years ago, it seemed that the French had fallen on soft times: The only thing they could offer us was snapshots of the original sex kitten on her 40th birthday. (Not that we're complaining—those were *some* snapshots.) Still, we were beginning to worry that someone was doctoring their wine with saltpeter. Fortunately, the trend took an upswing in 1974, when *Emmanuelle* opened on the Champs Elysées, starring the then-unknown Sylvia Kristel. Later, the ad campaign for American theaters said it all: "X was never like

ENCORE EMMANUELLE!

further observations on the outer-fringe benefits of life in the french foreign service



Sylvia Kristel once again graces the silver screen as Emmanuelle. In the sequel, her sexual education continues with her husband, Jean (Umberto Orsini), a friend, Christopher (Frederic Lagache), and the patrons of a Hang Kong bordello. With six you get egg roll.



this." Miss Kristel, possessed of the kind of beauty that makes you want to be in three places at once, was an instant sensation. Producer Yves Rousset-Rouard and director Just Jaeckin had managed to suffuse each scene with the soft, sensuous light of a fashion spread—whether the scene was a gang rape at an opium den or a one-on-one encounter on the courts of a racquet club. Audiences cried "Encore!" and it was inevitable that we would be seeing more of Miss Kristel. Rousset-Rouard bought the film rights to *Emmanuelle: the Anti-Virgin*—the sequel to the book—written under an alias by Maryat Rollet-Andriane, the wife of a representative of the French delegation to UNESCO. The heroine of the two novels is supposedly the wife of a hydraulic engineer stationed in Thailand. Frenchmen knew better: Obviously, the career was a pose for undercover work in the foreign service. Whatever, the novel and the film still created quite



Emmanuelle saon learns that the pin is mightier than the sword: After a visit to a Chinese pharmacist, who instructs her in the finer points of acupuncture, she becomes involved with a tattooed polo player (Ventine Venentini), who shares her interest in needlework (shown above).



Emmanuelle and Jean invite their new friend, Anna Maria (Catherine Rivet), on a vacation to Bali. At a health spa, three members of the Eurasian oil cartel (Eva Hamel, Christianne Gibelin and Laura Gemser) introduce them to a unique form of body massage. A sound mind, etc.



Emmanuelle discusses (and demonstrates) her philosophy of life with her husband and Anna Maria: "All time spent in other pursuits but that of making love embraced by an ever-increasing number of arms is time lost." We couldn't have said it better.

a controversy as Parisians speculated on what members of the foreign service really did to pass the time at hardship outposts. This time out, Emmanuelle's erotic quest leads her from Bangkok to Hong Kong to Bali. No holds are barred as she turns innocence inside out in search of the perfect hedonistic life. Replacing Jaeckin behind the lens is Francis Giacobetti, one of the Continent's leading fashion photographers. (You have viewed his work in *Oui*.) As you can see from the stills included in this pictorial, the French have a slightly different approach to erotic film making. They believe that a work does not have to be explicit to be exciting, that less is more. It's enough for us, but even then, we may have to wait. French censors studied the original *Emmanuelle* for three months before allowing the public to see the film. While you're standing in line, you might look up one of Miss Kristel's other films. She's been very busy. Keep your eyes open and your raincoat on in case *The Sleeping-Car Madonna*, *Julia*, *No Pockets in a Shroud* or *Playing with Fire* comes to a theater near you.



HOW TO DO EVERYTHING

(continued from page 74)

HOW TO SPOT CROOKED DICE

The key, of course, to cheating at craps is fixing the dice. Craps is a pure gambling game; there's no real skill involved beyond learning the jargon and scanning a probability table in *Scarne's Complete Guide to Gambling*. One player rolls the dice and you bet on the outcome of each toss or each series of tosses. The only way to win in the long run is to distort the chances of certain combinations. Some possibilities:

Flats. Shaving one side of a die makes it larger than four of the five other sides. Even a difference as small as one five-hundredth of an inch can shift the odds noticeably, though much larger shaves are common. You should be able to spot flat dice by comparing them with a straight edge on a smooth surface.

Bevels and cut edges. If one face of a die bulges slightly in the middle, the chances of landing on that side are reduced. These are called—somewhat misleadingly—bevels. You can accomplish the same objective by sanding some of the edges of the dice at an angle greater than 45 degrees, shrinking the surface area of one side more than the adjacent sides. In both cases, the only way to catch a skillful cheat is to compare two dice. Beveled dice, side by side, wobble. For cut-edge dice, make a similar side-by-side comparison, concentrating your attention on the corners.

Casinos have a stake in preventing any variations in shapes, since they accept bets for or against the player. To guard against switches, the casino may order dice of a special size and color for easy comparison with the dice in play. In any event, dice are changed frequently.

Loaded dice. A bit of extra weight on one side of a die will make the opposite side come up more often than by chance. Even transparent dice can be loaded by secreting tiny lead or gold slugs in the drilled spots, while filling the light-side spots with paint. To test for a load, hold the die in question over a tall glass of water. Drop it carefully and see if it settles to the bottom without rotating on the way down.

Tops. The crudest form of crooked dice, yet the kind favored by professional cheaters. Opposite sides on tops show the same numbers, so each die has only three different numbers instead of six. Since it's possible to see only three sides at once, the professional can substitute tops in play as long as no one else is able to examine them. Tops can be 100 percent winners or percentage winners, depending on how the game is played. Using them, however, takes guts and skill. The mechanic must be prepared to substitute honest dice for tops, or switch kinds of tops, at a moment's notice. Generally, "bust-out" men operate in teams under

the protection of, and with extra help provided by, local hoods. If you suspect that you are being taken with tops, stop betting and move on fast. Challenging the integrity of a bust-out artist can be detrimental to the health.

HOW TO READ YOUR FBI FILE

The Freedom of Information Act requires Federal agencies to make public all internal documents, unless there is a good reason to keep them secret.

Just write Clarence Kelley, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D.C. 20535, the following letter:

"Pursuant to the Freedom of Information Act, Title 5, United States Code, Section 552, I hereby request access to. . ."

Describe as specifically as possible the information you want, naming dates, locations, employers, organizations, etc. The agency may ask for more details—the whole process can take months—but eventually you will see how the FBI spends its annual tithe from Congress.

HOW TO OPEN A SWISS BANK ACCOUNT

There is no law against buying Swiss francs, then depositing them in a checking or savings account at a Swiss bank. Most banks require a minimum deposit, usually just \$1000.

Among the several hundred private Swiss banks ready to serve foreign accounts, two are particularly convenient, since they have offices or representatives in the United States. These are the Swiss Credit Bank (New York and Los Angeles) and the Swiss Bank Corporation (New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles).

One hybrid of the standard Swiss account is a Swiss-franc deposit in a bank outside the borders of Switzerland. Swiss controls designed to discourage foreigners naturally don't apply—no limit on account size, no interest ceiling, no withholding taxes on earnings. The Bankhaus Deak in Vienna solicits such franc savings accounts and pays high interest rates, to boot. Its New York office (Deak-Perera International, 41 East 42nd Street) will provide details and the necessary forms. A similar deal can be worked with Lloyds International Bank, but customers must apply in London.

Perhaps a better question than how to is why one should open a Swiss account. The payoff is supposed to be security and privacy. Certainly, Swiss banks are unlikely to default on their deposit liabilities. But then, neither are American banks protected by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. The Swiss franc is one of the world's most stable currencies, because the Swiss are willing to pay any price to avoid inflation. As financial conservatives are happy to tell you, the dollar value of the franc has increased by about 40 percent in the past five years.

This does not mean, though, that Swiss francs can never depreciate against the plain old dollar. Many economists believe that the dollar is a great bargain in foreign-currency markets, suggesting that betting on further franc appreciation is, at best, risky.

Swiss banks are justly famous for guarding the privacy of their depositors. Whether or not you request the protection of a numbered account, as a matter of good business and government policy, your secrets will be safe from credit agencies, corporate spies and the like. On the other hand, the secrecy laws will not save you from the FBI or the IRS if it can be shown that you have used the account to hide activities that are illegal under Swiss law. Hiding shady transactions from the SEC is OK. Committing fraud—as Edith Irving discovered—is not. Should you decide to use an account for extralegal purposes, deal directly with the bank in Switzerland. Branches of Swiss banks in the United States must report large transactions to the Feds.

Balancing the legendary virtues of Swiss accounts are some less heralded vices. Let's assume you live and work in the United States. That means you pay rent and grocery bills in dollars. If you earn dollars, convert them to francs for safekeeping and then reconvert them back to dollars for spending, the round trip will cost one or two percent in foreign-exchange fees. In addition, Swiss savings accounts pay lower interest rates than their American counterparts; it's probable that you will lose two to three percent a year that way. If you have a large account, the financial penalties are even more dramatic. To discourage speculators, the Swiss ban any interest payments on foreign-owned accounts of more than 50,000 francs. They have also been known to tax these large accounts as much as 12 percent a year during speculative runs against the dollar and the pound.

HOW TO CHANGE YOUR NAME

Some names are losers. Research studies have shown (honest) that teachers give consistently lower grades to Percys and Ednas than to Peters and Lisas. And later on, when Percy applies for that lumberjack job, chances are he'll be shunned in favor of John or Michael—employers avoid applications with names that make them uncomfortable.

Should you have a reason, practical or aesthetic, for dropping your name, the simplest way is to just stop using it. Apply for a driver's license, register to vote and pay your taxes with a new name. After some minor hassles, the new name should stick. There is no law against calling yourself whatever you like, unless the idea is to fool creditors or elude the cops.

If you have qualms about changing overnight from Viola Bow to Nancy

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JOHN
DEMPSEY

"It all started when she was teaching him 'Down, boy!'"



THE ASCENSION OF BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

from zero to sixty in five weeks flat with rock's newest superstar

personality **By JAMES R. PETERSEN**



IN THE NIGHT AIR above Sunset Strip, an 18-foot leather-jacketed Bruce Springsteen drapes an arm across the back of a 25-foot saxophone-playing Clarence Clemons and tries to bury a three-foot grin behind his wrist. One block away, the cover photograph from *Born to Run* is seen on

a small billboard in the parking lot of Tower Records. Handbills slapped onto every telephone pole and blank wall in the area proclaim that the rising young rock star's four-day engagement at the Roxy is SOLD OUT. On the stage of L.A.'s top music showcase, an only slightly

larger than life-size Bruce Springsteen hunkers over a microphone, delivering a monolog about the days when he and his good buddy Miami Steve Van Zandt were the helpless victims of immediate undying love, or, as they say in the papers, incurable romanticism. Miami Steve,

resplendent in a white panama and pink three-piece suit with wide lapels that end somewhere in the wings, nods his head. It's all true.

"Yeah. Every day, we would sit on the steps and watch this girl walk by. The mystery lady. She was beautiful. I mean, she was the kind of girl who made you feel dumb about stuff. We didn't know her name. Every day, we tried to make each other find out her name. It would be Steve's turn; he couldn't do it. It would be my turn; I couldn't do it. We tried to get the crazy kid on the block to go up and ask her name; he couldn't do it. Then we got guitars. Yeah, we got guitars and sat on the steps and watched this girl walk by. Finally, it got so bad we moved away."

Laughter. Miami Steve nods. It's all true. Springsteen pauses, tucks a thumb through his suspenders, eyeballs his rhythm-guitar player through the spotlights and smoke and brings the story up to date. "You know, there oughta be some way we could find out that girl's name. Maybe stroll down to Tower Records, pick up a copy of *Born to Run* and when she walks by, drop it casual like on the sidewalk. 'Oops. My record.' Naw. That wouldn't work. I got it. We rent a car. Yeah. We rent a car and kinda ease past my billboard. That'll work. I just gotta find out who that girl is. I don't know her name, but . . . all the guys on my block call her Pretty Flamingo."

And the audience is there, back in the days when the whole world was in high school and the E Street Band was a bunch of rock-'n'-roll rebels, playing for the door at some club in the swamps of Jersey, five sets a night, 12 songs a set. Here they are, pouring their hearts out on a Manfred Mann anthem to impossible beauty, still on fire with the feeling, the faith that caused them to pick up guitars and drumsticks in the first place. Old fans look at one another and smile. The ascension of Bruce Springsteen is under way and there's nothing to worry about. Springsteen may wake up in the morning and find his picture on the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*, but the craziness will never change the Kid. Inside, he's got everything straight.

Early September and something is happening on the East Coast: The rock grapevine is heavy with rumors of a great new act. Who is this Bruce Springsteen and why are all those people in New York raving about a one-week gig at the Bottom Line? Jesus, the reviews of his latest album, *Born to Run*, have most of the people in the Midwest convinced that the Columbia School of Journalism is a subsidiary of the record company.

The facts are that Springsteen's first album, *Greetings from Asbury Park, N.J.*, sold about 120,000 copies. Critics had a hard time adjusting to the singer's

metabolism; the record sounded like *Highway 66* played at 78 rpm, and that was close enough to earn Springsteen the label of another new Dylan. Some said that he sang with the young Van Morrison's voice (he picked it up at the Berkeley flea market for a buck, fifty). The few people who listened found that the songwriter had re-created the Street. The Boardwalk. The Scene. Peopled with ragtag characters whose only code was style, the Scene was the place where you were known on sight or you weren't known at all. The street was the arena where you earned a name like Hazy Davy, Killer Joe, a name that couldn't be found in the phone book, because you wouldn't find that person at home. It was a seductive vision, developed on Springsteen's next album, *The Wild, the Innocent and the E Street Shuffle*, which sold 175,000 copies. Nothing to get excited about, unless you were one of the 175,000. They thought it was the best album of the century. Those numbers put Springsteen into the cult-artist category. For two years, he played small clubs and concerts on the East Coast. He developed one of the best live acts in the business. He locked himself into a studio for almost a year, agonizing over the album that, according to industry logic, was his last chance to be a star. Then *Born to Run* hit the racks, the band went on a nationwide tour and all hell broke loose. The writer receives an assignment: Hang out. See what's going on.

Springsteen sits quietly on a sofa in the middle of the lobby, flashing on the marble, the mirrors, the chandeliers and the people who make such rooms their scene. When you aren't the entertainment, sit back and watch what is. Springsteen is slight, unimposing, his tan-suede jacket subdued. Admittedly, the gold ring in his left ear seems out of place, but it is shielded from most of the room by a large person with the bulk and peripheral vision of a bodyguard. A friend from Asbury Park. One of the 22 people Springsteen keeps on the payroll. Introductions are made. ("Hi. I play lead paragraph for PLAYBOY magazine.")

The band begins to filter into the lobby. It is immediately evident where Springsteen got the inspiration for his characters; also, that there is no one left worth looking at on the streets of Asbury Park. Miami Steve is the epitome of lower-echelon Mafia Mod: a tailored leather jacket, a snazzy panama pulled low over his eyes. He constantly arches one eyebrow and vaults his glance over a nonexistent pair of sunglasses. Like Springsteen, he wears a gold ring in one ear. Having spent the past few years of his life backing groups such as the Dovells and Dion (you mean they're still working?) in out-of-the-way roadhouses and oldies bars, he is tough, well worn and yet easy to impress. A genuine find.

Roy "The Professor" Bittan continues the gangster motif with crisp elegance. A white-felt fedora, pinstripe suit, goatee. Small hands that suggest he could be carrying a violin case on the running board of a 1932 Ford, instead of playing baroque barrel-house piano behind Springsteen. The Professor met the singer at Charley's in Cambridge, asked if he could sit in and hasn't gotten up since. Garry "U. S." Tallent puts his hands into his pockets, props one sneaker against a marble pillar and flashes an indecently healthy smile. Garry has been with Springsteen since the beginning. He owns a 1948 Rock Ola jukebox and over 3000 oldies. He once left his bass by the television set so he could learn the solo to *Secret Agent Man*. "Mighty" Max Weinburg has hands that could belong to a tail gunner on an old Liberator bomber; aviator glasses and a neatly trimmed beard complete the image of disciplined strength. He is a scholar of the drums. Danny "The Blond Bombshell" Federici is baby-faced and oblivious, decked out in a single-zipper leather jacket. He has played organ and accordion behind Springsteen for years. Exhausted by the effort, he drops himself into an overstuffed armchair and inadvertently brushes an ashtray off the table. Cockroach-sized glass fragments chatter across the floor. Not very high on the Richter scale of road madness, but it's still early in the tour. The band closes in: "God, we can't take you anywhere." The incident is taken care of, but a house manager decides to make it into a disturbance. Are you guests of the hotel? Are you waiting for someone? Would you please return to your rooms and wait there? We can't have people like you gathering in our lobby. The boys look to the Boss. He will wait for the saxophone player to arrive. When he does, the question is settled. Clarence "The Big Kahuna" Clemons is clad in a black-leather motorcycle jacket, black-leather pants and a black padre hat with a silver band. An ex-linebacker, he has the massive calm of the man who found King Kong's stash. The boys in the band get high; Clarence gets serious.

Are you with the Columbia Record party? The waitress stresses the last word, her eyes alight with visions of decadence. Pizzas with grated cocaine on top. Kinky sex. Petty vandalism. She shows the group to a private room, trying to distinguish the genuine star from the media groupies and underassistant Midwest promo men. Some 17 people line the table, poking at the deep-fried Frisbees that pass for pizzas in Chicago. The waitress settles on one of the local rock critics, a tall, lanky, redhead decked out in a denim sailor suit complete with red neckerchief and *Pinafore* hat. He looks the part. Springsteen and the Professor take the far end of the
(continued on page 168)

**JOGGING
CAN KILL YOU!**



... AND THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT

article By J. E. SCHMIDT, M.D.

JOGGING has some real pluses going for it. It does develop good leg and thigh muscles. It does accelerate the heartbeat. And it does give you that tanned, outdoorsy look. But what about the bottom line? Is jogging good or bad for your health?

The fact is that, for both men and women, running or jogging is one of the most wasteful

and hazardous forms of exercise. Jogging takes more from the body than it gives back. It exacts a price that no one can afford or should be willing to pay for leg and thigh muscles or for that specious indicator of good health—the tan.

Among the bodily structures most likely to be damaged by (continued on page 152)

WEST COAST

SPRING BREAK. The time when students get away from the wall-to-wall books and escape into the totally other. For East Coast students and humanoids from the Midwest, Fort Lauderdale and Daytona Beach offer a change of weather, a weird extravagant, uninhibited blowout. Students from the West Coast and the Southwest face a different problem: they live

for itchy libidos east and west...

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE RITES OF SPRING



...a look at where the girls really are

EAST COAST

Once upon a time, it was just another sleepy little Florida town with a long strip of beach running parallel to its main drag. But in 1961, a beach-blanket soap opera called *Where the Boys Are* changed all that forever. In the spring of 1961, carloads of college students from almost every niche in the nation invaded Fort Lauderdale en masse, causing enough mayhem to



WEST COAST

in the totally other every day. The weather is always good, the behavior always weird, extravagant and uninhibited—and who in California reads? So, come spring break, they just cross the border into Mexico or sit in their room with their favorite Mexican import and relax.

And, being mavericks, they are not inclined to converge on one area. Rumor

has it that *Where the Boys Are* was made by West Coast movie producers just to fake out the rest of America, a conspiracy designed to keep their favorite watering holes free of Ivy Leaguers and fraternity assholes. More likely, Westerners will toss a sleeping bag into a van and just take to the highway. Some head for Big Sur, some down the (continued on page 166)



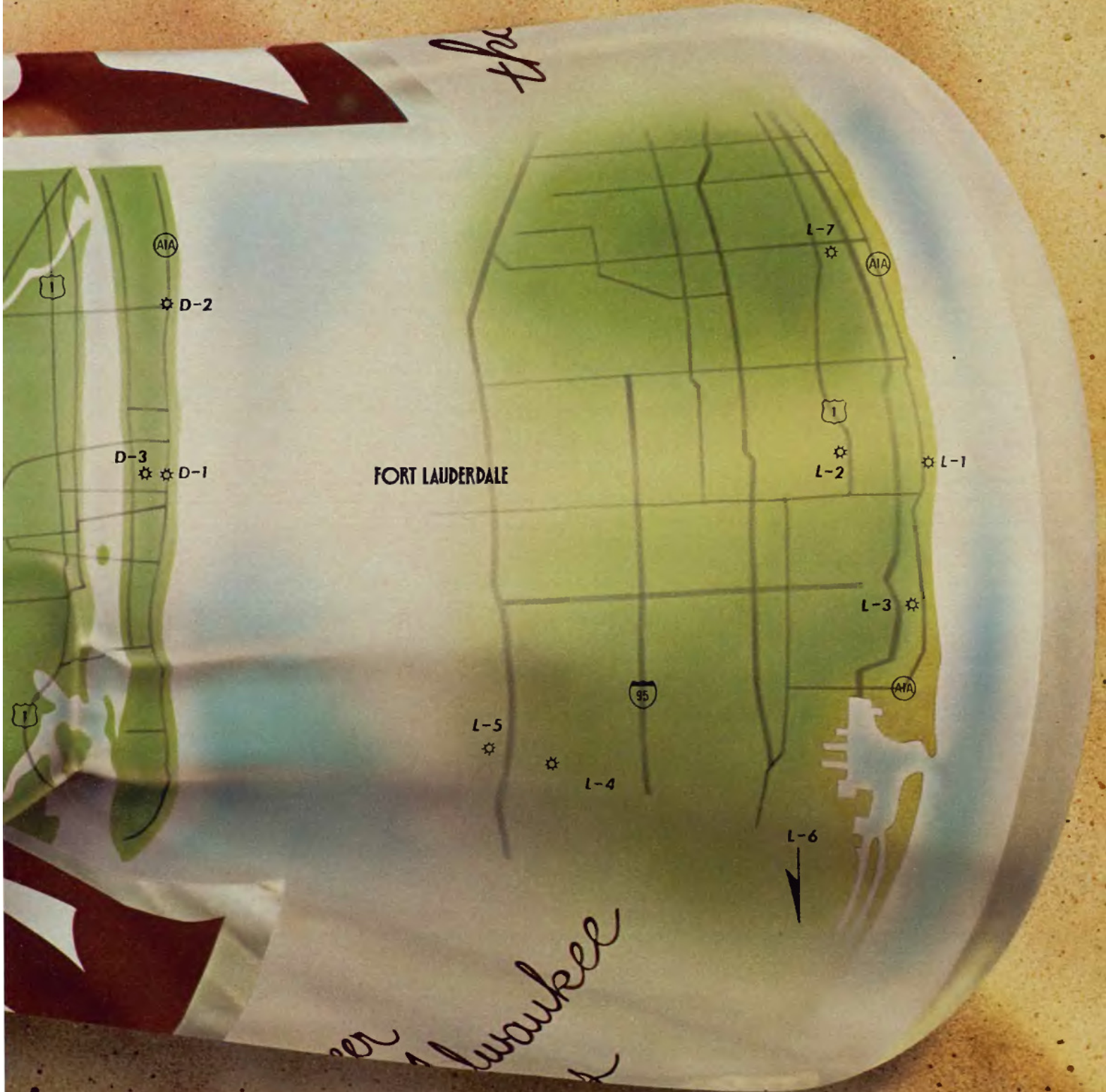
EAST COAST

inspire the governor to proclaim it a disaster area and bring in the National Guard. But a myth had been created overnight and for years the students have flocked into the town by the thousands.

The legend caused a spill-over: For those who didn't make it as far as Lauderdale (or who found it too crowded and turned around and drove north),

Daytona Beach became almost as popular over the years. But more on Daytona later.

Only 1972-1974 were slow years, and nobody seems to know why—chalk it up to the counterculture, general apathy or better riots back home. But in the spring of 1975, they returned—the rowdies, the frat boys, the sorority girls—all in search



of fun, sun, booze and sex, as if nothing had changed since 1961. Puzzled natives allowed that this new batch was less rowdy, perhaps even more mature than the first, but the old values were back and, on the face of it, nothing much had changed. Chalk it up to nostalgia.

The motivation to go there is perhaps more existential now. "A bunch of us were just sitting around in the dorm one night," said one coed, "trying to figure out where to go for spring break. Somebody said Fort Lauderdale. And that was that." Many even return for seconds or thirds, in spite of the cops, the crowds and the scarcity of hotel rooms. An estimated 25,000-35,000 per day were there in the spring of 1975 and, if word-of-mouth advertising lives up to its traditional effectiveness, 1976 ought to break all records.

In anticipation of this, PLAYBOY has assembled the following guide to how not to get busted, trampled, disillusioned or disgraced in Fort Lauderdale this spring, should you decide to join the barbarian hordes. Following that is a shorter guide to Daytona Beach, which has its own mystique and attractions.

The information was culled from various campus stringers throughout the country who interviewed those who had gone there last year, those who had fun and those who wouldn't send their worst enemies there.

Accommodations: Most hotel rooms on the strip and slightly beyond will run you about \$20 a night and up and up and up. The strip is called North Atlantic Boulevard (L-1) and this is where most of the action is. Most hotels on the strip include private beach property and if you decide to settle beyond the main drag, the beaches are less crowded and the rooms are cheaper. Hotels on Route One (L-2) are probably the cheapest, but you'll have to drive to the beach and put up with more traffic noise. In either case, you have two choices—to make reservations or not to make reservations. The advantage of having a reservation (and make it six weeks to two months ahead of time) is that you are guaranteed a decent place to sleep. The disadvantage is that you more or less forfeit the opportunity to hustle for a room, which is fairly easy to do in Lauderdale and simply involves approaching someone interesting on the strip and asking for a place to crash. Innkeepers are used to taking in anywhere from four to twelve boarders to a room, as long as they get their money and no significant damage is done.

Some hotels, however, are strict. One Rider College student, after spending a night at the Sheraton Yankee Clipper, nicknamed it the Sheraton Yankee Prison because of its identification-card policy. Not only are boarders required to carry a hotel I.D. to get back into their rooms but the Yankee Clipper charges a five-

dollar guest fee for room visitors. "If you took up a girl," said the student, "and she turned out to be a dog, you were stuck for five bucks." The average price of a room is \$56 per night for four people. One benefit of the I.D. setup, however, is that if you move out of the hotel, the I.D. still entitles you to hotel benefits such as parking privileges and the pool, if you can get away with it.

On the other hand, the Holiday Inn Oceanside (L-3) is highly recommended largely because of its informal atmosphere. Parties of 10-15 people are common and the girls are more relaxed and agreeable than those found on the strip. Dates are made at poolside, in the restaurant and frequently in the elevators, reports one student. Prices for rooms vary, but shared rooms are not scarce. Most students who stay at the Holiday Inn agree that the girls there are "spectacular."

Without a reservation, the best tactic is simply to play it by ear and try to hustle your way into someone's hotel room for a small price. There are a few campsites in Lauderdale, but most of them are about 30 miles from town. The Holiday Inn Trav-I-Park (L-4) rents spaces to trailers. It's only five miles from the beach off Route 84 and very convenient by car. Since most trailer camps are small communities in and of themselves, they're ideal places to meet girls. Also, they have a pool and grassy knolls for sun bathers.

Camping on the beaches is, of course, strictly illegal and the police patrol them regularly, flash floodlights over the shore and evict trespassers. With a little stealth and caution, however, you might find an available place to stretch out your sleeping bag at one of the colleges in the area—notably, Broward County Community College (L-5) or the University of Miami (L-6).

Where the Girls Are: Aside from the hotels and motels, the girls can be found almost anywhere in Lauderdale and, according to most reports, they're lovely—tanned, blonde and willing. They probably wouldn't be there if they weren't willing. Estimates of the boy-girl ratio vary, but most students find that the girls outnumber the boys by as much as two to one. Just because they're willing, however, doesn't mean they're easy, and many girls have gone home with the feeling that the men are obnoxious and rude. So, no matter where you are—the beach, the strip or in a bar—remember: Couth counts. One incident reported last year may serve to illustrate this: An eager male student, known to his fellows as the "mad grabber," would run up to girls from behind and pinch their asses while cupping a hand over their bosom. One feisty coed, who had just completed a quarter of karate at school, put a quick end to his escapades with a fast knee to the groin.

At any given time during spring break, there are more people per square foot on the strip than anywhere else in Lauderdale. The strip includes the public beach property that runs parallel to it, but the street itself is usually jammed with wanderers of both sexes looking for parties and pickups. Generally speaking, the beaches are mobbed by 11 o'clock in the morning and it's basically a free-for-all. Activities on the beaches include organized volleyball, football and Frisbee matches, but most students claim that things don't really start moving until around five o'clock, when the lifeguards leave.

As for pickup bars, Lauderdale is crowded with them. Some, of course, are looser than others, and the clientele differs accordingly. The Button (L-3) is one of the best. Not only does it sponsor different university nights but it has live bands and is located right on the strip, at the bottom of the Holiday Inn. One of the most popular hangouts in Lauderdale, it usually has lines of people waiting to get in. It's informal during the day but employs a strict dress code for guys at night (no T-shirts or cutoffs). Women contend that men who frequent The Button are friendlier and have more "tact and experience when talking to women."

Another popular hangout is Pete & Lenny's (L-7), known by some as the classiest *disco* in Lauderdale. There's a weekend cover charge of two dollars for guys and one dollar for girls, but most students contend that it's well worth it. According to a group of Rutgers students, it's better than Miami's Castaways and features reasonable prices and wall-to-wall beautiful, sophisticated-looking women.

Other bars where the elite meet to get it on are Bachelors III (high-class), Big Daddy's (there are 17 in the Lauderdale area—dress codes and cover charges vary), Ocean Mist (weekend cover charge for guys but lots of women), Keyboard Cabaret (expensive), Rum Bottoms, The Playpen and the Tropic Cay (a good place for a cheap date—women get drinks at half price).

Dress: Aside from the dress codes of several bars, the general mood is informal. Girls can be seen in anything from string bikinis to cutoffs and halter tops, and bras seem to be taboo. In Lauderdale, you can go almost anywhere barefoot.

Sweat shirts, T-shirts and fraternity shirts abound. Referring to the vast proliferation of frat shirts on the strip, one disgruntled coed remarked, "If a foreigner were to wash up on this beach in the middle of spring break, chances are he'd think he was somewhere in Greece."

How to Stay Out of Trouble: By all reports, the Lauderdale police have become somewhat more placid since the early days, but then, so have the vacationers. Nonetheless, it's best to keep
(concluded on page 166)



"I don't do this with just anybody! Are you sure you're all from the Bureau of Weights and Measures?"



SISTER ACT

playmates obviously run in the pennington family—first janice and now ann. sorry, guys, but when miss march was born, they broke the mold



UNLIKELY AS IT MAY SEEM, a broken leg is the fulcrum on which this tale turns. Until last year, Ann Pennington—the younger sister of Janice Pennington, our May 1971 Playmate—hadn't been putting much effort into her work. She had done a few TV shows (*The Price Is Right*, *Truth or Consequences*), played a bit part in a movie (*Funny Lady*) and done a lot of what models call print work (magazine ads and such). "But I never really wanted to work," she admits. "I married young"—to her high school sweetheart, right after graduation; it lasted five years—"and I never had the drive or the desire to really do anything." Then, after her accident—on a slope at Bear Valley, where her current boyfriend runs the ski school ("I missed a lesson but went out anyway, and I wasn't careful enough")—she had plenty of time

When it comes to sex, Ann claims to have no hang-ups at all: "I love it. I'm uninhibited and very open. And why not? It's great to experiment, and as long as I'm with someone I really love, there isn't anything I won't try."





to discover herself "and get things in perspective." Now, says the 25-year-old blonde, who was born in Seattle, grew up in San Diego and currently occupies an apartment of her own in Sherman Oaks, "I realize how lucky you are to be able to do anything and, for the first time, I've been getting my head into working." Fully recovered from her spill, Ann is currently appearing in the Western *The Winds of Autumn*. And at press-time, she was updating her portfolio; she'd just signed with a new agent and was looking forward to a tougher work schedule. Which won't leave her much time for antique hunting, her favorite hobby—or for socializing. As it happens, though, Ann doesn't play the field: "I just like a good one-on-one relationship." Neither is she looking for another husband: "I might try marriage again, but not for a while. The one I had was supposed to be perfect, but we just didn't grow at the same pace. Marriage is a lot of work, and I've learned that life has no guarantees." Maybe not—but we can assure Ann that her life is never going to be dull.





Below: Ann (with the cap) and sister Janice chat with producer Jay Wolpert on the set of "The Price Is Right." Ann has made several appearances on the show and Janice—who lives in Aspen and commutes to L.A.—is a regular.



Right: Ann and Janice rap during a break. "We're all just a little bit crazy," says Ann of her family, "so we have a lot of fun together."



MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Ann Pennington



"I'm not a women's libber, but I think women have been exploited in a lot of ways. If a man and a woman are living together, I don't think she should be the one who has to clean the toilet bowl."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The attractive new stenographer was being given no peace by an unattractive type who fancied himself the office Lothario, and she finally could put up with it no longer. "Look," she said with a forced smile when he next came by to loll over her desk and leer, "have you heard the story about how to keep an asshole in suspense?"

"No, I haven't, baby," said the fellow, smirking.

"In that case," she snapped, "I may just tell it to you next week!"



"You know," fumed a plump young matron at a Weight Watchers' session, "my husband insists I come here because he'd rather screw a trim-figured woman."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" asked her seatmate.

"It's just that he does it while I'm at these damn meetings!"

Today's all-American boy eats both Mom's apple pie and the girl next door.

*In a strip-poker parlor called Dante's,
When a maiden had just lost her panties,
She blushed, glanced around—
And guess what she found?
All the male players raising their antes!*

When Adam noticed that the animals were wandering off into the woods in pairs and emerging later looking contented, he asked Eve about it. "You dope," she snapped, "that's reproduction," and she flounced off.

"Lord," said Adam the next time he was in the Presence, "what's reproduction?"

"Experience is the best teacher," announced the Deity in reply. "Why don't you go into the woods with Eve and find out? Here she comes now."

Later, though, Adam was back in the Presence. "Lord," he said, "what's a headache?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *condom* as a rubber check.

We've heard rumors about the existence of a Black Panther-gay lib group known as the African Violets.

The bedsprings creaked noisily and then settled into silence. "You're very good, you know," said the fellow after a breather.

"I wish I could say the same for you," yawned the girl.

"You could," came the reply, "if you were as big a liar as I am!"

A highly sexed young man, who had an erection at the slightest provocation when in the company of the opposite sex, sought medical advice. The doctor suggested that he simply tape the organ to his leg. Shortly thereafter, the doctor ran into the young man and asked him whether his advice had proved practical. The fellow said that all had gone well until the end of his first date under this system. "She had started up the steps of her house," he recalled, "and then she suddenly turned around and leaned down to kiss me—and that's when I kicked her right in the face."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fertilization* as nature's way of telling a girl she's a good egg.

*When asked to do something salacious,
She answered, "Of course not! Good gracious!"
But the sight of his tool
So induced her to drool
That her view, in the end, proved fellatious.*

The handsome bridegroom went to court in an attempt to get his marriage annulled. "On what grounds?" asked the presiding judge.

"I found out her father doesn't have a license for his shotgun."

And then there was the poor girl from Appalachia who traveled to the city and made it big in the massage-parlor field—a case, we suppose, of going from rags to rigids.



"We've got a sort of ticklish emergency out at my house, doc," muttered the small-town father after he'd sidled into the dentist's office. "You see, my son Eddie was kissing his girlfriend while his mother and I were out this afternoon, and he got his braces locked."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of," said the dentist, laughing. "I have to unlock teenagers' braces all the time."

"But from an I.U.D.?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

Raymond



"Your attention, everybody—Fiona and I would like to announce our engagement!"

WHO CAN ARREST YOU?

...in america, almost anybody

article

By LAURENCE GONZALES



*Sometimes I think this
whole world
Is one big prison yard.
Some of us are prisoners—
The rest of us are guards.*
—BOB DYLAN

IN THE LOBBY of a large Chicago office building, a rotund, well-dressed black man is leaning across the cigarette counter, teasing the female clerk, whom he apparently

knows. He pinches her cheek and she squeals. As he leans farther and farther across the counter, the vent of his suit coat opens, revealing a fat, blue-black Smith Model 19 .357 revolver snugly holstered to his belt. People stare at it but say nothing. The man finishes his fun unaware that his hog leg is showing, buys a candy bar and walks away smiling.

A number of things came to mind later. For one thing, the registered guns in Chicago alone numbered more than half a million in 1975, enough to outfit 30 Army divisions. To get the total number, including unregistered guns, double, triple or quadruple the figure, as the mood strikes you. If you include the rest of the country, there are more than enough



guns to arm every man, woman, child and foreign tourist. That seems an equitable arrangement, since anyone who walks the streets of a major city unarmed does so at considerable risk. So maybe this guy's just a reasonable and cautious individual. On the other hand, Chicago is the world-famous capital of gangsters. He could simply be someone's lieutenant, chauffeur, hit man or bodyguard. A third alternative: Crime is on the upswing. Maybe he's in the habit of committing crimes and needs the handgun in his line of work—a tool of the trade, so to speak. However, I finally decided he must have been a cop and that I wouldn't have been justified in calling the cops to have him disarmed. The reason is that the place—every place—is crawling with cops.

There is no question whatsoever in the minds of people who know me that I am paranoid. But that doesn't alter the fact that approximately one out of every 75 people in the civilian labor force works for the security industry—and it is an industry. It is five times larger than the two-billion-dollar-a-year mortuary-and-funeral industry, although I suppose there's some poetic justice in that. The vast numbers of police in this country make our 379,748 M.D.s look like some obscure little group of stained-glass-window repairmen. The total number of cops in city, suburban, county and state forces alone is half a million. Add to that another half million private police, approximately 33 Federal departments and agencies employing nearly 170,000 people in police-type activities and emergency forces of 900,000, and you have one impressive group. And comparing the money spent on security with the Highway Trust Fund is like comparing General Motors with The Rolling Stones. Ten billion dollars was spent in 1974 for security, about \$50 for every citizen in the country. That is several billion dollars more than all foreign countries spent in 1974 buying arms from us.

I can safely say that I am a remarkably law-abiding citizen. I keep well clear of your "major crimes"—murder, grand larceny, kidnaping, interfering with a flight crew, armed robbery, high treason and forcible rape. The statute of limitations ran out long ago on any lesser crimes I might have committed: possession of a controlled substance, shoplifting (I admit, when I was a kid I stole cigarettes from Henkin's grocery in Houston), borrowing a car with intent to cruise, loitering, vagrancy, vandalism, demonstrating without a permit, drinking under age, creating a public health hazard and/or nuisance, and so on. And as far as your minor crimes go—well, let me just say that I received a citation from the driver-services department of the Illinois secretary of state's office, for superior driving habits after going three years without a moving violation. Now that they are putting people

away for parking tickets, I scrupulously pay or avoid them. I even walk with the light.

Yet I am constantly aware of the likelihood that I will get in trouble with the law. When I see a policeman, I often feel itchy, like I'd rather be elsewhere. And I ask myself, is this rational? Am I suffering from a neurotic condition? Is the place, in fact, crawling with cops? Are they really out to get me? The answer to the last two questions is yes—emphatically. The security industry (it includes all cops in all forms) admits that the average white man's chances of getting arrested sometime in his life for suspicion of a crime other than a traffic violation are two in five. In cities, he runs a 58 percent risk. For black men who live in large cities, the chances of getting arrested begin to approach one in one. So I have concluded that, indeed, the place is crawling with cops.

The National Security Agency (NSA) is the largest police-type Government agency, with an estimated 25,000 employees and a 1.2-billion-dollar annual budget (not part of the ten billion dollars already mentioned), making the CIA's \$750,000,000 look puny by comparison. Although the NSA doesn't admit to having any armed, sworn, conventional policemen, it does feed information to other agencies. For example, 1100 pages of NSA documents on U. S. citizens were turned over to the CIA's Operation Chaos—and CIA agents do carry guns and whisk people away. (I say this in spite of the fact that I called the CIA and was assured that no CIA personnel are allowed to carry guns or to detain citizens, which is patent bullshit.) So we can view the NSA as the cops' little helper, though if we do that, it complicates the situation somewhat, because other little helpers include A.T.&T., I.T.T., Western Union, RCA and a smattering of other global businesses that like to cooperate with the Government . . . which would make almost all of us cops in some way.

As for the question of whether or not they are out to get me, you may judge for yourself. The FBI alone processes on the order of 29,000 fingerprints a day. What for? In 1974, 9,100,000 arrests were made in the U. S. Arrests are on the rise, so it's possible that the 1976 figure will approach 10,000,000. Does this mean that five percent of the people in this country are criminals? Not exactly: Only 81 percent of those arrested in 1974 were even prosecuted. That means 1,729,000 of the arrests were mistakes, a number greater than the population of Houston. If all those people got together and talked about it, that would be one angry group. But of the 81 percent who were prosecuted, only 61 percent were convicted as charged. Nine percent were convicted of a lesser charge. Put another way, during one year, about 3,900,000 people not only were

wrongly arrested but were hung up in the courts for a considerable length of time, paying lawyers and spending a goodly sum of our tax money. And that number of people is greater than the population of Chicago. Are they out to get me?

In law enforcement, 43 percent in muffed arrests is not a score that inspires confidence. Something is obviously wrong. Perhaps we live in a police state.

"Police state: A country or other political unit in which the government exercises rigid and repressive controls over the social, economic and political life, especially by means of a secret police force." The secret part shouldn't give you any trouble. *The New York Times* reported recently that there are 10,000 undercover cars in New York City on any given day. When questioned about this, the officials who had released the figure revised it downward to 1100 with no explanation. The figure came out because those cars were getting and not paying their parking tickets, costing the city about \$3,300,000 a year. The cost of tickets for all government cars was about \$6,000,000. If every government car averaged ten dollars a day in parking tickets, that would work out to 16,438 cars—though not necessarily all undercover. Then there are the undercover guys who have to walk.

A man on the way to his father's funeral pulled his car to the side of the road, apparently to control his grief, and a state highway patrolman, who was mistakenly informed the car was stolen, shot and killed him. —A.P.

The most common justification for having all these police is that they are needed to stop crime. The arrest *vs.* conviction rate puts the lie to that, but it is also known that while the number of police per citizen has been steadily going up, so has the crime rate. The number of police seems to have no effect on the number of crimes. Furthermore, during a recent police strike in Albuquerque, the crime rate actually went down. There are several possible explanations for this. One is that criminals play fair. Another is that the police themselves commit most crimes. It's also possible that Albuquerque is such a dangerous city even the criminals were afraid to go out without police protection. In the end, no one knows why the crime rate dropped.

But there may, in fact, be arguments for decreasing the number of police. For one thing, they are dangerous. In 1974 in Chicago, for example, police shot and killed 33 citizens. None of them was punished for the shootings. Citizens, by contrast, killed only four policemen. All four citizens were tried and convicted or else were summarily shot. According to one

(continued on page 112)

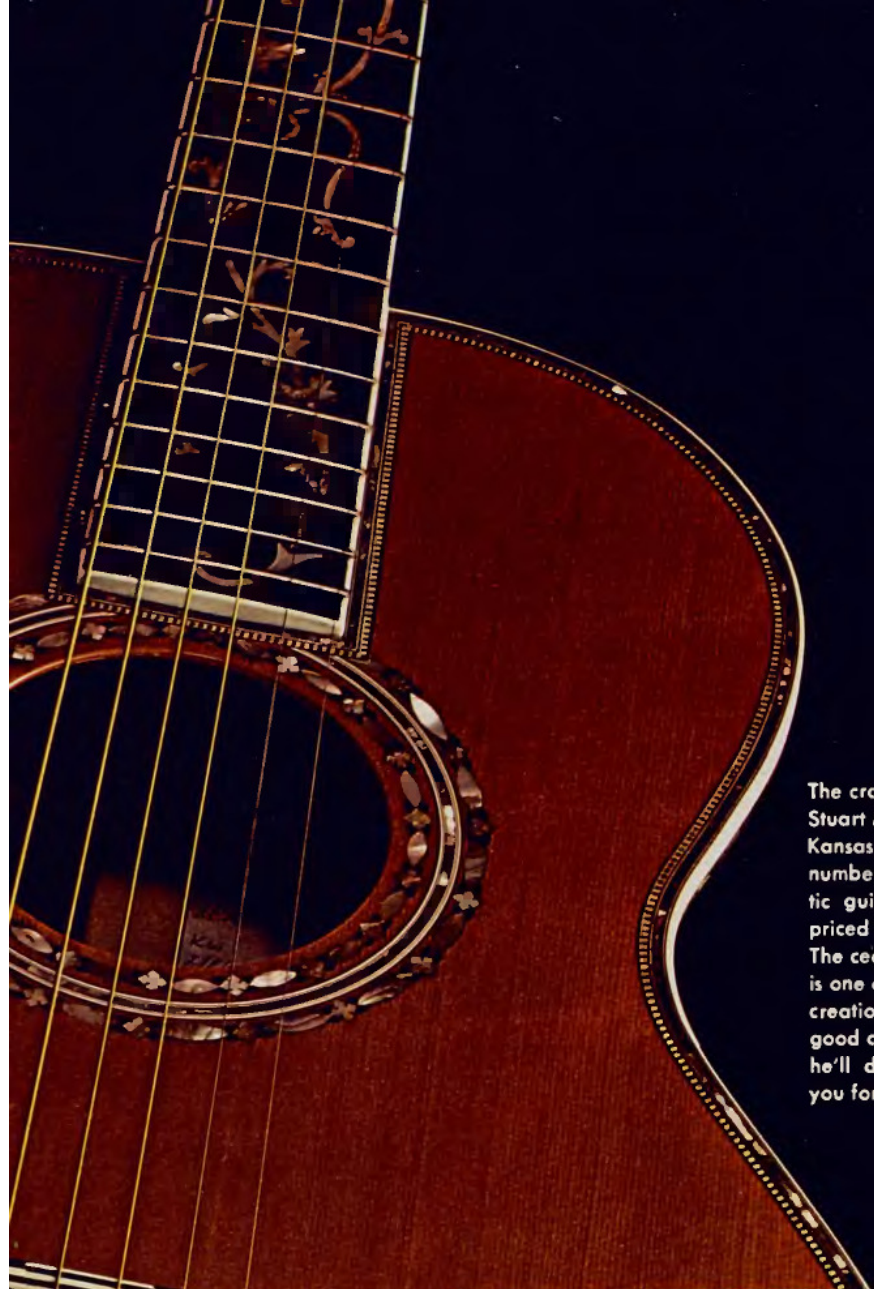
STRING FEVER

six guitars
you'd give a
couple of
fingers to own


Why guitars? For years we've been telling our readers how to re-create the sound of a live performance in their living rooms—what turntables, amplifiers, receivers, speakers, etc., would impart the "you are there in a concert hall" feeling that is the audiophile's Holy Grail. It occurred to us recently (concluded on page 154)

Spain is a nation of great craftsmen. A classical guitar by Jerónimo Peña Fernández (left) is a masterpiece of rosewood, mahogany, ebony and pine; cost: \$2075. The Segovia Model Concert Guitar (below) from the shop of José Ramirez, unsurpassed in sound and beauty, costs \$2275. Both are distributed by Antigua Casa Sherry-Brener, Ltd., Chicago.

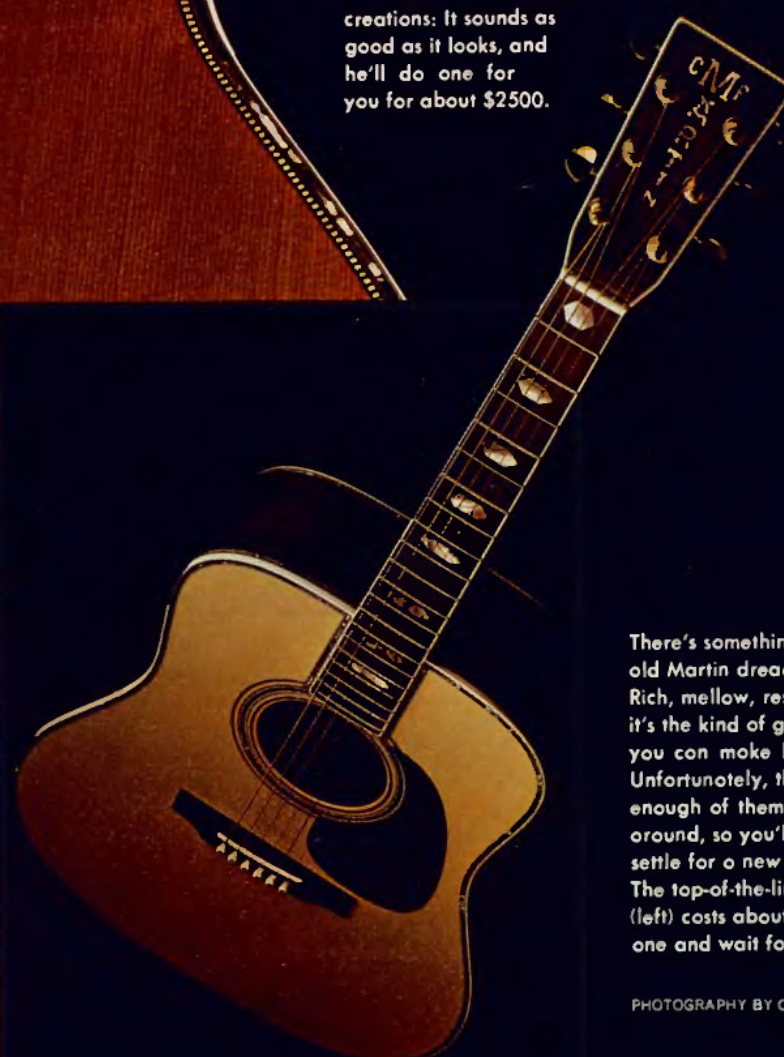




Like Mossman, James L. D'Aquila is an artist of the guitar. Taking ebony, Tyrolean spruce and curly maple (the same woods used by Stradivarius), he custom-makes about ten instruments a year at his shop in Farmingdale, New York. The arch top shown at right costs \$2500.




The craftsmen who work in Stuart Mossman's Winfield, Kansas, studio build a small number of quality acoustic guitars each year, priced from \$545 to \$1400. The cedar-top 1000 (left) is one of Mossman's own creations: It sounds as good as it looks, and he'll do one for you for about \$2500.



There's something about an old Martin dreadnought: Rich, mellow, resonant, it's the kind of guitar you can make love to. Unfortunately, there aren't enough of them to go around, so you'll have to settle for a new Martin. The top-of-the-line D-45 (left) costs about \$2000. Buy one and wait for it to age.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OON AZUMA



For over 20 years, the Gibson Les Paul Custom (below) has been the weapon of choice for rock musicians. Nicknamed the Fretless Wander for its fast action, the \$749 ax also has two humbucking pickups.

WHO CAN ARREST YOU? *(continued from page 108)*

study, Chicago cops were responsible for more than half of the total police slayings of citizens in eight cities. Los Angeles police killed 37 in 1974; New York, 47; Philadelphia, 24. These figures are in a range typical of large-city police forces. I tried to find out how many citizens were killed by police in the entire country in one year, but no one would say. Either the matter is so trivial that they don't keep count or the number is so large that releasing it would be embarrassing. Either way, such incidents are investigated by other police. A state's attorney's office usually sends out an investigator as well, but in 1974, only one officer was criminally charged in connection with such a shooting. If we use the same rate of error that was exhibited in arrests (which may or may not be applicable—no other rate was provided), we can assume that 19 percent of these shootings were outright mistakes or murders. And an additional nine percent of the victims were shot for lesser crimes. When a policeman kills a citizen, there is usually a lot of talk about how dangerous the job is. However, in a study published by Paul Takagi in 1974, it was pointed out that it is more dangerous to be a farmer (the accidental-death rate is 55 per 100,000) than a cop (33 per 100,000). Furthermore, the study shows that some cops are shot with their own guns, occasionally by fellow officers. It is interesting to note that cops kill blacks at a rate nine or ten times higher than the rate for whites and way out of proportion to the difference between black and white arrest rates.

Who are these cops? What can they do to you? Where do they come from? The Constitution has provisions for states to set up their own police forces. State constitutions in turn provide for cities to set up theirs. If you and a few of your friends want to go out and get some land, apply to the state for a charter, fulfill a few requirements of the state's constitution, you can have your own police force. Gonzales, Wyoming. The Gonzales Police Department. If we shoot you, we investigate your death. What are our powers? We can get our mayor (me) to authorize us to purchase class-three firearms such as automatic weapons, grenade launchers, machine guns, tanks, bazookas, sawed-off shotguns. We can then form our own S.W.A.T. (Special Weapons and Tactics) team, in case we have a terrorist problem. If we have a bigger problem, we can get the state to call out some of the estimated 500,000 Army and Air National Guardsmen or some of the 400,000 Federal Reserve forces. In short, we could waste you.

If the President wants more police, he can appoint them. All he needs to do is get Congress to appropriate the money, as it did when Nixon decided he wanted the Drug Enforcement Administration

(DEA). Then he just names a few people, gives them guns and away they ride with full power.

There are at least 2200 DEA agents. The IRS has 2577 armed special agents. The Treasury Department operates Customs. There are a possible 6000 Customs agents empowered to carry guns and arrest you. They can also impound your property and refuse to give it back. A pilot I know named Lorraine Denby recently flew back from Canada in her private plane. When she landed, the Customs agent wasn't there to meet her as he was supposed to be and the tower told her to come in and wait for him. When the agent showed, he told her leaving the plane was a crime and he was going to impound it. She may never have seen her \$30,000 Cherokee Arrow again. Fortunately, she calmed the man down and convinced him she hadn't run any heroin into the country. Lucky he didn't put her into the "big computer." There are currently 500 terminals hooked up to the Treasury Enforcement Communications System in San Diego, designed to scan "lookout lists." If you're ever going through Customs and they ask your name and birth date, that is what they are doing. In a few seconds, they'll have a read-out from the FBI, the National Crime Information Center, the National Law Enforcement Telecommunications Systems (linking local law-enforcement groups with the Federal Government), the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the Internal Revenue Service and Interpol. And since the National Security Agency has been known to monitor phone calls and cables of a minimum of 7605 people and groups in the U.S. for such things as drug trafficking, terrorism and foreign support of civil disturbances (whatever those are), it is entirely possible the big computer hooks into the NSA as well. God forbid you're on the wrong side of one of those agencies, because the Customs man is authorized to arrest you on the spot for virtually any crime committed anywhere in the United States.

Any publicly appointed policeman can impound your property, but it's easier for some than for others. For example, if the city cops tow your car away, it's usually not very difficult to get it back. But the IRS has 6520 revenue officers who play fast and loose in their scavenger hunts for valuables. A painter, working on the house of someone being investigated by the IRS, had his Porsche parked out front when the agents went by. They took it. The painter was associating with someone who owed the IRS money. He didn't see his sports car again for more than half a year. IRS agents are empowered to carry guns and arrest you.

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and

Firearms is part of the Treasury Department. It was established to bust moonshiners, gunrunners and—I don't know—chain smokers? There are 1700 armed agents of that bureau. The Secret Service has 2224 agents. There are 70 Treasury Security Force Officers guarding the U.S. Treasury. U.S. marshals number 94 and carry a force of 1700 deputies. The Border Patrol employs 1800 officers. The CIA refuses to reveal how many people it employs, but figures commonly seen in the press are in the range of 12,000 to 16,000. Who they are, what they do, is anybody's guess, but, as recent investigations have shown, they should be considered armed and dangerous. People involved in police-work employed by Federal agencies number 169,625. Almost every agency you can think of has police. To name a few: the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce, the National Bureau of Standards, the Office of Minority Business Enterprise, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Defense Mapping Agency, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the Bureau of Mines, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the Civil Disturbance Unit of the Department of Justice, the Department of Labor, the Department of Transportation, the Government Printing Office, the Bureau of the Mint, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Environmental Protection Agency, the Library of Congress, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the National Gallery of Art, the U.S. Postal Service—all have cops of one kind or another. Then there are agents of individual states' departments of natural resources and, the largest single group, private police.

There are about 500,000 private police in the U.S. Companies such as Brink's, Andy Frain and Purolator employ many of them for hire. Many are self-employed, hired guns. The Rand Corporation studied the private guard, for example, and described him as an "aging white male, poorly educated, usually untrained and very poorly paid." The private investigator, it said, is younger and usually has finished high school. "The training a private guard currently receives before beginning work is typically no more than eight to twelve hours, and many guards . . . receive less than two hours' training." Put in simple terms, according to Rand, we have an armed, ignorant army of half a million, legally operating within the continental United States. And Rand Corporation is not known as your typical group of raving paranoids.

In a study of plant guards, Rand found that 29 percent were given guns. Only eight percent of the plants, however, had trained the men in the use of firearms. Rand devised a questionnaire to see how likely these private police were to make a

(continued on page 196)



BUCK BROWN

"Mr. Whipple, please! Don't squeeze the shoppers."

fiction **By PAUL THEROUX**
the author of the best-selling "the great railway bazaar" takes note of an exotic little chinese sex position

"MINE USED TO SWEAT in his sleep," said the woman in the white dress, a bit drunkenly. "It literally poured off him! During the day he'd be dry as a bone, but as soon as he closed his eyes—bingo!—he'd start percolating."

Her name was Maxine Stanhope and practically the

first thing she had said to the woman who sat opposite was, "Please call me Max; all my friends do." They sat on the veranda of a hotel outside Denpasar, in Bali, in the sun the other tourists avoided. They had dark reptilian tans and slouched languorously in the comfortable chairs like lizards sunning themselves on a rock. Lunch was over, the wine was gone, their voices were raised in emphatic friendliness. They had known each other for only three hours.

"Mine didn't sweat that much, but he made the most fantastic noises," said Milly Strang. "He carried on these mumbling monologs, using different voices, and groaning



and sort of swallowing. Sometimes I'd wake up and just look at him and laugh."

"It's not funny," said Maxine. But she was laughing; she was the larger of the two and sharp-featured, her hair tugged back and fitting her head closely. There was a male's growl of satisfaction in her laugh, not the high mirth you would have expected from that quick, companionable mouth. "When I remember the things he put me through, I think I must have been crazy. Mine made me warm his cup. I should have broken it over his head."

"Mine had this way of pawing me when he was

THE AUTUMN DOG



feeling affectionate. He was really quite strong. He left bruises! I suppose he thought he was—what's the expression?—turning me on."

"They always think that," said Maxine. She held the empty wine bottle over the other's glass until a drop fell out. "Let's have another—wine makes me honest."

"I've had quite enough," said Milly.

"You're the boss," said Maxine. Then she said, "Mine weighed two hundred pounds."

"Well, mine was at least that. I'm not exaggerating. When I think of him on top of me—it's ludicrous."

"It's obscene. Mine kept gaining weight, and finally I said to him, 'Look, if this goes on any more, we won't be able to make love.' Not that *that* worried me. By then, I'd already taken a lover—not so much a lover as a new way of life. But Erwin said it didn't matter whether you were fat or thin. If you were fat, you'd just find a new position."

"The fat man's position!"

"Exactly. And he got this—this manual. All the positions were listed, with little diagrams and arrows. Arrows! It was like fitting a plug, an electrical manual for beginners. 'Here,' he said, 'I think that one would suit us.' They all had names—I forget what that one was, but it was the fat man's position. Can you imagine?"

"Mine had manuals. Well, he called them manuals. They were Swedish, I think. You must have seen them. Interesting and disgusting at the same time. He didn't want me to see them—I mean, he hid them from me. Then I found them and he caught me going through them. Honestly, I think I gave him quite a shock. He looked over my shoulder. 'Ever see anything like it?' he said. I could hear him breathing heavily. He was getting quite a thrill!"

"Did yours make a fuss over the divorce?"

"No," said Milly. "What about yours?"

"*He* divorced *me*. Nothing in particular—just a whole series of things. But, God, what a messy business. It dragged on for months and months."

"Mine was over before I knew it."

"Lucky," said Maxine.

"Up till then, we'd been fairly happy."

"Happy marriages, so called, turn into really messy divorces," said Maxine.

"I think not," said Milly. "The best marriages end quickly."

Theirs, the Strangs', had gone on serenely for years, filling us with envious contempt. It fell to pieces in an afternoon of astonishing abuse. They had pretended politeness for so long only an afternoon was necessary. Then we were friendlier toward the couple, no longer a couple, but Milly alone in the house and Lloyd at the club. The marriages in Ayer Hitam

were no frailer than anywhere else, but we expatriates knew one another well and enjoyed a kind of kinship. A divorce was like a death in the family. Threatened with gloom, we became thoughtful. The joking was nervous: Milly had burned the toast; Lloyd had made a pass at the amah. Afterward, Lloyd clung to the town. He was overrehearsed. One of his lines went, "It was our ages. Out of the horse latitudes and into the roaring forties." He was no sailor; he was taking it badly.

Milly, unexpectedly cheerful, packed her bags and left the compound. Within a week, she was in Indonesia. Before she left, she had said to Angela Miller, "I always wanted to go to Bali. Lloyd wouldn't let me." She went, Lloyd stayed, and it looked as if he expected her back: Her early return to Ayer Hitam would have absolved him of all blame.

It did not happen that way. Before long, we all knew her story. Milly saw friends in Djakarta. The friends were uneasy with this divorced woman in their house. They sent their children out to play and treated her the way they might have treated a widow, with a mixture of somberness and high spirits, fearing the whole time that she'd drink too much and burst into tears. Milly found their hospitality exhausting and went to Djokjakarta, for the temples. Though tourists (seeing her eating alone) asked her to join them, she politely refused. How could she explain that she liked eating alone and reading in bed and waking whenever she wished and doing nothing? Life was so simple and marriage only a complication. Marriage also implied a place: You were married and lived in a particular house; unmarried, you lived in the world and there were no answers required of you. Milly changed her status slowly, regaining an earlier state of girliness from the widowhood of divorce. Ten years was returned to her and, more than that, she saw herself granted a valuable enlightenment, she was wiser and unencumbered, she was free.

The hotel in Bali, which would have been unthinkable expensive for a couple with a land surveyor's income, was really very cheap for one person. She told the manager (Swiss; married—she could tell at a glance) she would stay a month. There was a column in the hotel register headed "Destination." She left it blank. The desk clerk indicated this. "I haven't got one," she said, and she surprised the man with her natural laugh.

The tourists, the three-day guests at the hotel, the ones with planes to catch, were middle-aged; some were elderly, some infirm, making this trip at the end of their lives. But there were other visitors in Bali and they were mostly young. They looked to Milly like innocent witches and

princelings. They slept on the beach, cooked over fires, played guitars; she saw them strolling barefoot or eating mountains of food or lazing in the sand. There was not a sign of damage on them. She envied them their youth. For a week, Milly swam in the hotel's pool, had a nap after lunch, took her first drink at six and went to bed early: It was like a spell of convalescence, and when she saw she had established this routine, she was annoyed. One night, drinking in the bar, she was joined by an Australian. He talked about his children in the hurt, remote way of a divorced man. At midnight, Milly stood up and snapped her handbag shut. The man said, "You're not going, are you?"

"I've paid for my share of the drinks," she said. "Was there something you wanted?"

But she knew, and she smiled at the fumbling man, almost pitying him.

"Perhaps I'll see you tomorrow," she said, and was gone.

She left the hotel, crossed by the pool to the beach and walked toward a fire. It was the makeshift camp of the young people and there they sat, around the fire, singing. She hesitated to go near and she believed that she could not be seen standing in that darkness, listening to the music. But a voice said, "Hey! Come over here, stranger!"

She went over and, seating herself in the sand, saw the strumming boy. But her joining the group was not acknowledged. The youths sat cross-legged, like monks at prayer, facing the fire and the music. How many times, on a beach or by a roadside, had she seen groups like this and, almost alarmed, looked away! Even now she felt like an impostor. Someone might ask her age and laugh when she disclosed it. She wished she was not wearing such expensive slacks; she wished she looked like these people—and she hoped they would not remind her of her difference. She was glad for the dark.

Someone moved behind her. She started to rise, but he reached out and steadied her with his arm and hugged her. She relaxed and let him hold her. In the firelight, she saw his face: 20 years old! She put her head against his shoulder and he adjusted his grip to hold her closer. And she trembled—for the first time since leaving Ayer Hitam—and wondered how she could stop herself from rolling him over on the sand and devouring him. Feeling that hunger, she grew afraid and said she had to go: She didn't want to startle the boy.

"I'll walk you back to the hotel," he said.

"I can find the way." Her voice was insistent; she didn't want to lose control.

The boy tagged along, she heard him trampling the sand; she wanted him to

(continued on page 130)



versatile
performer
clifton davis
takes a walk
on the wet side
sporting the
latest look
in an old
fashion favorite

THE PULLOVER: GET IT ON!

Clifton Davis has good reasons to sing and dance in the rain: His night-club debut at Reno Sweeney's drew rave reviews; *Never Can Say Goodbye*, Davis' composition, earned him and The Jackson Five a gold record and, as you can see here, he's gotten his bad into this season's groovy thread—the pullover. Yes, that adolescent classic ("Hey, Mam, where's my pullover?") has grown up, making it the ideal springtime chill cutter. Shown here, a lightweight leather model, about \$245, and muslin slacks, about \$50, both by Guarna International; plus a striped polished cotton—ya guessed it—pull-over shirt, by Zoom for Excella, \$18. His canvas brally is by Mespa Umbrella, \$16. With duds like these, we'd dance in the rain, too.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY OHTA



THE 1976 DEMOCRATIC HANDICAP

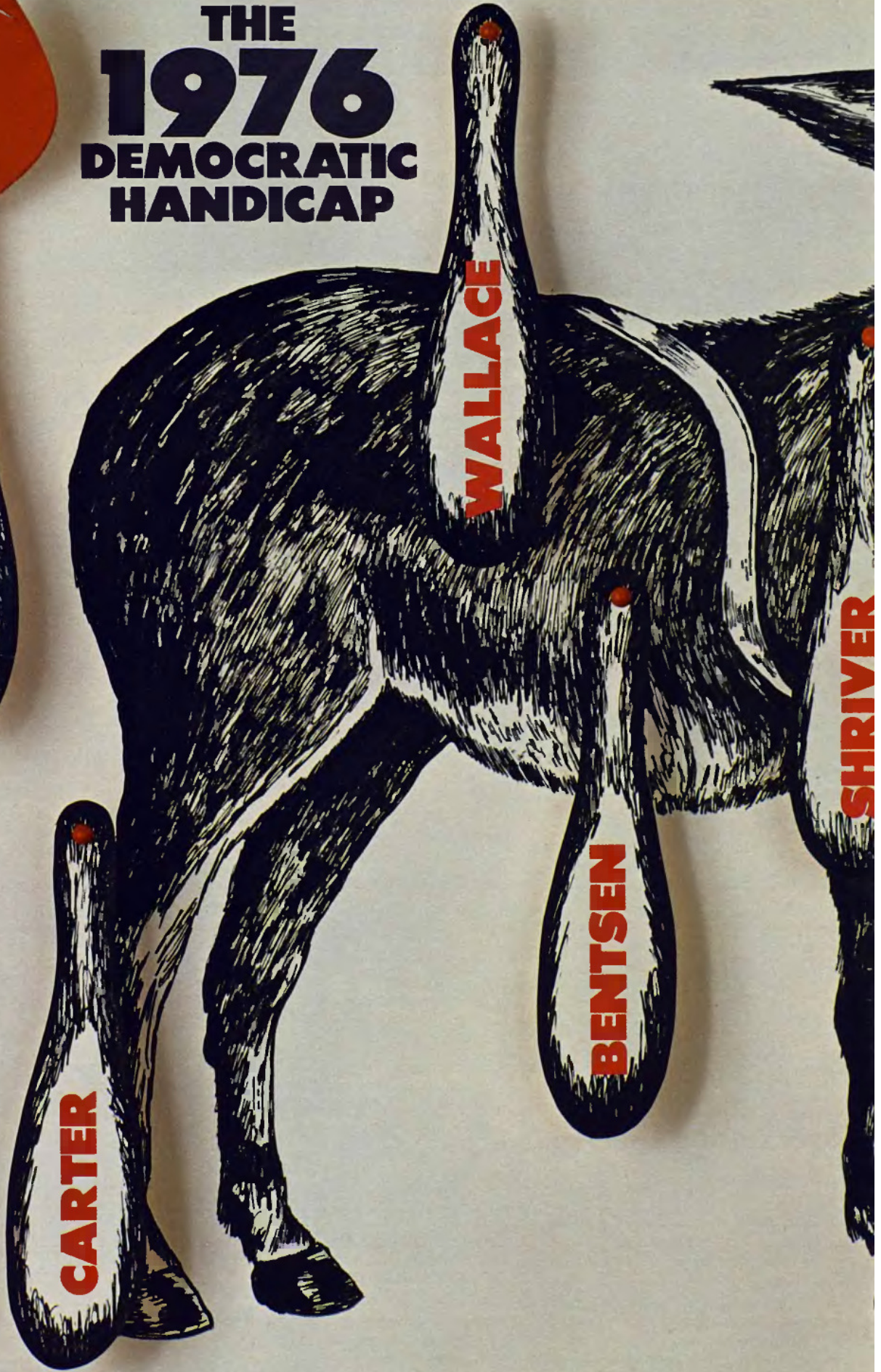
HUMPHREY

WALLACE

SHRIVER

BENTSEN

CARTER





the nation's foremost political prankster turns pundit to help you sort out this year's complicated election rules, the primaries and candidates—god, all those candidates!

article **By DICK TUCK**

"At the proper time, after the Republican National Convention meets, some 15 men, bleary-eyed with the loss of sleep and perspiring profusely with the excessive heat, will sit down in seclusion around a big table. I will be with them and present the name of Senator Harding to them, and before they get through they will put him over."

—JAMES MORGAN, *Our Presidents*

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY, a minor political boss from Ohio, made that prediction in February 1920, several months before the Republican Convention. He proved correct. Warren G. Harding was nominated at the convention and later became President of the United States.

Those were the days. The political bosses not only picked our candidates for us, they made it unnecessary for us even to speculate about who the choices would be. But now it's different. With the Democratic national convention less than six months away, we are once more beginning what has become this country's second favorite indoor sport—Picking the President.

So, before you go to your next cocktail party, you should have some facts and know a few rules of the game. Incidentally, the game itself starts in different ways for different elections. In 1976, the opening signal is "Do you think Teddy's running?" I suspect that's the way the game will start in 1980 and 1984 and 1988 as well.

First, keep in mind that the respective candidates are picked by delegates to the convention and not by Bob Novak or Johnny Apple or CBS News. (Example: On January 16, 1972, Mike Wallace asked the question, "Can anyone here beat [Ed] Muskie?" and then went on to answer no, which turned out to be a mistake of approximately the same magnitude as hiring Sally Quinn.) Most political prognostication is based on polling techniques that are about as scientific as the *Literary Digest* poll that picked Alf Landon over Roosevelt in 1936. And none is worse than the polling of the party chairmen in the states and counties—most of whom have never been right.

Next, remember an important rule: Know who the bosses are. The 1976 convention will be just as bossed as the 1920 one that picked Harding, the

political bosses' choice back in the era of the smoke-filled back room. Yet today the Presidential primaries, which were designed to clear away the smoke and drive the boys into the front room, have become the catalyst for a new power structure, as influential as the bosses of earlier days. Only this time, the candidates themselves will be the power barons. And remember, every governor or Senator or leader with half a dozen delegates is a closet candidate. Gone are the old-time bosses for whom control of the party apparatus was more important than winning an election. They themselves never held office nor did they depend on the vagaries of a popular mandate for power; their support was drawn from patronage and a few cronies who helped count the votes. The last vestiges of that system were seen in 1967 in Gary, Indiana, where, in the mayor's race, Richard Hatcher had to bring in the Feds to take over 1000 phony names off the voters' roll and put back 5000 that had been illegally stripped of their franchise. For the old-time bosses, the critical thing to avoid was nominating a candidate who, after winning, might turn out to be the kind of political Frankenstein who attempts to seize control of the party machine and oust the bosses. Harding was no Frankenstein.

Those who sought to break the hold of the bosses proposed the Presidential primary. This system would take the power from the back-room boys and give it to the people.

So 1976 will see democracy in the form of the Presidential primary come full circle. We will have returned to the brokered convention, the smoke-filled room with the unreported deals. Only, the bosses will be new, not only new in name but new in style and, most differently, new in function and the road they have traveled to become bosses.

The 1976 convention will be bossed, all right, but remember who and what the bosses are. They will be the numerous candidates—Henry Jackson, George Wallace, Lloyd Bentsen, Fred Harris, Morris Udall, et al., the governors and Senators, blacks, women, the new labor leaders like Leonard Woodcock and Jerry Wurf; they will be a number of leaders and bosses who, in turn, will control a number of delegates. The new boss will be the honest-to-goodness elected politician whose mandate comes not from the minions of patronage appointees who were the stuff and starch of the old machines but directly from The People.

Just a few years ago, primaries were limited to eight or ten states, geographically scattered, that could fairly test a candidate's appeal, qualifications and ability. Most objective observers concede that Jack Kennedy would not have been the nominee in 1960 if he had not entered

the significant primaries and won them all. But 1968 changed all that.

In 1968, Gene McCarthy vanquished the establishment and clobbered an incumbent President, and he also put the old system on notice that the times were a-changing. Bobby Kennedy and McCarthy were sweeping the primaries and they took along with them a whole host of Democratic reformers who were on the verge of victory when assassination came in a lousy kitchen of a hotel in Los Angeles, then Mayor Daley and the disgrace of Chicago and dreams destroyed. Hubert Humphrey, a man who refused to enter any of the primaries, stole the nomination, the reformers said. The screams of outrage still echo. As a result, we got the McGovern Commission (and maybe even McGovern himself) and the demand that the Democratic Party become more democratic.

Many political observers will try to make you believe that the debacle of Miami and McGovern has slowed down the process, but don't you believe it. In 1976, there will be far more primaries than in 1972 (some 30 at last count). And, furthermore, we will have seen the end of the winner-take-all situation; each candidate will have his share of delegates, a situation that would enable Wallace, for example, to have more delegates in the New York delegation than any other candidate. It will be interesting to see how many votes Wallace gets in Massachusetts with its current school-busing controversy. And remember that this time he will receive delegates in proportion to his votes.

So the reforms, the democracy, the proportional representation of the delegates and the surfeit of primaries will produce a new type of boss, each with his own little specific political barony. However, the barony will be personal and not geographic.

Now that you know all this, maybe you have lost interest in the game. Contract bridge is less complicated. But don't despair. The next rule puts you back in the ball game. It's the elimination syndrome, better known as Ten Little Indians. Among other things, it gets you into a holding position and gives you a chance to think about it, since you probably hadn't before. The opening move is, "Well, I'll tell you who it isn't going to be. . . ." (Harold Stassen is pretty safe.)

The person who asks "Do you think Teddy is running?" is probably more interested in gainsmanship and stalling than he is in the facts; but if he wants a straight answer, you might point out that for a politician in this era of distrust, his credibility rating was high when he announced he wasn't running more than a year ago. Most folks found him quite believable. I also know, however, that if

he should announce tomorrow that he were resigning from the Senate, getting out of politics and joining a Trappist monastery, it would be only a short time before you would read in Evans and Novak, "If Edward Kennedy is running for President, his leaving the Senate and joining a monastery was a master stroke. He couldn't be entered in any of the primaries (those monks take vows about that); he would avoid the tough positions on the issues that Senators have to take every day; and, most of all, the celibate life would put an end to all those ugly rumors."

No, he isn't running, but you will always have to deal with those who think he is. The argument is that there will be no early-ballot consensus, so the convention will turn to Teddy. Right on the first premise but not on the second. First of all, if you think those candidate-bosses who have had to deal with the specter of Teddy in the wings throughout their campaigns are going to release their delegates to him, you haven't seen real resentment. Jackson, Wallace, Bentsen, Harris, Udall and some we haven't heard of yet will each be muttering to himself, "If it weren't for Teddy, I'd have the nomination by now."

In addition, among the sincere and true followers of the Kennedy brothers, there are many whose genuine fear for Teddy's safety would prevent their supporting his nomination. Of course, there are also some whose only moment in the sun was during Camelot and who dream once more of being "in," but they are the least effective of the Kennedy operatives and half of them will be diverted into the production of *Son of Camelot*, starring Sargent Shriver.

Of course, the best reason for taking Teddy's word for it is that it makes it possible to go on with the game.

Well, I can tell you who it won't be. Hubert Humphrey, that's who! Humphrey, who when left to his own devices is one of the smarter politicians in this country, will start to move up in the polls mostly because he has been left to his own devices, his staff having gone either to Jackson or to Bentsen. But, alas, after having driven their new candidates into the ditch, the staff will rejoin the almost airborne Humphrey and guide him into the nearest mountain.

Muskie won't make it, either. The itch will be more than he can stand and he'll eventually get around to scratching: By the time he finally makes up his mind to get in the race, he'll hardly be able to elbow his way in. In fact, the only nationwide TV exposure will be on the Dinah Shore show, and then only if he takes his favorite recipe. There he'll be, chopping onions, the tears will start to flow and there goes the ball game.

(continued on page 144)



last april's playmate, victoria cunningham, has this fantasy about being a fireman (fireperson?) and for someone who looks like vicki, it's no sooner wished than done

FIRE BELLE

Readers of this magazine should be well aware by now of both the history and the anatomy of one Victoria Cunningham. Lost April's Playmate, Vicki encored in January's *Playmate Review* and in both instances we dwelt at some length on life as she now leads it. What we didn't say was that while she was growing up to be a beautiful Bunny-Playmate, Victoria harbored a secret passion—a burning passion, so to speak—to be a firemon.



But instead of toy fire engines, it was Raggedy Ann and Barbie. So somewhere along the way, that fantasy of becoming a fire fighter was placed on a low flame on the back burner. It remained for PLAYBOY to rekindle the torch Vicki's been carrying all these years. As our cover on a sampling of the fire pole at right indicate, Miss Cunningham had the time of her life. She even donned a firemon's mask when things heated up. No matter, Vicki; we'd know you anywhere.





It should come as no surprise that man's erstwhile best friend—even a Dalmatian with Sparky's impeccably spotted credentials—deserts the men in favor of hanging around the equipment and looking like an RCA ad while Vicki the Bare semisuits up. (It wouldn't do to show up at a four-alarm conflagration in only a fire helmet; company discipline would undoubtedly go to blazes.) Sparky may have other things on his mind, but he has to settle for an activity as mundane as a nozzle nuzzle. And that's what they mean by a dog's life. Later, smoke eater Cunningham gets all wrapped up in her work, then tests out some hose (no, one size does not fit all). Even though it's a high-pressure job, Vicki has matters well in hand.



Ah, but we knew all along that she'd climb aboard. Looking pleased and pleased, Vicki has obviously found her station house in life. She seems all fired up. There's no telling to what caloric heights this fire lassie's career might soar. She's found that her dream job's really quite easy—just a matter of becoming familiar with the tools of the trade. Of course, there's always the danger of becoming too familiar with them—but that's another fantasy.



One daes have to worry about pyromania, which, we fear, aur fire belle may have innocently encouraged. And just how many firebugs have we created by bringing this dream to life? Somehow we get the feeling that, despite all our efforts on Vicki's behalf, Miss Cunningham is going to ignite more blazes than she extinguishes. And let's face it: Wha among us would sound the alarm if this young lady were to light his fire? Does anyone smell smoke?





Mike Winiamy.

*"Actually, my husband has a suit just like the king's,
but it's not nearly as well hung."*

AS THE RAJA gambled with his friend the Brahmin, flinging the golden dice upon the silver dice board, he would sing this catch:

*By nature's law, all rivers wind
And trees grow wood by rule of kind.
So, given opportunity,
A woman will unfaithful be.*

It seemed to bring luck; the Brahmin always lost.

Now, in India, it was held to be true that any man who kept an authentic virgin in his household attracted good fortune to himself in mysterious ways. Recalling this belief, the Brahmin one day went into the poor quarter of the city and found a woman who had just given birth to a female child. Since she was destitute, she was delighted to sell the baby. The Brahmin carried it home and ordered the women of his household to nurture it carefully and to bring it up in the strictest purdah—no man except he was ever to lay eyes upon her.

As the girl grew—and a beautiful one she turned out to be—the Brahmin restrained his passion for the dice table. At last, when his inspection through a peephole told him that she was fully rounded and nubile, he went to the palace and proposed that the gaming be resumed. The raja was delighted.

However, each time he threw the dice and sang his lucky catch, the Brahmin would always add a last line: "Except for my unbroken flower." And, strangely, fortunes were reversed—the Brahmin was now the constant winner.

The raja, who was not a very clever man, sent for his counselor the next day and asked him what might be the meaning of that. Whereupon, the counselor reminded him of the belief about a hidden virgin and added, "I happen to know a handsome young scoundrel named Ram. Adept at breaking flowers."

"I hope that I shall never be told of any unseemly act," the raja said, casting up his eyes. Then he smiled. "I shall expect to win next time at the dice table."

The counselor sent for Ram and explained the matter, giving him a large sum of money for expenses. With these funds, Ram established himself as a seller of perfume and flowers and set up shop in the street where the Brahmin lived. He also used some of the money to bribe two spies to find out everything about the Brahmin's household. One day, they brought him some interesting news. The old waiting woman who watched over the Brahmin's hidden "wife" still mourned the loss of a son who had disappeared while he was but a child.

A few days later, this waiting woman entered the shop to buy flowers. "Mother!" exclaimed Ram. "I have found you at last!"

The two spies, who had been well instructed, exclaimed, "What a likeness! What an uncanny resemblance!" The poor woman embraced Ram blindly.

"And now, Mother, you must come to see me often," said Ram. "Please choose whatever perfumes and flowers you wish—they will be my gift." The old woman was overcome with joy and she came back frequently.

One day, she found him ill and groaning on his charpoy in the back of the shop. "Mother," he said, "I fear that I have contracted a strange Oriental disease for which there is no cure. The doctor says that only the touch of a true virgin can alleviate it. And where in India is there such a creature?"

"Do not despair," she said. She hurried home and tearfully told the story to her young mistress. "Only you can save him," she cried.

"I shall try," the girl assented, "but be most secret about it." She was greatly intrigued to see what sort of creature a "young man" might be, for she had heard of such things in the servants' gossip.

The same afternoon, a great basket of flowers was carried into the captive's room and the doors were locked. Out of the flowers suddenly appeared Ram, rampant and radiant in the eyes of the maiden.

He embraced her gently and gave her many caresses. When she lay panting on the bed, he said, "And now for the cure. It is necessary to insert this into that and then wait for the magic to take effect."

"I think I feel the magic, too," said the girl after a short time.

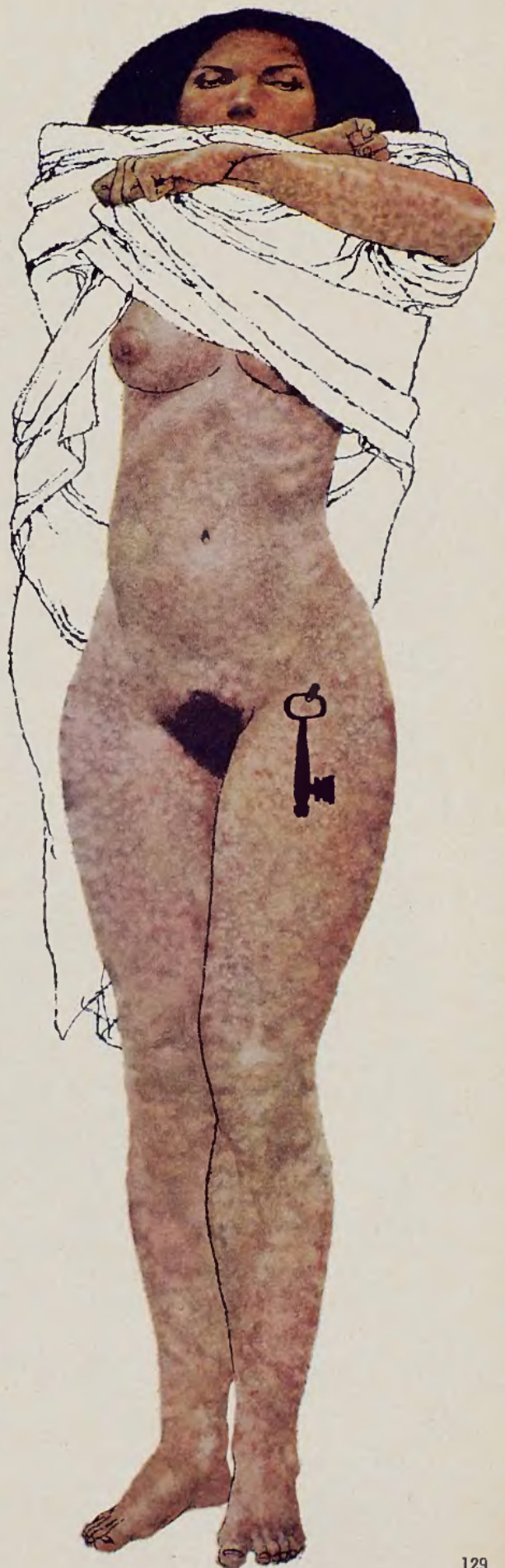
In the raja's palace, the ruler made his throw of the dice, sang his catch and was answered by the Brahmin's line. The raja won. The two men stared at each other in surprise. "As I said before . . ." the raja remarked.

The Brahmin rushed home to confront the maiden, but she, with many tears, protested that no man had ever touched her and offered to walk through flames to prove it.

"Let it be," said the Brahmin and ordered a fire built in the street. A crowd gathered. The girl started toward the flames. Just then, Ram, overcome with the sight, rushed out of his shop and embraced the girl.

She shook free and shouted to the Brahmin, "This boorish fellow has spoiled the trial, as you see. I am innocent of man's touch no longer!" And the Brahmin, still baffled, had to agree.

—Retold by
John G. Dickson



AUTUMN DOG

(continued from page 116)

act—but how? Throw her down, fling off her clothes, make love to her? It was mad. Then it was too late, the hotel lights illuminated the beach; and she was relieved it had not happened. *I must be careful*—she almost spoke it.

"Will I see you again?"

"Perhaps," she said. She was on her own ground: The white hotel loomed behind the palms. Now—here—it was the boy who was the stranger.

"I want to sleep with you." It was not arrogant but imploring.

"Not now."

Not now. It should have been *no*. But marriage taught you how to be perfunctory, and Milly had, as a single woman, regained a lazy sense of hope. *No* was the prudent answer; *Not now* was what she had wanted to say—so she had said it. And the next day, the boy was back, peering from the beach at Milly, who lounged by the pool. In the sunlight, he looked even younger, with a shyness that might have been an effect of the sun's brightness, making him hunch and avert his eyes. He did not know where to begin, she saw that.

Milly waved to him. He signaled back and, like an obedient pet responding to a mistress' nod, came forward, vaulted the hibiscus hedge, smiling. Instead of taking the chair next to her, he crouched at her feet, seeming to hide himself.

"They won't send you away," said Milly. "You can say you're my guest."

The boy shrugged. "At night—after everyone clears out—we come here swimming." He was silent, then he said, "Naked."

"How exciting," said Milly, frowning.

Seeing that it was mockery, the boy did not reply. He got to his feet. For a moment, Milly thought he was going to bound over the hedge and leave her. But in a series of athletic motions, he strode to the edge of the pool and, without pausing, tipped himself into it. He swam under water and Milly followed his blue shorts to the far end of the pool, where he surfaced like a hound, gasping and tossing his head. He returned, swimming powerfully, flinging his arms into the water. But he did not climb out of the pool; he rested his forearms on the tiles and said, "Come in. I'll teach you how to swim."

"I was swimming before you were born." She wished she had not said it, she wished it were not true. She picked up a magazine from her lap and plucked at a page.

The boy was beside her, dripping.

"Take this," she said, and handed him a towel. He buried his face in it with an energy that aroused her, then he wiped his arms and threw it aside.

"Time for lunch," said Milly.

"Let me treat you," said the boy.

"That's very thoughtful of you," said Milly, "but I'm afraid they won't let you in the dining room like that."

"They have room service. We can have it sent up—eat on the balcony."

"You seem to be inviting yourself to my room," said Milly.

"No," said the boy, "I'm inviting you to mine."

Milly almost laughed. She said, "*Here?*"

"Sure. I've been here for about six weeks."

"I've never seen you at breakfast."

"I never eat breakfast," said the boy.

"And I've only used my room a few times in the past week or so. I met a girl over on the beach—they have a house there. But my stuff is still in my room. My money, camera, passport, watch—the rest of it. I don't want it stolen."

"It must be fearfully expensive."

"My mother pays."

"How very American."

"She's on a tour—in Hong Kong," said the boy. "I thought we were talking about lunch."

"If you're a guest at this hotel, then you must have other clothes here. I suggest you dress properly, and if there's an empty chair at my table, I have no objection to your joining me." Her voice, that fastidious tone, surprised and appalled her.

The boy's name was Mark. He told her that over lunch, but he said very little else. He was so young there was practically nothing he could say about himself beyond his name, and it was for Milly to keep the conversation going. It was not easy in her new voice. She described her trip through Indonesia, everything that had happened to her since leaving Ayer Hitam, but after that, she was stumped. She would not speak about Lloyd or the divorce, and it angered her that it was impossible to speak about her life without discussing her marriage. Nearly 20 years had to be suppressed, and it seemed as if nothing had happened in those years that could matter to this young boy.

To his timid questions, she said, "You wouldn't understand." She was hard on him. She knew why: She wanted him in the simplest way and she resented wanting him. She objected to that desire in herself that would not allow her to go on alone. She did not want to look foolish—the age difference was ridicule enough—and wondered if in shrinking from an involvement she would reject him. She feared having him, she feared losing him. He told her he was 19 and eagerly added the date of his next birthday.

Milly said, "Time for my nap."

"See you later, then," said Mark. He shook her hand.

In her room, she cursed herself. It had not occurred to her that he might not be interested. But perhaps this was so. He had a girl, one of the innocent witches; but her fate was the Australian who, late at night, rattled the change in his pocket and drawled for a persuasive way to interest her. She pulled the curtains, shutting out the hot sun, and for the first time since she arrived, lay down on her bed wondering not if she should go but where.

She closed her eyes and heard a knock on the door. She got out of bed, sighed and opened the door a crack. "What is it?"

"Let me come in," said Mark. "Please."

She stared and said nothing. Then she moved aside and let the boy swing the door open. He did this with unnecessary force, as if he had expected her to resist.

Milly had not written any letters. A few postcards, a message about the weather. Letters were an effort, because letters required either candor or wit, and her solitary existence had hardened her to both. What Milly had done, almost since the hour she had left Ayer Hitam, was rehearse conversations with an imaginary friend, a woman, for whom in anecdote she would describe the pleasures of divorce. Flying alone. The looks you got in hotels. The Australian. A room of one's own. The witches and princelings on the beach. Misunderstandings. The suspicious eyes of other men's wives. The mystery and the aroma of sexuality a single woman carried past mute strangers.

Listen, she imagined herself saying; then she reported, assessed, justified. It was a solitary traveler's habit, one enforced by her separation from Lloyd. She saw herself leaning over a large menu, in the racket of a restaurant—flowers on the table, two napkin cones, a dish of olives—and she heard her own voice: *I think a 19-year-old boy and a woman of—let's be frank—41—I think they're perfectly matched, sexually speaking. Yes, I really do. They're at some kind of peak. That boy can have four or five orgasms in a row, but so can a middle-aged woman—given the chance. It's the middle-aged man, with all his routines and apologies, who makes the woman feel inadequate. Sex for a boy, granted, is usually a letdown, because he's always trying himself out on a girl his age, and what could be duller? "It hurts, Jim," and "Hurry up," and "What if my parents find out?" What I'm saying, and I don't think it's anything to be ashamed of, is Mark and I were well matched, not in spite of our ages but on the contrary, on the contrary. It was like coaching a champion. I know I was old enough to be his mother, but*

(concluded on page 150)

SPRING TONE-UP

ALL MIXED UP? LET US FIND THE PERFECT MATCH FOR YOU

attire By **ROBERT L. GREEN** It's the opposite of big, bold plaids. We're talking about the wearing of tone on tone—subtly interplaying shades of one color from top to toe. Here, a study in gray: gray-and-white two-button, by Nino Cerruti's Rue Royale Collection, \$130; light-gray shirt, by Wayne Rogers, about \$45; gray-and-white tie, by Vicky Davis, \$9; black-and-white pocket square, by Handcraft, about \$7; and gray lace-ups, from Roger Bowman, \$80.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DICKRAN PALUJIAN



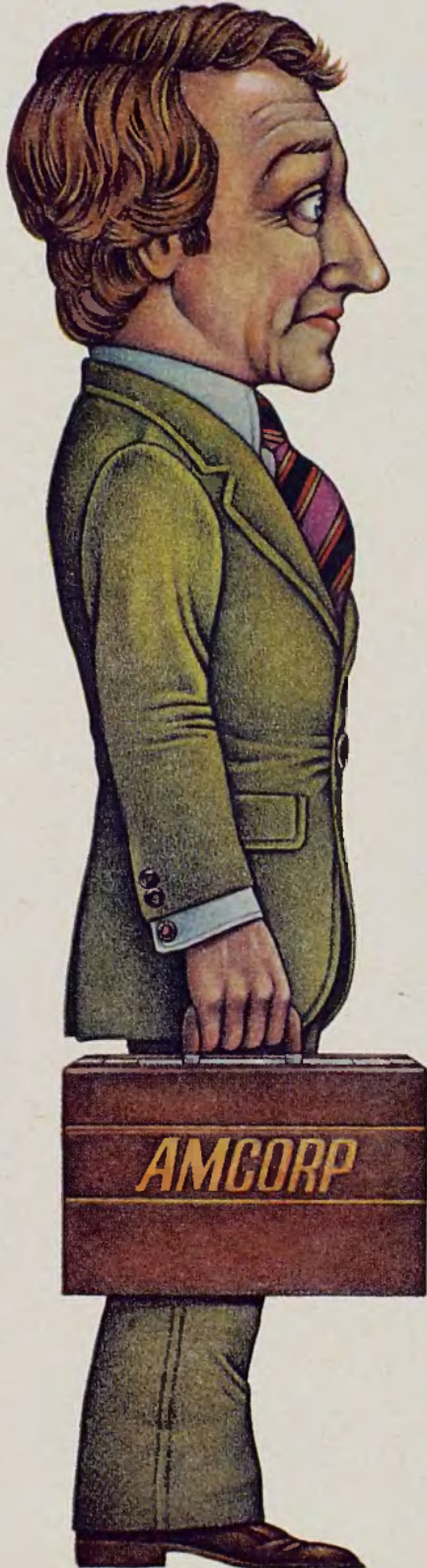
The color rose, definitely, is a rose is a rose in this elegantly monochromatic outfit, below, that consists of a deep-rose cashmere/lamb's-wool/acrylic crew-neck, about \$75, worn with a dyed-to-match silk shirt with double-stitch trim and long-pointed collar, about \$95, plus matching linen slacks with flared legs, about \$65, all by Dana Côte d'Azur. A burgundy silk scarf, by Handcraft, about \$15, and burgundy-colored kidskin tasseled slip-ons with lacing trim, by Pierre Cardin for Smerling Imports, about \$50, complete the look. We think Gertrude Stein would have loved it.



Two more ways to tone up for spring: Below left, a coromel-colored cotton poplin bigshirt with contrast stand-up collar and cuffs, and four-button placket front, \$25, worn with a coromel-tone cotton rib-knit ring-neck T-shirt, \$12, and matching wool gabardine slacks, \$50, all by The Swedish Fashion Group. Below right: Mellow yellow has it made in the shade—a cotton T-shirt with contrast crinkle-cotton shoulder trim, raglan notched short sleeves, \$11, is combined with dyed-to-match cotton pants with a drawstring waist, on-seam pockets and wide legs, \$15, both by Eclectic.



“Welcome aboard! Together we can make business history by maximizing efficiency, streamlining distribution, exploring redesign....”



THE GOLDEN WHATEVER

fiction

By JORDAN CRITTENDEN

American industrial know-how discovers the final solution to the violin problem

WHEN THE AMERICAN Offshore Drilling Supply Corporation merged with the Eastern Electrical Cable Company in 1969 to form Amcorp & Eastern, one of the prime tasks was to select a slogan compatible with the products of both firms. After considerable debate, the phrase “Technology for America at home and at sea” was unanimously approved by the board of directors; but a week later, the slogan was found wanting, when Amcorp & Eastern, as the first step in its diversification program, purchased a large chain of *taco* stands.

An amendment of the slogan to “Technology and snacks for America at home and at sea” was

rejected out of hand. As a last resort, an employee contest was held, and two weeks later, the entry of a young management trainee by the name of Howard Page was declared the winner. He was summoned to the 49th floor, where the chairman of the board presented him with a \$25 U. S. Savings Bond and announced that thenceforth, thanks to Howard, the official slogan of Amcorp & Eastern was to be: “Men working for the future—to make the future work for man.”

As soon as Howard got back to his office, he phoned his wife, Clarissa, and told her the good news. At first she pleaded with him to leave early so they could celebrate, but then she agreed with him that it would be wrong to put in less than a full day's work.

The firm was headquartered in downtown Los Angeles, but even at rush hour, the traffic did not seem particularly heavy that day, so it was only 20 after five when Howard arrived at their duplex in Hollywood. Clarissa greeted him at the door, wearing a dress that had always been his favorite.

“Darling!” she said.

“Actually, I just sort of hit on it by accident,” he said modestly.

“You're going to kill me, but I went out and bought two New York steaks,” she said. “I just didn't care!”

"I'm sorry, I fail to..."

"Non capisco."

In the next few years, with the acquisition of the Florida citrus groves, the mobile-home manufacturing company and the line of forestry products, as well as Amcorp & Eastern's ventures into high-rise construction and dietary beverages, it became increasingly apparent that Howard's slogan for the corporation had been a wise choice. Therefore, it was only right that one day, after five short years with the firm, Howard was called into the office of Mr. Selfridge and informed of a promotion. He was to become liaison executive in charge of Amcorp & Eastern's latest acquisition, with sole responsibility for transforming an independent company into a wholly owned subsidiary.

"Tentative word came through on Monday that it would be you, but I held off until I got final word," Mr. Selfridge said. He was a man in his 50s who took a quiet pride in the fact that he had never once made the mistake of locking his keys in his car. He came out from behind his desk to shake Howard's hand. "Howard, let me tell you what I've felt from the beginning, and what I still feel to this day. A career as an executive in the world of business is far more than just a career. Far more. You might almost say it's a quest—like Jason and the golden whatever." He paused, still clasping



Howard's hand. "I hope you don't think that sounds pompous," he said.

"Well, no, I don't think so," Howard said. "Not when you put it that way."

As soon as he got back to his office, he phoned Arlene, a girl in processing, and told her the good news. She said she couldn't wait to celebrate, so they left work early and met in the cocktail lounge on the top floor of the building.

"It's a firm up in San Francisco," Howard said.

Arlene squeezed his hand. "I'd love to see Hadley's face when he finds out it's you and not him."

"Oh, I don't know. Hadley's OK."

"He's going to absolutely shit!"

"Listen, you want another? I feel like another."

Since Howard did not start home until 7:30, he decided to tell Clarissa he'd been held up by a wreck on the freeway. Unfortunately, there actually *was* a wreck on the freeway, so it was nearly nine o'clock by the time he reached their home in Encino.

Mimi, his three-year-old daughter, was sitting on the living-room rug. She'd unwrapped a package of brown-and-serve rolls and was drawing on them with a red crayon.

"How's my little Miss Mims?" Howard said, scooping her up in his arms.

"Don't, Daddy," Mimi said.

Clarissa was sitting on the bed, watching television.

"Got tied up in a meeting," Howard said.

"I can't believe crap like this ever gets on," she said.

Howard glanced at the TV. A man in white with a stethoscope was telling another man in white with a stethoscope that they couldn't discount the possibility of an aneurysm.

Howard said, "Then, on top of that, there was a wreck on the freeway."

"Your dinner's in the oven—I'll be in as soon as this is over."

Howard went to the kitchen and took a look in the oven. A bottle of vodka was lying on one rack and a bottle of vermouth on the other. "Very funny!" he called to her. "Very witty!"

At the next commercial, she came out of the bedroom. "Just kidding," she said. "Your plate's in the refrigerator."

But Howard had already left the house. He drove to a bar on Ventura Boulevard, where, shortly after midnight, he bought a burrito, which the bartender heated up for him in a small microwave oven next to the cash register.

During his flight to San Francisco the next morning, Howard examined the material on the acquisition that Mr. Selfridge had passed on to him. He soon realized that the feasibility study that usually accompanied computer print-outs

seemed to be missing. Consequently, even the title of the firm—VAYAZCAVAC—was unclear to Howard, since the computer was programmed to print no more than ten letters of any name. In any event, Howard concluded from what information he had that possibly the company was a small specialty firm, such as a graphics design shop—something that would not only show a modest profit on its own but might also serve as a consultant to other Amcorp & Eastern corporations.

The firm turned out to be located in a small loft in North Beach above a café that offered espresso, pastry and, in a separate glass case, an assortment of European chocolate bars that were dusted regularly every three years. At the top of the steps to the loft was a frosted-glass door lettered VAYAZEMSKY AND CAVACCHIOLI.

Howard stepped in, tapping on the door as he entered. An old man, seated at a workbench littered with wood shavings, looked up. He was in his late 70s, with a large fragile nose that looked like some valuable antique that had been in the family for generations—and, as a matter of fact, it had.

There was a sharp, clean smell of varnish and, along with it, like a fitful breeze from a less desirable part of town, the smell of a glue made from the hooves of horses.

"I've already explained over the phone," the old man said. "We have no company car."

"I guess I should introduce myself," Howard said. "Howard Page—Amcorp & Eastern."

At this, the old man probably would've slapped himself on the forehead if he hadn't been holding a small chisel. "My apologies." He got up and shook Howard's hand. "Nicholas Vayazemsky," he said. "A pleasure to meet you."

Before Howard could answer, a second old man emerged from a storeroom at the rear of the loft. He had a thick cream-colored mustache that looked as though he trimmed it himself, most likely on days when he was in a bad mood. Mr. Vayazemsky spoke to him in Italian. The other man said something—only a single phrase but a phrase that seemed to have an incredible number of letters—then turned abruptly and disappeared into the storeroom.

Mr. Vayazemsky turned back to Howard. "My partner—Alfredo Cavacchioli," he said. "He says it is a pleasure and an honor to meet you."

Howard glanced around uncertainly. There was a second workbench to one side, also littered with wood shavings. He saw what he recognized as a violin—or at least the main part of a violin—clamped in a complicated pair of wooden vises. "I think there may be some mistake," he said.

"You're right, but I'm to blame," Mr. Vayazemsky said. "I thought you were the magnetic-sign salesman."

"What is this?" Howard said. "Some

sort of a violin-repair shop?"

"We do some restoration—but primarily we make our own."

Howard stared at him. "Just the two of you? Working here—making violins?"

Mr. Vayazemsky nodded. "Since 1936. Before that, in a small town near Cremona."

"Excuse me—I think maybe I should make a phone call."

Mr. Vayazemsky explained that they shared a phone with the café downstairs. "As a matter of fact, we'll join you for a cup of coffee." He called to Alfredo and said something in Italian.

Alfredo called back. Again it was only a phrase, possibly prompted by Mr. Vayazemsky's suggestion, or possibly prompted by having dropped something heavy on his foot.

Mr. Vayazemsky translated for Howard. "He says for us to proceed and he will join us in the twinkling of an eye."

When Howard got Mr. Selfridge on the phone, he said, "Listen, do you have any facts on this acquisition you didn't turn over to me?"

"What happened—run into some flak at the orientation meeting?"

"No, I haven't actually held the orientation meeting yet."

"I'm talking about *management* orientation," Mr. Selfridge said. "That's usually first on the agenda."

Howard saw Alfredo enter the café and take a seat with Mr. Vayazemsky at the front window. "As a matter of fact," Howard said, "I'm probably going to handle management and employee orientation in a single meeting."

"Well, that sounds damn risky, but it's up to you," Mr. Selfridge said. "Good luck."

"Thanks, except I think there must be—"

But Mr. Selfridge had hung up.

Howard joined Mr. Vayazemsky and Alfredo, but before he could get into anything in the way of an orientation meeting, Alfredo drained his cup, excused himself with a mutter and returned to the loft.

"Perhaps I should mention that Alfredo has misgivings," Mr. Vayazemsky said.

"I could kind of tell," Howard said.

After coffee, Howard accompanied Mr. Vayazemsky back to the loft for a tour. The storage room was stocked with maple, willow wood, Swiss pine, ebony and a broken umbrella.

Howard was allowed to peer into a can of the Vayazemsky and Cavacchioli varnish that was made according to a secret formula. "Nice," he said.

Chisels, gouges and cutting knives were scattered at random over both workbenches. Alfredo was shaping the ribs of a violin with a bending iron, heating it

(continued on page 156)

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA

PART III

END OF THE KINGFISH

article **By JAMES MCKINLEY** in 1935, Huey Long was the strongest threat to both the re-election of Roosevelt and the interests of the very rich. Almost inevitably he was shot and killed—under circumstances that remain mysterious

The spirit of violence is un-American.

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, on hearing of the shooting of Huey Long

What did he want to shoot me for? . . . I don't know him.

—HUEY PIERCE LONG, September 8, 1935

MOMENTS BEFORE he was electrocuted on March 20, 1933, for the assassination of Chicago's mayor Anton Cermak, the anarchistic Giuseppe Zangara shouted at his executioners, "All capitalists lousy bunch of crooks!" The main capitalist-crook for Zangara was the man he'd tried to kill, the crippled aristocrat Franklin D. Roosevelt, who'd escaped him to be inaugurated President.

Yet Zangara might have been surprised to learn that his sentiments echoed those of the next prominent American

Huey P. Long's National Book Company, founded by Long to publish his own works, such as *Every Man a King*, also produced the sheet music for the songs he wrote. The bottom photo is of Dr. Carl Weiss, Long's alleged assassin.



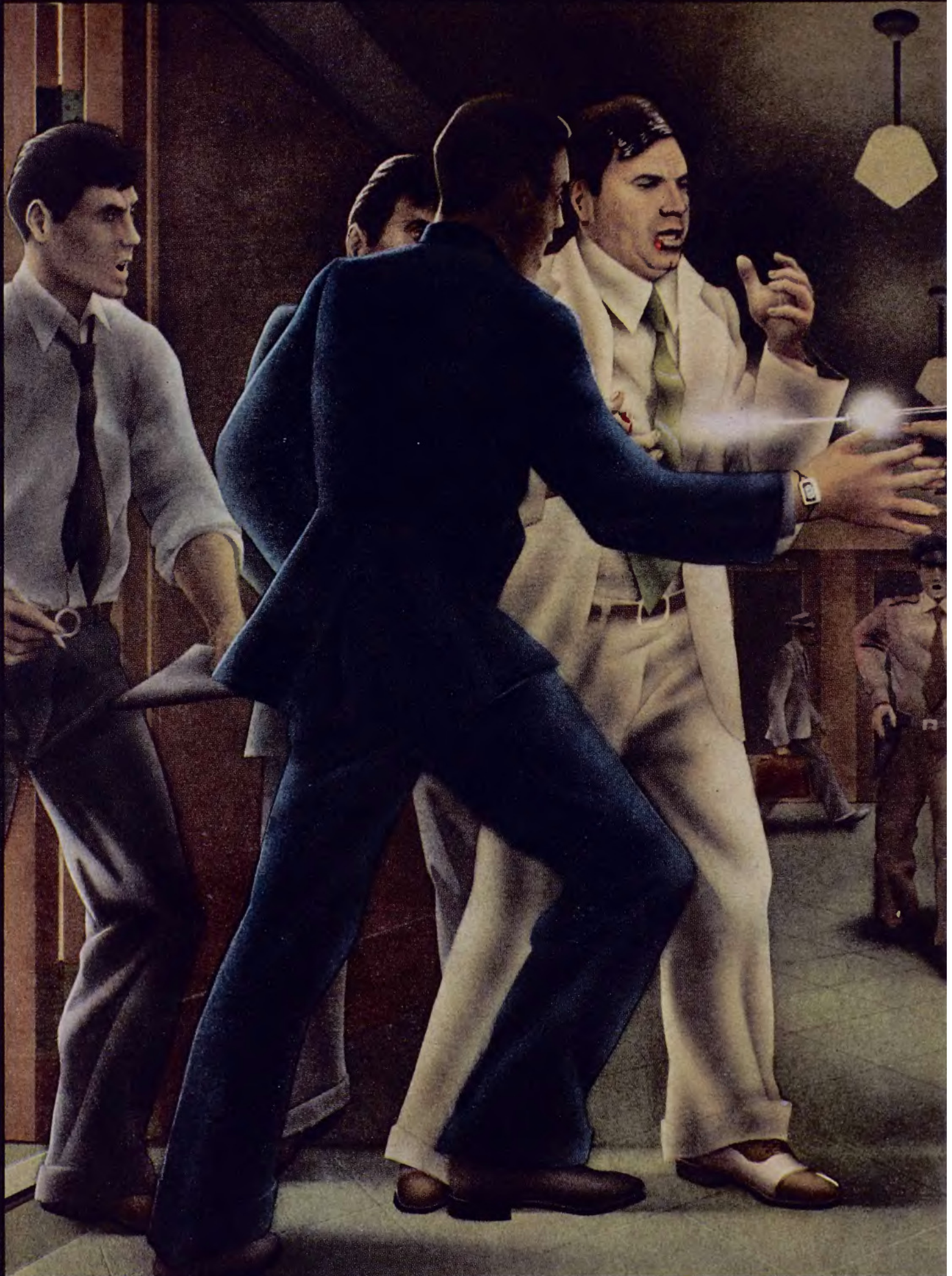
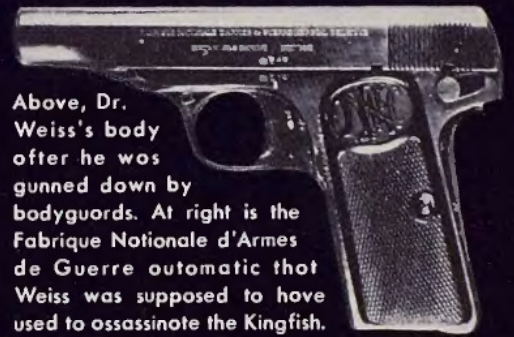


ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENT TOPAZIO



Above, Dr. Weiss's body after he was gunned down by bodyguards. At right is the Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre automatic that Weiss was supposed to have used to assassinate the Kingfish.

politician to be assassinated—a man who ultimately posed as great a threat to Roosevelt as did the immigrant's five wild bullets.

The man was Huey Pierce Long, the "Kingfish." In March 1933, he represented the sovereign state of Louisiana as its junior (soon to be senior) Senator, a title that belied his absolute power in that state and the growing national entrancement with his neopopulist demagoguery. Long's Zangaraesque remark came about March third, a day before F.D.R.'s Inauguration. The Kingfish burst into a Washington hotel room occupied by some of the incoming President's brain-trust advisors. He had come fresh from a bitter Congressional dispute over a bank-reorganization bill (a bill too conservative for Long). He grabbed an apple from a table, took a bite and, ramming his be-appled hand against an advisor's chest, announced, "I don't like you and your goddamned banker friends." Then the Kingfish

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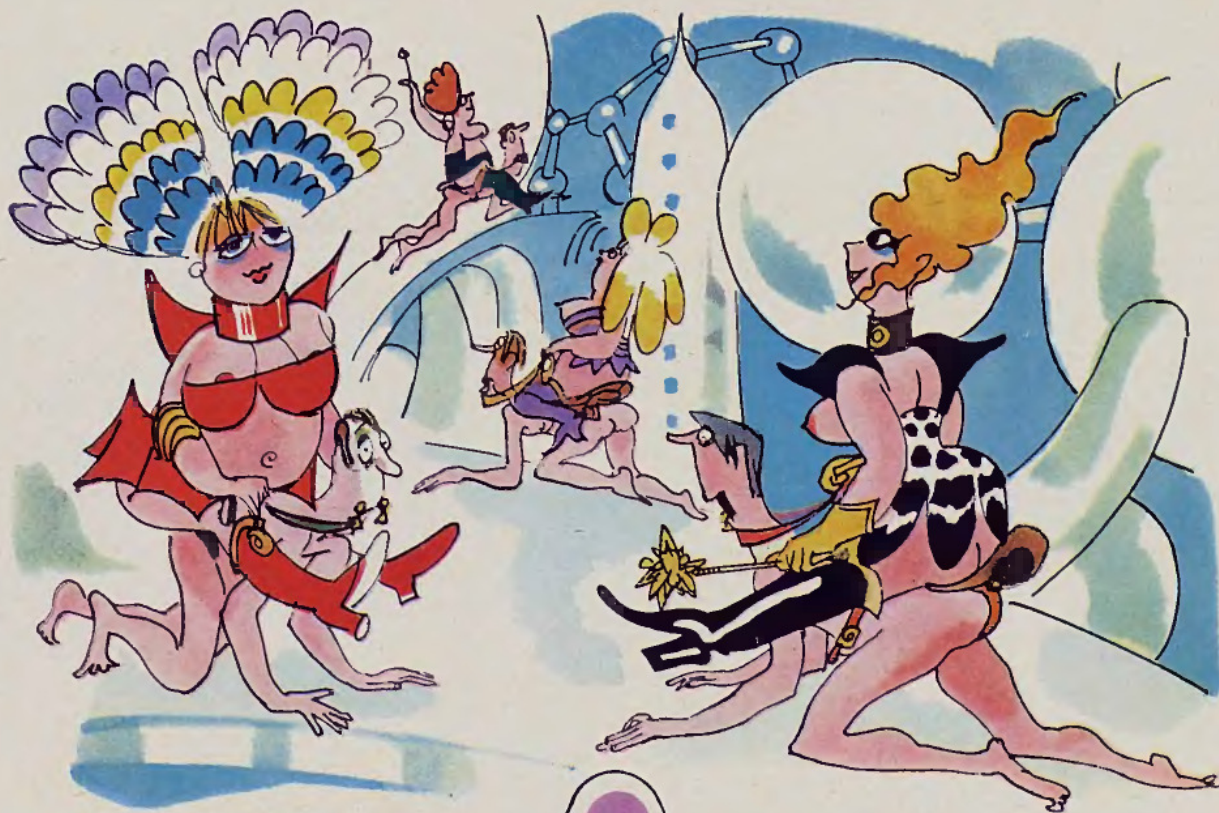


"They call me Flash Gordon."

ffolkes's

SCI-FI SEX

*a cosmic caper in which our
spaced-out cartoonist conducts
an erotic tour of the future*



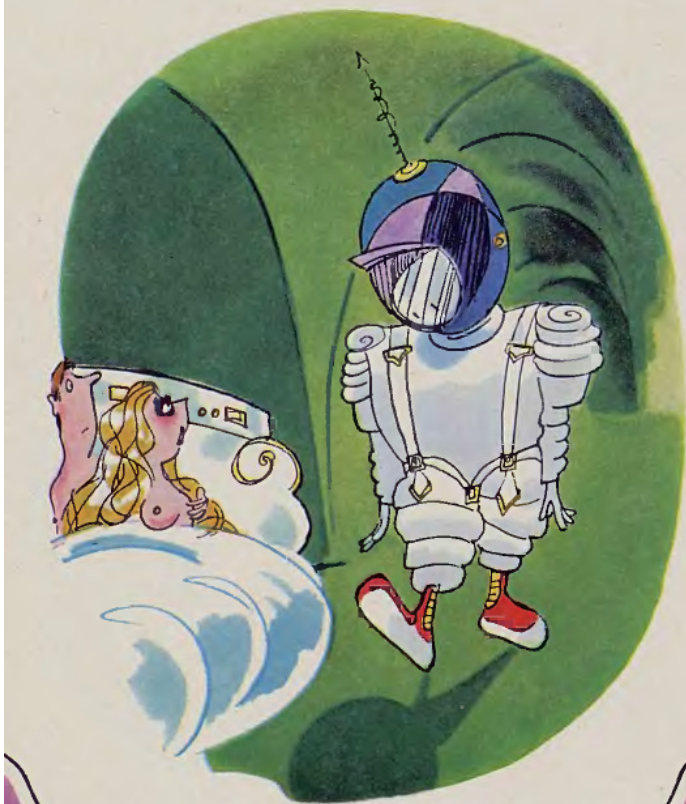
*"I understand it all began
back in the 1970s when women
began burning their bras..."*



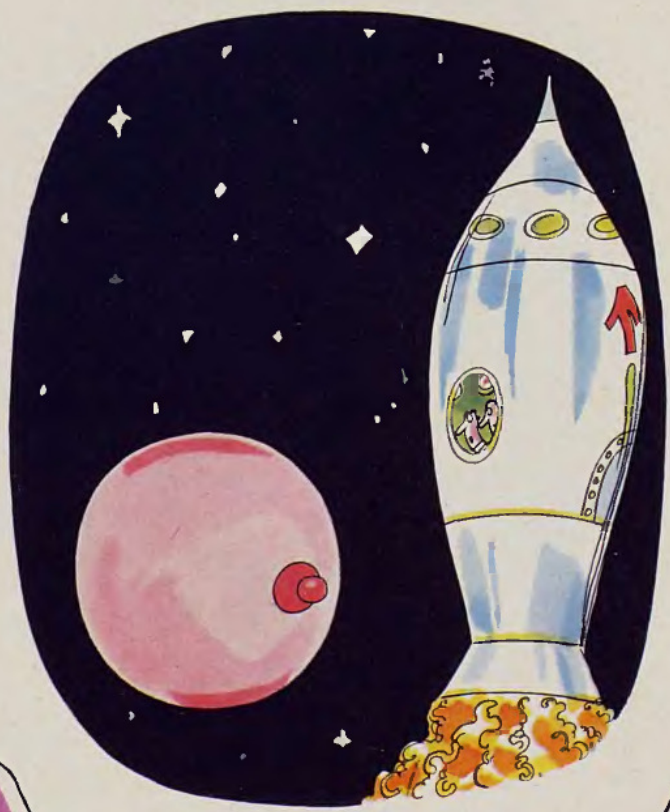
"For heaven's sake, Gloria, you know perfectly well my coital construct has been invalidated."



"I'm sorry, Roger, but this is goodbye. I'm leaving you for another Thing."



"Mervyn! I thought you were intergalactic!"



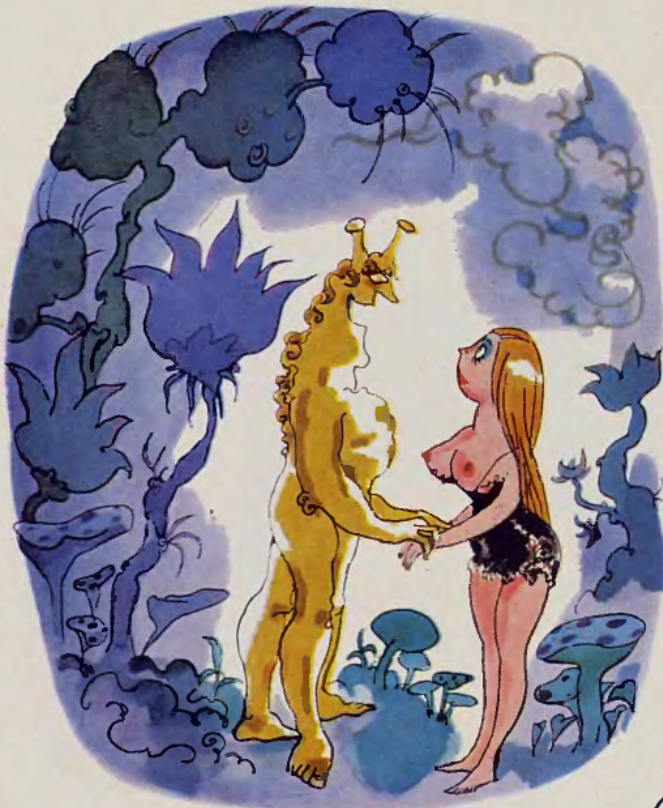
"You mean you see it, too? Maybe we've been alone in outer space too long."



"Gosh, I feel romantic tonight!"



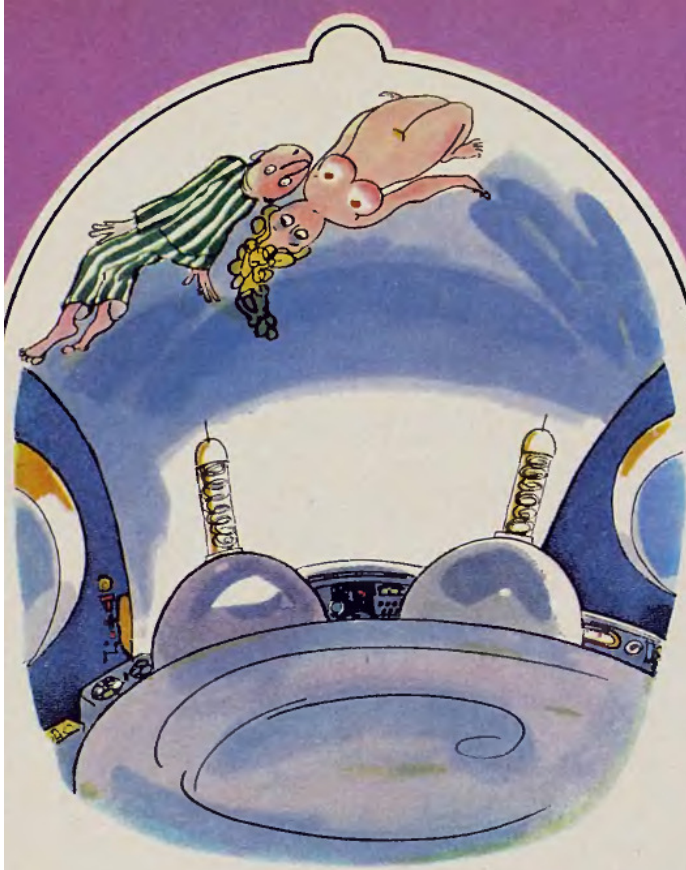
"They're supposed to be marvelous at making love."



"Me Homunculus 17X—you Jane!"



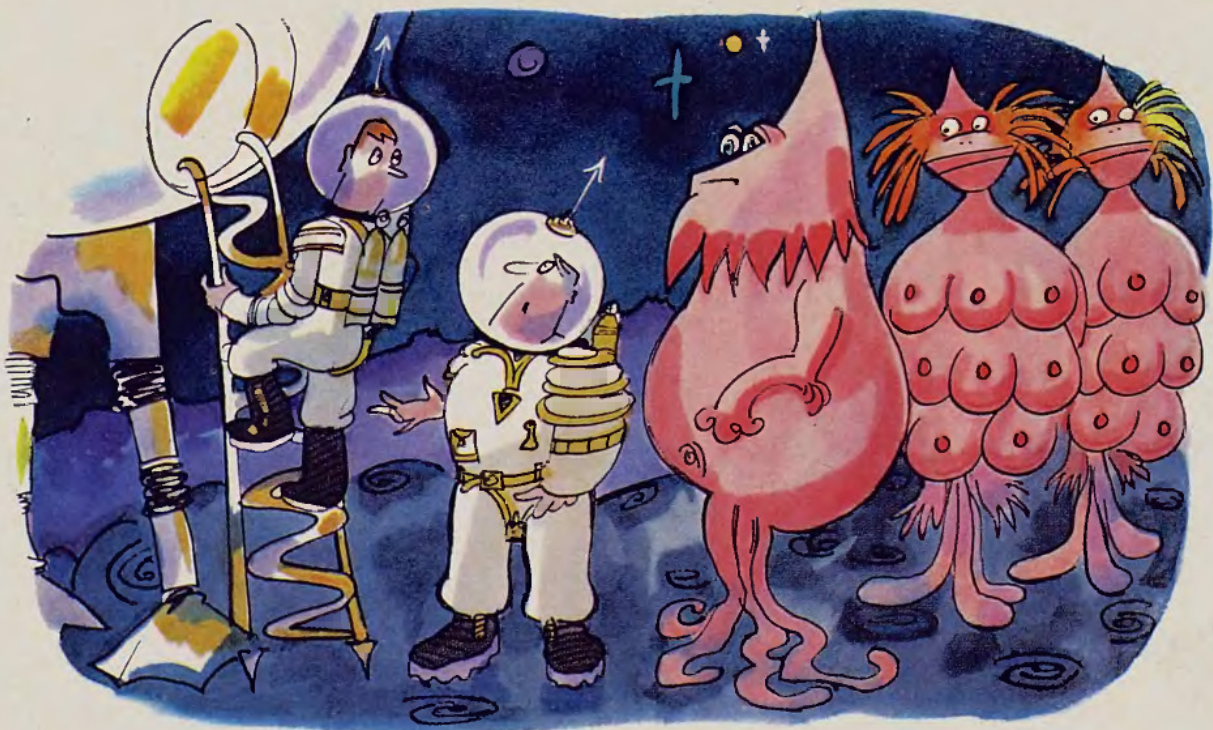
"It must be the radiation. I've fallen in love with a giant avocado."



"Damn centrifuge is on the blink again!"



"Hell, Caroline, when you've been to one orgy, you've been to them all."



"There's one thing you should know, Frobisher; etiquette demands that you sleep with their wives."

(continued from page 120)

Jackson, who is this year's Muskie, would probably make an adequate President, but, unfortunately, he is high only in odd years. Since elections are held in even years, he'll need a constitutional amendment to move the election to 1977. While most astute observers think that his only chance in the primaries would be the narcolepsy vote—it's been said that if he were President and gave a fireside chat, the fire would go out—I think he will probably be done in by his closest friends. One of them will report "the Senator from Boeing's" anti-Semitic outburst when the Israelis buy warplanes from McDonnell Douglas.

Jimmy Carter will get a little run for his money, but I can't help but think that to most people he looks more like a kid in a bus station with his name pinned on his sweater on his way to a summer camp than a President on his way to the White House.

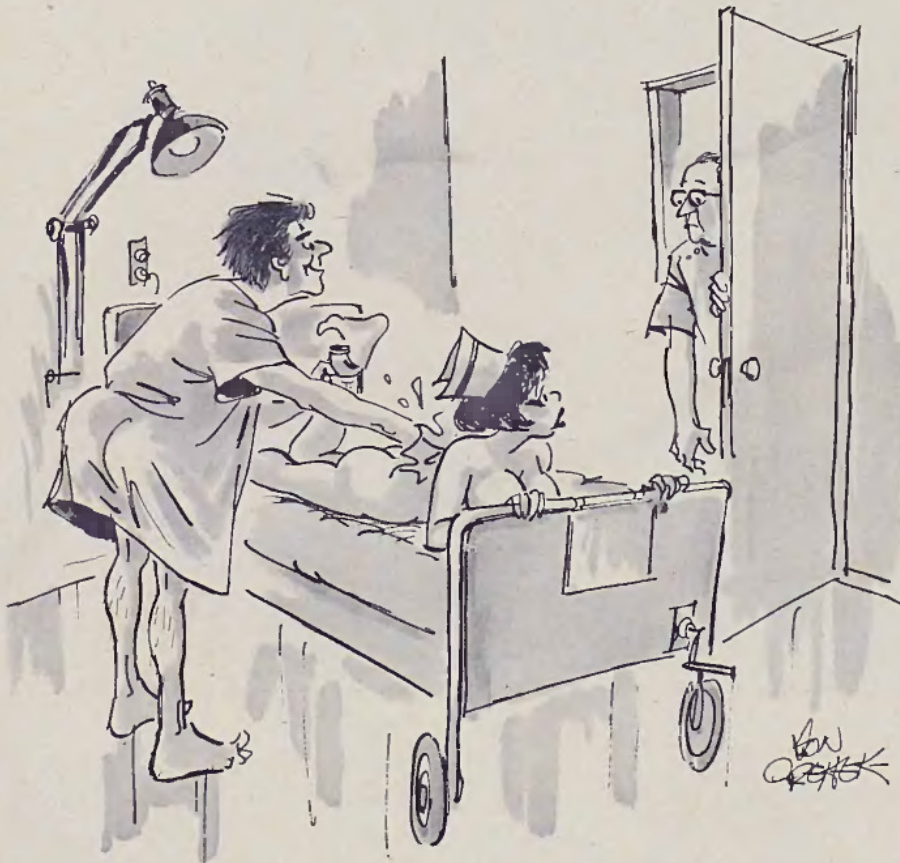
Jerry Brown, the governor of California, will be the most amusing to watch. He will go a long way on his reputation as an antipolitician. But the delegates in 1976 just won't be ready for an unmarried President who refuses to live in the White House or fly on Air Force 1. Brown will be sent home for some seasoning.

John Lindsay? He will definitely play

a part in the Democratic National Convention. But not the part you might imagine. ABC-TV will have lost one and gained one in 1976. The big loser will be its morning show, *Good Morning, America*.

At one point in the deadlocked convention, inspiration will strike and someone will point up to the ABC anchor booth, thus starting a draft-Lindsay movement. But, alas, just as it's about off the ground, Walter Cronkite will leave his convention perch for a stroll on the floor. And once more the convention will be deadlocked.

What will 1976 bring? Probably the most boring political year—for the Democrats, anyway—in a long time. It will look like a bunch of empty suits running from one nonevent to another; and by the time the first ten primaries are over, they will be running the results either opposite the box scores on the sports pages—"In the Eastern Division of the Democratic League, only George Wallace is doing better than .500 in the win column, if you disregard the two ties"—or in the financial section next to the Dow-Jones averages: "The whole market was depressed by the Nebraska primary and the volume of votes hit a new low, with the composite list selling off three points.



"He wouldn't let me give him a bath unless I let him give me one first!"

The average candidate was down 25 cents." The Sunday news shows will have more effect than the Tuesday election. In fact, Carter will have pulled out, after getting into an argument with Peter Lisagor as to when the War of 1812 was fought.

The Republican primaries will be but a charade, and the only drama or suspense will be in wondering what dumb thing President Ford will do next to help Ronald Reagan get the nomination. And all this help won't go unnoticed by Reagan, for when he announced that he didn't believe in balanced tickets but would choose as a running mate a man with his conservative views, he was signaling that Ford would make a great Vice-President, probably the best since Agnew.

But the republic will survive, even though the candidates and their staffs won't. And that won't be so bad. Richard Nixon's true contribution to American politics will be that he and his example put an end to government by advance men. We can also hope that we have seen the last of the Chuck Colsons and return to a Civil Service that is just that—civil and of service.

Another effect will be the weakening of the political parties. It used to be that when the traditional two parties failed to inspire, a new party would emerge. This time it will be a nonparty, a political coalition of sorts, which will come about by default. It will be put forth not as a daring idea in politics but as a reaction to the earlier disappointments. It is not just that the old loyalties and affiliations have broken down and the time has come for new ones to take their place; most people are now convinced that the new will turn out to be as fruitless as the old.

The nonvoters will continue to grow in number, approaching two out of every three, their feelings best expressed by the little old lady in Ohio who said, "I never vote—it only encourages the bastards." There has been little that government has done of late to encourage voter participation, and living with an appointed President and Vice-President may just increase the apathy at the polls.

By the time the Democratic National Convention is held, all the numbers will be in place. The bosses will have studied the scoreboard and realized it doesn't add up. Thanks to the multiplicity of primaries and proportional representation, no one will get close to the 1505 delegates needed to get the nomination. Wallace will have the most, with perhaps close to 900. The next closest will have 400 and the rest will be spread all over the place. The animosity and hard feelings left over from the primaries, plus the understandable division between the Wallacites and the others, will make it impossible for any combination of front runners to get together.

The convention itself will only be

acting out what has been decided on beforehand. (Only McGovern would star in a play that ran until three in the morning before he made his grand entrance.) Stage-managing and scripting of the convention can hardly be called immoral. Both parties have an obligation to put their best face forward and certainly not to be dull. So one of the things that the bosses will be sure of is that the name Hugh Carey is placed quietly in nomination. About as quietly as Edward Moore Kennedy can do it, that is.

As the ordeal of the primaries comes to an end, and as it becomes obvious that it will bear no fruit, the bosses will start the serious business of looking for a viable, electable candidate. In 1952, when the time came, they surprised us with an obscure governor of Illinois, a man who delighted us all, Adlai Stevenson.

The talk will turn to Hugh Carey. And good talk it will be. His welcoming speech in Madison Square Garden will remind many of the one given in 1952 by the then governor of Illinois. And all will be aware of the great job he did in bringing labor and the banks and government together in saving the very city in which the Democratic National Convention will be held—New York. (The fact that his brilliant state chairman, Pat Cunningham, got the convention for New York City won't go unnoticed, either.)

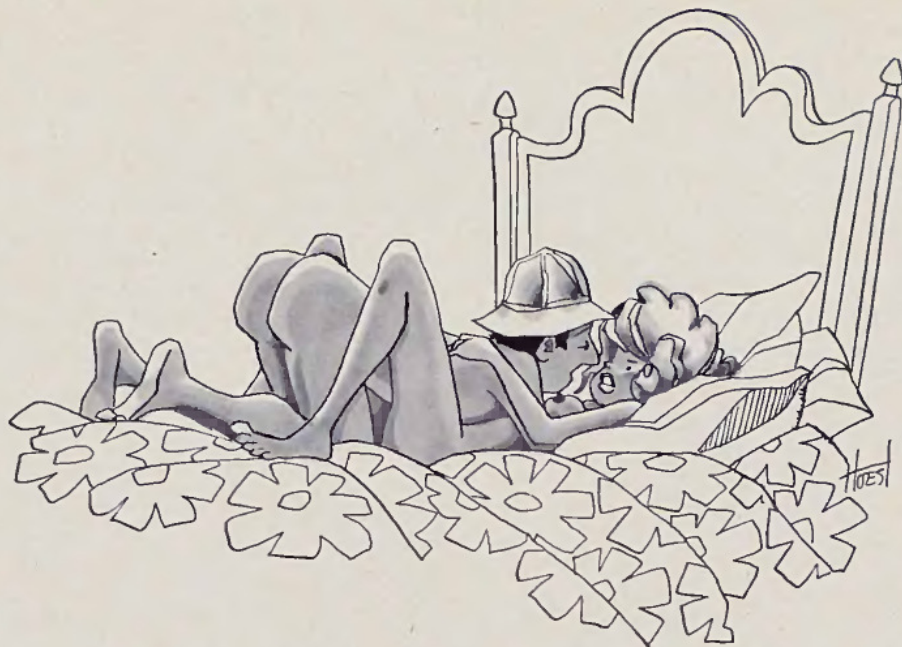
And there will be plenty of good old Hugh Carey stories, for he is well known and much liked around Washington. His 14 years in Congress are well remembered:

He was a tremendously effective legislator and always one of the boys. Bobby Kennedy called him his favorite Congressman. It was at Bobby's urging that the congressional leaders chose Carey as floor manager of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, the first legislation providing Federal aid to parochial and private schools—textbooks, tutoring, special programs—that was upheld by the Supreme Court.

Carey was recruited from the House Education and Labor Committee for that task as an urban Catholic who could build a compromise between Catholics, who needed aid for inner-city schools, and strict constitutionalists defending church-state separation.

Carey and the late Adam Clayton Powell, then chairman of the Education and Labor Committee, were a tough team to beat. A Southern foe of theirs said, "When they did that tango of theirs, the money would start to pour back to the cities." (Incidentally, Carey voted against the House decision to unseat Powell.)

But to those who knew him best in Washington, he was always his own guy and they marveled at how he could always vote liberal and yet continue to be elected from one of the most conservative districts in New York. It was evident that Carey



"I wish you'd take your hat off, Ralph. I can't tell if you're coming or going."

was a hell of a vote getter and a guy the voters trusted and with whom they identified.

The past race for governor in New York would not go unnoticed by the bosses looking at Carey's track record. First of all, he ran against the Democratic leaders' first choice, Howard Samuels, who had spent more money and time on running for governor than anyone except Nelson Rockefeller. It was a campaign that Carey pretty well ran and financed himself (with his brother's money), and he showed skillful use of the media. David Garth, his TV man, who naturally wants some of the credit, is quick to point out that Hugh is a campaign consultant's dream. "Most people who are in politics any length of time tend to lose their contact with the people and, hence, the people with them. But not Hugh," he says.

But for the bosses, the test is the election. And Carey's feat in 1974 would warm the heart of the most cynical pol. Carey's 58 percent is a record vote for a New York gubernatorial candidate in this century. The Republicans were in trouble, you say? Jacob Javits didn't have any trouble in the same state; Jerry Brown just squeezed through in California on the same day; and Democratic governor Jack Gilligan lost in Ohio. The city vote? Overwhelmingly Carey. Upstate and rural? Carey. Black? Carey. Jews? Carey. Catholics? Carey (he was running against a Catholic). Carey got a million more votes that day than anyone else in the country. A meaningful test, as meaningful an election as was held.

So, in 1976, as it becomes more and more apparent that the primaries will not

produce a consensus candidate, there will be stirrings in Washington and New York. Few will remember that New York was the first capital of the United States, but the roll call of its most recent governors will remind us that it has always had a Presidential candidate in the wings—Al Smith, F.D.R., Tom Dewey, Averell Harriman and Nelson Rockefeller.

Cunningham's hectic travel schedule, as he takes soundings and carries the word across the country, will probably go unnoticed. More apparent will be Bob Wagner, the Empire State's best politico, who can work Wall Street and is very much at home in the house of labor, as he starts to tie it all together.

Kennedy-in-law Stephen Smith will give the first indication where the dynasty is leaning when he joins with Ed Carey, Hugh's oil-rich brother, in tying up most of the big money in the Democratic Party.

Senator Abe Ribicoff, who was first for J.F.K., will be an "early in" with the Washington crowd, but the real push will come from Carey's old friends and colleagues in the House of Representatives—Tip O'Neill, Peter Rodino, Phil Burton and Topper Thompson. Maybe they always knew that if they were going to elect one of theirs, he would have to leave town for a couple of years. . . .

On Monday night, the 12th of July, 1976, Chairman Robert Strauss will call the convention to order: The Democrats are up. The fight over the platform is quite tame by Democratic standards. But there is another sense of excitement in the hall—the feeling of a possible return to Camelot. A return to a time before

Dallas, before Vietnam, and a time before brother Martin and brother Bobby were gunned down. A time before the coarseness of Lyndon Johnson and the excesses of Richard Nixon. A feeling that maybe, at last, they have found a new-model John Kennedy in Hugh Carey.

John Kennedy may have gone to Harvard; Hugh Carey went to St. John's. John Kennedy had an exotic war record on a PT boat in the South Pacific; Hugh Carey rose from private to colonel fighting in Europe, captured Aachen in Germany and liberated the inmates of Nordhausen, one of Germany's worst concentration camps. John Kennedy had a rich father; Hugh Carey has a rich brother. John Kennedy was a friend of the Harrimans, the Wagners, the New York pols. So is Hugh Carey. John Kennedy had hustled the Democratic Party through the primary route. Hugh Carey would wait and force the Democratic Party to hustle him.

So the moment comes for Senator Edward Kennedy to step to the rostrum and place the name Hugh Carey in nomination. The band, as well as the delegates, really feels that *Happy Days Are Here Again*.

It is Wagner who has put the deal

together to get Teddy to nominate Governor Carey. Wagner, former mayor of New York City, Ambassador to Spain and friend of Presidents, put all the pieces together in Carey's race for governor. Kennedy has not taken any sides in the various primaries, is eager to be in the thick of things and, as his brothers Jack and Bobby did, feels very comfortable with old Hugh Carey. Playing the leading role in the drama and yet having no responsibility except to his family suits him just fine. In fact, it amuses him to say to his friends that he is a stalking-horse for Carey.

The speech is so good that David Burke and Dick Goodwin have a fistfight over who wrote it.

The choice of Vice-President was Wagner's, too, though Teddy White writes later that it was Arthur Schlesinger's. But the credit for moving rapidly on it must go to McGovern. He had shown the way.

The nomination of Adlai Stevenson III for Veep catches the country, but not the pros, by surprise. After all, he had not been bloodied in any of the primary fights. Secondly, as the chairman of the subcommittee that fought the big oil companies, both domestic and foreign, he has emerged as a true leader of the populist

consumer movement that is sweeping the country. And thirdly, the name Adlai Stevenson itself reassures the One Worlders, both at home and abroad, that Hugh Carey's vision goes beyond Prospect Park and the Brooklyn Navy Yard. And, for what it's worth, Mayor Daley, who has a few delegates and lots of mystique, is more than gratified that some few people see that his fine Irish hand is still in Presidential politics.

As in 1960, the Democrats leave New York with the feeling that it is a new beginning; but unlike 1960, they won't have second thoughts about the number-two spot (no Lyndon Johnson this time). Governor Carey will prove that the Democrats have someone who is big enough to handle a national campaign, and the Carey-Stevenson ticket will ride this wave right into the White House.

Carey, as President, proves to be an innovator, just as he has been in his campaign. During the campaign, his most startling appointment has been that of his national-security advisor. He, of course, appoints a Harvard man, so that "they" will think that "they" are getting theirs. It is David Halberstam.

Like his predecessors, Carey gets daily briefings on the state of the economy and the state of the world. He is the first, however, to receive a daily report on the state of the clan.

The scene is the upstairs bedroom of the White House: The President and Ethel are having breakfast in bed. (The Ethel Kennedy-Hugh Carey marriage at St. Patrick's Cathedral provides depression-weary America with the only bright moment it has had that year. The nation not only sees the wedding on TV but it sees and participates in the party that follows. Fifth Avenue is turned into a mall for the occasion, with a skating party at the Rockefeller Center ice rink.)

President Carey, having finished that crucial first cup of coffee, sends for Bill vanden Heuvel. Bill has the top job in the kitchen Cabinet, that of Children's Coordinator. After all, between them, Hugh and Ethel have 23 children.

Vanden Heuvel reports: "Basically, the only change from yesterday is that one son has left his wife, two kids were busted for pot and the 11-year-old water-bombed the French ambassador from the roof of the White House. This is offset by the facts that one of the boys passed the Virginia bar exam and that the September, October and November White House weddings are all still go."

"And young Bobby was nominated for a Pulitzer," Ethel adds proudly.

"I know, Ethel," the President sighs. "For exposing my Secretary of the Treasury."

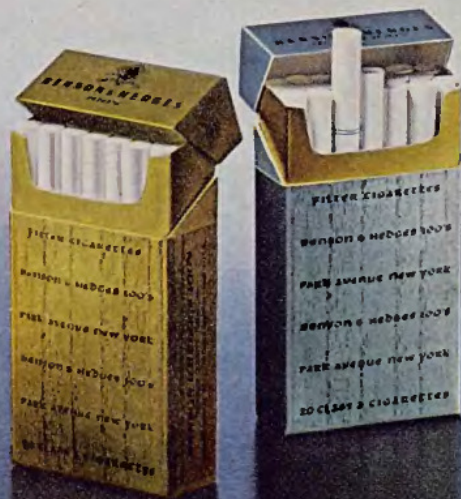


Mal

"Oral sex! Is that all you Cheshire cats are interested in?"

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TRANSPORTATION



WHEELS ON FIRE

The newest development in automobile engines is one of the oldest inventions known, the flywheel. A flywheel is like a top—start it spinning and it tends to keep on spinning. The heavier it is and the faster it spins, the more energy it generates. For a long time, people have been trying to figure out ways of using this energy and it seems someone has come up with a workable solution.

A new hybrid car, using a flywheel engine and capable of going 200 miles at 60 miles per hour, has been designed using new superstrength materials from Du Pont and Monsanto and new designs from the applied-physics labs of Johns Hopkins University. Previously, wheels that were spun at rpms high enough to be useful would break apart. New fibers related to nylon have proved strong enough to withstand the stresses of high-speed spinning. To keep it going longer, the wheel is kept in a vacuum and mounted on magnetic hubs that keep it from touching anything that would slow it down. Such a wheel, left alone, takes from 6 to 12 months to stop. Using this engine in a car, you could drive to the airport, go on a three-month vacation and return to find your car with enough energy to get you home. Recharging, by an electric motor, takes about five minutes.

THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

Typical efficiency of a gas-powered car is 15 percent. With "regenerative braking," the flywheel car could be more than 95 percent efficient (this uses the kinetic energy of the automobile's motion to make the flywheel go faster while slowing the car down).

Pueblo, Colorado, and New York City are both experimenting with mass-transit vehicles using flywheels, with Garrett Airesearch Manufacturing Company doing the research. Currently, no one is manufacturing a flywheel car, though Lockheed says with proper funding it could build one.

A SPORTING CHANCE

Some of the people who regularly bet on sports events have suddenly become incredibly lucky. They can't seem to lose. One reason for their winning streaks seems to be that they may know something about the players' bodies that even the players themselves don't know. Biorhythms are supposedly three major cycles you go through at regular intervals. The physical cycle is 23 days, during which time you go from high levels of physical competence and activity to your lowest level and back up again. There is a 28-day emotional cycle and a 33-day intellectual or mental cycle. According to the theory, on a day when your physical cycle is crossing the line, you are supposed to be more accident-prone. Similarly, during high points in your cycles, you are able to do your best work.

Several companies in Japan plot employees' biorhythms so they can be more careful on critical days. Accident rates have decreased where the system is used, though there is no evidence that this is not simply the result of making people more aware of danger in general. Glenn Holtkamp of Pyt-

tronic, a large electronics company based in Montgomeryville, Pennsylvania, says he will work out a system for any company that wants biorhythms for its employees.

Bernard Gittelsohn, author of *Biorhythm*, claims that Squeaky Fromme had an emotional-critical day when she tried to shoot President Ford. The pilot of the Eastern Airlines 727 was on an intellectual-critical day when he crashed at Kennedy Airport, killing 113, last year. In the Forest Hills tennis final, Manuel Orantes had physical and intellectual highs, while Jimmy Connors was approaching a physical-critical period.

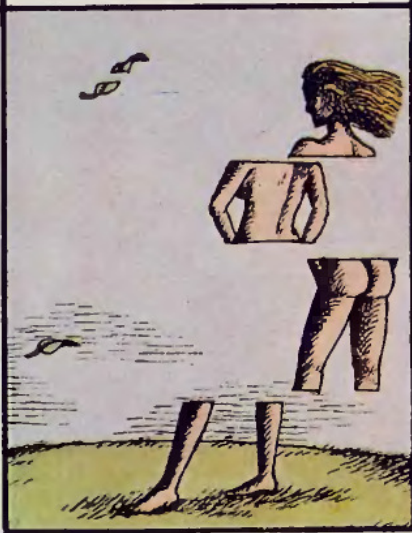
Though a number of companies make biorhythm charts for a fee, many of these charts appear to be inaccurate. A genuine biorhythm chart should show all three cycles beginning at the critical line, going upward on the day of birth. One system tested at PLAYBOY was 7356 days off. Others such as Pyttronic appear to be surprisingly accurate and, for those of you who enjoy following sports events, use of these charts may prove to be an advantage.

BOOTLEG TURN

If you heat wine to 173 degrees Fahrenheit and catch the vapor that comes off, you will have brandy. You will also have a first-class violation of Title 26 of the Internal Revenue Code. But in spite of the risk, moonshining has apparently become the crime of choice among a whole new set in the U. S.

Since the Whiskey Rebellion in 1794, people have been fighting Government control of distilled spirits; but the history of the battle is usually

BEHAVIOR



CHEMISTRY



BOTANY



set in rural Appalachia or in the Deep South, where people have made their own whiskey for more than two centuries. Two things have changed that: The cost of sugar went sky-high and, in many places, marijuana can be sold with less bother, better profits and lower jail sentences.

But while the rural Southern moonshiner may be in danger of slipping into history, a fresh crop of whiskey makers is coming up. After leaving the cities and getting back to the land, numerous middle-class college graduates have discovered the pleasures of homemade whiskey. Robert Altman's son, Michael, has co-authored *Moonshiner's Manual*, a book you can find on the shelf next to such texts as *Mountain Spirits—a Chronicle of Corn Whiskey from King James's Ulster Plantation to America's Appalachians and the Moonshine Life*, by Joseph Earl Dabney. The extent to which Moonshine Chic has evolved is indicated by the fact that *The Wall Street Journal* reported it in one of its front-page stories.


The basic steps in whiskey making are simple, but building a good still is tricky. It has to be of copper or of stainless steel. The use of any other metal can be fatal—or, worse, will ruin your whiskey. You have to sit up with your mash until it is ready to distill (any time from a few hours to a few days). And you have to have some way of making sure that the mash stays at

exactly 173 degrees in the still. At a lower temperature, you get no whiskey. At higher temperatures, you will get whiskey, but it will contain such chemicals as aldehydes (used for embalming), ketones (used for paint thinner), esters (used for nail-polish remover) and fusel oil. And, finally, you must remember that the flash point of ethyl alcohol is 48 to 51 degrees Fahrenheit. Your whiskey will be coming out of the still just under 100 degrees. Any flame that comes near it can cause a very large incendiary explosion. Put simply, race cars use a type of alcohol and many drivers die as a result of alcohol fires, so considerable caution is advised in any attempt to distill it.

Most books on making 'shine do not go into the problems of safety. Obviously, it is much more dangerous to distill indoors than outdoors, since alcohol vapor can collect and be ignited by any open flame (pilot light) or spark (electrical switch). The only book that goes into adequate detail on safety precautions is an underground classic called *The Blue Flame*, which is passed from hand to hand by American oil executives who have been stationed in Arab countries, where liquor is strictly prohibited. Since most of these executive moonshiners have to do their runs in the house and since an accident could be very embarrassing for the U.S., *The Blue Flame* warns against drinking while distilling (which

some moonshiners maintain is like not kissing while making love). Other things to keep in mind are: Have good ventilation, never fill a still on the stove and never leave a still unattended (if the cooling apparatus fails, raw alcohol vapor starts pouring into the room). Also, keep a large, working fire extinguisher around. After all that, it might seem like a good idea to forget it and go buy your *Early Times* at the store.

TOBACCO ROAD

Attention, cigarette smokers: The "healthy" cigarette may be on the way. Recent studies at Johns Hopkins University, the National Center for Atmospheric Studies and Harvard University show that tar and nicotine may not be responsible for lung cancer. The blame may lie in the type of fertilizers used in growing the tobacco. Triple-phosphate (so-called superphosphate) fertilizers contain uranium. This metal slowly gives off radon gas, which turns into radioactive lead, which in turn decays to form polonium 210. Insoluble particles containing polonium trapped in the lungs give off alpha radiation, which eventually can kill cells or cause them to become malignant. The studies are still in a preliminary stage, but if this theory proves to be correct, simply changing fertilizers could considerably reduce the hazards of smoking. 

AUTUMN DOG

(continued from page 130)

that's just the point. The age ratio isn't insignificant. Don't laugh—the boy of a certain age and his mother would make the best of lovers—

But lovers was all they'd make. Conversation with Mark was impossible. He would say, "I know a guy who has a fantastic yacht in Baltimore."

A yacht. At the age of 23, when Mark was one, Milly had driven her own car to the south of France and stayed with her uncle, a famous lawyer. That handsome man had taken her on his yacht, poured her champagne and tried to seduce her. He had failed and angrily steered the yacht close to the rocky shore, to scare her. Later he bought her an expensive ring and in London took her to wonderful restaurants, treating her like his mistress. He renamed his yacht Milly. Lloyd knew part of the story. To Mark, Milly said, "I was on a yacht once, but I was much younger then."

For three weeks, in her room, in his and twice on the beach, they made love. They kissed openly and made no secret of the affair. The guests at the hotel might whisper, but they never stayed longer than a few days and they took their disapproval away with them. Milly herself wondered sometimes what would happen to her when Mark left and she grew anxious when she remembered that she would have to leave eventually. She had no destination: she stayed another month. It was now November and before Christmas she would exhaust herself of this boy. She was not calculating, but she saw nothing further for him. The affair, so complete on this bright island, would fail anywhere else.

Mark spoke of college, of books he planned to read, of jobs he'd like to have. It was all a hopeful itinerary she had traced before: She'd made that trip years ago, she'd read the books and known all the stops. She felt—listening to him telling her nothing new—as if she'd returned from a long sojourn in the world, one on which he, encumbered with ambition, was just setting out. She smiled at his innocent plans and she gave him some encouragement; she would not disappoint him and tell him he would find nothing. He never asked for advice; he was too young to know the questions. She could tell him a great deal, but youth was ignorance in a splendid body: He wouldn't listen.

"I want to marry you," he said one day, and it sounded to Milly like the expression of a longing that could never be fulfilled, like saying, *If only I could marry you!*

"I want to marry you, too," she said in the same way.

He kissed her and said, "We could do it here, the way the Balinese do—with a feast, music, dancing."

"I'll wear flowers in my hair."

"Right," he said. "We'll go up to Ubud and—"

"Oh, God," she said, "you're serious."

His face fell. He said, "Aren't you?"

"I've been married," she said, without enthusiasm, as she had once said to him. "I've been to Monte Carlo," implying that the action could not possibly be repeated.

"I've got lots of money," he said.

"Spend it wisely." It was the closest she had ever come to giving him advice.

"It would make things easier for us."

"This is as easy as it can ever be," she said. "Anyway, it's your mother's money, so stop talking this way. We can't get married and that's that."

"You don't have to marry me," he said. "Come to the States—we'll live together."

"And then what?"

"We'll drive around."

"What about your college—all those plans of yours?"

"They don't matter."

"Drive around!" She laughed hard at the thought of them in a car, speeding down a road, not stopping. Could anything short of marriage itself be a more boring exertion than that? He looked quite excited by the prospect of driving in circles.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm a bit old for that sort of thing."

"We can do anything you want—anything," he said. "Just live with me. No strings. Look, we can't stay here forever. . . ."

It was true: She had nowhere to go. Milly was not fool enough to believe that it could work for any length of time, but for a month or two, it might be fun. Then somewhere else, alone, to make a real start.

"We'll see," she said.

"Smile," he said.

She did and said, "What would you tell your mother?"

"I've already told her."

"No! What did she say?"

"She wants to meet you."

"Perhaps—one day." But the very thought of it filled her with horror.

"Soon," he said. "I wrote to her in Hong Kong. She replied from Bangkok. She'll be here in a week or so."

"Mine was so pathetic when I left him," Milly was saying. "I almost felt sorry for him. Now I can't stand the thought of him."

"As time goes on," said Maxine, "you'll hate him more and more." Abstractedly, she said, "I can't bear them to touch me."

"No," said Milly, "I don't think I could ever hate—"

Maxine laughed. "I just thought of it!"

"What?"

"The position my husband suggested. It was called 'the Autumn Dog,' Chinese, I think. You do it backward. It was impossible, of course—and grotesque, like animals in the bushes. He accused me of not trying—and guess what he said?"

"Backward!"

"He said, 'Max, it might save our marriage!'"

It struck Milly that there were only a few years—seconds in the life of the world—when that futile sentence had meaning. The years had coincided with her own marriage, but she had endured them and, like Maxine, earned her freedom. She had borne marriage long enough to see it disproved.

"But it didn't save it—it couldn't," said Maxine. Her face darkened. She said, "He was evil. He wanted Mark. But Mark wouldn't have him—he was devoted to me."

"Mark is a nice boy."

Maxine said, "Mark is lovely."

"At first I was sorry he told you about me. I was afraid to meet you. I thought you'd dislike me."

"But you're not marrying him, are you?"

"I couldn't," said Milly. "Anyway, I'm through with marriage."

"Good," said Maxine. "The Autumn Dog."

"And Max," said Milly, using the woman's name for the first time, "I don't want you for a mother-in-law!"

"No—we'll be friends."

"What a pity I'm leaving here."

"Then we must leave together."

And the other woman's replies had come so quickly that Milly heard herself agreeing to a day, a flight, a destination.

"Poor Mark," said Milly at last.

"He's a lovely boy," said Maxine. "You have no idea. We go to plays together. He reads to me. I buy all his clothes. I like to be seen with him. Having a son like Mark is so much better than having a husband."

Milly felt the woman staring at her. She dropped her eyes.

"Or a friend like you," said Maxine.

"That's much better. He told me all about you—he's very frank. He made me jealous, but that was silly, wasn't it? I think you're a very kind person."

She reached across the table. She took Milly's fingers and squeezed.

"If you're kind to me, we'll be such good friends."

Please stop! Milly wanted to say. The other woman was hurting her hand with the pressure of her rings and she seemed to smile at the panic on Milly's face. Finally, Milly said it, and another fear made the demand into a plea. Maxine relaxed her grip, but she held on, even after Mark appeared at the agreed time, to hear the verdict.





"Helen, please. You know I'm not worth a damn until I've had my morning coffee."

JOGGING (continued from page 87)

jogging are the sacroiliac joints, the joints of the spine, the veins of the legs, the abdominal rings (in men) and the uterus and breasts.

The sacroiliac joint (between the sacrum and the hipbone) is the "soft underbelly" for the jogging assault. The sacrum is a wedge-shaped bone at the lower end of the spine or vertebral column. It forms a joint with each of the hipbones. The margin or border of the hipbone is secured to the sacrum by means of ligaments, tough bands of tissue. These joints, however sturdy, are under constant stress, because the weight of the entire body above the hips bears down upon the top of the sacrum, through the spine, which "sits" upon the sacrum.

Even without undue violence, as that inflicted by jogging or lifting weights, the sacrum frequently tends to sag and thus loosen its linkage with the hipbones, causing the familiar sacroiliac pains, especially in women.

To this normal and often damaging pressure upon the top of the sacrum, now add the ballistic impact or thump of the lower end of the spine each time the

foot of the jogger hits the ground! It is not unlike splitting a log by driving a wedge into it with a sledge hammer.

Another jogger-vulnerable body structure is the intervertebral disk, a cushioning circle of tissue situated, like a gasket, between adjacent vertebrae. The spine may be envisioned as a stack of bony rings separated by jelly-filled doughnuts. The "jelly" makes the disk more flexible and reduces friction. The disk, or doughnut, provides protection from damage by impact or compression. Even in ordinary functions of the body, as walking, the vertebrae need the cushioning protection of the disks, as the weight of the body compresses adjacent vertebrae with each step or thump of the foot against the floor or pavement.

Under excessive pressure, the outer wall of the disk often bursts and the contents are expelled. The resulting condition—medically a herniated disk—is known popularly as a slipped disk. Jogging contributes to this condition in the same manner that it strains the sacroiliac joint—by pounding the disk with a hy-

draulic impact at each footstep of the jogger.

The veins of the body are not endowed with the same degree of elasticity and tensile strength as the arteries. Their walls are relatively thin and prone to dilatation. Considering the fact that the veins of the leg support a column of blood of considerable height, it is not surprising that dilated and varicose veins are common. It is also obvious that jogging is a vein's worst enemy. With every step, with every thump of the foot, a column of blood several feet high pounds the veins of the legs like a battering ram! The repeated impacts encourage phlebitis. Moreover, if clots or crusts are present in the veins (they usually adhere to the inner surface), the impact may release them into the blood stream and cause them to be swept into the heart and lungs. Because women are prone to develop varicose veins, the hazard of jogging is more substantial for them.

Jogging is also a strain on the uterus. A rather loosely fixed organ, the pear-shaped uterus is situated in the lower part of the pelvis, between the rectum and the bladder. Normally, it sprawls over the top of the bladder, where it is carried like a rucksack. Occasionally, more frequently in women who have borne children, it slips off its perch and either sags downward or, more likely, rolls backward (thus pressing against the rectum). In either case, the displacement produces a "bearing-down" discomfort and other symptoms. Because of the compactness and weight of the uterus, jogging militates in favor of abnormal displacement.

The effects of jogging on a woman's breasts may be divided into pathological and cosmetic. The possible pathological results require more observation and study, but the cosmetic effects are quite clear. Jogging causes the breasts to droop prematurely. The female breast contains no muscles or ligaments in the usual sense. It is essentially a sac filled with milk glands, ducts and fat. The fat is distributed between and around the milk glands and ducts, and it alone gives the breast its plump, rounded form, at least in the young. A network of slender fibers provides tenuous support for the soft interior of the breast. These slender fibers (unjustifiably called ligaments) course through the fat and are in part attached to the skin. In jogging, the breast acquires substantial movement and these fibers or miniligaments easily snap. The breast flattens and droops, like a partly deflated balloon. The deforming effect is more marked in women who have borne children, but it is substantial even in the young, though the disfigurement is not immediately observable. In most cases, the filler of young fat resists, temporarily, at least, alteration in shape. However, in time, as the fat softens or disappears, the collapse of the breast is accelerated.



Intarslandi

"Its natural sweet taste reminds me of wild hickory nuts—with hair."

Inguinal hernia is a privileged bailiwick of the male. For reasons better known to the Creator, a portion of the male anatomy destined to be external begins in the embryo as an interior structure within the abdomen. At a certain stage of embryonic development, this part begins to migrate to the exterior of the body, where it will remain. In the course of this migration, it pierces the anterior wall of the abdomen near the crease of the groin, in two places. First it pierces the inner muscular layer, then it travels for a short distance between the inner layer and the outer layer, and finally it pierces the outer muscular layer, to emerge externally. The places pierced by the migrating structure close and heal, but not adequately. There remain in the lower part of the male's abdomen two thinned regions that under provocation, as internal pressure, may open again and permit a part of the intestine, or something else, to slither through. That is inguinal hernia.

The internal surface of the abdomen (and pelvis) is smooth and slippery. Anything within the abdomen that is not "nailed down" by ligaments and mesenteries (folds of membrane) tends to gravitate toward those weakened spots, known medically as the abdominal rings. Jumping or jogging sends the abdominal contents pounding against the weak abdominal rings. Eventually, like a ladleful of cooked spaghetti in a greased funnel, some of the contents push through to form an external mass—the hernia.

Jogging, although it accelerates the heartbeat, may do the heart more harm than good. The heart is a massive organ that is not particularly well anchored, considering its weight. It is held in place by little more than the connecting arteries and veins. In some plane and automobile crashes, where the movement of the body is suddenly stopped by a collision, the heart often breaks through the chest wall and remains suspended grotesquely outside by its blood vessels, like an old light fixture detached from the ceiling or wall and hanging awkwardly by its wires. In jogging, the results are not quite that traumatic or dramatic, but the tug on the major blood vessels with every thump of the jogger's step is both severe and undesirable. Thrombi or blood crusts on the inner surface of the blood vessels, especially the coronary blood vessels, may be shaken loose and carried to smaller heart blood vessels, where they cause a serious blockage—the classic heart attack.

Nor are these the only casualties of jogging. Among the others are the "dropped" stomach, the loose spleen, the floating kidney and the fallen arches.

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STRING FEVER (continued from page 109)

that there was a simpler way to achieve the same thing. Buy a guitar and do it yourself. It makes sense. No more worries about dust, scratches, wow and flutter, the price of records, whatever. Natural high fidelity.

A guitar is a thing of beauty, a companion for life. Like wine and women, it improves with age. As your appreciation grows, the instrument will respond in kind, increasing in value with each year. The guitars shown on pages 109 to 111 are great investments, except that once you get one in your hands, you never let go.

There are two approaches to buying a fine instrument: If you favor a specific model of a production guitar, find a store that carries a number of them and play every one until you find one that says your name. Of course, if it whispers "Jimi Hendrix, Jimi Hendrix" or "Doc Watson, Doc Watson," don't pass it up. Good stores (such as the Sound Post, 1239 Chi-

cago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, where we selected several of the guitars pictured) have listening rooms where you can make your choice in private, without pressure. Don't rush the process: When Andrés Segovia needs a new guitar, he visits Sherry-Brener's warehouse at 3145 West 63rd Street in Chicago. The store carries the finest Spanish guitars made—both by shops and by individual craftsmen. Segovia will spend anywhere from three days to a week playing every instrument in the store, until he finds one or two that come close to perfect. These he will acquire.

The method works well for production guitars—Martin, Fender and Gibson make tens of thousands of guitars a year—most of them are good, a few are great. Find one.

The second approach involves an act of faith: Find a craftsman, an artist of the guitar, and have him make an instrument to your specifications. You may have to wait—if the guy is good, output

will be limited, but you wouldn't have it any other way. One of the joys of putting together this feature was laying our hands on such rare guitars as the D'Aquisto Custom. Whether or not you've ever plugged in, you appreciate the state of the art, the total excellence of the instrument. Put a Japanese guitar in the hands of a master and it will sound good, but put a guitar made by a master in the hands of a novice and it will sound like something else again. A great instrument will make demands on the player; it contains the possible.

There are only a few craftsmen who deserve the title master. James D'Aquisto was the apprentice of the legendary John D'Angelico—whose f-hole jazz guitars are now collector's items. D'Aquisto has continued the tradition and, many feel, improved upon it. His guitars are simple, elegant; design for perfect tone, and the result is beautiful by necessity.

Working with wood is one thing; working with wire, another: The electronic wizards at Alembic Inc., 60 Brady Street, San Francisco, make custom guitars with low-impedance pickups, P. A. systems, amplifiers and speakers. They will rewire any guitar, hooking it into the computer system of the Defense Department, if you so desire.

In acoustic guitars, there are one or two craftsmen of note: J. W. Gallagher of Wartrace, Tennessee, who, with his sons, makes some of the finest bluegrass guitars available. And there's Stuart Mossman of Winfield, Kansas. His shop is based on the Martin company circa the Thirties. Thirty craftsmen put together some 2000 instruments a year—making guitars the way they should be made, because no one else is doing it. When a guitar is finished, each person at the shop puts his initials on the inside. In his off hours, Mossman relaxes by making custom-order guitars—about five a year. If you think the front of the Model 1000 is beautiful, you should see the back. The inlay will knock your eyes out.

Which brings us finally to an apology: We were able to photograph only six guitars, because we wanted to give each as much space as possible. (For a while, we toyed with the idea of taking over the centerfold. Beautiful women you see every day, but guitars like these are a once-in-a-lifetime experience.) Consequently, we were unable to show some exceptional instruments; Fender electrics are as legendary as Gibson Les Pauls. We had to leave out a limited-edition Fender Telecaster made of solid rosewood that was as elegant as erotic sculpture and sounded like fire and ice. We were going to show you a Guild F-50, but one of our editors fell in love with its classic country-blues sound, sent the store a check for the instrument and took it home, and we haven't seen him or the guitar since.



"Miss Sturgis, I have an erection. Now, you know I just can't strut into a board meeting with an erection."

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PLAYBOY RESORT AT LAKE GENEVA

Lake Geneva, Wisconsin
A CLERMONT HOTEL

THE GOLDEN WHATEVER

(continued from page 136)

periodically over a gas ring and spitting on it perhaps a little more vehemently than necessary to test its temperature.

In a small office opposite the storeroom, Mr. Vayazemsky showed Howard a wall covered with framed photographs of famous violins, plus pictures of Pablo de Sarasate and Charles de Bériot, and a black-paper silhouette of Paganini. In addition—in the place of honor—there was a letter of praise, dated 1921 and apparently folded and refolded a great many times before finally being framed, from a violinist who had once played in a recital with Paderewski.

Howard noticed a stack of correspondence on the desk. "So the whole operation is handled from this one location? I mean, there's no chain of distribution outlets or anything like that?"

"No, nothing like that."

"Well, listen, it's been nice, but I've got to run. Calls to make, etc."

Mr. Vayazemsky escorted him to the door.

Howard started down the steps, then paused. "By the way, when you first moved here, did you by any chance—just to avoid the inconvenience of paying rent—buy up a lot of property for a song? You know—a block or two of prime real estate now worth millions that you hardly ever think about any more?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"No, I didn't think so. Well, just checking."

Back at the hotel, Howard put in another call to Mr. Selfridge, but he'd gone for the day. Howard went to the cocktail lounge and ordered a vodka on the rocks. When the bartender served him, Howard said, "There's been some weird kind of fuck-up where I work."

The bartender nodded. "A man gets broken," he said. "That can happen. But once he's himself again, he finds out he's stronger than ever."

"I think you're missing the point," Howard said.

The next morning, Howard phoned Los Angeles again, but Mr. Selfridge was in conference. He took a cab over to the loft to explain that there had apparently been an error but that everything would be cleared up in no time.

When he got there, Mr. Vayazemsky said, "This arrived yesterday after your visit." He led Howard to a workbench, where he had spread out the contents of a large carton.

"Oh, of course," Howard said. "Very handsome." He did his best to sound enthusiastic. "It's a monogrammed desk set. See? Here's a leather-bound appointment

calendar, a letter opener with its own leather case and even a little leather cup for paper clips. All with your initials on them, along with the Amcorp & Eastern logo."

There was another for Alfredo, but, since he was listed second in the firm's title, his desk set, although in many ways every bit as handsome, was made of vinyl.

"I think it's just their way of saying welcome aboard," Howard said.

Before Mr. Vayazemsky's opinion of the desk sets could be learned, two deliverymen arrived with a time clock. Howard took a card and stuck it in the proper slot to show how it worked. "See—there's the exact time printed right there. Just do that in the morning and again at the end of the day and it'll show at a glance exactly when you get here and when you leave."

Mr. Vayazemsky looked puzzled. "But I know when I'm here and when I'm not."

Howard lowered his voice. "Well, it's generally used for employees." He nodded in Alfredo's direction, then added uncertainly, "Although I guess he's really more of a partner."

Mr. Vayazemsky spoke briefly with Alfredo in Italian, then turned back to Howard. "He says that he also knows when he is here and when he is not."

"I've got an idea!" Howard said. "How about a nice lunch—on me?"

Howard insisted they take their pick of any place in the city and assured them that the sky was the limit as far as expense was concerned. They decided on a small Italian restaurant two blocks away on Green Street, where they usually went for lunch.

Afterward, they walked to the *boccie* courts behind the library. Mr. Vayazemsky told Howard that Alfredo had taught him the game in 1919. "So far I have won twice—once in 1928 and again in 1937. However, I suspect he may have deliberately lost the second game to keep me from getting discouraged."

But on this occasion, Alfredo evidently felt it was too soon for further encouragement and added three more games to his string of victories.

Back at the loft, a packet from the Los Angeles office had arrived special delivery. Something about it looked very official to Howard. He was somehow certain that the mistake had been discovered and that the packet contained—along with an apology for any inconvenience caused—the necessary waivers that would render the acquisition null and void.

Mr. Vayazemsky opened the packet, forgetting to use his new letter opener. Inside he found two group-health-insurance forms, two forms for the ordering of business cards, offering Mr. Vayazemsky a choice of eight type faces and Alfredo a choice of four, and a bulletin reminding all subsidiaries that it's never too early

to start recruiting players for the Amcorp & Eastern softball tournament.

Howard caught the next flight back to Los Angeles and, by promising the cabdriver a ten-dollar tip, managed to reach the office only eight minutes after Mr. Selfridge had left for home. The following morning, though, Howard was waiting outside the elevator when he arrived.

After Howard had explained the circumstances, Mr. Selfridge said, "Well, I'm sure there's a perfectly logical explanation behind the whole thing."

"On top of everything else, both guys are in their seventies at least."

"Granted, it seems wrong. Granted, it seems crazy. But Howard—let me offer a little advice. Never—but *never*—underestimate the powers that be." He suggested that Howard fly up the next day for a second look. "Sort of give the whole situation a calm reappraisal, now that the dust has settled."

"All right, but how about if you come along with me?"

"I wish I could."

"It would only take half a day at the most."

"I wish I had the time—I really do."

Mr. Selfridge rose. Howard stood.

That evening, when Howard got home, he found his daughter on her tricycle, sprinkling the flowers with a can of starter fluid from the charcoal barbecue. Howard took the can away from her. As he closed it, he noticed that it featured what was advertised as a child-resistant cap. "Did you open this yourself, Mimi?"

Mimi nodded proudly. "Mommy taught me."

When Howard questioned Clarissa about it, she said, "I just knew you'd object—if you had your way, she'd stay a child forever."

"All right," Howard said. "Evidently something happened that got you mad at me and this is your way of getting back. The only thing is, I don't have time to go into it now, so I'm asking you to just try to sit tight until I get this thing at work resolved."

The following day, Howard caught a cab to the airport and once again took part in the fulfillment of one of man's oldest dreams—to fly and eat salted nuts at the same time.

Mr. Vayazemsky hurried forward as Howard entered. "I've been trying to phone you," he said.

"What's wrong?"

Mr. Vayazemsky gestured toward a nervous young man in his early 20s seated on a crate near the storeroom. He was dressed in a dark suit and striped tie. A black attaché case was on the floor beside him.

Howard introduced himself.

The young man shook hands but still

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"What do you mean, they sent you home from school because your shirt was dirty? I washed all your shirts yesterday!"

looked worried. "Willis Gilmore," he said. "I think I have the wrong place, but they say no."

Alfredo was at his bench. He stopped whatever he was doing and watched them both a little warily.

"What exactly can we do for you?" Howard said to Willis.

"Well, I'm part of a new program." He explained that he was a management trainee from the Chicago division of Amcorp & Eastern. They had recently launched a program in which a hand-picked group of employees was to tour the various subsidiaries, spending four weeks at each for an on-the-job learning process.

Mr. Vayazemsky said, "To carve the pegbox alone takes six months to learn properly." He looked at Willis' attaché case. "Do you have tools?"

"No. Just a pocket calculator."

"I've got an idea!" Howard said to Willis. "How about a nice lunch—on me?"

"I already ate."

"Oh. Well, let's go downstairs and have ourselves a cup of coffee."

In the café, Howard explained that since the acquisition had taken place so recently, matters were still in a state of flux and it was his opinion that little could be learned at this time. "Besides that, this doesn't represent your typical Amcorp & Eastern venture. About all I can figure out is that the whole thing must be some kind of experimental write-off."

Howard gave Willis his card, suggesting that he return to his hotel, phone his superior in Chicago and explain the situation. "If he has any further questions, just have him get in touch with me."

"Thanks," Willis said. "I was supposed to go to a pulp mill up in Tacoma after this. Maybe I can go there now instead."

"That certainly sounds reasonable," Howard said.

"I hear they've got sex like you

wouldn't believe up in Tacoma."

"Well, I wouldn't know," Howard said.

"Threesomes, groups—you name it."

When Mr. Vayazemsky relayed Howard's news that the management trainee would not be staying, after all, Alfredo did not go so far as to look pleased, but he at least stopped scowling, which Howard considered a victory of sorts. Not only that but Mr. Vayazemsky disappeared downstairs to make a phone call and returned to announce that Howard was invited for dinner.

After work, Howard accompanied Mr. Vayazemsky and Alfredo to pay the week's rent to the lady who owned the loft. On the way, they stopped off at a bakery to pick up two loaves of French bread, which Howard assumed were for dinner, but Mr. Vayazemsky left them with the landlady. After the visit, Howard assured Mr. Vayazemsky that all leases would eventually be assumed by Amcorp & Eastern. "Sometimes things get slowed down by all the paperwork," he said.

"Well, all right, but don't forget about the bread," Mr. Vayazemsky said. "She doesn't find it that easy to get out anymore."

They continued on foot from the landlady's place to a narrow, alarmingly steep lane off Kearny Street, where Mr. Vayazemsky and Alfredo lived. Mr. Vayazemsky was the official tenant of the flat and Alfredo paid him a set amount monthly for one room and his meals. Mr. Vayazemsky's niece, Mira, a lady in her 60s with a tendency to sidle around the edge of any room she entered, did the cooking. The arrangement among the three of them had been established late in 1937, a year after Mr. Vayazemsky had been widowed and approximately a month after a lady Alfredo had been living with had decided she would be happier sharing her life with a short man who had just invented a fire extinguisher suitable for home, car, boat or office.

During dinner, Mr. Vayazemsky talked about his past. "I grew up in a village near Kiev, where I was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker. I remember only two things about him: One, he could make a billiard ball disappear into thin air. And two, he would not make it reappear again unless you agreed to close your eyes."

In 1914, Mr. Vayazemsky left Russia and eventually traveled to Italy. "A few months after my arrival, war was declared. I was put to work in a factory that was charged with turning out eight hundred ammunition boxes a day. However, I was determined to continue with my cabinet-making, so, in the course of eighteen months, I concentrated my efforts on a single ammunition box inlaid with six kinds of wood. When it was discovered how I had spent my time, a move was made to deport me, but a colonel

"I Had Almost Given Up On My Hair Problem Until I Discovered Vitamins For My Hair"

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

Believe Me, It Works.

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be heredity.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

Believe The Experts, It Works.

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get

my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists. Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females!

Today, as you can see, from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

Believe Them, It Works.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C. B. Santa Rose, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." E. H. New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." W. H. Castlewood, Va.

"... my hair looks much much better than before." C. I. Atlanta, Ga.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." S. H. Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..." E. H. Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more."

H. A. Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..."

V. M. Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..." R. A. Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J. T. Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D. D. Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work..." Mrs. C. E. Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H. L. S. Hollywood, Fla.


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interceded on my behalf, appropriating the box I had made as payment for his efforts."

Mr. Vayazemsky was set free and began to frequent the company of malingerers, deserters, saboteurs, enemy agents and officers so high in rank that no one had the audacity to inquire why they were not at the front. It was during this time that he met Alfredo, although it was never clear to which of the above categories he belonged. In any event, they were able to make their way north, where they were able to apprentice themselves to a violin-maker and where they lived until the move to San Francisco.

Pears in a blue-and-white china bowl were served for dessert. Alfredo said something to Howard, the only time he'd spoken to him directly, but, of course, since Howard didn't know Italian, Mr. Vayazemsky still had to translate. "Alfredo says one should always choose a large pear, because with the larger pears there is less danger of putting out an eye."

"Is he serious?"

"I don't know," Mr. Vayazemsky said. "I don't feel I've known him long enough."

Howard returned to Los Angeles the next day, but Mr. Selfridge had driven down to La Jolla to see his son play in a tennis tournament.

That evening, over a drink in the top-floor cocktail lounge, Arlene said to Howard, "I think we made real progress at lunch today."

"Pardon?"

"Your wife and I. The phone conversation earlier this week left such a bad taste in my mouth."

"What phone conversation?"

"Well, I simply felt it was high time to reassure her that however deep our relationship might be, it represented absolutely no threat whatsoever to your marriage."

"I don't want to sound critical," Howard said, "but I really wish you'd checked with me before you did something like that."

A note was waiting for Howard when he got home later that evening:

Mimi at sitter's. Ground beef in fridge. Went to Taft High football game. C.

She arrived home a little after one. "Sorry I'm late," she said. "He took me out for a Coke and French fries afterward."

"Who?"

"Barney B. You know—the boy who takes care of the yard. He was here when I got back from lunch, so I invited him in for a drink. I don't think he'd ever had one before. It was so cute to see him sitting there in your chair, sipping away

at this great big bourbon and water. Anyway, one thing led to another and he invited me to the game."

"Listen, I can explain the whole thing concerning Arlene, if that's what's bothering you."

"He says all the girls at school are real conceited, but not me."

"Clarissa, if you're upset, the thing to do is talk things over." He thought a minute. "Barney B. What kind of a name is that for a kid?"

"Oh, that's not his real name," Clarissa said. "That's just my nickname for him. I call him Barney B. and he calls me Barney Boo."

The following week, Mr. Selfridge's secretary phoned Howard and said Mr. Selfridge would like a word with him.

A violin lay on Mr. Selfridge's desk.

"Is that one of theirs?" Howard said.

"My point exactly," Mr. Selfridge said. "How is one to know?"

"Well, they've got a special signature. The initials V and C in sort of interlocking squares—like this." He borrowed a memo pad from Mr. Selfridge's desk and drew a replica of the signature:



"And exactly where is this signature?"

"Inside—below the bass-bar."

"Inside," Mr. Selfridge said. He gazed at Howard, immensely disappointed.

Howard coughed. "In the traditional place," he said.

"Howard, let me propose a hypothetical situation. You're in the market for a fine violin. You've heard and read a great many wonderful things about this particular brand. But what happens? You pay a visit to a music store and what do you find? Numerous violins lying about helter-skelter with no way of knowing which brand is which, short of bothering clerks who may very well be busy with other matters. Now, answer me truthfully, Howard. Does that strike you as sound marketing?"

"Well, the thing is, it's been a tradition since—"

"Howard, I'm not issuing an ultimatum. I hope you know me better than that. I'm simply suggesting a direction that I think merits exploration—the signature on the front of the violin in the lower-right-hand corner, as is done, by the way, in many fine paintings. And beneath that—in small type, of course—our standard line."

"I'm sorry—our standard what?"

"The line used by all our subsidiaries: 'Another fine product of Amcorp & Eastern.'"

Howard promised to pass on the suggestion to Mr. Vayazemsky.

"Fine," Mr. Selfridge said. "By the way, I saw your memo on delivering loaves of bread to the landlady every week and I took care of it myself."

"Oh—thank you."

"Not every firm would go to such lengths, believe me. Luckily, we've got a bakery up in Fresno, so I arranged for them to ship her two dozen Googlies every Friday."

"Googlies?"

"Right—chocolate icing with white squiggles and a surprise marshmallow center. They come cellophane wrapped, two in a pack."

"I don't know," Howard said. "I just caught a glimpse of her, but she didn't seem like the sort who'd like Googlies."

"Well, no need to worry. Just say the word and I can switch the order to Num-Nums or Scoobies—although, from what I understand, Scoobies aren't actually baked, as such. It's all done by some sort of chemical process that takes place in the vat."

Back in his office, there was a note from Arlene suggesting they have dinner together. He phoned her. "Arlene, I don't think this is a good time to be seeing each other. Clarissa is pretty upset."

"That's funny—she's the one who called and suggested it."

"You mean the three of us?"

"No, I think she's got plans of her own. She said something about a sock hop at the gym."

For the trial separation, Howard rented a furnished apartment in a building with a heated pool on De Longpre. After he'd moved in, he noticed that a large percentage of his fellow tenants were interns, but he could never decide if this was good or bad.

Two weeks passed and he still put off phoning Mr. Vayazemsky to tell him Mr. Selfridge's suggestion about the signature on the violins. But then he realized that not only Mr. Selfridge but Amcorp & Eastern itself was counting on him, and he felt it would be more than wrong to simply ignore his role in the matter, so he decided to phone Mr. Selfridge and lie to him.

"I checked with Mr. Vayazemsky and he says they refuse to change," Howard said.

Mr. Selfridge said, "This may very well surprise you, but I'm glad. Have you got a minute?"

There were two men in Mr. Selfridge's office whom Howard had seen in the halls from time to time but never identified, and when he was introduced to them, he heard his own name very clearly but still didn't catch either of theirs.

"After we spoke, I passed on that violin to our research-and-development department, and they've come up with something I'd like very much for you to see," Mr. Selfridge said.

He showed Howard the violin. At first glance, it looked the same as before, but then he noticed that the strings had been removed and a small piece of wood had



"Has the defendant anything to say before this court passes sentence?"

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been glued at an angle onto the bridge.

"You've just had a party," Mr. Selfridge said. "All the guests have gone home. You're tired and you want to go to bed. But the last thing you want to face in the morning is all those unsightly ashtrays full of cigarette butts. So what do you do?" Mr. Selfridge picked up the violin by the neck, pressed down on the wooden piece fastened to the bridge and the lower half of the violin belly swung open on a hinge. "You simply go into action with one of the finest hand-crafted silent butlers ever made."

He flipped the top of the violin open and shut again. Howard didn't say anything.

One of the research-and-development men said, "Hal and I can't take all the credit—it was definitely a team effort."

Mr. Selfridge said, "And now you just pop open the lid and there's your V-and-C brand name right there in plain sight." He illustrated by opening the top of the violin again.

Finally, Howard spoke. "Do me a favor," he said. "Don't do that again."

"No need to worry about this hinge," Mr. Selfridge said. "It's on there to stay." He pressed the lever and opened the violin again.

Howard said, "I'm going to ask you one more time very politely, you simple-minded asshole—please don't do that again."

The room fell silent. Mr. Selfridge turned to the research-and-development men. "I wonder if you two could give us a moment in private."

As soon as the door was closed behind them, Mr. Selfridge said, "I wouldn't be entirely honest if I didn't say I find your attitude disappointing."

"Well, don't worry, I've got a great way to improve it—I'm quitting."

"Howard, we often say things in haste that we later regret. Perhaps all you need is simply a change—a new set of responsibilities."

"No, thank you."

"Well, then, all I can suggest is that you set up a briefing with Hadley sometime in the next couple of weeks so we can bring about an orderly transition."

"Fine." Howard turned and left, but an instant later, he stuck his head back into the office. "I changed my mind," he said.

"Well, Howard, we often say things in—"

"No, I'm still quitting, but I'm not going to bother meeting with Hadley. I'm leaving this afternoon."

It was over a month before he even tried to look for another job. Then someone recommended a firm in San Francisco, so he flew up for an interview. The man who met with Howard smoked a pipe and seemed to consider himself something of an expert in human psychology.

"Let me just postulate this as an area of discussion," he said. "Where would you like to be five years from now?"

Howard thought a moment, then said, "In five years, I'd like to be important enough to tell you to take that pipe and shove it up your ass."

"I see," the man said.

"I hope that doesn't sound hostile," Howard said.

The man promised to keep Howard's résumé on file.

The divorce seemed to be proceeding smoothly enough without Howard's presence, so he decided to stay on awhile in San Francisco. He moved into a hotel in North Beach overlooking Washington Square, taking a room with a metal cot and linoleum on the floor.

For no logical reason, he stayed away from the loft where Mr. Vayazemsky and Alfredo had their shop; but then one afternoon, a month after he'd moved to the city, he saw them sitting in the square, watching the Frisbee players.

He smiled affably as he approached. Alfredo, without speaking, got up and moved to another bench. Howard asked Mr. Vayazemsky how things were going.

"They are not," Mr. Vayazemsky said. He said that a few weeks ago a man from the Los Angeles office had visited them.

"A Mr. Hadley?"

"I don't remember. First, he explained that you were no longer with the firm, and then he showed us a contraption they had made from one of our violins. Alfredo broke it over his knee." Then Mr. Vayazemsky said they were notified a week later that since they were both past the mandatory retirement age, the wholly owned subsidiary of Vayazemsky and Cavacchioli was to be phased out of existence. "We protested, but they continued to point out that we would both be eligible for a great deal of money in severance pay, profit sharing and something they called retroactive pensions." Mr. Vayazemsky had offered to take over rental of the loft again himself, but they had refused.

"What are they using it for?" Howard said.

"Nothing. They say that it is worth more to them if it is kept vacant and therefore a total loss."

But he said that even if he and Alfredo had a place to work, there would be legal difficulties, since Amcorp & Eastern still owned the rights to their name. So, according to Mr. Vayazemsky, their days were spent sitting in the park, with now and then a trip to the market to pick up groceries for Mira. "Alfredo has always viewed life more philosophically than me," Mr. Vayazemsky said. "So, of course, all this has been much harder for him to accept."

It was several weeks after this that Howard, late one night, found himself on

the narrow, steep lane where they lived. There was a light on, but even so, he probably would never have knocked if he hadn't had too much wine with dinner. Mira answered the door and seemed slightly unnerved to see him.

Mr. Vayazemsky appeared from a side room and seemed even more nervous. "It's Alfredo," he said. "He's sick in bed." He called back toward the room in Italian. There was a good deal of clatter, followed by some rustling.

Again, the wine made Howard behave differently. "I feel bad that I never did get along with him," he said. "Let me at least give him my good wishes."

He brushed past Mr. Vayazemsky and stepped into the room. Alfredo, looking the same as ever, had a lumpy quilt pulled up tightly around his neck. He, too, seemed nervous to see Howard.

"Tell him I'm sorry he's feeling sick and I wish we had been able to talk and hang around places together," Howard said.

At this message, Alfredo shrugged and shifted uneasily. Something under the quilt knocked against something else.

"Well, I guess that's really all I wanted to say," Howard said. He turned to go and his foot sent something skittering across the floor. Mr. Vayazemsky snatched it up and stuffed it into his pocket, but not before Howard saw that it was a small chisel.

At the front door, Mr. Vayazemsky, hoping it would never happen, said, "You must drop by again."

And Howard, knowing he never would, said, "Sure—sometime real soon."

The following day, Howard took a bus back to Los Angeles; and three days after his arrival, the Amcorp & Eastern headquarters received a threatening letter. It was turned over to the authorities and a press conference with the police officer assigned to the case appeared on the evening news.

"More than likely, this is the work of an amateur," he said, "but we can't afford to take any chances. In any case, it clearly isn't your ordinary bomb threat. We don't know at this point if explosives are even involved."

When pressed for further details, the officer said that if his department's interpretation of the letter was correct, the threat was not simply to bomb the 50-story office building but to tip it over. The officer went on to say, "I'm sure I don't need to point out that if he managed to bring a thing like that off, it could cause a tremendous amount of property damage, depending, of course, on which way it fell."



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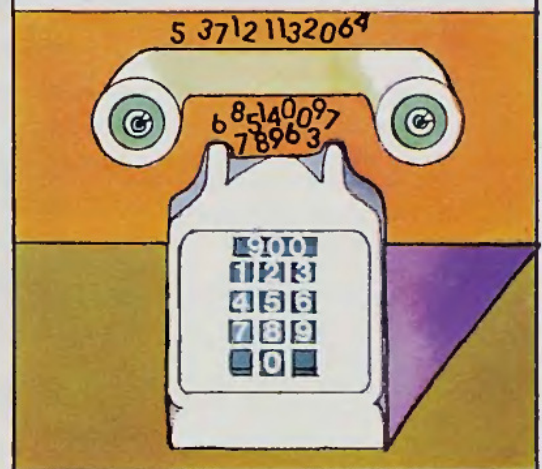


SEE VOYAGE

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all? You probably aren't, Mr. Ugly, but perhaps the young thing you're in bed with is—and you'd like to see her here, there, everywhere, reflected in her glory. If that's the case, have we got a product for you; it's a \$295 contraption called Hide-A-Mirror (available from Eric Creations, 375 Executive Boulevard, Elmsford, New York 10523) that by day hangs disguised as a mild-mannered etching. But after dark, it converts to a multiple-image back and overhead canopy that's ready to reflect your wildest gymnastics. Who knows? It might even improve your technique.

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It's the perfect gift for your favorite stockbroker—or bookie—a combination telephone, calculator and digital clock that Folio Collections, 449 West 14th Street, New York City 10014, is selling for \$300. Furthermore, telephone conversations and calculations can be made simultaneously—or separately, of course—and the time is broken down to hours, minutes and seconds. Dr. Bell's monster never had it so good.



PAST TENTS

If you had any reservations about owning an authentic Cheyenne tepee, forget them. Morning Star, a small company at P. O. Box 11000, Aspen, Colorado 81611, manufactures 16-foot-diameter canvas models for only \$475, postpaid. (They're roomy enough to hold a party of 20.) Once up, the tepee can be a year-round installation, and it can be disassembled for camping trips. Furthermore, smoke flaps make for cozy indoor cooking—and think of all the fun you'll have bundling in buffalo robes.





DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

A stereopticon, of course, is the weird 3-D contraption that Grandma and Gramps used to look through when they wanted to see the pyramids or Mark Twain. Well, stereopticons are staging a comeback and a company called Three Dimension Classics, Ltd., Box 3176, South El Monte, California 91733, has the mother lode. Prices range from a replica set for \$49.95 to a limited-edition model in a hand-rubbed wooden presentation box for \$250, including pictures. No, guys, they *aren't* the kind men like.

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Everyone should have a taste of luxury at least once in his life. And if that's what your palate is craving, we suggest you contact Clouds Touring at 100 Saint Martin's Lane, London WC2 N4AZ, a firm that specializes in chauffeured Rolls-Royce junkets through Scotland, with the chauffeurees staying as guests in some of the country's finest castles and mansions. The eight-day trip for two costs \$2000—plus air fare to London—and includes a night of dining on haggis. On second thought, laddies, skip the haggis.

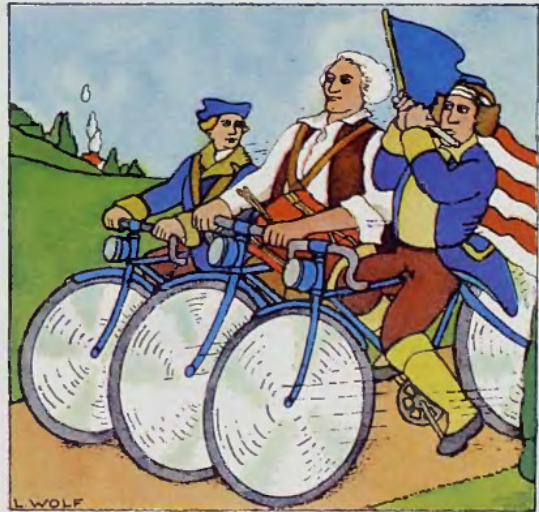


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WHERE THERE'S A WHEEL . . .

For all you pedal pushers of America, a company called Bikecentennial (P. O. Box 1034, Missoula, Montana 59801) is offering an organized cross-country bike tour this summer on the new Trans-America Bicycle Trail. And when we say cross-country, we're not kidding: 4200 miles from Oregon to Virginia or vice versa, with groups of about 12 leaving daily for one month beginning May 16 and taking 55 to 82 days, depending on pedal power. The cost is \$920, including food and lodging, or \$580 if you rough it and camp out. Sore backsides are guaranteed, but think what shape your legs will be in—if and when you get there.



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EAST COAST

(continued from page 92)

out of their way whenever possible. Although sleeping on the beaches is illegal, some cops, depending on how overcrowded the hotels and motels are, will allow it as a necessary alternative, but don't count on it. Clad in white riot helmets and knee-high boots, the cops position themselves at every corner of the strip and in every hotel doorway. Their orders are to break up any disturbances and protect community property, and they are not to be debated under any circumstances. One unlucky student spent an evening in jail for possession of a beer can that wasn't empty. Unable to find a wastebasket, he ventured outside to dispose of the can but was stopped by a cop. Although the student protested that the can was empty, the policeman seized it and inverted it, causing two drops of beer to drip out. The student was hauled off to the hoosegow. He would have been better off littering.

Public drinking, swearing and skinny-dipping are illegal and the cops will arrest you for any such offense. Liquor wrapped in a paper bag and carried on the strip is an invitation to a night in jail. Moreover, do not litter or loiter and do not—repeat, do not—make fun of the police. They are very, very sensitive.

One last warning: Don't think for a moment that you can get away with parking illegally in hotel lots or in nonparking zones. Lauderdale is chock-full of towing entrepreneurs who are just looking for offenders. The charge: \$50.

Final Word: God forbid it should happen to you, but just in case you get a severe sunburn or run out of money in Lauderdale, there are places to go for relief. Both Plantation General Hospital and the North Beach Medical Center get thousands of cases of severe sun poisoning every spring. Fees for sunburn treatment vary from \$25 to \$33. The best medicine, however, is preventive, which means do not underestimate the power of the tropical sun. Use protective ointments and lotions at all times unless you are tanned already and do not at first expose yourself to the sun for long periods of time.

As for money, Florida blood banks pay \$11 a pint, and for a number of students who went broke last year, they provided a way to get back to school—paler but wiser.

DAYTONA BEACH

Although nearly as crowded as Fort Lauderdale, Daytona Beach is considered more relaxed, less rowdy and not so overpopulated with frat types. The center of town (D-1) is a carbon copy of Lauderdale's strip, but if you travel up or down the beach a way, you can have some of the privacy that is virtually impossible to find in Lauderdale. Ormond Beach (D-2), for example, is down the road from the

center of town but not too crowded and Daytona cops are reputedly more lenient about things like drinking in the open, although it's illegal. Also, rumor has it that the women are looser.

Since Daytona is considerably more spread out than Lauderdale, it's advisable to travel by car. Accommodations at the major hotels run about the same prices as in Lauderdale, but reservations are advised, since Daytona is still a family-vacation area in some respects. The best pickup bar is The Beachcomber Club (D-3).

This spring, the Daytona Beach Area Chamber of Commerce is sponsoring over a seven-week period—March 7 through April 25—a College Week, featuring a wide variety of activities for vacationing students. Students will be able to purchase a ten-dollar Student Activities Card through travel agents or after arriving in Daytona, which entitles them to discounts and/or free entrance to events and programs every day during their vacation. Among the highlights of College Week will be Sand Seminars (on meditation, numerology, graphology, massage, astrology, *I Ching*, tarot, yoga and chanting), open-air rap groups, dancing and weekly beach concerts. The Daytona 500 at the Daytona International Speedway (D-4) and a world-championship motorcycle race will be held prior to College Week this season.

So take your pick: Daytona looks as if it's going to be better organized and is going out of its way for students. Lauderdale still has the pulling power but is likely to be more chaotic and reluctant about the hordes. Either way, enjoy your spring break. You've probably earned it.

WEST COAST

(continued from page 90)

Baja Peninsula, perhaps hitting Ensenada. Still, there are one or two places that seem to attract more than their share of collegiates. From recent reports, the West Coast equivalent of Fort Lauderdale has to be Mazatlán.

By accident or design, approximately 20,000 students from Arizona State, the University of Arizona, the University of Northern Colorado, Brigham Young, the University of Utah hit the beaches of Mazatlán in the third week of March, followed shortly by a second assault wave of students from schools in California, Washington, Oregon and Nevada. Last year, there were even a few busloads of Canadian collegiates. It may sound like a crowd, but it isn't. Said one UCLA senior: "The only people who come down here looking for group activity are jocks: They're pretty hopeless, anyway. Most of them need night lights to sleep. Mazatlán is not Fort Lauderdale. For one thing, there's nobody trying to organize volleyball games."

Accommodations: Mazatlán is a fairly

large, civilized town of about 160,000 residents. What isn't town is beach. The best beaches are to the north and, not surprisingly, that's where the hotels are located, either on Playa Norte or farther north on Playa Las Gaviotas and Playa Sabalo. Prices range from moderate to expensive: A double at the very chic Balboa Club de Mazatlán (M-1) runs about \$36. The Camino Real (M-2), situated on a rocky point, runs \$36 per night. The Agua Marina (M-3) and the Hacienda Mazatlán (M-4) are somewhat cheaper, costing \$12 to \$18 per night and \$24 per night, respectively. You should make a reservation in advance, although several of our correspondents reported having no trouble finding rooms. There are cheaper rooms inland. Camping on the beach in town is discouraged by the *federales*, but, fortunately, there are several excellent campgrounds and trailer parks within easy reach. The Camaron (M-5) is most popular, featuring some 66 sites, followed by La Posta (100 sites). If they are filled, check the three campsites located on the Sabalo beach between the San Luis Motel and Camino Real (Coco, Las Palmas and Ole). You can hook up your Winnebago or Volkswagen van or pitch your L. L. Bean-catalog two-man tent for two to three dollars a night.

It doesn't really matter where you stay, though. Most of the action is on the beaches and in the pools of the hotels located on the beaches. Managers are very liberal about nonguests—as long as there is no damage, everyone is invited to party. So when word goes out in the afternoon that there will be a come-one, come-all get-together in room 220, no one gets hassled when half of the Northern Hemisphere shows up. Some students last year adopted a policy of putting up one of their group in a luxury hotel—similar to conventiongoers who rent a suite for meetings and parties, while the rest of the crew stays at the local Holiday Inn.

Where the Girls Are and What to Do with Them When You Find Them: Hotel managers report that the ratio of women to men is about 60-40. Not bad for the man on the prowl. However, firsthand reports are not completely enthusiastic: A Texan claimed, "Women? I saw lots of them. I talked to quite a few: beautiful ones. But I didn't get anywhere." A University of California at San Diego botanist moaned, "If you're not here with someone worth being here with, all you can do is shop, drink and swim." What about local girls? "Well, the local girls are not impossible to impress. They usually warm up to you if you know some Spanish and show some manners. They are approachable but very Catholic."

Still, this is the season of the thong bikini; there's nothing like a few million square inches of flesh to get the juices



"Do you have any pancakes? I'd rather have some pancakes!"

running after a long winter. The scenery on the beach is worth the trip. And it is possible to get it on. There is an almost conscious effort on the part of girls to meet guys from schools other than their own. If they aren't fixed up by spring break, they are hungry new faces and the partying can get serious.

Night life in Mazatlán is excellent—there are restaurants, night clubs, unassuming sidewalk cafés. (One dispirited rogue remarked that the reason everyone eats at such ridiculous hours in Mexico is that the country is sexually repressed, and since no one is at home in bed, doing what comes naturally, they're out at restaurants instead.) Most of the hotels have bars and bands. Barbecued shrimp rolled in onions and bacon costs about 15 pesos (a little over a dollar) at Mamucas (M-6). Most students seem to end up drinking at local taverns, before breaking at ten o'clock for beach parties and hotel-room orgies. Dancing in the streets is frequent, even when there is no music. The Shrimp Bucket and Señor Frog's are both popular with Americans. Most students follow the adage "Don't drink the water," which is why so much time is devoted to drinking *cervezas*. (If you should wake up in the middle of the night with a terrific hangover, totally dehydrated, and quaff an entire bathtub of water before you realize where you are, the hospital [M-7] is just two steps away.)

And, of course, if you're lonesome for some American food, there's a Kentucky Fried Chicken downtown.

Side Trips: Mazatlán has more outdoors than you see in one place: There is surfing, skiing (motorboats can be rented for five dollars an hour) and parasailing (in which you hook onto a parachute towed behind a boat, for eight dollars). You can also rent motorcycles, bicycles or "pulmonias," motorized tricycles. (Every now and then, you find yourself in a bar in Mexico staring at a picture of a white-haired fat man who looks like Ernest Hemingway, surrounded by what looks like a collegiate swim team—athletic young men in briefs. Then you realize it is Papa. And that *The Old Man and the Sea* could have been written about the Gulf of California.) And if you can figure out how to convert your M-16 to a hunting rifle, there are trips into the mountains for the big cats.

Or you can take a three-hour jungle cruise into the mangrove swamps inland from Mazatlán. Last year, one enterprising tourist was offering jungle cruises of his hotel room.

Hassles: Some vacationers go to Mazatlán seeking the proverbial pot at the end of the rainbow. Forget it. The evil weed is scorned by the good Catholic people of Mazatlán and Guadalajara. There is not much grown in the area and the demand

for it during spring break drives the prices higher than you'll get smoking the local weed—and there are the ever-present *federales*.

The *federales* are easy to spot—they look like leftovers from *Viva Zapata!*, replete with crossed bandoleers, machine guns, etc. You may think that the armament is more than is called for by the situation (something we wouldn't advise debating with the *policia*), but one official explained it as follows: "We do not have the money for police cars; if your police force is not mobile, it must be powerful and well distributed." Consequently, there are very few high-speed chases in Mexico, only well-ventilated getaway cars coasting to a dead halt.

The hassles begin at the border: You can count on a visa check and possibly an under-the-counter fee to cross over. A short time later, there's a chance the police will stop you for a routine check. Sometimes they will hold you until you make them an offer of a few dollars. Sometimes they want a little more: For instance, a vanload of college students was stopped last year just south of Nogales. The police discovered a lid of marijuana under the seat and dangled it in front of the students without saying a word. Then an officer put the dope back into the car where they had found it, walked over to the bewildered students, slapped them on the backs and held out his hands. Money was refused but packed away in the trunk were two cases of Coors.

The police helped themselves and sent the students on their way.

Once you get to Mazatlán, the *federales* are a bit more friendly. They will supervise beach parties and hotel parties and even join in the fun on occasion. Mind your manners, don't smoke in public, keep the noise down and you should be able to avoid a bust. The local police frown on two things—dope smoking and public nudity. They have a rather novel way of handling skinny-dippers: One warm evening last spring, a student from Brigham Young decided to take a swim in the buff. Just as the 200 people he was partying with were about to join him, the beach patrol came by, spotted the youth and made their move. Instead of arresting him for indecent exposure, they marched him through the crowd, into his hotel, up and down the hallways of each floor, visiting every party they could find, then allowed him to get dressed. He spent the rest of the night washing dishes in the hotel's kitchen. Recovering from his tequila hangover the next day, he commented, "I really can't remember much of what happened, but it must have been nice. I've found about 20 notes in my mailbox inviting me to visit hotel rooms."

If you do get in trouble, there is a U. S. consulate conveniently located in downtown Mazatlán. But even if the charge is serious, don't expect them to hire Charles Bronson to fly in with a helicopter.



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

(continued from page 86)

table and start rapping about old bands. The conversation is animated, stopping only when a good tune, an old favorite, comes over the house sound system. Hey, catch that riff. Roy is a relative newcomer to E Street; he listens attentively as The Boss fills in its history: First was the Castilles. Steel Mill. The Rogues. Earth. Child. Doctor Zoom and the Sonic Boom. The names kept changing to protect the innocent, to keep them alive and part of the scene. The E Street Band is the process of natural selection. The musicians who believed in music, in Springsteen, stayed with the band through all the changes. The result is an organism with a collective musical experience of over 100 man-years. (Later, Garry explains the process: "A bunch of us used to get together at a club called the Upstage and jam for two hours on *I'm a Man*. We formed bands. We always thought Bruce was a good act. If there was a chance of any of us making a living through music, we figured it would have to happen through him.") With an endorsement like that, Springsteen doesn't need the hype.

The Boss is into the days when he didn't have a band, only friends he called up in emergencies. Or opportunities. "This club owner contacted me and said if I didn't show up at his place on Saturday night with a band, he'd kill me. Now, I played family clubs in New Jersey that were pretty rough, but this guy was serious. He knew where I lived. Yeah. Some of those club owners were crazy. There was one guy, pulled out a gun one night and shot an amplifier. Can you see it? Smoke curling up to the ceiling. Absolute quiet. And he says, 'I told you guys to turn down.'"

The writer slides his chair back from the table and presents his question: He's had *Born to Run* on his turntable for about a week and he still doesn't know what to think about it. It's obviously rock 'n' roll. At least, there are no songs on it in danger of becoming crossover country hits. But it's different from the second album. Something happened. What?

"*E Street* was a lazy hanging-out summer album. Davey Sancious, our piano player back then, was actually living on E Street. No, I don't know which came first—the song or the band's name. It's all confused. That was the summer the band consciousness started to develop. We were just sitting there, flashing on everything that was happening. I was exactly where I wanted to be. I had a band. I knew who I was. We were getting work. The album reflects that. On the new record, I don't know who I am. You see, about five months after *E Street* came out, there was this big burst of attention from the press. Suddenly, I was the future of rock 'n' roll. That much attention pushed me back to the time when



"We're getting warm, Vincent. She really liked the leg."

there wasn't any. Working on *Born to Run* was a very scary thing. I was born, grew old and died making that album. We knew what we wanted to do; it was just a very hard thing to do. We weren't making mistakes. The E Street Band doesn't make mistakes. Those guys are so good they're down to intangibles. At the Bottom Line, I climbed out across the tables, into the audience, and looked at those guys just standing there onstage doing their stuff. I almost didn't come back. We play the same notes every night, but sometimes something happens. Maybe it's a guy's face in the first row. Maybe it's something someone says. But it happens and it's what we play for. Some bands, something starts happening onstage, they fuck up. Not my guys. But working in a studio, none of that counts: it's a different thing. You get by on your ability to do the same thing 25 times in a row. It's not creative. You are what you know, what you've learned. It's almost impossible to get a spark going, 'cause the spark doesn't come from technique."

The official guide to blues in Chicago, the red-haired rock critic who won the heart of the waitress because he looked like the kid in the Buster Brown shoes, is lost. The caravan of rented cars cruises along a wide industrial boulevard, past a White Castle, a junk yard, through the maze of streets beneath the Skyway, the

highway that passes above, but not through. Chicago's South Side. The guys in the E Street Band are beginning to eye the critic like this was the start of a Last Great Fiasco.

The Queen Bee finally turns up, a triangular bar attached to a larger building. The windows are painted over, the walls covered with Day-Glo posters of the sexual Zodiac. A dozen ways to Put Your Legs Against the Wall, Woman. The stage area, if that's what it can be called, looks like the corner of a church basement: a clutter of folding chairs, small tables, a set of drums, two amps, an electric piano, one spotlight. Mr. Junior Wells, a black blues singer whose name is on half of the records Miami Steve owns, sits alone in a booth, nursing a cold. Miami Steve falls out, makes the necessary introductions, pays the unnecessary respects. Wells asks where they are playing. The Auditorium? That's nice. Springsteen takes a stool at the bar and puts his body on hold.

The house band starts to warm up for the set: Would Miami Steve like to sit in? Are you kidding? Are Chess Records round? Is Phil Spector the Pope? Miami takes up Muddy Waters' old guitar, settles into a half crouch so loose you wonder where the extra joints are and starts trucking in place. After a few measures, he plays against the harp, another pickup musician just sitting in, setting up tex-

tures, putting the man through his paces. Very nice. The bass player has a grin on that could power a small city.

Wells takes over the microphone and you can forget his cold, forget the lack of equipment. He's playing for musicians, a jury of his peers. He is Mr. Junior Wells. He can survive the setbacks, the minor indignities, and there are some. A large woman trundles toward the stage, steps over the bass player and through a green door that, it turns out, leads to the ladies' room. She neglects to close the door behind her and the bass player, without losing a beat, kicks it shut. The guitar player's string breaks in the middle of a song. "Any of you guys got an E string? Fuck. I don't need it." The man counts down for the classic *Got My Mojo Working*. Two beats into the song, he holds up his hand. The band stops, starts again, stops. The piano player is a little fast: "Too bad you didn't have money on that boy; he was way out ahead." The band negotiates. The piano player defends himself. "This is the way the song starts." And sure enough, this time it is.

Springsteen and the writer are huddled in the back seat of another car. Both are silent. The intensity of the quiet might be mistaken for concern or worry; it is not that but something else. Preoccupation—the compression that precedes a performance. The writer is



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playing back the evening, cataloging the good parts for future reference. Springsteen is doing the same thing, maybe, for his own job. Roy is doing it, out loud, in the front seat. "Did you see that? Their whole P. A. was just that one Earth Amp. The bass player was sitting on the sound system." The Boss has already reviewed that detail, reached a decision: "It cut the room." Roy and the driver, a tall guy named Stretch, discuss tape recorders. The Professor is looking for a small portable: He has wanted one since the night he saw his namesake, Professor Longhair, a piano player from the days of Fats Domino. "That guy did things you wouldn't believe. I went home and stayed up all night trying to play everything I'd heard, but it just wasn't the same." Was the band planning to tape any of its concerts? "I think one of the shows at the Roxy is being recorded for a live album." Is that at the end of the tour? Springsteen answers, "I don't think this tour has an end."

The Auditorium is one of those art-deco rooms that make you wonder if turn-of-the-century architects were on to the drugs that the rest of the world discovered in the Sixties. Marble caverns and velvet *corposa cavernosas* waiting to be engorged with music. Chrome water fountains and friends at odd intervals in the lobby. More balconies than are considered safe or possible ascending toward a gold-leaf ceiling strung with lights and tiny angels. The room has the reputation of being cold, rowdy, weird. Opening acts broken on the rumble of inattention. Headliners driven to despair by idiots asking to hear *Whipping Post*. It's a high-risk room, not unlike the Star Chamber of the Inquisition. Sitting in the tenth row, the writer is reminded of the story about South American soccer fans who wrap foil around their programs. If a referee makes a bad call, they focus beams of sunlight on the unfortunate official. The stadium becomes a parabolic mirror, the referee a cinder. In Chicago, the weapon is darkness, but the effect can be the same. The writer wonders what will happen next. He has come to the concert as unprepared as his local pharmacist can make him, but fragments of reviews still impinge, still try to structure his expectation. The future of rock 'n' roll? The writer is interested only in the immediate present. Is it now yet?

The boys come out in full force, looking like a piece of the Boardwalk lifted off the Jersey shore and laid down in Chicago, only more so. Springsteen, dead center in a shaft of green light, is The Boss. The Kid. Jeans, mirrored shades, sneakers, a classic black motorcycle jacket—the kind you have to kill for. After a high, bright, lonely *Thunder Road*, Springsteen kicks out the chocks and sends the band screeching into *Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out*, a low-rent R&B number that lets him romp over

the stage, snapping his fingers, clapping his hands, establishing his turf with bursts of precise, exuberant energy. If he ever plays Madison Square Garden, he'll be running laps on the upper tiers. The song closes with Springsteen pounding on Miami Steve, an abrupt double shot, the last gesture in a pinball game. That's it. Check the score.

The audience is shattered with astonishment. The writer remembers a scene in *Butch Cassidy* where the two heroes apply for jobs as payroll guards. A mineowner asks Redford if he can shoot. You mean like this, just standing there? He fires, misses. The mineowner starts to walk away. Redford asks, Can I move? I'm better when I move. Sure. The Kid whirls, fires and the target becomes sunlight. With complete authority, Springsteen gets the job. He carves the visual space, singing the body electric. Every gesture is or seems to be absolutely necessary. Littering the stage with clues, he stalks the world he creates, looking for the pieces that fit, the details, the phrases that will make the song come alive. He doesn't offer solutions, just enough pieces to suggest that there is a mystery, that at least he is on to something. And with surprising frequency, there are connections, moments of recognition between the audience and the performer. The contact can be tentative, fleeting, a glimpse of what might have happened. Or it can be solid, a moment you build a life around.

Flashes: Miami Steve, Garry, Clarence and Roy all donning shades to do backup vocals on a few oldies: the Asbury Park equivalent of a Greek tragic chorus. They second the emotion. And, another: During *Spirit in the Night*, Springsteen plays with a floppy jockey's cap, nonchalantly tossing it over a microphone stand, shaking out some "dust that will show you where it's at or at least it will help let you really feel it." The song is an excursion into the night where gypsy angels go. The trip gets out of hand, the night becomes filled with hurt. The band plays silence. Springsteen sinks to the stage, taking the audience into the darkness of the night, into the pitch. He looks back over his shoulder at the microphone stand, tries to toss the hat over the isolated prop a second time. It is hopelessly out of reach. The hoarse voice takes forever to say the next line: "Hazy Davy got really hurt, he ran into the lake. . . ."

The audience is there, wanting to help, reaching out to touch. Someone can't wait, completes the rhyme—"In just his socks and a shirt."

Springsteen darts his eyes in the direction of the voice. Before the spell can be broken, before the panic sets in that some lunatic has abused this moment of complete, acknowledged vulnerability, he states softly, "That's my line." The bond restored, he continues. "Me and Crazy Janey was making love in the dirt, singing our birthday songs. Janey said it was

time to go, so we closed our eyes and said goodbye. . . ." His voice hangs on the precipice. Just when you think you know how small he feels, Springsteen rolls off the stage, into the pit. The bottom falls out of the Auditorium, the architecture permanently changed, in one terrible second. From out of the pit comes Springsteen's voice, filled with longing and reassurance: "To gypsy angel row. Felt so right. Together we moved like spirits in the night." And suddenly the singer is in the audience, moving along the front rows. The spotlights can't find him. The local guys who run the lights are civil-defense leftovers out looking for bombers. Fuck this. The singer turns around, jumps back into the pit, tosses the microphone up to Clarence, climbs out and up, skipping across the speaker columns, kicking over an amplifier that was worked on for three months to get it just right. All right. Spirits in the night. Stand up and let 'em shoot right through you.

The writer looks at his hand: Half-way through the saxophone break on *Jungleland*, his Bic PM 39 Deluxe Medium Point pen, the one that writes first time every time, erupted, spilling thick black ink over seat backs, journals and clothes. Moral: Thou shalt not take notes during a rock-'n'-roll concert.

Springsteen is upstairs under a full body massage, unwinding, trying to cope with the aftereffects of a concert. He plays for the adrenaline rush, the feeling of being possessed by the spirit of rock 'n' roll. Adrenaline is nature's way of getting you through extreme emergencies. If you're responsible, you can be a hero: Rip the roof off the overturned car and when you're finished, find the nearest hospital, give a quart of blood, and watch some old geezer get it up for the first time in years. Of course, you can also get caught out. Let the moment slip by, don't take control and the body goes into shock. Where's the accident? It becomes clear that Springsteen is not pleased with the concert. "For something to happen, you have to be loose. You have to take risks, be willing to make a fool of yourself. Then it flows. Tonight wasn't bad, but we can be twice that good. You should see us when we're hot." The writer, his synapses fused into a single mass of solid-state enthusiasm, is at a loss for words. It had been magic, the kind that's supposed to free your soul, but talking about it is like trying to tell a stranger, or a member of a band, about rock 'n' roll. Springsteen doesn't want to know what worked for you: He only knows what works for himself, and he doesn't know *that* until he's tried it. He keeps his options open. He keeps the vessel clean.

The Roxy is as weird in its own way as the Auditorium. Tables radiate from the bandstand across what used to be a dance floor. It will be one again before

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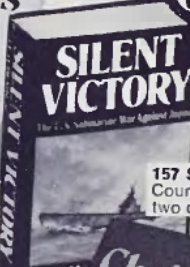
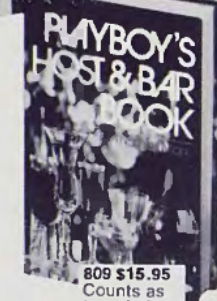
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the night is over. The waitresses navigate the crowd with consummate skill; they are on the verge of being discovered. Each time a drink is brought to the table, the patron must initial the check beside the order. This is Hollywood. Autographs and credit are intertwined.

The house lighting is incidental to the stage, which is to say, not at all. Picking up his vodka and tonic, the writer is unable to find by sight alone the surface of his table. Eying a particular pattern of light and shadow, he finally decides, sets his glass down and watches it disappear into blackness, thumping against the floor by his toes. Another reason to autograph each drink order.

A raised section of tables opposite the stage is occupied by the guests and employees of Columbia. Either they are genuinely enthusiastic about the show or the company hires PR people who suffer from St. Vitus' dance. Glen Brunman, an a&r man from New York, is standing on a chair, celebrating his 25th Springsteen concert. Aimee Simple, a lithe, lively girl who works in the West Coast office, leans against the rail that encloses the dance floor, doing a slow and sensuous shuffle to celebrate her first. Yes, it is nice, she says, when your job brings you places where your mind can make you happy.

Cher and Gregg Allman make an appearance, then a disappearance when it seems that there aren't any seats available, then a reappearance when it is

found that there are. The white plaster cast on Gregg's hand gleams in the dark, before disappearing into his leather jacket. It must be a full body cast. He does not move for the entire performance, not even when the band hits the chorus of *Rosalita*, which has an effect on the rest of the club similar to that of a fist slammed down on the table. Watch the salt shakers dance. Cher is only slightly more mobile, the fringe on her leather jacket shifting in a breeze from the air conditioning. She mistakes the intro of Jackie DeShannon's *When You Walk in the Room for Needles and Pins* and screams, "Sonny wrote that song!" He didn't. Later, Miami Steve will report that the couple liked the show: "Of course, by the time they got to the Roxy they were undoubtedly so full of whatever celebrities eat for breakfast they probably thought they were dancing."

The rest of the audience could be on Springsteen's payroll. Every night the show ends with the audience calling out, "Play everything you ever played," and the band obliges. The farther west the band travels, the more people they meet from New Jersey. The state's most important export is people. Asbury Park is in the middle of the state. Farther north, the natives think they're in New York. Farther south, they think they're in Alabama. The middle produces relatively sane people like Jack Nicholson. Nicholson and Garry went to the same high

school. Neptune High School. They will spend three hours in the Rainbow Bar discussing the tedious fact that the whole fucking world is from New Jersey.

The morning after the last Roxy concert, the writer gets a call from Miami Steve, who is having brunch at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"You've gotta come over and see this. Bruce's picture is on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek*. We're stars! When you get here, have the bell captain page me."

The bell captain is somewhat skeptical. Does the person perhaps have a last name? No, Miami is his first name, Steve is his last name. Any clue to what he looks like? Well, he was last seen wearing a silk race-track shirt with palm trees on it. Ask your gardener if one of his plants is having lunch on the patio.

The writer is led to Miami Steve's table and introduced to Jimmy Iovine, the 22-year-old electronic wizard who engineered *Born to Run*. His name is scratched in a sidewalk over by the bungalows, a souvenir of the time he worked on John Lennon's *Rock and Roll Years*. ("I saw this fresh cement. I'm from Brooklyn. I couldn't resist.")

Iovine explains the electronics of the show, specifically the echo in *Backstreets*, which holds a razor blade to the spinal cord of everyone in the audience. He thinks Springsteen's voice is one of the four great rock-'n'-roll instruments of all time. Right up there with Lennon's, Rod Stewart's and Elvis'. "I like what it does to my dials. What did you think of the mix on *Born to Run*? Better than on *Captain Fantastic*? That's too bad. We were trying for *Sgt. Pepper's*. The next album, you're gonna put the needle in the groove and you won't be able to pick it up. The needle will be saying, 'I want to play this.'"

Miami Steve discusses the craziness of the past few days. "It's been a ragged week. We're due for a vacation. Bruce's time is totally accounted for with the morning interview, the afternoon interview. Now it's gonna get worse with these two stories. Everybody's gonna be asking us what it's like to be a phenomenon. I don't even know how to spell the word. Is that with a P or an F? There are journalists hanging around our home town interviewing our friends, record scouts hunting for the Asbury Park sound. We gotta live there, too, you know."

Iovine spots Dyan Cannon sitting at a table across the patio and goes nuts. "She is my mystery lady. My Pretty Flamingo." Miami Steve makes a suggestion. "Well, you could take this copy of *Newsweek* over to her table and ask her if she'd like to meet one of the people in Bruce Springsteen's band, and then I could introduce you. That might work." The writer leaves them. They won't do it. And they'll never learn how.

WINES LIQUORS



"What wine would you recommend to go with me?"

END OF THE KINGFISH

(continued from page 139)

and his bodyguards strode out, leaving a shaken advisory panel, including one Senator hiding in the bathroom.

Obviously, a battle had been joined. Long's contempt for the class represented by the new President, for the traditional power structure of the United States, for the delicate balancing of a Government's obligation to provide for its citizens—especially now, in Depression times—against its constitutional mandate to protect them from itself, threw down a challenge not ended until the Kingfish was himself the victim of an assassin. Only then, in September 1935, was Long's threat to succeed Roosevelt stopped. Only then was his fearful, fascinating demonstration that unlimited power governed efficiently—and pleased the poor masses—removed from the national stage.

And only then did another irony become as clear as Zangara's death-room scream: One saw that Long's killer had reversed the order set by the killings of Garfield and McKinley and the attempt on F.D.R. One could understand the frustration of the have-nots, those deprived of their share of the dream America offered. But this assassin—Dr. Carl Austin Weiss—was a member of an upper-middle-class establishment as foreign to Long's hard-bitten beginnings as were Roosevelt's to Zangara's.

Huey Long was in the capitol the night of September 8, 1935, doing what he was born to do—run things. "I was born into politics," he had once told the U. S. Senate, "a wedded man with a storm for a bride." Right now, it was Louisiana, but soon he thought it might be America. Long entered the corridor, where Dr. Weiss waited, from the house of representatives' chamber, a rococo room forming the east wing of the capitol. He'd been in the house prodding his compliant legislators to support the 42 bills he was backing at this, the fourth special session of 1935. Though he was a United States Senator, who, technically, had no business on the floor of Louisiana's legislature, everyone acknowledged that Long ran things in the state's house and senate. It was, people snickered, the "Longislature," and it was through its special sessions that he administered the state. He'd order the titular governor, his old friend and crony Oscar Kelly Allen, to call a special session. Allen did as he was told (Long once reminded the aptly initialed O. K., "I made you and I kin break you") and into Baton Rouge came the legislators, only too glad during the Depression of the ten dollars per day, plus mileage, and the benevolent attention of the Kingfish. Once there, they'd be shown the bills Long's aides had prepared beforehand. Then they'd meet in solemn session to consider what

Long wanted. Their deliberative method, once used only for emergencies but now the common legislative procedure, was simple and effective. The house met the first night. One member introduced all the bills, asking that the rules be suspended so that every proposed law could be referred to one committee. The speaker of the house, selected in accordance with Long's wishes, agreeably gaveled each bill to the Long-dominated Ways and Means Committee.

The night of September eighth, the speaker was Allen J. Ellender, who would be elected United States Senator in 1936, taking Huey's seat, and who, in the fallout from the Kingfish's death, would proclaim, "If dictatorship in Louisiana, such as was charged to Huey Long, will give to the people of our nation what it gave to the people of my native state, then I am for such a dictatorship."

Altogether then, the bills on the agenda summed up Long's concerns under one rubric: power. The Senator intended to keep his, to consolidate it locally and state-wide and to achieve it nationally. As a master politician, the Kingfish understood Roosevelt's plight. Long's Share Our Wealth proposals and societies, which urged redistribution of the nation's money, were more alluring to many of the Depression-weary than the more conservative New Deal programs. His irrev-

erence, his country-preacher oratory may have been derided in the Senate cloakroom, but they stirred the poor, and there were lots of them just then. More critically, Long could point to genuine accomplishments in Louisiana, and he often did. Roosevelt would have to move leftward, toward him, he figured, in the coming 1936 election campaign, but it might not be enough. Huey just might be able to defeat Roosevelt. Already several big corporations, sick of the price-setting National Recovery Act and other New Deal measures, had secretly pledged campaign funds to Huey. But defeating F.D.R. this time was unlikely. More probably, Long could with a third party in 1936 siphon off enough liberal and disgruntled voters to throw the election to a Republican, who wouldn't know how to run things, either. Then Huey, for sure, could beat the ineffective G.O.P. in 1940, since the country would be crying for a strong, radical candidate. Thus reasoned Huey and his followers (while, in Washington, James Farley was telling F.D.R. what he already knew—that Long couldn't be disregarded nationally, that he might have the "balance of power," that Huey "might spell disaster," since a secret poll showed that he could get 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 votes at that time). Against that potential political energy, the machinations of Harold Ickes, even the income-tax investigations



"Hey! Do that again."

of Long's closest aides by Henry Morgenthau's Treasury agents, the same ones who'd put Capone away, might well be powerless (Long himself, that morning of September eighth, had wrestled with his overdue tax return—he was sure it would be audited). It seemed on that warm Sunday evening as if nothing could impede the Kingfish, at least in Louisiana. Nothing except the slight figure of Weiss in the corridor.

Huey stalked out of the house in his curious heel-pounding gait, as if he were hopping rails. His phalanx of bodyguards got in one another's way, too, since Huey rushed here and there, cajoling, ordering, securing votes, altogether the successful salesman of salvation out on his rounds, while his protectors, sometimes as many as 25 during special sessions, lurched to and fro in his wake. These guards—two, particularly, Murphy Roden and Elliott Coleman—had reason to be vigilant. In their heads, doubtless in Long's, too, were the premonitions that had surrounded the Kingfish ever since he'd come to power in 1928, a fear of assassination ever more persistent as rumors and actualities of plots reached the Senator (who was, his brother Earl said, a terrible coward). Just the day before—Huey's men were later to claim—a telephoned warning had come. Thus, the clearing of the house galleries, the extra state police on guard, the additional members of the State Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation (which was, everyone knew, Huey's secret police—"Cossacks," as his intimi-

dated enemies called them, or "Huey's skull crackers," as his brother Julius named them). No public official in America, not even "Prince Franklin," was better protected. "Sure I carry a gun," Huey said once, joking. "Sometimes I carry four. Can't tell when somebody's going to shoot the king."

Again, Long was right. Coming west down the corridor from the house, passing some of the 30 kinds of marble he'd specified for the capitol, he headed for his appointment with the doctor. He'd left Ellender, the other legislators and favor seekers in the house, and now he was windmilling his way to the governor's office, 80 feet away down the corridor connecting house and senate. His bodyguards were beside and behind him as he rushed past the private elevator that ran to his 24th-floor suite, to barge through the double doors of the governor's office. His main corps of bodyguards—Roden, Coleman, Joe Messina, Paul Voitier, Louis Heard—halted to wait outside, along with a Longite state-supreme-court justice who wanted the Kingfish's counsel on political matters. The group stood in the center of the corridor, on a circular design facing the governor's doors, where the corridor widened slightly for aesthetic effect and where recessed marble pillars broke the wall's straight line and flanked a bust of Robert de la Salle, the explorer who had named the state in honor of his patron, King Louis XIV. In a few seconds, Huey bustled out of the governor's anteroom, calling over his shoulder to "get the boys out early

in the morning" for the vote, his eyes "popping like saucers." He moved toward his guards and friends and from beside one of the pillars Weiss came forward, a small figure in white, his eyes limned by dark-rimmed glasses and in his hand (almost everyone agreed later) a small black automatic.

The doctor glides through the guards up to Long, he may say something, his hand raises. Huey blinks, the bodyguards swivel white-eyed to Weiss, the supreme-court justice moves his hand, which holds a panama hat, in a fending gesture, and there is a shot, then (some say) another, then a bloody spot on the Senator's shirt six inches above and to the right of his belt buckle, and Long's eyes roll, he emits a scalding groan and runs, "like a wild deer," away from the doctor and the sound of a scuffle, away west toward the Senate. Hardly anyone sees him go, so much is happening.

Roden is down, the doctor on top of him, as Roden strains for Weiss's gun. Coleman, a few yards away, aims and shoots; the bullet grazes Roden, who's scrambling to his feet. Another shot from Coleman. Weiss, now crouched, shudders, begins his slow-motion fall; the little automatic skitters across the circular design. Now guns are in every guard's hand. Roden and others fire blindly and repeatedly emptying their pistols into Weiss. The body jerks, palpitates, as bullets ricochet in the corridor, which is filled now with screams, with people ducking, flattening against walls, with state patrolmen galloping to the scene with sub-machine guns, with newspaper reporters hurrying to find out what's happening. Is it the firecrackers that often mark Louisiana legislative sessions? Or what? After maybe 30 seconds, the shooting ceases. Weiss's body at last is left alone to pump blood onto the marble floor.

In April of that year, one of the few surviving anti-Long legislators, Mason Spencer, had addressed the legislature on a special-session bill that gave the state sole control of all local elections. Spencer had said, "When this ugly thing is boiled down in its own juices, it disfranchises the white people of Louisiana. I am not gifted with second sight, nor did I see a spot of blood on the moon last night, but I can see blood on the polished marble of this capitol; for if you ride this thing through, you will travel with the white horse of death." It had seemed another bootless threat then, or perhaps a rodomontade in the Southern tradition, but now the marble floor was bloody and we were again forced to ask, What is it this time? What moves one of us to assassination? Is this a representative act attributable to an intolerable political situation, or what? To ask, too, just who is Dr. Carl Austin Weiss, and what were his motives, and have we been told the



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truth about the assassination of Huey Long? Was Weiss crazy and acting alone or the cool agent of a plot? If a plot, whose and why? Many asked whether Weiss, in fact, did mortally wound Long, or whether the Kingfish died because in the panic a stray shot from a bodyguard gaffed him. Who *was* Huey Long, for that matter, that he should be so endangered? Savior or home-grown Hitler?

The questions ricochet farther than the shots in the corridor, where, for now, the frame is frozen in the climactic scene of *All the King's Men* (the adulatory book written afterward by Robert Penn Warren, a young English instructor at nearby Louisiana State University, or "my university," as Long called it). Weiss lies dead as bystanders mutter, bodyguards curse and identification is made. Long, in flight down a stairway, is found and taken to the hospital for treatment. Oddly, he has a cut lip, which will raise many more questions. There will be an operation under less than ideal circumstances and a deathwatch reminiscent of those for McKinley and Cermak, and then Long will die, saying, "God, don't let me die. I have so much to do," and be buried in front of his capitol ("Huey's silo," brother Earl called it) with unprecedented pomp. Political legacies will be won, lost, saved and squandered in interesting ways that take us to today, as Long's son Russell serves in the U. S. Senate. People, various as politics itself, will use Long's death and Weiss's to their own ends. Hundreds of thousands of campaign dollars will disappear. The political factionalism that may, finally, have caused Long's death will worsen in Louisiana. Nationally, with a populist threat removed, Roosevelt will win three more terms, an ambition that Long's posthumous book, *My First Days in the White House*, implies was an honor in store for the Kingfish. And the questions will have partial answers, at least. They begin now, with the figures tableaud in the corridor, in the lives of Long and Weiss, where lie the first clues to the meaning of their deaths.

Huey Long was older than Carl Weiss by 12 years. He was born August 30, 1893, in the hard-shell Baptist, red-clay, red-necked parish of Winn in north-central Louisiana—as far emotionally as geographically from the lusty, luxuriant Creole culture of New Orleans. One commentator said of Winn parish, "Its harvests were scrawny. What cattle it had were scrawnier; its people were scrawnier." Far, indeed, from New Orleans, and muddy with envy the whole way. Winn imbued Huey with its flavor. The parish hadn't entirely embraced the Southern cause in the Civil War. Many of its subsistence-level farmers, the fabled yeoman agrarians, figured they were slaves, too, and so wouldn't fight to keep slavery as an institution. The attitude persisted.



"I ask you, is that a ventriloquist act that's different or isn't it?"

Huey Long, Sr., once asked his son Huey, the seventh of his nine surviving children, "Didn't Abe Lincoln free the niggers and not give the planters a dime? Why shouldn't the white slaves be freed?" During Huey's childhood, one of his homeland's political heroes was the populist William Jennings Bryan ("The Great Commoner," who ran against the soon-to-be-assassinated President McKinley and who in one of his campaign speeches created the phrase Long adopted for his populism—"Every man a king, but no man wears a crown"). Not surprisingly, Winn parish went socialist in 1908 after Eugene Debs spoke there.

Though he liked, as much as any politician, to boast that he was born in a log cabin, Huey's birthplace was actually a comfortable six-room farmhouse, albeit built of logs. In fact, the Longs after 1900 were relatively prosperous people for a time, despite the populist leanings of Huey Long, Sr. The father of the future Kingfish farmed 320 acres, sold some other land to the railroad, some more to home builders serving the growing town of Winnfield, and by 1907 had one of the most impressive homes around Winnfield, the parish seat where Huey was raised. Old Hu also valued education and eventually all of his children got some college. The household demanded twice-a-week church attendance, complete with evangelical preaching, and the Longs encouraged reading. Huey learned the Bible nearly by heart (a

passage in *Leviticus* became his favorite—it stressed sharing wealth) and read Hugo and Shakespeare—a bonus of working for a book salesman as a teenager (later he'd be fond of Plutarch's *Forty-Six Immortals* and other histories of great men who shaped events). Unfortunately for Huey's ambitions for college, the extra money for that ran out before it got to him, and he went to work early. He retained an admiration for the trappings of higher education, though. When he had the power, he quadrupled the size of LSU, built athletic facilities, financed trips for students to see the LSU football games (and helped organize the Sugar Bowl), composed fight songs (and sometimes high-stepped at the head of the marching band with the indulgence of his hand-picked bandmaster, Castro Carazo, who'd been plucked from leading the orchestra at New Orleans' Roosevelt Hotel, where Long loved to dance). Long also endowed scholarships with the help of LSU's president—J. M. "Jingle Money" Smith—whom Huey had selected and who later went to prison for using university money to speculate in wheat. The Kingfish's last public address, three days before Weiss met him, announced 1000 "practically free" college educations for Louisianians. He didn't need to add that the recipients might look to their political allegiances—most folks knew Long used everything politically, carrot-and-sticking his way onward and upward.

At first, however, it didn't seem as if 175

Long were going far, unless it was far from home, from which he ran away when he was ten. He may have been fleeing the tedious farmwork. But he returned to live up to his ginger-colored hair and bumptious manner with a rowdy boyhood that included auctioneering (he hated farm sales, he claimed later, because they usually meant a man had lost everything), working as a printer's devil, book peddling and an occasional fistfight (Earl Long recalled he'd once pitched in to help Huey, only to have Huey run off, leaving Earl to carry on alone). He was known by neighbors such as O. K. Allen as quick-witted, slick (abiding only by those rules he liked) and fast-talking. Really, he was mostly interested in talking with people, selling them an idea or a program. While in high school, he once, on a bet, sold an elderly Negro a nonexistent secondhand coffin, so the old man would be prepared for death. Naturally, he was a debater in school (he autographed his textbooks "Hon. Huey P. Long," plainly marking his goal) and he also ran the mile, a combination ideal for a Sammy Glick of politics. His last year, he won a debating scholarship to LSU, but there just wasn't enough money. He did the next best thing: became a traveling salesman. That was in 1910.

Carl Austin Weiss was five that year. He lived in New Orleans, though he'd been born in Baton Rouge on December 18, 1905. Carl's father was a physician, doing some postdoctoral work at Tulane and practicing as an eye, ear, nose and throat man. While Long was on the road as a drummer, the elder Weiss (Dr. Carl Adam Weiss) moved back to Baton Rouge and began a large, prestigious practice (Long once stormed in with a speck in his eye that Weiss removed—it was the only time Huey and the accused assassin's father met). Little Carl was the opposite of Long. He was small-framed, dark, long-nosed and wore glasses. He was raised as a devout Catholic, the religion of southern Louisiana (a state that, in its religious and ethical divisions, resembled the two Irelands). Carl was introverted as a child, a lover of books and music and a fine student—as obedient and kind as a boy scout should be. He possessed a biting temper, but unleashed it only occasionally. For the rest, as a teacher phrased it, "It was as if he had discovered a secret zone of calm in which he moved serenely." Or, as others had it, Carl was a serious, self-controlled boy, high-strung and under tension of his own making. Perhaps that's why he turned to mechanics in his youth. Figuring out how things worked separated him from people and lent him tranquil objectivity. He built a radio. He learned about electricity. He was fascinated by guns, was first in his neighborhood to get a .22 rifle and later had pistols. He didn't hunt much, not like his father. He preferred disassembling the guns, putting them back together or

shooting at targets. Weiss graduated at 15 as valedictorian from a Catholic high school and entered LSU in 1921.

That was a good year for Long. He was 28, a lawyer, an elected state official on the Railroad Commission (the future Public Service Commission), a cantankerous foe of large corporations who was reaping political benefits from that liberal stance. Not bad, really, looking back, and the best was yet to come. He'd thrown himself into salesmanship, and he saw that it paid. He'd peddled Cottolene, for example, a cooking oil. Stomping through the red-dirt country, raising its dust on the unpaved roads (he'd see to *that* when he was governor), he sold Cottolene with precept and persuasion. "Stop usin' that hog lard," he'd command the country women and quote a Biblical injunction against Israelites' eating swine. 'Course, they weren't Jewish, but Huey learned early it wasn't always how logical you said it, it was how well. And they'd buy. If they were a little sticky, he would bustle into the kitchen and mess up supper for them. He stayed with farmers overnight, always paid them a dollar, later wrote them about crops, weather, politics (he admired the style of Theodore Bilbo, the rising Mississippi demagog). They remembered him. Cottolene really greased Huey's way. He met his future wife through it, at a cake-baking contest in Shreveport (where he also tried to finish high school). And he got fired from it for breaking expense-account rules. No matter, Long could sell anything. He sold produce for a spell in Oklahoma, attended its university's law school for two semesters. Then in Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, he peddled starch (and got fired), then patent medicine. He got married in 1913 to Rose McConnell, the cake-contest winner. By 1914, however, Long was finished with the drummer's trade. At his brother Julius' urging, he'd be a lawyer. At his own, a politician. Huey and his bride went to New Orleans. In eight frantic months, his prodigious memory stored enough law to pass a special exam of the state examining committee and he was admitted to the bar of Louisiana. He was a shrewd lawyer, as his later career showed (Chief Justice William Howard Taft called him one of the most able men ever to argue a case before the U. S. Supreme Court). And he could use the law to his advantage, as he did during World War One, claiming that as a notary public, he was a state official and, hence, exempt from service. Besides, he said, "I ain't mad at anybody over there."

Long went to Winnfield to practice. He had all the business he could handle. He eventually prospered, got good fees, bought land and securities. Oil was big then, flowing out of the poor countryside to redeem the "flop hats" blasted lives. Huey and O. K. Allen and partners established oil companies, sold thousands of dollars of stock, only to have the Standard

Oil Company break them by refusing to buy their low-grade oil, instead offering only to pipe it at low rates. Huey wouldn't forget that. He and Rockefeller's gigantic subsidiary would remain blood enemies. Six months before he was assassinated, he would charge that the company had hired men to try to kill him. For now, he knew the only way to defeat the huge companies and the New Orleans oligarchs was electorally. Searching the state statutes, he found that the Railroad Commission had no age requirement for office. He ran hard. He toured every hamlet and county seat. Like Bilbo, he dressed in white-linen suits, adopting the dress but not the manner of those he attacked. He recited the Bible, told stories, swapped gossip, woke folks up at night to give them his spiel. They liked this spindly red-haired fellow with the cleft chin and pouchy cheeks, liked the rubbery good nature of his face that vanished when he was riled against the robber barons. Then he'd skin 'em proper, arms windmilling, the country oratory spilling out.

Long was elected in 1918 by 635 votes. Not overwhelming, but enough. He moved to Shreveport, devoted more time to politics. As a public-service commissioner, he declared a tax war on big corporations. He blocked railroad mergers, opposed telephone rate increases and got refunds for the companies' customers, lowered fares on intrastate railroads. He convinced the commission to levy a three percent severance tax on Standard Oil. In 1920, Long backed John Parker, a "gentleman liberal," for governor, but when the dignified gentleman wouldn't go all out after Standard, Huey slandered him, saying, among other things, that a polecat couldn't stay in the same room with him. Convicted of slander and fined one dollar, Huey refused to pay, so the friendly judge passed the hat in the courtroom.

In 1921, when Weiss entered LSU, Long became chairman of the Public Service Commission. One of his first acts was to have Standard Oil's pipes declared a public carrier, like a bus line, and hence subject to regulation. Now anybody's oil could be carried through them. For the next few years, Long built his political constituency (and a big house) and gathered money for a try at the governorship—some said "extorted" from "interests" like those he attacked: to wit, the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company. But then, such was politics.

In 1924, Long stumped the state in the Democratic primary against a Southern French Catholic, who was the lieutenant governor, and a Baton Rouge Protestant, who managed the state penitentiary. Long campaigned for free textbooks for all school children, free bridges and good roads to let people move about. He called for a renewed tax war on Standard Oil, the "octopus" that epitomized Louisiana's victimization by the New Orleans "ring" faction, the big



ffolkes

"My dear Lady Jane, you haven't gone and joined the suffragettes, have you?"

corporations, the fat cats and the plantation barons. To them, Long seemed no threat, since he was always out there somewhere in the scrub country, a long way from Antoine's. The Old Regulars' ring dictated Louisiana politics, and against it, Huey's appeals looked impotent. Furthermore, Long appeared to waffle on the issue of the Ku Klux Klan, then busily murdering blacks. The Catholic candidate opposed the hooded bigots, as did the penal officer, at least nominally. But Long, a native of the northern Klan country and beneficiary of funds from known Kluxers, was suspected of being a closet Klansman (much as Harry Truman later was accused), especially since he denounced the law banning masks at all but Mardi gras events. He retorted that the law extended the government's power too much.

In any event, Huey missed the runoff by 10,000 votes because he had no support in the southern parishes. Yet his day would come. "Someday our people will call the roll again," he prophesied.

Weiss graduated from Tulane Medical College in 1927, the year before Long's people elected him governor. He had switched in 1925 from engineering to medicine. That pleased his father, as did his emergence from introversion. Young Carl made friends, played in a band (he shared a love of music with Long) and was well liked. The year Long was elected governor, Weiss was learning his specialty—ear, nose and throat—during a residency in New Orleans. Late that year, in 1928, the young doctor was on his way to Vienna and Paris for postdoctoral work. He liked Vienna, despite the fascist rallies, the more because he spoke German—learned from his grandfather. When his studies there were over, Weiss traveled in Germany and Italy. He heard about Hitler's threat, saw Mussolini's transformation of the cradle of the Renaissance into the armory of the Mediterranean. Of Mussolini, Weiss said: "This little Caesar will get his due someday."

In April 1929, Carl was to be in Paris, taking up a prestigious appointment at the American Hospital. Just then, his new governor was escaping an impeachment conviction by the Louisiana senate—barely escaping, at that, via a canny blend of intimidation and polite bribery. But Carl didn't get to Paris until June, and by then Long was winging free, transforming the political and physical landscape of Louisiana—the first by distributing spoils, the second by building the roads, bridges and schools he'd promised.

Sometime that year, Weiss visited Belgium's Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre. He bought an automatic pistol, a .32 caliber built on Browning patents, and added it to his collection. In 1930, he returned home for a visit. The family brought him up to date on things in Louisiana. His brother recalled that he didn't express any strong political

philosophy, "just right and wrong. And that was it." That summer, Carl was in New York, to begin yet another residency, this one at the famed Bellevue Hospital. In New Orleans, a colorful governor, soon to be Senator, was telling some rambunctious advisors, "Shut up, you sons of bitches, shut up! This is the Kingfish talking!" Even the sober Weiss might have laughed at that. After all, almost everybody listened to *Amos 'n' Andy*, and while Carl was known as a perfectionist, insisting that everything be done right, he wasn't humorless. He'd opine on Long, too, but he wasn't fanatical about the Kingfish of the lodge. Rather, medicine obsessed him. When he returned to Baton Rouge in 1932, his colleagues thought him destined for greatness. And, in truth, everything inclined favorably. His practice started well. In November 1932, he met Louise Yvonne Pavy, daughter of a judge in St. Landry parish, then studying for a master's degree in French at LSU. Carl was surprised to learn she'd been in Paris when he had, on a fellowship at the Sorbonne. She'd dated interns from the same hospital. They had so much in common—education, religion, politics—and she was beautiful. They were married December 27, 1933, in Opelousas, her home town, at the local Catholic church. Their son, Carl Austin Weiss, Jr., was born June 7, 1935, three months before the death of Long.

Long had achieved quite a bit, too. From his election as governor in 1928, Huey's put-on bumpkinisms, his courtship of what H. L. Mencken called the booboisie, won him the right to speak for the "forgotten man." Huey made good his promises, too, in the most conspicuous ways possible. By 1935, his administration and his-via-Allen's had increased the miles of concrete road tenfold, of asphalt fivefold, of gravel twofold, and built 40 major bridges. Long's suppliers were paid two dollars a ton for gravel when the going rate was 67 cents, but, as Huey said, "We got the roads in Louisiana, haven't we? In some states they only have the graft." It was also true that roads stopped at the borders of parishes unfriendly to him. The Long administration gave free textbooks to all the state's school children (winning a Supreme Court verdict that this did not violate the separation of church and state) and in time it eliminated the poll tax, gave tax exemptions to poor households, passed in the depths of the Depression a debt-moratorium act and levied taxes on large incomes, on corporations, on utilities, on the previously sacred totems of the establishment (though Huey faithfully supported the Democratic Party and delivered Louisiana to Al Smith in 1928).

Before that, however—in 1929—his policies had led Long to impeachment proceedings when an alliance of political enemies mounted its most effective challenge to his transformation of Louisiana into his personal fiefdom, via

patronage, specially negotiated contracts, state boards and commissions of this and that that by 1935 controlled nearly every state job, from local public-safety officials to all municipal jobs to schoolteachers (like Weiss's sister-in-law, who was fired in 1935) to printers. Frightened by what they saw as a fascist power lust, the Old Regulars and others brought impeachment charges, including attempted murder (supposedly asking a former bodyguard to kill a political foe), bribery, misappropriation of funds, intimidation of officials and the press, cavorting with the Sodom and Gomorrah ilk of New Orleans (specifically, a topless dancer) and general conduct unbecoming a governor. The charges, along with a malfunctioning electric vote register that adjourned the session, ignited a riot in the Louisiana house, complete with ripped clothes, brass knuckles and knocked heads and legislators rushing the podium to say hell, yes, let's stay and impeach the bastard. They did, on 19 counts (an index of the bitterness engendered: Earl Long bit an opponent on the ear in a related slander of his brother). But Long forestalled conviction by persuading 15 senators to sign the infamous round robin—a document that said they thought the charges voted by the house were illegal and they would not vote to convict. The charges were abandoned. The robineers soon were highly rewarded. Huey dealt in lawmakers "like you'd buy a sack of potatoes." He maintained he had been a victim of the old politics, that he had to "fight fire with fire. . . . I may not live long enough to do everything I want to do." Affirming this in a eulogy delivered in the Senate after Huey's death, Louisiana's surviving Senator, John Overton, a Long creation, opined that Long's politics were from the start necessitated by the unscrupulous nature of his opponents. That may have been true, as suggested by a meeting of anti-Long men called to order with "This meeting is called for the purpose of discussing ways and means of killing Huey Long." What is certain is that Long, once free of impeachment, never let the opposition up again (in later years, he carried a "son-of-a-bitch" book, like Nixon's "enemies list").

In 1930, while Weiss traveled in Europe, Long decided he wanted to be a U. S. Senator. Maybe more, in time, since that February he told the visiting Calvin Coolidge that he'd had to tear down the old mansion on becoming governor, it was such a wreck, and he sure hoped he wouldn't have to do that to the White House. Senator, though, would do for a start. With his oratory and invective ("Old Feather Duster" Ransdell, he called the incumbent) and swelling support for his soak-the-rich policies, that was easy. Long then decided he wouldn't take his Senator's oath until he could leave Louisiana in good, safe hands; namely, O. K. Allen's. So, for two years, he didn't venture out of the state. When the lieutenant

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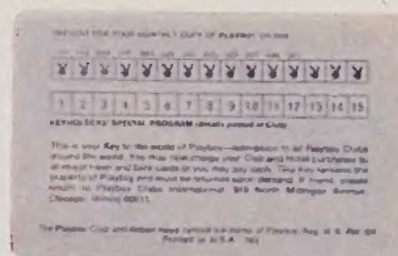
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governor, a former Long ally now defected, tried to take over, claiming Huey was no longer governor, the Kingfish sent militia to the capitol and prevented the accession. He appointed the president pro tem of the Louisiana senate as his lieutenant governor and waited until 1932 to be sworn in and serve in Washington, after Allen's election was assured by the Long organization. No trouble, that, since the machine was well financed. Huey had about ten percent of all his state employees' salaries deducted for his war chest (and put in the fabled "deduct" safe-deposit box, later to be a mysterious element after his murder). They also subscribed to his newspaper, the *Louisiana Progress* (later, in line with Long's ambitions, the *American Progress*), formed in 1930 to combat the increasingly critical urban press. Huey's business friends advertised so loyally that its pages carried more ads than *The Saturday Evening Post*. Huey didn't disguise his contempt for the Louisiana and national publications that, looking to Europe, wondered if the Bayou State might not be growing its own fascist hybrid. He once tried to impose a "two cents a lie" tax on their advertising revenues, but the bill was declared unconstitutional. The Kingfish snorted, "When I lie from the stump, I lie big, because no matter what the newspapers say, 90 percent of the people will believe me."

True, and in 1932, Long's wishes elected Overton Louisiana's other Senator (Senator making was the old salesman's line—his speeches elected Arkansas' Hattie Caraway). The Long opposition cried foul, saying Overton's election was fraudulent. For instance, anti-Long members of the Louisiana congressional delegation pointed out, in St. Bernard parish, where there were only 2500 white people over 20 years old (Negroes were still disenfranchised, not yet freed by Long's removal of the poll tax), some 3189 votes were cast and Overton got 3176. The Senate in February 1933 ordered a subcommittee investigation in New Orleans. The Senate's agents broadened the probe to include Long. Huey and his organization's treasurer, Seymour Weiss (no kin to Carl), retaliated by treating the investigation as a circus so as to defeat the obvious F.D.R.-inspired attack on Long. The hilarity broke down when the committee's investigators declared that Weiss and the Kingfish had gotten illegal money from Wall Street interests for stock purchases, and when brothers Earl and Julius testified that Huey had gotten campaign-box cash from "the interests" in "rolls so big they made his pockets bulge out and spoiled the fit" (of his pajamas, that is—Huey loved conducting business in his bedroom and once insulted a junketing German consul by receiving him in green pajamas, red-and-blue robe and blue slippers, looking "like an explosion in a paint factory").

The family rift seemed not to bother Huey, who was curiously distant from human affairs such as his marriage and children. Too much the politician, one supposes, although he did say in sorrow of Earl, "I cannot attack my own blood." The breach was not entirely walled until Huey lay on his deathbed, although Earl later served two full terms as governor at the behest of Longites, and though Senator Russell Long, the Kingfish's largest fry, remembers his father fondly. In the end, Huey's rhetoric of outraged innocence—"only stupid politicians take bribes"—(and one of his famous circulars calling the hearings a kangaroo court) prevailed. The crooked-election charges were shelved and Overton sat beside Long in the Senate. But—the feud with F.D.R., whom Long had supported vociferously in the 1932 election by campaigning in several states, was full-blown now—despite Huey's periodic visits with Roosevelt and subsequent declarations that "Frank is all wool and a yard wide." The President, unflattered, wrote to a friend that these Depression times were not normal, the people were "jumpy and ready to run after strange gods."

In August 1933, the strange god named Long suffered an incident that tilted his halo, and on his birthday eve, too. At the Sands Point Bath club on Long Island, the Kingfish, after considerable imbibing and ingesting, emerged from the men's room with a blackened, cut eye. Asked what had happened, Huey said a bunch of "J. P. Morgan's gang" had mugged him, presumably because he offended Wall Street interests. Immediately, other stories bloomed. One had it that Long had stood behind a man at the trough and tried to urinate between his legs, and had got slugged for it. That seemed unlikely, even for Huey. A lady companion said she thought he'd just let it swing too much and splattered the shoes of a fellow diner. Hence, the black eye. Whatever, the press had fun. One national magazine collected funds to award a medal to the man, whoever he was, who'd assaulted Long. But Huey didn't mind such publicity. Folks believed him and two months later, his autobiography, as dictated to the editor of the *Progress*, came out, wrapped in a gold cover featuring a picture of the new \$5,000,000 capitol and the Kingfish himself, published by the National Book Company—a Long enterprise formed for the purpose. Friends and foes alike knew the book tokened an advance of his political front. The next events hastened it and strengthened the hatred, the grudging respect, the love of Huey Long.

Early in 1934, Long unveiled on a national radio broadcast his Share Our Wealth program, a neopopulist proposal that couldn't help but appeal to the depressed masses and embarrass F.D.R. to boot. Essentially, it was an expansion of a bill he'd sponsored two years earlier in

the Senate but that called only for limiting per-family fortunes to \$5,000,000. The bill had been defeated, but the Kingfish hadn't quit. He'd cherished the idea of sharing wealth since his young days in Winnfield, when a state senator had told him 72 percent of the nation's wealth was held by two percent of its people. Huey used that fact in figuring in 1935 that there ought to be enough for everyone to have a guaranteed \$5000 homestead (i.e., "enough for a home, an automobile, a radio and the ordinary conveniences"), plus a guaranteed annual income of \$2000–\$3000, an adequate old-age pension, college educations for qualified children and generous bonuses for veterans. The money would come from levies limiting any one family's earnings to \$1,000,000 per year and from capital taxes on fortunes larger than \$5,000,000.

Understandably, the mass response was favorable. Especially so since part of Long's plan was the formation of local Share Our Wealth societies, which amounted to pro-Long political clubs. Their organizer (who, by Huey's death, claimed 7,000,000 members) was the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, a revivalist preacher whose oratory surpassed even Long's in impressing boobs (at least so wrote Mencken) and who loved Long, money and power, in interchangeable order. Smith, bereft of his leader after 1935, became vehemently anti-Semitic and pro-Fascist before World War Two cooled that ardor—in peacetime, he founded the Christ of the Ozarks tourist area in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, where today he presides over a 65-foot statue of Christ, with follow-you eyes, along with other inspirational relics.

The clubs, the proposal itself, worried Farley and other New Dealers. Critics assailed the economics of the Kingfish's proposal. One calculated that, what with the decline in riches caused by the Depression, Huey would have to confiscate all property, assets liquid and otherwise over \$50,000 in order to provide the \$5000 homestead to the number of families with less than that. Such carping prevailed little, though. While the New Orleans faction worried over Long's pressure on it, and while liberals wondered how to get rid of Huey, the Kingfish's appeal grew. His enemies muttered that they had to make a move soon.

The year before his death brought Long myriad threats, aggravating his "deadly fear of assassination," as one man said. He surrounded himself with personal bodyguards, state police, agents of his Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification, even the militia on occasions when violence seemed particularly likely. There were more of those. Long's opponents managed to win two elections for Congress. In one, rebellious officials armed themselves and manned the parish bridges to prevent militiamen from going in with ballots marked only with

the name of Long's candidate. Hodding Carter, later to win a Pulitzer Prize as the racially moderate editor of the Greenville, Mississippi, *Delta Democrat Times*, then was editing the Hammond, Louisiana, paper. Carter wrote, "If ever there was a need for shotgun government, that time is now." Such was the mood as Long's opponents, themselves often intimidated and harassed, huddled to discuss the Kingfish.

Another armed confrontation took place in New Orleans. Longites had at last subdued the city's anti-Huey mayor, "Turkeyhead" Walmsley, and now had New Orleans by its purse strings. Special legislative sessions put the city's employees under state "civil service" control. Other bills impounded the Federal funds—F.D.R.'s patronage—intended for Long's political opposition and to keep the city afloat. Those opponents had in April, heartened by the Congressional victories, challenged Huey in the state legislature. These bills routed them and now Long's men, with militia in reserve, were in New Orleans to enforce the state's new laws. Walmsley's "special deputies" confronted them and a shooting war seemed inevitable. But Huey urged negotiations, reminding the New Orleans Old Regulars they were sure losers. The opposition capitulated and all of Louisiana was Long's at the end of that year.

Late in December 1934, while Weiss was performing tonsillectomies, Long's

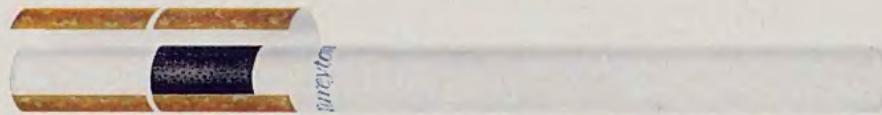
legislature operated on Standard Oil. At Long and Allen's request, a bill was passed taxing Standard five cents per barrel on refined oil. It was whispered that might be negotiated if Standard refined more Louisiana oil, say 80 percent—a compromise potentially profitable to Longites both politically and economically. While Standard pondered that, events took over. The oil firm fired 900 men (before the effective date of another new law that stipulated mandatory pensions) and distressed Huey. Next, a group of Standard employees and other anti-Long gentlemen met in Baton Rouge to protest the new tax. They formed the Square Deal Association, a frankly paramilitary group dedicated to overthrowing Long. As president they chose Ernest Bourgeois, whose name was appropriate—he was a young electrical engineer and strikebreaker for Standard Oil. Assisting Bourgeois was James Mehaffey, an itinerant rabble rouser, who shouted, "You ought to hang every legislator, commencing with your governor." True to that sentiment, the Square Dealers armed themselves and demanded that Governor Allen call a special session to repeal the "demagog-dictator" laws. Anti-Long forces throughout the state quickly formed Square Deal groups (eventually 70,000 strong), but Huey said, "they're too lazy to march." The Senator-governor protected himself, though. New Long appointees authorized

by the legislature seized control of the hostile Baton Rouge constabulary and arrested a Square Dealer named Sidney Songy. The story went out that Songy would be forced to reveal who was behind the association.

Panicked, the Square Dealers mobilized 300 men and seized the courthouse. That turned out to be what Long wanted. He had Allen declare martial law, then announced he'd release Songy. The blue-shirt-association guerrillas parleyed, then decamped. Then the Kingfish loosed a surprise. Songy was a spy for him. The next day, a hearing was convened and Songy testified he'd heard the Square Dealers plot Huey's assassination. They'd stop his car on the highway to New Orleans on the night of January 24 and—as Huey told the press—"force me in the ditch and then 14 or 16 were going to come along in another car and kill me." When this news went out, the Baton Rouge Square Dealers, as Long had expected, decided on defiance. They assembled at the airport for a showdown. It ended ignominiously. Faced by lines of National Guardsmen, the Square Dealers surrendered their arms. Bourgeois scrambled over a fence in flight, dropping his shotgun and inflicting on one of his troops the only wound of The Battle of the Airport.

Now Baton Rouge, long critical of the Kingfish, was Huey's. Governor Allen

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stationed machine guns, mortars and troops on the capitol lawn while another hearing, based on Songy's information, was held. The Kingfish acted as ringmaster. A former East Baton Rouge deputy sheriff named "Red" Davis confessed that Fred Parker, another deputy ousted by Long's men, had offered him \$10,000 to kill the Kingfish, at the time of the New Orleans trouble. Davis said he'd stalked Huey but because of Huey's guard, finally quit. Parker had replaced him with Songy, of all people. For his part, Parker refused to testify, as did a Square Dealer named O'Rourke, who was rumored to be the contract man and in the employ of Standard Oil (coincidentally, both Parker and O'Rourke afterward got jobs with one of the Federal programs in Louisiana). Long crowed over the disclosures, knowing Standard would soon bow to the governor's right to tax it. He pressed no further and the hearings were ended.

Doubtless, the Kingfish by then was fatalistic. He told a fellow Senator: "If there were just a few people plotting it, I think I might live through it, but those people are determined to kill me and I'm not going to live through it." This pessimism, whether genuine or theatrical, didn't stem Long's assaults on F.D.R. Huey had his strategy: Secure Louisiana through his legislature, make it the utopian example of what he could do, then press on to the Presidency. That early part of 1935, Long was Roosevelt's scourge. He'd pre-empted him with Share Our Wealth. The Kingfish helped defeat the Administration's attempt to ratify American adherence to the World Court. He knew most patriots didn't like that. In February, the backwoods lawyer engineered the defeat of Roosevelt's work-relief bill because it contained no minimum-wage provision. In Roosevelt's office, the President was saying they'd have to steal Huey's thunder, and "Don't put anybody in and don't help anybody that is working for Huey Long or his crowd; that is a hundred percent." Huey just went on, though, riding high. In March and April, he said he'd leave the party if Roosevelt were nominated and, yes, he might be a candidate unless the other parties came round to his thinking. Roosevelt counterattacked on June 19, with a tax proposal less stringent than Share Our Wealth but probably more acceptable in its higher individual and corporate tax rates. Huey said F.D.R. was a "scuttler."

But that was nothing compared with August 9, 1935, when the Senate of the United States heard Long accuse the President of passive complicity in a plot to murder the Senator from Louisiana. That day, the Kingfish waved what he said was the Dictograph transcript of "an anti-Long conference held by the anti-Long repre-

sentatives from Louisiana in Congress. . . . Here is what happened among the Congressmen representing Roosevelt." Long then read the quotes. A Square Dealer: "I am out to murder, bulldoze, steal or anything to win this election." An unidentified voice: "There'll be income-tax indictments and there will be some more convictions. . . . O. K. Allen will be the next." Another unidentified voice: "I would draw in a lottery to go out and kill Long. It would take only one man, one gun and one bullet." Another unidentified voice: "I haven't the slightest doubt but that Roosevelt would pardon anyone who killed Long." And so on, through what Huey called the "murder conference," attended, he pointed out, by the nefarious O'Rourke, among other thugs. He concluded by saying, "Louisiana will not have a government imposed on it that represents murder, blackmail, oppression or destitution," that wild tales of New Deal's inner council's plotting to have him murdered were now "fully verified."

Huey stalked out, and into his dust the facts vanished. Surely, that had been an anti-Long meeting in New Orleans' DeSoto Hotel for two days in late July. It was also true that Herbert Christenberry, the brother of Huey's trusted secretary, Earle Christenberry (then the world's fastest typist—a man who'd worshiped the Kingfish for years and kept track of the deduct box for him), had arranged a comic eavesdropping device: a microphone stuck on the end of a pole and poked up to the window of a conference room. Herbert inscribed in shorthand what he heard, transcribed it for Seymour Weiss, who sent it to Huey in Washington, where it was waved at Senators like that day's Gospel. Never mind the illegality of the means, it's probably true that intemperate statements such as those Huey quoted were made. Violent talk was common enough in Louisiana just then. But there is no proof that such talk had a corollary in action (one adversary said Huey had just "got hold of some bad whiskey" to imagine the danger), and the quotes were out of context, excerpted from meetings held in that room over two days. To be sure, in the vindictive hysteria following Huey's death, Earle said he'd heard the Dictograph and told Huey it mentioned a man named Wise. Couldn't that just possibly be the good doctor, the "one man and one bullet"? Unfortunately for the theory, Weiss was in Opelousas and Baton Rouge during the DeSoto conference. Yet Huey's charges in the Senate raised questions never completely put down.

Was all this part of the Kingfish's desire for publicity? Of his animosity for F.D.R.? Of his fear? Or were these genuine plots? Was the formation on August 1, 1935, of another paramilitary organization called, truly, the Minute Men an authentic

threat? They did circulate a "Declaration of Independence" for a Louisiana freed of Long's tyranny and boasted they'd take Baton Rouge—if necessary, killing Long. Were they for real? Neither the state nor Long found out, since Weiss moved, it seems, before the Square Dealers or the DeSotoers or the Minute Men. Moved within a month and for reasons not then known, only felt in the marrow of political creatures who sensed the unexpected infection and feared it.

Congress adjourned on August 26 in 1935. Long left Washington for a few days' birthday roistering in New York. He took with him his Presidential ambitions, incarnate in the deduct box, now stuffed with alms for his 1936 campaigns and with affidavits detailing the New Deal's attempts to stifle him. In New York, he approved *My First Days in the White House*, which would, he thought, with Share Our Wealth, seize more ragged sleeves of the dispossessed and tug them into his camp. *My First Days* describes in first-person breathlessness the Long Administration's infancy, itself a parody of F.D.R.'s "first hundred days." Seemingly, few could take the book as a serious declaration except the Kingfish, who in planning it said if he were elected President, he'd get rid of the two-term tradition and defy "any son of a bitch to get me out."

In Oklahoma City on Labor Day, Long's speech exhumed an old joke from his Winnfield youth meant to bury Roosevelt and Hoover. They had proved themselves, he shouted, like the peddler of two patent medicines called High Popalorum and Low Popahiram, made from the bark of the same tree. "But for one the peddler peeled the bark off from the top down and for the other he peeled it off from the bottom up. . . . Roosevelt and his crowd are skinning us from the ear down and Hoover and the Republicans are doing the job from the ankle up." The call to a third party echoed over the red clay and the squeak of the oil pumps. In a few days, the Kingfish was in Baton Rouge for the climactic special session, safe there in his marble tower.

Weiss spent the last days of his short life in romantic-novel happiness. He ordered furniture for his home, inquired about a new furnace, planned for his future. He practiced medical arts and went home to play with his infant son, to marvel at him and at his wife. The Sunday of the special session he went to church, and he and Yvonne and the baby dined with his parents. Then they all went to their summer cottage on the Amite River, to swim and loll away the hot September afternoon. Carl had often practiced shooting there, but this day they only swam and jollied the child and talked of this and that until about dark, when they drove back to Baton Rouge. In the cooling evening, Carl and Yvonne ate sandwiches and prepared the baby for



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bed, and about eight o'clock, Weiss called his anesthetist to make sure he knew an operation scheduled for the next morning had been switched from Our Lady of the Lake Sanitarium, across the pond from the capitol, to Baton Rouge General. Then he showered, dressed in his white-linen suit and kissed Yvonne goodbye. He said he had a call to make, "arrangements for an operation tomorrow." He kissed her and left forever, backing his Buick out of their drive and into a different world. The car was found in the capitol's parking lot. Weiss carried a gun, as many Louisianians did, in its glove compartment, wrapped in a flannel sock. The sock and his medical bag, disarranged, were found in the car later that night. Sometime around nine o'clock, Weiss climbed the capitol's steps, found his corridor and waited for the sound of a Kingfish approaching.

The story of Huey Long's end abounds with ironies and mysteries. Start with the events in the hospital, with the first irony that Long may not have been doomed to die there in Our Lady of the Lake Sanitarium. Shot but once, it seems he could have survived, but the state's best surgeons summoned from New Orleans were delayed by a highway accident. The surgeon who did operate, Dr. Arthur Vidrine, was Huey's appointee, head of the huge Charity Hospital in New Orleans and dean of a project dear to Long—the LSU medical school built to rival Tulane's. A competent surgeon, Dr. Vidrine went in from the front, cleaned up the soilage where the bullet had torn through the intestines to exit at Long's back and sewed the Senator up. But in the excitement someone forgot to check the victim's urine for blood (a mistake the careful Weiss would not have made), and within 30 hours Long was dead of internal bleeding from the kidney vessels nicked by the bullet.

Consider how in the hospital the swarming after Huey's power began. His estranged brothers rallied to him (Earl was to be designated the state's next lieutenant governor). And Seymour Weiss, the indicted income-tax evader, asked the dying Long where the deduct box was, knowing Huey had taken it from Washington when Congress adjourned. "Later, Seymour, later," was the reply, but there was no more time. The box never reappeared; its hundreds of thousands of dollars and affidavits were gone as finally, as completely, as the charisma of the Kingfish. True, the Longs' familial power reasserted itself, in Governor Earl and Senator Russell, in 1948, and naturally, Longites won Louisiana in 1936 riding the revulsion for the disloyal opposition, the "Assassination Party," accused during the campaign by Earle Christenberry of sending Weiss to kill Huey. (Even so, "re-

form" candidates won in 1940 and 1944, and no Louisianian as potent as the Kingfish has surfaced since his death.) Yet now the succession of power and the money were forgotten in the thrashing, gasping dying of Long.

Much was forgotten for the moment. Like Huey's odd cut on his lip—which an intern had noticed, which a nurse swore Long had referred to in saying "That's where he hit me"—that was forgotten. Later it would be offered by the Weiss family and others as evidence that "he" was Carl, that Carl—his temper loosed by the gerrymander against Judge Pavy, by the rumor that Huey would accuse the Pavys of having Negro blood, by his detestation for fascism—had gone to the capitol to confront Huey, had stepped out and spoken to him, had hit the Kingfish, and then the guns of the bodyguards were out, those hand cannons cutting down Carl and, by accident, shooting Long, while Carl's little self-protection pistol fell from his pocket. So the cut was forgotten, not to be remembered until eight days later, when Long's bodyguards testified with remarkable unanimity about the scuffle with Weiss. Roden had wrestled him, Coleman had struck at the doctor. Huey could have been cut accidentally then, they said, or he could have bumped into something in his flight; and as for any of them shooting Huey, the doctors and the coroner's jury said the Senator's wound was small, hardly noticeable. A .32 would do that, not a .45. And what was Weiss doing with his pistol in his pocket if he were there only to have this conversation nobody remembers with Long? How, Longites asked, could Weiss's brother in future years fantasize that a guilty bodyguard went afterward to fetch the pistol from the doctor's car, messing up the doctor's bag in the process (how even would that guard know Weiss's car—Huey didn't know Weiss when told who had shot him—unless the guard was in on it? Unlikely, since those men had been with Huey for years), and then plant it by Weiss's body, that little "toy automatic," as someone remembered it, which held seven rounds and had one jammed in the ejector and five in the magazine (so maybe there were two shots, one that nicked Roden's wrist watch, just as he said; so what?) and was similar to the pistol Weiss had that week showed a Mr. Fitzgerald and said didn't work right. After all, how plausible was this business stemming from the little cut and Weiss's pistol?

Further into the Kingfish's deathwatch, his assassin was forgotten. Even as Carl's father, his widow, her father the Judge, assured the press and the world that this action of Carl's was inexplicable, certainly not a plot—he was not a joiner and certainly he was not a martyr—even as they spoke, the wires of congratulations

(like those our assassins always get) came in and the newspaper editorials called Carl not crazy but a savior. Thus flowed, in the reciprocal of Long hatred, the praise for the young doctor's act, and it continued to come as his perforated body was prepared for burial. Forever after that interment in hallowed ground, his family said Carl had not gone to the capitol to kill Long; that, though they'd tsk-tsked over it at Sunday's supper, he had not been upset over Judge Pavy's fate—in fact, the family welcomed the judge's coming leisure. They certainly weren't afraid of Huey's tarbrushing, not one of the most distinguished and oldest families in Louisiana. No, it could only have been the impulse of idealism, a hatred and fear of oppression, of Long's fascism. Carl had that. Perhaps only that would have taken him to sure death, away from the wife, the child, the profession, the joy of existence.

So that, too, was forgotten, as Long's family and closest friends leaned forward to hear him near the end hallucinate about the poor, the Gallused backwoods folk he'd help, the things he'd do, his campaign, his LSU, until finally, they swore, he said, "God, don't let me die. I have so much to do," and soon thereafter died.

Long, the commoner from Winnfield, lay in state in his capitol for one full day, dressed in a tuxedo and surrounded by \$25,000 worth of flowers. When Long was interred in a bronze, double-walled, \$5000 coffin in front of the capitol, the roads around Baton Rouge were clogged with cars, wagons, buses, 100,000 people in all. Reverend Smith delivered the eulogy. Carazo's band played *Every Man a King* in a minor key, and to the throb of his own digge, Huey's body was lowered into a massive concrete vault (Mencken unkindly predicted that Louisianians would dynamite Huey's crypt and erect an equestrian statue of Dr. Weiss over the site—they didn't, preferring one of the Kingfish). The music died and it was over.

The surviving echoing throbs we've come to expect—the alarms of plots.

Seymour Weiss said he, too, was sure he'd read the name Wise off the DeSoto Hotel Dictograph record to Huey over the telephone; so Huey's killer was there (Weiss refused to let anyone see the record).

An erstwhile leader of the Minute Men said that was wrong, that there had been another meeting at the DeSoto, a secret meeting attended by five men, who drew straws to see who would kill Long. "We would all have killed him," this bravo supposedly said. "Weiss drew the short straw. He wanted it. He hated Huey because of the nigger business [hypothetically, the racial slur on the Pavy's]." This man has never offered proof of his story nor its extension—that if Weiss failed,



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the rest would kill Long in northern Louisiana with machine guns.

Another tale, sworn to by one man, had it that bitter hangers-on of the Baton Rouge Square Dealers were to meet the week of September eighth to cast lots and decide who was to kill the Kingfish. This man was at the home of a friend when he heard a radio announcement of the shooting in the capitol. "That wasn't planned," he told Long's biographer. "The meeting was to have been tomorrow."

Soon, too, arrived the predictable rumors that Roosevelt had had it done. The accusations by Earle Christenberry that rival Democrats had orchestrated the short-straw drawing (a tale madly embroidered by Songy, who claimed two men—other plotters—had taken a shot at him the day after Huey was shot). And, last, some Louisiana newspapers reported that Weiss was, indeed, violent on the subject of Long and could with equanimity leave his happy hearthside, drive to the capitol and shoot Long, knowing he was committing suicide in so doing. "I'm going to kill Huey Long," these sources quote Weiss as having said, and it seems he did—and that someone would have eventually, had he not.

But these facts and fictions cushion the basic question, Why? There is no indisputable answer. Only that meeting in the corridor is unquestionable. The doctor in white, the Senator in silk, and each driven—perhaps urged by Cajun voodoo, by bayou vapors—to this clash of ideas or politics or prejudices or visions, so opposed that their confluence could only end in death.

The bequests were many. Ellender and the Longs, the collapse of Share Our Wealth, the "Louisiana scandals" of 1939, when the Longite tax defenses finally crumbled, populism and fascism in the steady third-party thumpings of Strom Thurmond in 1948 and of George Wallace in 1968—even this, which assays Long and his assassin, is itself a bequest wrapped in enigmas, in ironies lined up for a final bow:

• Such as Huey Long, he who, though he skimmed and deducted, took legal fees from a state he governed and made thousands from state oil leases through a corporation nicely named Win or Lose; who, though he vandalized civil liberties and raped constitutional processes and burglarized common decency, left Louisiana better in ways than he found it. The backwoods Galluses, rednecks, flop-hats had their day—some vow Huey is still alive somewhere and they run prayers of gratitude to him in newspaper "Personals"—and although we may ask if they'd like another Kingfish, in Long's time their answer was clear. They agreed with Huey,

who once said, "Just say I'm *sui generis*," and we may ponder the portent of their love for such as Long.

• Such as the mystery of Carl Weiss; was he plotter or patriot, or both? Or merely a killer-gardener hewing down something outsized that had grown to shade his inherited garden?

• Such as the relief of Franklin D. Roosevelt (who once called Long one of the two most dangerous men in America—the other was Douglas MacArthur) shimmering beneath his perfunctory wire, never amplified, to the Longs: "I deeply regret the attempt made upon the life of Senator Long. . . ." Of course, it came to pass that it was F.D.R. who won four terms and was called dictator, not the country Kingfish, and F.D.R. who, with bigger fish to fry, presided over the five years in which the mass murder of World War Two supplanted individual assassination, in which the Cain in man turned upon Abel by the millions in the name of fascism and freedom. Dizzily appropriate then was Long's comment on Hitler: "Don't liken me to that son of a bitch. Anybody that lets his public policies be mixed up with religious prejudice is a goddamned fool. . . . There has never been a country that put its heel down on the Jews that ever lived afterward." For all its gaudy improbability, nothing Huey ever said was truer for our time.

• Finally, such as that the man who succeeded F.D.R. was not Huey but Harry, and that it was Truman next in the gunsight-mind of assassins. Certainly, not this time the mind of any smallish, landed-gentry physician but of two Puerto Ricans who wanted freedom for their land—and whose desire burns still in the bombings of restaurants, of banks and of Government buildings.

Mercifully, the parallels stop there.

Oscar Collazo and Griselio Torresola did not understand in November 1950, when they charged Truman's residence at Blair House with their hopeless pistols—indeed, could not understand as well as Weiss and Long would have—how fitting for a Kingfish's epitaph were the words of Senator Harry Truman in 1935 when he heard of Huey's shooting. Harry said, "The proper way for Louisiana to get rid of Huey Long is to vote him out."

In that sentiment, too often abrogated by politics' true fourth estate, violence, lies the vexing problem of American assassinations. It would be seen next in the futile attempt on Truman in 1950 and, too soon after, in the murder in Dallas that altered the mind of America forever about itself.

This is the third in a series of articles on political assassination in America.



HOW TO DO EVERYTHING (continued from page 82)

Smith without legal sanction, it's pretty easy to make the switch official in front of a judge. Though the details differ from state to state, a formal name change is rarely complicated enough to require a lawyer. Apply through the clerk's office of

the local probate, surrogate or superior court—a few phone calls should be enough to find the right place. After filing a set of forms, you will be granted your day (more likely, your minute) in court.

Almost everyone who goes to the bother

of the statutory procedure succeeds, though there are exceptions. In Massachusetts, a judge refused a request to adopt the name Cabot; the other Cabots, it seems, protested.

HOW TO CURE INSOMNIA

Pills. Dozens of chemicals, swallowed or injected in sufficient quantity, will knock



you out for eight hours. None of them, unfortunately, is likely to also provide a decent night's rest.

Probably the best of a bad lot are tranquilizers called benzodiazepines (Valium, Librium, Dalmane). Taken in small doses, they reduce insomnia-causing anxiety without doing massive damage to the sleep cycle. And while it may be possible to become addicted to them, tolerance build-up is very slow. Side effects are rare but not unheard of.

Home remedies. Surprisingly, there is evidence that warm milk really does work. Milk and, for that matter, most protein-rich foods contain tryptophan, the closest thing yet to nature's own sleep potion. Large doses have, at the very least, a mild sedative effect and actually encourage the kind of sleep thought to be most refreshing. Along with tryptophan, a score of amino acids are thought to induce sleep. No one is prepared to prescribe amino acids for insomnia—when barbiturates were introduced, they were hailed as the perfect drugs. You are welcome to dose yourself, however, with a bedtime snack.

Stimulus control. Fear of insomnia is self-fulfilling. The more worried you become about getting to sleep, the less chance you have for success.

Now, advising people to stop worrying is about as useful as telling people to stop breathing. But it is possible to break the association of worry with sleep. The first rule is: Never lie awake for more than 30 minutes. If you can't sleep, don't try. Get up and read or watch a Pat O'Brien movie on the tube. No matter how long it takes to get to sleep this way, don't reset the alarm. A few three-hour nights won't hurt.

Sleep clinics. If warm milk and calm thought don't work, the sleep clinic is a last resort.

Usually, the solution is straightforward, since most insomniacs who make it to a clinic are not suffering from neurological diseases. EEG recordings can provide proof of drug-ruined sleep or prove to a skeptic that he or she actually does get enough rest. The most extreme treatment for diehards is psychotherapy to find out what really is wrong.

Less ambitious approaches include hypnosis and biofeedback training. Hypnosis is much older, but the concept behind biofeedback is much the same. The key is to learn to relax. Under hypnosis, post-hypnotic suggestion cues the subject to think clean thoughts as head meets pillow. With biofeedback devices, patients are taught to recognize, and then imitate, the tranquil, half-awake stage that occurs naturally before sleep. The special attraction of biofeedback is the ease with which people learn the technique—transcendental meditation without the guru.

HOW TO PITCH TO HENRY AARON

Why a salary-conscious veteran would ever pitch to Bad Henry, rather than

pitch around him—that's the real question. Nevertheless, with the bases loaded, F.O.B. (Full of Braves or Brewers), conventional baseball wisdom decrees it moronic to walk in the run, especially with a Mathews on deck and an Adcock in the dugout.

A right-handed thrower should be on the mound; keeping a southpaw in the game reduces your percentages. Preferably, the pitcher should have a herky-jerky motion like Luis Tiant. He should come from the side or, at the very least, three quarters rather than from the top. Still, no one has ever accused Aaron of bailing out.

Being the premier fastball hitter—ask Drysdale—Aaron must be fed a steady diet of junk. Slow curves, change-ups and occasionally a hard slider. Water or petroleum jelly also helps. Work the corners, keeping the ball low in the strike zone, never around the letters. While Aaron hits well to all fields, recently he has become a notorious pull hitter. Despite those quick wrists, keep the ball on the outside corner. Do not get behind on the count. At 2-0 or 3-1, Aaron will guess fastball, still most pitchers' safety pitch. Since his initial blast off Vic Raschi in 1954, Aaron has guessed right more than 714 times.

HOW TO HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT, TOO

Lytton Strachey, the British biographer and man of letters, was compelled to defend his conscientious objection to World War One before a military-draft tribunal. Attempting to trap the pacifist, one of the inquisitors demanded to know what he would do if he saw a German soldier trying to violate his sister.

Strachey's reply: "I should try and interpose my own body."

HOW TO RETIRE ON \$500 A MONTH

Believe it or not, there are still places in the world where \$500 a month is sufficient to live well, though not luxuriously. The trick is finding one that welcomes Americans and can accommodate their lifestyle. Some of the nicest countries—Tahiti, for example—have decided to save paradise for the natives, while others can't offer foreigners amenities such as modern medical care or reasonable public sanitation.

Additional considerations: U. S. citizens living abroad must pay taxes on income earned in the United States. This means you may have to pay taxes twice—once to Uncle Sam and once to your retirement country. Some places have negligible income taxes, however, or have reciprocal agreements with the United States to fleece you just one time around. The IRS publishes a *Tax Guide for U. S. Citizens Abroad* that lays out the alternatives.

Roughing it. One of the most pleasant spots to disappear to at any price is Greece. The cost of living (in dollars) is as low there as anywhere in Europe. After

the initial expense (\$25,000) of a simple house, \$400 to \$500 a month should suffice for suburban life near Athens. Move to the Greek islands and housing, food and service costs decline dramatically, but middle-class living is hardly possible. Telephones, cars and electricity are expensive or unavailable. Nowhere outside Athens are you likely to find English spoken. The 20,000 U. S. citizens living there today are largely returned Greek-born, first-generation Americans.

Portugal and Ireland, two other popular destinations, are difficult for people on limited incomes. Medical care is inexpensive in both, but transportation and food can be steep. The trick to beating high prices is to live in small towns, away from the modern world. If you can deal with the isolation, life can be very comfortable.

The big disadvantage to Ireland, of course, is the weather. The mild, western portion of the island is perpetually cloudy and damp, while the drier (not dry) east has 60-degree summers and 40-degree winters. For Portugal, the big problems are politics and language. How welcome you will be, or how long you will remain welcome, is unclear. Few Americans can complain, though, about the attitude of the Portuguese they see each day on the streets or in the shops.

Living well. Tens of thousands of Americans live in Mexico, most in expatriate colonies in the big cities. The days of the Cuernavaca villa with three servants on \$200 a month are long gone, but the compromises needed to live modestly on \$500 a month are still small. If you do not wish to rough it in a fishing village, the best bet is Guadalajara: lots of Americans to keep you company, low-priced apartments with standard conveniences. Mexico City and the great resort areas also have American colonies, but housing costs are unacceptably high. Mexico is fairly casual about permitting foreigners to bring in automobiles duty-free.

Morocco also caters well to American tastes on a budget. Most of the country is incredibly poor and underdeveloped. Big exceptions are the cities booming with tourism and the new phosphate-export wealth. Tangier is probably the best place for retirees. It has a large quarter populated by Europeans and Americans, sophisticated urban living and modern housing. Best of all, Spain is just a ferry ride away across the Strait of Gibraltar.

If you don't mind going a long, long way, New Zealand could meet your needs. The place is very quiet, very conservative; pure 19th Century provincial England, plus scenery. It helps to be fond of sheep. Housing, food and medical care are substantially less than in the States. Perhaps even more important, luxuries are not missed, because no one seems to have any. Climate can be a drawback; the



"Listen, Manny, I think I'll have that order to go!"



"Perhaps something a little more formal?"

colder of the two large islands has long winters.

The ethnic route. Many eastern European countries—Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary—officially welcome apolitical first-generation Americans who want to return home to retire. Depending upon how much you and your dollars are wanted, the economics of the arrangement can be very attractive—virtually free housing and medical care (as for everyone else), special access to Western luxuries in exchange for Western currencies. The drawback, naturally, is the uncertain status of non-Communist foreigners. Privileged guests today may find themselves unprivileged tomorrow. Such a move should be carefully researched, first with a visit to the foreign consulate in the United States, then with a trip abroad to talk to resident Americans and U.S.-consulate bureaucrats.

HOW TO KEEP A PIPE LIT

Ask a pro, like William Vargo of 190 Swartz Creek, Michigan. By virtue of

keeping 3.3 grams (about one tenth of an ounce) of cube-cut Burley tobacco lit continuously for two hours, six minutes and 39 seconds, Vargo won the 1975 World Pipe Smoking Contest. That, by the way, is one minute, 32 seconds over the record in the International Association of Pipe Smokers' Clubs (I.A.P.S.C.) competition, set in 1954 by Max Igree of Flint, Michigan.

Endurance techniques vary, with experts split between the even-surface burn and the slow-spreading corner burn. Corner-burn types must accept the risk of early flame-out—rules prohibit re-lighting after the first 60 seconds of a contest. Tamping, to maintain high density, is, of course, accepted practice.

One foreign technique—starting with less than a full 3.3-gram load and adding to the bowl as time passes—can generate spectacular results. Using the gradual-fill method, Yrjö Pentikäinen of Finland kept his pipe alight for four hours, 11 minutes

and 28 seconds. I.A.P.S.C. officials disallow this alien technique and point out that Pentikäinen employed stringy, slow-burn tobacco, rather than regulation cube-cut.

HOW TO LOSE WEIGHT IN STYLE

Tired of broccoli and broiled-chicken dinners? Too smart to fall for the low-carbohydrate, high-fat route to hardened arteries? Too lazy to jog five miles a day? You are in luck—there really is a better way.

Just set aside two weeks (and a few thousand dollars) to make the pilgrimage to Eugénie-les-Bains (write 40320 Geaune), a tiny town in south-central France. Eugénie-les-Bains is the site of a splendid resort hotel, Les Prés et les Sources d'Eugénie, offering its guests all the standard luxuries—restored *belle époque* interiors, tennis, indoor and outdoor pools, manicured gardens. But what makes Les Prés so special is its dining room, the only great French restaurant in the world dedicated to dieters.

The genius behind this enterprise is Michel Guérard, one of the new breed of French chefs whose styles are marked by simplicity and restraint. Guérard became famous in the late Sixties as the proprietor of Le Pot au Feu, a bistro tucked between grimy warehouses in a Parisian suburb that recently fell prey to urban renewers.

Rather than reopen in a more accessible neighborhood, Guérard chose to move operations to Eugénie. His own weight problem and the desires of the clientele—Eugénie is an old mineral-water spa where cityfolk traditionally come to pay their dues—inspired the new dieters' menu. The three-course lunches and dinners (about ten dollars) never contain more than 500 calories yet never give the slightest hint of compromise. Exactly how Guérard does it is a trade secret, but some of the tricks are fairly transparent. Butter, flour and sugar have been banished; sauces are thickened with finely blended low-fat cheeses or puréed vegetables. Meats, fish and vegetables are all superfresh and sparingly cooked.

A couple of weeks of Guérard's painless regimen, combined with tennis and swimming, should knock off from five to ten pounds—plenty to cover a year's worth of martinis and Sara Lee.

HOW TO TRACE YOUR FAMILY TREE

It's not like knowing where you are going, but knowing where you came from can be a comfort. Should you get the urge, there are two ways to begin.

Do it yourself. Genealogy is mostly hard work. If you have plenty of time and are not too ambitious, a few hundred letters, a few months in libraries and a few trips to Washington should be sufficient. The place to start, of course, is personal family records—old letters, diaries, Bibles. For American genealogy, 1880 is the watershed. State and local records (registrations of births, deaths, marriages, divorces, wills) are reasonably

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accurate and complete since that date but of much less value for earlier years.

If you know that your ancestors arrived in the United States before 1880, it makes sense to look first in the National Archives. They contain vast quantities of 19th Century records: manuscripts of the U. S. Census dating back to 1790, war records, naturalization documents, ships' passenger lists, deeds of public-land sales. The *Guide to Genealogical Records in the National Archives* (order it for \$1.65 from the U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402) provides details. To find out much, the chances are good that a personal visit to the Archives in Washington will be needed. The Archives' staff is prepared, though, to process some requests by mail.

Other sources provide specialized information. The D.A.R. maintains more than 200,000 files on members' lineage, which, naturally, date back to the Revolution. Military-draft records from World War One can be obtained from the Federal Records Center in East Point, Georgia. The genealogical collection amassed by the Mormon Church, largely based on hard-to-find state and local rec-

ords, is open to the public in Salt Lake City, Utah. Old newspaper indexes are valuable, especially the *Boston Evening Transcript* for the years 1876-1923. The *Transcript* and others are preserved by the Library of Congress in Washington.

The compleat genealogist must learn to be suspicious. Beware of collections of biographical sketches and photographs contributed by subscribers. These "mug" books stuff the shelves of every genealogical library and, although some are accurate, more are self-serving or carelessly compiled. Note, too, the casual name spellings and descriptions of family relationships in 19th Century sources. Brother, for example, can mean brother-in-law, stepbrother or even fellow church member. For records before 1752, dates can also be confusing. Often two dates, the Gregorian and the unreformed, are cited. If you get this far, invest in one of the handbooks for amateur genealogists. Gilbert Doane's *Searching for Your Ancestors* is first-rate.

Hire a pro. Answer one of those little ads in the back of a magazine and you are likely to get a few made-up paragraphs on the origin of your name, assurances that you are descended from

Charlemagne and a bill for \$200. Reliable genealogists advertise rarely, except in research journals, such as *Genealogical Helper*, *The American Genealogist*, *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* and *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*. The Board for the Certification of Genealogists (1307 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) keeps lists of reliable professionals, broken down by specialty.

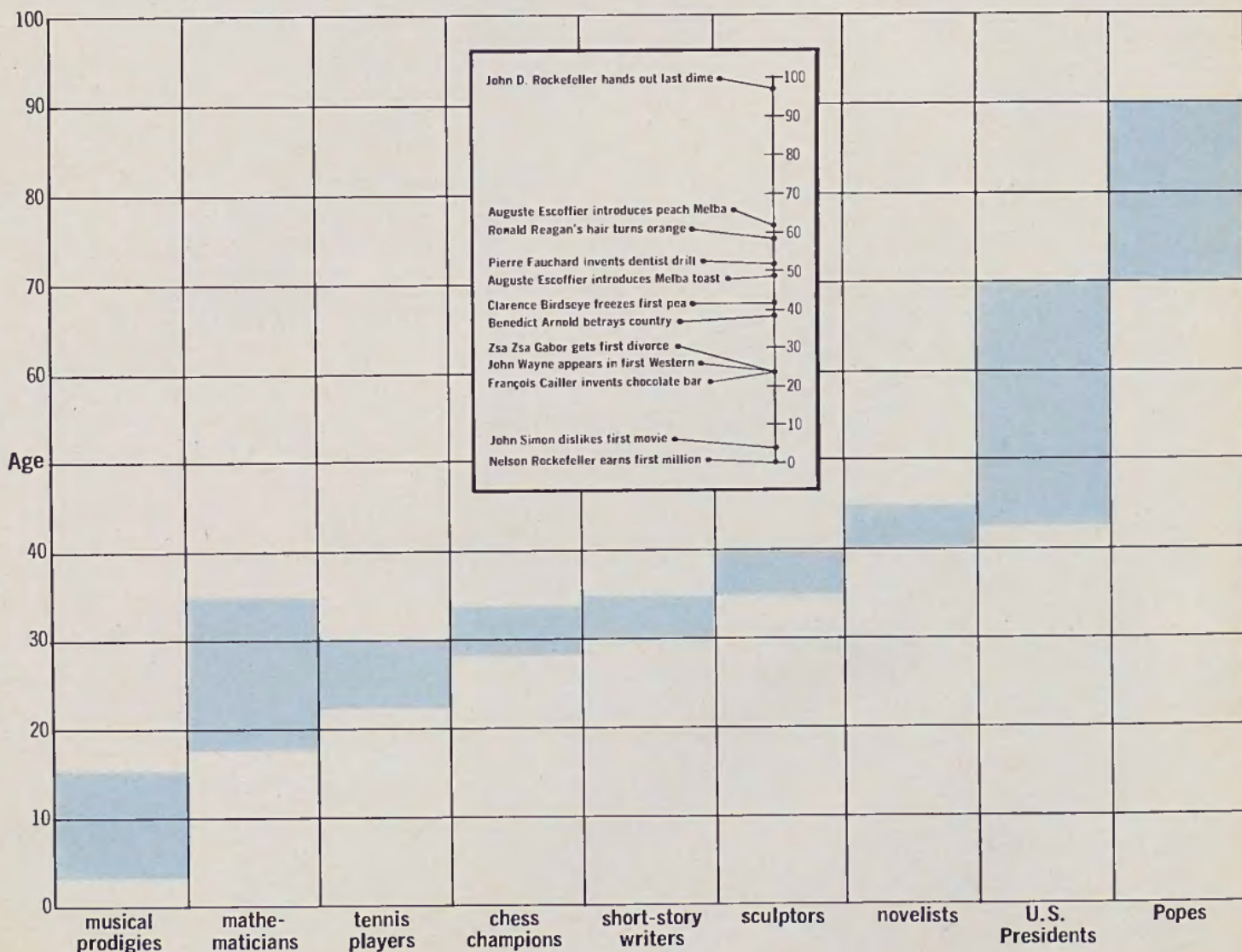
Expect to pay \$10 to \$25 per hour for the service, with a minimum of \$200 to \$500. Should you get very serious, the final bill can end up ten times that high. Tracing ancestry back to Europe is particularly expensive. Remember, it's cricket to shop around for estimates and compare prices.

HOW TO TELL WHEN IT'S YOUR TURN

Every person has a time and, possibly, a prime. To find out when you're due—at least according to a sociologist who looked it up—consult the chart below.

HOW TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL IN BETTER SHAPE THAN YOU ENTERED

Your greatest risk is from a blood or plasma transfusion. Both whole blood and the pale-yellow fluid component of



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blood called plasma carry hepatitis viruses if the donor ever had the disease. Every year 50,000 patients contract hepatitis from transfusions; about 1000 of them don't leave the hospital alive.

Your only certain protection is to demand (in writing) that the hospital substitute synthetic plasma expander for the real thing whenever medically feasible. Plasma expander is just sterile salt solution. In most cases, it performs the main task of plasma or whole-blood transfusions, adding liquid volume to bring blood pressure back to normal. Using plasma expander may slow recovery by a day or two—the organic components of natural plasma must be regenerated. But the insurance is worth that price. And as a bonus, you save money. Hospitals nail you for plasma at the rate of \$50 to \$100 a pint. Plasma expander is just clean salt water.

HOW TO SKINNY-DIP IN PEACE

Here, it all depends on what you want. Legal nudity has been around a lot longer than the sexual revolution, so the average nudist club is still strictly a family affair. No alcohol, no drugs; check your lust in the locker room, please. There's nothing wrong with a little clean living, of course, and it does avoid misunderstandings. So if you don't mind the church-social/outing-club atmosphere of most, the old-fashioned sun-bathing clubs may be for you.

Finding them is easy, since many belong to one or more of the national nudist organizations. The biggest (and most conservative) of these, The American Sunbathing Association (810 North Mills Avenue, Orlando, Florida), will come up with a list of affiliates for the asking. Facilities tend to be Spartan, in keeping with the ascetic image. Some clubs nick you for a membership fee—rarely very much, though. Singles (particularly males) are generally unwelcome, as are visitors who would rather watch than join.

Suppose volleyball and barbecues don't turn you on. What's left? Dozens of clubs and private resorts have sprung up in the past decade that cater to younger folks with fewer (or at least different) inhibitions. Many are where you'd expect to find them—in California—but a surprising number can be found in the heartland.

The ambience varies enormously, from Grossinger's-without-clothes to strictly X-rated. Dick Drost's Naked City put Rose Lawu, Indiana, on the map with annual Miss Nude World and Miss Nude Teenybopper contests. Between beauty pageants, when upright citizens of Chicago and Indianapolis aren't ogling contestants (spectators pay \$15 for the privilege), Naked City keeps sun lovers busy with ping-pong, swimming, ice skating, archery, sauna and much, much more. Should you so desire, the Treehouse Fun Ranch in San Bernardino, California, will accommodate a yen to sky-dive in the buff. You

must, however, wear a parachute. More typically, the new-style nude resorts are like the old-style but without all the rules. Singles are accepted, if not encouraged. Drinking is permitted—in fact, the bar probably supports the rest of the enterprise. Swingers coexist with straights.

If you don't want to go to the trouble of finding your own place in the sun, V.I.B. (figure it out for yourself) Tours (244 East 46th Street, New York, New York 10017) sells packaged vacations. Destinations include tolerant Caribbean islands and nearby beaches, as well as nude resorts.

For all this organized activity, it is still possible to find places where you can legally take a plunge *au naturel* without joining a club, booking a tour or entering the Nude Olympics. By far the nicest are in Europe, on Yugoslavia's Adriatic coast and on the French Riviera. Yugoslavia, eager for tourists, happily accommodates travelers who wish to alternate their days between sight-seeing in the medieval city-states along the coast and purer forms of hedonism. Try the beaches on the island of Hvar, where Marshal Tito maintains a summer home, or those near Zadar.

French police permit casual, unorganized nudity to flourish on the isolated Ile du Levant and topless sunbathers to mingle with the crowds all along the Côte d'Azur. Lately, it has become chic to show everything in St.-Tropez. One real-estate developer is building a posh nude resort farther down the Mediterranean coast near Spain, with condominiums to purchase or lease by the month. Write to Club Nature Sogenat, Port Nature, 34300 Cap d'Agde, France.

Closer and cheaper, both American coasts have their share of nude beaches. The U.S. Park Service officially claims neutrality on the subject but in practice bans skinny-dipping on park property when enough people complain. The California coast between San Francisco and San Diego is loaded with public beaches. Among the prettiest are Gaviota Beach north of Santa Barbara, Black's Beach in La Jolla and San Gregorio north of Santa Cruz. Trouble is, it's hard to predict from month to month where you will be safe from harassment by the police. As a rule, nudity is tolerated until it becomes too popular to ignore. Check things out ahead, unless you yearn to have your name on a Supreme Court case. On the East Coast, the best free beaches are in Massachusetts (Truro, Zach's in Martha's Vineyard) and New York (Fire Island). The same warnings apply.

A final choice for catching rays in absolute privacy: The Pavilions and Pools Hotel on St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands, offers individual pavilions for two to four, each with a small pool in a walled courtyard. The maid comes only when invited.

HOW TO GET AN AUDIENCE WITH THE POPE

It's next to impossible to get a private audience with Pope Paul VI. Not only is the pontiff aging but he is enormously busy. Private audiences are reserved for Church and religious leaders, heads of state and occasional secular celebrities. Henry Kissinger stops in often on his way to Cairo or Damascus; less exciting but more frequent courtesy calls are made by the U.S. Ambassador to Italy. Betty Friedan was among those Americans who did secure a private meeting—Ms. Friedan gave the Pope a medallion of the women's movement and he gave her a bronze religious medal.

For the rest of us, there are general audiences held most Wednesdays. Admission to general audiences is arranged in Rome through the Bishops' Office for U.S. Visitors to the Vatican. These audiences last about an hour and include hundreds, sometimes thousands, of pilgrims and travelers who meet in the new audience hall on the south side of St. Peter's or, in summer, in St. Peter's Square. Every year about 60,000 Americans make it to these general audiences—we're the best-represented nationality, after the Italians.

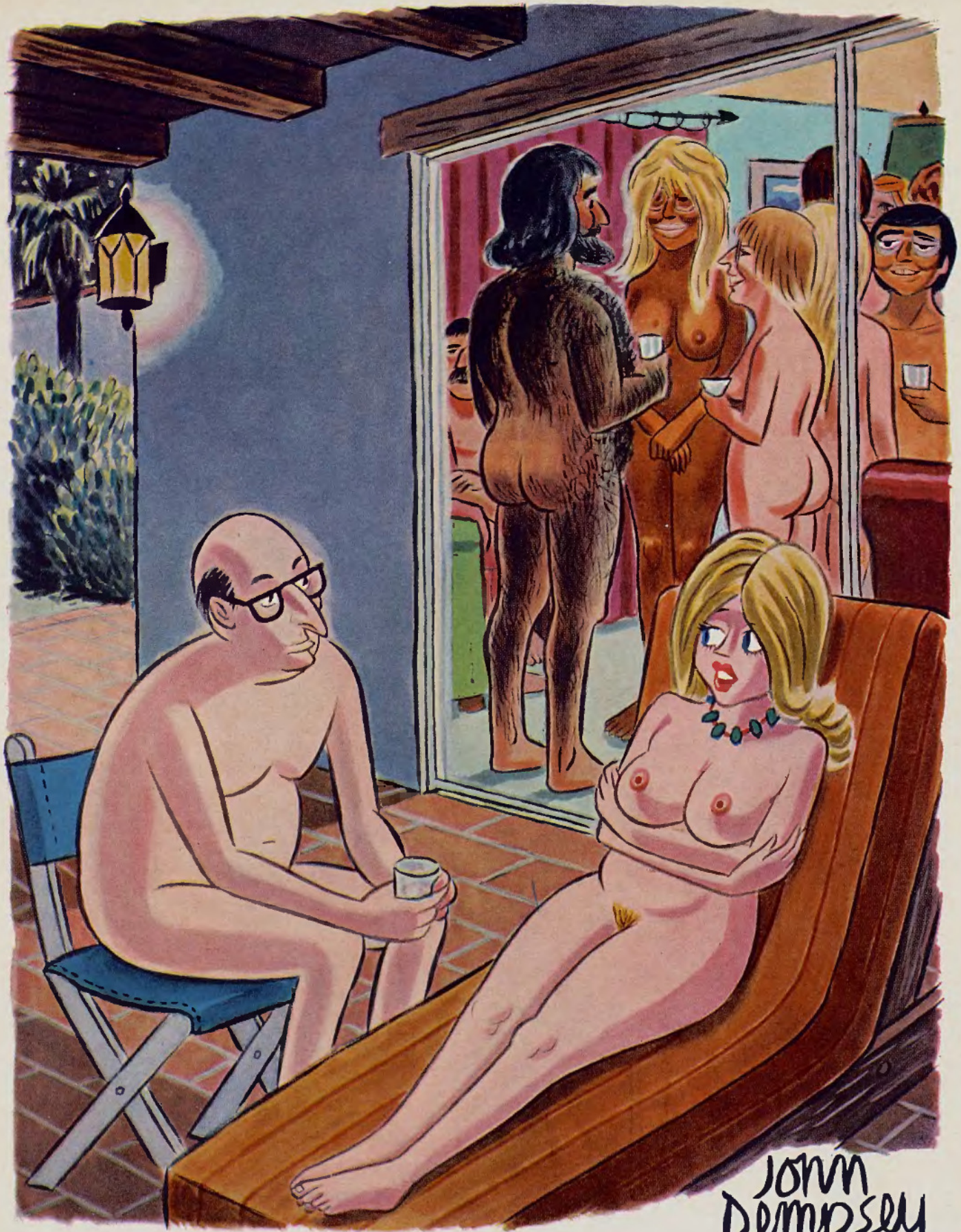
Plan ahead for admission to a general audience. Most visitors are announced to the Bishops' Office, and its head, the Reverend Monsignor William Fleming, by letters from their local bishops. Travel agents who include a papal audience in their tour of Rome also work through Monsignor Fleming. It's possible, however, just to wander in off the street (the Via dell'Umiltà in downtown Rome) and apply to the Bishops' Office. Monsignor Fleming submits a list to the Vatican every Friday for the following Wednesday's audience, and passes are issued through the office of the Prefecture of the Papal Household.

If you make it to a general audience, you'll hear the Pope speak and perhaps—if you're very lucky—shake his hand or, if you are a Roman Catholic, kiss his ring. But if you don't, you can still get a glimpse of him in the window of his Vatican apartment. He's there every Sunday he's in town, and at noon he waves and gives his traditional blessing to the crowd in the piazza.

HOW TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

The Scott Meadows Club offers a home far away from home in the case of nuclear attack, world-wide famine or the election of Spiro Agnew. In return for an immodest down payment and modest dues, Scott Meadows will set aside your own family cabin on its 700-acre retreat somewhere in the High Sierras of California. The club's exact location is privileged information—guests are taken in blindfolded—to ensure security in case of apocalypse.





JOHN
DEMPSEY

"I'm feeling a bit chilly, Mr. Hoopes. Would you mind getting me Mr. Ames?"

WHO CAN ARREST YOU?

(continued from page 112)

"mistake" in the line of duty. Over 99 percent made at least one mistake. The average was over ten mistakes. More important, over 97 percent made "major mistakes," which means actions with potential criminal or civil liabilities (such as shooting or maiming someone). On the average, there were 3.7 major mistakes per man.

Who these guards are, where they come from, who controls them are questions that remain to be answered. No state has a comprehensive law for regulating private cops. Some states have virtually no laws concerning private police. In such a state, you can start your own police force without even bothering to become a city first. Gonzales Security Agency, for example. Then maybe I could get a few armored cars and take money out of banks. And I could certainly get some interesting information: Private police have access to police and FBI records. A security executive

quoted by Rand: "Although it's illegal, from time immemorial we have paid the city police department for police records."

That kind of inside information should give private police a good measure of flexibility. But then what will they do with it? No telling: More than half of these private police did not know what their powers are. When asked, 31 percent thought it was a crime if someone called them pig. Less than half of them knew that the only arrest powers they have are the same ones any private citizen has. Seventeen percent said they would use "deadly force" to stop someone from committing a felony. The only problem with that is almost none of them knew the difference between a felony and a misdemeanor. Twenty percent were willing to use deadly force to stop extensive property damage. Deadly force means that they would shoot you.

WARNING NO TRESPASSING
ARMED GUARDS ON DUTY
WILL ARREST VIOLATORS
PAPE SECURITY SERVICE

That sign appeared on the construction site of the new Water Tower Place on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. Is it legal if they arrest you? Probably not. Is there anything you can do about it? Probably not. Actions and claims by citizens against private police are generally not settled by payment of damages to the claimant.

When state and local regulatory agencies were asked by Rand to report complaints against private police, 17 of them responded. They reported 55 shootings, 22 violations of gun laws, 13 incidents of assault, 34 cases of impersonating a public police officer and eight murders. It is legal to resist unlawful arrest by a private police officer, but you probably shouldn't try it unless you happen to be a public policeman or he happens to be in traction.

With a significant degree of regularity, private police also engage in wire tapping, bugging, invasion of privacy, trespassing, theft and impersonating public police. Half the licensed detective agencies in one state were once under investigation simultaneously for possible violations of bugging and wire-tapping laws.

There is no system of legislation to cover the half million private police in the U. S. Their powers for the most part turn on the citizen's willingness to give consent. A property owner may legally prevent you from entering his place or eject you (a Frain usher can, for example, make you leave a Stones concert). But any force used must be what is cleverly known as "reasonable." In other words, if you refuse to leave the theater, they may carry you out. That is reasonable. They may not shoot you. That is unreasonable. If, however, you hit one of the guards when he tries to carry you out and he then shoots you, that may be judged a reasonable force by a court. It would be up to the judge and jury.

Under the temporary-detention guidelines (i.e., probable cause), the private police may ask you some questions. For example, a floorwalker thinks you are shoplifting. You, of course, do not have to answer his questions. Furthermore, it may be illegal for him to question you in public, as it could constitute slander, which is an actionable offense similar to libel and invasion of privacy. But in most cases, in order to get you into a private place to question you, he must have your consent. Therefore, to clear up the matter, he might want to search you. His right to do that is extremely unclear. It may or may not be legal, but even if illegal, it's probable that your only recourse is a civil or criminal suit, unless



"Sure, he's a nice guy, but would you want him to marry your brother?"

you can convince the D.A. to pursue a criminal-assault charge. In any case, if the guard does search you, it must be done with the least force and embarrassment possible. In other words, if you are walking down the aisle in Saks, checking out the double knits, and a fullback in plain clothes flashes his shield, tosses you against the wall and pats you down while all the customers watch, that private policeman may have committed a crime and, if so, you have as much right to act as a private policeman and arrest him as he does you (i.e., none—unless what he did was, in fact, a crime, in which case you have the power to make a citizen's arrest). Unlike public police, who are bound by law to inform you of your rights, private police may proceed without so much as a "May I?"

Charles is a white musician who plays in a black neighborhood. While unloading sound equipment behind a night club one afternoon, he saw two blacks running toward him and did what any smart white boy would do in that part of town. He went into the club and shut the door. A few minutes later, the two men came into the club through another door, drew guns, grabbed him and dragged him into the rest room, where they were about to hammer on him with their firearms when the club owner came in and said Charles was OK people and to

leave him alone. They were undercover cops, publicly appointed. They were not about to tell him his rights. And he had no way of distinguishing between publicly appointed muggers and private, run-of-the-mill muggers.

Stories like this abound. During the 1968 Democratic Convention, police stopped a man in downtown Chicago and asked him where he was going. He told them he was on his way to the convention. They asked who he was. He said Winston Churchill. They knocked his head in with a billy club. He *was* Winston Churchill (grandson of the Churchill). So much for foreign relations.

A friend of mine had this experience: His son and a buddy were drinking in a bar one night. When they left, the buddy went out the door first. A man got between him and my friend's son and grabbed his long black hair. He wouldn't let go. My friend's son took hold of the man and tried to make him stop. He still wouldn't let go. So the boy decked him, at which point he not only let go but lost consciousness—he also lost his service revolver. The two boys took his identification and gun—assuming he was a mugger—and when they got home and looked at the identification cards, they discovered that there was one from a state investigation bureau and another from the IRS. The state bureau told my friend, who phoned it to find out whether the agent

was totally batshit or just following standard procedure, that the man no longer worked for it and was currently employed by the IRS. After phoning the IRS to hear its version of the story (and naturally refusing to identify himself but claiming he was a witness who knew the boys), he learned that the IRS had no version of it. It would tell him nothing except that he should turn the boys in to it.

Now, what would you do? The IRS wouldn't admit its man had done anything wrong. The night after the incident, the kids sent a couple of their friends to the bar to take a look. Every other stool was occupied by an agent, looking around. The boys reported that the guy was obviously drunk when the assault was committed.

Catch-22.

The I.D.s were burned. The gun was disposed of. The IRS agent was very lucky. He lost an eye in the scuffle. If it had been the father instead of the boy, the agent would have been shot. And that incident, by the way, would have gone into the statistics for cops murdered by citizens.

So it boils down to this: You may—should, in fact—resist a mugging and, under the citizen's-arrest common law, may detain the mugger, who is committing one or more of several crimes known variously as felonious assault, forcible

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*"I love your new vaginal spray,
Gloria—but don't you realize it's helping to destroy the
earth's protective ozone layer?"*

rape, strong-arm robbery or attempted murder, depending on the circumstances. If the mugger happens to be a police officer, however, you may not resist him or you will be committing a crime known as resisting arrest or, perhaps, assaulting an officer. However, you may not require that the officer or the mugger take the time to identify himself so that you can make the distinction. Therefore, you must wait until the mugging is in progress before deciding whether or not to resist. It would be advisable, about half-way through the mugging, to ask, "Who are you?" and see if your attacker identifies himself as a policeman. He will generally do this by displaying a shield or a service revolver. Once you are sure the mugger is not a publicly appointed law officer, you may proceed with your resistance. But, given the number of police, chances are that the next time you find yourself being mugged, it could be by a police officer. Just statistically this makes sense, if we consider trussing up an innocent person and hauling him off against his will to be some form of mugging. Police pulled off 1,729,000 of those in 1974. They probably hit the Golden Blackjack (or 2,000,000) mark in 1975. And this brings us to an interesting moral and social bind.

In most circumstances, a citizen is expected to render aid when he sees someone committing a felony. If at the cigarette counter where I saw the gunman mentioned earlier I had jumped him from behind and held him until the uniformed cop directing traffic outside could be summoned, I might have been doing my duty as a responsible citizen—stopping a felony in progress (possession

of a concealed weapon, unlawful use of a firearm). If he had turned out to be a cop (of any kind—FAA, BATF, IRS, Customs, Border Patrol, U. S. marshal, Secret Service, city, county, state, DEA, department of national resources, Metropolitan Enforcement Group or a private investigator licensed to carry the gun or any number of others legally doing so, such as CIA, Interpol, who knows?), if I had hammer-locked a legit gun-carrying member of the security force, I would have found myself in the deep shit. Therefore, in practical terms, it may be best not to try to stop felons, since the chances are good that they just *appear* to be felons and are really people doing the jobs you and I appointed them to do.

That sounds rash. But if you walked into a rest room and saw two guys with guns about to pistol-whip somebody, what would you think? Whatever you might think, if you interfere with police who are pistol-whipping someone, you may not be violating the law, but you will probably be supporting the two-billion-dollar-a-year funeral industry. No wonder crime is on the rise. Would a popular movement to render aid deter criminals? If a mugger knew that he couldn't successfully rob or molest someone with others watching, would he stop trying? Is there some truth in *Death Wish*? It is common to hear stories about 70 people on a subway platform watching, doing nothing, while a couple of dudes turn somebody's head into something that looks like a Celeste sausage pizza. It is entirely possible the observers may be making a safe assumption: Those are undercover policemen just doing their job and if we interfere we'll be in trouble.

Now, let me set something straight. As long as there are people willing to rob, rape or murder you, there will be some need to have cops or for each citizen to arm himself and do his own policework, which is no mean task. Barbara Gelb's recent book *On the Track of Murder* is the story of Sergeant McQueen's Manhattan Homicide Task Force, a commando squad that investigates unsolvable pervo murders. It does an incredible job against impossible odds. McQueen is the Saint Jude of homicide, the patron saint of hopeless cases. Officer Raymond Davis of the Evanston, Illinois, Police Department is a "good cop." One midnight, some drunken fool rammed my car, which was parked on the street. Officer Davis came along and saw what had happened (the guy was going so fast he pushed my car into another, which rammed a third, which rammed a fourth). Davis checked out the mess and picked up a piece of chrome that didn't match any of the four cars on the scene. It had a number on it. Davis traced it to the manufacturer and got the car model. Then he got a paint sample from the chrome scrap and went around the city looking for a beige 1973 Valiant. He found one that looked as if it had been in a wreck recently. The piece of chrome matched. He arrested the culprit. My damages were recovered. I hereby salute Officer Ray Davis.

I have relatives in San Antonio, Texas—wonderful guys—who are good cops.

But policemen like that are not typical and there is something unsettling about living day and night among so many cops. Count the cop shows on television. In one recent week, scanning just the evening listings in *TV Guide*, I counted 48 hours of what they refer to as "crime drama," which means cop shows. You could go home at six in the evening and watch cops on three TV sets until midnight seven days a week and still not catch all the crime dramas. By anybody's standards, that is an obsession. But more to the point, *Kojak* is not a cop. Neither are Matt Helm, McCloud, Peter Gunn, Pepper, Baretta, Cannon, a bunch of Rookies or a Squad of Mods. They are actors who play cartoonlike characters, who don't use bystanders for target practice, who have college degrees and are very concerned with "issues." And if I spent 40 hours a week working, 55 hours a week sleeping, 25 hours a week eating and then 48 hours a week watching cops, I would probably want to go out and shoot somebody, too.

An interesting note for the future: The number of public police increased four to five percent between 1973 and 1974. If that rate were to continue for all cops, at the turn of the century there would be a minimum of 2,250,000 cops, or the equivalent of 137 Army divisions.

Bang! You're Dead!

Kids' games take on new meaning when the protagonist takes on the President. The author of *The Family* profiles **Squeaky Fromme**, the Mansonette who missed, in a behind-the-scenes article in the March issue of OUI magazine.



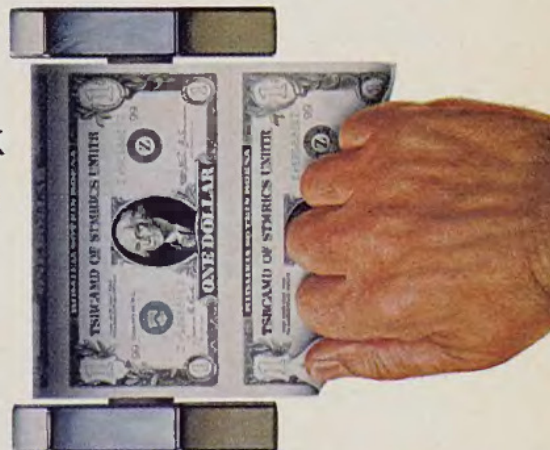
Has the Real Nashville

Moved to Austin? will come as a shock to country-music freaks. Nevertheless, the alle-

mande west continues and Austin's where it's at, as you'll see in OUI.



Passing the Buck gets harder as its value goes down. OUI gives you 30 things to do with it besides spend it, which, in the end, is futile anyway. **Con-**



versation with Redd Foxx is also futile.

His top-rated *Sanford and Son* hasn't assuaged the bitterness of 35 unrecognized years on the boards. Corinne

Clery gets her shot at stardom in the **Story of O**. But you get a preview in OUI. Be a Mr. First-Nighter—just say OUI. At your newsstand now.

oui



crime-and-violence problem; if anything, I'm a prospective victim of it. I would like very much for the authorities to start enforcing existing gun laws before they start demanding still more laws that might make me into a criminal if I insist on keeping a weapon to protect myself and my family. If a man uses a gun to commit a crime, he should be either strung up or locked up. With due process, of course. The people who don't use guns for criminal purposes are of a completely different class and mentality and are not a threat to society. The first group constitutes a tiny percentage of the total population and the second constitutes the vast majority of gun owners. It is completely stupid to lump the two groups together and call them the national gun problem.

Morris Goodman
Detroit, Michigan

GUNS FOR THE POOR

I was most moved to read recently, in the *Oakland Tribune*, that Harlon B. Carter of the National Rifle Association has now become a spokesman for the poor. Carter told a House judiciary subcommittee that was considering outlawing cheap handguns: "It makes no sense to me why possession of a finely made two-hundred-dollar handgun owned by a decent, law-abiding man of means should be legal but ownership of a forty-dollar handgun—Saturday-night special—by an equally law-abiding resident of the inner city, who can't afford anything better to protect his family and home, should be a felony." Indeed. The thought of the poor folks in the inner city being deprived of guns and forced to defend themselves with knives or rocks is heart-rending. Is the bottom third of the population to be deprived of live ammunition along with decent food, adequate housing and acceptable education? Let it not happen here, O Lord! Let us rededicate ourselves to the fundamental principles of democracy and equality, and (even if it takes a program more massive than food stamps) let us pledge ourselves to achieving a fully armed populace in this generation. Is the Constitution not a mockery if we enter our Bicentennial with men, women and children walking the streets in frustration, without a single gun to plug somebody—from the next-door neighbor to the President himself—who happens to annoy them?

Louis Fisher
New Orleans, Louisiana

FETICIDE

The November *Forum Newsfront* states that if a murder conviction for shooting twin fetuses is upheld on appeal, "the conviction could define the fetus as a person under New Jersey homicide laws." The item adds that a "similar case is being

tried in Chicago at the urging of anti-abortionists." The implication of these statements, taken together, is that the legal status of abortion will be changed by decisions that allow recovery for wrongful death of an unborn child or define fetuses as persons under homicide laws.

In the *Roe vs. Wade* decision on abortion, the Supreme Court held that "the word person, as used in the 14th Amendment, does not include the unborn." This does not mean that the unborn are not persons in any sense but only that they are not persons in the sense intended in the 14th Amendment, which prohibits states from depriving "any person of life, liberty or property without due process" and equal protection of the law. Defining the unborn as persons for the purpose of criminal homicide is a different bag altogether from defining the unborn as persons under the 14th Amendment. In the former situation, we are concerned with the state's interest in preserving human life; in the latter, with a woman's right to control her own body.

When a fetus is violently destroyed without the consent of the mother, the

*"Is the bottom third
of the population to
be deprived of
live ammunition?"*

criminal liabilities should reflect these circumstances. Under *Roe vs. Wade*, even the woman's right to abortion was limited when the Supreme Court stated that for "the stage subsequent to viability, the state in promoting its interest in the potentiality of human life may, if it chooses, regulate, and even proscribe, abortion." This limitation after viability is of particular importance in the New Jersey case; if the state may forbid abortion after viability, surely the state may also impose severe criminal penalties for the malicious destruction of a viable fetus. As it happens, in the New Jersey case, not only were the fetuses viable but they did not die until after they were born. Given these facts, the twins would be protected even under the 14th Amendment.

Also, any lower-court decision that runs contrary to *Roe vs. Wade* would be invalid under the supremacy clause of the U. S. Constitution. So there is no reason to fear that defining a fetus as a person for purpose of homicide and

wrongful death would affect any right to abortion.

Russell L. Croley, Jr.
Lexington, Kentucky

The Chicago man was acquitted on grounds of insufficient evidence, and the issue of whether a fetus is protected by criminal law did not come up during his trial. The New Jersey case is awaiting an appeal hearing. Lawyers familiar with these cases say that if the New Jersey murder conviction stands, it could create a precedent for prosecuting a doctor who performs an abortion in late pregnancy. For example, the case of Dr. Kenneth Edelin of Boston, currently being appealed, is similar. The prosecution claimed that Edelin's actions while the fetus was in the uterus caused it to die after it was born alive. The practical effect of such trials is to discourage doctors from performing abortions, particularly in late pregnancy, and to subject those who do to the risk of legal harassment.

SILKEN CHAINS

Having read the letter in December's *Playboy Forum* from the man who likes to wear diapers, I'd like to tell about what has happened to me. About six months ago, my wife caught me cheating on her. Pleading with her to take me back and not seek a divorce. I told her I'd do anything to keep our marriage together.

The next day, she told me that if our marriage was really worth anything to me, I wouldn't mind wearing ladies' underwear for the rest of our married life. She reasoned that if I were wearing women's underthings, I wouldn't dare take my clothes off in front of anyone but her. To save our marriage, I agreed. I now go to a successful business every morning wearing panties and a bra (pinned-up cups and under a dark shirt), and if my wife is in a bad mood when she wakes up, she tells me to wear a panty girdle. My wife will not listen to any suggestion that the punishment be ended. My only hope is eventually to be allowed to choose for myself which bra and panties I'll wear on a particular day.

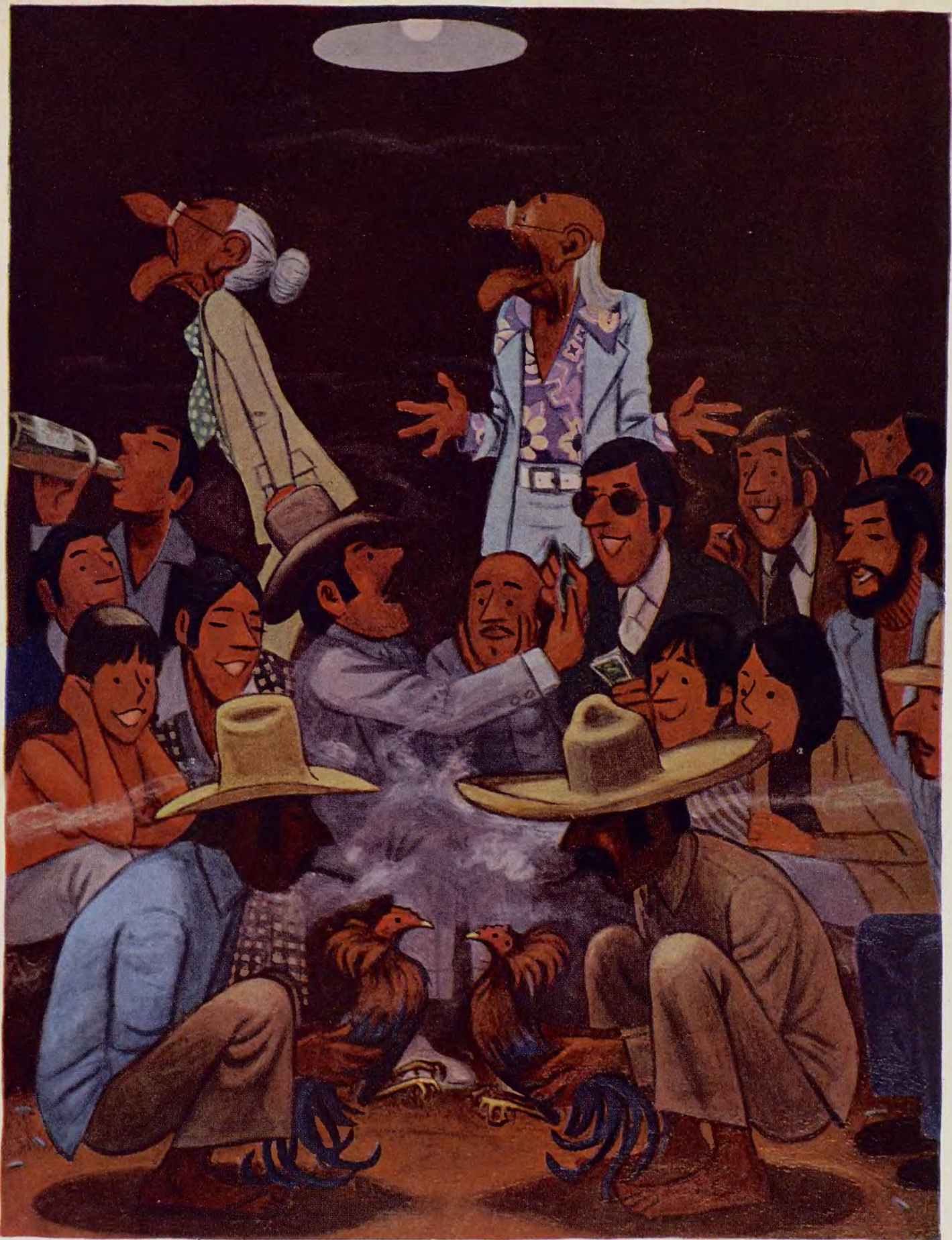
Our sex life has improved. The security of believing that I am completely loyal to her has made my wife more ardent, and wearing feminine undies hasn't decreased my virility.

(Name withheld by request)
Topeka, Kansas

As long as you keep the underwear clean. Think what they'd say at the hospital if you were hit by a bus.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues related to "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





Buck Brown

"What the hell did you expect when I invited you to a cockfight??"

PLAYBOY

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Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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We will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, stereo, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write. 3-76

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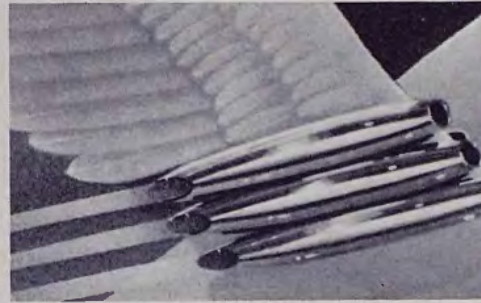
TUBES



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WIGS



SPEED

"THE WEST END HORROR"—THE AUTHOR OF *THE SEVEN-PERCENT SOLUTION* UNEARTHS A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (STARRING G.B.S., OSCAR WILDE, GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, ELLEN TERRY AND FRIENDS). FIRST OF TWO PARTS—BY **NICHOLAS MEYER**

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"TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND EVERY APRIL 15? PUNCH OUT THE IRS"—TIPS ON BEATING THE REVENOERS AT THEIR OWN HIGH-STAKES GAME—BY **JIM DAVIDSON**

"URSULA UNDERESSED"—THE BEAUTEOUS MISS ANDRESS, STARRING IN THE COSTUME MOVIE *SCARAMOUCHE*, RETURNS FOR ANOTHER UN-COSTUMED EXTRAVAGANZA

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"UP THE TUBES!"—A PICTORIAL VIEW OF THE LUNATIC NEW ROCK GROUP THAT YOU GOTTA SEE TO BELIEVE

"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"—A PREVIEW OF WHAT YOU'LL WANT TO BE WEARING OUT IN THE WARM—BY FASHION EDITOR **DAVID PLATT**



The Horseshot.

(Smirnoff, tomato juice and horseradish.)

Someone, it seems, is always trying to improve on the Bloody Mary. But only rarely do we run across a variant we consider successful.

Recently we discovered just such a happy exception when a ski-touring friend stopped through and suggested we try a Horseshot.

"It has a pleasantly rambunctious edge to it," was his claim, "like the flavor of that red cocktail sauce that you never quite get enough of."

We agree with our friend and also with his simple rule for enjoying The Horseshot: "I save it for après-ski."



To make a Horseshot, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Fill with tomato juice, add horseradish to taste and stir.

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